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THE
OCEAN OF STORY

THE
OCEAN OF STORY

BEING

C. H. TAWNEY'S TRANSLATION

OF

SOMADEVA'S KATHĀ SARIT SĀGARA

(OR OCEAN OF STREAMS OF STORY)

NOW EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION, FRESH
EXPLANATORY NOTES AND TERMINAL ESSAY

BY

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IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. V

WITH A FOREWORD BY
E. DENISON ROSS

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New Delhi
May 13, 1968.

FOREWORD

The Pañchatantra and the "Fables of Bidpai"

PART of the present volume of the *Ocean of Story* is occupied by Somadeva's version of the famous collection of Indian stories known as the *Pañchatantra*. The history of this work and its offshoots has been dealt with in Appendix I to this volume, and I shall confine myself in this place to supplementing what has there been set forth regarding the so-called "Fables of Bidpai," with special reference to the *Kalīla wa-Dimna* of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' and its translations and adaptations in modern Persian literature.

This *Kalīla wa-Dimna* is claimed to have been translated in the middle of the eighth century from a Pahlavī or Old Persian original, which in its turn had been compiled from one or more Indian works. The legend about this Old Persian compilation has been handed down by a number of early Arabic writers, beginning in the eighth century with the translator Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' himself, and has been retold in a famous passage in Firdawsī's *Shāhnāma*. The accounts furnished by al-Mas'ūdī and an-Nadīm, both belonging to the tenth century, are well known, as is also the passage from the *Shāhnāma*. Less well known is the following passage in ath-Tha'ālibī's *History of the Persian Kings*,[1] which, as far as I am aware, has not been translated into English :—

"Anūshīrwān had twenty-five doctors, Greek, Indian and Persian. One of the most famous Persian doctors and the one who devoted the most time to the study of books was a certain Burzoē. Having read in a book that on a certain mountain in India there was a wonderful medicinal plant which had the property of bringing the dead back to life he was continually revolving this matter in his mind, and determined to search for it and obtain it. Finally he told

[1] Zotenberg, H., *Histoire des Rois des Perses*. . . . Paris, 1900, p. 629. This work was composed in the eleventh century A.D.

Anūshīrwān of his intention, and begged the king to allow him to set out and attempt to find the object of his desires. Permission was duly granted, and provision was made for his journey. He also received a letter for the King of India, which should assure him success. Burzoë set out in due course for the capital of India, and on arrival presented Anūshīrwān's letter to the king, who received him graciously and gave orders that Burzoë should be allowed to do anything he wished, and enabled him to proceed in his search for the plants to the locality in which they were said to grow.

"Burzoë, avoiding no efforts or fatigue, wore himself out in picking, collecting, sorting and combining these plants, so that he might have said with the people of Baghdād, 'We have continually been busy with nothing at all, and now we have finished.'

"He experienced much grief and disappointment, because without attaining his object he had wasted his days, and he pictured to himself how greatly ashamed he would feel in the presence of his master when he again appeared at court. He therefore inquired who was the greatest doctor and the most learned man in India; and they indicated to him a certain very old man. Burzoë went and visited the old man and told him his story, referring to what he had read in a certain book regarding the mountains of India on which grew the plants that could bring the dead to life.

"The old man said to him: 'Oh! Burzoë! thou hast learnt one thing, but other things have escaped thee [1]; did you not understand that this is an allegory of the ancients? By the mountains they meant the learned — by the plants their salutary and profitable words—by the dead they meant the ignorant. They wished to say that when the learned instruct the ignorant by their maxims it is as if they brought the dead to life. Now these maxims are contained in a book called

[1] Abū Nuwās (?). The whole verse runs:

قُل لِلَّذِى يَدَّعِى فى العِلْمِ فَلْسَفَةً
حَفَظتَ شَيْئًا و غابَتْ عنك اشياء

Kalīla wa-Dimna, and this book is to be found only in the Treasury of the King.'

"Burzoë thus delivered from his anxieties, and overjoyed with what he had heard, besought the king to lend him this book and thereby to place King Anūshīrwān under an obligation of gratitude and thankfulness. The king replied: 'I will give the order for this book to be lent to you, by reason of my regard both for your king and for yourself; but only on condition that you examine it in my presence and that you do not take a copy of it for yourself.'

"Burzoë replied that to hear was to obey; and thereafter he attended the king's court daily, and sending for the book studied it there. Each day he memorised what he had read, and when he returned to his dwelling wrote it out, until finally he had completed the whole work. He then begged the king's permission to return to his master's court. This was granted, and he was given presents and a robe of honour.

"When he rejoined Anūshīrwān he told his story and announced the good news that he had got possession of the book, which he then presented to the king. The king was overjoyed and loaded Burzoë with gifts, and further ordered Buzurj-mihr [1] to translate the book into Pahlavī. Burzoë, with coaxing and entreaty, begged the king to allow his (Burzoë's) name and his biography to be prefixed to the first chapter. To this Anūshīrwān agreed.

"The book remained always carefully guarded by the [Sāsānian] kings of Persia, until finally Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' translated it into Arabic, and Rūdakī turned it into Persian verse by the order of Amīr Naṣr ibn Aḥmad [the Sāmānid]."

Such is presumably the popular form the legend took in the time of ath-Tha'ālibī, and it will be seen that it differs in many respects from the versions of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' and of Rūdakī. The main points of difference are (1) regarding the manner in which the book was sought and found, and (2) regarding the work of translation into Pahlavī.

[1] Buzurjmihr, the great minister of Anūshīrwān, whom Nöldeke regards as a hero rather in belles-lettres than in history (see *Burzöe's Einleitung*, Strassburg, 1912).

According to Firdawsī, for example, it is the King of Persia who, hearing of the existence of this wonderful book in India, directs his minister to seek out a man versed in the Indian and Persian languages, who should go to India and procure the book. Burzoë, who is selected, after great difficulties obtains this book and several others; but fearing lest the Indian king should demand their return, himself translates them into Persian, and brings his translations back to his master. All versions are agreed in stating that this Persian translation was very jealously guarded by the Sasanian kings, and it was not till the time of the second 'Abbāsid Caliph al-Manṣūr that it was rendered accessible by Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa'. In no recension of the text of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' is it specially mentioned from which language the Arabic translation was made, but we are led to presume that it was Pahlavī, not only from the context, but also from the statement made by an-Nadīm and others that Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' translated a number of other Pahlavī works, none of which, however, has survived.[1]

The Source of the Burzoë Legend

Now the only original source for the Burzoë Legend is the *Kalīla wa-Dimna* of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa'; and the account found in the Persian translation by Naṣrullah is, of course, based solely on this. It is interesting to compare these two versions as they have come down to us: bearing in mind that we have no copy of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' which dates back to the lifetime of Naṣrullah, and that the copies of Naṣrullah (MSS. and lithographs) show many differences.

IBNU 'L-MUQAFFA' *Eighth Century*	NAṢRULLAH (Ed. A.H. 1282) *Twelfth Century*
P. 20. Anūshīrwān, an exceptionally gifted king, hearing of the existence of the Indian book, selects Burzoë who was skilled in Fārsī and Hindī to	P. 22. And the reason for, and cause of, translating this book and bringing it from Hindustān to Fārs was that God had endowed Anūshīrwān with

[1] See Keith-Falconer, Introduction, pp. xl, xli.

Muqaffa'—*continued*
go on a mission to India to look for it. He is to get this book out of the Treasury of the Indian king, and from their learned men "complete perfect and written in Farsī." He is also told to get other books which were not to be found in Persia.

Naṣrullah—*continued*
special gifts of intelligence, justice, etc. And he sought for a man knowing Hindī and Fārsī.

P. 21. Burzoë, on arrival, makes friends with the nobles, merchants, and learned men of India—and admits to his confidence a certain man named Adwayh [in Cheikho's text only] telling him the real object of his mission.

P. 24. Burzoē, on arrival, makes friends with the nobles, merchants, and philosophers of India, and finally he confides his secret to a certain learned man.

P. 25. Finally, after a long discussion on the keeping of secrets, the Hindu shows Burzoë the books. "And when Burzoë set about the interpretation (*tafsīr*) and copying (*naskh*) of these books he worked day and night and wore himself out with fatigue—and when he had completed *this* book [i.e. *Kalīla wa-Dimna*] which he preferred to the other books, and it was indeed the most learned of them—he wrote to Anūshīrwān telling him of his good fortune. Anūshīrwān, in reply, wrote and told Burzoë to return without delay, and to avoid the main roads.

P. 25. The discussion between these two is very much shorter than in an Arabic text.

P. 27. Finally the Hindu gives Burzoë the books, and Burzoë spends long days in writing (*nibishtan*) and in copying *this* and other books (*īn kitāb va kutub-i digar nuskhat girift*).

P. 27. Anūshīrwān receives news of Burzoē's success, and sends a messenger to him, with instructions to avoid the main road lest his letter should fall into enemy hands. Burzoē at once returns.

Muqaffa'—*continued*	Naṣrullah—*continued*
P. 27. Burzoë after presenting his work to Anūshīrwān refuses all gifts offered him except a robe of honour in Qūhistānī style. He, however, makes one special request of the king, namely, that Buzurjmihr should be ordered to write a chapter on Burzoë, which should form a part of the Book.	P. 27. Burzoë refuses all gifts from Anūshīrwān except a robe of honour in Khuzistani style. He requests, however, that a chapter on himself may be written by Buzurjmihr, and added to the Book.
P. 28. Buzurjmihr wrote a biography of Burzoë *from his birth down to the time when he was sent on his mission to India.*[1]	P. 30. Buzurjmihr's chapter is to recount the life of Burzoë down to the present moment (*tā īn sā'at*).
P. 29. Buzurjmihr refuses all gifts except a kingly robe.	P. 30. Buzurjmihr accepts no gift at all.

There remains one important passage in Naṣrullah (pp. 35, 36) which is altogether wanting from any of the Arabic texts I have been able to consult, though it is specifically claimed to be a quotation from Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa'.

"Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' says: 'Having heard that the Persians had translated this book from Hindī into Pahlavī, we desired that the people of Iraq, Syria and the Hejaz should also benefit by it, so we have translated it into Arabic, which is their language; and as befitted such a work, we have done all that was possible to assist the student and to aid the reader by explanation and elucidation, so that the task of appreciating and understanding this Book may be the easier for those who peruse it.'"

The difficulty with regard to the three Chapters in Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa'—namely (1) The Mission of Burzoë, (2) The Life of Burzoë, and (3) The Presentation of the Book—is that all

[1] De Sacy's text refers to a previous journey to India made by Burzoe in search of medicinal herbs, in the course of which journey he learnt "their writing and language."

three seem to be the work of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa', while only the last is definitely attributed to him.

The Mission of Burzoē is ascribed to Buzurjmihr, but according to the Arabic, Buzurjmihr only brought the Life of Burzoë down to the time of his Mission. The Life of Burzoē, on the other hand, is definitely attributed to Buzurjmihr in the Burzoë legend, and yet in all versions it is given as an autobiography in the words of Burzoë himself.

Now the date of Burzoë's Mission was somewhere about the middle of the sixth century A.D., for Anūshīrwān reigned from A.D. 531 to 579. No trace has ever been found of this Pahlavī text of *Kalīla wa-Dimna*, and it might be presumed that if it was so carefully guarded by Anūshīrwān and his successors that care was also taken that no copies should be made of it. We are nevertheless confronted with the strange fact that in A.D. 570 or thereabouts a Christian Persian of the name of Būd was able to translate *Kalīla wa-Dimna* into Syriac. Benfey and other scholars seem quite satisfied from internal evidence that Būd's translation was made from the Pahlavī. On the other hand 'Ebed-Jesu, bishop of Nisibis, mentions in his *Catalogue of Syriac Writings* that Būd, who lived about A.D. 570, "translated from the *Indian* the book of *Kalīlag* and *Damnag*." [1] 'Ebed-Jesu writing at the beginning of the fourteenth century A.D. probably knew nothing of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' or of the Burzoë legend, and his statement has been discredited. This does not, however, remove the difficulty of accounting for Būd's having had access to this carefully guarded book almost immediately after it was first lodged in the Royal Library.[2]

Were it not for the reverence in which I hold such great scholars as Benfey and Nöldeke I should be tempted to suggest that Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' never had before him a Pahlavī Kalila and Dimna but based his version on the Syriac of Būd, adding to it chapters which he derived from other

[1] See Assemanni, *Bib. Or.*, vol. iii, pt. i, pp. 219, 220.

[2] Assemanni (*loc. cit.*) tells us that Būd was Periodeutes in the time of the Patriarch Ezechiel, *circa* A.D. 570. As his duties comprised the supervision of the Christians in Persia and India, this is no reason why he should not have known Indian languages.

Syriac and possibly Pahlavī sources.[1] For of Burzoë we know practically nothing, outside his legend, beyond the statement made by Ibn Abī Uṣaybi'a that he was born in Marv ush-Shāhijān. The whole Burzoë legend might have been concocted by Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' in order to glorify his fatherland Persia: supposing it to have found a place in the first recension of his *Kalīla wa-Dimna*. No text has, however, been found of an earlier date than the thirteenth century; and seeing that the numerous MSS. differ very much from one another, it is only by the aid of Būd's Syriac and of the earliest translations into Persian, Spanish, Hebrew and Greek that an idea of the original form of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' can be obtained, and that the obscurities in the existing Arabic text can sometimes be explained. An edition based on all the available material still remains to be made: the most satisfactory text hitherto published is that edited by the learned father Cheikho, of Beyrout (1st ed. 1905, 2nd ed. 1923), where information will be found regarding all existing MSS. and editions.

Before passing to the Persian recensions of *Kalīla wa-Dimna*, I may point out that of the fourteen chapters comprised in this work the following chapters represent more or less the five chapters of the *Pañchatantra*: (1) The Lion and the Ox; (3) The Ring Dove; (4) The Owls and the Crows; (5) The Tortoise and the Ape; and (6) The Ascetic and the Weasel: and that all these chapters occur in Būd's Syriac version.[2]

[1] De Sacy in his day (*Calila et Dimna*, Paris, 1816, pp. 36, 37) mooted the possibility that Būd and Burzoë were one and the same person, but as he could have no knowledge of the Old Syriac version he retained Pahlavī as the language into which Būd's translation was made.

[2] The fact that the animals who are the protagonists in the Indian versions are often changed to suit local conditions in the process of translation has often been noted, but I am not aware (see the article by Sprengling in the *American Journal of Semitic Languages*, xl, p. 81 *et seq.*, Jan. 1924) that attention has ever been called to the curious circumstances that neither in the Indian originals nor in any of their offshoots is the horse introduced as an actor. Being neither an Indianist nor a Folklorist I am not prepared to offer any explanation of this phenomenon. Was it that the horse was regarded as too sacred by the early Aryans to be treated with such familiarity, or was

Rūdakī's "Kalīla wa-Dimna"

The earliest translation of the Arabic *Kalīla wa-Dimna* into Modern Persian is that referred to by Firdawsī in his *Shāhnāma*, where we are told that Abū 'l-Faẓl al-Bal'amī, the vazir of the Sāmānid Prince Naṣr ibn Aḥmad, ordered the Arabic of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' to be recited in Pārsī and Darī (*i.e.* the court language). Later on Naṣr ibn Aḥmad, desiring to possess a written Persian version of this work, which should not only serve him as a guide, but might remain a permanent memorial to himself (*k'azū yādgārī bovad dar jahān*), caused the blind poet Rūdakī to put into Persian verse the Arabic prose of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa', which was recited to him in the presence of the Prince. That a complete verse translation was made by Rūdakī we know from a number of early independent sources,[1] though the poem itself has quite disappeared, together with almost all the poet's other works.

No explanation has ever been offered for the loss of Rūdakī's *Kalīla wa-Dimna*, which certainly created a great stir in its own day. I think we may assume that copies existed down to the fourteenth century, if only on account of two quotations, which seem to be at first hand, found in an anonymous work entitled *Tuḥfat ul-Mulūk*,[2] which was written not later than that period. I do not know of a direct quotation in any later work.

Rūdakī, who is justly regarded as the "Father of Persian Poetry," flourished at the Samanid Court of Bukhārā during the first half of the tenth century. He left behind him, in addition to a number of panegyrics and lyrics, certain narrative poems (*maṣnavīs*): notably *Kalīla wa-Dimna*, and possibly a *Sindbadh Nāma*. That all these poems should have disappeared entirely—except for a few scattered quotations—is the more remarkable when we remember that the inordinately long Epic of Kings of Firdawsī, completed only fifty

it that the horse was known only as a domestic animal in India at the period when these fables first became current?

[1] See my article "Rūdakī and Pseudo-Rūdakī" (*Journ. Roy. Asi. Soc.*, Oct. 1924).

[2] B. M. MSS. Or., 7868.

years after the death of Rūdakī, has been preserved in its entirety. One can only suppose that the historical and national Epic made such a far stronger appeal to public taste than the Indian fables that the latter was completely eclipsed by the former. That any trace has been left of Rūdakī's *Kalīla wa-Dimna* is mainly due to the lexicographers. At a time when the Modern Persian language was in process of gaining literary status, and was being employed by patriotic Persians to replace the hitherto dominant literary medium Arabic, the poets loved to employ as far as possible old Persian words, although, owing to the fact that they had been supplanted in the popular vocabulary by an Arabic loan-word, they were not readily understood. It thus came about that from the very outset of this new literature, scholars were engaged in preparing little *lexica* (known as Farhangs) in which these obsolete or difficult words were explained with quotations from the poets in support. Even Rūdakī himself wrote such a Farhang, which must have been mainly devoted to the explanation of his own writings!

Among these Farhangs there has been preserved to us one entitled *Lughat-i Furs*, written by Asadī the Younger in the eleventh century A.D. This little dictionary contains many quotations from the works of Rūdakī, and among them no less than fifty-nine rhyming verses [1] in the *ramal* metre (_ ⏑ _ _ / _ ⏑ _ _ / _ ⏑ _), which, as we know, were the style and metre employed by Rūdakī in his *Kalīla wa-Dimna*. Of these verses sixteen, at any rate, seem to belong to *Kalīla wa-Dimna*. Others are so vague that without further context nothing definite can be affirmed, while others again may, as has been suggested by Nöldeke, belong to the Sindbadh legend. It would seem unlikely, however, that Rūdakī should have written more than one narrative poem in this particular metre, and it is therefore possible that all the fifty-nine verses belong to *Kalīla wa-Dimna*, which in Rūdakī's version may have embodied stories not found in Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa'.

Horn, in his edition of the *Lughat-i Furs*,[2] has referred to

[1] There is one other verse in this metre which does not, however, rhyme.

[2] *Asadi's Neupersisches Wörterbuch — Lughat-i Furs, nach der einzigen vatikanischen Handschrift*, Paul Horn, Berlin, 1897, Abhandl. d. Kgl. Gesell. d. Wissen.

passages in Keith-Falconer's translation of the Later Syriac version and in Wolff's translation of the Arabic, which seem to correspond to the sixteen verses referred to above. Seeing that these quotations from Rūdakī have never been translated or compared with Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa', I think it may be of interest to my readers if I set side by side the two versions in the rare cases which admit of no doubt as to their identity.[1]

(1) Dimna-rā guftā ki tā īn bāng chī'st
Bā nahīb u sahm īn [āvāy-i] kī'st [I.O.MS. faryād-i]
Dimna guft ū-rā : juz īn āvā digar
Kār-i [tū na] hast u sahmī bīshtar [I.O.MS. tū bar]
Āb harchi bīshtar nīrū kunad
Bandarūgh-i sust-būda bif'ganad
Dil gusista dārī az bāng-i buland
Ranjagī bāshad-at [v'āzār-i gazand]. [I.O.MS. v'āzār u gazand]

"[The Lion] said to Dimna : What is this noise ?
Whose is this voice full of terror and wrath ?
Dimna said to him : Apart from this voice, something else
Has worried you ; a greater danger.
When a river attains to great force
It sweeps away the worn-out dam.
You have lost heart by reason of a loud noise
So trouble, annoyance and harm have come upon you."

There is no mistaking the identity of this passage, which, beyond its close similarity to Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa', has the additional importance of enabling us to establish the correct reading of a word which has troubled such scholars as de Sacy, Guidi and Cheikho.

I will next give a translation of the corresponding passage in the Arabic which begins at line 3, p. 62, of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' :

"Dimna said : It is not right that because a sound
like this reaches the king he should leave his abode.
For it has been said : Water damages a weak dam ;

[1] I have also utilised the MS. belonging to the India Office, which was unknown to Horn, and often has a better reading.

Conceit damages the intelligence; secret whisperings
damage friendship, and loud noises and
commotion damage a weak heart."

All editors have been in doubt regarding the passage which runs—

إِنَّ السُّكَّرَ الضَّعِيفَ آفَتُهُ الْمَاءُ

De Sacy in his notes to *Kalila* says: "Le mot شكر se prend souvent dans le sens de *bonnes œuvres, acte de bienfaisance.*"

Cheikho (Ibn M., p. 41 of notes) says: "On peut lire السُّكَّر c-à-d. *le vin* ou bien السِّكْر *le barrage.*"

Thanks to Rūdakī we now know that Cheikho's second suggestion—namely, *sikr*, a dam—is the correct reading. This corresponds with Panchatantra (Edgerton, trans., p. 283) and with Syriac I (text, p. 36B). Somadeva (see this volume, p. 45) has "bridge" for "dam."

Syriac II (K-F., p. 14) has also understood the passage in Ibn 'l-Muqaffa', but Naṣrullah and the Spaniard have left it alone, probably because they did not understand it.

(2) Chūn kashaf anbūh-i ghawghā'ī bidīd
Bāng u žākh-i mardumān khashm āvarīd.

"When the tortoise saw that noisy crowd
The cries and shouts of the people enraged him."

Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa', p. 89:

"And when the people saw her [the tortoise] they called out and said: Look at this wonderful thing! And when the tortoise heard their remarks and their surprise, she said: May God put out your eyes! But when she opened her mouth to speak she fell to the ground and died."

See also K-F., p. 49, lines 17, 18.

(3) Shab zamistān būd kappī sard yāft
kirmakī shab-tāb nāgāhī bitāft
kappīān ātash hamī pandāshtand
Pushta-i ātash badū bar dāshtand.

"The night was wintry, a monkey felt cold:
A little glow-worm suddenly showed its light,
The monkeys thought it was a fire
And placed a bundle of fire-wood on it."

Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa', p. 94:

"There was a party of monkeys on a hill, who seeing a fire-fly (*barā'a*[1]) flying, thought it was a spark, and collecting some faggots placed them on the fire-fly."

Naṣrullah's text of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' must have had a slightly different reading to Cheikho, as he translates, "suddenly they found a glow-worm (kirmī shab tāb) which had fallen on one side," in which he agrees with Rūdakī. The Spaniard has *luziernega*.

By some strange misunderstanding the *Anvār-i Suhayli* (see below, p. xxiii), and after it the *'Iyār-i Dānish* (see below, p. xxv), both say that the monkeys were deceived by "a bit of glittering reed" (nay pāra-i rūshan). Abu 'l-Faẓl, the author of the *'Iyār-i Dānish*, had, as we know, Naṣrullah's translation also before him, and it is therefore strange that he should have selected what to us must appear the less satisfactory reading.

(4) V'az dirakht andar gavāhī khvāhad ūī.[2]
Tū badāngāh az dirakht andar bigū'ī
K'ān tabangūy andarū dīnār būd
Ān sitad z'īdar ki nāhushyār būd.

[1] *Barā'a*, according to the dictionaries—*i.e.* cicindella.

[2] The I.O.MS. has only one verse representing these two—namely,

V'az dirakht andar gavāhī khvāhad ū:
Tū badāngah az tabangūy bās jū.

" And if he wants a witness from within the tree
Then you must speak from within the tree
Saying : the dinars were in that tray,
He took them because he was unwise."

Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa', p. 96 :

[The dishonest partner says to his father]
" I want you to go to-night and get inside
the tree, and when the Qāẓī comes and asks
the tree for its evidence, you will speak from
inside and say : The negligent partner took
the dinars. . . . So the father went to the
tree and hid in it. On the morrow the Qāzī came with
the two partners, etc."

See K-F., p. 57, line 21 *et seq.*

(5) Mard-i dīnī raft u āvardash kanand
Chūn hamī mihmān dar-i man khvāst [kand]. [I.O.MS. wrongly, kard]

" The Ascetic went and fetched him a spade
Since the guest wished to break into my house."

Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa', p. 134 :

" He asked for an axe, and the guest brought it
. . . and cut into my lair till he reached
the dinars."

See K-F., p. 118, line 11.

(6) Gūft dīnī-rā ki īn dīnār būd
K' īn faẓāgan mūsh-ra parvār būd.

" He said to the Ascetic : It was these dinars
which kept alive this loathsome mouse."

Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa', p. 134 :

" The husband said to the Ascetic : These dinars
were what gave the mouse such strength
in jumping . . ."

See K-F., p. 118, line 20.

(7) Istāda dīd anjā duzd u ghūl [I.O.MS. duzd ghūl]
Rūy-i zisht u chashmhā hamchūn dū ghūl.

"The thief saw standing there the Devil
with his ugly face and his eyes like a pair of devils."

The exact equivalent of this passage does not occur in Cheikho's Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa', though it clearly belongs to the story of the Devil and the Thief, who having quarrelled each in turn rouse the sleeping Ascetic they had intended to rob or destroy. See Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa', p. 156, and K-F., p. 145.

In the *Anvār-i Suhaylī* it is related that the Devil wished to destroy the Ascetic because of the good influence exercised by this pious man over the inhabitants of the country, which had made the Devil's market dull!

(8) Shīr ghazm āvard u jast az jāy-i khvīsh
V'āmad īn khargūsh-rā alfaghda pīsh.

"The Lion was enraged and made a plunge
while the hare gained his object [*i.e.* escaped]."

Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa', p. 73:

"The Lion put down the hare, and made a
spring to attack him—*i.e.* the Lion reflected in
the well—and the hare escaped."

See K-F., p. 27, line 28.

The above eight extracts from Rūdakī's *Kalīla wa-Dimna*, comprising thirteen verses in all, by no means exhaust the list of possible identifications of Asadī's quotations with Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa', but they will suffice to show that Rūdakī followed the Arabic original fairly closely, and that had his poem come down to us it would have been of great value for the reconstruction of a definite text of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa'.

The next Persian version in point of age which has come down to us is the prose *Kalīla wa-Dimna* of Naṣrullah, of

which I shall now speak. It may be mentioned, however, that Naṣrullah in his Introduction says:

> "Va īn kitāb-rā az pas-i tarjama-i
> Pisar-i Muqaffa' va naẓm-i Rūdakī
> tarjamahā karda and."

"And other translations have been made since the translation of the son of Muqaffa' and the Poem of Rūdakī."

Naṣrullah's "Kalīla wa-Dimna"

This excellent rendering of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' has been fully described by the great de Sacy in vol. x of *Notices et Extraits des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi* (pp. 94-139). De Sacy had before him several early MSS. of this work. One indeed (No. 375), though not dated, he thought might belong to the twelfth century A.D. Another (No. 376) was written in Baghdād in A.H. 678 (A.D. 1279-1280).[1]

Abū 'l-Ma'ālī Naṣrullah ibn Muḥammad ibn 'Abdi 'l-Ḥamīd held some humble position at the court of Bahrām Shāh, the great-grandson of the famous Sultan Maḥmūd of Ghazna. After enumerating the leading men of letters of his day at Ghazna he relates that a certain learned doctor of the law one day presented him with a copy of the Arabic *Kalīla wa-Dimna*, "Than which," he says, "after the books of the Shar'a [Holy Law] there is no more valuable book." He mentions incidentally that there were many copies of it in Ghazna (Tehran lithograph, A.H. 1304, p. 14).

He then goes on to explain his reasons for making this translation, saying (*op. cit.*, p. 19) that since the public has grown indifferent to the reading of Arabic books, the wise sayings and admonitions [of *Kalīla wa-Dimna*] have been neglected, nay almost entirely forgotten, and so it occurred to him to make a Persian translation. We know very little of Naṣrullah, but the date of his death is given as A.D. 1152.

[1] Quite recently a dealer in Paris obtained a very fine copy dated A.H. 633, but, like so many other early Persian MSS., the text was destroyed for the sake of the illuminations. It is sad to think of the amount of literary vandalism that has been perpetrated in our day in the name of Art.

His translation which, except for the numerous quotations in Arabic, is written in a direct and simple style follows Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' very closely, and includes the two Introductions (1) regarding the discovery of the Indian originals and how they were brought to Anūshīrwān, and (2) the account of Burzoë. It does not, however, even mention the spurious Introduction of "Bahnūd ibn Saḥwān" prefixed to many Arabic recensions.[1] There is nothing to show that Naṣrullah had ever actually seen Rūdakī's *Kalīla wa-Dimna*, though he of course refers to it in his Introduction. Naṣrullah's work has been lithographed several times in Tehran, but the text leaves much to be desired. A definite edition based on the oldest MSS. would be of great service, not only to students of Persian literature, but also to those interested in our present inquiry.

Qāni'ī's "Kalīla wa-Dimna"

Next in order of date to Naṣrullah's prose version comes the versified rendering of Aḥmad ibn Maḥmūd aṭ-Tusī, whose poetical name was Qāni'ī. His poem, of which the unique manuscript copy exists in the British Museum,[2] is dedicated to 'Izzu 'd-Dīn Kay Kā'ūs, son of Kay Khusraw, who succeeded his father in A.H. 642, when the Mongols were invading Asia Minor, and was probably composed about A.H. 618 (A.D. 1221). His Introduction contains, in addition to a narrative of contemporary events, the story of the arrival of an Indian envoy at the Court of Anūshīrwān, who tells of the wonderful herb said to grow in India which bestows eternal life on those who eat of it. The herb is but an emblem of the book of wisdom which the kings of India keep as a sacred heirloom in their treasury. He entreats the king not to betray to his Indian master that he has disclosed this secret. On fol. 13A begins the story of Burzoë, and thereafter the order of Naṣrullah is followed very closely.

Qāni'ī does not anywhere mention the source from which

[1] See Nöldeke's review of Keith-Falconer's *Kalila and Dimna* (*Gött. Gel. Anz.*, 1885, pp. 753-757), and his article in *Z. d. M. G.*, vol. lix, p. 794.

[2] Odd. 7766. This work has been described by Rieu in his Persian Catalogue, vol. ii, pp. 582-584.

his version is derived, but he evidently was following Naṣrullah rather than Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' or Rūdakī. His general tendency is to expand rather than condense the narrative of his predecessors, and in many instances one is led to suspect that he derived his details from other sources than those mentioned. His poem is written in the familiar *mutaqārib* metre (⏑ – – / ⏑ – – / ⏑ – – / ⏑ – / employed by Firdawsī in his Shāhnāma. His style is simple and direct, but he does not impress one as a first-class poet. There is too much padding with conventional figures, and there is a paucity of rhyme which leads to constant repetitions of the same words. In view both of its subject and its date, Qāni'ī's poem nevertheless deserves to be published and thus rescued from the oblivion of seven hundred years. He at times supplements the narrative of Naṣrullah. For in the story of the Monkey and the Wedge, whereas the various Indian recensions (*Pañchatantra*, *Hitopadeśa*, and *Kathā-sarit-sāgara*) all account for the presence of the carpenters, by explaining that a rich man was having built either a temple or a playhouse, the Arabic *Kalīla wa-Dimna* and its offshoots come straight to the story of the monkey without any introduction. Likewise the Old Syriac only says, "Es war einmal ein Zimmermann, der spaltete Holz mit zwei Keilen" (see Schulthess trans., p. 3). It is therefore remarkable that Qāni'ī should have thought it necessary to give the story a setting, and that in doing so he should have hit upon the setting of the Indian versions. For he makes Kalīla say:

"I have heard that in former times in the country of Rūm [Turkey] [1]
Which country and land gives delight to the world
A great man laid the foundations of a building
So that he might raise a lofty palace in the town
By the command of that prudent man of fame
A Paradise sprang up on the face of the earth.
Two fields had been surrounded by a wall (?)

[1] It is interesting to note that in the story of the Lion and the Jackal the New Syriac version begins his story: "In the land of the Turks" (Keith-Falconer, p. xlviii).

The carpenters were busy all day long
The lord of that charming abode
Kept an old monkey on a chain ;
This monkey had been tied up near the carpenters
And was quite contented to be thus tied up
The monkeys observed that the carpenters across the trees
Were drawing their saws, through that hard wood, etc."

The coincidence is striking, and one wonders first how the setting came to be omitted in the Arabic and Syriac versions, and secondly whether Qāni'ī was reproducing details he had found in his copy of Naṣrullah.

Anvār-i Suhaylī

The most famous of all the versions of the so-called Semitic recension is undoubtedly the Persian prose work entitled *Anvār-i Suhaylī*, or *The Lights of Canopus*, composed in the fifteenth century by Ḥusayn ibn 'Alī, the Preacher of Herāt, known as al-Kāshifī. [The title he gave to his version of Kalila and Dimna was chosen in order to commemorate one of the names of his patron, the Amīr Shaykh Aḥmad Suhaylī, the vazir of Sultan Abū 'l-Ghāzī Ḥusayn Bahādur Khān, a descendant of Tamerlane : while his own name of Kāshifī was given to him on account of his being a commentator (*kāshif*) of the Qur'ān.] Kāshifī explains in his Preface that though he has adhered to the same arrangement as that of the Hindu sages, he has omitted the first two chapters, " which cannot be regarded as of much utility, and were not included in the original book " (*i.e.* in the original translated by Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa'). He, however, considered it fitting to prefix to his own version a story which should serve as an introduction.

This Introduction, which in the Cawnpore edition of 1880 extends over no less than forty-eight pages, contains in addition to the story of the Emperor Humāyūn Fāl and his Minister Khujista Rāī, and of Dabshalīm and his Minister Bīdpāy, five stories in the same style as the rest of Kalila and

Dimna, the origin of which has not yet been traced, though they are probably also Indian. The stories themselves, like the Introduction, may be read in the translations of either Eastwick or Wollaston. I shall merely give their titles in this place.

No. I. The Two Pigeons, of whom one determined to adventure out into the world.

No. II. The Young Hawk, who was reared in the nest of a Kite.

No. III. The Old Woman's Cat who ventured into the king's banqueting hall.

No. IV. The Merchant's Son who became a soldier and conquered many countries.

No. V. The Leopard who recovered his father's lost kingdom.

The avowed object of Kāshifī in writing the *Anvār-i Suhaylī* was to preserve these Indian stories in a form which would make them more intelligible to the general reader. The only Persian version which was known in his day was the *Kalīla wa-Dimna* of Naṣrullah, which in Kāshifī's opinion was, in spite of its many excellences, too full of Arabic quotations and rare Arabic words: the book was indeed so difficult in style that according to Kāshifī "it came near to being altogether neglected." It is a fact that Naṣrullah's text abounds in Arabic quotations, but otherwise the style and language are exceedingly simple; while Kāshifī's text furnishes an example of that rhetorical hyperbole and exaggerated metaphor which, though giving much pleasure to those who enjoy linguistic gymnastics and furnishing an admirable text-book for students of the Persian language, is wearisome in the extreme for those who merely wish to read the stories for their own sake. No doubt it constitutes a kind of *tour de force*, and indicates a supreme command of the Persian language; but so often one cannot see the wood for the trees. Kāshifī was a famous preacher, and probably delighted in the sound of his own voice: and this practice very likely developed in him that taste for bombastic verbosity which reveals itself in his writings. In

my view his real object in adapting Naṣrullah's *Kalīla wa-Dimna* was not so much to simplify it as to let himself go, as it were, on material which seemed to lend itself to such treatment. A fatal example in the grand style had been set in the fourteenth century by the author of the *Ta'rīkh-i Waṣṣāf*, a history of the Mongols in Persia, whose subject was totally unsuited to such style, and has set a baneful influence on most subsequent historical compositions in Persia.[1]

'Iyār-i Dānish

Kāshifī's version of the Indian tales no doubt had the effect of relegating Naṣrullah's to comparative oblivion,[2] and it was not till the end of the sixteenth century that a really simple Persian version was published. This version, known by the title of *'Iyār-i Dānish*, was written by the famous historian of the Emperor Akbar, Abū 'l-Faẓl ibn Mubārak, at the request of his master. In his *Ā'īn-i Akbarī* (see Blochmann's translation, i, p. 106), Abū 'l-Faẓl says: "By order of His Majesty, the author of this volume composed a new version of the *Kalīla wa-Dimna*, and published it under the title of *'Iyār-i Dānish*. The original is a masterpiece of practical wisdom, but full of rhetorical difficulties; and though Naṣrullah-i Mustawfī and Mawlānā Ḥusayn-i Wā'iẓ had translated it into Persian, their style abounds in rare metaphors and difficult words."

This version has, however, never enjoyed the same popularity as the *Anvār-i Suhaylī*, and though manuscript copies are fairly common, there is only one incomplete lithograph. The Hindustani translation by Mawlari Hafīẓu 'd-Dīn of Delhi, entitled *Khirad-afrūz*, has been often lithographed. The *'Iyār-i Dānish* differs from the *Anvār-i Suhaylī* in its introductory matter; for in the place of Kāshifī's long

[1] See E. G. Browne, *Persian Literature under Tartar Dominion*, Cambridge, 1920, pp. 67, 68.

[2] Though several Turkish or Turki translations in prose and verse were made, the most popular of all has been the *Humāyūn Nāma* by 'Alī Chelebi, which is a fairly close translation of *Anvār-i Suhaylī*. It was dedicated to the great Ottoman Sultan Sulayman I, who reigned from A.D. 1512-1520.

Introduction Abū 'l-Faẓl gives a paraphrase of the two chapters with which Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' and after him Naṣrullah begin their versions: (I) on the nature of the book, and (II) on Burzoë, which were omitted by Kāshifī. In order, however, to preserve Kāshifī's Introduction he has placed a paraphrase of it at the end of his Chapter II.[1]

At the end of his Introductory Chapter he describes how and why he was entrusted by Akbar with the preparation of a simplified version. "When the eyes of that Caliph of the Age Abū 'l-Fatḥ Jalālu 'd-Dīn Muḥammad Akbar, Pādīshāh-i Ghāzī, fell on this book, this 'bone-setting' of words and 'story-telling' of old maxims were blessed with the bestowal of exalted praise." He goes on to say that, although the *Anvār-i Suhaylī* is better suited to the public taste than the famous *Kalīla wa-Dimna* [of Naṣrullah], it still is not free from Arabic expressions and rare metaphors; and therefore he was commanded to produce a version in a simple style which might become more generally useful, rejecting some of the [rarer] words and avoiding long-winded phrases (dirāz-nafasīhā-yi sukhan).

That Abū 'l-Faẓl had Naṣrullah's *Kalīla wa-Dimna* constantly before him is evident from numerous passages in which he has followed Naṣrullah in preference to Kāshifī.

A full description of the *'Iyār-i Dānish* with quotations from the text was published by de Sacy (*Notices et Extraits*, x, pp. 197-225).

"*Kalīla wa-Dimna*" *in Arabic verse*

In conclusion I may be permitted to add a note on the various poetical renderings made in Arabic on the basis of *Kalīla wa-Dimna*, of which no complete list has yet appeared in a European language. For my materials I am mainly indebted to Jurjī Zaydān's "*Ta'rīkh ādābi 'l-lughati 'l-'arabiyya*" (Cairo, 1912, ii, p. 181 *et seq.*).

[1] The name of the Emperor of Kāshifī's story has been changed from "Humāyūn Fāl" to "Farrukh-Fāl," possibly out of consideration for the memory of Akbar's father.

(1) The earliest rendering of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' into Arabic verse was made by Abū Sahl al-Faḍl ibn Nawbakht al-Fārsī, who, like Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa', was in the service of the 'Abbāsid Caliph al-Manṣūr and afterwards in that of his son al-Mahdī and of Hārūn ar-Rashīd. He translated a number of works from Persian into Arabic, which are enumerated on p. 674 of the Fihrist, where, however, his versified *Kalīla wa-Dimna* is not mentioned. In the Kashfu 'l-Ẓunūn (under title *K. wa-D.*) we read Abdullah ibn Hilāl al-Ahwāzī made a version of *Kalīla wa-Dimna* for Yahya ibn Khālid, the Barmecide, in the reign of al-Mahdī, and Abū Sahl ibn Nawbakht made a translation in verse for Yahya ibn Khālid, the vazir of al-Mahdī and ar-Rashīd, for which he received one thousand dinars as a reward.

(2) Abān ibn 'Abdi 'l-Hamīd al-Lāhiqī made a poetical version of *Kalīla wa-Dimna*, at the suggestion of his patrons the Barmecides, "in order that this work might be more easily memorised." Of Abān's poem only the first two lines have been preserved:

هذا كتابُ أدَبٍ و مِحنَه * وهو الذى يُدْعَى كليله دمنه
فيه احتياطات و فيه رشدُ * وهو كتابٌ وضعته الهندُ

"This is a book of instructions and experience
Which is called *Kalīla Dimna*.
In it (is found) cautions and uprightness
It is a book composed by the Indians."

Yahya ibn Khālid gave the poet ten thousand dinars and al-Faḍl gave him five thousand dinars as a reward. Ja'far, however, gave him nothing, but merely said: "Is it not sufficient for you that I should memorise your poem, and thus become your Rāwī?"[1]

(3) About the same period another poetic version was made by Alī ibn Dā'ūd, the secretary of Zubayda, the

[1] In the early centuries of Islām, Arabic and Persian poets each had their *rāwī*, or professed memoriser of their poems.

daughter of Ja'far the Barmecide, and the wife of Hārūn ar-Rashīd.

(4) Portions of *Kalīla and Dimna* were rendered into verse by Bishr ibnu 'l-Mu'tamid.

(5) A short metrical version was made by Muḥammad ibn Muḥammad ibn al-Habbāriyya (died A.H. 504), which is the oldest verse rendering that has been preserved to us. Manuscripts of this work exist in London and elsewhere, and a lithographed edition was published in Bombay in A.H. 1317, with marginal notes and glosses by Shaykh Faẓlullah Bahā'ī, who tells us that the author's original MS. is in India. This version bears the title of *Natā'iju'l-fiṭna fī naẓm Kalīla wa-Dimna*. It comprises three thousand seven hundred verses, which the author says he wrote in ten days! It is primarily based on Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa', but use was also made of Abān's lost poem. This allusion to Abān is worth quoting:

متبعا فيه ابان اللاحقى * وليس وهو سابق بلاحقى
فان يكن اقدم منّى عصرًا * فانّنى احسن منه شعرا

"I have also followed Abān al-Lāhiqī
But though he is ahead of me he cannot come up to me
For in spite of his preceding me in point of time
I am superior to him as a poet."

(6) Another version was made by a certain Ibn Mamatī al-Miṣrī, who died in A.H. 606.

(7) In the ninth century of the Hijra a metrical version of the Kalila and Dimna stories was made by Jalālu 'd-Din an-Naqqāsh. Two copies of this poem are known to exist, one in the British Museum (Or. 3626), which has been described by Rieu, Supplement Arabic Cat., p. 735 *et seq.*, and another in the Library of the Catholic Fathers in Beyrout. An-Naqqāsh makes no allusion to Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa', but only to Abān al-Lāhiqī.

(8) Part of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' was versified by Abdu 'l-Mu'min ibn Ḥasan aṣ-Ṣaghānī about A.D. 1242. Copies of

this work exists in Vienna and Munich. De Sacy had a copy made for himself of the Vienna MS., which is, he says, in a state of great disorder. It bears the title *Durar ul-ḥikam fī amṡāli 'l-Hind wa 'l-'Ajam.*

The author says he knew Abān's poem by hearsay only, and that no one in his day had seen it.

Concluding Remarks

When I accepted Mr Penzer's flattering invitation to write the Foreword to the *Pañchatantra* volume of the *Ocean of Story* it did not occur to me that I might become involved in controversy ; for, apart from a certain familiarity with the Arabic *Kalīla wa-Dimna* and the Persian *Anwar-i Suhayli*, I was a stranger to the subject. The general reading necessary even for a comparison of the various modern Persian versions with the Arabic of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa' led me willy-nilly to a searching examination of the Burzoë Legend, and since these inquiries have resulted in opinions at variance with generally accepted views, I feel it is perhaps my duty to add a few further observations in support of my heterodoxy.

First, with regard to the Indian king to whose court Burzoë was sent, I do not find that he is ever given a name or a place, but there is nothing which would imply that he was Dabshalīm, the master of the Sage Bīdpāy, who is at the back of the Kalila and Dimna stories. Now the *Chatrang Nāma*, a Pahlavī work of unknown date and provenance, brings King Dabshalīm into correspondence with Anūshīrwān (Chosroes I) and into personal contact with Burzurjmihr, as will be seen from the following summary of the book made by West [1] :—

> " Devashārm, king of the Hindūs, sent to King Khusro-i Anoshak-ruban a set of chessmen [2] and other

[1] See *Grundriss der Iranischen Philologie*, Band I, Lieferung 2, p. 119.

[2] The existence of chess in Persia is mentioned in another semi-historical Pahlavī work—namely, the *Kārnāmak* of Artakhsīr i Pāpakān, the founder of the Sasanian dynasty.

valuable presents, with a demand for an explanation of the game, or a heavy tribute. After three days' consideration, Vadshorg-Mitrō, Khusrō's prime-minister, explains the game, and invents that of backgammon, with which, and many valuable presents, he is sent to India to make similar demands from Dēvashārm, whose courtiers fail in explaining the new game after forty days' consideration, and their king has to pay tribute."

Now in the Burzoë Legend, as we have seen, the wonderful book of which Anūshīrwān wished to obtain a copy was composed by Bīdpāy for his master the king, Dabshalīm. There is no indication that it was a new work when it was first heard of in Persia. According to the *Chatrang Nāma*, Dabshalīm and Anūshīrwān were contemporaries, and this would imply that the fables of Bīdpāy were composed in the sixth century, and that news of their existence reached Persia very soon after that event. Is it possible that in the oft repeating of the story, Buzurjmihr and Burzoë have been confused, and that in the original form it was Buzurjmihr who went to India for the book, and that the then king in India was the Dabshalīm (Devaśarma) of the Fables, and that Bīdpāy [1] was the courtier who revealed the secret of the book to Buzurjmihr ?

Another weak point in the legend is the *secrecy* with which this book was guarded by the Indian king. In the sixth century A.D. there were certainly many collections of these stories in various forms and under various titles, so there could be no question of the so-called " Kalila and Dimna " group existing in one particular copy only, or of any mystery attaching to its contents. And however useful the stories may have been found by the " Indian King," they certainly could not have been classed among the Sacred Books.

Secondly, it is quite evident that these stories in their simplest Indian form were essentially *popular* in character, and represented the only form of literature in that day which might be enjoyed by women and children. Only a people to whom such fables were a novelty would trouble to invent such

[1] The "Adwayh" of Cheikho' text of Ibnu 'l-Muqaffa'.

a childish setting, and I fail to understand how this particular point has been entirely ignored by those very scholars who have devoted so much labour to the co-ordination of the many Indian versions. Kāshifī, in his Introduction, tells us that the Persian kings in their turn kept Burzoë's translation under lock and key. His object in making this statement is like that of Ibn 'l-Muqaffa' regarding the Indian original, obviously to give an additional importance to the book—what we should nowadays call a publisher's " puff."

Before dismissing the subject of the Pahlavī *Kalila and Dimna*, I wish to make it clear that in my view the linguistic arguments in favour of the existence of such a version, especially the Persian rendering given to certain Sanskrit names in Būd's Syriac translation, are of infinitely more importance than the Burzoë Legend, and indeed preclude the possibility of denying that there ever was a Pahlavī version.

CONTENTS

BOOK X: ŚAKTIYAŚAS

CHAPTER LVII

	PAGE
Author's Preface	xlvii
Invocation	1
M(ain story)	1
76. Story of the Inexhaustible Pitcher . .	3
M. *Cont.*	5
77. Story of the Merchant's Son, the Courtesan, and the Wonderful Ape Āla	5
M. *Cont.*	13

CHAPTER LVIII

M. *Cont.*	15
78. Story of King Vikramasiṃha, the Courtesan, and the Young Brāhman	15
M. *Cont.*	18
79. Story of the Faithless Wife who Burnt herself with her Husband's Body	19
M. *Cont.*	19
80. Story of the Faithless Wife who had her Husband Murdered	20
M. *Cont.*	20
81. Story of Vajrasāra, whose Wife cut off his Nose and Ears	21

CHAPTER LVIII—*continued*

PAGE

M. *Cont.* 22

82. Story of King Siṃhabala and his Fickle Wife . 23

M. *Cont.* 25

CHAPTER LIX

M. *Cont.* 26

83. Story of King Sumanas, the Nishāda Maiden, and the Learned Parrot 27

83A. The Parrot's Account of his own Life as a Parrot 28

83AA. The Hermit's Story of Somaprabha, Manorathaprabhā, and Makarandikā, wherein it appears who the Parrot was in a Former Birth . . 30

83AAA. Manorathaprabhā and Raśmimat . . 32

83AA. The Hermit's Story of Somaprabha, Manorathaprabhā, and Makarandikā, wherein it appears who the Parrot was in a Former Birth . . 34

83A. The Parrot's Account of his own Life as a Parrot 37

83. Story of King Sumanas, the Nishāda Maiden, and the Learned Parrot 37

M. *Cont.* 38

CHAPTER LX

PAGE

M. *Cont.* 41

84. Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest . 42

84A. The Monkey that pulled out the Wedge 43

84. Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest . 44

84B. The Jackal and the Drum . . 46

84. Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest . 46

84C. The Crane and the Makara . . 48

84. Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest . 49

84D. The Lion and the Hare . . 49

84. Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest . 50

84E. The Louse and the Flea . . 52

84. Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest . 52

84F. The Lion, the Panther, the Crow and the Jackal 53

84. Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest . 54

84G. The Pair of Ṭiṭṭibhas . . . 55

84GG. The Tortoise and the Two Swans 55

84G. The Pair of Ṭiṭṭibhas . . . 56

84GGG. The Three Fish . . 56

84G. The Pair of Ṭiṭṭibhas . . . 57

84. Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest . 58

84H. The Monkeys, the Firefly and the Bird . 58

84. Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest . 59

84I. Dharmabuddhi and Dushṭabuddhi . 59

84. Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest . 61

84J. The Crane, the Snake and the Mungoose 61

84. Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest . 61

84K. The Mice that ate an Iron Balance . 62

CHAPTER LX—*continued*

PAGE
84. Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest . 63
M. *Cont.* 63

CHAPTER LXI

M. *Cont.* 67
85. Story of the Foolish Merchant who made Aloes-Wood into Charcoal 67
M. *Cont.* 67
86. Story of the Man who sowed Roasted Seed . 67
M. *Cont.* 68
87. Story of the Fool who mixed Fire and Water . 68
M. *Cont.* 68
88. Story of the Man who tried to improve his Wife's Nose 68
M. *Cont.* 69
89. Story of the Foolish Herdsman . . . 69
M. *Cont.* 69
90. Story of the Fool and the Ornaments . . 69
M. *Cont.* 70
91. Story of the Fool and the Cotton . . . 70
M. *Cont.* 70
92. Story of the Foolish Villagers who cut down the Palm-Trees 70
M. *Cont.* 71
93. Story of the Treasure-Finder who was blinded . 71
M. *Cont.* 71
94. Story of the Fool and the Salt . . . 71
M. *Cont.* 7

CHAPTER LXI—*continued*

PAGE

95. Story of the Fool and his Milch-Cow . . 72
M. *Cont.* 72
96. Story of the Foolish Bald Man and the Fool who pelted him 72
M. *Cont.* 73
97. Story of the Crow and the King of the Pigeons, the Tortoise and the Deer . . . 73
97A. The Mouse and the Hermit . . 75
97AA. The Brāhman's Wife and the Sesame-Seeds . . 76
97AAA. The Greedy Jackal . 77
97AA. The Brāhman's Wife and the Sesame-Seeds . . 77
97A. The Mouse and the Hermit . . 77
97. Story of the Crow and the King of the Pigeons, the Tortoise and the Deer . . . 78
M. *Cont.* 80
98. Story of the Wife who falsely accused her Husband of murdering a Bhilla . . 80
M. *Cont.* 82
99. Story of the Snake who told his Secret to a Woman . 82
M. *Cont.* 83
100. Story of the Bald Man and the Hair-Restorer . 83
M. *Cont.* 84
101. Story of a Foolish Servant . . . 84
M. *Cont.* 84
102. Story of the Faithless Wife who was present at her own Śrāddha 84
M. *Cont.* 85

CHAPTER LXI—*continued*

PAGE

108. Story of the Ambitious Chaṇḍāla Maiden . 85
M. *Cont.* 86
104. Story of the Miserly King . . . 86
M. *Cont.* 86
105. Story of Dhavalamukha, his Trading Friend and his Fighting Friend 87
M. *Cont.* 88
106. Story of the Thirsty Fool that did not Drink . 88
M. *Cont.* 88
107. Story of the Fool who killed his Son . . 88
M. *Cont.* 89
108. Story of the Fool and his Brother . . 89
M. *Cont.* 89
109. Story of the Brahmachārin's Son . . 89
M. *Cont.* 90
110. Story of the Astrologer who killed his Son . 90
M. *Cont.* 90
111. Story of the Violent Man who justified his Character 90
M. *Cont.* 91
112. Story of the Foolish King who made his Daughter grow 91
M. *Cont.* 92
113. Story of the Man who recovered half a Paṇa from his Servant 92
M. *Cont.* 92
114. Story of the Fool who took Notes of a certain Spot in the Sea 92

CHAPTER LXI—*continued*

PAGE

M. *Cont.* 93

115. Story of the King who replaced the Flesh . 93

M. *Cont.* 94

116. Story of the Woman who wanted another Son . 94

M. *Cont.* 94

117. Story of the Servant who tasted the Fruit . 94

M. *Cont.* 94

118. Story of the Two Brothers Yajnasoma and Kirtisoma 95

M. *Cont.* 96

119. Story of the Fool who wanted a Barber . . 96

M. *Cont.* 96

120. Story of the Man who asked for Nothing at all . 97

M. *Cont.* 97

CHAPTER LXII

M. *Cont.* 98

121. Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls 98

121A. The Ass in the Panther's Skin . . 99

121. Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls 100

121B. How the Crow dissuaded the Birds from choosing the Owl King . 100

121BB. The Elephants and the Hares 101

121B. How the Crow dissuaded the Birds from choosing the Owl King . 102

121BBB. The Bird, the Hare and the Cat . . 102

121B. How the Crow dissuaded the Birds from choosing the Owl King . 103

CHAPTER LXII—*continued*

PAGE

121. Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls 104

121C. The Brāhman, the Goat and the Rogues 104

121. Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls 104

121D. The Old Merchant and his Young Wife 106

121. Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls 106

121E. The Brāhman, the Thief and the Rākshasa 107

121. Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls 107

121F. The Carpenter and his Wife . . 108

121. Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls 109

121G. The Mouse that was turned into a Maiden 109

121. Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls 110

121H. The Snake and the Frogs . . 112

121. Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls 112

M. *Cont.* 118

122. Story of the Foolish Servant . . . 118

M. *Cont.* 118

123. Story of the Two Brothers who divided all that they had 114

M. *Cont.* 114

124. Story of the Mendicants who became emaciated from Discontent 114

M. *Cont.* 115

125. Story of the Fool who saw Gold in the Water . 115

M. *Cont.* 115

126. Story of the Servants who kept Rain off the Trunks 116

CHAPTER LXII—*continued*

PAGE

M. *Cont.* 116

127. Story of the Fool and the Cakes . . . 116

128. Story of the Servant who looked after the Door . 117

M. *Cont.* 117

129. Story of the Simpletons who ate the Buffalo . 117

M. *Cont.* 118

130. Story of the Fool who behaved like a Brahmany Drake 118

131. Story of the Physician who tried to cure a Hunchback 119

M. *Cont.* 119

CHAPTER LXIII

M. *Cont.* 120

132. Story of Yaśodhara and Lakshmīdhara and the Two Wives of the Water-Spirit . . 120

132A. The Water-Spirit in his Previous Birth 123

132. Story of Yaśodhara and Laksmīdhara and the Two Wives of the Water-Spirit . . 124

132B. The Brāhman who became a Yaksha 125

132. Story of Yaśodhara and Lakshmīdhara and the Two Wives of the Water-Spirit . . 125

M. *Cont.* 126

133. Story of the Monkey and the Porpoise . . 127

133A. The Sick Lion, the Jackal and the Ass 130

133. Story of the Monkey and the Porpoise . . 132

M. *Cont.* 132

CHAPTER LXIII—*continued*

PAGE

134. Story of the Fool who gave a Verbal Reward to the Musician 132
M. *Cont.* 133
135. Story of the Teacher and his Two Jealous Pupils 133
M. *Cont.* 134
136. Story of the Snake with Two Heads . . 134
M. *Cont.* 135
137. Story of the Fool who was nearly choked with Rice 135
M. *Cont.* 136
138. Story of the Boys that milked the Donkey . 136
M. *Cont.* 136
139. Story of the Foolish Boy who went to the Village for Nothing 136
M. *Cont.* 137

CHAPTER LXIV

M. *Cont.* 138
140. Story of the Brāhman and the Mungoose . 138
M. *Cont.* 139
141. Story of the Fool that was his own Doctor . 139
M. *Cont.* 140
142. Story of the Fool who mistook Hermits for Monkeys 140
M. *Cont.* 140
143. Story of the Fool who found a Purse . . 140
M. *Cont.* 141
144. Story of the Fool who looked for the Moon . 141

CHAPTER XLIV—*continued*

PAGE

M. *Cont.* 141

145. Story of the Woman who escaped from the Monkey and the Cowherd . . . 141

M. *Cont.* 142

146. Story of the Two Thieves, Ghaṭa and Karpara . 142

M. *Cont.* 152

CHAPTER LXV

M. *Cont.* 153

147. Story of the Ungrateful Wife . . . 153

M. *Cont.* 156

148. Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman 157

148A. The Lion's Story . . . 159

148. Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman 159

148B. The Golden-Crested Bird's Story . 160

148. Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman 161

148C. The Snake's Story . . . 161

148. Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman 161

148D. The Woman's Story . . 162

148. Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman 162

M. *Cont.* 164

149. Story of the Buddhist Monk who was bitten by a Dog 165

M. *Cont.* 165

CHAPTER LXV—*continued*

PAGE

150. Story of the Man who submitted to be Burnt Alive sooner than share his Food with a Guest 165

M. *Cont.* 167

151. Story of the Foolish Teacher, the Foolish Pupils and the Cat 167

M. *Cont.* 168

152. Story of the Fools and the Bull of Śiva . . 168

M. *Cont.* 170

153. Story of the Fool who asked his Way to the Village 170

M. *Cont.* 171

154. Story of Hiraṇyāksha and Mṛigānkalekhā . 171

M. *Cont.* 174

CHAPTER LXVI

M. *Cont.* 178

155. Story of the Hermit and his Pupils . . 178

155A. The Mendicant who travelled from Kaśmīra to Pāṭaliputra . . 178

155AA. The Wife of King Siṃhāksha, and the Wives of his Principal Courtiers . . 180

155A. The Mendicant who travelled from Kaśmīra to Pāṭaliputra . . 182

M. *Cont.* 183

156. Story of the Woman who had Eleven Husbands . 184

M. *Cont.* 185

157. Story of the Man who, thanks to Durgā, had always One Ox 185

CHAPTER LXVI—*continued*

PAGE

M. *Cont.* 186

158. Story of the Rogue who managed to acquire Wealth by speaking to the King . . 186

M. *Cont.* 188

159. Story of Hemaprabhā and Lakshmīsena . . 188

M. *Cont.* 192

BOOK XI: VELĀ

CHAPTER LXVII

Invocation 196

M. *Cont.* 196

160. Story of the Merchant and his Wife Velā . 198

M. *Cont.* 204

APPENDIX I

The *Pañchatantra* 205

APPENDIX II

The Origin of the Story of Ghaṭa and Karpara . 248

Index I—Sanskrit Words and Proper Names . 287

Index II—General 303

PREFACE

THE importance of this volume will be realised after the most cursory glance. In the first place, it contains one of the world's most famous and loved books, the *Pañchatantra*, or *Fables of Pilpay*.

Secondly, the co-operation of Professor Franklin Edgerton, of the University of Pennsylvania, has enabled me to include the most elaborate and comprehensive genealogical table of *Pañchatantra* tradition ever attempted.

Thirdly, Sir Denison Ross has contributed a Foreword containing the results of his original research into the Persian and Arabic recensions of the *Fables*.

His attempt to discredit the Burzoĕ legend, and consequently to doubt the existence of a Pahlavī version, will cause something of an *émeute* among Orientalists, who for generations have been perfectly content to march in complaisant acquiescence under the standard of Benfey, Nöldeke, etc.

Before this volume appears Sir Denison Ross will have stated his case publicly at the Royal Society of Arts; and I await, with no little interest, the dicta of the Learned.

Apart from the *Pañchatantra*, the present volume contains the "Tale of Ghaṭa and Karpara," which I take to be a version of Herodotus' "Tale of Rhampsinitus." In Appendix II an attempt has been made to show that this tale can boast of an uninterrupted history of over 2800 years!

Once again I find myself heavily in the debt of Dr L. D. Barnett and Mr Fenton for their continued help, both in proof-reading and in general advice on innumerable points.

N. M. P.

St John's Wood, N.W.8,
2nd February 1926.

BOOK X: ŚAKTIYAŚAS

CHAPTER LVII

INVOCATION

WE worship the elephantine proboscis of Gaṇeśa, not to be resisted by his enemies, reddened with vermilion, a sword dispelling great arrogance.[1] May the third eye of Śiva, which, when all three were equally wildly-rolling, blazed forth beyond the others, as he made ready his arrow upon the string, for the burning of Pura, protect you. May the row of nails of the Man-lion,[2] curved and red with blood, when he slew his enemy, and his fiery look askance, destroy your calamities.

[M] Thus Naravāhanadatta, the son of the King of Vatsa, remained in Kauśāmbī in happiness with his wives and his ministers. And one day, when he was present, a merchant living in the city came to make a representation to his father, as he was sitting on his throne.

That merchant, of the name of Ratnadatta, entered, announced by the warder, and bowing before the king, said as follows: "O King, there is a poor porter here, of the name of Vasundhara; and suddenly he is found of late to be eating, drinking, and bestowing alms. So, out of curiosity, I took him to my house, and gave him food and drink to his heart's content, and when I had made him drunk, I questioned him, and he gave me this answer: 'I obtained from the door of the king's palace a bracelet with splendid jewels, and I picked out one jewel and sold it. And I sold it for a *lakh* of *dīnārs*

The Porter who found a Bracelet

[1] I read *mada* for *madya*.

[2] Narasiṃha, Vishṇu assumed this form for the destruction of Hiraṇyakaśipu.

to a merchant named Hiraṇyagupta; this is how I come to be living in comfort at present.' When he had said this, he showed me that bracelet, which was marked with the king's name, and therefore I have come to inform your Majesty of the circumstance."

When the King of Vatsa heard that, he had the porter and the merchant of precious jewels summoned with all courtesy, and when he saw the bracelet, he said of himself: "Ah! I remember, this bracelet slipped from my arm when I was going round the city." And the courtiers asked the porter: "Why did you, when you had got hold of a bracelet marked with the king's name, conceal it?" He replied: "I am one who gets his living by carrying burdens, and how am I to know the letters of the king's name? When I got hold of it, I appropriated it, being burnt up with the misery of poverty." When he said this, the jewel-merchant, being reproached for keeping the jewel, said: "I bought it in the market, without putting any pressure on the man, and there was no royal mark upon it, though now it is said that it belongs to the king. And he has taken five thousand of the price, the rest is with me." When Yaugandharāyaṇa, who was present, heard this speech of Hiraṇyagupta's, he said: "No one is in fault in this matter. What can we say against the porter who does not know his letters? Poverty makes men steal, and who ever gave up what he had found? And the merchant who bought it from him cannot be blamed."

The king, when he heard this decision of his prime minister's, approved it. And he took back his jewel from the merchant, paying him the five thousand *dīnārs*, which had been spent by the porter, and he set the porter at liberty, after taking back his bracelet, and he, having consumed his five thousand, went free from anxiety to his own house. And the king, though in the bottom of his heart he hated that merchant Ratnadatta, as being a man who ruined those that reposed confidence in him, honoured him for his service. When they had all departed, Vasantaka came before the king, and said: "Ah! when men are cursed by Destiny, even the wealth they obtain departs, for the

incident of the inexhaustible pitcher[1] has happened to this porter.

76. *Story of the Inexhaustible Pitcher*[1]

For you must know that there lived long ago, in the city of Pāṭaliputra, a man of the name of Śubhadatta, and every day he carried in a load of wood from the forest, and sold it, and so maintained his household.

Now one day he went to a distant forest, and, as it happened, he saw there four Yakshas with heavenly ornaments and dresses. The Yakshas, seeing he was terrified, kindly asked him of his circumstances, and finding out that he was poor, they conceived pity for him, and said: "Remain here as a servant in our house; we will support your family for you without trouble on your part." When Śubhadatta heard that, he agreed, and remained with them, and he supplied them with requisites for bathing and performed other menial offices for them. When the time for eating came, those Yakshas said to him: "Give us food from this inexhaustible pitcher." But he hesitated, seeing that it was empty, and then the Yakshas again said to him, smiling: "Śubhadatta, do you not understand? Put your hand in the pitcher, and you will obtain whatever you want, for this is a pitcher that supplies whatever is required." When he

[1] For a long note on magical articles in folk-lore see Vol. I, pp. 25-29. Tawney quotes a few further references—Gonzenbach, *Sicilianische Märchen*, No. 52; Dasent, *Popular Tales from the Norse*, pp. xciv *et seq.*, 12, 264, 293-295. In the tale on p. 12 ("Why the Sea is Salt") the hero lets out his secret under the influence of drink, as in our text. For the most ancient example of this kind of tale see Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Birth Stories*, Introduction, pp. xvi-xxi. *Cf.* Prym and Socin, *Syrische Märchen*, p. 343; Grimm, *Irische Märchen*, No. 9, "Die Flasche," p. 42. In the *Bhadra-Ghaṭa Jātaka*, No. 291 (Cambridge edition, vol. ii, pp. 293-295), Sakko gives a pitcher, which is lost in the same way. Grimm in his *Irische Elfenmärchen*, Introduction, p. xxxvii, remarks that "if a man discloses any supernatural power which he possesses, it is at once lost." A large number of further references to magical articles in folk-lore will be found in Bolte and Polivka, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- und Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm*, vol. iii, p. 424. See also E. S. Hartland, *The Science of Fairy Tales*, p. 55 *et seq.*, and Chauvin, *Bibliographie des Ouvrages Arabes*, v, p. 143.—N.M.P.

heard that, he put his hand in the pitcher, and immediately he beheld all the food and drink that could be required. And Śubhadatta out of that store supplied them and ate himself.

Thus waiting on the Yakshas every day with devotion and awe, Śubhadatta remained in their presence anxious about his family. But his sorrowing family was comforted by them in a dream, and this kindness on their part made him happy. At the termination of one month the Yakshas said to him: "We are pleased with this devotion of yours, we will grant you a boon; say what it shall be." When he heard that, he said to them: "Then give me this inexhaustible pitcher." Then the Yakshas said to him: "You will not be able to keep it, for, if broken, it departs at once, so choose some other boon." Though they warned him in these words, Śubhadatta would not choose any other boon, so they gave him that inexhaustible pitcher. Then Śubhadatta bowed before them delighted, and, taking that pitcher, quickly returned to his house, to the joy of his relations. Then he took out of that pitcher food and drink, and in order to conceal the secret he placed them in other vessels, and consumed them with his relations. And as he gave up carrying burdens, and enjoyed all kinds of delights, his kinsmen one day said to him, when he was drunk: "How did you manage to acquire the means of all this enjoyment?" He was too much puffed up with pride to tell them plainly, but taking the wish-granting pitcher on his shoulder, he began to dance.[1] And as he was dancing the inexhaustible pitcher slipped from his shoulder, as his feet tripped with over-abundance of intoxication, and falling on the ground, was broken in pieces. And immediately it was mended again, and reverted to its original possessors, but Śubhadatta was reduced to his former condition, and filled with despondency.

[1] In Bartsch's *Sagen, Märchen u. Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, vol. i, p. 41, a man possesses himself of an inexhaustible beer-can. But as soon as he told how he got it the beer disappeared. Another (p. 84) spoils the charm by looking into the vessel, at the bottom of which he sees a loathsome toad. This he had been expressly forbidden to do.

[M] "So you see that those unfortunate persons, whose intellects are destroyed with the vice of drinking, and other vices, and with infatuation, cannot keep wealth, even if they have obtained it."

When the King of Vatsa had heard this amusing story of the inexhaustible pitcher, he rose up, and bathed, and set about the other duties of the day. And Naravāhanadatta also bathed, and took food with his father, and at the end of the day went with his friends to his own house. There he went to bed at night, but could not sleep, and Marubhūti said to him in the hearing of the ministers: "I know, it is love of a slave-girl that prevents your summoning your wives, and you have not summoned the slave-girl, so you cannot sleep. But why in spite of your better knowledge, do you still fall in love with courtesans? For they have no goodness of character. In proof that they have not, hear the following tale.

77. *Story of the Merchant's Son, the Courtesan, and the Wonderful Ape Āla*

There is in this country a great and opulent city named Chitrakūṭa. In it there lived a merchant named Ratnavarman, a prince among the wealthy. He had one son born to him by propitiating Śiva, and he gave that son the name of Īśvaravarman. After he had studied the sciences, his father, the rich merchant, who had no other son but him, seeing that he was on the verge of manhood, said to himself: "Providence has created in this world that fair and frail type of woman, the courtesan, to steal the wealth and life of rich young men, blinded with the intoxication of youth. So I will entrust my son to some bawd, in order that he may learn the tricks of the courtesans and not be deceived by them."

Having thus reflected, he went with his son Īśvaravarman to the house of a certain bawd, whose name was Yamajihvā. There he saw that bawd, with massive jaw, and long teeth, and snub nose, instructing her daughter in the following words: "Everyone is valued on account of wealth, a courtesan especially; and courtesans who fall in

love do not obtain wealth, therefore a courtesan should abandon passion. For rosy red, love's proper hue, is the harbinger of eclipse to the courtesan as to the evening twilight; a properly trained courtesan should exhibit love without sincerity, like a well-trained actress. With that she should gain a man's affections, then she should extract from him all his wealth; when he is ruined, she should finally abandon him, but if he should recover his wealth, she should take him back into favour. A courtesan, like a hermit, is the same towards a young man, a child, an old man, a handsome man, and a deformed man, and so she always attains the principal object of existence." [1]

While the bawd was delivering this lesson to her daughter, Ratnavarman approached her, and after she had welcomed him, he took a seat by her side. And he said to her: "Reverend mother, teach my son this skill of the courtesans, in order that he may become clever in it. And I will give you a thousand *dīnārs* by way of recompense." When the bawd heard his desire, she consented, and he paid the *dīnārs*, and made over his son Īśvaravarman to her, and then returned home.

Then Īśvaravarman, in the course of one year, learned in the house of Yamajihvā all the graceful accomplishments, and then returned to his father's house. And after he had attained sixteen years, he said to his father: "Wealth gives us religion and love, wealth gives us consideration and renown." When his father heard this, he exclaimed in approval: "It is even so." And being delighted he gave him five *crores* by way of capital. The son took it, and set out on an auspicious day with a caravan, with the object of journeying to Svarṇadvīpa. And on the way he reached a town named Kāñchanapura, and there he encamped in a garden, at a short distance outside the town. And after bathing and anointing himself, the young man entered the town, and went to a temple to see a spectacle. And there

[1] Wealth in her case, salvation in that of the hermit.——For full instructions concerning courtesans and their behaviour towards their lovers under all conditions, see Vātsyāyana's *Kāma Sūtra*, Book VI. Other references to similar works have already been given (Vol. I, pp. 234, 236 and notes).—N.M.P.

he saw a dancing-girl, of the name of Sundarī, dancing, like a wave of the sea of beauty [1] tossed up by the wind of youth. And the moment he saw her he became so devoted to her that the instructions of the bawd fled far from him, as if in anger. At the end of the dance, he sent a friend to solicit her, and she bowed and said: "I am highly favoured."

And Īśvaravarman left vigilant guards in his camp to watch over his treasure, and went himself to the house of that Sundarī. And when he came, her mother, named Makarakaṭī, honoured him with the various rites of hospitality which became the occasion. And at nightfall she introduced him into a chamber with a canopy of flashing jewels and a bed. There he passed the night with Sundarī,[2] whose name expressed her nature, and who was skilled in all movements of the dance. And the next day he could not bring himself to part from her, as she showed great affection for him, and never left his side. And the young merchant gave her twenty-five *lakhs* of gold and jewels in those two days. But Sundarī, with a false affectation of disinterestedness, refused to take them, saying: "I have obtained much wealth, but I never found a man like you; since I have obtained you, what should I do with wealth?" But her mother, Makarakaṭī, whose only child she was, said to her: "Henceforth, whatever wealth belongs to us is as much his as his own property, so take it, my daughter, as a contribution to our common stock. What harm is there in that?" When Sundarī's mother said this to her, she took it with affected unwillingness, and the foolish Īśvaravarman thought she was really in love with him. While the merchant remained in her house, charmed by her beauty, her dancing, and singing, two months passed, and in course of time he bestowed upon her two *crores*.

Then his friend, named Arthadatta, of his own accord came to him and said: "Friend, has all that training of yours, though painfully acquired from the bawd, proved useless, now that the occasion has presented itself, as skill

[1] Cf. *Winter's Tale*, Act IV, sc. 4, lines 140, 141.

[2] *I.e.* beautiful.

in the use of weapons does to a coward, in that you believe that there is sincerity in this love of a courtesan? Is water ever really found in desert mirages? So let us go before all your wealth is consumed, for if your father were to hear of it he would be very angry." When his friend said this to him, the merchant's son said: "It is true that no reliance can be placed upon courtesans as a rule; but Sundarī is not like the rest of her class, for if she were to lose sight of me for a moment, my friend, she would die. So do you break it to her, if we must in any case go."

When he said this to Arthadatta, Arthadatta said to Sundarī, in the presence of Īśvaravarman and her mother Makarakaṭī: "You entertain extraordinary affection for Īśvaravarman, but he must certainly go on a trading expedition to Svarṇadvīpa immediately. There he will obtain so much wealth that he will come and live with you in happiness all his life. Consent to it, my friend." When Sundarī heard this, she gazed on the face of Īśvaravarman with tears in her eyes and assumed despondency, and said to Arthadatta: "What am I to say? You gentlemen know best. Who can rely on anyone before seeing the end? Never mind! Let Fate deal with me as it will!"

When she said this, her mother said to her: "Do not be grieved, control yourself; your lover will certainly return when he has made his fortune; he will not abandon you." In these words her mother consoled her, but made an agreement with her, and had a net secretly prepared in a well that lay in the road they must take. And then Īśvaravarman's mind was in a state of tremulous agitation about parting, and Sundarī, as if out of grief, took but little food and drink. And she showed no inclination for singing, music or dancing, but she was consoled by Īśvaravarman with various affectionate attentions.

Then, on the day named by his friend, Īśvaravarman set out from the house of Sundarī, after the bawd had offered a prayer for his success. And Sundarī followed him weeping, with her mother, outside the city, as far as the well in which the net had been stretched. There he made Sundarī turn back, and he was proceeding on his journey when she

flung herself into the well on the top of the net. Then a loud cry was heard from her mother, from the female slaves, and all the attendants: "Ah! my daughter! Ah! mistress!"

That made the merchant's son and his friend turn round, and when he heard that his beloved had thrown herself into a well, he was for a moment stupefied with grief. And Makarakaṭī, lamenting with loud cries, made her servants, who were attached to her, and in the secret, go down into the well. They let themselves down by means of ropes, and exclaiming, "Thank heaven, she is alive, she is alive!" they brought up Sundarī from the well. When she was brought up, she assumed the appearance of one nearly dead, and after she had mentioned the name of the merchant's son, who had returned, she slowly began to cry. But he, being comforted, took her to her house in great delight, accompanied by his attendants, returning there himself. And having made up his mind that the love of Sundarī was to be relied on, and considering that, by obtaining her, he had obtained the real end of his birth, he once more gave up the idea of continuing his journey. And when he had taken up his abode there, determined to remain, his friend said to him once more: "My friend, why have you ruined yourself by infatuation? Do not rely on the love of Sundarī simply because she flung herself into a well, for the treacherous schemes of a bawd are not to be fathomed even by Providence. And what will you say to your father, when you have spent all your property, or where will you go? So leave this place even at this eleventh hour, if your mind is sound."

When the merchant's son heard this speech of his friend's, he paid no attention to it, and in another month he spent those other three *crores*. Then he was stripped of his all; and the bawd Makarakaṭī had him seized by the back of the neck and turned out of Sundarī's house.

But Arthadatta and the others quickly returned to their own city, and told the whole story, as it happened, to his father. His father Ratnavarman, that prince of merchants, was much grieved when he heard it, and in great

distress went to the bawd Yamajihvā, and said to her: "Though you received a large salary, you taught my son so badly that Makarakaṭī has with ease stripped him of all his wealth." When he had said this, he told her all the story of his son. Then the old bawd Yamajihvā said: "Have your son brought back here; I will enable him to strip Makarakaṭī of all her wealth." When the bawd Yamajihvā made this promise, Ratnavarman quickly sent off that moment his son's well-meaning friend Arthadatta with a message, to bring him, and to take at the same time means for his subsistence.

So Arthadatta went back to that city of Kānchanapura, and told the whole message to Īśvaravarman. And he went on to say to him: "Friend, you would not do what I advised you, so you have now had personal experience of the untrustworthy dispositions of courtesans. After you had given that five *crores*, you were ejected neck and crop. What wise man looks for love in courtesans or for oil in sand? Or why do you put out of sight this unalterable nature of things?[1] A man is wise, self-restrained, and possesses happiness, only so long as he does not fall within the range of women's cajoleries. So return to your father and appease his wrath."

With these words Arthadatta quickly induced him to return, and encouraging him, led him into the presence of his father. And his father, out of love for his only son, spoke kindly to him, and again took him to the house of Yamajihvā. And when she questioned him, he told his whole story by the mouth of Arthadatta, down to the circumstance of Sundarī's flinging herself into the well, and how he lost his wealth. Then Yamajihvā said: "I indeed am to blame, because I forgot to teach him this trick. For Makarakaṭī stretched a net in the well, and Sundarī flung herself upon that, so she was not killed. Still there is a remedy in this case."

Having said this, the bawd made her female slaves bring her monkey named Āla. And in their presence she gave the monkey her thousand *dīnārs*, and said: "Swallow

[1] I find in the Sanskrit College MS. *kimmuchyate* for *vimuchyate*.

these." And the monkey, being trained to swallow money, did so. Then she said: "Now, my son, give twenty to him, twenty-five to him, sixty to him, and a hundred to him." And the monkey, as often as Yamajihvā told him to pay a sum, brought up the exact number of *dīnārs*, and gave them as commanded.[1] And after Yamajihvā had shown this device of Āla, she said to Īśvaravarman: "Now take with you this young monkey. And repair again to the house of Sundarī, and keep asking him day by day for sums of money, which you have secretly made him swallow. And Sundarī, when she sees Āla, resembling in his powers the wishing-stone, will beg for him, and will give you all she has so as to obtain possession of the ape, and clasp him to her bosom. And after you have got her wealth, make him swallow enough money for two days, and give him to her, and then depart to a distance without delay."

After Yamajihvā had said this, she gave that ape to Īśvaravarman, and his father gave him two *crores* by way of capital. And with the ape and the money he went once more to Kāñchanapura, and dispatching a messenger on in front, he entered the house of Sundarī. Sundarī welcomed him as if he were an incarnation of perseverance, which includes in itself all means for attaining an end, and his friend with him, embracing him round the neck, and making other demonstrations. Then Īśvaravarman, having gained her confidence, said to Arthadatta in her presence in the house: "Go and bring Āla." He said, "I will," and went and brought the monkey. And as the monkey had

[1] In La Fontaine's *Contes et Nouvelles*, iii, 13, there is a little dog *qui secoue de l'argent et des pierreries*. The idea probably comes from the *Mahābhārata*. In this poem Sṛinjaya has a son named Suvarṇashṭhīvin. Some robbers treat him as the goose that laid the golden eggs was treated. There are also birds that spit gold in the *Mahābhārata*. (See Lévêque, *Les Mythes et Légendes de l'Inde et la Perse*, pp. 289-294.) There is an ass with the same gift in *Sicilianische Märchen*, No. 52. For the wishing-stone see Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse*, Introduction, p. xcv. He remarks that the stone in his tale, No. 59, which tells the prince all the secrets of his brides, "is plainly the old Oskastein, or wishing-stone."——See *Il Pentamerone* (Burton's trans., vol. i, p. 13; and W. Crooke, "King Midas and his Ass's Ears," *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, 1911, p. 184.—N.M.P.

before swallowed a thousand *dīnārs*, he said to him: "Āla, my son, give us to-day three hundred *dīnārs* for our eating and drinking, and a hundred for betel and other expenses, and give one hundred to our mother Makarakaṭī, and a hundred to the Brāhmans, and give the rest of the thousand to Sundarī." When Īśvaravarman said this, the monkey brought up the *dīnārs* he had before swallowed, to the amounts ordered, and gave them for the various objects required.

So by this artifice Āla was made to supply every day the necessary expenses, for the period of a fortnight, and in the meanwhile Makarakaṭī [1] and Sundarī began to think: "Why, this is a very wishing-stone which he has got hold of in the form of an ape, which gives every day a hundred *dīnārs*; if he would only give it us, all our desires would be accomplished." Having thus debated in private with her mother, Sundarī said to that Īśvaravarman, when he was sitting at his ease after dinner: "If you really are well pleased with me, give me Āla." But when Īśvaravarman heard that, he answered laughingly: "He is my father's all in the world, and it is not proper to give him away." When he said this, Sundarī said to him again: "Give him to me and I will give you five *crores*." Thereupon Īśvaravarman said with an air of decision: "If you were to give me all your property, or indeed this city, it would not do to give him you, much less for your *crores*." When Sundarī heard this, she said: "I will give you all I possess; but give me this ape, otherwise my mother will be angry with me." And thereupon she clung to Īśvaravarman's feet. Then Arthadatta and the others said: "Give it her, happen what will." Then Īśvaravarman promised to give it her, and he spent the day with the delighted Sundarī. And the next day he gave to Sundarī, at her earnest entreaties, that ape, which had in secret been made to swallow two thousand *dīnārs*, and he immediately took by way of payment all the wealth in her house, and went off quickly to Svarṇadvīpa to trade.

And to Sundarī's delight the monkey Āla, when asked, gave her regularly a thousand *dīnārs* for two days. But

[1] The reading should be *Makarakaṭyevam*.

on the third day he did not give her anything, though coaxed to do it. Then Sundarī struck the ape with her fist. And the monkey, being beaten, sprang up in a rage, and bit and scratched the faces of Sundarī and her mother, who were thrashing him. Then the mother, whose face was streaming with blood, flew into a passion and beat the ape with sticks, till he died on the spot. When Sundarī saw that he was dead, and reflected that all her wealth was gone, she was ready to commit suicide for grief, and so was her mother. And when the people of the town heard the story, they laughed, and said: "Because Makarakaṭī took away this man's wealth by means of a net, he in his turn has stripped her of all her property, like a clever fellow that he is, by means of a pet; she was sharp enough to net him, but did not detect the net laid for herself."

Then Sundarī, with her scratched face and vanished wealth, was with difficulty restrained by her relations from destroying herself, and so was her mother. And Īśvaravarman soon returned from Svarṇadvīpa to the house of his father in Chitrakūṭa. And when his father saw him returned, having acquired enormous wealth, he rewarded the bawd Yamajihvā with treasure, and made a great feast. And Īśvaravarman, seeing the matchless deceitfulness of courtesans, became disgusted with their society, and taking a wife remained in his own house.[1]

[M] "So you see, King, that there never dwells in the minds of courtesans even an atom of truth, unalloyed with treachery, so a man who desires prosperity should not take

[1] There is a certain resemblance between this story and the tenth novel of the eighth day in Boccaccio's *Decameron*. Dunlop traces Boccaccio's story to the *Disciplina Clericalis* of Petrus Alphonsus (chap. xvi). It is also found in the *Nights*, in the *Gesta Romanorum* (chap. cxviii), and in the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, No. 74. See also Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*. (Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, p. 56, Liebrecht's German translation, p. 247.)——The above references given by Tawney have little in common with the story of Āla, the ape. They are much closer variants to No. 45 (Vol. III, p. 118 *et seq.*), where I have added a note on the *motif*.—N.M.P.

pleasure in them, as their society is only to be gained by the wealthy, any more than in uninhabited woods to be crossed only with a caravan." [1]

When Naravāhanadatta heard, from the mouth of Marubhūti, the above story, word for word, of Āla and the net, he and Gomukha approved it, and laughed heartily.

[1] An elaborate pun.

CHAPTER LVIII

WHEN Marubhūti had thus illustrated the untrust-[M] worthy character of courtesans, the wise Gomukha told this tale of Kumudikā, the lesson of which was the same.

78. *Story of King Vikramasiṃha, the Courtesan, and the Young Brāhman*

There was in Pratishṭhāna a king named Vikramasiṃha, who was made by Providence a lion in courage, so that his name expressed his nature. He had a queen of lofty lineage, beautiful and beloved, whose lovely form was her only ornament, and she was called Śaśilekhā. Once on a time, when he was in his city, five or six of his relations combined together, and going to his palace, surrounded him. Their names were Mahābhaṭa, Virabāhu, Subāhu, Subhaṭa and Pratāpāditya, all powerful kings. The king's minister was proceeding to try the effect of conciliation on them, but the king set him aside, and went out to fight with them. And when the two armies had begun to exchange showers of arrows, the king himself entered the fray, mounted on an elephant, confiding in his might. And when the five kings, Mahābhaṭa, and the others, saw him, seconded only by his bow, dispersing the army of his enemies, they all attacked him together. And as the numerous force of the five kings made a united charge, the force of Vikramasiṃha, being inferior in number, was broken.

Then his minister Anantaguṇa, who was at his side, said: "Our force is routed for the present, there is no chance of victory to-day, and you would engage in this conflict with an overwhelming force in spite of my advice, so now at the last moment do what I recommend you, in order that the affair may turn out prosperously. Come now, descend from your elephant, and mount a horse, and let us go to

another country; if you live, you will conquer your enemies on some future occasion."

When the minister said this, the king readily got down from his elephant, and mounted on a horse, and left his army in company with him. And in course of time the king, in disguise, reached with his minister the city of Ujjayinī. There he entered with his minister the house of a courtesan, named Kumudikā, renowned for her wealth; and she, seeing him suddenly entering the house, thought: "This is a distinguished hero that has come to my house: and his majesty and the marks on his body show him to be a great king,[1] so my desire is sure to be attained if I can make him my instrument."

Having thus reflected, Kumudikā rose up and welcomed him, and entertained him hospitably, and immediately she said to the king, who was wearied: "I am fortunate, to-day the good deeds of my former life have borne fruit, in that your Majesty has hallowed my house by coming to it in person. So by this favour your Majesty has made me your slave. The hundred elephants, and two myriads of horses, and house full of jewels, which belong to me, are entirely at your Majesty's disposal."

Having said this, she provided the king and his minister with baths and other luxuries, all in magnificent style.

Then the wearied king lived in her palace, at his ease, with her, who put her wealth at his disposal. He consumed her substance and gave it away to petitioners, and she did not show any anger against him on that account, but was rather pleased at it.[2] Thereupon the king was delighted, thinking that she was really attached to him, but his minister Anantaguṇa, who was with him, said to him in secret: "Your Majesty, courtesans are not to be depended upon, though, I must confess, I cannot guess the reason why Kumudikā shows you love." When the king heard this speech of his, he answered him: "Do not speak thus; Kumudikā would even lay down her life for my sake.

[1] See Vol. II, pp. 7, 7n[1], 162; and Chauvin, *Bibliographie des Ouvrages Arabes*, vi, p. 75.—N.M.P.

[2] For a note on prostitutes see Vol. III, p. 207n[2].—N.M.P.

If you do not believe it, I will give you a convincing proof."

After the king had said this to his minister, he adopted this artifice: he took little to eat and little to drink, and so gradually attenuated his body, and at last he made himself as dead, without movement, prostrate on the ground. Then his attendants put him on a bier, and carried him to the burning-*ghat* with lamentations, while Anantaguṇa affected a grief which he did not feel. And Kumudikā, out of grief, came and ascended the funeral pyre with him, though her relations tried to prevent her. But before the fire was lighted, the king, perceiving that Kumudikā had followed him, rose up with a yawn. And all his attendants took him home[1] with Kumudikā to his lodging, exclaiming: "Fortunate is it that our king has been restored to life."

Then a feast was made, and the king recovered his normal condition, and said in private to his minister: "Did you observe the devotion of Kumudikā?" Then the minister said: "I do not believe even now. You may be sure that there is some reason for her conduct, so we must wait to get to the bottom of the matter. But let us reveal to her who we are, in order that we may obtain a force granted by her, and another force supplied by your ally, and so smite our enemies in battle."

While he was saying this, the spy, that had been secretly sent out, returned, and when questioned, answered as follows: "Your enemies have overrun the country, and Queen Śaśilekhā, having heard from the people a false report of your Majesty's death, has entered the fire." When the king heard this, he was smitten by the thunderbolt of grief, and lamented: "Alas! My queen! Alas! Chaste lady!"

Then Kumudikā at last came to know the truth, and after consoling the King Vikramasiṃha, she said to him: "Why did not the king give me the order long ago? Now punish your enemies with my wealth and my forces." When she said this, the king augmented the force by means of her

[1] For a similar test see Tawney, *Kathākoça*, p. 39.—N.M.P.

wealth, and repaired to a powerful king who was an ally of his. And he marched with his forces and those forces of his own, and after killing those five enemies in battle, he got possession of their kingdoms into the bargain. Then he was delighted, and said to Kumudikā, who accompanied him: "I am pleased with you, so tell me what I can do to gratify you." Then Kumudikā said: "If you are really pleased, my lord, then extract from my heart this one thorn that has long remained there. I have an affection for a Brāhman's son, of the name of Śrīdhara, in Ujjayinī, whom the king has thrown into prison for a very small fault, so deliver him out of the king's hand. Because I saw by your royal marks that your Majesty was a glorious hero, and destined to be successful, and able to effect this object of mine, I waited on you with devoted attentions. Moreover, I ascended that pyre out of despair of attaining my object, considering that life was useless without that Brāhman's son."

When the courtesan said this, the king answered her: "I will accomplish it for you, fair one; do not despair." After saying this, he called to mind his minister's speech, and thought: "Anantaguna was right when he said that courtesans were not to be depended upon. But I must gratify the wish of this miserable creature."

Thus resolved, he went with his troops to Ujjayinī, and after getting Śrīdhara set at liberty, and giving him much wealth, he made Kumudikā happy by uniting her with her beloved there. And after returning to his city he never disobeyed the advice of his minister, and so in time he came to enjoy the whole earth.

[M] "So you see, the hearts of courtesans are fathomless and hard to understand."

Then Gomukha stopped, after he had told this story. But then Tapantaka said in the presence of Naravāhanadatta: "Prince, you must never repose any confidence at all in women, for they are all light, even those that, being

married or unmarried, dwell in their father's house, as well as those that are courtesans by profession. I will tell you a wonder which happened in this very place; hear it.

79. *Story of the Faithless Wife who Burnt herself with her Husband's Body*

There was a merchant in this very city named Balavarman, and he had a wife named Chandraśrī, and she beheld from a window a merchant's handsome son, of the name of Śīlahara, and she sent her female friend to invite him to her house, and there she used to have assignations with him in secret. And while she was in the habit of meeting him there every day, her attachment to him was discovered by all her friends and relations. But her husband Balavarman was the only one who did not discover that she was unchaste. Very often men blinded by affection do not discover the wickedness of their wives.

Then a burning fever seized Balavarman, and the merchant consequently was soon reduced to a very low state. But though he was in this state, his wife went every day to her friend's house to meet her paramour. And the next day, while she was there, her husband died. And on hearing of it she returned, quickly taking leave of her lover. And out of grief for her husband she ascended the pyre with his body, being firmly resolved, though her attendants, who knew her character, tried to dissuade her.[1]

[M] "Thus is the way of a woman's heart truly hard to understand. They fall in love with strange men, and die when separated from their husbands."

When Tapantaka said this, Hariśikha said in his turn: "Have you not heard what happened in this way to Devadāsa?

[1] For full details of widow-burning (*satī*) see Vol. IV, Appendix I.—N.M.P.

80. *Story of the Faithless Wife who had her Husband Murdered*

Of old time there lived in a village a householder named Devadāsa, and he had a wife named with good cause Duḥśīlā.[1] And the neighbours knew that she was in love with another man. Now, once on a time, Devadāsa went to the king's court on some business. And his wife, who wished to have him murdered, took advantage of the occasion to bring her paramour, whom she concealed on the roof of the house. And in the dead of night she had her husband Devadāsa killed, when he was asleep, by that paramour. And she dismissed her paramour, and remained quiet until the morning, when she went out, and exclaimed: "My husband has been killed by robbers." Then his relations came there, and after they had seen his body, they said: "If he was killed by thieves, why did they not carry off anything?" After they had said this, they asked her young son, who was there: "Who killed your father?" Then he said plainly: "A man had gone up on the roof here in the day; he came down in the night, and killed my father before my eyes; but first my mother took me and rose up from my father's side."

When the boy said this, the dead man's relations knew that Devadāsa had been killed by his wife's paramour, and they searched him out, and put him to death then and there, and they adopted that boy and banished Duḥśīlā.

[M] "So you see, a woman whose heart is fixed on another man infallibly kills like the snake."

When Hariśikha said this, Gomukha said again: "Why should we tell any out-of-the-way story? Listen to the ridiculous fate that befell Vajrasāra here, the servant of the King of Vatsa.

[1] *I.e.* of bad character.

81. *Story of Vajrasāra, whose Wife cut off his Nose and Ears*

He, being brave and handsome, had a beautiful wife that came from Mālava, whom he loved more than his own body. Once on a time his wife's father, longing to see her, came in person, accompanied by his son, from Mālava, to invite him and her. Then Vajrasāra entertained him, and informed the king, and went, as he had been invited to do, to Mālava with his wife and his father-in-law. And after he had rested a month only in his father-in-law's house, he came back here to attend upon the king, but that wife of his remained there. Then, after some days had passed, suddenly a friend of the name of Krodhana came to him, and said: "Why have you ruined your family by leaving your wife in her father's house? For the abandoned woman has there formed a connection with another man. This was told me to-day by a trustworthy person who came from that place. Do not suppose that it is untrue; punish her, and marry another."

When Krodhana had said this, he went away, and Vajrasāra stood bewildered for a moment, and then reflected: "I suspect this may be true; otherwise, why did she not come back, though I sent a man to summon her? So I will go myself and bring her, and see what the state of the case is."

Having formed this resolution, he went to Mālava, and after taking leave of his father-in-law and his mother-in-law, he set out with his wife. And after he had gone a long distance, he eluded his followers by a trick, and going by the wrong path, entered with his wife a dense wood. He sat down in the middle of it, and said to her, out of hearing of anyone: "I have heard from a trustworthy friend that you are in love with another, and when I, remaining at home, sent for you, you did not come; so tell me the truth; if you do not, I will punish you."

When she heard this, she said: "If this is your intention, why do you ask me? Do what you like." When Vajrasāra heard this contemptuous speech of hers, he was angry and tied her up, and began to beat her with creepers. But

while he was stripping off her clothes, he felt his passion renewed, and asked her to forgive him, whereupon she said: "I will, if I may tie you up and beat you with creepers, in the same way as you tied me up and beat me, but not otherwise." Vajrasāra, whose heart was made like stubble by love, consented, for he was blinded by passion.[1] Then she bound him firmly, hand and foot, to a tree, and, when he was bound, she cut off his ears and nose with his own sword, and the wicked woman took his sword and clothes, and disguising herself as a man, departed whither she would.

But Vajrasāra, with his nose and ears cut off, remained there, depressed by great loss of blood, and loss of self-respect. Then a certain benevolent physician, who was wandering through the wood in search of healing herbs, saw him, and out of compassion unbound him, and brought him home to his house. And Vajrasāra, having been brought round by him, slowly returned to his own house, but he did not find that wicked wife, though he sought for her. And he described the whole occurrence to Krodhana, and he related it in the presence of the King of Vatsa; and all the people in the king's court mocked him, saying that his wife had justly taken away his man's dress and suitably punished him, because he had lost all manly spirit and faculty of just resentment, and so become a woman. But in spite of their ridicule he remains there with heart of adamant, proof against shame. So what confidence, your Royal Highness, can be placed in women?

[M] When Gomukha had said this, Marubhūti went on to say: "The mind of woman is unstable; hear a tale in illustration of this truth.

[1] The B. text seems corrupted here. The line in the D. text reads, *tṛiṇasārikṛitaś citraṃ Vajrasāro Manobhuvā*—"it is a wonder, how a Vajrasāra [= one who has the hardness of the diamond] was transformed by Kāma into a *tṛiṇasāra* [= one who has the hardness of stubble]." See Speyer, *Studies about the Kathāsaritsāgara*, p. 125.—N.M.P.

82. *Story of King Siṃhabala and his Fickle Wife*

Formerly there dwelt in the Deccan a king, of the name of Siṃhabala. And his wife, named Kalyāṇavatī, the daughter of a prince of Mālava, was dear to him above all the women of his harem. And the king ruled the realm with her as consort, but once on a time he was expelled from his kingdom by his powerful relations, who banded together against him. And then the king, accompanied by the queen, with his weapons and but few attendants, set out for the house of his father-in-law in Mālava.

And as he was going along through a forest, which lay in his road, a lion charged him, and the hero easily cut it in two with a stroke of his sword. And when a wild elephant came at him trumpeting, he circled round it and cut off with his sword its trunk and feet, and stripped it of its jewel, and killed it.[1] And alone he dispersed the hosts of bandits like lotuses, and trampled them, as the elephant, lord of the forest, tramples the beds of white water-lilies. Thus he accomplished the journey, and his wonderful courage was seen, and so he reached Mālava, and then this sea of valour said to his wife: "You must not tell in your father's house this that happened to me on the journey, it will bring shame to you, my queen; for what is there laudable in courage displayed by a man of the military caste?"

After he had given her this injunction, he entered his father-in-law's house with her, and when eagerly questioned by him, told his story. His father-in-law honoured him, and gave him elephants and horses, and then he repaired to a very powerful king named Gajānīka. But being intent on conquering his enemies, he left his wife Kalyāṇavatī there in her father's house.

Some days after he had gone, his wife, while standing at the window, saw a certain man. The moment she saw him, he captivated her heart by his good looks; and being drawn on by love, she immediately thought: "I know no

[1] The D. text reads *muktāraṭim* instead of *muktaratnam*, thus Siṃhabala makes the elephant fall down roaring, and does not deprive it of its jewel. For a note on this latter see Vol. II, p. 142, 142*n*[1].—N.M.P.

one is more handsome or more brave than my husband, but alas! my mind is attracted towards this man. So let what must be, be. I will have an interview with him."

So she determined in her own mind, and told her desire to a female attendant, who was her confidante. And she made her bring him at night, and introduce him into the women's apartments by the window, pulling him up with a rope. When the man was introduced, he had not courage to sit boldly on the sofa on which she was, but sat apart on a chair. The queen, when she saw that, was despondent, thinking he was a mean man, and at that very moment a snake, which was roaming about, came down from the roof. When the man saw the snake, he sprang up quickly in fear, and taking his bow, he killed the snake with an arrow. And when it fell dead, he threw it out of the window, and in his delight at having escaped that danger, the coward danced for joy.

When Kalyāṇavatī saw him dancing, she was cast down, and thought to herself over and over again: "Alas! Alas! What have I to do with this mean-spirited coward?" And her friend, who was a discerning person, saw that she was disgusted, and so she went out, and quickly returned with assumed trepidation and said: "Queen, your father has come, so let this young man quickly return to his own house by the way by which he came." When she said this, he went out of the window by means of the rope, and being overpowered by fear, he fell, but, as luck would have it, he was not killed.

When he had gone, Kalyāṇavatī said to her confidante: "My friend, you have acted rightly in turning out this low fellow.[1] You penetrated my feelings, for my heart is vexed. My husband, after slaying tigers and lions, conceals it through modesty, and this cowardly man, after killing a snake, dances for joy. So why should I desert such a husband and fall in love with a common fellow? Curse on my unstable mind, or rather curse on women, who are like flies that leave camphor and haste to impurity!"

The queen spent the night in these self-reproaches, and

[1] The Sanskrit College MS. inserts *nicho* after *ṛitam*.——So in D.—N.M.P.

afterwards remained waiting in her father's house for the return of her husband. In the meanwhile Siṃhabala, having been supplied with another army by King Gajānīka, slew those five wicked relations. Then he recovered his kingdom, and at the same time brought back his wife from her father's house, and after loading his father-in-law with abundance of wealth, he ruled the earth for a long time without opposition.

[M] "So you see, King, that the mind of even discerning women is fickle, and, though they have brave and handsome husbands, wanders hither and thither, but women of pure character are scarce."

When Naravāhanadatta, the son of the King of Vatsa, had heard this story related by Marubhūti, he sank off into a sound sleep and so passed the night.

CHAPTER LIX

EARLY the next day Naravāhanadatta, after he had [M] performed his necessary duties, went to his garden by way of amusement. And while he was there he saw first a blaze of splendour descend from heaven, and after it a company of many Vidyādhara females. And in the middle of those glittering ones he saw a maiden charming to the eye, like a digit of the moon in the middle of the stars, with face like an opening lotus, with rolling eyes like circling bees, with the swimming gait of a swan, diffusing the perfume of a blue lotus, with dimples charming like waves, with waist adorned with a string of pearls, like the presiding goddess of the lovely lake in Kāma's garden, appearing in bodily form.

And the prince, when he saw that charming, enamoured creature, a medicine potent to revive the God of Love, was disturbed like the sea, when it beholds the orb of the moon. And he approached her, saying to his ministers: "Ah! extraordinary is the variety in producing fair ones that is characteristic of Providence!" And when she looked at him with a sidelong look, tender with passion, he asked her: "Who are you, auspicious one, and why have you come here?" When the maiden heard that, she said: "Listen, I will tell you.

"There is a town of gold on the Himālayas, named Kāñchanaśṛinga. In it there lives a king of the Vidyādharas, named Sphaṭikayaśas, who is just, and kind to the wretched, the unprotected, and those who seek his aid. Know that I am his daughter, born to him by the Queen Hemaprabhā, in consequence of a boon granted by Gaurī. And I, being the youngest child, and having five brothers, and being dear to my father as his life, kept by his advice propitiating Gaurī with vows and hymns. She, being pleased, bestowed on me all the magic sciences, and deigned to address me thus: 'Thy might in science shall be tenfold

that of thy father, and thy husband shall be Naravāhanadatta, the son of the King of Vatsa, the future Emperor of the Vidyādharas.'

"After the consort of Śiva had said this, she disappeared, and by her favour I obtained the sciences and gradually grew up. And last night the goddess appeared to me and commanded me: 'To-morrow, my daughter, thou must go and visit thy husband, and thou must return here the same day, for in a month thy father, who has long entertained this intention, will give thee in marriage.' The goddess, after giving me this command, disappeared, and the night came to an end; so here I am come, your Highness, to pay you a visit. So now I will depart."

Having said this, Śaktiyaśas flew up into the heaven with her attendants, and returned to her father's city.

But Naravāhanadatta, being eager to marry her, went in disappointed, considering the month as long as a Yuga.[1] And Gomukha, seeing that he was despondent, said to him: "Listen, prince, I will tell you a delightful story.

88. *Story of King Sumanas, the Nishāda Maiden, and the Learned Parrot*[2]

In old time there was a city named Kāñchanapurī, and in it there lived a great king named Sumanas. He was of extraordinary splendour, and, crossing difficult and inaccessible regions, he conquered the fortresses and fastnesses of his foes. Once, as he was sitting in the hall of assembly, the warder said to him: "King, the daughter of the King of the Nishādas, named Muktālatā, is standing outside the door with a parrot in a cage, accompanied by her brother

[1] *I.e.* 4,320,000 years. It is more correctly known as a Mahāyuga, one thousand of which make a Kalpa. Thus a Kalpa is 4320 million years, and not 432 million as wrongly stated by Tawney in Vol. II, pp. 139n[1], 163n[2], where I should have corrected it. See further Vol. IV, pp. 240n[1], 241n.—N.M.P.

[2] *Cf.* the falcon in Chaucer's "Squire's Tale," and the parallels quoted by Skeat in his Introduction to the "Prioress's Tale . . .," p. xlvii.——See W. Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, vol. ii, p. 252, and the note at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

Vīraprabha, and wishes to see your Majesty." The king said: "Let her enter." And introduced by the warder, the Bhilla maiden entered the enclosure of the king's hall of assembly. And all there, when they saw her beauty, thought: "This is not a mortal maiden; surely this is some heavenly nymph." And she bowed before the king, and spoke as follows: "King, here is a parrot that knows the four Vedas, called Śāstraganja, a poet skilled in all the sciences and in the graceful arts, and I have brought him here to-day by the order of King Maya, so receive him."

With these words she handed over the parrot, and it was brought by the warder near the king, as he had a curiosity to see it, and it recited the following *śloka*:

"King, this is natural, that the black-faced smoke of thy valour should be continually increased by the windy sighs of the widows of thy enemies; but this is strange, that the strong flame of thy valour blazes in the ten cardinal points all the more fiercely on account of the overflowing of the copious tears wrung from them by the humiliation of defeat."

When the parrot had recited this *śloka*, it began to reflect, and said again: "What do you wish to know? Tell me from what *Śāstra* I shall recite."

Then the king was much astonished, but his minister said: "I suspect, my lord, this is some Ṛishi of ancient days become a parrot on account of a curse, but owing to his piety he remembers his former birth, and so recollects what he formerly read." When the ministers said this to the king, the king said to the parrot: "I feel curiosity, my good parrot, tell me your story. Where is your place of birth? How comes it that in your parrot condition you know the *Śāstras*? Who are you?"

Then the parrot shed tears, and slowly spoke: "The story is sad to tell, O King, but listen, I will tell it in obedience to thy command.

88A. *The Parrot's Account of his own Life as a Parrot*

Near the Himālayas, O King, there is a *rohinī* tree, which resembles the Vedas, in that many birds take refuge

in its branches that extend through the heaven, as Brāhmans in the various branches of the sacred tradition.[1] There a cock-parrot used to dwell with his hen, and to that pair I was born, by the influence of my evil works in a former life. And as soon as I was born, the hen-parrot, my mother, died, but my old father put me under his wing and fostered me tenderly. And he continued to live there, eating what remained over from the fruits brought by the other parrots, and giving some to me.

Once on a time there came there to hunt a terrible army of Bhillas, making a noise with cow's horns strongly blown; and the whole of that great wood was like an army fleeing in rout, with terrified antelopes for dust-stained banners, and the bushy tails of the *chamarī* deer, agitated in fear, resembling *chowries*, as the host of Pulindas rushed upon it to slay various living creatures. And after the army of Savaras had spent the day in the hunting-grounds, in the sport of death, they returned with the loads of flesh which they had obtained. But a certain aged Savara, who had not obtained any flesh, saw the tree in the evening, and being hungry, approached it, and he quickly climbed up it, and kept dragging parrots and other birds from their nests, killing them, and flinging them on the ground. And when I saw him coming near, like the minister of Yama, I slowly crept in fear underneath the wing of my father. And in the meanwhile the ruffian came near our nest, and dragged out my father, and wringing his neck, flung him down on the ground at the foot of the tree. And I fell with my father, and slipping out from underneath his wing, I slowly crept in my fear into the grass and leaves. Then the rascally Bhilla came down, and roasted some of the parrots and ate them, and others he carried off to his own village.

Then my fear was at an end, but I spent a night long from grief, and in the morning, when the flaming eye[2] of

[1] An elaborate pun on *dvija* and *śākhā*.

[2] For the conception of the sun as an eye see Kuhn, *Die Herabkunft des Feuers und des Göttertranks*, pp. 52, 53. The idea is common in English poetry. See for instance Milton, *Paradise Lost*, v, 171; Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, i, 3, 4. For instances in classical poetry see Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iv, 228; Aristophanes, *Nubes*, 286; Sophocles, *Trachiniæ*, 101.

the world had mounted high in the heaven, I, being thirsty, went to the bank of a neighbouring lake full of lotuses, tumbling frequently, clinging to the earth with my wings, and there I saw on the sand of the lake a hermit, named Marīchi, who had just bathed, as it were my good works in a former state of existence. He, when he saw me, refreshed me with drops of water flung in my face, and, putting me in the hollow of a leaf, out of pity, carried me to his hermitage. There Pulastya, the head of the hermitage, laughed when he saw me, and being asked by the other hermits why he laughed, having supernatural insight, he said: "When I beheld this parrot, who is a parrot in consequence of a curse, I laughed[1] out of sorrow, but after I have said my daily prayer I will tell a story connected with him, which shall cause him to remember his former birth, and the occurrences of his former lives." After saying this, the hermit Pulastya rose up for his daily prayer, and, after he had performed his daily prayer, being again solicited by the hermits, the great sage told this story concerning me.

83AA. *The Hermit's Story of Somaprabha, Manorathaprabhā, and Makarandikā, wherein it appears who the Parrot was in a Former Birth*

There lived in the city of Ratnākara a king named Jyotishprabha, who ruled the earth with supreme authority, as far as the sea, the mine of jewels. There was born to him, by his queen named Harshavatī, a son, whose birth was due to the favour of Śiva propitiated by severe asceticism. Because the queen saw in a dream the moon entering her mouth,[2] the king gave his son the name of Somaprabha. And the prince gradually grew up with ambrosial qualities, furnishing a feast to the eyes of the subjects.

And his father Jyotishprabha, seeing that he was brave, young, beloved by the subjects, and able to bear the weight of empire, gladly anointed him Crown Prince. And he gave him as minister the virtuous Priyankara, the son of his own

[1] See Vol. I, pp. 46n[2], 47n.—N.M.P.

[2] See Crooke, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 14.—N.M.P.

minister named Prabhākara. On that occasion Mātali descended from the heaven with a celestial horse, and coming up to Somaprabha, said to him: "You are a Vidyādhara, a friend of Indra's, born on earth, and he has sent you an excellent horse named Āśuśravas, the son of Uchchhaiḥśravas, in memory of his former friendship; if you mount it you will be invincible by your foes."

After the charioteer of Indra had said this, he gave Somaprabha that splendid horse, and after receiving due honour, he flew up to heaven again.

Then Somaprabha spent that day pleasantly in feasting, and the next day said to his father, the king: "My father, the duty of a Kshatriya is not complete without a desire for conquest, so permit me to march out to the conquest of the regions."

When his father Jyotishprabha heard that, he was pleased, and consented, and made arrangements for his expedition. Then Somaprabha bowed before his father, and marched out on an auspicious day, with his forces, for the conquest of the regions, mounted on the horse given by Indra. And by the help of his splendid horse he conquered the kings of every part of the world, and, being irresistible in might, he stripped them of their jewels. He bent his bow and the necks of his enemies at the same time; the bow was unbent again, but the heads of his enemies were never again uplifted.

Then, as he was returning in triumph, on a path which led him near the Himālayas, he made his army encamp, and went hunting in a wood. And as chance would have it, he saw there a Kinnara, made of a splendid jewel,[1] and he pursued him on his horse given by Indra, with the object of capturing him. The Kinnara entered a cavern in the mountain, and was lost to view. but the prince was carried far away by that horse.

And when the sun, after diffusing illumination over the quarters of the world, had reached the western peak, where he meets the evening twilight, the prince, being tired, managed, though with difficulty, to return, and he beheld a great lake, and wishing to pass the night on its shores,

[1] The D. text reads *sad-ratna-khachitam*—"studded with goodly gems."—N.M.P.

he dismounted from his horse. And after he had given grass and water to the horse, and had taken fruits and water himself, and felt rested, he suddenly heard from a certain quarter the sound of a song. Out of curiosity he went in the direction of the sound, and saw at no great distance a heavenly nymph, singing in front of a *liṅga* of Śiva. He said to himself in astonishment: "Who may this lovely one be?" And she, seeing that he was of noble appearance, said to him bashfully: "Tell me, who are you? How did you reach alone this inaccessible place?" When he heard this, he told the story, and asked her in turn: "Tell me, who are you and what is your business in this wood?" When he asked this question, the heavenly maiden said: "If you have any desire, noble sir, to hear my tale, listen, I will tell it." After this preface she began to speak with a gushing flood of tears.

83AAA. *Manorathaprabhā and Raśmimat*

There is here, on the table-land of the Himālayas, a city named Kāñchanābha, and in it there dwells a king of the Vidyādharas named Padmakūṭa. Know that I am the daughter of that king by his Queen Hemaprabhā, and that my name is Manorathaprabhā, and my father loves me more than his life. I, by the power of my science, used to visit, with my female companions, the isles, and the principal mountains, and the woods, and the gardens, and after amusing myself, I made a point of returning every day at my father's meal-time, at the third watch of the day, to my palace.

Once on a time I arrived here as I was roaming about, and I saw on the shore of the lake a hermit's son with his companion. And being summoned by the splendour of his beauty, as if by a female messenger, I approached him, and he welcomed me with a wistful look. And then I sat down, and my friend, perceiving the feelings of both, put this question to him through his companion: "Who are you, noble sir, tell me?" And his companion said: "Not far from here, my friend, there lives in a hermitage a hermit

named Dīdhitimat. He, being subject to a strict vow of chastity, was seen once, when he came to bathe in this lake, by the goddess Śrī, who came there at the same time. As she could not obtain him in the flesh, as he was a strict ascetic, and yet longed for him earnestly with her mind, she conceived a mind-born son. And she took that son to Dīdhitimat, saying to him: 'I have obtained this son by looking at you; receive it.' And after giving the son to the hermit, Śrī disappeared. And the hermit gladly received the son, so easily obtained, and gave him the name of Raśmimat, and gradually reared him, and after investing him with the sacred thread, taught him out of love all the sciences. Know that you see before you in this young hermit that very Raśmimat, the son of Śrī, come here with me on a pleasure journey."

When my friend had heard this from the youth's friend, she, being questioned by him in turn, told my name and descent as I have now told it to you.

Then I and the hermit's son became still more in love with one another from hearing one another's descent, and while we were lingering there, a second attendant came and said to me: "Rise up; your father, fair one, is waiting for you in the dining-room of the palace." When I heard that, I said, "I will return quickly," and leaving the youth there, I went into the presence of my father out of fear. And when I came out, having taken a very little food, the first attendant came to me and said of her own accord: "The friend of that hermit's son came here, my friend, and standing at the gate of the court, said to me in a state of hurried excitement: 'Raśmimat has sent me here now, bestowing on me the power of travelling in the air, which he inherits from his father, to see Manorathaprabhā: he is reduced to a terrible state by love and cannot retain his breath a moment longer without that mistress of his life.'"

The moment I heard this, I left my father's palace, and, accompanied by that friend of the hermit's son, who showed me the way, and my attendant, I came here; and when I arrived here, I saw that that hermit's son, separated from me, had resigned, at the rising of the moon, the nectar of his life.

So I, grieved by separation from him, was blaming my vital frame, and longing to enter the fire with his body. But at that very moment a man, with a body like a mass of flame, descended from the sky, and flew up to heaven with his body.

Then I was desirous to hurl myself into the fire alone, but at that moment a voice issued from the air here: "Manorathaprabhā, do not do this thing, for at the appointed time thou shalt be reunited to this thy hermit's son." On hearing this, I gave up the idea of suicide, and here I remain full of hope, waiting for him, engaged in the worship of Śiva. And as for the friend of the hermit's son, he has disappeared somewhere.

88AA. *The Hermit's Story of Somaprabha, Manorathaprabhā and Makarandikā, wherein it appears who the Parrot was in a Former Birth*

When the Vidyādhara maiden had said this, Somaprabha said to her: "Then why do you remain alone; where is that female attendant of yours?" When the Vidyādhara maiden heard this, she answered: "There is a king of the Vidyādharas, named Siṃhavikrama, and he has a matchless daughter named Makarandikā; she is a friend of mine, dear as my life, who sympathises with my grief, and she to-day sent her attendant to learn tidings of me. So I sent back my own attendant to her, with her attendant; it is for that reason that I am at present alone." As she was saying this, she pointed out to Somaprabha her attendant descending from heaven. And she made the attendant, after she had told her news, strew a bed of leaves for Somaprabha, and also give grass to his horse.

Then, after passing the night, they rose up in the morning, and saw approaching a Vidyādhara, who had descended from heaven. And that Vidyādhara, whose name was Devajaya, after sitting down, spoke thus to Manorathaprabhā: "Manorathaprabhā, King Siṃhavikrama informs you that your friend, his daughter Makarandikā, out of love for you, refuses to marry until you have obtained a bridegroom. So he wishes you to go there and admonish her,

that she may be ready to marry." When the Vidyādhara maiden heard this, she prepared to go, out of regard for her friend, and then Somaprabha said to her: "Virtuous one, I have a curiosity to see the Vidyādhara world; so take me there, and let my horse remain here supplied with grass."

When she heard that, she consented, and taking her attendant with her, she flew through the air, with Somaprabha, who was carried in the arms of Devajaya.

When she arrived there, Makarandikā welcomed her, and seeing Somaprabh asked: "Who is this?" And when Manorathaprabhā told his story, the heart of Makarandikā was immediately captivated by him. He, for his part, thought in his mind, deeming he had come upon Good Fortune in bodily form: "Who is the fortunate man destined to be her bridegroom?"

Then, in confidential conversation, Manorathaprabhā put the following question to Makarandikā: "Fair one, why do you not wish to be married?" And she, when she heard this, answered: "How could I desire marriage until you have accepted a bridegroom, for you are dearer to me than life?" When Makarandikā said this, in an affectionate manner, Manorathaprabhā said: "I have chosen a bridegroom, fair one; I am waiting here in hopes of union with him." When she said this, Makarandikā said: "I will do as you direct." [1]

Then Manorathaprabhā, seeing the real state of her feelings, said to her: "My friend Somaprabha has come here as your guest, after wandering through the world, so you must entertain him as a guest with becoming hospitality." When Makarandikā heard this, she said: "I have already bestowed on him, by way of hospitality, everything but myself, but let him accept me, if he is willing." When she said this, Manorathaprabhā told their love to her father, and arranged a marriage between them.

Then Somaprabha recovered his spirits, and, delighted, said to her: "I must go now to your hermitage, for possibly my army, commanded by my minister, may come there,

[1] I read *tvadvākyam* with the Sanskrit College MS. and *akiñcāsmi tacchca* in *Ā.* 141 with the same MS.——So in the D. text.—N.M.P.

tracking my course, and if they do not find me they may return, suspecting something untoward. So I will depart, and after I have learned the tidings of the host I will return, and certainly marry Makarandikā on an auspicious day." When Manorathaprabhā heard that, she consented, and took him back to her own hermitage, making Devajaya carry him in his arms.

In the meanwhile his minister Priyankara came there with the army, tracking his footsteps. And while Somaprabha, in delight, was recounting his adventures to his minister, whom he met there, a messenger came from his father with a written message that he was to return quickly. Then, by the advice of his minister, he went with his army back to his own city, in order not to disobey his father's command, and as he started he said to Manorathaprabhā and Devajaya: "I will return as soon as I have seen my father."

Then Devajaya went and informed Makarandikā of that, and in consequence she became afflicted with the sorrow of separation. She took no pleasure in the garden, nor in singing, nor in the society of her ladies-in-waiting, nor did she listen to the amusing voices of the parrots; she did not take food; much less did she care about adorning herself. And though her parents earnestly admonished her, she did not recover her spirits. And she soon left her couch of lotus-fibres, and wandered about like an insane woman, causing distress to her parents. And when she would not listen to their words, though they tried to console her, her parents in their anger pronounced this curse on her: "You shall fall for some time among the unfortunate race of the Nishādas, with this very body of yours, without the power of remembering your former birth."

When thus cursed by her parents, Makarandikā entered the house of a Nishāda, and became that very moment a Nishāda maiden. And her father Siṃhavikrama, the king of the Vidyādharas, repented, and through grief for her died, and so did his wife. Now that king of the Vidyādharas was in a former birth a Ṛishi who knew all the *Śāstras*, but now on account of some remnant of former sin he has become this parrot, and his wife also has been born as a

wild sow, and this parrot, owing to the power of former austerities, remembers what it learned in a former life.

88A. *The Parrot's Account of his own Life as a Parrot*

"So I laughed,[1] considering the marvellous results of his works. But he shall be released as soon as he has told this tale in the court of a king. And Somaprabha shall obtain the parrot's daughter in his Vidyādhara birth, Makarandikā, who has now become a Nishāda female. And Manorathaprabhā also shall obtain the hermit's son Raśmimat, who has now become a king; but Somaprabha, as soon as he had seen his father, returned to her hermitage, and remains there propitiating Śiva in order to recover his beloved."

When the hermit Pulastya had said thus much, he ceased, and I remembered my former birth, and was plunged in grief and joy. Then the hermit Marīchi, who carried me out of pity to the hermitage, took me and reared me. And when my wings grew I flew hither and thither with the flightiness natural to a bird,[2] displaying the miracle of my learning. And falling into the hands of a Nishāda, I have in course of time reached your court. And now my evil works have spent their force, having been brought with me into the body of a bird.

88. *Story of King Sumanas, the Nishāda Maiden and the Learned Parrot*

When the learned and eloquent parrot had finished this tale in the presence of the court, King Sumanas suddenly felt his soul filled with astonishment, and disturbed with love. In the meanwhile Śiva, being pleased, said to Somaprabha in a dream: "Rise up, King, and go into the presence of King Sumanas; there thou wilt find thy beloved. For the maiden, named Makarandikā, has become, by the curse of her father, a Nishāda maiden, named Muktālatā, and she

[1] See Bloomfield, *Amer. Orient. Soc.*, vol. xxxvi, p. 80.—N.M.P.

[2] *Cf.* Aristophanes, *Aves*, ll. 169, 170:

"ἄνθρωπος ὄρνις ἀστάθμητος, πετόμενος,
ἀτέκμαρτος, οὐδὲν οὐδέποτ' ἐν ταὐτῷ μένων."

has gone with her own father, who has become a parrot, to the court of the king. And when she sees thee, her curse will come to an end, and she will remember her existence as a Vidyādhara maiden, and then a union will take place between you, the joy of which will be increased by your recognising one another."

Having said this to that king, Śiva, who is merciful to all his worshippers, said to Manorathaprabhā, who was also living in his hermitage: "The hermit's son Raśmimat, whom thou didst accept as thy bridegroom, has been born again under the name of Sumanas, so go to him and obtain him, fair one; he will at once remember his former birth when he beholds thee."

So Somaprabha and the Vidyādhara maiden, being separately commanded in a dream by Śiva, went immediately to the court of that Sumanas. And there Makarandikā, on beholding Somaprabha, immediately remembered her former birth, and being released from her long curse, and recovering her heavenly body, she embraced him. And Somaprabha, having by the favour of Śiva obtained that daughter of the Vidyādhara prince, as if she were the incarnate fortune of heavenly enjoyment, embraced her, and considered himself to have attained his object. And King Sumanas, having beheld Manorathaprabhā, remembered his former birth, and entered his former body, that fell from heaven, and became Raśmimat, the son of the chief of hermits. And once more united with his beloved, for whom he had long yearned, he entered his own hermitage, and King Somaprabha departed with his beloved to his own city. And the parrot, too, left the body of a bird, and went to the home earned by his asceticism.

[M] "Thus you see that the appointed union of human beings certainly takes place in this world, though vast spaces intervene."

When Naravāhanadatta heard this wonderful, romantic and agreeable story from his own minister Gomukha, as he was longing for Śaktiyaśas, he was much pleased.

NOTE ON THE STORY OF KING SUMANAS, THE NISHĀDA MAIDEN AND THE LEARNED PARROT

Taking for granted that Somadeva derived this story directly from the *Bṛihat-kathā*, it is interesting to compare it with Bāṇa's *Kādambarī*, which was, in all probability, derived from the same source. The two resulting productions differ in many ways; not only do details of the story itself vary, but a comparison between the length, styles and artistic treatment shows the totally different objects of the two poets.

It would seem as if Somadeva was preserving the original form of the story as found in the *Bṛihat-kathā*, while Bāṇa, on the other hand, was using all his powers of artistic elaboration in the production of a work which, beginning as a comparatively short story, would finish as a volume. Luckily it will not be necessary to go into details, for the *Kādambari* has been translated into English by C. M. Ridding and published by the Oriental Translation Fund of the Royal Asiatic Society in 1896.

It will, therefore, suffice to give the short summary of the work as made by Miss Ridding on pp. viii-x of her Introduction. It should be remembered that Bāṇa is one of the few early poets whose exact date we know, for he lived in the reign of Harsha-vardhana (A.D. 606), from whose reign dates the Harsha era, used in Nepal.

The plot is as follows:—

A learned parrot, named Vaiśampāyana, was brought by a Chaṇḍāla maiden to King Śūdraka, and told him how it was carried from its birthplace in the Vindhya forest to the hermitage of the sage Jābāli, from whom it learned the story of its former life.

Jābāli's story was as follows: Tārāpīḍa, King of Ujjayinī, won by penance a son, Chandrāpīḍa, who was brought up with Vaiśampāyana, the son of his minister, Śukanāsa. In due time Chandrāpīḍa was anointed as Crown Prince, and started on an expedition of world-conquest. At the end of it he reached Kailāsa, and, while resting there, was led one day in a vain chase of a pair of Kinnaras to the shores of the Achchhoda Lake. There he beheld a young ascetic maiden, Mahāśvetā, who told him how she, being a Gandharva princess, had seen and loved a young Brāhman Puṇḍarīka; how he, returning her feeling, had died from the torments of a love at variance with his vow; how a divine being had carried his body to the sky, and bidden her not to die, for she should be reunited with him; and how she awaited that time in a life of penance. But her friend Kādambarī, another Gandharva princess, had vowed not to marry while Mahāśvetā was in sorrow, and Mahāśvetā invited the prince to come to help her in dissuading Kādambarī from the rash vow. Love sprang up between the prince and Kādambarī at first sight; but a sudden summons from his father took him to Ujjayinī without farewell, while Kādambarī, thinking herself deserted, almost died of grief.

Meanwhile news came that his friend Vaiśampāyana, whom he had left in command of the army, had been strangely affected by the sight of the

Achchhoda Lake, and refused to leave it. The prince set out to find him, but in vain; and proceeding to the hermitage of Mahāśvetā, he found her in despair, because, in invoking a curse on a young Brāhman, who had rashly approached her, to the effect that he should become a parrot, she learned that she had slain Vaiśampāyana. At her words the prince fell dead from grief, and at that moment Kādambarī came to the hermitage.

Her resolve to follow him in death was broken by the promise of a voice from the sky that she and Mahāśvetā should both be reunited with their lovers, and she stayed to tend the prince's body, from which a divine radiance proceeded; while King Tārāpīḍa gave up his kingdom, and lived as a hermit near his son.

Such was Jābāli's tale; and the parrot went on to say how, hearing it, the memory of its former love for Mahāśvetā was reawakened, and, though bidden to stay in the hermitage, it flew away, only to be caught and taken to the Chaṇḍāla princess. It was now brought by her to King Śūdraka, but knew no more. The Chaṇḍāla maiden thereupon declared to Śūdraka that she was the goddess Lakshmī, mother of Puṇḍarīka or Vaiśampāyana, and announced that the curse for him and Śūdraka was now over. Then Śūdraka suddenly remembered his love for Kādambarī, and wasted away in longing for her, while a sudden touch of Kādambarī restored to life the Moon concealed in the body of Chandrāpīḍa, the form that he still kept, because in it he had won her love. Now the Moon, as Chandrāpīḍa and Śūdraka, and Puṇḍarīka, in the human and parrot shape of Vaiśampāyana, having both fulfilled the curse of an unsuccessful love in two births on earth, were at last set free, and, receiving respectively the hands of Kādambarī and Mahāśvetā, lived happily ever afterwards.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER LX

THEN the chief minister Gomukha, having told the [M] story of the two Vidyādhara maidens, said to Naravāhanadatta: "Some ordinary men even, being kindly disposed towards the three worlds, resist with firm resolution the disturbance of love and other passions.

Śūravarman, who spared his Guilty Wife

"For the King Kuladhara once had a servant of distinguished valour, a young man of good family, named Śūravarman. And one day, as he was returning from war, he entered his house suddenly, and found his wife alone with his friend. And when he saw it, he restrained his wrath, and in his self-control reflected: 'What is the use of slaying this animal who has betrayed his friend? Or of punishing this wicked woman? Why, too, should I saddle my soul with a load of guilt?' After he had thus reflected, he left them both unharmed and said to them: 'I will kill whichever of you two I see again. You must neither of you come in my sight again.' When he said this and let them depart, they went away to some distant place, but Śūravarman married another wife, and lived there in comfort.

"Thus, Prince, a man who conquers wrath will not be subject to grief; and a man who displays prudence is never harmed. Even in the case of animals prudence produces success, not valour. In proof of it, hear this story about the lion and the bull and other animals.[1]

[1] Here begins the *Pañchatantra*, better known in England, through its various recensions, by such titles as *The Fables of Pilpay, Kalilah and Dimnah, Lights of Canopus, The Morall Philosophie of Doni*, etc. It is given here by Somadeva practically in its entirety, although not as a consecutive whole, but with occasional interruptions due to the insertion of a number of short stories having no connection with it whatever. The points where such intermissions occur will be duly noted as we proceed.

In all the early versions there is an Introduction relating how the "Five Books" were told by a wise Brāhman as a means of instilling knowledge into three desultory princes. Somadeva omits this, and makes the chief minister,

84. *Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest* [1]

There was in a certain city a rich merchant's son. Once on a time, as he was going to the city of Mathurā to trade, a draught-bull belonging to him, named Sanjīvaka, as it was dragging the yoke vigorously, broke it, and so slipped in the path, which had become muddy by a mountain torrent flowing into it, and fell and bruised its limbs. The merchant's son, seeing that the bull was unable to move on account of its bruises, and not succeeding in his attempts to raise it up from the ground, at last in despair went off and left it there. And, as fate would have it, the bull slowly revived, and rose up, and by eating tender grass recovered from its former condition. And it went to the bank of the Yamunā, and by eating green grass and wandering about at will it became fat and strong. And it roamed about there, with full hump, wantoning, like the bull of Śiva, tearing up ant-hills with its horns, and bellowing frequently.

Now at that time there lived in a neighbouring wood a

Gomukha, introduce the collection simply by the words: "Even in the case of animals prudence produces success, not valour. In proof of it, hear this story about the lion and the bull and other animals."

The present chapter corresponds to Book I of the *Pañchatantra*, but omits four stories which appear in most recensions. These are given in full in Appendix I of this volume, where will also be found some account of the chief versions of the work.

Tawney gave extracts from Benfey's *Pantschatantra* in notes on nearly every story. With very few exceptions I have omitted these as unnecessary and out of date. The simple page-references to Benfey which I have given will be quite sufficient, while results of recent research on the subject, together with full bibliographical notes, will be found in Appendix I.

There is reason to believe that Somadeva's version closely resembles that in the lost *Bṛihat-kathā*, and is, moreover, a faithful reflex of the general sense of the original. As compared with several of the other known versions, the stories are told somewhat briefly, but none of the artistic workmanship is lost (as it is, for instance, in Kshemendra's version). In order to appreciate the complex ramifications of the different *Pañchatantra* recensions and translations in every part of the world, special reference should be made to the genealogical tree given at the end of Appendix I.—N.M.P.

[1] See Benfey, *Pantschatantra*, Leipzig, 1859, vol. i, p. 100; and J. Hertel, *Tantrākhyāyika*, Leipzig, 1909, part i, p. 128; part ii, p. 4 *et seq.* —N.M.P.

lion named Pingalaka, who had subdued the forest by his might; and that king of beasts had two jackals for ministers: the name of the one was Damanaka, and the name of the other was Karaṭaka. That lion, going one day to the bank of the Yamunā to drink water, heard close to him the roar of that bull Sanjīvaka. And when the lion heard the roar of that bull, never heard before, resounding through the air, he thought: "What animal makes this sound? Surely some great creature dwells here, so I will depart, for if it saw me it might slay me, or expel me from the forest." Thereupon the lion quickly returned to the forest without drinking water, and continued in a state of fear, hiding his feelings from his followers.

Then the wise jackal[1] Damanaka, the minister of that king, said secretly to Karaṭaka, the second minister: "Our master went to drink water; so how comes it that he has so quickly returned without drinking? We must ask him the reason." Then Karaṭaka said: "What business is this of ours? Have you not heard the story of the ape that drew out the wedge?

84A. *The Monkey that pulled out the Wedge*[2]

In a certain town a merchant had begun to build a temple to a divinity and had accumulated much timber. The workmen there, after sawing through the upper portion of a plank, placed a wedge in it, and leaving it thus suspended, went home. In the meanwhile a monkey came there and

[1] Weber supposes that the Indians borrowed all the fables representing the jackal as a wise animal, as he is not particularly cunning. He thinks that they took the Western stories about the fox, and substituted for that animal the jackal. Benfey argues that this does not prove that these fables are not of Indian origin. German stories represent the lion as king of beasts, though it is not a German animal. (Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 102, 103.) See also De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, p. 122.——Cf. *Nights* (Burton, vol. ix, p. 48n[1]).—N.M.P.

[2] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 105 *et seq.*, and vol. ii, p. 9. He considers a fable of Æsop, in which an ape tries to fish and is nearly drowned, an imitation of this. *Cf.* the trick which the fox played the bear in "Reineke Fuchs" (Simrock's *Die Deutschen Volksbücher*, vol. i, p. 148.)——See also Hertel, *op. cit.*, part i, pp. 128, 129, and part ii, p. 7.—N.M.P.

bounded up out of mischief, and sat on the plank, the halves of which were separated by the wedge. And he sat over the gap between the two halves, as if in the mouth of death, and in purposeless mischief pulled out the wedge. Then he fell with the plank, the wedge of which had been pulled out, and was killed, having his parts crushed by the flying together of the separated halves.

84. *Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest*

"Thus a person is ruined by meddling with what is not his own business. So what is the use of our penetrating the mind of the king of beasts?" When the grave Damanaka heard Karaṭaka say this, he answered: "Certainly wise ministers must penetrate and observe the peculiarities of their master's character. For who would confine his attention to filling his belly?" When Damanaka said this, the good Karaṭaka said: "Prying for one's own gratification is not the duty of a servant."

Damanaka, being thus addressed, replied: "Do not speak thus; everyone desires a recompense suited to his character: the dog is satisfied with a bone only, the lion attacks an elephant."

When Karaṭaka heard this, he said: "And supposing under these circumstances the master is angry, instead of being pleased, where is your special advantage? Lords, like mountains, are exceedingly rough, firm, uneven, difficult of access, and surrounded with noxious creatures."

Then Damanaka said: "This is true; but he who is wise gradually gets influence over his master by penetrating his character."

Then Karaṭaka said: "Well, do so"; and Damanaka went into the presence of his master the lion. The lion received him kindly: so he bowed, and sat down, and immediately said to him: "King, I am an hereditary useful servant of yours. One useful is to be sought after, though a stranger, but a mischievous one is to be abandoned: a cat, being useful, is bought with money, brought from a distance, and cherished; but a mouse, being harmful, is

carefully destroyed, though it has been nourished up in one's house. And a king who desires prosperity must listen to servants who wish him well, and they must give their lord at the right time useful counsel, even without being asked. So, King, if you feel confidence in me, if you are not angry, and if you do not wish to conceal your feelings from me, and if you are not disturbed in mind by my boldness, I would ask you a certain question."

When Damanaka said this, the lion Pingalaka answered: "You are trustworthy, you are attached to me, so speak without fear."

When Pingalaka said this, Damanaka said: "King, being thirsty, you went to drink water; so why did you return without drinking, like one despondent?"

When the lion heard this speech of his, he reflected: "I have been discovered by him, so why should I try to hide the truth from this devoted servant?" Having thus reflected, he said to him: "Listen, I must not hide anything from you. When I went to drink water, I heard there a noise which I never heard before, and I think it is the terrible roar of some animal superior to myself in strength. For, as a general rule, the might of creatures is proportionate to the sound they utter, and it is well known that the infinitely various animal creation has been made by God in regular gradations. And now that he has entered here I cannot call my body nor my wood my own; so I must depart hence to some other forest."

When the lion said this, Damanaka answered him: "Being valiant, O King, why do you wish to leave the wood for so slight a reason? Water breaks a bridge, secret whisperings friendship, counsel is ruined by garrulity, cowards only are routed by a mere noise. There are many noises, such as those of machines, which are terrible till one knows the real cause. So your Highness must not fear this. Hear by way of illustration the story of the jackal and the drum.

84B. *The Jackal and the Drum* [1]

Long ago there lived a jackal in a certain forest district. He was roaming about in search of food, and came upon a plot of ground where a battle had taken place, and hearing from a certain quarter a booming sound, he looked in that direction. There he saw a drum lying on the ground, a thing with which he was not familiar. He thought: "What kind of animal is this, that makes such a sound?" Then he saw that it was motionless, and coming up and looking at it, he came to the conclusion that it was not an animal. And he perceived that the noise was produced by the parchment being struck by the shaft of an arrow, which was moved by the wind. So the jackal laid aside his fear, and he tore open the drum, and went inside, to see if he could get anything to eat in it, but lo! it was nothing but wood and parchment.

84. *Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest*

"So, King, why do creatures like you fear a mere sound? If you approve, I will go there to investigate the matter." When Damanaka said this, the lion answered: "Go there, by all means, if you dare."

So Damanaka went to the bank of the Yamunā. While he was roaming slowly about there, guided by the sound, he discovered that bull eating grass. So he went near him, and made acquaintance with him, and came back,

[1] *Cf.* Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 21. In the first volume (p. 132 *et seq.*) he tells us that in the old Greek version of the fables of Bidpai, the fox, who represents the jackal, loses through fear his appetite for other food, and for a hen in the *Anvār-i-Suhailī*, 99. The fable is also found in *Livre des Lumières*, p. 72; *Cabinet des Fées*, p. xvii, 183, and other collections. The Arabic version, and those derived from it, leave out the point of the drum being found on a battle-field. *Cf.* also Campbell's *Tales from the West Highlands*, p. 268: "A fox being hungry one day found a bagpipe, and proceeded to eat the bag, which is generally made of hide. There was still a remnant of breath in the bag, and when the fox bit it, the drone gave a groan, when the fox, surprised, but not frightened, said: 'Here is meat and music.'"——See also Hertel, *op. cit.*, part i, p. 129, and part ii, pp. 14, 15.—N.M.P.

and told the lion the real state of the case. The lion Pingalaka was delighted, and said: "If you have really seen that great bull, and made friends with him, bring him here by some artifice, that I may see what he is like." So he sent Damanaka back to that bull. Damanaka went to the bull, and said: "Come! Our master, the king of beasts, is pleased to summon you." But the bull would not consent to come, for he was afraid.

Then the jackal again returned to the forest, and induced his master the lion to grant the bull assurance of protection. And he went and encouraged Sanjīvaka with this promise of protection, and so brought him into the presence of the lion. And when the lion saw him come and bow before him, he treated him with politeness, and said: "Remain here now about my person, and entertain no fear." And the bull consented, and gradually gained such an influence over the lion that he turned his back on his other dependents, and was entirely governed by the bull.

Then Damanaka, being annoyed, said to Karaṭaka in secret: "See! our master has been taken possession of by Sanjīvaka, and does not trouble his head about us. He eats his flesh alone, and never gives us a share. And the fool is now taught his duty by this bull.[1] It was I that caused all this mischief by bringing this bull. So I will now take steps to have him killed, and to reclaim our master from his unbecoming infatuation." When Karaṭaka heard this from Damanaka, he said: "Friend, even you will not be able to do this now." Then Damanaka said: "I shall certainly be able to accomplish it by prudence. What can he not do whose prudence does not fail in calamity? As a proof, hear the story of the *makara*[2] that killed the crane.[3]

[1] I follow the reading of the Sanskrit College MS.: *mūḍhabuddhiḥ prabhur nyāyam ukshṇānenādya śikshyate.* This satisfies the metre, which Brockhaus' reading does not.

[2] This word generally means "crocodile." But in the *Hitopadeśa* the creature that kills the crane is a crab.

[3] Here Somadeva omits four sub-tales: "The Monk and the Swindler"; "The Rams and the Jackal"; "The Cuckold Weaver and the Bawd"; and "The Crows and the Serpent." They are given on pp. 223-227 of this volume.—N.M.P.

84c. *The Crane and the Makara*[1]

Of old time there dwelt a crane in a certain tank rich in fish; and the fish in terror used to flee out of his sight. Then the crane, not being able to catch the fish, told them a lying tale: "There has come here a man with a net who kills fish. He will soon catch you with a net and kill you. So act on my advice, if you repose any confidence in me. There is in a lonely place a translucent lake; it is unknown to the fishermen of these parts; I will take you there one by one, and drop you into it, that you may live there."

When those foolish fish heard that, they said in their fear: "Do so; we all repose confidence in you." Then the treacherous crane took the fish away one by one, and, putting them down on a rock, devoured in this way many of them.

Then a certain *makara* dwelling in that lake, seeing him carrying off fish, said: "Whither are you taking the fish?" Then that crane said to him exactly what he had said to the fish. The *makara*,[2] being terrified, said: "Take me there too." The crane's intellect was blinded with the smell of his flesh, so he took him up, and soaring aloft carried him towards the slab of rock. But when the *makara* got near the rock he saw the fragments of the bones of the fish that the crane had eaten, and he perceived that the crane

[1] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 174 *et seq.*, and vol. ii, p. 58 *et seq.* *Cf.* also Hertel, *op. cit.*, part i, p. 131; part ii, pp. 22, 23. Only the versions of Kshemendra and those in the *Southern Pañchatantra* and the *Hitopadeśa* resemble Somadeva's ending. In all other versions the *makara* (nearly always taken to mean a crab) kills the crane before all the fish are devoured and returns to tell them of their enemy's destruction. An oral tale derived from these versions appears in Ramaswami Raju's *Indian Fables*, p. 88. Two other versions differ further. In *Jātaka* No. 38, and Dubois' *Pantcha-Tantra*, p. 76, the crane (or heron) makes the fish leave the pond by prophesying a drought, and not by pretending that fishermen are coming with nets. For oral tales derived from these see G. R. Subramiah Pantulu, *Folklore of the Telugus* (3rd edit.), p. 47, also *Indian Antiquary*, vol. xxvi, 1897, p. 168; Steele, *Kusa Jātakaya*, p. 251; Parker, *Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon*, vol. i, p. 342 (three variants); W. W. Skeat, *Fables and Folk-Tales from an Eastern Forest*, p. 18. For further details see W. N. Brown, *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, vol. xxxix, 1919, pp. 22-24.—N.M.P.

[2] Here he is called a *jhasha*, which means "large fish."

was in the habit of devouring those who reposed confidence in him. So no sooner was the sagacious *makara* put down on the rock than with complete presence of mind he cut off the head of the crane. And he returned and told the occurrence, exactly as it happened, to the other fish, and they were delighted, and hailed him as their deliverer from death.

84. *Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest*

"Prudence indeed is power, so what has a man, devoid of prudence, to do with power? Hear this other story of the lion and the hare.

84D. *The Lion and the Hare* [1]

There was in a certain forest a lion, who was invincible, and sole champion of it, and whatever creatures he saw in it he killed. Then all the animals, deer and all, met and deliberated together, and they made the following petition to that king of beasts:—"Why by killing us all at once do you ruin your own interests? We will send you one animal every day for your dinner." When the lion heard this, he consented to their proposal, and as he was in the habit of eating one animal every day, it happened that it was one day the lot of a hare to present himself to be eaten. The hare was sent off by the united animals, but on the way the wise creature reflected: "He is truly brave who does not become bewildered even in the time of calamity; so, now that Death stares me in the face, I will devise an expedient."

[1] See the references given in Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 179 *et seq.*; and Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 131, and pt. ii, pp. 24, 25. Variants of this tale have found their way into a number of collections of oral tales. See Rouse, *Talking Thrush*, p. 130; Frere, *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 157-159; Pantulu, *op. cit.*, p. 9. and *Ind. Ant.*, vol. xxvi, p. 27; Butterworth, *Zigzag Journeys in India*, p. 16; Swynnerton, *Romantic Tales from the Panjāb* . . ., p. 154; Ramaswami Raju, *op. cit.*, p. 82; O'Connor, *Folk-Tales from Tibet*, p. 51; Parker, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 385; Skeat, *op. cit.*, p. 28; Steel and Temple, "Folklore in the Panjāb," *Ind. Ant.*, vol. xii, 1883, p. 177; and Dames, "Balochi Tales," *Folk-Lore*, vol. iii, p. 517. All the above have been duly chronicled by W. N. Brown, *op. cit.*, pp. 24-28.—N.M.P.

Thus reflecting, the hare presented himself before the lion late. And when he arrived after his time, the lion said to him: "Hola! how is this that you have neglected to arrive at my dinner hour, or what worse penalty than death can I inflict on you, scoundrel?" When the lion said this, the hare bowed before him, and said: "It is not my fault, your Highness; I have not been my own master to-day, for another lion detained me on the road, and only let me go after a long interval." When the lion heard that, he lashed his tail, and his eyes became red with anger, and he said: "Who is that second lion? Show him me." The hare said: "Let your Majesty come and see him." The lion consented, and followed him. Thereupon the hare took him away to a distant well. "Here he lives, behold him," said the hare, and when thus addressed by the hare, the lion looked into the well, roaring all the while with anger. And seeing his own reflection in the clear water, and hearing the echo of his own roar, thinking that there was a rival lion there roaring louder than himself,[1] he threw himself in a rage into the well, in order to kill him, and there the fool was drowned. And the hare, having himself escaped death by his wisdom, and having delivered all the animals from it, went and delighted them by telling his adventure.

84. *Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest*

"So you see that wisdom is the supreme power, not strength, since by virtue of it even a hare killed a lion. So I will effect my object by wisdom."

When Damanaka said this, Karaṭaka remained silent.

Then Damanaka went and remained in the presence of the King Pingalaka, in a state of assumed depression. And when Pingalaka asked him the reason, he said to him in a confidential aside: "I will tell you, King, for if one knows anything one ought not to conceal it. And one should speak

[1] Dr Kern conjectures *abhigarjinam*, but the Sanskrit College MS. reads *matvā tatrātigarjitam iti siṃham*: "thinking that he was outroared there"; however, the word *siṃham* must be changed if this reading is to be adopted. This is the thirtieth story in my copy of the *Śukasaṃtati*.

too without being commanded to do so, if one desires the welfare of one's master. So hear this representation of mine, and do not suspect me. This bull Sanjīvaka intends to kill you and gain possession of the kingdom, for in his position of minister he has come to the conclusion that you are timid; and longing to slay you, he is brandishing his two horns, his natural weapons, and he talks over the animals in the forest, encouraging them with speeches of this kind: 'We will kill by some artifice this flesh-eating king of beasts, and then you can live in security under me, who am an eater of herbs only.' So think about this bull; as long as he is alive there is no security for you."

When Damanaka said this, Pingalaka answered: "What can that miserable herb-eating bull do against me? But how can I kill a creature that has sought my protection, and to whom I have promised immunity from injury?" When Damanaka heard this, he said: "Do not speak so. When a king makes another equal to himself, Fortune does not proceed as favourably as before.[1] The fickle goddess, if she places her feet at the same time upon two exalted persons, cannot keep her footing long; she will certainly abandon one of the two. And a king who hates a good servant and honours a bad servant is to be avoided by the wise, as a wicked patient by physicians. Where there is a speaker and a hearer of that advice, which in the beginning is disagreeable, but in the end is useful, there Fortune sets her foot. He who does not hear the advice of the good, but listens to the advice of the bad, in a short time falls into calamity, and is afflicted. So what is the meaning of this love of yours for the bull, O King? And what does it matter that you gave him protection, or that he came as a suppliant, if he plots against your life? Moreover, if this bull remains always about your person, you will have worms produced in you by his excretions. And they will enter your body, which is covered with the scars of wounds from the tusks of infuriated elephants. Why should he not have chosen to kill you by

[1] I prefer the reading *kas* of the Sanskrit College MS., and would render: "Whom can the king make his equal? Fortune does not proceed in that way."——But D. has *yas*, as translated above.—N.M.P.

craft? If a wicked person is wise enough not to do an injury[1] himself, it will happen by association with him. Hear a story in proof of it.

84E. *The Louse and the Flea*[2]

In the bed of a certain king there long lived undiscovered a louse, that had crept in from somewhere or other, by name Mandavisarpiṇī. And suddenly a flea, named Ṭiṭṭibha, entered that bed, wafted there by the wind from some place or other. And when Mandavisarpiṇī saw him, she said: "Why have you invaded my home? Go elsewhere." Ṭiṭṭibha answered: "I wish to drink the blood of a king, a luxury which I have never tasted before, so permit me to dwell here." Then, to please him, the louse said to him: "If this is the case, remain. But you must not bite the king, my friend, at unseasonable times; you must bite him gently when he is asleep." When Ṭiṭṭibha heard that, he consented, and remained. But at night he bit the king hard when he was in bed, and then the king rose up, exclaiming: "I am bitten." Then the wicked flea fled quickly, and the king's servants made a search in the bed, and finding the louse there, killed it.

84. *Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest*

"So Mandavisarpiṇī perished by associating with Ṭiṭṭibha. Accordingly your association with Sanjīvaka will not be for your advantage. If you do not believe in what I say, you will soon yourself see him approach, brandishing his head, confiding in his horns, which are sharp as lances."

By these words the feelings of Pingalaka were changed towards the bull, and so Damanaka induced him to form in his heart the determination that the bull must be killed. And Damanaka, having ascertained the state of the lion's feelings, immediately went off of his own accord to Sanjīvaka,

[1] I read *dosham* for *dosho* with the Sanskrit College MS.

[2] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 122, 123, and vol. ii, p. 71; and Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 131, and pt. ii, pp. 29, 30; and *cf.* Parker, *op. cit.*, vol. iii, p. 30, which closely follows the *Textus Simplicior*, i, 9.—N.M.P.

and sat in his presence with a despondent air. The bull said to him: "Friend, why are you in this state? Are you in good health?" The jackal answered: "What can be healthy with a servant? Who is permanently dear to a king? What petitioner is not despised? Who is not subject to time?" When the jackal said this, the bull again said to him: "Why do you seem so despondent to-day, my friend, tell me?" Then Damanaka said: "Listen; I speak out of friendship. The lion Pingalaka has to-day become hostile to you. So unstable is his affection that, without regard for his friendship, he wishes to kill you and eat you, and I see that his evilly disposed courtiers have instigated him to do it." The simple-minded bull, supposing, on account of the confidence he had previously reposed in the jackal, that this speech was true, and feeling despondent, said to him: "Alas, a mean master, with mean retainers, though he be won over by faithful service, becomes estranged. In proof of it, hear this story.

84F. *The Lion, the Panther, the Crow and the Jackal*[1]

There lived once in a certain forest a lion, named Madotkaṭa, and he had three followers, a panther, a crow and a jackal. That lion once saw a camel, that had escaped from a caravan, entering his wood, a creature he was not familiar with before, of ridiculous appearance. That king of beasts said in astonishment: "What is this creature?" And the crow, who knew when it behoved him to speak,[2] said: "It is a camel." Then the lion, out of curiosity, had the camel

[1] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 230, 231, and vol. ii, p. 80; Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 132, and pt. ii, p. 37 *et seq.*

[2] I adopted this translation of *deśajna* in deference to the opinion of a good native scholar, but might not the word mean simply "knowing countries"? The crow then would be a kind of feathered Ulysses. *Cf.* Waldau's *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 255. The fable may remind some readers of the following lines in Spenser's *Mother Hubberd's Tale*:—

> "He shortly met the Tygre and the Bore
> That with the simple Camell ged sore
> In bitter words, seeking to take occasion
> Upon his fleshly corpse to make invasion."

summoned, and giving him a promise of protection, he made him his courtier, and placed him about his person.

One day the lion was wounded in a fight with an elephant, and being out of health, made many fasts, though surrounded by those attendants who were in good health. Then the lion, being exhausted, roamed about in search of food, but not finding any, secretly asked all his courtiers, except the camel, what was to be done. They said to him: "Your Highness, we must give advice which is seasonable in our present calamity. What friendship can you have with a camel, and why do you not eat him? He is a grass-eating animal, and therefore meant to be devoured by us flesh-eaters. And why should not one be sacrificed to supply food to many? If your Highness should object, on the ground that you cannot slay one to whom you have granted protection, we will contrive a plot by which we shall induce the camel himself to offer you his own body."

When they had said this, the crow, by the permission of the lion, after arranging the plot, went and said to that camel: "This master of ours is overpowered with hunger, and says nothing to us, so we intend to make him well disposed to us by offering him our bodies, and you had better do the same, in order that he may be well disposed towards you." When the crow said this to the camel, the simple-minded camel agreed to it, and came to the lion with the crow. Then the crow said: "King, eat me, for I am my own master." Then the lion said: "What is the use of eating such a small creature as you?" Thereupon the jackal said: "Eat me." And the lion rejected him in the same way. Then the panther said: "Eat me." And yet the lion would not eat him. And at last the camel said: "Eat me." So the lion and the crow and his fellows entrapped him by these deceitful offers, and taking him at his word, killed him, divided him into portions, and ate him.

84. *Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest*

"In the same way some treacherous person has instigated Pingalaka against me without cause. So now Destiny must

decide. For it is better to be the servant of a vulture-king with swans for courtiers, than to serve a swan as king, if his courtiers be vultures, much less a king of a worse character, with such courtiers." [1]

When the dishonest Damanaka heard Sanjīvaka say that, he replied: "Everything is accomplished by resolution. Listen, I will tell you a tale to prove this.

84G. *The Pair of Ṭiṭṭibhas* [2]

There lived a certain cock *ṭiṭṭibha* on the shore of the sea with his hen. And the hen, being about to lay eggs, said to the cock: "Come, let us go away from this place, for if I lay eggs here, the sea may carry them off with its waves." When the cock-bird heard this speech of the hen's, he said to her: "The sea cannot contend with me." On hearing that, the hen said: "Do not talk so; what comparison is there between you and the sea? People must follow good advice, otherwise they will be ruined.

84GG. *The Tortoise and the Two Swans* [3]

For there was in a certain lake a tortoise, named Kambugrīva, and he had two swans for friends, Vikaṭa and Sankaṭa.

[1] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 231.

[2] See *ibid.*, p. 235 *et seq.*; A. Manwaring, *Marathi Proverbs*, Oxford, 1899, No. 297, p. 41; Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, pp. 132, 133, and pt. ii, p. 40, and *Das Pañcatantra*, Leipzig, 1914, p. 277. *Ṭiṭṭibha* is nearly always translated as "strandbird."—N.M.P.

[3] See *ibid.*, p. 239 *et seq.* The original source is probably the *Kachchhapa Jātaka*. See Rhys Davids' Introduction to his *Buddhist Birth Stories*, p. viii. In Coelho's *Contos Populares Portuguezes*, p. 15, the heron, which is carrying the fox, persuades it to let go, in order that she may spit on her hand. [A similar incident appears on p. 170 of this volume.] Gosson in his *Schoole of Abuse*, Arber's Reprints, p. 43, observes: "Geese are foolish birds, yet, when they fly over Mount Taurus, they show great wisdom in their own defence, for they stop their pipes full of gravel to avoid gaggling, and so by silence escape the eagles."

——*Cf.* Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 133, and pt. ii, pp. 40, 41. In Dubois' *Panchatantra*, p. 109, it is a fox who attracts the attention of the tortoise and so causes him to fall. Two oral tales are founded on this version—viz. Pieris, "Sinhalese Folklore," *Orientalist*, vol. i, p. 134; and Parker, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 234.—N.M.P.

Once on a time the lake was dried up by drought, and they wanted to go to another lake; so the tortoise said to them: "Take me also to the lake you are desirous of going to." When the two swans heard this, they said to their friend the tortoise: "The lake to which we wish to go is a tremendous distance off; but, if you wish to go there too, you must do what we tell you. You must take in your teeth a stick held by us, and while travelling through the air you must remain perfectly silent, otherwise you will fall and be killed."

The tortoise agreed, and took the stick in his teeth, and the two swans flew up into the air, holding the two ends of it. And gradually the two swans, carrying the tortoise, drew near that lake, and were seen by some men living in a town below; and the thoughtless tortoise heard them making a chattering, while they were discussing with one another what the strange thing could be that the swans were carrying. So the tortoise asked the swans what the chattering below was about, and in doing so let go the stick from its mouth, and falling down to the earth, was there killed by the men.

84G. *The Pair of Ṭiṭṭibhas*

"Thus you see that a person who lets go common sense will be ruined, like the tortoise that let go the stick." When the hen-bird said this, the cock-bird answered her: "This is true, my dear; but hear this story also.

84GGG. *The Three Fish*

Of old time there were three fish in a lake near a river, one was called Anāgatavidhātṛi, a second Pratyutpannamati, and the third Yadbhavishya,[1] and they were companions.

[1] *I.e.* "the provider for the future," "the fish that possessed presence of mind," and "the fatalist who believed in *kismet*."——*Cf.* Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 133, and pt. ii, p. 41 *et seq.* Edgerton (*Panchatantra Reconstructed*, vol. ii, p. 314) translates as "Forethought," "Ready-wit," and "Come-what-will." See Pantulu, *op. cit.*, p. 53, and *Ind. Ant.*, vol. xxvi, p. 224.—N.M.P.

One day they heard some fishermen, who passed that way, saying to one another: "Surely there must be fish in this lake." Thereupon the prudent Anāgatavidhātṛi, fearing to be killed by the fishermen, entered the current of the river and went to another place. But Pratyutpannamati remained where he was, without fear, saying to himself: "I will take the expedient course if any danger should arise." And Yadbhavishya remained there, saying to himself: "What must be, must be." Then those fishermen came and threw a net into that lake. But the cunning Pratyutpannamati, the moment he felt himself hauled up in the net, made himself rigid, and remained as if he were dead. The fishermen, who were killing the fish, did not kill him, thinking that he had died of himself, so he jumped into the current of the river, and went off somewhere else, as fast as he could. But Yadbhavishya, like a foolish fish, bounded and wriggled in the net, so the fishermen laid hold of him and killed him.

84G. *The Pair of Ṭiṭṭibhas*

"So I too will adopt an expedient when the time arrives; I will not go away through fear of the sea." Having said this to his wife, the *ṭiṭṭibha* remained where he was, in his nest; and there the sea heard his boastful speech. Now, after some days, the hen-bird laid eggs, and the sea carried off the eggs with his waves, out of curiosity, saying to himself: "I should like to know what this *ṭiṭṭibha* will do to me." And the hen-bird, weeping, said to her husband: "The very calamity which I prophesied to you has come upon us."

Then that resolute *ṭiṭṭibha* said to his wife: "See what I will do to that wicked sea!" So he called together all the birds, and mentioned the insult he had received, and went with them and called on the lord Garuḍa for protection. And the birds said to him: "Though thou art our protector, we have been insulted by the sea as if we were unprotected, in that it has carried away some of our eggs." Then Garuḍa was angry, and appealed to Vishṇu, who dried up the sea with the weapon of fire, and made it restore the eggs.

84. *Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest*

"So you must be wise in calamity and not let go resolution. But now a battle with Pingalaka is at hand for you. When he shall erect his tail, and arise with his four feet together, then you may know that he is about to strike you. And you must have your head ready tossed up, and must gore him in the stomach, and lay your enemy low, with all his entrails torn out."

After Damanaka had said this to the bull Sanjīvaka, he went to Karaṭaka, and told him that he had succeeded in setting the two at variance.

Then Sanjīvaka slowly approached Pingalaka, being desirous of finding out the mind of that king of beasts by his face and gestures. And he saw that the lion was prepared to fight, being evenly balanced on all four legs, and having erected his tail, and the lion saw that the bull had tossed up his head in fear. Then the lion sprang on the bull and struck him with his claws, the bull replied with his horns, and so their fight went on. And the virtuous Karaṭaka, seeing it, said to Damanaka: "Why have you brought calamity on our master to gain your own ends? Wealth obtained by oppression of subjects, friendship obtained by deceit, and a lady-love gained by violence, will not remain long. But enough; whoever says much to a person who despises good advice, incurs thereby misfortune, as Sūchīmukha from the ape.

84H. *The Monkeys, the Firefly and the Bird* [1]

Once on a time there were some monkeys wandering in a troop in a wood. In the cold weather they saw a firefly and

[1] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 269, 270. In the Greek version Symeon Seth substitutes for the firefly λίθον, στίλβοντα, while in the Turkish version, in the *Cabinet des Fées*, we read of "*Un morceau de crystal qui brillait.*"——It would, however, be more correct not to translate "firefly" with Tawney, but "glow-worm" with Benfey, Hertel and Edgerton. There has always been a certain amount of confusion between "firefly" and "glow-worm," owing chiefly to the fact that both terms are used indiscriminately. Correctly speaking, "firefly" is the term popularly used for the American click-beetle

thought it was real fire. So they placed grass and leaves upon it, and tried to warm themselves at it, and one of them fanned the firefly with his breath. A bird named Sūchīmukha, when he saw it, said to him: "This is not fire, this is a firefly; do not fatigue yourself." Though the monkey heard that, he did not desist, and thereupon the bird came down from the tree, and earnestly dissuaded him, at which the ape was annoyed, and throwing a stone at Sūchīmukha, crushed him.[1]

84. *Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest*

"So one ought not to admonish him who will not act on good advice. Why then should I speak? You well know that you brought about this quarrel with a mischievous object, and that which is done with evil intentions cannot turn out well.

841. *Dharmabuddhi and Dushṭabuddhi*[2]

For instance, there were long ago in a certain village two brothers, the sons of a merchant, Dharmabuddhi and Dushṭabuddhi by name. They left their father's house and went to another country to get wealth, and with great difficulty acquired two thousand gold *dīnārs*. And with them they returned to their own city. And they buried those *dīnārs* at

(*Pyrophorus*) and is entirely confined to tropical America. It is interesting to note that American Indians of these latitudes sometimes keep "fireflies" in little cages for illumination at night. They are also used for personal adornment. The "glow-worm," on the other hand, is the *Lampyris noctiluca*, a wingless female beetle common throughout Europe and the East, some specimens of which can fly; hence these have also been called "fireflies." —N.M.P.

[1] See Crooke, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 257.—N.M.P.

[2] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 275 *et seq.*, where differences in the various recensions are detailed. The story was also found in Tibet by Babu Śarat Chandra Dās, headmaster of the Bhūtia school, Darjiling.——*Cf.* Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 134, and pt. ii, p. 51 *et seq.*; Pantulu, *op. cit.*, p. 17, and *Ind. Ant.*, vol. xxvi, p. 55; and K. N. Fleeson, *Laos Folklore of Farther India*, p. 108. See also F. Edgerton, "Evil-Wit, No-Wit and Honest-Wit," *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, xl, 1920, p. 271.—N.M.P.

the foot of a tree, with the exception of one hundred, which they divided between them in equal parts, and so they lived in their father's house.

But one day Dushṭabuddhi went by himself and dug up of his own accord those *dīnārs* which were buried at the foot of the tree, for he was vicious and extravagant.[1] And after one month only had passed, he said to Dharmabuddhi: "Come, my elder brother, let us divide those *dīnārs*; I have expenses." When Dharmabuddhi heard that, he consented, and went and dug with him where he had deposited the *dīnārs*. And when they did not find any *dīnārs* in the place where they had buried them, the treacherous Dushṭabuddhi said to Dharmabuddhi: "You have taken away the *dīnārs*, so give me my half." But Dharmabuddhi answered: "I have not taken them; you must have taken them." So a quarrel arose, and Dushṭabuddhi hit Dharmabuddhi on the head with a stone, and dragged him into the king's court. There they both stated their case, and as the king's officers could not decide it, they were proceeding to detain them both for the trial by ordeal. Then Dushṭabuddhi said to the king's officers: "The tree at the foot of which these *dīnārs* were placed will depose, as a witness, that they were taken away by this Dharmabuddhi." And they were exceedingly astonished, but said: "Well, we will ask it to-morrow." Then they let both Dharmabuddhi and Dushṭabuddhi go, after they had given bail, and they went separately to their house.

But Dushṭabuddhi told the whole matter to his father, and secretly giving him the money, said: "Hide in the trunk of the tree and be my witness." His father consented, so he took him and placed him at night in the capacious trunk of the tree, and returned home. And in the morning those two brothers went with the king's officers, and asked the tree who took away those *dīnārs*. And their father, who was hidden in the trunk of the tree, replied in a loud clear voice: "Dharmabuddhi took away the *dīnārs*." When the king's officers heard this surprising utterance, they said: "Surely Dushṭabuddhi must have hidden someone in the

[1] I read with the Sanskrit College MS. [and D. text] *asadvyayī*.

trunk." So they introduced smoke into the trunk of the tree, which fumigated the father of Dushṭabuddhi so, that he fell out of the trunk on to the ground, and died. When the king's officers saw this, they understood the whole matter, and they compelled Dushṭabuddhi to give up the *dīnārs* to Dharmabuddhi. And so they cut off the hands and cut out the tongue[1] of Dushṭabuddhi, and banished him, and they honoured Dharmabuddhi as a man who deserved his name.[2]

84. *Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest*

"So you see that a deed done with an unrighteous mind is sure to bring calamity, therefore one should do it with a righteous mind, as the crane did to the snake.

84J. *The Crane, the Snake and the Mungoose*[3]

Once on a time a snake came and ate the nestlings of a certain crane as fast as they were born. That grieved the crane. So, by the advice of a crab, he went and strewed pieces of fish from the dwelling of a mungoose as far as the hole of the snake, and the mungoose came out, and following up the pieces of fish, eating as it went on, was led to the hole of the snake, which it saw and entered, and killed him and his offspring.

84. *Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest*

"So by a device one can succeed. Now hear another story.

[1] A well-known punishment for thieves. See Bloomfield, "Art of Stealing," *Amer. Journ. Phil.*, vol. xliv, p. 227.—N.M.P.

[2] *I.e.* "Virtuously-minded." His brother's name means "evil-minded."

[3] Benfey (*op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 167-170) appears not to be aware that this story is in Somadeva. It corresponds to the sixth in his first book, vol. ii, p. 57 *et seq.* *Cf.* Phædrus, i, 28; and Aristophanes, *Aves*, 652.——See also Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 134, and pt. ii, p. 53; and Steele, *Kusa Jātaka*, p. 255.—N.M.P.

84K. *The Mice that ate an Iron Balance*[1]

Once on a time there was a merchant's son, who had spent all his father's wealth, and had only an iron balance left to him. Now the balance was made of a thousand *palas* of iron; and depositing it in the care of a certain merchant, he went to another land. And when, on his return, he came to that merchant to demand back his balance, the merchant said to him: "It has been eaten by mice." He repeated: "It is quite true; the iron of which it was composed was particularly sweet, and so the mice ate it." This he said with an outward show of sorrow, laughing in his heart.

Then the merchant's son asked him to give him some food, and he, being in a good temper, consented to give him some. Then the merchant's son went to bathe, taking with him the son of that merchant, who was a mere child, and whom he persuaded to come with him by giving him a dish of *āmalakas*. And after he had bathed, the wise merchant's son deposited that boy in the house of a friend, and returned alone to the house of that merchant. And the merchant said to him: "Where is that son of mine?" He replied: "A kite swooped down from the air and carried him off." The merchant in a rage said: "You have concealed my son." And so he took him into the king's judgment-hall; and there the merchant's son made the same statement. The officers of the court said: "This is impossible; how could a kite carry off a boy?" But the merchant's son answered: "In a country where a large balance of iron was eaten by mice, a kite might carry off an elephant, much more a boy."[2] When the officers heard that, they asked about it, out of curiosity, and made the merchant restore the balance to the owner, and he, for his part, restored the merchant's child.

[1] See the note at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

[2] The argument reminds one of that in "Die kluge Bauerntochter" (Grimm's *Märchen*, 94). The king adjudges a foal to the proprietor of some oxen because it was found with his beasts. The real owner fishes in the road with a net. The king demands an explanation. He says: "It is just as easy for me to catch fish on dry land as for two oxen to produce a foal." See also "Das Märchen vom sprechenden Bauche," Kaden, *Unter den Olivenbäumen*, pp. 83, 84.

84. *Story of the Bull abandoned in the Forest*

"Thus, you see, persons of eminent ability attain their ends by an artifice. But you, by your reckless impetuosity, have brought our master into danger."

When Damanaka heard this from Karaṭaka, he laughed and said: "Do not talk like this! What chance is there of a lion's not being victorious in a fight with a bull? There is a considerable difference between a lion, whose body is adorned with numerous scars of wounds from the tusks of infuriated elephants, and a tame ox, whose body has been pricked by the goad."

While the jackals were carrying on this discussion, the lion killed the bull Sanjīvaka. When he was slain, Damanaka recovered his position of minister without a rival, and remained for a long time about the person of the king of beasts in perfect happiness.[1]

[M] Naravāhanadatta much enjoyed hearing from his prime minister Gomukha this wonderful story, which was full of statecraft, and characterised by consummate ability.

[1] For literary analogues see *Sandhibheda Jātaka*, No. 349 (Cambridge edition, vol. iii, pp. 99); Schiefner and Ralston's *Tibetan Tales*, p. 325; B. Jülg, *Mongolische Märchen*, p. 172; Busk, *Sagas from the Far East*, p. 192; Chavannes, *Cinq Contes et Apologues*, ii, p. 425. For oral versions see Parker, *Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon*, vol. iii, p. 22; and W. W. Skeat, *Folk-Tales from an Eastern Forest*, p. 30. For further details see W. N. Brown, *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, vol. xxxix, 1919, pp. 18, 19, to whom I am indebted for the above references and many of those in notes to other tales in Book I of the *Pañchatantra*.—N.M.P.

NOTE ON THE "IMPOSSIBILITIES" *MOTIF*

The story of the iron-eating mice corresponds to the twenty-first of the first book in Benfey's translation, vol. ii, p. 120. For references to the various *Pañchatantra* versions see Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 283. It is the first of the ninth book of La Fontaine's Fables, *Le Dépositaire Infidèle*. If Plutarch is to be believed, the improbability of the iron-eating mice story is not so very striking, for he tells us, in his *Life of Marcellus*, that rats and mice gnawed the gold in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

——The story is in all probability of Buddhistic origin, and first appears in *Jātaka* No. 218 (Cambridge edition, vol. ii, pp. 127, 128). It is, therefore, the earliest literary example of the "Impossibilities" *motif*. The *motif* has already occurred in Vol. III, p. 241, where I gave a few variants in a note on pp. 250, 251.

In this note I shall first give references to the present story in Indian fiction, and then add a few further examples of the "Impossibilities" *motif*.

The "Story of the Mice that ate an Iron Balance" occurs in all the *Pañchatantra* versions (see especially Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 134; pt. ii, p. 55); in the *Śuka Saptati Simplicior* (R. Schmidt, 1894, No. 39); and in the *Kathā Mañjarī* as given in E. J. Robinson's *Tales and Poems of South India*, p. 281.

The story, with slight variations, appears in the following collections of folk-lore stories:—

G. Jethabhai, *Indian Folklore*, p. 30; Knowles, *Dictionary of Kashmiri Proverbs*, p. 199; Upreti, *Proverbs and Folklore of Kumaun and Garhwal*, p. 403; O'Connor, *Folk-Tales from Tibet*, p. 23; and Steele, *Kusa Jātakaya*, p. 250.

These are all described by W. N. Brown, *op. cit.*, pp. 41-43.

The last two examples quoted differ considerably from the story in our text. In O'Connor's tale a man leaves a bag of gold-dust in the care of a friend, who changes it for sand and tells his friend on his return home that the gold has turned into sand by itself. Somewhat later the dishonest friend sets out on a journey himself, and entrusts his son to the other man. The latter procures a monkey and teaches it to say: "Worthy father, I am turned into this." The father returns, and on asking for his son is given the monkey, with the information that during his absence his son has changed into this. The monkey verifies this claim by continually exclaiming: "Worthy father, I am turned into this." Matters are then satisfactorily arranged.

In Steele's Sinhalese story a gold pumpkin is alleged to have turned into brass during the owner's absence. The counter-trick with the monkey is employed with successful results, although it is not taught to say anything. (*Cf.* Goonetilleke's tale in the *Orientalist*, vol. i, p. 256 *et seq.*, as quoted by Bloomfield, *Amer. Journ. Phil.*, vol. xliv, 1923, pp. 113, 114.)

Brown gives the following very useful bibliography of the "Impossibilities" *motif*:—

Mahosadha Jātaka, No. 546, text 13 (Cambridge edition, vol. vi, p. 167); Schiefner and Ralston, *Tibetan Tales*, p. 140; Hertel, *Das Pañcatantra*, p. 145;

Parker, *Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon*, vol. i, p. 228, and vol. ii, p. 8; Knowles, *Folk-Tales of Kashmir*, p. 407; Knowles, *Dictionary of Kashmiri Proverbs*, p. 81; Swynnerton, *Romantic Tales from the Panjab with Indian Nights' Entertainment*, pp. 78, 811, 463; Hahn, *Blicke in die Geisteswelt der heidnischen Kola*, story 17; Rouse, *Talking Thrush*, pp. 21, 199; Ramaswami Raju, *Indian Fables*, p. 45; Bompas, *Folk-Lore of the Santal Parganas*, p. 49; D'Penha in *Ind. Ant.*, vol. xxiii, p. 136; Haughton, *Sport and Folk-Lore in the Himālaya*, p. 294; Upreti, *Proverbs and Folklore of Kumaun and Garhwal*, p. 189. For further literary references see Hertel, *Tantrākhyāyika*, Einleitung, p. 134.

Sir George Grierson sends me the following story from Meerut. It is taken from the *Linguistic Survey of India*, vol. ix, i, p. 230:

"One day the Emperor Akbar told Bīrbal to bring him some bullock's milk; 'Otherwise,' said he, 'I shall have you flayed alive.' [The procedure of this operation is to put the sufferer into an oil-press and squeeze him out of his skin. Hence Bīrbal's reference to it later on. Bīrbal, as court-jester, should have made some witty retort, and thus got out of the difficulty. His ready tongue failed him on this occasion.] Filled with anxiety as to how he was to comply with this order, Bīrbal went home and lay down on his bed. His daughter wondered at his condition, and asked him what was the matter. 'Nothing,' said he. She persisted in inquiring the secret cause of his evident trouble, and at length he said to her, 'The Emperor has ordered me to bring him some bullock's milk, "Or else," says he, "I'll have you squeezed in an oil-press." I had no reply to make, and I have come home after having accepted the task.' Said she, 'Father, this is a matter of very slight importance. Don't worry about it.' So Bīrbal got up and went about his daily business.

"Well, early next morning, what did this girl do but dress herself up in all her ornaments and fine apparel, and carry a lot of soiled clothes down to the bank of the Jamna, where it flowed below the Emperor's fort. The Emperor was taking a walk on the battlements and saw Bīrbal's daughter washing clothes in the river. 'My girl,' said he, 'why have you come out to wash clothes so early in the morning?' 'Your Majesty,' she replied, 'because my father was brought to bed of a son this morning.' This made the Emperor angry, and he cried, 'You impudent girl; well, upon my word, who ever heard of men having babies?' She answered, 'Well, upon my word, your Majesty, who ever heard of bullocks giving milk?' The Emperor had no reply to make to this retort, so he simply told her to tell her father to come to court the first thing the next morning.

"Early next morning Bīrbal appeared in court, and the Emperor asked him if he had brought the bullock's milk. He replied, 'Your Majesty, peace be upon you, I sent it yesterday by my daughter's hand.' The Emperor had no reply to make to this."

The *motif* travelled westwards and is found several times in the *Nights*. See, for instance, Burton, Supp., vol. iii (*i.e.* Supp., vol. iv, in the seventeen-volume editions), where the king is served with a cucumber containing pearls. He expresses astonishment at such a thing and refuses to believe in its genuineness. Whereupon, referring to a previous miscarriage of the king's justice,

the answer is given: "How much stranger then is it that thou wast not astonished to hear that the Queen, thy Consort, had, contrary to the laws of Allah's ordinance, given birth to such animals as dog, cat, and musk-rat."

Again, in the "Story of the Khazi and the Bhang-Eater" (Burton, Supp., vol. v, pp. 240, 241), we find an incident closely akin to that in the Bihari tale already quoted in Vol. III, p. 250. Two men are brought before the Wazir, both claiming ownership of a certain colt. One of the men asserts it is the produce of his cow. The rightful owner brings a she-mouse before the Wazir and calls for a sack which he fills with earth, and then orders some men to load the sack upon the mouse. Whereupon they cry out: "O our lord, 'tis impossible that a mouse carry a sack full of earth." "How then," answers the other, "can a cow bear a colt? And when a mouse shall be able to bear a sack, then shall a cow bear a colt."

For a rather different use of the *motif* see *Nights* (Burton, Supp., vol. i, pp. 224, 225). See also Chauvin, *op. cit.*, ii, p. 92, vi, p. 63, and vii, p. 99. In his *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. ii, p. 59*n*[1], W. A. Clouston cites an interesting parallel to the tale in our text from Crane's *Italian Popular Tales*.

I might note in passing that there is a saying both in Greek and Latin, "Where mice nibble iron," apparently referring to the land of nowhere. (See *Folk-Lore*, vol. xviii, 1907, p. 21.)

In Europe the "Impossibilities" *motif* has long been familiar to us from Grimm's "Die kluge Bauerntochter," No. 94, which appears in Margaret Hunt's edition (vol. ii, p. 39 *et seq.*) as "The Peasant's Wise Daughter." As seen from Tawney's note on page 62*n*[2], the story closely resembles the one quoted above about the sack and the mouse, except that the man begins casting his net on dry land. For an exhaustive treatment of this story and numerous references, see Bolte and Polívka, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 370 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

CHAPTER LXI

THEN [1] the minister Gomukha again said to Naravā-
[M] hanadatta, in order to solace him while pining for Śaktiyaśas: "Prince, you have heard a tale of a wise person; now hear a tale about a fool.

85. *Story of the Foolish Merchant who made Aloes-Wood into Charcoal* [2]

A certain rich merchant had a blockhead of a son. He, once on a time, went to the island of Kaṭāha to trade, and among his wares there was a great quantity of fragrant aloes-wood. And after he had sold the rest of his wares, he could not find anyone to take the aloes-wood off his hands, for the people who live there are not acquainted with that article of commerce. Then, seeing people buying charcoal from the woodman, the fool burnt his stock of aloes-wood and reduced it to charcoal. Then he sold it for the price which charcoal usually fetched, and returning home, boasted of his cleverness, and became a laughing-stock to everybody.

[M] "I have told you of the man who burnt aloes-wood; now hear the tale of the cultivator of sesame.

86. *Story of the Man who sowed Roasted Seed* [3]

There was a certain villager who was a cultivator, and very nearly an idiot. He one day roasted some sesame

[1] Here Somadeva inserts twelve "noodle" stories. We do not begin Book II of the *Pañchatantra* till page 73.—N.M.P.

[2] This is No. 84 in Stanislas Julien's translation of the *Avadānas*.

[3] This is No. 67 in Stanislas Julien's translation of the *Avadānas*. It is found in Coelho's *Contos Populares Portuguezes*, p. 112. So Ino persuaded the

seeds, and finding them nice to eat, he sowed a large number of roasted seeds, hoping that similar ones would come up. When they did not come up, on account of their having been roasted, he found that he had lost his substance, and people laughed at him.

[M] "I have spoken of the sesame-cultivator; now hear about the man who threw fire into water.

87. *Story of the Fool who mixed Fire and Water* [1]

There was a silly man, who, one night, having to perform a sacrifice next day, thus reflected: "I require water and fire, for bathing, burning incense, and other purposes; so I will put them together, that I may quickly obtain them when I want them." Thus reflecting, he threw fire into the pitcher of water, and then went to bed. And in the morning, when he came to look, the fire was extinct, and the water was spoiled. And when he saw the water blackened with charcoal, his face was blackened also, and the faces of the amused people were wreathed in smiles.

[M] "You have heard the story of the man who was famous on account of the pitcher of fire; now hear the story of the nose-engrafter.

88. *Story of the Man who tried to improve his Wife's Nose*

There lived in some place or other a foolish man of bewildered intellect. He, seeing that his wife was flat-nosed,

women of the country to roast the wheat before it was sown (Preller, *Griechische Mythologie*, vol. ii, p. 312). To this Ovid refers, *Fasti*, ii, 628, and iii, 853-854.——See also Clouston, *Book of Noodles*, p. 120.—N.M.P.

[1] This is No. 70 in Stanislas Julien's translation of the *Avadānas*.

and that his spiritual instructor was high-nosed,[1] cut off the nose of the latter when he was asleep; and then he went and cut off his wife's nose, and stuck the nose of his spiritual instructor on her face, but it would not grow there. Thus he deprived both his wife and his spiritual guide of their noses.

[M] "Now hear the story of the herdsman who lived in a forest."

89. *Story of the Foolish Herdsman*

There lived in a forest a rich but silly herdsman. Many rogues conspired together and made friends with him. They said to him: "We have asked the daughter of a rich inhabitant of the town in marriage for you, and her father has promised to give her." When he heard that, he was pleased, and gave them wealth, and after a few days they came again and said: "Your marriage has taken place." He was very much pleased at that, and gave them abundance of wealth. And after some more days they said to him: "A son has been born to you." He was in ecstasies at that, and he gave them all his wealth, like the fool that he was, and the next day he began to lament, saying: "I am longing to see my son." And when the herdsman began to cry, he incurred the ridicule of the people on account of his having been cheated by the rogues, as if he had acquired the stupidity of cattle from having so much to do with them.

[M] "You have heard of the herdsman; now hear the story of the ornament-hanger.

90. *Story of the Fool and the Ornaments*[2]

A certain villager, while digging up the ground, found a splendid set of ornaments, which thieves had taken from the

[1] *Cf.* Shakespeare and Fletcher's *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act IV, sc. 2, line 110:

"His nose stands high, a character of honour."

[2] This is No. 57 in Stanislas Julien's translation of the *Avadānas*.

palace and placed there. He immediately took them and decorated his wife with them: he put the girdle on her head, and the necklace round her waist, and the anklets on her wrists, and the bracelets on her ears.

When the people heard of it, they laughed, and bruited it about. So the king came to hear of it, and took away from the villager the ornaments, which belonged to himself, but let the villager go unharmed, because he was as stupid as an animal.

[M] "I have told you, Prince, of the ornament-finder; now hear the story of the cotton-grower.

91. *Story of the Fool and the Cotton*[1]

A certain blockhead went to the market to sell cotton, but no one would buy it from him on the ground that it was not properly cleaned. In the meanwhile he saw in the bazaar a goldsmith selling gold, which he had purified by heating it, and he saw it taken by a customer. When the stupid creature saw that, he threw the cotton into the fire in order to purify it, and when it was burnt up, the people laughed at him.

[M] "You have heard, Prince, this story of the cotton-grower; now hear the story of the men who cut down the palm-trees.

92. *Story of the Foolish Villagers who cut down the Palm-Trees*

Some foolish villagers were summoned by the king's officers, and set to work to gather some dates in accordance with an order from the king's court.[2] They, perceiving that

[1] This is No. 71 in the *Avadānas*.

[2] The MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *rājakulādishṭakharjūrānayanam*. This is No. 45 in the *Avadānas*.

it was very easy to gather the dates of one date-palm that had tumbled down of itself, cut down all the date-palms in their village. And after they had laid them low, they gathered from them their whole crop of dates, and then they raised them up and planted them again, but they did not succeed in making them grow. And then, when they brought the dates, they were not rewarded, but on the contrary punished with a fine by the king, who had heard of the cutting down of the trees.[1]

[M] "I have told you this joke about the dates; now I am going to tell you about the looking for treasure.

93. *Story of the Treasure-Finder who was blinded*

A certain king took to himself a treasure-finder. And the wicked minister of that king had both eyes of the man, who was able to find the places where treasure was deposited, torn out, in order that he might not run away anywhere. The consequence was that, being blind, he was incapacitated from seeing the indications of treasure in the earth, whether he ran away or remained; and people, seeing that,[2] laughed at the silly minister.

[M] "You have heard of the searching for treasure; now hear about the eating of salt.

94. *Story of the Fool and the Salt*

There was, once on a time, an impenetrably stupid man living in a village.[3] He was once taken home by a friend

[1] The reading of the Sanskrit College MS. is *ādṛitānoparenate* [D. *ādṛitāropaṇena te*], but probably the reading is *ādṛitā no, paneṇa te*: "they were not honoured, but on the contrary punished with a fine."

[2] I think *tad* should be *tam*. The story is No. 58 in the *Avadānas*.

[3] The Sanskrit College MS. reads *gahvaragrāmavāsī*, but below *sa gahvaraḥ*. This story is No. 38 in the *Avadānas*.

who lived in the city, and was regaled on curry and other food, made savoury by salt. And that blockhead asked: "What makes this food so savoury?" His friend told him that its relish was principally due to salt. He came to the conclusion that salt was the proper thing to eat, so he took a handful of crushed salt and threw it into his mouth, and ate it; the powdered salt whitened the lips and beard of the foolish fellow, and so the people laughed at him till his face became white also.

[M] "You have heard, Prince, the story of the devourer of salt; now hear the story of the man who had a milch-cow.

95. *Story of the Fool and his Milch-Cow* [1]

There was once on a time a certain foolish villager, and he had one cow. And that cow gave him every day a hundred *palas* of milk. And once on a time it happened that a feast was approaching. So he thought: "I will take all the cow's milk at once on the feast-day, and so get very much." Accordingly the fool did not milk his cow for a whole month. And when the feast came, and he did begin to milk it, he found its milk had failed, but to the people this was an unfailing source of amusement.

[M] "You have heard of the fool who had a milch-cow; now hear the story of these other two fools.

96. *Story of the Foolish Bald Man and the Fool who pelted him*

There was a certain bald man with a head like a copper pot. Once on a time a young man, who, being hungry, had gathered wood-apples, as he was coming along his path, saw him sitting at the foot of a tree. In fun he hit him on the head with a wood-apple; the bald man took it patiently

[1] This story is No. 98 in the *Avadānas*.

and said nothing to him. Then he hit his head with all the rest of the wood-apples that he had, throwing them at him one after another, and the bald man remained silent, even though the blood flowed. So the foolish young fellow had to go home hungry without his wood-apples, which he had broken to pieces in his useless and childish pastime of pelting the bald man; and the foolish bald man went home with his head streaming with blood, saying to himself: "Why should I not submit to being pelted with such delicious wood-apples?" And everybody there laughed when they saw him with his head covered with blood, looking like the diadem with which he had been crowned king of fools.

[M] "Thus you see, Prince, that foolish persons become the objects of ridicule in the world, and do not succeed in their objects; but wise persons are honoured."

When Naravāhanadatta had heard from Gomukha these elegant and amusing anecdotes, he rose up and performed his day's duties. And when night came on, the prince was anxious to hear some more stories, and at his request Gomukha told this story about wise creatures:

97. *Story of the Crow and the King of the Pigeons, the Tortoise and the Deer* [1]

There was in a certain forest region a great *Salmali* tree, and in it there lived a crow, named Laghupātin, who had

[1] Benfey shows that this introduction is probably of Buddhistic origin. He quotes from Upham's *Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon* a story about some snipe, which escape in the same way, but owing to disunion are afterwards caught again. *Cf.* also *Mahābhārata*, V (ii, 180), verse 2455 *et seq.*; also Baldo, Fab. x, in Edélestand du Méril, *Poésies Inédites*, pp. 229, 230; La Fontaine, xii, 15. (Benfey, vol. i, p. 304 *et seq.*)——*Cf.* Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 135; pt. ii, p. 59 *et seq.* This frame-story and its three sub-stories correspond to Book II of the *Pañchatantra*. Though considerably abbreviated, with the exception of the "Deer's Captivity," no important parts of the stories are omitted, as Somadeva excludes only features which are not essential to the plot, and which in many cases prove rather tedious—such as the verses on moralising and proverbial stanzas, etc.—N.M.P.

made his dwelling there. One day, as he was in his nest he saw below the tree a terrible-looking man arrive with a stick, net in hand. And while the crow looked down from the tree, he saw that the man spread out the net on the ground, and strewed there some rice, and then hid himself.

In the meanwhile the king of the pigeons, named Chitragrīva, as he was roaming through the air, attended by hundreds of pigeons, came there, and seeing the grains of rice scattered on the ground, he alighted on the net out of desire for food, and got caught in the meshes with all his attendants. When Chitragrīva saw that, he said to all his followers: "Take the net in your beaks, and fly up into the air as fast as you can." All the terrified pigeons said: "So be it." And taking the net, they flew up swiftly and began to travel through the air. The fowler too rose up, and with eye fixed upwards, returned despondent.

Then Chitragrīva, being relieved from his fear, said to his followers: "Let us quickly go to my friend the mouse Hiraṇya; he will gnaw these meshes asunder and set us at liberty." With these words he went on with those pigeons, who were dragging the net along with them, and descended from the air at the entrance of a mouse's hole. And there the king of the pigeons called the mouse, saying: "Hiraṇya, come out; I, Chitragrīva, have arrived."

And when the mouse heard through the entrance, and saw that his friend had come, he came out from that hole with a hundred openings. The mouse went up to him, and when he had heard what had taken place, proceeded with the utmost eagerness to gnaw asunder the meshes that kept the pigeon king and his retinue prisoners. And when he had gnawed the meshes asunder, Chitragrīva took leave of him with kind words, and flew up into the air with his companions

And when the crow, who had followed the pigeons, saw that, he came to the entrance of the hole, and said to the mouse, who had re-entered it: "I am Laghupātin, a crow; seeing that you tender your friends dearly, I choose you for my friend, as you are a creature capable of delivering from such calamities." When the mouse saw that crow from

the inside of his hole, he said: "Depart! What friendship can there be between the eater and his prey?" Then the crow said: "God forbid! If I were to eat you, my hunger might be satisfied for a moment, but if I make you my friend my life will be always preserved by you." When the crow had said this, and more, and had taken an oath, and so inspired confidence in the mouse, the mouse came out, and the crow made friends with him. The mouse brought out pieces of flesh, and grains of rice, and there they both remained eating together in great happiness.

And one day the crow said to his friend the mouse: "At a considerable distance from this place there is a river in the middle of a forest, and in it there lives a tortoise named Mantharaka, who is a friend of mine; for his sake I will go to that place where flesh and other food is easily obtained; it is difficult for me to obtain sustenance here, and I am in continual dread of the fowler." When the crow said this to him, the mouse answered: "Then we will live together; take me there also, for I too have an annoyance here, and when we get there I will explain the whole matter to you."

When Hiraṇya said this, Laghupātin took him in his beak, and flew to the bank of that forest stream. And there he found his friend, the tortoise Mantharaka, who welcomed him, and he and the mouse sat with him. And after they had conversed a little, that crow told the tortoise the cause of his coming, together with the circumstances of his having made friends with Hiraṇya. Then the tortoise adopted the mouse as his friend on an equal footing with the crow, and asked the cause of the annoyance which drove him from his native place. Then Hiraṇya gave this account of his experiences in the hearing of the crow and the tortoise:

97A. *The Mouse and the Hermit* [1]

I lived in a great hole near the city, and one night I stole a necklace from the palace, and laid it up in my hole. And

[1] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 316; and Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 135; pt. ii, pp. 70, 71.—N.M.P.

by looking at that necklace I acquired strength,[1] and a number of mice attached themselves to me, as being able to steal food for them. In the meanwhile a hermit had made a cell near my hole, and he lived on a large stock of food, which he had obtained by begging. Every evening he used to put the food which remained over, after he had eaten, in his beggar's porringer on an inaccessible peg, meaning to eat it next day.[2] And, every night, when he was asleep, I entered by a hole, and jumping up, carried it off.

Once on a time another hermit, a friend of his, came there, and after eating, conversed with him during the night. And I was at that time attempting to carry off the food, so the first hermit, who was listening, made the pot resound frequently by striking it with a piece of split cane. And the hermit who was his guest said: "Why do you interrupt our conversation to do this?" Whereupon the hermit to whom the cell belonged answered him: "I have got an enemy here in the form of this mouse, who is always jumping up and carrying off this food of mine, though it is high up. I am trying to frighten him by moving the pot of food with a piece of cane." When he said this, the other hermit said to him: "In truth this covetousness is the bane of creatures. Hear a story illustrative of this.

97AA. *The Brāhman's Wife and the Sesame-Seeds*[3]

Once on a time, as I was wandering from one sacred bathing-place to another, I reached a town, and there I entered the house of a certain Brāhman to stay. And while I was there the Brāhman said to his wife: "Cook to-day, as it is the change of the moon, a dish composed of milk, sesame and rice, for the Brāhmans." She answered him: "How can a pauper like you afford this?" Then the Brāhman said to her: "My dear, though we should hoard,

[1] For *jata* we must read *jāta* [as in D.]. *Cf.* for the power given by a treasure the eighteenth chapter of this work; see also Benfey, vol. i, p. 320.

[2] The Sanskrit College MS. has *ullambya*: "having hung it upon a peg."

[3] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 318; and Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 135: pt. ii, pp. 71, 72.—N.M.P.

we should not direct our thoughts to excessive hoarding. Hear this tale.

97AAA. *The Greedy Jackal* [1]

In a certain forest a hunter, after he had been hunting, fixed an arrow in a self-acting bow,[2] and after placing flesh on it, pursued a wild boar. He pierced the wild boar with a dart, but was mortally wounded by his tusks, and died; and a jackal beheld all this from a distance. So he came, but though he was hungry he would not eat any of the abundant flesh of the hunter and the boar, wishing to hoard it up. But he went first to eat what had been placed on the bow, and that moment the arrow fixed in it flew up, and pierced him so that he died.

97AA. *The Brāhman's Wife and the Sesame-Seeds*

"So you must not indulge in excessive hoarding." When the Brāhman said this, his wife consented, and placed some sesame-seeds in the sun. And while she went into the house, a dog tasted them and defiled them, so nobody would buy that dish of sesame-seeds and rice.[3]

97A. *The Mouse and the Hermit*

"So, you see, covetousness does not give pleasure; it only causes annoyance to those who cherish it." When the hermit, who was a visitor, had said this, he went on to say: "If you have a spade, give it me, in order that I may take steps to put a stop to this annoyance caused by the mouse."

Thereupon the hermit to whom the cell belonged gave the visitor a spade, and I, who saw it all from my place of concealment, entered my hole. Then the cunning hermit, who had come to visit the other, discovering the hole by which I entered, began to dig. And while I retired further

[1] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 319, 320; and Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 135; pt. i, p. 72 *et seq.* *Cf.* also *Sagas from the Far East*, p. 189.—N.M.P.

[2] Perhaps we should read *sāyake*.——But the D. text reads *sāyakaḥ*.—N.M.P.

[3] The point of the story is lost. See Edgerton, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 341.—N.M.P.

and further in, he went on digging, until at last he reached the necklace and the rest of my stores. And he said to the hermit who resided there, in my hearing: "It was by the power of this necklace that the mouse had such strength." So they took away all my wealth and placed the necklace on their necks, and then the master of the cell and the visitor went to sleep with light hearts. But when they were asleep I came again to steal, and the resident hermit woke up and hit me with a stick on the head. That wounded me, but, as it chanced, did not kill me, and I returned to my hole. But after that I had never strength to make the bound necessary for stealing the food. For wealth is youth to creatures, and the want of it produces old age; owing to the want of it, spirit, might, beauty and enterprise fail. So all my retinue of mice, seeing that I had become intent on feeding myself only, left me. Servants leave a master who does not support them, bees a tree without flowers, swans a tank without water, in spite of long association.

97. *Story of the Crow and the King of the Pigeons, the Tortoise and the Deer*

"So I have long been in a state of despondency, but now, having obtained this Laghupātin for a friend, I have come here to visit you, noble tortoise."

When Hiranya had said this, the tortoise Mantharaka answered: "This is a home to you; so do not be despondent, my friend. To a virtuous man no country is foreign; a man who is content cannot be unhappy; for the man of endurance calamity does not exist; there is nothing impossible to the enterprising."

While the tortoise was saying this, a deer, named Chitrānga, came to that wood from a great distance, having been terrified by the hunters. When they saw him, and observed that no hunter was pursuing him, the tortoise and his companions made friends with him, and he recovered his strength and spirits. And those four, the crow, the tortoise, the mouse and the deer, long lived there happily as friends, engaged in reciprocal courtesies.

One day Chitrānga was behind time, and Laghupātin flew to the top of a tree to look for him, and surveyed the whole wood. And he saw Chitrānga on the bank of the river, entangled in the fatal noose,[1] and then he came down and told this to the mouse and the tortoise. Then they deliberated together, and Laghupātin took up the mouse in his beak, and carried him to Chitrānga. And the mouse Hiraṇya comforted the deer, who was distressed at being caught, and in a moment set him at liberty by gnawing his bonds asunder.[2]

In the meanwhile the tortoise Mantharaka, who was devoted to his friends, came up the bank near them, having travelled along the bed of the river. At that very moment the hunter who had set the noose arrived from somewhere or other, and when the deer and others escaped, caught and made prize of the tortoise. And he put it in a net, and went off, grieved at having lost the deer. In the meanwhile the friends saw what had taken place, and by the advice of the far-seeing mouse the deer went a considerable distance off, and fell down as if he were dead.[3] And the crow stood upon his head, and pretended to peck his eyes. When the hunter saw that, he imagined that he had captured the deer, as it

[1] The D. text reads *kilapāça* instead of *kālapāśa*, which is expressive of the kind of trap used, some pin or wedge being employed. See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 126.—N.M.P.

[2] As he does the lion in Babrius, 107.——At this point several of the *Pañchatantra* versions insert the "Story of the Deer's Former Captivity." I have given it in full in Appendix I, p. 227 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

[3] Benfey compares J. Grimm, *Reinhart Fuchs*, cclxxxiv; *Renart*, br. 25; Grimm, *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, 58 (iii, 100); Keller, *Romans des Sept Sages*, clii; ditto, *Dyocletianus*, Einleitung, p. 48; *Conde Lucanor*, xliii. (Benfey, vol. i, p. 332 *et seq.*) See also La Fontaine's *Fables*, xii, 15. This is, perhaps, the story which General Cunningham found represented on a bas-relief of the Bharhut Stūpa. (See General Cunningham's *Stūpa of Bharhut*, p. 67.) The origin of the story is no doubt the Birth-story of "The Cunning Deer," Rhys Davids' translation of the *Jātakas*, pp. 221-223. The *Kuruṅga-Miga Jātaka* (No. 206 in Cambridge, vol. ii, p. 106) is a still better parallel. In this the tortoise gnaws through the bonds, the crane (*satapatto*) smites the hunter on the mouth as he is leaving his house; he twice returns to it on account of the evil omen; and when the tortoise is put in a bag, the deer leads the hunter far into the forest, returns with the speed of the wind, upsets the bag, and tears it open.——For analogues of the tale in Grimm, see Bolte, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 515 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

was dead, and he began to make for it, after putting down the tortoise on the bank of the river. When the mouse saw him making towards the deer, he came up, and gnawed a hole in the net which held the tortoise, so the tortoise was set at liberty, and he plunged into the river. And when the deer saw the hunter coming near, without the tortoise, he got up and ran off, and the crow, for his part, flew up a tree. Then the hunter came back, and finding that the tortoise had escaped by the net's having been gnawed asunder, he returned home, lamenting that the tortoise had fled and could not be recovered.

Then the four friends came together again in high spirits, and the gratified deer addressed the three others as follows: "I am fortunate in having obtained you for friends, for you have to-day delivered me from death at the risk of your lives." In such words the deer praised the crow and the tortoise and the mouse, and they all lived together delighting in their mutual friendship.[1]

[M] "Thus, you see, even animals attain their ends by wisdom, and they risk their lives sooner than abandon their friends in calamity. So full of love is the attachment that subsists among friends; but attachment to women is not approved, because it is open to jealousy. Hear a story in proof of this.

98. *Story of the Wife who falsely accused her Husband of murdering a Bhilla*[2]

There lived once on a time in a certain town a jealous husband, who had for wife a beautiful woman, whom he loved exceedingly. But, being suspicious, he never left her alone,

[1] This brings us to the end of Book II of the *Pañchatantra*. Book III begins on p. 98. The rest of this chapter is devoted to various short stories, chiefly of the "noodle" variety.—N.M.P.

[2] For parallel stories see Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 39 *et seq.*, where he is treating of a tale in the *De Nugis Curialium* of Gualterus Mapes. The woman behaves like Erippe in a story related by Parthenius (VIII). In the heading of the tale we are told that Aristodemus of Nysa tells the same tale with different names.

for he feared that she might be seduced even by men in pictures. However, one day he had to go to another country on unavoidable business, and he took his wife with him. And seeing that a forest inhabited by Bhillas lay in his way, he left his wife in the house of an old Brāhman villager, and proceeded on his journey. But, while she was there, she saw some Bhillas, who had come that way, and she eloped with a young Bhilla whom she saw. And she went with him to his village,[1] following her inclinations, having escaped from her jealous husband, as a river that has broken a dam.

In the meanwhile her husband finished his business, and returned, and asked the Brāhman villager for his wife, and the Brāhman answered him: "I do not know where she has gone; so much only I know, that some Bhillas came here: she must have been carried off by them. And their village is near here; go there quickly, you will find your wife there, without doubt." When the Brāhman told him this, he wept, and blamed his own folly, and went to that village of Bhillas, and there he saw his wife. When the wicked woman saw him, she approached him in fear, and said: "It is not my fault; the Bhilla brought me here by force." Her husband, blind with love, said: "Come along, let us return home, before anyone discovers us." But she said to him: "Now is the time when the Bhilla returns from hunting; when he returns he will certainly pursue you and me, and kill us both. So enter this cavern at present, and remain concealed. But at night we will kill him when he is asleep, and leave this place in perfect safety."

When the wicked woman said this to him, he entered the cave. What room is there for discernment in the heart of one blinded with love?

The Bhilla returned at the close of the day, and that wicked woman showed him her husband in the cave, whom his passion had enabled her to decoy there. And the Bhilla, who was a strong man, and cruel, dragged out the husband, and tied him firmly to a tree, in order that he might next day offer him to Bhavānī.

[1] The Sanskrit College MS. reads *pallīm* for *patnīm*.——This agrees with the D. text.—N.M.P.

And he ate his dinner, and at night lay down to sleep by the side of the faithless wife, before the eyes of the husband. Then that jealous husband, who was tied to the tree, seeing him asleep, implored Bhavānī to help him in his need, praising her with hymns. She appeared and granted him a boon, so that he escaped from his bonds, and cut off the head of the Bhilla with his own sword. Then he woke up his wife, and said to her, "Come, I have killed this villain," and she rose up much grieved. And the faithless woman set out at night with her husband, but she secretly took with her the head of the Bhilla. And the next morning, when they reached a town, she showed the head, and laying hands upon her husband, cried out: "This man has killed my husband." Then the city police took her with her husband before the king. And the jealous husband, being questioned, told the whole story. Then the king inquired into it, and finding that it was true, he ordered the ears and nose of that faithless wife to be cut off,[1] and set her husband at liberty. And he went home freed from the demon of love for a wicked woman.

[M] "This, Prince, is how a woman behaves when over-jealously watched, for the jealousy of the husband teaches the wife to run after other men. So a wise man should guard his wife without showing jealousy. And a man must by no means reveal a secret to a woman if he desires prosperity. Hear a story showing this.

99. *Story of the Snake who told his Secret to a Woman*

A certain snake,[2] out of fear of Garuḍa,[3] fled to earth, and taking the form of a man, concealed himself in the house of

[1] See Sir George Grierson's Foreword to Vol. II, p. xi, and p. 88*n*[1] of the same volume.—N.M.P.

[2] Nāga in the original—a fabulous serpent with a human face. *Cf.* Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 65: "He flies as a fiery snake into his mistress's bower, stamps with his foot on the ground and becomes a youthful gallant."

[3] See Vol. I, pp. 103-105 and p. 203.—N.M.P.

a courtesan. And that courtesan used to take as payment five hundred elephants,[1] and the snake by his power gave her five hundred every day. And the lady importuned him to tell her how he acquired so many elephants every day, and who he was. And he, blinded with love, replied: "I am a snake hiding here from fear of Garuḍa; do not tell anyone." But the courtesan privately told all this to the bawd.

Now Garuḍa, searching through the world for the snake, came there in the form of a man, and he came to the bawd and said: "I wish to remain to-day in your daughter's house; take my payment." And the bawd said to him: "There is a snake living here, who gives us five hundred elephants every day. What do we care about one day's pay?" Then Garuḍa, finding out that the snake was living there, entered as a guest that courtesan's house. And there he saw the snake on the flat roof, and revealing himself in his real form, he swooped down and killed him, and ate him.

[M] "So a wise man should not recklessly tell secrets to women." Having said this, Gomukha told him another story of a simpleton.

100. *Story of the Bald Man and the Hair-Restorer*

There was a bald man, with a head like a copper pot. And he, being a fool, was ashamed because, though a rich man in the world, he had no hair on his head. Then a rogue, who lived upon others, came to him and said: "There is a physician who knows a drug that will produce hair." When he heard it, he said: "If you bring him to me, I will give wealth to you and to that physician also." When he said this, the rogue for a long time devoured his substance, and brought to that simpleton a doctor who was a rogue also. And after the doctor, too, had long lived at his expense, he one day removed his head-dress designedly, and showed him his bald head. In spite of that, the blockhead, without

[1] *Cf.* Arrian's *Indika*, chap. xvii, McCrindle's translation.

considering, asked him for a drug which would produce hair. Then the physician said to him: "Since I am bald myself, how can I produce hair in others? It was in order to explain this to you that I showed you my bald head. But out on you! You do not understand even now." With these words the physician went away.

[M] "So you see, Prince, rogues perpetually make sport of fools. You have heard the story of the simpleton and his hair; now hear that of the simpleton and the oil.

101. *Story of a Foolish Servant*

A certain gentleman had a simpleton for a servant. His master sent him once to fetch oil from a merchant, and he received from him the oil in a vessel. And as he was returning with the vessel in his hand, a friend of his said to him: "Take care of this oil-vessel, it leaks at the bottom." When the blockhead heard this, he turned the vessel upside down to look at the bottom of it, and that made all the oil fall on the ground. When his master heard that, he turned out of his house that fool, who was the laughing-stock of the place.

[M] "So it is better for a simpleton to rely upon his own sense, and not to take advice. You have heard about the simpleton and the oil; now hear the story of the simpleton and the bones."

102. *Story of the Faithless Wife who was present at her own Śrāddha* [1]

There was once a foolish man, and he had an unchaste wife. Once on a time, when her husband had gone away for some business to another country, she placed in charge of

[1] This story corresponds to No. 43 in the *Avadānas*.

the house a confidential servant of hers, a truly unique maid, after giving her instructions as to what she was to do, and went away alone to the house of her paramour, intent on enjoying herself without being interfered with. When the lady's husband returned, the maid, who had been well schooled beforehand, said with a voice choked with tears: "Your wife is dead and burnt." She then took him to the burning-*ghat*, and showed him the bones belonging to the pyre of some other person; the fool brought them home with tears, and after bathing at the sacred bathing-place, and strewing her bones there, he proceeded to perform her *śrāddha*. And he made his wife's paramour the officiating Brāhman at the ceremony, as the maid brought him, saying that he was an excellent Brāhman. And every month his wife came with that Brāhman, splendidly dressed, and ate the sweetmeats. And then the maid said to him: "See, master, by virtue of her chastity your wife is enabled to return from the other world and eat with the Brāhmans." And the matchless fool believed most implicitly what she said.

[M] "In this way people of simple dispositions are easily imposed upon by wicked women. You have heard about the simpleton and the bones; now hear the story of the Chaṇḍāla maiden.

108. *Story of the Ambitious Chaṇḍāla Maiden*

There was once a simple but good-looking Chaṇḍāla maiden, and she formed in her heart the determination to win for her bridegroom a universal monarch. Once on a time she saw the supreme sovereign go out to make a progress round his city, and she proceeded to follow him, with the intention of making him her husband. At that moment a hermit came that way, and the king, though mounted on an elephant, bowed at his feet, and returned to his own palace. When she saw that, she thought that the hermit was a greater man even than the king, and abandoning him, she

proceeded to follow the hermit. The hermit, as he was going along, beheld in front of him an empty temple of Śiva, and kneeling on the ground, he worshipped Śiva, and then departed. Then the Chaṇḍāla maiden thought that Śiva was greater even than the hermit, and she left the hermit and attached herself to the god, with the intention of marrying him. Immediately a dog entered, and going up on to the pedestal of the idol, lifted up his leg, and behaved after the manner of the dog tribe. Then the Chaṇḍāla maiden thought that the dog was superior even to Śiva, and leaving the god, followed the departing dog, desiring to marry him. And the dog entered the house of a Chaṇḍāla, and out of affection rolled at the feet of a young Chaṇḍāla whom it knew. When she saw that, she concluded that the young Chaṇḍāla was superior to the dog, and satisfied with her own caste. she chose him as her husband.

[M] "So fools, after aspiring high, fall into their proper place. And now hear in a few words the tale of the foolish king.

104. *Story of the Miserly King*

There was a certain foolish king, who was niggardly, though he possessed an abundant treasure. And once on a time his ministers, who desired his prosperity, said to him: "King, charity here averts misery in the next life. So bestow wealth in charity; life and riches are perishable." When the king heard this, he said: "Then I will bestow wealth, when I am dead, and see myself reduced to a state of misery here." Then the ministers remained silent, laughing in their sleeves.

[M] "So, you see, a fool never takes leave of his wealth until his wealth takes leave of him. You have heard, Prince, of the foolish king; now hear the story of the two friends, by way of an episode in these tales of fools.

105. *Story of Dhavalamukha, his Trading Friend and his Fighting Friend* [1]

There was a king in Kanyākubja, named Chandrāpīḍa. And he had a servant named Dhavalamukha. And he, whenever he came to his house, had eaten and drunk abroad. And one day his wife asked him: "Where do you always eat and drink before you come home?" And Dhavalamukha answered her: "I always eat and drink with my friends before I come home, for I have two friends in the world. The one is called Kalyāṇavarman, who obliges me with food and other gifts, and the other is Vīrabāhu, who would oblige me with the gift of his life." When his wife heard this, she said to Dhavalamukha: "Then show me your two friends."

Then he went with her to the house of Kalyāṇavarman, and Kalyāṇavarman honoured him with a splendid entertainment. The next day he went with his wife to Vīrabāhu, and he was gambling at the time, so he welcomed him and dismissed him. Then Dhavalamukha's wife, being full of curiosity, said to him: "Kalyāṇavarman entertained you splendidly, but Vīrabāhu only gave you a welcome. So why do you think more highly of Vīrabāhu than of the other?" When he heard that, he said: "Go and tell them both in succession this fabrication, that the king has suddenly become displeased with us, and you will find out for yourself." She agreed, and went to Kalyāṇavarman and told him that falsehood, and he answered: "Lady, I am a merchant's son, what can I do against the king?" When he gave her this answer, she went to Vīrabāhu, and told him also that

[1] This to a certain extent resembles the 129th story in the *Gesta Romanorum*, "Of Real Friendship." Douce says that the story is in Alphonsus [see Hulme's English trans., Cleveland, Ohio, 1919]. A story more closely resembling that in the *Gesta* is current in Bengal, with this difference, that a goat does duty for the pig of the *Gesta*. A son tells his father he has three friends, the father says that he has only half a friend. Of course, the half friend turns out worth all the three put together. The Bengali story was told me by Paṇḍit Śyāmā Charaṇ Mukhopādhyāya. See also Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 291, and note 371; and Herrtage's *English Gesta*, p. 127, tale 33 [and pp. 469, 470].——See also E. Cosquin, *Contes Populaires de Lorraine*, vol. ii, p. 321, and Chauvin, *op. cit.*, ix, pp. 15, 16.—N.M.P.

the king was angry with her husband; and the moment he heard it, he came running with his shield and his sword. But Dhavalamukha induced him to return home, saying that the king's ministers had pacified his resentment. And he said to his wife: "This, my dear, is the difference between those two friends of mine." And she was quite satisfied.

[M] "So you see that a friend that shows his friendship by ceremonious entertainment only, is a different thing from a real friend; though oil and ghee both possess the property of oiliness,[1] oil is oil, and ghee is ghee." When Gomukha had told this story, he continued his tales of fools for the benefit of Naravāhanadatta.

106. *Story of the Thirsty Fool that did not Drink*

A certain foolish traveller, tormented by thirst, having with difficulty got through a wood, reached a river; however, he did not drink of it, but kept looking at the water. Someone said to him: "Why do you not drink water though you are thirsty?" But the blockhead answered: "How could I drink so much water as this?" The other person ridiculed him, saying: "What! will the king punish you if you drink it all up?" But still the foolish man did not drink the water.

[M] "So you see that in this world fools will not even do a part of a task to the best of their power if they are not able to complete it altogether. Now you have heard about the fool and the water, hear the story of the son-slayer.

107. *Story of the Fool who killed his Son*

There was once a foolish man, who was poor and had many sons. When one of his sons died, he killed another,

[1] A perpetually recurring pun! The word can either mean "oiliness" or "affection."

saying: "How could this child go such a long journey alone?" So he was banished by the people, as being a fool and a criminal.

[M] "Thus a fool is as void of sense and discernment as an animal. You have heard of the son-killer; now hear the story of the fool and his brother.

108. *Story of the Fool and his Brother*

A certain stupid fellow was talking in a crowd of men. Seeing a respectable man some way off, he said: "That man there is brother to me, so I shall inherit his property, but I am no relation to him, so I am not liable for his debts." When the fool said this, even the stones laughed at him.

[M] "Thus fools show folly, and people blinded by the thought of their own advantage behave in a very wonderful way. So you have heard the story of the fool and his brother; now hear the story of the man whose father followed a strict vow of chastity.

109. *Story of the Brahmachārin's Son*

A certain fool was engaged in relating his father's good qualities in the midst of his friends. And describing his father's superior excellence, he said: "My father has followed a strict vow of chastity from his youth; there is no man who can be compared with him." When his friends heard that, they said: "How did you come into the world?" He answered: "Oh! I am a mind-born son of his." Whereupon the matchless fool was well laughed at by the people.[1]

[1] *Cf.* what Sganarelle says in *Le Mariage Forcé*: "*La raison? C'est que je ne me sens point propre pour le mariage, et que je veux imiter mon père et tous ceux de ma race, qui ne se sont jamais voulu marier.*"——See *Œuvres de Molière*, Paris, 1873-1900, vol. iv, p. 61 n[1].—N.M.P.

[M] "Thus foolish people make self-contradictory statements with regard to others. You have heard the story of the son of the man who observed a strict vow of chastity; hear now the story of the astrologer.

110. *Story of the Astrologer who killed his Son*

There was a certain astrologer wanting in discernment. He left his own country with his wife and son, because he could not earn a subsistence, and went to another country. There he made a deceitful display of his skill, in order to gain complimentary presents by a factitious reputation for ability. He embraced his son before the public and shed tears. When the people asked him why he did this, the wicked man said: "I know the past, the present and the future, and that enables me to foresee that this child of mine will die in seven days from this time: this is why I am weeping." By these words he excited the wonder of the people, and when the seventh day arrived, he killed his son in the morning, as he lay asleep. When the people saw that his son was dead, they felt confidence in his skill, and honoured him with presents, and so he acquired wealth and returned leisurely to his own country.

[M] "Thus foolish men, through desire of wealth, go so far as to kill their sons, in order to make a false display of prescience; the wise should not make friends with such. Now hear the story of the foolish man who was addicted to anger.

111. *Story of the Violent Man who justified his Character*

One day a man was relating to his friends, inside a house, the good qualities of a man who was listening outside. Then a person present said: "It is true, my friend, that he possesses many good qualities, but he has two faults: he is violent and irascible." While he was saying this, the man

who was outside, overhearing him, entered hastily, and twisted his garment round his throat, and said: "You fool, what violence have I done, what anger have I been guilty of?" This he said in an abusive way, inflamed with the fire of anger. Then the others who were there laughed, and said to him: "Why should he speak? You have been good enough to give us ocular demonstration of your anger and your violence."

[M] "So you see that fools do not know their own faults, though they are patent to all men. Now hear about the foolish king who made his daughter grow.

112. *Story of the Foolish King who made his Daughter grow* [1]

A certain king had a handsome daughter born to him. On account of his great affection for her, he wished to make her grow, so he quickly summoned physicians, and said politely to them: "Make some preparation of salutary drugs, in order that my daughter may grow up quickly, and be married to a good husband." When the physicians heard this, they said, in order to get a living out of the silly king: "There is a medicine which will do this, but it can only be procured in a distant country, and while we are sending for it, we must shut up your daughter in concealment, for this is the treatment laid down for such cases." When they had said this, they placed his daughter in concealment there for many years, saying that they were engaged in bringing that medicine. And when she grew up to be a young woman, they showed her to that king, telling him that she had been made to grow

[1] This story bears a certain resemblance to the European stories of grammarians who undertake to educate asses or monkeys. (See Lévêque, *Les Mythes et Légendes de l'Inde et la Perse*, p. 320.) La Fontaine's *Charlatan* is perhaps the best known. This story is found in Prym and Socin's *Syrische Märchen*, p. 292, where a man undertakes to teach a camel to read.

by the medicine; and he was pleased, and loaded them with heaps of wealth.

[M] "In this way rogues, by means of imposture, live on foolish sovereigns. Now hear the story of a man who showed his cleverness by recovering half a *paṇa*."

113. *Story of the Man who recovered half a Paṇa from his Servant* [1]

There was once on a time a man living in a town, who was vain of his wisdom. And a certain villager, who had served him for a year, being dissatisfied with his salary, left him and went home. And when he had gone, the town-bred gentleman said to his wife: "My dear, I hope you did not give him anything before he went?" She answered: "Half a *paṇa*." Then he spent ten *paṇas* in provisions for the journey, and overtook that servant on the bank of a river, and recovered from him that half *paṇa*. And when he related it as a proof of his skill in saving money, he became a public laughing-stock.

[M] "Thus men whose minds are blinded with wealth fling away much to gain little. Now hear the story of the man who took notes of the spot.

114. *Story of the Fool who took Notes of a certain Spot in the Sea* [2]

A certain foolish person, while travelling by sea, let a silver vessel fall from his hand into the water. The fool

[1] This story is No. 51 in the *Avadānas*.

[2] See Felix Liebrecht, *Orient und Occident*, vol. i, p. 135, on the *Avadānas* translated from the Chinese by Stanislas Julien, Paris, 1859, where this story is found (No. 69). He compares a story of an Irishman who was hired by a Yarmouth maltster to assist in loading his ship. As the vessel was about to

took notes of the spot, observing the eddies and other signs in the water, and said to himself: "I will bring it up from the bottom when I return." He reached the other side of the sea, and as he was recrossing he saw the eddies and other signs, and thinking he recognised the spot, plunged into the water again and again to recover his silver vessel. When the others asked him what his object was, he told them, and got well laughed at and abused for his pains.

[M] "Now hear the story of the king who wished to substitute other flesh for what he had taken away.

115. *Story of the King who replaced the Flesh* [1]

A foolish king saw from his palace two men below. And seeing that one of them had taken flesh from the kitchen, he had five *palas* of flesh cut from his body. When the flesh had been cut away, the man groaned and fell on the earth, and the king, seeing him, was moved with compassion, and said to the warder: "His grief cannot be assuaged because five *palas* of flesh were cut from him, so give him more than five *palas* of flesh by way of compensation." The warder said: "When a man's head is cut off, does he live even if you give him a hundred heads?" Then he went outside and had his laugh out, and comforted the man from whom the flesh had been cut, and handed him over to the physicians.

set sail, the Irishman cried out from the quay: "Captain, I lost your shovel overboard, but I cut a big notch on the rail-fence, round stern, just where it went down, so you will find it when you come back" (vol. ii, p. 544, note). Liebrecht thinks he has read something similar in the "'Απιστία" of Hierokles. See also Bartsch, *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, vol. i, p. 349. ——Tawney wrote a note on this subject to the *Ind. Ant.*, vol. ix, 1880, pp. 51, 52. Sir George Grierson tells me the story about the Irishman is well known in Kashmir, where the term *nāvi-rakh*, "the mark on the ship," is used to mean "stupidity."—N.M.P.

[1] See Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, pp. 119, 120; also Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 391—Nachträge, ii, 543. This is No. 103 in the *Avadānas*.

[M] "So you see, a silly king knows how to punish, but not how to show favour. Hear this story of the silly woman who wanted another son.

116. *Story of the Woman who wanted another Son* [1]

One day a woman with only one son, desiring another, applied to a wicked female ascetic belonging to an heretical sect. The ascetic told her that, if she killed her young son, and offered him to the divinity, another son would certainly be born to her. When she was preparing to carry out this advice, another and a good old woman said to her in private: "Wicked woman, you are going to kill the son you have already, and wish to get another. Supposing a second is not born to you, what will you do?" So the good old woman dissuaded her from crime.

[M] "So women who associate with witches fall into evil courses, but they are restrained and saved by the advice of the old. Now, Prince, hear the story of the man who brought the *āmalaka* fruit.

117. *Story of the Servant who tasted the Fruit* [2]

A certain householder had a stupid servant. As the householder was fond of *āmalakas*, he said to his servant: "Go, and bring me some perfectly sweet *āmalakas* from the garden." The foolish fellow bit every one, to taste if it was sweet, and then brought them, and said: "Look, master, I tasted these and found them sweet, before bringing them." And his master, seeing that they were half eaten, sent them away in disgust and his stupid servant too.

[M] "Thus a foolish person ruins his master's interests and then his own; and here by way of episode hear the story of the two brothers.

[1] This is No. 49 in the *Avadānas*.

[2] This is No. 37 in the *Avadānas*.——See Chauvin, *op. cit.*, vii, p. 115.—N.M.P.

118. *Story of the Two Brothers Yajnasoma and Kīrtisoma*

There were two Brāhmans, brothers, in the city of Pāṭaliputra; the elder was called Yajnasoma and the younger Kīrtisoma. And those two young Brāhmans had much wealth derived from their father. Kīrtisoma increased his share by business, but Yajnasoma exhausted his by enjoying and giving. Then, being reduced to poverty, he said to his wife: "My dear, how can I, who am reduced from riches to poverty, live among my relations? Let us go to some foreign country." She said: "How can we go without money for the journey?" Still her husband insisted, so she said to him: "If you really must go, then first go and ask your younger brother Kīrtisoma for some money for the journey."

So he went and asked his younger brother for his travelling expenses, but his younger brother's wife said to him: "How can we give even the smallest sum to this man who has wasted his substance? For every one who falls into poverty will sponge on us." When Kīrtisoma heard this, he no longer felt inclined to give anything to his elder brother, though he loved him. Subjection to bad women is pernicious!

Then Yajnasoma went away silent, and told that to his wife, and set out with her, relying upon the help of Heaven only. When they reached the wood, it happened that, as he was going along, he was swallowed by a monstrous serpent. And when his wife saw it, she fell on the ground and lamented. And the serpent said with a human voice to the lady: "Why do you lament, my good woman?" The Brāhman lady answered the snake: "How can I help lamenting, mighty sir, when you have deprived me in this remote spot of my only means of obtaining alms?" When the serpent heard that, he brought out of his mouth a great vessel of gold and gave it her, saying: "Take this as a vessel in which to receive alms."[1] The good Brāhman lady said: "Who

[1] In the original the husband is called a "vessel of alms"—*i.e.* "receiver of alms"—but the pun cannot be retained in the translation without producing obscurity.

will give me alms in this vessel, for I am a woman?" The serpent said: "If anyone refuses to give you alms in it, his head shall that moment burst into a hundred pieces. What I say is true." When the virtuous Brāhman lady heard that, she said to the serpent: "If this is so, then give me my husband in it by way of alms."

The moment the good lady said this, the serpent brought her husband out of his mouth alive and unharmed. As soon as the serpent had done this, he became a man of heavenly appearance, and being pleased, he said to the joyful couple: "I am a king of the Vidyādharas, named Kāñchanavega, and by the curse of Gautama I was reduced to the condition of a serpent. And it was appointed that my curse should end when I conversed with a good woman." When that king of the Vidyādharas had said this, he immediately filled the vessel with jewels, and delighted flew up into the sky. And the couple returned home with abundance of jewels. And there Yajnasoma lived in happiness, having obtained inexhaustible wealth.

[M] "Providence gives to every one in accordance with his or her character. Hear the story of the foolish man who asked for the barber.

119. *Story of the Fool who wanted a Barber*

A certain inhabitant of Karṇāṭa pleased his king by his daring behaviour in battle. His sovereign was pleased, and promised to give him whatever he asked for, but the spiritless warrior chose the king's barber.

[M] "Every man chooses what is good or bad according to the measure of his own intellect: now hear the story of the foolish man who asked for nothing at all.

120. *Story of the Man who asked for Nothing at all*

A certain foolish man, as he was going along the road, was asked by a carter to do something to make his cart balance evenly. He said: "If I make it right, what will you give me?" The carter answered: "I will give you nothing at all." Then the fool put the cart even, and said: "Give me the nothing-at-all you promised." But the carter laughed at him.[1]

[M] "So you see, King, fools are for ever becoming the object of the scorn and contempt and reproach of men, and fall into misfortune, while the good on the other hand are thought worthy of honour."

When the prince, surrounded by his ministers, had heard at night these amusing stories from Gomukha, he was enabled to enjoy sleep, which refreshes the whole of the three worlds.

[1] This story is found in the *Nights* (Burton, Supp., vol. v, pp. 210-212), but with an amusing sequel. A merchant of Bassorah bargains with a Persian about the price he wants for his stock-in-trade. The haggling continues, and finally the Persian exclaims: "I will give nothing more than 'Anaught.'" The bargain is closed. All is paid except the "Anaught." On the merchant's demanding it the Persian laughs, but the Bassorite fails to see the joke and refers the matter to the Sultan. The Sultan, however, cannot decide and offers a reward to anyone who can. One, Abu Ḳâsim, says he will settle the matter. He accordingly fills a basin with water and bids the claimant dip his clenched hand into it. He then tells him to withdraw it and open his hand and asks what he found in the basin. "Anaught," answers the claimant. "Take thine 'Anaught,' then, and wend thy ways," says the other. The Bassorite can do nothing but comply.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER LXII

THE next morning Naravāhanadatta got up, and [M] went into the presence of the King of Vatsa, his loving father. There he found Siṃhavarman, the brother of the Queen Padmāvatī and the son of the King of Magadha, who had come there from his own house. The day passed in expressions of welcome and friendly conversation, and after Naravāhanadatta had had dinner he returned home. There the wise Gomukha told this story at night, in order to console him who was longing for the society of Śaktiyaśas:

121. *Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls* [1]

There was in a certain place a great and shady banyan-tree, which seemed, with the voices of its birds, to summon travellers to repose. There a king of the crows, named Meghavarṇa, had established his home, and he had an enemy named Avamarda, king of the owls. The king of the owls surprised the king of the crows there at night, and after inflicting a defeat on him, and killing many crows, departed. The next morning the king of the crows, after the usual compliments, said to his ministers, Uḍḍīvin, Āḍīvin, Saṇḍīvin,

[1] From this point to page 113 the stories correspond to Book *III* of the *Pañchatantra*. See Benfey's edition, vol. ii, p. 213 *et seq.* He points out that in the *Mahābhārata* Droṇa's son, one of the few Kauravas that had survived the battle, was lying under a sacred fig-tree, on which crows were sleeping. Then he sees one owl come and kill many of the crows. This suggests to him the idea of attacking the camp of the Pāṇḍavas. In the Arabic text the hostile birds are ravens and owls. So in the Greek and Hebrew translation. John of Capua has *sturni*, misunderstanding the Hebrew. (Benfey, vol. i, p. 334 *et seq.*) Rhys Davids states in his *Buddhist Birth Stories* (p. 292, note) that the story of the lasting feud between the crows and the owls is told at length in *Ulūka Jātaka*, No. 270 (Cambridge edition, vol. ii, pp. 242, 243).——See also Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 136; pt. ii, p. 101 *et seq.*—N.M.P

Praḍīvin,[1] and Chirajīvin: "That powerful enemy, who has thus defeated us, may get together a hundred thousand soldiers, and make another descent on us. So let some preventive measure be devised for this case."

When Uḍḍīvin heard this, he said: "King, with a powerful enemy one must either retire to another country or adopt conciliation." When Āḍīvin heard this, he said: "The danger is not immediate; let us consider the intentions of the adversary and our own power, and do the best we can." Then Saṇḍīvin said: "King, death is preferable to submission to the foe, or retiring to another country. We must go and fight with that feeble enemy[2]; a brave and enterprising king, who possesses allies, conquers his foes." Then Praḍīvin said: "He is too powerful to be conquered in battle, but we must make a truce with him, and kill him when we get an opportunity." Then Chirajīvin said: "What truce? Who will be ambassador? There is war between the crows and the owls from time immemorial; who will go to them? This must be accomplished by policy. Policy is said to be the very foundation of empires."

When the king of the crows heard that, he said to Chirajīvin: "You are old; tell me if you know, what was originally the cause of the war between the crows and the owls? You shall state your policy afterwards." When Chirajīvin heard this, he answered: "It is all due to an inconsiderate utterance. Have you never heard the story of the donkey?

121A. *The Ass in the Panther's Skin*[3]

A certain washerman had a thin donkey; so, in order to make it fat, he used to cover it with the skin of a panther and

[1] For Praḍīvin the Petersburg lexicographers would read Prajīvin, as in the *Paṅchatantra*.

[2] More probably: "We must fight with that enemy who acted blamefully towards us," reading *avadya* as "blameful." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 127. —N.M.P.

[3] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 346 *et seq.*, and p. 462 *et seq.* *Cf.* Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, pp. 136, 137; pt. ii, p. 109; and see *Sihacamma Jātaka*, No. 189 (Cambridge edition, vol. ii, pp. 76, 77), and note.—N.M.P.

let it loose to feed in his neighbour's corn. While it was eating the corn, people were afraid to drive it away, thinking that it was a panther. One day a cultivator, who had a bow in his hand, saw it. He thought it was a panther, and through fear bending down, and making himself humpbacked, he proceeded to creep away, with his body covered with a rug. When the donkey saw him going away in this style, he thought he was another donkey, and being primed with corn, he uttered aloud his own asinine bray. Then the cultivator came to the conclusion that it was a donkey, and returning, killed with an arrow the foolish animal, which had made an enemy with its own voice.

121. *Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls*

"In the same way our feud with the owls is due to an inconsiderate utterance.

121B. *How the Crow dissuaded the Birds from choosing the Owl King* [1]

For once upon a time the birds were without a king. They all assembled together, and bringing an umbrella and a *chowrie*, were proceeding to anoint the owl king of the birds. In the meanwhile a crow, flying in the air above, saw it, and said: "You fools, are there not other birds, cuckoos and so on, that you must make this cruel-eyed, unpleasant-looking, wicked bird king? Out on the inauspicious owl! You must elect an heroic king whose name will ensure prosperity. Listen now, I will tell you a tale.

[1] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 347, 348; Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 110; Veckenstedt's *Wendische Sagen*, p. 424; De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, vol. ii, p. 206. See also p. 246 for an apologue in which the owl prevents the crow being made king. See also Rhys Davids' *Buddhist Birth Stories*, p. 292, and Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, vol. iii, pp. 196, 197. In the *Koriya Jātaka*, No. 226 (Cambridge edition, vol. ii, pp. 146, 147), an army of crows attacks an owl.——*Cf.* Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 137; pt. ii, p. 110. For numerous parallels of the tale of "Der Zaunkönig" in Grimm see Bolte, *op. cit.*, vol. iii, p. 278 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

121BB. *The Elephants and the Hares* [1]

There is a great lake abounding in water, called Chandrasaras, and on its bank there lived a king of the hares, named Silīmukha. Now, once on a time, a leader of a herd of elephants, named Chaturdanta, came there to drink water, because all the other reservoirs of water were dried up in the drought that prevailed. Then many of the hares, who were the subjects of that king, were trampled to death by Chaturdanta's herd, while entering the lake. When that monarch of the herd had departed, the hare-king Śilīmukha, being grieved, said to a hare named Vijaya in the presence of the others: "Now that that lord of elephants has tasted the water of this lake, he will come here again and again, and utterly destroy us all, so think of some expedient in this case. Go to him, and see if you have any artifice which will suit the purpose or not. For you know business and expedients, and are an ingenious orator. And in all cases in which you have been engaged the result has been fortunate."

When dispatched with these words, the hare was pleased, and went slowly on his way. And following up the track of the herd, he overtook that elephant-king and saw him, and being determined somehow or other to have an interview with the mighty beast, the wise hare climbed up to the top of a rock, and said to the elephant: "I am the ambassador of the moon, and this is what the god says to you by my mouth: 'I dwell in a cool lake named Chandrasaras; there dwell hares whose king I am, and I love them well, and thence I am known to men as the cool-rayed and the hare-marked [2];

[1] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 348, 349; and De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, vol. ii, p. 76.——See also Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 137; pt. ii, p. 110 *et seq.*; Clouston, *Flowers from a Persian Garden*, pp. 240, 241, and 278, 279; Chauvin, *op. cit.*, ix, p. 31; Crooke, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 50; and *Nalapāna Jātaka*, No. 20 (Cambridge edition, vol. i, p. 56). Most of the *Pañchatantra* versions explain first how the chief of the elephants sent "swift runners" in all directions to look for water and how one came to Chandrasaras (*i.e.* Moon lake). See F. Edgerton, *Panchatantra Reconstructed*, 1924, vol. i, p. 292.—N.M.P.

[2] Common epithets of the moon. The Hindus find a hare in the moon where we find a "man, his dog, and his bush."——See Vol. I, p. 109, 109n[1]; *Sasa Jātaka* (Cambridge edition, vol. iii, p. 34 *et seq.*); and T. Harley, *Moon-Lore*, London, 1885, p. 60.—N.M.P.

now thou hast defiled that lake and slain those hares of mine. If thou doest that again, thou shalt receive thy due recompense from me.' "

When the king of the elephants heard this speech of the crafty hare's, he said in his terror: "I will never do so again: I must show respect to the awful moon-god." The hare said: "So come, my friend, I pray, and we will show him to you." After saying this, the hare led the king of elephants to the lake, and showed him the reflection of the moon in the water. When the lord of the herd saw that, he bowed before it timidly at a distance, oppressed with awe, and never came there again. And Śilīmukha, the king of the hares, was present, and witnessed the whole transaction, and after honouring that hare, who went as an ambassador, he lived there in security.[1]

121B. *How the Crow dissuaded the Birds from choosing the Owl King*

When the crow had told this story, he went on to say to the birds: "This is the right sort of king, whose name alone ensures none of his subjects being injured. So why does this base owl, who cannot see in the day, deserve a throne? And a base creature is never to be trusted. Hear this tale in proof of it.

121BBB. *The Bird, the Hare, and the Cat*[2]

Once on a time I lived in a certain tree, and below me in the same tree a bird, named Kapinjala, had made a nest and

[1] This last sentence seems to be an addition of Somadeva's. See Edgerton, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 301.—N.M.P.

[2] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 350-354. For the hypocritical cat compare Phædrus, lib. ii, Fabula iv (recognovit Lucianus Mueller), "Aquila, Feles et Aper"; La Fontaine, vii, 16. See also Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 121. The cat's tactics are much the same as those of the fox in "Reineke Fuchs" (Simrock, *Die Deutschen Volksbücher*, vol. i, p. 138). See also De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, vol. ii, p. 54. This story is No. 125 in the *Avadānas*. From De Gubernatis, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, pp. 227-228, it appears that *kapinjala* means a heath-cock or a cuckoo. Here the word appears to be used as a proper name. There is a very hypocritical cat in Prym and Socin, *Syrische Märchen*, p. lx. See especially p. 242 and *cf.* p. 319.——See also Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 137; pt. ii, pp. 114, 115, and Bloomfield, "False Ascetics and Nuns in Hindu Fiction," *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, vol. xliv, 1924, pp. 232-236.—N.M.P.

lived. One day he went away somewhere, and he did not return for many days. In the meanwhile a hare came and took possession of his nest. After some days Kapinjala returned, and an altercation arose between him and the hare, as both laid claim to the nest, exclaiming: "It is mine, not yours." Then they both set out in search of a qualified arbitrator. And I, out of curiosity, followed them unobserved, to see what would turn up. After they had gone a little way they saw on the bank of a lake a cat, who pretended to have taken a vow of abstinence from injury to all creatures, with his eyes half closed in meditation. They said to one another: "Why should we not ask this holy cat here to declare what is just?" Then they approached the cat and said: "Reverend sir, hear our cause, for you are a holy ascetic." When the cat heard that, he said to them in a low voice: "I am weak from self-mortification, so I cannot hear at a distance, pray come near me. For a case wrongly decided brings temporal and eternal death." With these words the cat encouraged them to come just in front of him, and then the base creature killed at one spring both the hare and Kapinjala.

121B. *How the Crow dissuaded the Birds from choosing the Owl King*

"So you see, one cannot confide in villains whose actions are base. Accordingly you must not make this owl king, for he is a great villain."

When the crow said this to the birds, they admitted the force of it, and gave up the idea of anointing the owl king, and dispersed in all directions. And the owl said to the crow: "Remember, from this day forth you and I are enemies. Now I take my leave of you." And he went away in a rage. But the crow, though he thought that he had spoken what was right, was for a moment despondent. Who is not grieved when he has involved himself in a dangerous quarrel by a mere speech?

121. *Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls*

"So you see that our feud with the owls arose from an inconsiderate utterance."

Having said this to the king, Chirajīvin continued: "The owls are numerous and strong, and you cannot conquer them. Numbers prevail in this world. Hear an instance.

121c. *The Brāhman, the Goat and the Rogues* [1]

A Brāhman had bought a goat, and was returning from a village with it on his shoulder, when he was seen on the way by many rogues, who wished to deprive him of the goat. And one of them came up to him, and pretending to be in a great state of excitement, said: "Brāhman, how come you to have this dog on your shoulder? Put it down." When the Brāhman heard that, he paid no attention to it, but went on his way. Then two more came up and said the very same thing to him. Then he began to doubt, and went along examining the goat carefully, when three other rascals came up to him and said: "How comes it that you carry a dog and a sacrificial thread at the same time? Surely you must be a hunter, not a Brāhman, and this is the dog with the help of which you kill game." When the Brāhman heard that, he said: "Surely some demon has smitten my sight and bewildered me. Can all these men be under the influence of an optical delusion?" Thereupon the Brāhman flung down the goat, and after bathing, returned home, and the rogues took the goat and made a satisfactory meal off it.

121. *Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls*

After Chirajīvin had told this tale, he said to the king of the crows: "So you see, King, numerous and powerful foes

[1] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 355-357 [and Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 137; pt. ii, p. 118]. See also "Till Eulenspiegel," chap. lxvi, in Simrock's *Die Deutschen Volksbücher*, vol. x, p. 452. In the twentieth tale of the English *Gesta Romanorum* (ed. Herrtage) three "lechis" persuade Averoys that he is a "lepre"; and he becomes one from "drede," but is cured by a bath of goat's blood. The

are hard to conquer. So you had better adopt, in this war with powerful foes, the following expedient, which I suggest. Pluck out some of my feathers,[1] and leave me under this tree, and go to that hill there, until I return, having accomplished my object." The King of the crows agreed, and plucked out some of his feathers, as if in anger, and placed him under the tree, and went off to the mountain with his followers; and Chirajīvin remained lying flat under the tree which was his home.

Then the king of the owls, Avamarda, came there at night with his followers, and he did not see a single crow on the tree. At that moment Chirajīvin uttered a feeble caw below, and the king of the owls, hearing it, came down and saw him lying there. In his astonishment he asked him who he was, and why he was in that state. And Chirajīvin answered, pretending that his voice was weak from pain: "I am Chirajīvin, the minister of that king of the crows. And he wished to make an attack on you in accordance with the advice of his ministers. Then I rebuked those other ministers, and said to him: 'If you ask me for advice, and if I am valued by you, in that case you will not make war with the powerful king of the owls. But you will endeavour to propitiate him, if you have any regard for policy.' When the foolish king of the crows heard that, he exclaimed: 'This fellow is a partisan of my enemies,' and in his wrath he and his followers pecked me, and reduced me to this state. And he flung me down under the tree, and went off somewhere or other with his followers."

When Chirajīvin had said this, he sighed, and turned his face to the ground. And then the king of the owls asked his ministers what they ought to do with Chirajīvin. When his minister Dīptanayana heard this, he said[2]: "Good people

sixty-ninth tale in Coelho's *Contos Populares Portuguezes*, "Os Dois Mentirosos," bears a strong resemblance to this. One brother confirms the other's lies.

[1] Benfey (vol. i, pp. 338, 339) compares this with the story of Zopyrus. He thinks that the Indians learned the story from the Greeks. See also *Avadānas*, No. 5, vol. i, p. 31.——In most versions he is to be reviled and ared with blood. See Edgerton, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 318.—N.M.P.

[2] Somadeva makes the five ministers tell their stories in a different er than that found in the majority of the *Pañchatantra* texts. See Edgerton,

spare even a thief, though ordinarily he ought not to be spared, if they find that he is a benefactor.

121D. *The Old Merchant and his Young Wife* [1]

For once on a time there was a certain merchant in a certain town, who, though old, managed to marry by the help of his wealth a young girl of the merchant caste. And she was always averse to him on account of his old age, as the bee turns away from the forest tree when the time of flowers is past.[2] And one night a thief got into his house, while the husband and wife were in bed; and, when the wife saw him, she was afraid, and turned round and embraced her husband. The merchant thought that a wonderful piece of good fortune, and while looking in all directions for the explanation, he saw the thief in a corner. The merchant said: "You have done me a benefit, so I will not have you killed by my servants." And so he spared his life and sent him away.

121. *Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls*

"So we ought to spare the life of this Chirajīvin, as he is our benefactor." When the minister Dīptanayana had said this, he remained silent. Then the king of the owls said to another minister, named Vakranāsa: "What ought we to do? Give me proper advice." Then Vakranāsa said: "He should be spared, for he knows the secrets of our foes. This quarrel between the enemies' king and his minister is for our advantage. Listen, and I will tell you a story which will illustrate it.

op. cit., vol. i, p. 322 *et seq.* The meanings of the ministers' names are given as follows: Dīptanayana, "Flame-eye"; Vakranāsa, "Crooked-nose"; Prākārakarṇa, "Wall-ear"; Krūralochana, "Cruel-eye"; and Raktāksha, "Red-eye."—N.M.P.

[1] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 366; and Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 141; pt. ii, pp. 155, 156; and *cf.* La Fontaine, ix, 15.—N.M.P.

[2] Dr Kern suggests *vyatīta-pushpa-kālatvād* [D. . . . *kāle 'tra*]. The Sanskrit College MS. has the reading of Dr Brockhaus' text.

121E. *The Brāhman, the Thief and the Rākshasa*[1]

A certain excellent Brāhman received two cows as a donation. A thief happened to see them, and began plotting how to carry them off. At that very time a Rākshasa was longing to eat that Brāhman. It happened that the thief and the Rākshasa, as they were going to his house at night to accomplish their objects, met, and telling one another their errands, went together. When the thief and the Rākshasa entered the Brāhman's dwelling, they began to wrangle. The thief said: "I will carry off the oxen first, for if you lay hold of the Brāhman first, and he wakes up, how can I get the yoke of oxen?" The Rākshasa said: "By no means! I will first carry off the Brāhman, otherwise he will wake up with the noise of the feet of the oxen, and my labour will all be in vain."

While this was going on, the Brāhman woke up. Then he took his sword, and began to recite a charm for destroying Rākshasas, and the thief and the Rākshasa both fled.

121. *Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls*

"So the quarrel between those two, Chirajīvin and the king of the crows, will be to our advantage, as the quarrel between the thief and the Rākshasa was to the advantage of the Brāhman."

When Vakranāsa said this, the king of the owls asked his minister Prākārakarṇa for his opinion, and he answered him: "This Chirajīvin should be treated with compassion, as he is in distress, and has applied to us for protection: in old time Śivi offered his flesh for the sake of one who sought his protection."[2]

When the king of the owls heard this from Prākārakarṇa, he asked the advice of his minister Krūralochana, and he gave him the same answer.

[1] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 368; and Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 137; pt. ii, pp. 121, 122.—N.M.P.

[2] See Chapter VII of this work, Vol. I, p. 84. Hertel's sub-recension β of the *Tantrākhyāyika* gives the story in full at this point.—N.M.P.

Then the king of the owls asked a minister named Raktāksha, and he, being a discreet minister, said to him: "King, these ministers have done their best to ruin you by impolitic advice. Those who know policy place no confidence in the acts of an hereditary enemy.[1] It is only a fool that, though he sees the fault, is satisfied with insincere flattery.

121F. *The Carpenter and his Wife*[2]

For once on a time there was a carpenter, who had a wife whom he loved dearly; and the carpenter heard from his neighbours that she was in love with another man; so, wishing to test the fidelity of his wife, he said to her one day: "My dear, I am, by command of the king, going a long journey to-day, in order to do a job, so give me barley-meal and other things as provision for the journey." She obeyed and gave him provisions, and he went out of the house; and then secretly came back into it, and with a pupil of his, hid himself under the bed. As for the wife, she summoned her paramour. And while she was sitting with him on the bed, the wicked woman happened to touch her husband with her foot, and found out that he was there. And a moment after, her paramour, being puzzled, asked her which she loved the best, himself or her husband. When she heard this, the artful and treacherous woman said to that lover of hers: "I love my husband best; for his sake I would surrender my life. As for this unfaithfulness of mine, it is natural to women; they would even eat dirt, if they had no noses."

When the carpenter heard this hypocritical speech of the adulteress, he came out from under the bed, and said to his pupil: "You have seen, you are my witness to this; though my wife has betaken herself to this lover, she is still devoted to me; so I will carry her on my head." When the silly fellow had said this, he immediately took them both up, as

[1] *Kritāvadyasya* is obviously a misprint for *kritāvadyasya*, where *avadya* means "blameful."—N.M.P.

[2] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 370 *et seq.*; and Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 138; pt. ii, p. 124.—N.M.P.

112466

they sat on the bed, upon his head, with the help of his pupil, and carried them about.

121. *Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls*

"So an undiscerning blockhead, though he sees a crime committed before his eyes, is satisfied with hypocritical flattery, and makes himself ridiculous. So you must not spare Chirajīvin, who is a follower of your enemy, for, if not carefully watched, he might slay your Majesty in a moment, like a disease."

When the king of the owls heard Raktāksha say this, he answered: "It was in trying to benefit us that the worthy creature was reduced to this state. So how can we do otherwise than spare his life? Besides, what harm can he do us unaided?"[1] So the king of the owls rejected the advice of Raktāksha, and comforted that crow Chirajīvin. Then Chirajīvin said to the king of the owls: "What is the use to me of life now that I am in this state? So have logs of wood brought me, in order that I may enter the fire. And I will ask the fire, as a boon, that I may be born again as an owl, in order that I may wreak my vengeance upon this king of the crows."

When he said this, Raktāksha laughed and said to him: "By the favour of our master you will be well enough off: what need is there of fire? Moreover, you will never become an owl, as long as you have the nature of a crow. Every creature is such as he is made by the Creator.

121G. *The Mouse that was turned into a Maiden*[2]

For once on a time a hermit found a young mouse, which had escaped from the claws of a kite, and pitying it, made it by the might of his asceticism into a young maiden. And

[1] This is one of the rare cases where Somadeva has expanded the speech. See Edgerton, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 338.—N.M.P.

[2] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 373 [Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, pp. 138, 139; pt. ii, pp. 125, 126]; and also De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, vol. ii, p. 65. This bears a strong resemblance to "A Formiga e a Neve," No. 2 in Coelho's *Contos Populares Portuguezes*.

he brought her up in his hermitage; and, when he saw that she had grown up, wishing to give her to a powerful husband, he summoned the sun. And he said to the sun: "Marry this maiden, whom I wish to give in marriage to some mighty one." Then the sun answered: "The cloud is more powerful than I; he obscures me in a moment." When the hermit heard that, he dismissed the sun, and summoned the cloud, and made the same proposal to him. He replied: "The wind is more powerful than I; he drives me into any quarter of the heaven he pleases." When the hermit got this answer, he summoned the wind, and made the same proposal to him. And the wind replied: "The mountains are stronger than I, for I cannot move them." When the great hermit heard this, he summoned the Himālaya, and made the same proposal to him. That mountain answered him: "The mice are stronger than I am, for they dig holes in me."

Having thus got these answers in succession from those wise divinities, the great Ṛishi summoned a forest mouse, and said to him: "Marry this maiden." Thereupon the mouse said: "Show me how she is to be got into my hole." Then the hermit said: "It is better that she should return to her condition as a mouse." So he made her a mouse again, and gave her to that male mouse.

121. *Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls*

"So a creature returns to what it was, at the end of a long peregrination; accordingly you, Chirajīvin, will never become an owl."

When Raktāksha said this to Chirajīvin, the latter reflected: "This king has not acted on the advice of this minister, who is skilled in policy. All these others are fools, so my object is gained." While he was thus reflecting, the king of the owls took Chirajīvin with him to his own fortress, confiding in his own strength, disregarding the advice of Raktāksha. And Chirajīvin, being about his person, and fed with pieces of meat and other delicacies by him, soon acquired as splendid a plumage as a peacock.[1]

[1] This reminds one of Babrius, Fabula lxxii.

One day Chirajīvin said to the king of the owls: "King, I will go and encourage that king of the crows and bring him back to his dwelling, in order that you may attack him this night and slay him, and that I may make [1] some return for this favour of yours. But do you all fortify your door with grass and other things, and remain in the cave where your nests are, that they may not attack you by day."

When, by saying this, Chirajīvin had made the owls retire into their cave, and barricade the door and the approaches to the cave with grass and leaves, he went back to his own king. And with him he returned, carrying a brand from a pyre, all ablaze, in his beak, and every one of the crows that followed him had a piece of wood hanging down from his beak. And the moment he arrived, he set on fire the door of the cave, which had been barricaded with dry grass and other stuff, and through which were those owls—creatures that are blind by day.

And every crow, in the same way, threw down at the same time his piece of wood, and so kindled a fire and burnt the owls, king and all.[2]

And the king of the crows, having destroyed his enemies with the help of Chirajīvin, was highly delighted, and returned with his tribe of crows to his own banyan-tree. Then Chirajīvin told the story of how he lived among his enemies to King Meghavarṇa, the king of the crows, and said to him: "Your enemy, King, had one good minister named Raktāksha; it is because he was infatuated by confidence, and did not act on that minister's advice, that

[1] I follow the Sanskrit College MS., which reads *bhajāmi*, not *bhanjāmi*.

[2] See Liebrecht's notes on the *Avadānas*, translated by Stanislas Julien, on p. 110 of his *Zur Volkskunde*. He adduces an English popular superstition. "The country people to their sorrow know the Cornish chough, called Pyrrhocorax, to be not only a thief, but an incendiary, and privately to set houses on fire as well as rob them of what they find profitable. It is very apt to catch up lighted sticks, so there are instances of houses being set on fire by its means." So a parrot sets a house on fire in a story by Arnauld of Carcassès (Liebrecht's trans. of Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, p. 203). Benfey thinks that this idea originally came from Greece (*op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 383). *Cf.* also Pliny's account of the *incendiaria avis* in Kuhn's *Herabkunft des Feuers*, p. 31.

I was allowed to remain uninjured. Because the villain did not act on his advice, thinking it was groundless, I was able to gain the confidence of the impolitic fool, and to deceive him. It was by a feigned semblance of submission that the snake entrapped and killed the frogs.

121H. *The Snake and the Frogs* [1]

A certain old snake, being unable to catch frogs easily on the bank of a lake, which was frequented by men, remained there motionless. And when he was there, the frogs asked him, keeping at a safe distance: "Tell us, worthy sir, why do you no longer eat frogs as of old?" When the snake was asked this question by the frogs, he answered: "While I was pursuing a frog, I one day bit a Brāhman's son in the finger by mistake, and he died. And his father by a curse made me a bearer of frogs. So how can I eat you now? On the contrary I will carry you on my back."

When the king of the frogs heard that, he was desirous of being carried, and putting aside fear, he came out of the water, and joyfully mounted on the back of the snake. Then the snake, having gained his goodwill by carrying him about with his ministers, represented himself as exhausted, and said cunningly: "I cannot go a step farther without food, so give me something to eat. How can a servant exist without subsistence?" When the frog-king, who was fond of being carried about, heard this, he said to him: "Eat a few of my followers then." So the snake ate all the frogs in succession as he pleased, and the king of the frogs put up with it, being blinded with pride at being carried about by the snake.

121. *Story of the War between the Crows and the Owls*

"Thus a fool is deceived by a wise man who worms himself into his confidence. And in the same way I ingratiated

[1] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 384; and Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 139; pt. ii, pp. 131, 132.—N.M.P.

myself with your enemies and brought about their ruin. So a king must be skilled in policy and self-restrained. A fool is plundered by his servants and slain by his foes at will. And this Goddess of Prosperity, O King, is ever treacherous as gambling, fickle as a wave, intoxicating as wine. But she remains as persistently constant to a king, who is self-contained, well advised, free from vice, and knows differences of character, as if she were tied with a rope. So you must now remain attentive to the words of the wise, and, glad at the slaughter of your enemies, rule a realm free from opponents."

When the minister Chirajīvin said this to the crow-king Meghavarṇa, the latter loaded him with honours, and ruled as he recommended.[1]

[M] When Gomukha had said this, he went on to say to the son of the King of Vatsa: "So you see, King, that even animals are able to rule prosperously by means of discretion, but the indiscreet are always ruined and become the laughing-stock of the public. For instance—

122. *Story of the Foolish Servant*

A certain rich man had a foolish servant. He, while shampooing him, in his extreme folly, gave him a slap on his body (for he fancied, in his conceit, that he thoroughly understood the business, while he really knew nothing about it), and so broke his skin. Then he was dismissed by that master and sank into utter despair.

[M] "The fact is, a man who, while ignorant, thinks himself wise, and rushes impetuously at any business, is ruined. Hear another story in proof of it.

[1] This is the end of Book III of the *Pañchatantra*.—N.M.P.

123. *Story of the Two Brothers who divided all that they had* [1]

In Mālava there were two Brāhman brothers, and the wealth they inherited from their father was left jointly between them. And while dividing that wealth, they quarrelled about one having too little and the other having too much, and they made a teacher learned in the Vedas arbitrator, and he said to them: "You must divide every single thing into two halves, in order that you may not quarrel about the inequality of the division." When the two fools heard this, they divided every single thing into two equal parts, house, beds, *et cetera*; in fact all their wealth, even the cattle. They had only one female slave; her also they cut in two. When the king heard of that, he punished them with the confiscation of all their property.

[M] "So fools, following the advice of other fools, lose this world and the next. Accordingly a wise man should not serve fools; he should serve wise men. Discontent also does harm; for listen to this tale.

124. *Story of the Mendicants who became emaciated from Discontent*

There were some wandering mendicants, who became fat by being satisfied with what they got by way of alms. Some friends saw this and began to remark to one another: "Well! these mendicants are fat enough, though they do live on what they get by begging." Then one of them said: "I will show you a strange sight. I will make these men thin, though they eat the same things as before."

When he had said this, he proceeded to invite the mendicants for one day to his house, and gave them to eat the best possible food, containing all the six flavours.[2] And

[1] This is No. 17 in the *Avadānas*. *Cf.* Grohmann, *Sagen aus Böhmen*, p. 35.

[2] *I.e.* sweet, salt, acid, astringent, bitter and pungent.

those foolish men, remembering the taste of it, no longer felt any appetite for the food they got as alms; so they became thin. So that man who had entertained them, when he saw these mendicants near, pointed them out to his friends, and said: "Formerly these men were sleek and fat, because they were satisfied with the food which they got as alms; now they have become thin, owing to disgust, being dissatisfied with their alms. Therefore a wise man, who desires happiness, should establish his mind in contentment; for dissatisfaction produces in both worlds intolerable and unceasing grief." When he had given his friends this lesson, they abandoned discontent, the source of crime. To whom is not association with the good improving?

[M] "Now, King, hear of the fool and the gold.

125. *Story of the Fool who saw Gold in the Water*[1]

A certain young man went to a tank to drink water. There the fool saw in the water the reflection of a golden-crested bird, that was sitting on a tree.[2] This reflection was of a golden hue, and, thinking it was real gold, he entered the tank to get it, but he could not lay hold of it, as it kept appearing and disappearing in the moving water. But as often as he ascended the bank, he again saw it in the water, and again and again he entered the tank to lay hold of it, and still he got nothing. Then his father saw him and questioned him, and drove away the bird, and then, when he no longer saw the reflection in the water, explained to him the whole thing, and took the foolish fellow home.

[M] "Thus foolish people, who do not reflect, are deceived by false suppositions, and become the source of laughter to their enemies, and of sorrow to their friends. Now hear another tale of some great fools.

[1] This is No. 46 in the *Avadānas*.

[2] *Naukaka* should be, no doubt, '*anokaka* on Dr Brockhaus' system.

126. *Story of the Servants who kept Rain off the Trunks* [1]

The camel of a certain merchant gave way under its load on a journey. He said to his servants: "I will go and buy another camel to carry half of this camel's load. And you must remain here, and take particular care that, if it clouds over, the rain does not wet the leather of these trunks, which are full of clothes." With these words the merchant left the servants by the side of the camel, and went off; and suddenly a cloud came up and began to discharge rain. Then the fools said: "Our master told us to take care that the rain did not touch the leather of the trunks." And after they had made this sage reflection, they dragged the clothes out of the trunks and wrapped them round the leather. The consequence was, that the rain spoiled the clothes. Then the merchant returned, and in a rage said to his servants: "You rascals! Talk of water! Why, the whole stock of clothes is spoiled by the rain." And they answered him: "You told us to keep the rain off the leather of the trunks. What fault have we committed?" He answered: "I told you that, if the leather got wet, the clothes would be spoiled. I told it you in order to save the clothes, not the leather." Then he placed the load on another camel, and when he returned home, imposed a fine on his servants amounting to the whole of their wealth.

[M] "Thus fools, with undiscerning hearts, turn things upside down, and ruin their own interests and those of other people, and give such absurd answers. Now hear in a few words the story of the fool and the cakes.

127. *Story of the Fool and the Cakes* [2]

A certain traveller bought eight cakes for a *paṇa*; and he ate six of them without being satisfied, but his hunger was satisfied by eating the seventh. Then the blockhead

[1] This is No. 104 in the *Avadānas*.

[2] This is No. 66 in the *Avadānas*.

exclaimed: "I have been cheated. Why did I not eat this cake, which has allayed the pangs of hunger, first of all? Why did I waste those others; why did I not store them up?" In these words he bewailed the fact that his hunger was only gradually satisfied, and the people laughed at him for his ignorance.

128. *Story of the Servant who looked after the Door* [1]

A certain merchant said to his foolish servant: "Take care of the door of my shop, I am going home for a moment." After the merchant had said this, he went away, and the servant took the shop-door on his shoulder and went off to see an actor perform. And as he was returning, his master met him and gave him a scolding. And he answered: "I have taken care of this door as you told me."

[M] "So a fool, who attends only to the words of an order and does not understand the meaning, causes detriment. Now hear the wonderful story of the buffalo and the simpletons.

129. *Story of the Simpletons who ate the Buffalo*

Some villagers took a buffalo belonging to a certain man, and killed it in an enclosure outside the village, under a banyan-tree, and, dividing it, ate it up. The proprietor of the buffalo went and complained to the king, and he had the villagers, who had eaten the buffalo, brought before him. And the proprietor of the buffalo said before the king, in their presence: "These foolish men took my buffalo

[1] *Cf.* the thirty-seventh story in *Sicilianische Märchen*, pt. i, p. 249. Guifâ's mother wished to go to the mass and she said to him: "Guifâ, if you go out, draw the door to after you" (*ziehe die Thür hinter dir zu*). Instead of shutting the door, Guifâ took it off its hinges and carried it to his mother in the church. See Dr Köhler's notes on the story.——For valuable notes and references on "noodle" stories see Bolte, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 525.—N.M.P.

under a banyan-tree near the tank, and killed it and ate it before my eyes." Whereupon an old fool among the villagers said: "There is no tank or banyan-tree in our village. He says what is not true: where did we kill his buffalo or eat it?"

When the proprietor of the buffalo heard this, he said: "What! is there not a banyan-tree and a tank on the east side of the village? Moreover, you ate my buffalo on the eighth day of the lunar month." When the proprietor of the buffalo said this, the old fool replied: "There is no east side or eighth day in our village." When the king heard this, he laughed, and said, to encourage the fool: "You are a truthful person, you never said anything false, so tell me the truth: did you eat that buffalo or did you not?" When the fool heard that, he said: "I was born three years after my father died, and he taught me skill in speaking. So I never say what is untrue, my sovereign; it is true that we ate his buffalo, but all the rest that he alleges is false."

When the king heard this, he and all his courtiers could not restrain their laughter; so the king restored the price of the buffalo to the plaintiff, and fined those villagers.

[M] "So fools, in the conceit of their folly, while they deny what need not be denied, reveal what it is their interest to suppress, in order to get themselves believed.

180. *Story of the Fool who behaved like a Brahmany Drake*

A certain foolish man had an angry wife, who said to him: "To-morrow I shall go to my father's house; I am invited to a feast. So if you do not bring me a garland of blue lotuses from somewhere or other, you will cease to be my husband, and I shall cease to be your wife." Accordingly he went at night to the king's tank to fetch them. And when he entered it, the guards saw him, and cried out: "Who are you?" He said: "I am a Brahmany drake."

But they took him prisoner, and in the morning he was brought before the king, and when questioned, he uttered in his presence the cry of that bird. Then the king himself summoned him and questioned him persistently, and when he told his story, being a merciful monarch, he let the wretched man go unpunished.

181. *Story of the Physician who tried to cure a Hunchback*

And a certain Brāhman said to a foolish physician: "Drive in the hump on the back of my son who is deformed." When the physician heard that, he said: "Give me ten *paṇas*; I will give you ten times as many if I do not succeed in this." Having thus made a bet, and having taken the ten *paṇas* from the Brāhman, the physician only tortured the hunchback with sweating and other remedies. But he was not able to remove the hump; so he paid down the hundred *paṇas*; for who in this world would be able to make straight a hunchbacked man?

[■] "So the boastful fashion of promising to accomplish impossibilities only makes a man ridiculous. Therefore a discreet person should not walk in these ways of fools."

When the wise Prince Naravāhanadatta had heard, at night, these tales from his auspicious-mouthed minister, named Gomukha, he was exceedingly pleased with him.

And though he was pining for Śaktiyaśas, yet, owing to the pleasure he derived from the stories that Gomukha told him, he was enabled to get to sleep, when he went to bed, and slept surrounded by his ministers who had grown up with him.

CHAPTER LXIII

THE next morning Naravāhanadatta woke up, and [M] thinking on his beloved Śaktiyaśas, became distracted. And thinking that the rest of the month, until he married her, was as long as an age, he could not find pleasure in anything, as his mind was longing for a new wife. When the king, his father, heard that from the mouth of Gomukha, out of love for him, he sent him his ministers, and Vasantaka was among them. Then, out of respect for them, the Prince of Vatsa managed to recover his composure. And the discreet minister Gomukha said to Vasantaka: "Noble Vasantaka, tell some new and romantic tale to delight the mind of the Crown Prince." Then the wise Vasantaka began to tell this tale:

182. *Story of Yaśodhara and Lakshmīdhara and the Two Wives of the Water-Spirit*

There was a famous Brāhman in Mālava, named Śrīdhara, and twin sons, of like feature, were born to him. The elder was named Yaśodhara, and his younger brother was Lakshmīdhara. And when they grew up, the two brothers set out together for a foreign country to study, with the approval of their father. And as they were travelling along, they reached a great wilderness, without water, without the shade of trees, full of burning sand; and being fatigued with passing through it, and exhausted with heat and thirst, they reached in the evening a shady tree laden with fruit. And they saw, at a little distance from its foot, a lake with cold and clear water, perfumed with the fragrance of lotuses. They bathed in it, and refreshed themselves with drinking the cold water, and sitting down on a slab of rock, rested for a time. And when the sun set, they said their evening prayers, and through fear of wild beasts they climbed up the tree, to spend the night there.

And in the beginning of the night, many men rose out of the water of that tank below them, before their eyes. And one of them swept the ground, another painted it, and another strewed on it flowers of five colours. And another brought a golden couch, and placed it there, and another spread on it a mattress with a coverlet. Another brought, and placed in a certain spot, under the tree, delicious food and drink, flowers and unguents. Then there arose from the surface of that lake a man wearing a sword, and adorned with heavenly ornaments, surpassing in beauty the God of Love.[1] When he had sat down on the couch, his attendants threw garlands round his neck and anointed him with unguents, and then they all plunged again into the lake. Then he brought out of his mouth[2] a lady of noble form and modest appearance, wearing auspicious garlands, and ornaments, and a second, rich in celestial beauty, resplendent with magnificent robes and ornaments. These were both his wives, but the second was the favourite. Then the first and good wife placed jewelled plates on the table, and handed food in two plates to her husband and her rival. When they had eaten, she also ate; and then her husband reclined on the couch with the rival wife, and went to sleep. And the first wife shampooed his feet, and the second remained awake on the couch.

When the Brāhman's sons, who were in the tree, saw this, they said to one another: "Who can this be? Let us go down and ask the lady who is shampooing his feet, for all these are immortal beings." Then they got down and approached the first wife, and then the second saw Yaśodhara: then she rose up from the couch in her inordinate passion, while her husband was asleep, and approaching that handsome youth, said: "Be my lover." He answered: "Wicked woman, you are to me the wife of another, and I am to you a strange man. Then why do

[1] For the superstition of water-spirits see Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, p. 191 *et seq.*

[2] Does this throw any light upon the expression in Swift's *Polite Conversation*: "She is as like her husband as if she were spit out of his mouth" (Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 495)?

you speak thus?" She answered: "I have had a hundred lovers. Why are you afraid? If you do not believe it, look at these hundred rings,[1] for I have taken one ring from each of them." With these words she took the rings out of the corner of her garment, and showed them to him. Then Yaśodhara said: "I do not care whether you have a hundred or a hundred thousand lovers; to me you are as a mother; I am not that kind of a man."

When the wicked woman was repelled by him in this way, she woke up her husband in her wrath, and, pointing to Yaśodhara, said with tears: "This scoundrel, while you were asleep, used violence to me." When her husband heard this, he rose up and drew his sword. Then the first and virtuous wife embraced his feet, and said: "Do not commit a crime on false evidence. Hear what I have to say. This wicked woman, when she saw him, rose up from your side, and eagerly importuned him, and the virtuous man did not consent to her proposal. When he repelled her, saying, 'You are to me as a mother,' being unable to endure that, in her anger she woke you up, to make you kill him. And she has already before my eyes had a hundred lovers here on various nights, travellers who were reposing in this tree, and taken their rings from them. But I never told you, not wishing to give rise to unpleasantness. However, to-day, I am necessarily compelled to reveal this secret, lest you should be guilty of a crime. Just look at the rings in the corner of her garment, if you do not believe it. And my wifely virtue is of such a kind that I cannot tell

[1] This story found its way into the frame-story of the *Nights* (see Burton, vol. i, p. 10 *et seq.*). Here the rings are 570 in number (*i.e.* in the Macnaughton text), while in others the number is reduced to 90. Burton considers the larger figure more in accordance with Oriental exaggeration. (See his note, vol. i, p. 12.) The story is repeated again in the *Nights*, as "The King's Son and the Ifrit's Mistress" (Burton, vol. vi, p. 199 *et seq.*). The chief differences in the Arabic versions are that the *dénouement* is much less moral, as the wishes of the damsel (there is only one) are complied with and the jinni does not wake up. The tale is also found in some Arabic texts of the *Seven Vazirs* (see Clouston, *Book of Sindibād*, p. 255). For parallels to "La Femme dans le Coffre de Verre" see Chauvin, *op. cit.*, v, pp. 190, 191.—N.M.P.

my husband what is untrue. In order that you may be convinced of my faithfulness, see this proof of my power."

After saying this, she reduced that tree to ashes with an angry look, and restored it more magnificent than it was before with a look of kindness. When her husband saw that, he was at last satisfied, and embraced her. And he sent that second wife, the adulteress, about her business, after cutting off her nose, and taking the rings from the corner of her garment.

He restrained his anger, when he beheld that student of the scripture, Yaśodhara, with his brother, and he said to him despondingly: "Out of jealousy I always keep these wives of mine in my heart. But still I have not been able to keep safe this wicked woman. Who can arrest the lightning? Who can guard a disloyal woman? As for a chaste woman, she is guarded by her modesty alone, and being guarded by it, she guards [1] her husband in both worlds, as I have to-day been guarded by this woman, whose patience is more admirable even than her power of cursing. By her kindness I have got rid of an unfaithful wife, and avoided the awful crime of killing a virtuous Brāhman."

When he had said this, he made Yaśodhara sit down, and said to him: "Tell me whence you come and whither you are going." Then Yaśodhara told him his history, and having gained his confidence, said out of curiosity: "Noble sir, if it is not a secret, tell me now who you are, and why, though you possess such luxury, you dwell in the water."

When the man who lived in the water heard this, he said: "Hear! I will tell you." And he began to tell his history in the following words:—

182A. *The Water-Spirit in his Previous Birth*

There is a region in the south of the Himālaya, called Kāśmīra; which Providence seems to have created in order to prevent mortals from hankering after Heaven; where Śiva and Vishṇu, as self-existent deities, inhabit a hundred

[1] I follow the Sanskrit College MS., which reads *rakshatyubhayalokataḥ*.

shrines, forgetting their happy homes in Kailāsa and Śvetadvīpa; which is laved by the waters of the Vitastā, and full of heroes and sages, and proof against treacherous crimes and enemies, though powerful. There I was born in my former life, as an ordinary villager of the Brāhman caste, with two wives, and my name was Bhavaśarman. There I once struck up a friendship with some Buddhist mendicants, and undertook the vow, called the fast *uposhaṇa*, prescribed in their scriptures. And when this vow was almost completed, one of my wives wickedly came and slept in my bed. And in the fourth watch of the night, bewildered with sleep, I broke my vow. But as it fell only a little short of completion, I have been born as a water-spirit, and these two wives of mine have been born as my present wives here. That wicked woman was born as that unfaithful wife, the second as this faithful one. So great was the power of my vow, though it was rendered imperfect, that I remember my former birth, and enjoy such luxuries every night. If I had not rendered my vow imperfect, I should never have been born as what I am.

132. *Story of Yaśodhara and Lakshmīdhara and the Two Wives of the Water-Spirit*

When he had told his story in these words, he honoured those two brothers as guests, with delicious food and heavenly garments. Then his faithful wife, having heard of her former life, knelt on the ground, and looking at the moon, uttered this prayer: "O guardians of the world, if I am in truth virtuous and devoted to my husband, may this husband of mine be at once delivered from the necessity of dwelling in the water and go to heaven."[1] The moment she had said this, a chariot descended from heaven, and the husband and wife ascended it and went to heaven. Nothing in the three worlds is unattainable by really chaste women. And the two Brāhmans, when they saw that, were greatly astonished. And Yaśodhara and Lakshmīdhara,

[1] This is another example of the "Act of Truth" *motif*. See Vol. II, pp. 31-33, and Vol. III, pp. 179-182.—N.M.P.

after spending the rest of the night there, set out in the morning.

And in the evening they reached the foot of a tree in a lonely wilderness. And while they were longing to get water, they heard this voice from the tree: "Wait a little, Brāhmans! I will entertain you to-day with a bath and food, for you are come to my house." Then the voice ceased, and there sprang up there a tank of water, and meats and drinks of every kind were provided on its bank. The two Brāhman youths said with astonishment to one another: "What does this mean?" And after bathing in the tank, they ate and drank. Then they said the evening prayer and remained under the tree, and in the meanwhile a handsome man appeared from it. They saluted him, and he welcomed them, and he sat down.[1] Thereupon the two Brāhman youths asked him who he was. Then the man said:

132B. *The Brāhman who became a Yaksha*

Long ago I was a Brāhman in distress, and when I was in this condition, I happened to make friends with some Buddhist ascetics. But while I was performing the vow called *uposhaṇa*, which they had taught me, a wicked man made me take food in the evening by force. That made my vow incomplete, so I was born as a Guhyaka; if I had only completed it, I should have been born as a god in heaven.

132. *Story of Yaśodhara and Lakshmīdhara and the Two Wives of the Water-Spirit*

"So I have told you my story, but now do you two tell me who you are, and why you have come to this desert."

When Yaśodhara heard this, he told him their story. Thereupon the Yaksha went on to say: "If this is the case, I will by my own power bestow on you the sciences. Go home with a knowledge of them. What is the use of

[1] Cf. *Kathākoça*, p. 126.—N.M.P.

roaming about in foreign countries?" When he had said this, he bestowed on them the sciences, and by his power they immediately possessed them. Then the Yaksha said to them: "Now I entreat you to give me a fee as your instructor. You must perform, on my behalf, this *uposhaṇa* vow, which involves the speaking of the truth, the observing of strict chastity, the circumambulating the images of the gods with the right side turned towards them,[1] the eating only at the time when Buddhist mendicants do, restraint of the mind, and patience. You must perform this for one night, and bestow the fruit of it on me in order that I may obtain that divinity, which is the proper fruit of my vow, when completely performed."

When the Yaksha said this, they bowed before him and granted his request, and he disappeared in that very same tree.

And the two brothers, delighted at having accomplished their object without any toil, after they had passed the night, returned to their own home. There they told their adventures and delighted their parents, and performed that vow of fasting for the benefit of the Yaksha. Then that Yaksha, who taught them, appeared in a sky-chariot, and said to them: "Through your kindness I have ceased to be a Yaksha and have become a god. So you must now perform this vow for your own advantage, in order that at your death you may attain divinity. And in the meanwhile I give you a boon, by which you will have inexhaustible wealth."

When the deity, who roamed about at will, had said this, he went to heaven in his chariot. Then the two brothers, Yásodhara and Lakshmīdhara, lived happily, having performed that vow, and having obtained wealth and knowledge.

[M] "So you see that, if men are addicted to righteousness, and do not, even in emergencies, desert their principles, even the gods protect them, and cause them to attain their objects."

[1] See Vol. I, pp. 190-193, and Crooke, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 80.—N.M.P.

Naravāhanadatta, while longing for his beloved Śaktiyaśas, was much delighted with this marvellous story told by Vasantaka; but having been summoned by his father at the dinner hour, he went to his palace with his ministers. There he took the requisite refreshment, and returned to his palace, with Gomukha and his other ministers. Then Gomukha, in order to amuse him, again said: "Listen, Prince, I will tell you another string of tales.

188. *Story of the Monkey and the Porpoise*[1]

There lived in a forest of *uḍumbaras*, on the shore of the sea, a king of monkeys, named Valīmukha, who had strayed

[1] This is the beginning of the fourth book of the *Pañchatantra*. Benfey does not seem to have been aware that it was to be found in Somadeva's work. It is also found, with the substitution of a boar for the porpoise, in the *Sindibād-Nāmah*, and thence found its way into the *Seven Wise Masters* and other European collections. (Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 420 *et seq.*) See also Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, pp. 122, 123. For the version of the *Seven Wise Masters* see Simrock's *Die Deutschen Volksbücher*, vol. xii, p. 139. It also occurs in the *Mahāvastu Avadāna*, p. 138 of the *Buddhist Literature of Nepal*, by Dr Rājendralāla Mitra, Rai Bahādūr. The wife of the *kumbhīla* in the *Vānarinda Jātaka* (57 in Fausböll's edition) has a longing for a monkey's heart. The original is, no doubt, the *Sumsumāra Jātaka* in Fausböll, vol. ii, p. 158. See also *Mélusine*, col. 179, where the story is quoted from Thorburn's *Bannū or Our Afghan Frontier*.——*Cf.* Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 139, pt. ii, p. 140 *et seq.* I have already (Vol. I, pp. 224, 225) given a short *précis* of the *Sumsumāra Jātaka*, when dealing with the *Dohada motif*, and notes on the "External Soul" *motif* (Vol. I, 38*n*, 129-132).

With regard to the story itself I quite agree with Clouston (*Book of Sindibād*, p. 212) that there is little if any resemblance between the story in our text and versions in *Sindibād*, *Libro de los Engaños*, *Syntipas*, etc. In fact, the only points of resemblance at all appear to be in the introduction of a monkey and a tree of figs. Curiously enough, a much nearer variant is found in a Swahili collection. Here a monkey is in the habit of feeding a shark with fruit from a tree. One day the shark invited him to come to his home in the sea. Off they set, but on the way the shark said: "Our sultan is ill, and nothing can cure him but a monkey's heart." "But don't you know," replied the monkey, "that we always leave our hearts in trees, and go about with our bodies only?" and so made good his escape. (See G. Ferrand, *Contes Populaires Malagaches*, Paris, 1893, p. 77; and E. Steere, *Swahili Tales*, 1870, p. 1.) There is also a Japanese story in which the monkey's liver is required for the Queen of the Sea. After he has been conducted to her palace beneath the waves, he is told this by the jelly-fish, and at once says that he always

from his troop. While he was eating an *uḍumbara* fruit, it fell from his hand, and was devoured by a porpoise that lived in the water of the sea. The porpoise, delighted at the taste of the fruit, uttered a melodious sound, which pleased the monkey so much that he threw him many more fruits. And so the monkey went on throwing fruits [1] and the porpoise went on making a melodious sound, until a friendship sprang up between them. So every day the porpoise spent the day in the water near the monkey, who remained on the bank, and in the evening he went home.

Then the wife of the porpoise came to learn the facts, and as she did not approve of the friendship between the monkey and her husband, which caused the latter to be absent all day, she pretended to be ill. Then the porpoise was afflicted, and asked his wife again and again what was the nature of her sickness, and what would cure it. Though he importuned her persistently, she would give no answer, but at last a female confidante of hers said to him: "Although you will not do it, and she does not wish you to do it, still I must speak. How can a wise person conceal sorrow from friends? A violent disease has seized your wife, of such a kind that it cannot be cured without soup made of the lotus-like heart of a monkey." [2] When the porpoise heard this from his wife's confidante, he reflected: "Alas! how shall I obtain the lotus-like heart of a monkey? Is it right for me to plot treachery against the monkey, who is my

keeps his liver at home. "It is raining; my liver will decay, and I shall die"; so saying, he starts off, as he says, to fetch it, taking good care, however, not to return. (See Bastian, *Die Völker des Oestlichen Asiens*, iv, p. 340; and W. E. Griffis, *Japanese Fairy World*, p. 144.) Both the above parallels are taken from J. A. Macculloch, *Childhood of Fiction*, pp. 131, 132.

Dr Gaster refers me to his *Beiträge zur vergleichenden Sagen- und Märchenkunde*, Bucharest, 1883, pp. 53-57, where he deals with the subject in question. It is to be reprinted in his forthcoming *Studies and Texts*. See the analogues given by K. Campbell, *Seven Sages of Rome*, p. lxxxiii.—N.M.P.

[1] The Sanskrit College MS. reads *cikshipan* for B.'s *ca kshipan*.

[2] In Bernhard Schmidt's *Griechische Märchen*, No. 5, the Lamnissa pretends that she is ill and can only be cured by eating a goldfish into which a bone of her rival has been turned. Perhaps we ought to read *sādyā* for *sādhyā* in *fl.* 108.

friend? On the other hand, how else can I cure my wife,[1] whom I love more than my life?"

When the porpoise had thus reflected, he said to his wife: "I will bring you a whole monkey, my dear; do not be unhappy." When he had said this, he went to his friend the monkey, and said to him, after he had got into conversation: "Up to this day you have never seen my home and my wife; so come, let us go and rest there one day. Friendship is but hollow when friends do not go without ceremony and eat at one another's houses, and introduce their wives to one another."

With these words the porpoise beguiled the monkey, and induced him to come down into the water, and took him on his back and set out. And as he was going along, the monkey saw that he was troubled and confused, and said: "My friend, you seem to be altered to-day." And when he went on persistently inquiring the reason, the stupid porpoise, thinking that the ape was in his power, said to him: "The fact is, my wife is ill, and she has been asking me for the heart of a monkey, to be used as a remedy; that is why I am in low spirits to-day." When the wise monkey heard this speech of his, he reflected: "Ah! This is why the villain has brought me here! Alas! this fellow is overpowered by infatuation for a female, and is ready to plot treachery against his friend. Will not a person possessed by a demon eat his own flesh with his teeth?"

After the monkey had thus reflected, he said to the porpoise: "If this is the case, why did you not inform me of this before, my friend? I will go and get my heart for your wife. For I have at present left it on the *uḍumbara* tree on which I live."

When the silly porpoise heard this, he was sorry, and he said: "Then bring it, my friend, from the *uḍumbara* tree." And thereupon the porpoise took him back to the shore of the sea. When he got there, he bounded up the bank, as if he had just escaped from the grasp of death, and climbing

[1] The D. text reads *sakhyā* instead of *sādhyā*, and the whole line can be translated: "What matters my friend to me? It is my wife, forsooth, whom I love more than my life." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 127.—N.M.P.

up to the top of the tree, said to that porpoise: "Off with you, you fool! Does any animal keep his heart outside his body? However, by this artifice I have saved my life, and I will not return to you. Have you not heard, my friend, the story of the ass?

188A. *The Sick Lion, the Jackal and the Ass* [1]

There lived in a certain forest a lion, who had a jackal for a minister. A certain king, who had gone to hunt, once found him, and wounded him so sorely with his weapons that he with difficulty escaped to his den alive. When the king was gone, the lion still remained in the den, and his minister, the jackal, who had lived on his leavings, being exhausted for want of food, said to him: "My lord, why do you not go out and seek for food to the best of your ability, for your own body is being famished as well as your attendants'?" When the jackal said this to the lion, he answered: "My friend, I am exhausted with wounds, and I cannot roam about outside my den. If I could get the heart and ears of a donkey to eat, my wounds would heal, and I should recover my former health. So go and bring me a donkey quickly from somewhere or other."

The jackal agreed to do so, and sallied out. As he was wandering about, he found a washerman's ass in a solitary

[1] Benfey does not seem to have been aware of the existence of this story in Somadeva's work. For details as to variants see Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 430 *et seq.* See also Weber's article in *Indische Studien*, vol. iii, p. 338. He considers that the fable came to India from Greece. *Cf.* also De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, vol. i, p. 377. An ass is deceived in the same way in Prym and Socin, *Syrische Märchen*, p. 279. In Waldau's *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 92, one of the boys proposes to say that the Glücksvogel had no heart. Rutherford in the introduction to his edition of Babrius, p. xxvii, considers that the fable is alluded to by Solon in the following words:—

> *ὑμέων δ' εἰς μὲν ἕκαστος ἀλώπεκος ἴχνεσι βαίνει*
> *ξύμπασιν δ' ὑμῖν κοῦφος ἔνεστι νόος·*
> *εἰς γὰρ γλῶσσαν ὁρᾶτε καὶ εἰς ἕνα παίδα δικηρόν,*
> *εἰς ἔργον δ' οὐδὲν γιγνόμενον βλέπετε.*

But all turns upon the interpretation of the first line, which Schneidewin renders: "*Singuli sapitis, cuncti desipitis.*"——*Cf.* Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 140; pt. ii, p. 145 *et seq.*—M.M.P.

place, and said in a friendly way: "Why are you so exhausted?" The donkey answered: "I am reduced by perpetually carrying this washerman's load." The jackal said: "Why do you endure all this toil? Come with me, and I will take you to a forest as delightful as heaven, where you may grow fat in the society of she-asses."

When the donkey, who was longing for enjoyment, heard this, he went to the forest, in which that lion ranged, in the company of that jackal. And when the lion saw him, being weak from impaired vitality, he only gave him a blow with his paw behind, and the donkey, being wounded by the blow, was terrified and fled immediately, and did not come near the lion again, and the lion fell down confused and bewildered. And then the lion, not having accomplished his object, hastily returned to his den. Then the jackal, his minister, said to him reproachfully: "My lord, if you could not kill this miserable donkey, what chance is there of your killing deer and other animals?" Then the lion said to him: "If you know how, bring that donkey again. I will be ready and kill him."

When the lion had dispatched the jackal with these words, he went to the donkey and said: "Why did you run away, sir?" And the donkey answered: "I received a blow from some creature." Then the jackal laughed and said: "You must have experienced a delusion. There is no such creature there, for I, weak as I am, dwell there, in safety. So come along with me to that forest, where pleasure is without restraint."[1]

When he said this, the donkey was deluded, and returned to the forest. And as soon as the lion saw him, he came out of his den, and springing on him from behind, tore him with his claws and killed him. And the lion, after he had divided the donkey, placed the jackal to guard it, and being fatigued, went away to bathe. And in the meanwhile the deceitful jackal devoured the heart and ears of that donkey, to gratify his appetite. The lion, after bathing, came back, and perceiving the donkey in this condition, asked the jackal where its ears and heart were. The jackal answered him: "The

[1] I have followed the Sanskrit College MS. in reading *nirūddhasukham*.

creature never possessed ears or a heart, otherwise how could he have returned when he had once escaped?" When the lion heard that, he believed it, and ate his flesh, and the jackal devoured what remained over.

133. *Story of the Monkey and the Porpoise*

When the ape had told this tale, he said again to the porpoise: "I will not come again. Why should I behave like the jackass?" When the porpoise heard this from the monkey, he returned home, grieving that he had through his folly failed to execute his wife's commission, while he had lost a friend. But his wife recovered her former tranquillity, on account of the termination of her husband's friendship with the ape. And the ape lived happily on the shore of the sea.[1]

[M] "So a wise person should place no confidence in a wicked person. How can he, who confides in a wicked person or a black cobra, enjoy prosperity?"

When Gomukha had told this story, he again said to Naravāhanadatta, to amuse him: "Now hear in succession about the following ridiculous fools. Hear first about the fool who rewarded the minstrel.

134. *Story of the Fool who gave a Verbal Reward to the Musician*[2]

A certain musician once gave great pleasure to a rich man, by singing and playing before him. He thereupon called

[1] This finishes Book IV of the *Pañchatantra*.—N.M.P.

[2] For parallels to this story compare Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 33, where he treats of the *Avadānas*, and the Japanese story in the Nachträge. In this a gentleman who had much enjoyed the smell of fried eels pays for them by exhibiting his money to the owner of the cook-shop. See also page 112 of the same work. M. Lévêque shows that Rabelais' story of *Le Facquin et le Rostisseur* exactly resembles this as told in the *Avadānas*. He thinks that La Fontaine, in his fable of *L'Huître et les Plaideurs*, is indebted to the

his treasurer, and said in the hearing of the musician: "Give this man two thousand *paṇas*." The treasurer said: "I will do so," and went out. Then the minstrel went and asked him for those *paṇas*. But the treasurer, who had an understanding with his master, refused to give them.

Then the musician came and asked the rich man for the *paṇas*, but he said: "What did you give me, that I should make you a return? You gave a short-lived pleasure to my ears by playing on the lyre, and I gave a short-lived pleasure to your ears by promising you money." When the musician heard that, he despaired of his payment, laughed, and went home.

[M] "Would not that speech of the miser's make even a stone laugh? And now, Prince, hear the story of the two foolish pupils.

185. *Story of the Teacher and his Two Jealous Pupils* [1]

A certain teacher had two pupils who were jealous of one another. And one of those pupils washed and anointed every day the right foot of his instructor, and the other did the same to the left foot. Now it happened that one day the pupil whose business it was to anoint the right foot had been sent to the village, so the teacher said to the second

story as told in Rabelais (*Les Mythes et Légendes de l'Inde et de la Perse*, pp. 547, 548). See also Rohde, *Der Griechische Roman*, p. 370 (note). Gosson in his *School of Abuse*, Arber's reprint, pp. 68, 69, tells the story of Dionysius. A similar idea is found in the *Hermotimus* of Lucian, chaps. lxxx and lxxxi. A philosopher is indignant with his pupil on account of his fees being many days in arrear. The uncle of the young man, who is standing by, being a rude and uncultured person, says to the philosopher: "My good man, pray let us hear no more complaints about the great injustice with which you conceive yourself to have been treated, for all it amounts to is, that we have bought words from you, and have up to the present time paid you in the same coin."——See the numerous references given by Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii., p. 158.—N.M.P.

[1] There is a certain resemblance between this story and a joke in *Philogelos*, p. 16 (ed. Eberhard, Berlin 1869). Scholasticus tells his boots not to creak, or he will break *their* legs.

pupil, whose business it was to anoint the left foot: "To-day you must wash and anoint my right foot also." When the foolish pupil received this order, he coolly said to his teacher: "I cannot anoint this foot that belongs to my rival." When he said this, the teacher insisted. Then that pupil, who was the very opposite of a good pupil, took hold of his teacher's foot in a passion, and exerting great force, broke it.[1] Then the teacher uttered a cry of pain, and the other pupils came in and beat that wicked pupil, but he was rescued from them by that teacher, who felt sorry for him.

The next day the other pupil came back from the village, and when he saw the injury that had been done to his teacher's foot, he asked the history of it, and then he was inflamed with rage, and he said: "Why should I not break the foot that belongs to that enemy of mine?" So he laid hold of the teacher's second leg and broke it. Then the others began to beat that wicked pupil, but the teacher, both of whose legs were broken, in compassion begged him off too. Then those two pupils departed, laughed to scorn by the whole country, but their teacher, who deserved so much credit for his patient temper, gradually got well.

[M] "Thus foolish attendants, by quarrelling with one another, ruin their master's interests, and do not reap any advantage for themselves. Hear the story of the two-headed serpent.

186. *Story of the Snake with Two Heads*[2]

A certain snake had two heads, one in the usual place and one in his tail. But the head that he had in his tail was

[1] Here the B. reading is wrong. For *vipakshaḥ sacchishyāt* read *vipakshatacchishya*, and for *balād gāḍhāt* read *balād grīvyā*, thus the passage should read: "Then this pupil, in a fit of anger at the (other) pupil, his rival, took hold of that foot of his master and broke it violently with a stone." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 128.—N.M.P.

[2] This corresponds to the fourteenth story in the fifth book of the *Pañchatantra*, Benfey, vol. ii, p. 360. At any rate the leading idea is the same. See

blind; the head that was in the usual place was furnished with eyes. And there was a quarrel between them, each saying that it was the principal head. Now the serpent usually roamed about with his real head foremost. But once on a time the head in the tail caught hold of a piece of wood, and fastening firmly round it, prevented that snake from going on. The consequence was that the snake considered this head very powerful, as it had vanquished the head in front. And so the snake roamed about with his blind head foremost, and in a hole he fell into fire, owing to his not being able to see the way, and so he was burnt.[1]

[M] "So those foolish people, many in number, who are quite at home in a small accomplishment, through their attachment to this unimportant accomplishment, are brought to ruin. Hear now about the fool who ate the grains of rice.

187. *Story of the Fool who was nearly choked with Rice*

A certain foolish person came for the first time to his father-in-law's house, and there he saw some white grains of rice, which his mother-in-law had put down to be cooked, and he put a handful of them into his mouth, meaning to eat them. And his mother-in-law came in that very moment. Then the foolish man was so ashamed that he could not swallow the grains of rice, nor bring them up. And his

Benfey, vol. i, pp. 537, 538. It has a certain resemblance to the fable of Menenius. There is a snake in Bengal with a knob at the end of his tail. Probably this gave rise to the legend of the double-headed serpent. Sir Thomas Browne devotes to the Amphisbæna, chap. xv of the third book of his *Vulgar Errors*, and craves leave to "doubt of this double-headed serpent," until he has "the advantage to behold, or iterated ocular testimony." See also Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 120, where he treats of the *Avadânas*. The story is identical with that in our text. M. Lévêque shows that this story, as found in the *Avadânas*, forms the basis of one of La Fontaine's fables, vii, 17. La Fontaine took it from Plutarch's *Life of Agis*.

[1] This story is No. 59 in Sir G. Cornewall Lewis' edition of the *Fables* of Babrius, pt. ii. The only difference is that the tail, when in difficulties, entreats the head to deliver it.

mother-in-law seeing that his throat [1] was swollen and distended, and that he was speechless, was afraid that he was ill, and summoned her husband. And he, when he saw his state, quickly brought the physician, and the physician, fearing that there was an internal tumour, seized the head of that fool and opened his jaw.[2] Then the grains of rice came out, and all those present laughed.

[M] "Thus a fool does an unseemly act, and does not know how to conceal it.

138. *Story of the Boys that milked the Donkey* [3]

Certain foolish boys, having observed the process of milking in the case of cows, got a donkey, and having surrounded it, proceeded to milk it vigorously. One milked and another held the milk-pail, and there was great emulation among them as to who should first drink the milk. And yet they did not obtain milk, though they laboured hard.

[M] "The fact is, Prince, a fool who spends his labour on a chimera makes himself ridiculous.

139. *Story of the Foolish Boy who went to the Village for Nothing*

There was a certain foolish son of a Brāhman, and his father said to him one evening: "My son, you must go to

[1] It wouldn't be his *throat*. The reading is *gala* in B., but in the D. text it is *galla*, "cheek," which is undoubtedly correct.—N.M.P.

[2] I read *hanum*, the conjecture of Dr Kern.

[3] This story appears to have been known to Lucian. In his *Demonax* (28) he compares the two unskilful disputants to a couple, one of whom is milking a goat, the other holding a sieve. So Aristophanes speaks of ὄνου πόκαι and ὀρνίθων γάλα. It must be admitted that some critics doubt Lucian's authorship of the *Demonax*. Professor Aufrecht in his *Beiträge zur Kenntniss Indischer Dichter* quotes a strophe of Amarasiṃha in which the following line occurs:—

"Dugdhā seyam achetanena jaratī dugdhāśayāt sūkarī."

Professor Aufrecht proposes to read *gardabhī* for *sūkarī*.

the village early to-morrow." Having heard this, he set out in the morning, without asking his father what he was to do, and went to the village without any object, and came back in the evening fatigued. He said to his father: "I have been to the village." "Yes, but you have not done any good by it," answered his father.

[M] "So a fool, who acts without an object, becomes the laughing-stock of people generally; he suffers fatigue, but does not do any good."

When the son of the King of Vatsa had heard from Gomukha, his chief minister, this series of tales, rich in instruction, and had declared that he was longing to obtain Śaktiyaśas, and had perceived that the night was far spent, he closed his eyes in sleep, and reposed surrounded by his ministers.

CHAPTER LXIV

THEN, the next evening, as Naravāhanadatta was [M] again in his private apartment, longing for union with his beloved, at his request Gomukha told the following series of tales to amuse him:—

140. *Story of the Brāhman and the Mungoose* [1]

There was in a certain village a Brāhman, named Devaśarman; and he had a wife of equally high birth, named Yajnadattā. And she became pregnant, and in time gave birth to a son, and the Brāhman, though poor, thought he had obtained a treasure in him. And when she had given birth to the child, the Brāhman's wife went to the river to bathe, but Devaśarman remained in the house, taking care of his infant son. In the meanwhile a maid came from the women's apartments of the palace to summon that Brāhman, who lived on presents received for performing inauguratory ceremonies. Then he, eager for a fee, went off to the palace, leaving a mungoose, which he had brought up from its birth, to guard his child. After he had gone, a snake suddenly came near the child, and the mungoose, seeing it, killed it out of love for his master.

[1] See Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 479-483. To Englishmen the story suggests Llewellyn's faithful hound Gelert, from which the parish of Bethgelert in North Wales is named. This legend has been versified by W. R. Spencer. It is found in the English *Gesta* (see Bohn's *Gesta Romanorum*, Introduction, p. xliii. It is No. 26 in Herrtage's edition). The story (as found in the *Seven Wise Masters*) is admirably told in Simrock's *Die Deutschen Volksbücher*, vol. xii, p. 135. See also Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, 1869, p. 134 *et. seq.*——See Hertel, *op. cit.*, pt. i, p. 140; pt. ii, p. 148 *et seq.* K. Campbell, *Seven Sages of Rome*, pp. lxxix *et seq.*, gives thirty-one analogues. This pathetic little tale forms the frame-story of the fifth (and last) book of the *Pañchatantra*. Most texts have two sub-stories—namely, "The Brāhman who built Castles-in-the-Air," and "The Barber who killed the Monks." These are omitted by Somadeva, but will be found in Appendix I, pp. 228-230.—N.M.P.

Then the mungoose saw Devaśarman returning at a distance, and delighted, ran out to meet him, all stained with the blood of the snake. And Devaśarman, when he saw its appearance, felt certain that it had killed his young child, and in his agitation killed it with a stone. But when he went into the house, and saw the snake killed by the mungoose, and his boy alive, he repented of what he had done. And when his wife returned and heard what had happened, she reproached him, saying: "Why did you inconsiderately kill the mungoose,[1] which had done you a good turn?"[2]

[M] "Therefore a wise man, Prince, should never do anything rashly. For a person who acts rashly is destroyed in both worlds. And one who does anything contrary to the prescribed method obtains a result which is the opposite of that desired.

141. *Story of the Fool that was his own Doctor*

For instance, there was a man suffering from flatulence. And once on a time the doctor gave him a medicine, to be used as a clyster, and said to him: "Go to your house, and bruise this, and wait till I come." The physician, after giving this order, delayed a little, and in the meanwhile the fool, having reduced the drug to powder, mixed it with water and drank it. That made him very ill, and when the doctor came, he had to give him an emetic, and with difficulty brought him round, when he was at the point of death. And he scolded his patient, saying to him: "A clyster is not meant to be drunk, but must be administered in the proper way. Why did you not wait for me?"

[1] To the references on the mungoose already given in my note in Vol. III, pp. 115n[1], 116n, I would add Sir G. A. Grierson, "Mongoose," *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, October 1923, pp. 619, 620, where the etymology of the word is discussed.—N.M.P.

[2] Here ends the complete *Pañchatantra* as given by Somadeva.—N.M.P.

[M] "So an action, useful in itself, if done contrary to rule, has bad effects. Therefore a wise man should do nothing contrary to rule. And the man who acts without consideration does what is wrong, and immediately incurs reproach.

142. *Story of the Fool who mistook Hermits for Monkeys*

For instance, there was in a certain place a foolish man. He was once going to a foreign country, accompanied by his son, and when the caravan encamped in the forest, the boy entered the wood to amuse himself. There he was scratched by monkeys, and with difficulty escaped with life, and when his father asked him what had happened the silly boy, not knowing what monkeys were, said: "I was scratched in this wood by some hairy creatures that live on fruits." When the father heard it, he drew his sword in a rage, and went to that wood. And seeing some ascetics with long matted hair, picking fruits there, he ran towards them, saying to himself: "These hairy rascals injured my son." But a certain traveller there prevented him from killing them, by saying: "I saw some monkeys scratch your son; do not kill the hermits." So by good luck he was saved from committing a crime, and returned to the caravan.

[M] "So a wise man should never act without reflection. What is ever likely to go wrong with a man who reflects? But the thoughtless are always ruined and made the objects of public ridicule."

148. *Story of the Fool who found a Purse*

For instance, a certain poor man, going on a journey, found a bag of gold, that had been dropped by the head of a caravan. The fool, the moment he found it, instead of going away, stood still where he was, and began to count

the gold. In the meanwhile the merchant, who was on horseback, discovered his loss, and galloping back, he saw the bag of gold in the poor man's possession, and took it away from him. So he lost his wealth as soon as he got it, and went on his way sorrowful, with his face fixed on the ground.

[M] "Fools lose wealth as soon as they get it.

144. *Story of the Fool who looked for the Moon*

A certain foolish man, who wished to see the new moon, was told by a man who saw it to look in the direction of his finger. He averted his eyes from the sky, and stood staring at his friend's finger, and so did not see the new moon, but saw the people laughing at him.

[M] "Wisdom accomplishes the impossible; hear a story in proof of it.

145. *Story of the Woman who escaped from the Monkey and the Cowherd*

A certain woman set out alone to go to another village. And on the way a monkey suddenly came and tried to lay hold of her, but she avoided it by going to a tree and dodging round it. The foolish monkey threw its arms round the tree, and she laid hold of its arms with her hands and pressed them against the tree. The monkey, which was held tight, became furious, but at that moment the woman saw a cowherd coming that way, and said to him: "Sir, hold this ape by the arms a moment, until I can arrange my dress and hair, which are disordered." He said: "I will do so, if you promise to grant me your love." And she consented. And he held the monkey. Then she drew his dagger and killed the monkey, and said to the cowherd, "Come to a

lonely spot," and so took him a long distance. At last they fell in with some travellers, so she left him and went with them to the village that she wished to reach, having avoided outrage by her wisdom.

[M] " So you see that wisdom is in this world the principal support of men; the man who is poor in wealth lives, but the man who is poor in intellect does not live. Now hear, Prince, this romantic, wonderful tale.

146. *Story of the Two Thieves, Ghaṭa and Karpara* [1]

There were in a certain city two thieves, named Ghaṭa and Karpara. One night Karpara left Ghaṭa outside the palace, and breaking through the wall,[2] entered the bed-

[1] For full details of this story see Appendix II of this volume.—N.M.P.

[2] Breaking through the wall and digging a tunnel into a house are the recognised methods adopted by the Indian thief. The opening is known by several names, such as *khātra, chhidra, surungā*, etc. This latter word, also written *surunigā*, is apparently derived from the Greek σῦριγξ. Professor J. Jolly has kindly drawn my attention to a recent article on the subject by O. Stein, "Σῦριγξ und *surungā*," *Zeit. f. Indologie und Iranistik*, vol. iii, pt. ii, 1925, pp. 280-318. See also M. Winternitz, "Surungā and the Kautilya Arthaśāstra," *Indian Historical Quarterly*, vol. i, No. 3, September 1925, pp. 429-432. The actual shape of the breach is also variously named; thus in the *Mṛichchhakaṭika* (iii, 18) seven technical names are given: *padmavyākośa*, "blown like a lotus"; *bhāskara*, "sun"; *bālachandra*, "crescent moon"; *vāpī*, "cistern"; *vistīrṇa*, "extended"; *svastika*, "cruciform"; and *pūrṇakumbha*, "full pot." The instrument for digging is named *phaṇimukha*, or *nragāsya*, "snake mouth," in the *Daśa Kumāra Charita* (see Hertel's trans., 1922, vol. i, pp. 62, 173; vol. ii, pp. 55, 189).

Sanskrit fiction abounds in references to the tunnel, several of which are given in Bloomfield's article, "The Art of Stealing in Hindu Fiction," *Amer. Journ. Phil.*, vol. xliv, p. 116, from which the above has been taken. He quotes from Tawney's *Prabandhacintāmaṇi*, p. 67, which is a misprint for 38, where we have the amusing incident of the poetical thief. King Bhoja suddenly wakes up in the middle of the night, and seeing the new moon, composes a half-stanza in its praise, but is unable to finish it. At this moment a thief who has entered the king's treasure-room by digging a tunnel into his palace, being unable to restrain the volume of his poetical inspiration, finishes the stanza. Bloomfield also quotes again from *Mṛichchhakaṭika* (iii, 12), where

chamber of the princess. And the princess, who could not sleep, saw him there in a corner, and suddenly falling in love with him, called him to her. And she gave him wealth, and said to him: "I will give you much more if you come again." Then Karpara went out, and told Ghaṭa what had happened, and gave him the wealth, and having thus got hold of the king's property, sent him home. But he himself again entered the women's apartments of the palace. Who that is attracted by love and covetousness thinks of death? There he remained with the princess, and bewildered with love and wine, he fell asleep, and did not observe that the night was at an end.

And in the morning the guards of the women's apartments entered, and made him prisoner, and informed the king, and he in his anger ordered him to be put to death. While he was being led to the place of execution, his friend Ghaṭa came to look for him, as he had not returned in the course of the night. Then Karpara saw Ghaṭa, and made a sign to him that he was to carry off and take care of the

Śarvilaka shows that even the quality and state of the bricks through which the tunnel goes is by no means negligible:

> "Where is the spot which falling drops decayed?
> For each betraying sound is deadened there.
> Where does the palace crumble? Where the place
> That nitre-eaten bricks false soundness wear?
> Where shall I 'scape the sight of woman's face?"

He answers his own question: "Here is a spot weakened by constant sun and sprinkling, and eaten by saltpetre rot. And here is a pile of dirt thrown up by a mouse. . . . The blessed bearer of the Golden Lance (god Skanda, patron of thieves) has prescribed four varieties of breach, thus: if the bricks are baked, pull them out; if they are unbaked, cut them; if they are made of earth, wet them; if they are made of wood, split them."

With regard to the punishment inflicted on thieves, for some unexplained reason the sentences in fiction are nearly always very drastic, while those prescribed by the Śāstras are comparatively lenient. We saw on page 61 of this volume that Dushṭabuddhi had his hands cut off and his tongue cut out. In the *Chulla-Paduma Jātaka* (No. 193) the thief's feet, nose and ears are also cut off. The usual punishment, however, was death, and we have already (Vol. I, p. 118n[2]) seen how the thief was led to execution to the beat of the drum. The more usual form of execution was by impalement, either alive, or after decapitation, or mutilation. For further details see Bloomfield, *op. cit.*, p. 228.—N.M.P.

princess. And he answered by a sign that he would do so. Then Karpara was led away by the executioners, and being at their mercy, was quickly hanged up upon a tree, and so executed.

Then Ghaṭa went home, sorrowing for his friend, and as soon as night arrived he dug a mine and entered the apartment of the princess. Seeing her in fetters there alone, he went up to her and said: "I am the friend of Karpara, who was to-day put to death on account of you. And out of love for him I am come here to carry you off, so come along before your father does you an injury." Thereupon she consented joyfully, and he removed her bonds. Then he went out with her, who at once committed herself to his care, by the underground passage he had made, and returned to his own house.

And next morning the king heard that his own daughter had been carried off by someone who had dug a secret mine, and that king thought to himself: "Undoubtedly that wicked man whom I punished has some audacious friend, who has carried off my daughter in this way." So he set his servants to watch the body of Karpara, and he said to them: "You must arrest anyone who may come here lamenting, to burn the corpse and perform the other rites, and so I shall recover that wicked girl who has disgraced her family."

When those guards had received this order from the king, they said, "We will do so," and remained continually watching the corpse of Karpara.

Then Ghaṭa made inquiries, and found out what was going on, and said to the princess: "My dear, my comrade Karpara was a very dear friend to me, and by means of him I gained you and all these valuable jewels; so until I have paid to him the debt of friendship I cannot rest in peace. So I will go and see his corpse, and by a device of mine manage to lament over it, and I will in due course burn the body, and scatter the bones in a holy place. And do not be afraid. I am not reckless like Karpara."

After he had said this to her, he immediately assumed the appearance of a Pāśupata ascetic, and taking boiled

rice and milk in a pot, he went near the corpse of Karpara, as if he were a person passing that way casually, and when he got near it he slipped, and let fall from his hand and broke that pot of milk and rice, and began lamenting: "O Karpara full of sweetness," [1] and so on. And the guards thought that he was grieving for his pot full of food, that he had got by begging. And immediately he went home and told that to the princess. And the next day he made a servant, dressed as a bride, go in front of him, and he had another behind him, carrying a vessel full of sweetmeats, in which the juice of the Datura had been infused.[2] And he himself assumed the appearance of a drunken villager, and so in the evening he came reeling along past those guards, who were watching the body of Karpara. They said to him: "Who are you, friend, and who is this lady, and where are you going?" Then the cunning fellow answered them with stuttering accents: "I am a villager; this is my wife; I am going to the house of my father-in-law, and I am taking for him this complimentary present of sweetmeats. But you have now become my friends by speaking to me, so I will take only half of the sweetmeats there; take the other half for yourselves." Saying this, he gave a sweetmeat to each of the guards. And they received them, laughing, and all of them partook of them. Accordingly Ghaṭa, having stupefied the guards with Datura, at night brought fuel [3] and burnt the body of Karpara.

The next morning, after he had departed, the king, hearing of it, removed those guards who had been stupefied, and placed others there, and said: "You must guard these bones, and you must arrest whoever attempts to take them

[1] Of course *karpara* is the Sanskrit for "pot." In fact the two friends' names might be represented in English by Pitcher and Pot. In modern Hindu funerals boiled rice is given to the dead. So I am informed by my friend Paṇḍit Śyāmā Charaṇ Mukhopādhyāya, to whom I am indebted for many kind hints.——For details of the use of the *piṇḍa*, or balls of rice, at Hindu funerals see Stevenson, *Rites of the Twice-Born*, 1920, pp. 159, 172, 177, etc.—N.M.P.

[2] See Vol. I, pp. 160, 160n[1].—N.M.P.

[3] I read *ākṛitendhanaḥ* [so in D.]. The Sanskrit College MS. seems to me to give *kṛitendhana*.

away, and you must not accept food from any outsider." When the guards were thus instructed by the king, they remained on the look-out day and night, and Ghaṭa heard of it. Then he, being acquainted with the operation of a bewildering charm granted him by Durgā, made a wandering mendicant his friend, in order to make them repose confidence in him. And he went there with that wandering mendicant, who was muttering spells, and bewildered those guards, and recovered the bones of Karpara. And after throwing them into the Ganges he came and related what he had done, and lived happily with the princess, accompanied by the mendicant.

But the king, hearing that the bones had been carried off, and the men guarding them stupefied, thought that the whole exploit, beginning with the carrying off of his daughter, was the doing of a magician. And he had the following proclamation made in his city: "If that magician who carried off my daughter, and performed the other exploits connected with that feat, will reveal himself, I will give him half my kingdom."

When Ghaṭa heard this, he wished to reveal himself, but the princess dissuaded him, saying: "Do not do so; you cannot repose any confidence in this king, who treacherously puts people to death." [1] Then, for fear that, if he remained there, the truth might come out, he set out for another country with the princess and the mendicant.[2]

And on the way the princess said secretly to the mendicant: "The other one of these thieves seduced me, and this one made me fall from my high rank. The other thief is dead. As for this Ghaṭa, I do not love him; you are my darling." When she had said this, she united herself to the mendicant, and killed Ghaṭa in the dead of night. Then, as she was journeying along with that mendicant, the wicked

[1] So Frau Claradis in "Die Heimonskinder" advises her husband not to trust her father (Simrock's *Die Deutschen Volksbücher*, vol. ii, p. 131).

[2] This is really the end of the story of Ghaṭa, and, as shown in Appendix II of this volume, was probably taken from Herodotus' tale of Rhampsinitus. The subsequent incidents are separate tales collected by Somadeva and have all been moulded by him into a single story, although they hang together very loosely.—N.M.P.

woman fell in with a merchant on the way, whose name was Dhanadeva. So she said: "Who is this skull-bearer? You are my darling." And she left that mendicant while he was asleep, and went off with that merchant. And in the morning the mendicant woke up, and reflected: "There is no love in women, and no courtesy free from fickleness, for, after lulling me into security, the wicked woman has gone off, and robbed me too. However, I ought perhaps to consider myself lucky that I have not been killed like Ghaṭa." After these reflections the mendicant returned to his own country.

Dhanadeva's Unchaste Wife

And the princess, travelling on with the merchant, reached his country. And when Dhanadeva arrived there, he said to himself: "Why should I rashly introduce this unchaste woman into my house?" So, as it was evening, he went into the house of an old woman in that place, with the princess. And at night he asked that old woman, who did not recognise him: "Mother, do you know any tidings about the family of Dhanadeva?" When the old woman heard that, she said: "What tidings is there except that his wife is always ready to take a new lover? For a basket, covered with leather, is let down every night from the window here, and whoever enters it is drawn up into the house, and is dismissed in the same way at the end of the night.[1] And the woman is always stupefied with drink, so that she is absolutely void of discernment. And this state of hers has become well known in the whole city. And though her husband has been long away, he has not yet returned."

When Dhanadeva heard this speech of the old woman's, he went out that moment on some pretext, and repaired to his own house, being full of inward grief and uncertainty. And seeing a basket let down by the female servants with ropes, he entered it, and they pulled him up into the house. And his wife, who was stupefied with drink, embraced him most affectionately, without knowing who he was. But he was quite cast down at seeing her degradation. And thereupon she fell into a drunken sleep. And at the end of the

[1] See Chauvin, *op. cit.*, v, p. 241.—N.M.P.

night the female servants let him down again quickly from the window in the basket suspended with ropes. And the merchant reflected in his grief: "Enough of the folly of being a family man, for women in a house are a snare! It is always this story with them, so a life in the forest is much to be preferred."

Having formed this resolve, Dhanadeva abandoned the princess into the bargain, and set out for a distant forest. And on the way he met, and struck up a friendship with, a young Brāhman, named Rudrasoma, who had lately returned from a long absence abroad.

When he told him his story, the Brāhman became anxious about his own wife; and so he arrived in the company of that merchant at his own village in the evening.

The Brāhman Rudrasoma has a similar Unhappy Experience

And when he arrived there, he saw a cowherd, on the bank of the river, near his house, singing with joy, like one beside himself. So he said to him in joke: "Cowherd, is any young woman in love with you that you sing thus in your rapture, counting the world as stubble?" When the cowherd heard that, he laughed and said: "I have a great secret.[1] The head of this village, a Brāhman, named Rudrasoma, has been long away, and I visit his wife every night; her maid introduces me into the house dressed as a woman."[2] When Rudrasoma heard this, he restrained his anger, and wishing to find out the truth, he said to the cowherd: "If such kindness is shown to guests here, give me this dress of yours, and let me go there to-night: I feel great curiosity about it." The cowherd said: "Do so; take this black rug of mine, and this stick, and remain here until her maid comes. And she will take you for me, and will give you a female dress, and invite you to come; so go there boldly at night, and I will take repose this night."

When the cowherd said this, the Brāhman Rudrasoma took from him the stick and the rug, and stood there, personating him. And the cowherd stood at a little distance, with that merchant Dhanadeva, and then the maid came.

[1] The Sanskrit College MS. has *mama* for the *mayā* of Dr Brockhaus.

[2] See Vol. I, pp. 47*n*, 48*n*.—N.M.P.

She walked silently up to him in the darkness, and wrapped him up in a woman's dress, and said to him, "Come along," and so took him off to his wife, thinking that he was the cowherd. When his wife saw Rudrasoma, she sprang up and embraced him, supposing that he was the cowherd, and then Rudrasoma thought to himself: "Alas! wicked women fall in love with a base man, if only he is near them, for this vicious wife of mine has fallen in love with a cowherd, merely because he is near at hand." Then he made some excuse with faltering voice, and went, disgusted in mind, to Dhanadeva. And after he had told his adventure in his own house, he said to that merchant: "I too will go with you to the forest; perish my family!" So Rudrasoma and the merchant Dhanadeva set out together for the forest.

Śaśin's Wife and the Leper

And on the way a friend of Dhanadeva's, named Śaśin, joined them. And in the course of conversation they told him their circumstances. And when Śaśin heard that, being a jealous man, and having just returned from a long absence in a foreign land, he became anxious about his wife, though he had locked her up in a cellar. And Śaśin, travelling along with them, came near his own house in the evening, and was desirous of entertaining them. But he saw there a man singing in an amorous mood, who had an evil smell, and whose hands and feet were eaten away with leprosy. And in his astonishment he asked him: "Who are you, sir, that you are so cheerful?" And the leper said to him: "I am the God of Love." Śaśin answered: "There can be no mistake about that! The splendour of your beauty is sufficient evidence for your being the God of Love." Thereupon the leper continued: "Listen, I will tell you something. A rogue here, named Śaśin, being jealous of his wife, locked her up in a cellar with one servant to attend on her, and went to a foreign land. But that wife of his happened to see me here, and immediately surrendered herself to me, her heart being drawn towards me by love. And I spend every night with her, for the maid takes me on her back and carries me in. So tell me if I am not the God of Love. Who that was the favoured lover of the beautiful wife of Śaśin could care for other women?"

When Śaśin heard this speech of the leper's, he suppressed his grief, intolerable as a hurricane, and wishing to discover the truth, he said to the leper: "In truth you are the God of Love, so I have a boon to crave of your godship. I feel great curiosity about this lady from your description of her, so I will go there this very night disguised as yourself. Be propitious to your suppliant: you will lose but little, as you can attain this object every day."

When Śaśin made this request, the leper said to him: "So be it! Take this dress of mine and give me yours, and remain covering up your hands and feet with your clothes, as you see me do, until her maid comes, which will be as soon as it becomes dark. And she will mistake you for me, and put you on her back, and you must submit to go there in that fashion, for I always have to go in that way, having lost the use of my hands and feet from leprosy."

Thereupon Śaśin put on the leper's dress and remained there, but the leper and Śaśin's two companions remained a little way off.

Then Śaśin's wife's maid came, and supposing that he was the leper, as he had his dress on, said, "Come along," and took him up on her back. And so she took him at night into that cellar to his wife, who was expecting her paramour the leper. Then Śaśin made out for certain that it was his wife, who was lamenting there in the darkness, by feeling her limbs, and he became an ascetic on the spot. And when she was asleep, he went out unobserved, and made his way to Dhanadeva and Rudrasoma. And he told them his experiences, and said in his grief: "Alas! women are like torrents that flow in a ravine; they are ever tending downwards, capricious, beautiful at a distance, prone to turbidness, and so they are as difficult to guard as such rivers are to drink, and thus my wife, though kept in a cellar, has run after a leper. So for me also the forest is the best thing. Out on family life!"

And so he spent the night in the company of the merchant and the Brāhman, whose affliction was the same as his. And next morning they all set out together for the forest; and at evening they reached a tree by the roadside, with a

tank at its foot. And after they had eaten and drunk, they ascended the tree to sleep, and while they were there they saw a traveller come and lie down underneath the tree.

The Snake-God and his Wife[1]

And soon they saw another man arise from the tank, and he brought out of his mouth a couch and a lady. Then he lay down on the couch beside that wife of his, and went to sleep, and the moment she saw it she went and embraced the traveller. And he asked her who they were, and she answered: "This is a snake-god, and I am his wife, a daughter of the snake race. Do not fear, I have had ninety-nine lovers among travellers, and you make the hundredth." But, while she was saying this, it happened that the snake-god woke up, and saw them. And he discharged fire from his mouth, and reduced them both to ashes.

When the snake-god had gone, the three friends said to one another: "If it is impossible to guard one's wife by enclosing her in one's own body, what chance is there of keeping her safe in a house? Out on them all!" So they spent the night in contentment, and next morning went on to the forest. There they became completely chastened in mind, with hearts quieted by practising the four meditations,[2] which were not interfered with by their friendship; and they became gentle to all creatures, and attained perfection in contemplation, which produces unequalled absolute beatification; and all three in due course destroyed the inborn darkness of their souls, and became liberated from the necessity of future births. But their wicked wives fell into a miserable state by the ripening of their own sin, and were soon ruined, losing both this and the next world.

[1] See p. 122*n*[1] of this volume.—N.M.P.

[2] Mr Gough has kindly pointed out to me a passage in the *Sarvadarśana Saṃgraha* which explains this. The following is Mr Gough's translation of the passage: "We must consider this teaching as regards the four points of view. These are that

"(1) Everything is momentary and momentary only;
"(2) Everything is pain and pain only;
"(3) Everything is individual and individual only;
"(4) Everything is baseless and baseless only."

[M] "So attachment to women, the result of infatuation, produces misery to all men. But indifference to them produces in the discerning emancipation from the bonds of existence."

When the prince, who was longing for union with Saktiyaśas, had patiently listened to this diverting tale, told by his minister Gomukha, he again went to sleep.

CHAPTER LXV

THE next evening Gomukha told Naravāhanadatta [M] this story to amuse him as before:

147. *Story of the Ungrateful Wife* [1]

In a certain city there lived the son of a rich merchant, who was an incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva. His mother died, and his father became attached to another

[1] This story is identical with the fifth in the fourth book of the *Pañchatantra* in Benfey's translation, which he considers Buddhistic, and with which he compares the story of the Bhilla in Chapter LXI of this work [No. 98, p. 80 of this volume]. He compares the story of Dhūminī in the *Daśa Kumāra Charita* (Wilson's edition, p. 150), which resembles this story more nearly even than the form in the *Pañchatantra*. Also a story in Ardschi-Bordschi. [See B. Jülg, *Mongolische Märchen-Sammlung*, 1868, pp. 237, 238.] It will also be found on p. 305 of *Sagas from the Far East*. He quotes a saying of Buddha from Spence Hardy's *Eastern Monachism*, p. 166. *Cf.* Köppen, *Religion des Buddha*, p. 374. This story is also found in the *Forty Vazirs*, a collection of Persian tales (Behrnauer's translation, Leipzig, 1851, p. 325). It is also found in the *Gesta Romanorum*, chap. lvi (but the resemblance is not very striking). *Cf.* also Grimm's *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, No. 16 (Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 436 *et seq.*).——The story in our text does not belong to the original *Pañchatantra*, but has been added at a much later date. Book IV had only one tale (see p. 130 of this volume) which is a sub-story to the frame-tale of "The Monkey and the Porpoise." Many of the analogues quoted above bear so little resemblance to our story as to be hardly worth quoting. The version in "The Forty Vazīrs, a Collection of Persian Tales," forms the twenty-fourth vezir's story and is, of course, Turkish. See E. J. W. Gibb's translation (*History of the Forty Vezirs*, London, 1886), p. 331 *et seq.*, and also Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, pp. 161, 162. A parallel to the *Gesta Romanorum* story is to be found in the *Heptameron*, tale 33. See the edition by the Society of English Bibliophilists, 1894, vol. iv, p. 17 *et seq.* The only resemblance of these stories to that in our text is that the wronged husband lives to see his wicked wife humiliated. For numerous analogues of Grimm's No. 16 see Bolte and Polívka, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 129. Much closer parallels will be found in the *Chulla-Paduma Jātaka*, No. 193 (Cambridge edition, vol. ii, pp. 81-85); Schiefner and Ralston's *Tibetan Tales*, 1882, No. 21, pp. 291-295. See also the Introduction, pp. lxi-lxiii.—N.M.P.

wife, so he sent him away; and the son went forth from his father's house with his wife to live in the forest. His younger brother also was banished by his father, and went with him, but as he was not of a chastened disposition the elder brother parted company with him, and went in another direction. And as he was going along he at last came to a great desert wilderness, without water, grass or tree, scorched by the fierce rays of the sun, and his supplies were exhausted. And he travelled through it for seven days, and kept his wife alive, who was exhausted with hunger and thirst, by giving her his own flesh and blood, and she drank the blood and ate the flesh. And on the eighth day he reached a mountain forest, resounding with the surging waters of a torrent, abounding in shady trees laden with fruit, and in delightful turf. There he refreshed his wife with water and fruits, and went down into the mountain-stream, that was wreathed with waves, to take a bath. And there he saw a man with his two feet and his two hands cut off, being carried along by the current, in need of assistance. Though exhausted with his long fast, the brave man entered the river, and rescued this mutilated person. And the compassionate man landed him on the bank, and said: "Who did this to you, my brother?" Then the maimed man answered: "My enemies cut off my hands and feet, and threw me into the river, desiring to inflict on me a painful death. But you have saved me from the water." When the maimed man told him this, he bandaged his wounds, and gave him food, and then the noble fellow bathed and took food himself. Then this merchant's son, who was an incarnation of a Bodhisattva, remained in that wood with his wife, living on roots and fruits, and engaged in austerities.

One day, when he was away in search of fruits and roots, his wife fell in love with that maimed man, whose wounds were healed. And determining to kill her husband, the wicked woman devised a plot for doing so in concert with that mutilated man, and she pretended to be ill. And she pointed out a plant growing in the ravine, where it was difficult to descend, and the river hard to cross, and said to

her husband: "I may live if you bring me that sovereign plant, for I am sure that the god indicated to me its position in a dream." He consented, and descended into the ravine to get the plant, by the help of a rope plaited of grass and fastened to a tree. But when he had got down, she unfastened the rope; so he fell into the river, and was swept away by it, as its current was strong. And he was carried an enormous distance by the river, and flung up on the bank near a certain city, for his merits preserved his life. Then he climbed up on to the firm ground, and rested under a tree, as he was fatigued by his immersion in the water, and thought over the wicked behaviour of his wife.

Now it happened that at that time the king of that city had just died, and in that country there was an immemorial custom, that an auspicious elephant was driven about by the citizens, and any man that he took up with his trunk and placed on his back was anointed king.[1] The elephant, wandering about, came near the merchant's son, and, as if he were Providence pleased with his self-control, took him up, and put him on his back. Then the merchant's son, who was an incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva, was immediately taken to the city and anointed king by the people. When he had obtained the crown, he did not associate with charming women of coquettish behaviour, but held converse with the virtues of compassion, cheerfulness and patience.

And his wife wandered about hither and thither, carrying that maimed man, who was her paramour, on her back,[2] without fear of her husband, whom she supposed to have been swept away by the river. And she begged from village to village, and city to city, saying: "This husband of mine has had his hands and feet cut off by his enemies; I am a devoted wife and support him by begging, so give me alms."

At last she reached the town in which that husband of

[1] See the note at the end of the chapter.—N.M.P.

[2] In the story of Kanakaratha in the *Kathākoça*, pp. 186, 187, the princess offers to carry her leprous husband on her back, while in the *Kuṇāla Jātaka*, No. 536 (Cambridge edition, vol. v, p. 228), Kanhā abandons herself to a vile hunchback.—N.M.P.

hers was king. She begged there in the same way, and, as she was honoured by the citizens as a devoted wife, the fame of her virtue reached the ears of the king. And the king had her summoned, with the maimed man on her back, and, when she came near, he recognised her, and said: "Are you that devoted wife?" And the wicked woman, not recognising her husband, when surrounded by the splendour of the kingly office, said: "I am that devoted wife, your Majesty." Then that incarnation of a Bodhisattva laughed, and said: "I too have had practical experience of your wifely devotion. How comes it that, though I, your own husband, who possess hands and feet, could not tame you, even by giving you my own flesh and blood, which you kept feeding on like an ogress in human form, this maimed fellow, though defective in his limbs, has been able to tame you and make you his beast of burden? Did you carry on your back your innocent husband, whom you threw into the river? It is owing to that deed that you have to carry and support this maimed man."

When her husband in these words revealed her past conduct, she recognised him, and fainting from fear, became like a painted or dead woman. The ministers in their curiosity said: "Tell us, King, what this means." Then the king told them the whole story. And the ministers, when they heard that she had conspired against her husband's life, cut off her nose and ears, and branded her, and banished her from the country with the maimed man.

And in this matter Fate showed a becoming combination, for it united a woman without nose and ears with a man without hands and feet, and a man who was an incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva with the splendour of royalty.

[M] "Thus the way of woman's heart, which is a thing full of hate, indiscriminating, prone to the base, is difficult to fathom. And thus good fortune comes spontaneous and unexpected, as if pleased with them, to those of noble soul, who do not swerve from virtue and who conquer anger."

When the minister Gomukha had told this tale, he proceeded to relate the following story :—

148. *Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman* [1]

There was a certain man of noble soul, who was an incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva, whose heart was melted by compassion only, who had built a hut in a forest

[1] This story is found, with the substitution of a man for a woman, on p. 128 of Benfey's *Pantschatantra*, vol. ii. See also vol. i, p. 191 *et seq.*, where he gives several useful references. *Cf.* Rasavāhinī, chap. iii (Spiegel's *Anecdota Palica*). It is also found in the *Karma Śataka*. *Cf.* also Matthæus Paris, *Hist. Maj.*, London, 1571, pp. 240-242, where it is told of Richard Cœur de Lion; *Gesta Romanorum*, chap. cxix; Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, Book V; E. Meier, *Schwäbische Volksmärchen*. *Cf.* also for the gratitude of the animals the fourth story in Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*. The animals are a dog, an otter and a falcon, p. 74 *et seq.* The Mongolian form of the story is to be found in *Sagas from the Far East*, tale 13. See also the twelfth and twenty-second of Miss Stokes' *Indian Fairy Tales*. There is a striking illustration of the gratitude of animals in Grimm's No. 62, and in Bartsch's *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, vol. i, p. 483. De Gubernatis in a note to p. 129 of vol. ii of his *Zoological Mythology* mentions a story of grateful animals in *Afanasief*. The hero finds some wolves fighting for a bone, some bees fighting for honey, and some shrimps fighting for a carcass; he makes a just division, and the grateful wolves, bees and shrimps help him in need. See also p. 157 of the same volume. See "Die Dankbaren Thiere" in Gaal's *Märchen der Magyaren*, p. 175, and "Der Rothe Hund," p. 389. In the *Saccaṃkira Jātaka*, No. 73 (Cambridge edition, vol. i, pp. 177-181), a hermit saves a prince, a rat, a parrot and a snake. The rat and snake are willing to give treasures, the parrot rice, but the prince orders his benefactor's execution, and is then killed by his own subjects. See Bernhard Schmidt's *Griechische Märchen*, p. 3, note. See also Schiefner and Ralston's *Tibetan Tales*, Introduction, pp. lxiii-lxv, and 309 *et seq.*

——Tales in which grateful animals figure and help the hero or heroine out of difficulties, or perform seemingly impossible tasks imposed upon them, are found in nearly every collection of stories in existence. It would be little use to attempt to enumerate them all, even if such a thing were possible. The idea of a reward following a kind action done, when no reward is expected, is a moral lesson which has appealed to story-tellers in all parts of the world, and the "Grateful Animals" *motif* is another example of the non-migratory *motifs*. I have already (Vol. I, p. 101n[1]) given numerous references to stories of grateful snakes. The largest number of analogues to "grateful animals" stories of all kinds is to be found in Bolte and Polívka, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, pp. 19-29. Among the Italian references given, however, they make

and lived there, performing austerities. He, while living there, by his power rescued living beings in distress, and Piśāchas and others he gratified by presents of water and jewels. One day, as he was roaming about in the wood to assist others, he saw a great well and looked into it. And a woman, who was in it, said to him in a loud voice: "Noble sir, here are four of us, myself a woman, a lion, and a golden-crested bird, and a snake, fallen into this well in the night; so take us out; have mercy upon us." When he heard this, he said: "Granted that you three fell in because the darkness made it impossible for you to see your way, but how did the bird fall in?" The woman answered him: "It fell in by being caught in a fowler's net."

Then the ascetic tried to lift them out by the supernatural power of his asceticism, but he could not; on the contrary, his power was gone. He reflected: "Surely this woman is a sinner, and owing to my having conversed with her, my power is gone from me. So I will use other means in this case." Then he plaited a rope of grass, and so drew them all four up out of the well, and they praised him. And in his astonishment he said to the lion, the bird and the snake: "Tell me, how come you to have articulate voice, and what is your history?" Then the lion said: "We have articulate speech and remember our former births, and we are mutual enemies; hear our stories in turns." So the lion began to tell his own story as follows:—

no mention of Straparola, night 10, fable 3, which deals with the adventures of Cesarino di Berni and the three grateful animals, a lion, a bear and a wolf. (See *The Nights*, Straparola, trans. W. G. Waters, London, 1894, vol. ii, p. 182 *et seq.*, and the notes on p. 319 of the same volume.) They also omit the story of "The Large Crab-Louse, the Mouse and the Cricket" in the *Pentamerone*. It forms the fifth diversion of the third day (see Burton's trans., vol. ii, p. 283 *et seq.*). In Hindu fiction the goldsmith is always regarded as the thief *par excellence*, and in his article on "The Art of Stealing in Hindu Fiction" (*Amer. Journ. Phil.*, vol. xliv, 1923, p. 108 *et seq.*) Bloomfield gives a useful bibliography with extracts on the subject. The goldsmith takes the place of the ungrateful woman in our tale, and the grateful animals are three in number, as is nearly always the case.—N.M.P.

148A. *The Lion's Story*

There is a splendid city on the Himālayas, called Vaidūryaśṛinga; and in it there is a prince of the Vidyādharas named Padmaveśa, and to him a son was born named Vajravega. That Vajravega, while he dwelt in the world of the Vidyādharas, being a vainglorious person, quarrelled with anybody and everybody, confiding in his courage. His father ordered him to desist, but he paid no attention to his command. Then his father cursed him, saying: "Fall into the world of mortals." Then his arrogance was extinguished, and his knowledge left him, and smitten with the curse he wept, and asked his father to name a time when it should end. Then his father Padmaveśa thought a little, and said immediately: "You shall become a Brāhman's son on the earth, and display this arrogance once more, and by your father's curse you shall become a lion and fall into a well. And a man of noble character, out of compassion, shall draw you out, and when you have recompensed him in his calamity,[1] you shall be delivered from this curse." This was the termination of the curse which his father appointed for him.

Then Vajravega was born in Mālava as Devaghosha, the son of Harighosha, a Brāhman. And in that birth also he fought with many, confiding in his heroism, and his father said to him: "Do not go on in this way quarrelling with everybody." But he would not obey his father's orders, so his father cursed him: "Become immediately a foolish lion, over-confident in its strength." In consequence of this speech of his father's, Devaghosha, that incarnation of a Vidyādhara, was again born as a lion in this forest.

148. *Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman*

"Know that I am that lion. I was wandering about here at night, and as chance would have it, I fell into this

[1] "In his calamity" seems meaningless. Tawney translated *upakāriṇaṁ* as if it were simply *upakāra*—the meaning should be ". . . and you do him a service in return." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 166.—N.M.P.

well; and you, noble sir, have drawn me up out of it. So now I will depart, and, if you should fall into any difficulty, remember me; I will do you a good turn and so get released from my curse."

After the lion had said this, he went away, and the golden-crested bird, being questioned by that Bodhisattva, told his tale.

148B. *The Golden-Crested Bird's Story*

There is on the Himālayas a king of the Vidyādharas, named Vajradaṃshṭra. His queen gave birth to five daughters in succession. And then the king propitiated Śiva with austerities and obtained a son, named Rajatadaṃshṭra, whom he valued more than life. His father, out of affection, bestowed the knowledge of the sciences upon him when he was still a child, and he grew up, a feast to the eyes of his relations.

One day he saw his eldest sister, by name Somaprabhā, playing upon a *pinjara*. In his childishness he kept begging for the *pinjara*, saying: "Give it me, I too want to play on it." And when she would not give it him, in his flightiness he seized the *pinjara*, and flew up to heaven with it in the form of a bird. Then his sister cursed him, saying: "Since you have taken my *pinjara* from me by force, and flown away with it, you shall become a bird with a golden crest." [1]

When Rajatadaṃshṭra heard this, he fell at his sister's feet, and entreated her to fix a time for his curse to end, and she said: "When, foolish boy, you fall, in your bird-form, into a blind well, and a certain merciful person draws you out, and you do him a service in return, then you shall be released from this curse." When she had said this to her brother, he was born as a bird with a golden crest.

[1] This is in all probability the Hoopoe, round which many stories and superstitions have arisen. For the myth told by Arrian as to how it got its crest see Crooke, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 249.—N.M.P.

148. *Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman*

"I am that same golden-crested bird, that fell into this pit in the night, and have now been drawn out by you, so now I will depart. Remember me when you fall into calamity, for by doing you a service in return, I shall be released from my curse."

When the bird had said this, he departed. Then the snake, being questioned by that Bodhisattva, told his story to that great-souled one.

148c. *The Snake's Story*

Formerly I was the son of a hermit in the hermitage of Kaśyapa. And I had a companion there who was also the son of a hermit. And one day my friend went down into the lake to bathe, and I remained on the bank. And while I was there, I saw a serpent come with three heads. And, in order to terrify that friend of mine in fun, I fixed the serpent immovable on the bank, opposite to where he was, by the power of a spell. My friend got through his bathing in a moment, and came to the bank, and unexpectedly seeing that great serpent there, he was terrified and fainted. After some time I brought my friend round again, but he, finding out by meditation that I had terrified him in this way, became angry, and cursed me, saying: "Go and become a similar great snake with three crests." Then I entreated him to fix an end to my curse, and he said: "When, in your serpent condition, you fall into a well, and at a critical moment do a service to the man who pulls you out, then you shall be freed from your curse."

148. *Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman*

"After he had said this, he departed, and I became a serpent, and now you have drawn me out of the well; so now I will depart. And when you think of me I will come; and by doing you a service, I shall be released from my curse."

When the snake had said this, he departed, and the woman told her story.

148D. *The Woman's Story*

I am the wife of a young Kshatriya in the king's employ, a man in the bloom of youth, brave, generous, handsome and high-minded. Nevertheless I was wicked enough to enter into an intrigue with another man. When my husband found it out, he determined to punish me. And I heard of this from my confidante, and that moment I fled, and entered this wood at night, and fell into this well, and was dragged out by you.

148. *Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman*

"And thanks to your kindness I will now go and maintain myself somewhere. May a day come when I shall be able to requite your goodness."

When the sinful woman had said this to the Bodhisattva, she went to the town of a king named Gotravardhana. She obtained an interview with him, and remained among his attendants, in the capacity of maid to the king's principal queen. But because that Bodhisattva talked with that woman, he lost his power, and could not procure fruits and roots and things of that kind. Then, being exhausted with hunger and thirst, he first thought of the lion. And, when he thought of him, he came and fed him with the flesh of deer,[1] and in a short time he restored him to his former health with their flesh; and then the lion said: "My curse is at an end, I will depart." When he had said this, the Bodhisattva gave him leave to depart, and the lion became a Vidyādhara and went to his own place.

Then that incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva,

[1] In Giles' *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio* a tiger, who has killed the son of an old woman, feeds her henceforth, and appears as a mourner at her funeral. The story in the text bears a faint resemblance to that of Androclus (Aulus Gellius, v, 14). See also Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 111, with the note at the end of the volume.

being again exhausted by want of food, thought upon that golden-crested bird, and he came, when thought of by him. And when he told the bird of his sufferings, the bird went and brought a casket full of jewels [1] and gave it him, and said: "This wealth will support you for ever, and so my curse has come to an end, now I depart; may you enjoy happiness!" When he had said this, he became a young Vidyādhara prince, and went through the air to his own world, and received the kingdom from his father.

And the Bodhisattva, as he was wandering about to sell the jewels, reached that city where the woman was living whom he had rescued from the well. And he deposited those jewels in an out-of-the-way house belonging to an old Brāhman woman, and went to the market, and on the way he saw coming towards him the very woman whom he had saved from the well, and the woman saw him. And the two fell into a conversation, and in the course of it the woman told him of her position about the person of the queen. And she asked him about his own adventures: so the confiding man told her how the golden-crested bird had given him the jewels. And he took her and showed her the jewels in the house of the old woman, and the wicked woman went and told her mistress, the queen, of it.

Now it happened that the golden-crested bird had managed artfully to steal this casket of jewels from the interior of the queen's palace, before her eyes. And when the queen heard from the mouth of that woman, who knew the facts, that the casket had arrived in the city, she informed the king. And the king had the Bodhisattva pointed out by that wicked woman, and brought by his servants as a prisoner from that house with the ornaments. And after he had asked him the circumstances, though he believed his account, he not only took the ornaments from him, but he put him in prison.

Then the Bodhisattva, terrified at being put in prison, thought upon the snake, who was an incarnation of the hermit's son, and the snake came to him. And when the snake had seen him, and inquired what his need was, he

[1] Cf. *Gijjha-Jātaka*, No. 164 (Cambridge edition, vol. ii, pp. 34-36).

said to the good man: "I will go and coil round the king from his head to his feet.[1] And I will not let him go until I am told to do so by you. And you must say here, in the prison: 'I will deliver the king from the serpent.' And when you come and give me the order, I will let the king go. And when I let him go, he will give you half his kingdom."

After he had said this, the snake went and coiled round the king, and placed his three hoods on his head. And the people began to cry out: "Alas! the king is bitten by a snake." Then the Bodhisattva said: "I will deliver the king from this snake." And the king's servants, having heard this, informed him. Thereupon the king, who was in the grasp of the snake, had the Bodhisattva summoned, and said to him: "If you deliver me from this snake, I will give you half my kingdom, and these my ministers are your guarantees that I will keep my promise." When his ministers heard this, they said, "Certainly," and then the Bodhisattva said to that snake: "Let the king go at once." Then the snake let the king go, and the king gave half his kingdom to that Bodhisattva, and thus he became prosperous in a moment. And the serpent, as its curse was at an end, became a young hermit, and he told his story in the presence of the court and went back to his hermitage.

[M] "Thus you see that good fortune certainly befalls those of good dispositions. And transgression brings suffering even upon the great. And the mind of women cannot be relied upon; it is not touched even by such a service as rescue from death; so what other benefit can move them?"

When Gomukha had told this tale, he said to the King of Vatsa: "Listen, I will tell you some more stories of fools.

[1] *Cf.* the forty-sixth story in Gonzenbach's *Sicilianische Märchen*, where a snake coils round the throat of a king, and will not let him go till he promises to marry a girl whom he had violated. See also Benfey's *Pantschatantra*, vol. i, p. 523.

149. *Story of the Buddhist Monk who was bitten by a Dog*

There was in a certain Buddhist monastery a Buddhist monk of dull intellect. One day, as he was walking in the highroad, he was bitten by a dog on the knee. And when he had been thus bitten, he returned to his monastery and thus reflected: "Everybody, one after another, will ask me: 'What has happened to your knee?' And what a time it will take me to inform them all one by one! So I will make use of an artifice to let them all know at once." Having thus reflected, he quickly went to the top of the monastery, and taking the stick with which the gong was struck, he sounded the gong. And the mendicant monks, hearing it, came together in astonishment, and said to him: "Why do you, without cause, sound the gong at the wrong time?" He answered the mendicants, at the same time showing them his knee: "The fact is, a dog has bitten my knee, so I called you together, thinking that it would take a long time for me to tell each of you separately such a long story: so hear it all of you now, and look at my knee." Then all the mendicants laughed till their sides ached, and said: "What a great fuss he has made about a very small matter!"

[M] "You have heard of the foolish Buddhist monk; now hear of the foolish *Takka*.

150. *Story of the Man who submitted to be Burnt Alive sooner than share his Food with a Guest*

There lived somewhere a rich but foolish *Takka*,[1] who was a miser. And he and his wife were always eating barley-meal

[1] The Petersburg lexicographers explain *takka* as *Geizhals, Filz*; but say that the word *thaka* in Marathi means a rogue, cheat. The word *kadarya* also means "niggardly," "miserly." General Cunningham (*Ancient Geography of India*, p. 152) says that the *Takkas* were once the undisputed lords of the Panjáb, and still subsist as a numerous agricultural race in the lower hills between the Jhelum and Rávi.

without salt. And he never learned to know the taste of any other food. Once Providence instigated him to say to his wife: "I have conceived a desire for a milk pudding: cook me one to-day." His wife said, "I will," and set about cooking the pudding, and the *Ṭakka* remained indoors concealed, taking to his bed, for fear someone should see him and drop in on him as a guest.

In the meanwhile a friend of his, a *Ṭakka* who was fond of mischief, came there, and asked his wife where her husband was. And she, without giving an answer, went in to her husband and told him of the arrival of his friend. And he, lying on the bed, said to her: "Sit down here, and remain weeping and clinging to my feet, and say to my friend: 'My husband is dead.'[1] When he is gone, we will eat this pudding happily together." When he gave her this order, she began to weep, and the friend came in, and said to her: "What is the matter?" She said to him: "Look, my husband is dead." But he reflected: "I saw her a moment ago happy enough cooking a pudding. How comes it that her husband is now dead, though he has had no illness? The two things are incompatible. No doubt the two have invented this fiction because they saw I had come as a guest. So I will not go."

Thereupon the mischievous fellow sat down, and began crying out: "Alas, my friend! Alas, my friend!" Then his relations, hearing the lamentation, came in and prepared to take that silly *Ṭakka* to the burning-place, for he still continued to counterfeit death. But his wife came to him and whispered in his ear: "Jump up, before these relations take you off to the pyre and burn you." But the foolish man answered his wife in a whisper: "No! that will never do, for this cunning *Ṭakka* wishes to eat my pudding. I cannot get up, for it was on his arrival that I

[1] So in the Russian story of "The Miser" (Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 47) Marko the Rich says to his wife, in order to avoid the payment of a copeck: "Harkye, wife! I'll strip myself naked, and lie down under the holy pictures. Cover me up with a cloth, and sit down and cry, just as you would over a corpse. When the moujik comes for his money, tell him I died this morning." Ralston conjectures that the story came originally from the East.

died. For to people like me the contemplation of one's possessions is dearer than life." Then that wicked friend and his relations carried him out, but he remained immovable, even while he was being burned, and kept silence till he died. So the foolish man sacrificed his life, but saved his pudding, and others enjoyed at ease the wealth he had acquired with much toil.

[M] "You have heard the story of the miser; now hear the story of the foolish pupils and the cat.

151. *Story of the Foolish Teacher, the Foolish Pupils and the Cat*

In Ujjayinī there lived in a convent a foolish teacher. And he could not sleep, because mice troubled him at night. And wearied with this infliction, he told the whole story to a friend. The friend, who was a Brāhman, said to that teacher: "You must set up a cat; it will eat the mice." The teacher said: "What sort of creature is a cat? Where can one be found? I never came across one." When the teacher said this, the friend replied: "Its eyes are like glass, its colour is a brownish grey, it has a hairy skin on its back, and it wanders about in roads. So, my friend, you must quickly discover a cat by these signs and have one brought." After his friend had said this, he went home. Then that foolish teacher said to his pupils: "You have been present and heard all the distinguishing marks of a cat. So look about for a cat, such as you have heard described, in the roads here."

Accordingly the pupils went and searched hither and thither, but they did not find a cat anywhere. Then at last they saw a Brāhman boy coming from the opening of a road; his eyes were like glass, his colour brownish grey, and he wore on his back a hairy antelope-skin. And when they saw him they said: "Here we have got the cat according to the description." So they seized him, and took him

to their teacher. Their teacher also observed that he had got the characteristics mentioned by his friend; so he placed him in the convent at night. And the silly boy himself believed that he was a cat, when he heard the description that those fools gave of the animal.

Now it happened that the silly boy was a pupil of that Brāhman who out of friendship gave that teacher the description of the cat. And that Brāhman came in the morning, and, seeing the boy in the convent, said to those fools: "Who brought this fellow here?" The teacher and his foolish pupils answered: "We brought him here as a cat, according to the description which we heard from you." Then the Brāhman laughed, and said: "There is considerable difference between a stupid human being and a cat, which is an animal with four feet and a tail." When the foolish fellows heard this, they let the boy go, and said: "So let us go and search again for a cat such as has been now described to us." And the people laughed at those fools.

[M] "Ignorance makes everyone ridiculous. You have heard of the fools and their cat; now hear the story of another set of fools.

152. *Story of the Fools and the Bull of Śiva* [1]

There was in a certain convent, full of fools, a man who was the greatest fool of the lot. He once heard in a treatise on law, which was being read out, that a man who has a tank made gains a great reward in the next world. Then, as he had a large fortune, he had made a large tank full of water, at no great distance from his own convent. One day this prince of fools went to take a look at that tank of his, and perceived that the sand had been scratched up by some creature. The next day too, he came, and saw that the bank had been torn up in another part of that tank, and

[1] See W. A. Clouston, *Book of Noodles*, p. 47.—N.M.P.

being quite astonished, he said to himself: "I will watch here to-morrow the whole day, beginning in the early morning, and I will find out what creature it is that does this."

After he had formed this resolution, he came there early next morning, and watched, until at last he saw a bull descend from heaven and plough up the bank with its horns. He thought: "This is a heavenly bull, so why should I not go to heaven with it?" And he went up to the bull, and with both his hands laid hold of the tail behind. Then the holy bull lifted up with the utmost force the foolish man, who was clinging to its tail, and carried him in a moment to its home in Kailāsa. There the foolish man lived for some time in great comfort, feasting on heavenly dainties, sweetmeats, and other things which he obtained. And seeing that the bull kept going and returning, that king of fools, bewildered by destiny, thought: "I will go down clinging to the tail of the bull and see my friends, and after I have told them this wonderful tale, I will return in the same way."

Having formed this resolution, the fool went and clung to the tail of the bull one day when it was setting out, and so returned to the surface of the earth. When he returned to the convent, the other blockheads, who were there, embraced him, and asked him where he had been, and he told them. Then all those foolish men, having heard the tale of his adventures, made this petition to him: "Be kind and take us also there, enable us also to feast on sweetmeats." He consented, and told them his plan for doing it, and the next day he led them to the border of the tank and the bull came there. And the principal fool seized the tail of the bull with his two hands, and another took hold of his feet, and a third in turn took hold of his. So, when they had formed a chain by clinging on to one another's feet, the bull flew rapidly up into the air.

And while the bull was going along, with all the fools clinging to his tail, it happened that one of the fools said to the principal fool: "Tell us now to satisfy our curiosity: how large were those sweetmeats which you ate, of which a never-failing supply can be obtained in heaven?" Then

the leader had his attention diverted from the business in hand, and quickly joined his hands together like the cup of a lotus, and exclaimed in answer: "So big." But in doing so he let go the tail of the bull. And accordingly he and all those others fell from heaven, and were killed, and the bull returned to Kailāsa; but the people, who saw it, were much amused.[1]

[M] "Fools do themselves an injury by asking questions and giving answers without reflection. You have heard about the fools who flew through the air; hear about this other fool.

153. *Story of the Fool who asked his Way to the Village*

A certain fool, while going to another village, forgot the way. And when he asked his way, the people said to him: "Take the path that goes up by the tree on the bank of the river."

Then the fool went and got on the trunk of that tree, and said to himself: "The men told me that my way lay up the trunk of this tree." And as he went on climbing up it, the bough at the end bent with his weight, and it was all he could do to avoid falling by clinging to it.

While he was clinging to it, there came that way an elephant, that had been drinking water, with his driver on his back. When the fool, who was clinging to the tree, saw him, he said with humble voice to that elephant-driver: "Great sir, take me down." And the elephant-driver let go the elephant-hook, and laid hold of the man by the feet

[1] This and the next story resemble the conclusion of the story of the tortoise Kambugrīva and the swans Vikaṭa and Sankaṭa, Book X, chap. lx, *śl.* 169. See also Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 292. A similar story is told in Bartsch's *Sagen, Märchen u. Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, vol. i, p. 349, of the people of Teterow. They adopted the same manœuvre to get a stone out of a well. The man at the top then let go, in order to spit on his hands.—— See p. 55*n*[3] of this volume for further details of the story of Kambugrīva, which is the tenth tale of Book I of the *Pañchatantra*.—N.M.P.

with both his hands, to take him down from the tree. In the meanwhile the elephant went on, and the elephant-driver found himself clinging to the feet of that fool, who was clinging to the end of the tree.

Then the fool said urgently to the elephant-driver: "Sing something quickly, if you know anything, in order that the people may hear, and come here at once to take us down. Otherwise we shall fall, and the river will carry us away." When the elephant-driver had been thus appealed to by him, he sang so sweetly that the fool was much pleased. And in his desire to applaud him properly, he forgot what he was about, and let go his hold of the tree, and prepared to clap him with both his hands. Immediately he and the elephant-driver fell into the river and were drowned, for association with fools brings prosperity to no man.

[M] After Gomukha had told this story, he went on to tell that of Hiraṇyāksha.

154. *Story of Hiraṇyāksha and Mṛigānkalekhā*

There is in the lap of the Himālayas a country called Kaśmīra, which is the very crest-jewel of the earth, the home of sciences and virtue. In it there was a town named Hiraṇyapura, and there reigned in it a king named Kanakāksha. And there was born to that king, owing to his having propitiated Śiva, a son named Hiraṇyāksha, by his wife Ratnaprabhā. The prince was one day playing at ball, and he purposely managed to strike with the ball a female ascetic who came that way. That female ascetic, possessing supernatural powers, who had overcome the passion of anger, laughed and said to Hiraṇyāksha, without altering the expression of her face [1]: "If your youth and other qualities make you so insolent, what will you become if you obtain Mṛigānkalekhā for a wife?" [2]

[1] I follow Dr Kern's conjecture, *avikṛitānanā*.

[2] In the *Sicilianische Märchen*, No. 14, a prince throws a stone at an old woman's pitcher and breaks it. She exclaims in her anger: "May you

When the prince heard that, he propitiated the female ascetic, and said to her: "Who is this Mṛigānkalekhā, tell me, reverend madam?" Then she said to him: "There is a glorious king of the Vidyādharas on the Himālayas, named Śaśitejas. He has a beautiful daughter, named Mṛigānkalekhā, whose loveliness keeps the princes of the Vidyādharas awake at night. And she will be a fitting wife for you, and you will be a suitable husband for her." When the female ascetic, who possessed supernatural power, said this to Hiraṇyāksha, he replied: "Tell me, reverend mother, how she is to be obtained." Thereupon she said: "I will go and find out how she is affected towards you, by talking about you. And then I will come and take you there. And you will find me to-morrow in the temple of the god here, named Amareśa, for I come here every day to worship him."

After the female ascetic had said this, she went through the air by her supernatural power to the Himālayas, to visit that Mṛigānkalekhā. Then she praised to her so artfully the good qualities of Hiraṇyāksha that the celestial maiden became very much in love with him,[1] and said to her: "If, reverend mother, I cannot manage to obtain a husband of this kind, of what use to me is this my purposeless life?" So the emotion of love was produced in Mṛigānkalekhā, and she spent the day talking about him, and passed the night with that female ascetic.

In the meanwhile Hiraṇyāksha spent the day in thinking of her, and with difficulty slept at night, but towards the end of the night Pārvatī said to him in a dream: "Thou art a Vidyādhara, become mortal by the curse of a hermit, and thou shalt be delivered from it by the touch of the hand of this female ascetic, and then thou shalt quickly marry this Mṛigānkalekhā. Do not be anxious about it, for she was thy wife in a former state." Having said this, the goddess

wander through the world until you find the beautiful Nzentola!" Nos. 12 and 13 begin in a similar way. A parallel will be found in Dr Köhler's notes to No. 12. He compares the commencement of the *Pentamerone* of Basile (Burton's translation, vol. i, p. 3).——*Cf.* also Vol. III, p. 259, of this work. —N.M.P.

[1] See Vol. I, p. 128, 128*n*[1]; Vol. II, pp. 143, 144, and Vol. III, pp. 68, 68*n*[1], 261, 261*n*[1].—N.M.P.

disappeared from his sight. And in the morning the prince woke and rose up, and performed the auspicious ceremonies of bathing and so on. Then he went and adored Amareśa and stood in his presence, since it was there that the female ascetic had appointed him a rendezvous.

In the meanwhile Mṛigānkalekhā fell asleep with difficulty in her own palace, and Pārvatī said to her in a dream: "Do not grieve, the curse of Hiraṇyāksha is at an end, and he will again become a Vidyādhara by the touch of the hand of the female ascetic, and thou shalt have him once more for a husband." When the goddess had said this, she disappeared, and in the morning Mṛigānkalekhā woke up and told the female ascetic her dream. And the holy ascetic returned to the earth, and said to Hiraṇyāksha, who was in the *temenos* of Amareśa: "Come to the world of Vidyādharas." When she said this, he bent before her, and she took him up in her arms, and flew up with him to heaven.

Then Hiraṇyāksha's curse came to an end, and he became a prince of the Vidyādharas, and remembered his former birth, and said to the female ascetic: "Know that I was a king of the Vidyādharas named Amṛitatejas in a city named Vajrakūta. And long ago I was cursed by a hermit, angry because I had treated him with neglect, and I was doomed to live in the world of mortals until touched by your hand. And my wife, who then abandoned the body because I had been cursed, has now been born again as Mṛigānkalekhā, and so has before been loved by me. And now I will go with you and obtain her once more, for I have been purified by the touch of your hand, and my curse is at an end."

So said Amṛitatejas, the Vidyādhara prince, as he travelled through the air with that female ascetic to the Himālayas. There he saw Mṛigānkalekhā in a garden, and she saw him coming, as he had been described by the female ascetic. Wonderful to say, these lovers first entered one another's minds by the ears, and now they entered them by the eyes, without ever having gone out again.

Then that outspoken female ascetic said to Mṛigānkalekhā: "Tell this to your father with a view to your

marriage." She instantly went, with a face downcast from modesty, and informed her father of all through her confidante. And it happened that her father also had been told how to act by Pārvatī in a dream, so he received Amṛitatejas into his palace with all due honour. And he bestowed Mṛigānkalekhā on him with the prescribed ceremonies, and after he was married he went to the city of Vajrakūṭa. There he got back his kingdom as well as his wife, and he had his father Kanakāksha brought there, by means of the holy female ascetic, as he was a mortal, and he gratified him with heavenly enjoyments and sent him back again to earth, and long enjoyed his prosperity with Mṛigānkalekhā.

[M] "So you see that the destiny fixed for any creature in this world, by works in a former birth, falls, as it were, before his feet, and he attains it with ease, though apparently unattainable."

When Naravāhanadatta heard this tale of Gomukha's, he was enabled to sleep that night, though pining for Śaktiyaśas.

CHOOSING A KING BY DIVINE WILL

On page 155 we read that in a certain city there was an immemorial custom that an auspicious elephant was driven about by the citizens, and any man that he took up with his trunk and placed on his back was anointed king.

At first sight this may seem to be merely an interesting bit of animal folk-lore, showing the great deference paid to the elephant in India. Its prominent place in every aspect of Hindu life would naturally tend to support this view. But here the act of the elephant is simply the remnant of a much older custom mentioned as early as the *Jātakas*, which, on its entry into the folk-lore of India, preserved only that portion essential for the purposes of the story-teller. I refer to the rite of *pañcadivyādhivāsa*, or choosing a king by divine will.

The exact meaning of the term has puzzled lexicographers for years. *Pañca*, of course, means "five" and presents no difficulties. *Divya* is a neuter noun and in a legal sense means "ordeal," but in the present connection is used in a concrete instead of an abstract sense. Thus neither Jacobi's "insignia of royalty," nor Meyer's "divine things" exactly expresses the meaning. Edgerton ("Pañcadivyādhivāsa, or Choosing a King . . .," *Journ. Am. Orient. Soc.*, vol. xxiii, 1913, p. 166) would translate, "instruments of divine test," which certainly conveys the meaning better. This view is also taken by Hertel, who, in *Das Pañchatantra, seine Geschichte und seine Verbreitung*, Leipzig, 1914, p. 374*n*[1], says: "*divya hat den Sinn 'Äusserung des Schicksalswillens,' entspricht also etwa unserm 'Gottesurteil,' und bedeutet in unserem besonderen Falle 'dasjenige, was ein solches Gottesurteil kund tut.' 'Eingesetzt' werden die divya, um den neuen König zu bestimmen.*"

There still remains *adhivāsa* to be discussed. In the past many scholars have connected it with *vāsa*, "perfume," but recent research has shown it to be derived from the root *vas*, "to dwell," with the preposition *adhi*. The complete term, then, refers to a ceremony by which a deity or divine power is invoked to take its proper place in a sacred object, either in the image of a god or in some other thing (in this case five things) which is to be consecrated to some divine purpose. (See Edgerton, *op. cit.*, p. 164 *et seq.*)

We have already seen (Vol. I, p. 255*n*[3]) that five was regarded as a mystical number, and as such entered largely into Hindu ceremonies and ritual. There were five emblems of royalty, (*rāja-*) *kakudāni*: the sword, umbrella, crown, shoes and chowrie. The Burmese regalia consisted of almost exactly the same articles (see Vol. II, p. 264).

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that in the selection of a king by divine will the number of the articles employed is also five. The ceremony being really a coronation, the list of articles varies from that given above. Naturally the chosen man must be anointed, and so a pitcher of holy water takes the place of the sword, while the two royal animals, the elephant and the horse, usually replace the crown and shoes, though sometimes the umbrella.

There are several examples of the divine selection of a king in the *Jātakas*, although the method adopted is different. After special consecration a "festal car" proceeds riderless wherever the divine will guides it, until it stops before the man whose merit is sufficient for him to rule the kingdom. The musicians who have followed the car now sound a triumphant acclamation, and the chosen ruler is anointed, and made to mount the waiting chariot. Such is the method described in the *Mahājanaka Jātaka*, No. 539 (Cambridge edition, vol. vi, p. 25), while similar accounts occur in Nos. 378, 445, 461, 465 and 529 (*i.e.* vol. iii, p. 157; vol. iv, p. 25; *ib.*, p. 80; *ib.*, p. 95; vol. v, p. 128).

The tradition of this ceremony has persisted in many different parts of India to the present day, and was recently found by Sir Aurel Stein in a variant of the Joseph and Potiphar tale as told by a Kashmirian story-teller. In this case it is an elephant and a royal hawk who make the choice. (See Stein and Grierson, *Hatim's Tales*, p. 37.)

In many instances only one or two of the emblems of royalty are mentioned. For example in the *Kathākoça* (Tawney, p. 4 and note) there is an elephant with a pitcher of water fastened to its temple. It roams for seven days before it finds the chosen man, whereupon it empties the pitcher on his head. On p. 128 of the same collection the horse is also mentioned, while on p. 155 we read: "Now, it happened that the king of that city died in the course of the night without leaving issue. Then the ministers had recourse to the five ordeals. The mighty elephant came into the garden outside the city. There the elephant sprinkled Prince Amaradatta and put him on its back. Then the horse neighed. The two chowries fanned the prince. An umbrella was held over his head. A divine voice was heard in the air: 'Long live King Amaradatta!'"

In the *Prabandhacintāmaṇi* (Tawney, p. 181) the elephant roams alone in the whole city and finally sprinkles a humble umbrella-bearer. Sometimes, as in Jacobi's *Hindu Tales*, p. 131, only a horse is mentioned, while in another story in the same collection (p. 212) we have all five: "Having seen him, the elephant trumpeted, the steed neighed, the golden pitcher sprinkled him, the chowries fanned him, and the parasol stood over him."

It would be superfluous to give other examples from Hindu fiction. They have, moreover, been already enumerated. See Tawney, "Some Indian Methods of Electing Kings," *Proc. Roy. As. Soc. Bengal*, Nov. 1891, p. 135 *et seq.*; Meyer, *Daśa Kumāra Charita*, 1902, p. 94; Bloomfield, *Life and Stories of Pārçvanātha*, pp. 199-202; ditto, "Joseph and Potiphar in Hindu Fiction," *Trans. Amer. Phil. Ass.*, vol. liv, 1923, pp. 142, 143; Stein and Grierson, *op. cit.*, p. xxxv. Reference should also be made to W. Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, vol. ii, p. 240; ditto, *Tribes and Castes of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh*, vol. ii, p. 380; and to R. V. Russell, *Tribes and Castes of the Central Provinces*, vol. iv, p. 462, where the founder of the Gahlot clan in Mewār was proclaimed king by an elephant putting a garland thrice round his neck.

The subject has been discussed by Hartland from a much wider point of view, and variants are given from many parts of Europe as well as Asia. He

also includes examples showing that in many countries the choice of a king actually depends on omens from animals. Thus it is said that in Senjero, a petty kingdom in the south of Abyssinia, when the king dies, the nobles assemble outside the city in the open plain and wait until a vulture or an insect settles on one of them, who is then saluted as king.

Hartland first read a paper on this subject before the Folk-Lore Society (see "The Voice of the Stone of Destiny," *Folk-Lore*, vol. xiv, 1903, pp. 28-60). It was later reprinted with a few small additions in his *Ritual and Belief*, London, 1914, pp. 290-328 (*not* p. 30 *et seq.* as stated in *Hatim's Tales*, p. xxxv).

In the *Nights* no animal is mentioned in connection with the custom of choosing a king by divine will, but the underlying idea is the same. In the story of "Alí Shar and Zumurrud" (Burton, vol. iv, p. 210), Zumurrud enters the city disguised as a man and is immediately made king. The act is thus explained: " . . . it is the custom of the citizens, when the king deceaseth leaving no son, that the troops should sally forth to the suburbs and sojourn there three days: and whoever cometh from the quarter whence thou hast come, him they make king over them." See also Supp., vol. ii, where Clouston gives a useful note when quoting one of J. H. Knowles' tales from *Ind. Ant.*, June 1886.

For other references see Chauvin, *op. cit.*, vi, p. 75, and Cosquin, *Les Contes Indiens et L'Occident*, Paris, 1922, p. 321.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER LXVI

THE next night Gomukha told the following story [M] to Naravāhanadatta to amuse him:—

155. *Story of the Hermit and his Pupils*

In the holy place of Śiva, called Dhaneśvara, there lived long ago a great hermit, who was waited upon by many pupils. He once said to his pupils: "If any one of you has seen or heard in his life a strange occurrence of any kind, let him relate it." When the hermit said this, a pupil said to him: "Listen, I will tell a strange story which I once heard.

155A. *The Mendicant who travelled from Kaśmīra to Pāṭaliputra*

There is in Kaśmīra a famous holy place, sacred to Śiva, called Vijaya. In it there lived a certain mendicant, who was proud of his knowledge. He worshipped Śiva, and prayed, "May I be always victorious in controversy," and thereupon he set out for Pāṭaliputra to exhibit his skill in dispute.

And on the way he passed forests, rivers and mountains, and having reached a certain forest, he became tired, and rested under a tree. And immediately he saw, as he was refreshing himself in the cool breeze of the tank, a student of religion, who had come there dusty with a long journey, with his staff and water-pot in his hand. When he sat down, the wandering mendicant asked him whence he came and whither he was going. The student of religion answered: "I come from that seat of learning Pāṭaliputra, and I am going to Kaśmīra to conquer the Pandits there in discussion."

When the mendicant heard this speech of the religious student's, he thought: "If I cannot conquer this one man

who has left Pāṭaliputra, how shall I manage to go and overcome the many who remain there?" So reflecting, he began to reproach that religious student: "Tell me, religious student, what is the meaning of this inconsistent conduct on your part? How comes it that you are at the same time a religious student, eager for liberation, and a man afflicted with the madness of disputatiousness? Do you seek to be delivered from the world by binding yourself with the conceit of controversy? You are quenching heat with fire, and removing the feeling of cold with snow; you are trying to cross the sea on a boat of stone; you are striving to put out a fire by fanning it. The virtue of Brāhmans is patience; that of Kshatriyas is the rescue of the distressed; the characteristic quality of one who desires liberation is quietism; disputatiousness is said to be the characteristic of Rākshasas. Therefore a man who desires liberation must be of a quiet temperament, putting away the pain arising from alternations of opposites, fearing the hindrances of the world. So cut down with the axe of quietism this tree of mundane existence, and do not water it with the water of controversial conceit."

When he said this to the religious student, he was pleased, and bowed humbly before him, and saying, "Be you my spiritual guide," he departed by the way that he came. And the mendicant remained, laughing, where he was, at the foot of the tree, and then he heard from within it the conversation of a Yaksha, who was joking with his wife.[1] And while the mendicant was listening, the Yaksha in sport struck his wife with a garland of flowers, and she, like a cunning female, pretended that she was dead, and immediately her attendants raised a cry of grief. And after a long time she opened her eyes, as if her life had returned to her.

[1] *Cf.* the Yaksha to whom Phalabhūti prays in Chapter XX. The belief in tree-spirits is shown by Tylor in his *Primitive Culture* to exist in many parts of the world (see the Index in his second volume). Grimm in his *Teutonic Mythology* (p. 70 *et seq.*) gives an account of the tree-worship which prevailed amongst the ancient Germans. See also an interesting article by M. J. Walhouse in the *Indian Antiquary*, vol. ix, June 1880, pp. 150-153.—For other references to this important subject see those already given in Vol. I, p. 144*n*[1], and Vol. II, pp. 43*n*[1], 96*n*[1] and 97*n*.—N.M.P.

Then the Yaksha, her husband, said to her: "What have you seen?" Then she told the following invented story:—

"When you struck me with the garland, I saw a black man come, with a noose in his hand, with flaming eyes, tall, with upstanding hair, terrible, darkening the whole horizon with his shadow. The ruffian took me to the abode of Yama, but his officers there turned him back, and made him let me go."

When the Yakshiṇī said this, the Yaksha laughed, and said to her: "Oh dear! women cannot be free from deception in anything that they do. Whoever died from being struck with flowers? Whoever returned from the house of Yama? You silly woman, you have imitated the tricks of the women of Pāṭaliputra.

155AA. *The Wife of King Siṃhāksha, and the Wives of his Principal Courtiers*

For in that city there is a king named Siṃhāksha; and his wife, taking with her the wives of his minister, commander-in-chief, chaplain and physician, went once on the thirteenth day of the white fortnight to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Sarasvatī, the protecting deity of that land. There they, queen and all, met on the way sick persons, hump-backed, blind and lame, and were thus implored by them: "Give medicine to us wretched diseased men, in order that we may be delivered from our infirmity; have mercy upon the distressed. For this world is wavering as a wave of the sea, transient as a flash of lightning, and its beauty is short-lived like that of a religious festival. So in this unreal world the only real thing is mercy to the wretched, and charity to the poor; it is only the virtuous person that can be said truly to live. What is the use of giving to the rich or the comfortable?[1] What does the cold moon profit a shivering man, or what is the use of a cloud when winter

[1] The Sanskrit College MS. reads *anena* for *aśanena*. Dr Kern wishes to read *suhitasyāpy aśanena kim*. This would still leave a superfluity of syllables. ——The D. text reads *suhitasyāśanena*, thus preserving both the sense and the metre.—N.M.P.

has arrived? So rescue us miserable creatures from the affliction of sickness."

When the queen and the other ladies had been thus supplicated by these diseased persons, they said to one another: "These poor afflicted men say what is true, and to the point, so we must endeavour to restore them to health even at the cost of all our substance." Then they worshipped the goddess, and each took one of those sick people to her own house, and, urging on their husbands, they had them treated with the potent drugs of Mahādevī, and they never left off watching them. And from being always with them, they fell in love with them, and became so attached to them that they thought of nothing else in the world. And their minds, bewildered with love, never reflected what a difference there was between these wretched sick men and their own husbands, the king and his chief courtiers.

Then their husbands remarked that they had on them the marks of scratches and bites, due to their surprising intimacy with these invalids.[1] And the king, the commander-in-chief, the minister, the chaplain and the physician talked of this to one another without reserve, but not without anxiety. Then the king said to the others: "You keep quiet at present; I will question my wife dexterously." So he dismissed them, and went to his private apartments, and assuming an expression of affectionate anxiety, he said to his wife: "Who bit you on the lower lip? Who scratched you on the breast?[1] If you tell me the truth, it will be well with you, but not otherwise."

When the queen was thus questioned by the king, she told him a fictitious tale, saying: "Ill-fated that I am, I must tell this wonder, though it ought not to be revealed. Every night a man, with a discus and club, comes out of the painted wall,[2] and does this to me, and disappears into it in the morning. And though you, my husband, are alive,

[1] See note at end of chapter.—N.M.P.

[2] So in the "Tale of the Fisherman and the Jinni," *Nights* (Burton, vol. i, p. 65), a black slave comes out of the wall when the magic fish are cooked. *Cf.* Chauvin, *op. cit.*, vi, p. 56.—N.M.P.

he reduces to this state my body, which not even the sun or moon has ever beheld."

When the foolish king heard this story of hers, told with much semblance of grief, he believed it, and thought that it was all a trick played by Vishṇu. And he told it to the minister and his other servants, and they, like blockheads, also believed that their wives had been visited by Vishṇu, and held their tongues.

155A. *The Mendicant who travelled from Kaśmīra to Pāṭaliputra*

"In this way wicked and cunning females, of bad character, by concurring in one impossible story, deceive silly people, but I am not such a fool as to be taken in."

The Yaksha by saying this covered his wife with confusion. And the mendicant at the foot of the tree heard it all. Then the mendicant folded his hands, and said to that Yaksha: "Reverend sir, I have arrived at your hermitage, and now I throw myself on your protection. So pardon my sin in overhearing what you have been saying." By thus speaking the truth he gained the good will of the Yaksha. And the Yaksha said to him: "I am a Yaksha, Sarvasthānagavāta by name, and I am pleased with you. So choose a boon." Then the mendicant said to the Yaksha: "Let this be my boon, that you will not be angry with this wife of yours." Then the Yaksha said: "I am exceedingly pleased with you. This boon is already granted, so choose another." Then the mendicant said: "Then this is my second petition, that from this day forward you and your wife will look upon me as a son." When the Yaksha heard this, he immediately became visible to him with his wife, and said: "I consent; my son, we regard you as our own child. And owing to our favour you shall never suffer calamity. And you shall be invincible in disputation, altercation and gambling." When the Yaksha had said this, he disappeared, and the mendicant worshipped him, and after spending the night there, he went on to Pāṭaliputra.

Then he announced to King Siṃhākṣha, by the mouth of

the doorkeeper, that he was a disputant come from Kaśmīra. And the king permitted him to enter the hall of assembly, and there he tauntingly challenged the learned men to dispute with him. And after he had conquered them all by virtue of the boon of the Yaksha, he again taunted them in the presence of the king in these words: "I ask you to explain this. What is the meaning of this statement: 'A man with a discus and mace comes out of the painted wall, and bites my lower lip, and scratches my chest, and then disappears in the wall again.' Give me an answer." [1]

When the learned men heard his riddle, as they did not know the real reference, they gave no answer, but looked at one another's faces. Then the King Siṃhāksha himself said to him: "Explain to us yourself the meaning of what you said." Thereupon the mendicant told the king of the deceitful behaviour of his wife, which he had heard about from the Yaksha. And he said to the king: "So a man should never become attached to women, which will only result in his knowing wickedness."

The king was delighted with the mendicant, and wished to give him his kingdom. But the mendicant, who was ardently attached to his own native land, would not take it. Then the king honoured him with a rich present of jewels. The mendicant took the jewels, and returned to his native land of Kaśmīra, and there by the favour of the Yaksha he lived in great comfort.

[M] When Gomukha [2] had said this, he remarked: "So strange are these actions of bad women, and the dispensations

[1] This part of the story may be compared with the story of "As tres Lebres," Coelho's *Contos Populares Portugueses*, p. 90, or that of the "Blind Man and the Cripple," Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 240 *et seq.*

——For a long bibliography of tales containing riddles as one of the main incidents see Chauvin, *op. cit.*, v, p. 193, and vi, pp. 42, 43.—N.M.P.

[2] We do not get back to No. 155 as we should, for it was really the pupil who told Nos. 155A and 155AA (see p. 178).—N.M.P.

of Providence, and the conduct of mankind. Now hear this story of another woman who killed eleven.[1]

156. *Story of the Woman who had Eleven Husbands*

There was in Mālava a certain householder, who lived in a village. He had born to him a daughter, who had two or three elder brothers. Now as soon as she was born her mother died, and a few days after, one of the man's sons died. And then his brother was gored by an ox and died of it. So the householder named his daughter "Three-slayer," because, owing to the birth of this ill-omened girl, three had met their death.

In course of time she grew up, and then the son of a rich man, who lived in that village, asked her in marriage, and her father gave her to him with the usual rejoicings. She lived for some time with that husband, but he soon died. In a few days the fickle woman took another husband. And the second husband met his death in a short time. Then, led astray by her youthful feelings, she took a third husband. And the third husband of this husband-slayer died like the others. In this way she lost ten husbands in succession. So she got affixed to her, by way of ridicule, the name of "Ten-slayer." Then her father was ashamed and would not let her take another husband, and she remained in her father's house avoided by people.

But one day a handsome young traveller entered it, and was allowed by her father to stop as his guest for a night. When Ten-slayer saw him, she fell in love with him, and when he looked at that charming young woman, he too was captivated. Then Love robbed her of her modesty, and she said to her father: "I choose this traveller as one husband more; if he dies I will then take a vow." She said this in the hearing of the traveller, but her father

[1] In the notice of the first ten Fasciculi of this translation which appeared in *The Saturday Review* for May 1882 the following interesting remark is made on this story: "And the story of the woman who had eleven husbands bears a curious, but no doubt accidental, likeness to an anecdote related by St Jerome about a contest between a man and his wife as to which would outlive the other, she having previously conducted to the grave scores of husbands, and he scores of wives."

answered her: "Do not think of such a thing, it is too disgraceful; you have lost ten husbands, and if this one dies too, people will laugh consumedly."

When the traveller heard this, he abandoned all reserve, and said: "No chance of my dying; I have lost ten wives, one after another. So we are on a par; I swear that it is so by the touch of the feet of Śiva." When the traveller said this, everybody was astonished. And the villagers assembled, and with one consent gave permission to Ten-slayer to marry the traveller, and she took him for her husband. And she lived some time with him, but at last he was seized with an ague and died. Then she was called "Eleven-slayer," and even the stones could not help laughing at her; so she betook herself in despondency to the bank of the Ganges and lived the life of an ascetic.

[M] When Gomukha had told this amusing story, he went on to say: "Hear also the story of the man who subsisted on one ox.

157. *Story of the Man who, thanks to Durgā, had always One Ox*

There was a certain poor householder in a certain village, and the only wealth he had in his house was one ox. He was so mean-spirited that, though his family was on the point of perishing for want of food, and he himself had to fast, he could not make up his mind to part with that ox. But he went to the shrine of Durgā in the Vindhya hills, and throwing himself down on a bed of *darbha* grass, he performed asceticism without taking food, in order that he might obtain wealth. The goddess said to him in a dream: "Rise up! your wealth shall always consist of one ox, and by selling it you shall live in perpetual comfort." So the next morning he woke, and got up, took some food, and returned to his house. But even then he had not strength of mind to sell that ox, for he thought that, if he sold it, he would have nothing left in the world, and be unable to live.

Then as, thin with fasting, he told his dream with reference to the command of the goddess, a certain intelligent friend said to him: "The goddess told you that you should always have one ox, and that you should live by selling it, so why did you not, foolish man, obey the command of the goddess? So sell this ox, and support your family. When you have sold this one, you will get another, and then another." The villager, on receiving this suggestion from his friend, did so. And he received ox after ox, and lived in perpetual comfort by selling them.[1]

[M] "So you see, Destiny produces fruit for every man according to his resolution. So a man should be resolute; good fortune does not select for favour a man wanting in resolution. Hear now this story of the cunning rogue who passed himself off as a minister.

158. *Story of the Rogue who managed to acquire Wealth by speaking to the King*[2]

There was a certain king in a city in the Deccan. In that city there was a rogue who lived by imposing upon

[1] Thus the poor man escaped his fate of poverty, and the story forms an example of the "Escaping One's Fate" *motif* which is so common in Hindu fiction. It has been fully treated in an excellent paper by W. N. Brown in *Studies in Honor of Maurice Bloomfield*, 1920, pp. 89-104. The story in our text is, as Brown states, a poor variant of a much more elaborate tale in *Dharmakalpadruma*, ii, 4, 109 *et seq.*, of which both text and translation are given by Hertel in *Zeit. d. d. morg. Gesell.*, lxv, p. 445. In this story all three children of an unfortunate king escape their fate owing to the cleverness of a faithful minister. All are reduced to getting their own living the best way they can. The second son has but a single ox which he uses to drag a load of grass daily to market. This would have gone on indefinitely had not the minister found him and instructed him: "Every day sell your ox. When it is sold, Fate will again give you the means of livelihood." For fuller details and variants see Brown's article mentioned above.—N.M.P.

[2] So in the *Novellæ Morlini*, No. 4, a merchant, who is deeply involved, gives a large sum of money to the king for the privilege of riding by his side through the town. Henceforth his creditors cease their importunities. (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 494.)

others. And one day he said to himself, being too ambitious to be satisfied with small gains: "Of what use to me is this petty rascality, which only provides me with subsistence? Why should I not do a stroke of business which would bring me great prosperity?"

Having thus reflected, he dressed himself splendidly as a merchant, and went to the palace gate and accosted the warder. And he introduced him into the king's presence, and he offered a complimentary gift, and said to the king: "I wish to speak with your Majesty in private." The king was imposed upon by his dress, and much influenced in his favour by the present, so he granted him a private interview, and then the rogue said to him: "Will your Majesty have the goodness every day, in the hall of assembly, to take me aside for a moment in the sight of all, and speak to me in private? And as an acknowledgment of that favour I will give your Majesty every day five hundred *dīnārs*, and I do not ask for any gift in return."

When the king heard that, he thought to himself: "What harm can it do? What does he take away from me? On the contrary, he is to give me *dīnārs* every day. What disgrace is there in carrying on a conversation with a great merchant?" So the king consented, and did as he requested, and the rogue gave the king the *dīnārs* as he had promised, and the people thought that he had obtained the position of a high minister.

Now one day the rogue, while he was talking with the king, kept looking again and again at the face of one official with a significant expression. And after he came out, that official asked him why he had looked at his face so, and the rogue was ready with this fiction: "The king is angry because he supposes that you have been plundering his realm. This is why I looked at your face, but I will appease his anger."

When the sham minister said this, the official went home in a state of anxiety, and sent him a thousand gold pieces. And the next day the rogue talked in the same way with the king, and then he came out and said to the official, who came towards him: "I appeased the king's anger against

you with some judicious words. Cheer up! I will now stand by you in all emergencies." Thus he artfully made him his friend, and then dismissed him, and then the official waited upon him with all kinds of presents.

Thus gradually this dexterous rogue, by means of his continual conversations with the king, and by many artifices, extracted from the officials, the subordinate monarchs, the Rajputs, and the servants, so much wealth that he amassed altogether fifty millions of gold pieces. Then the scoundrelly sham minister said in secret to the king: "Though I have given you every day five hundred *dīnārs*, nevertheless, by the favour of your Highness, I have amassed fifty millions of gold pieces. So have the goodness to accept of this gold. What have I to do with it?" Then he told the king his whole stratagem. But it was with difficulty that the king could be induced to take half the money. Then he gave him the post of a Cabinet Minister, and the rogue, having obtained riches and position, kept complimenting the people with entertainments.

[M] "Thus a wise man obtains great wealth without committing a very great crime, and when he has gained the advantage, he atones for his fault in the same way as a man who digs a well."

Then Gomukha went on to say to the prince: "Listen now to this one story, though you are excited about your approaching marriage.

159. *Story of Hemaprabhā and Lakshmīsena*

There lived in a city, named Ratnākara, a king, named Buddhiprabha, who was a very lion to the infuriated elephant-herd of his enemies. And there was born to him by his queen, named Ratnarekhā, a daughter, named Hemaprabhā, the most beautiful woman in the whole world. And since she was a Vidyādharī, that had fallen to earth by a curse,

she was fond of amusing herself by swinging,[1] on account of the pleasure that she felt in recalling the impressions of her roaming through the air in her former existence. Her father forbade her, being afraid that she would fall, but she did not desist, so her father was angry and gave her a slap.

The princess was angry at receiving so great an indignity, and wishing to retire to the forest, she went to a garden outside the city, on the pretence of amusing herself. She made her servants drunk with wine, and roaming on, she entered a dense tree-jungle, and got out of their sight. And she went alone to a distant forest, and there she built herself a hut, and remained feeding on roots and fruits, engaged in the adoration of Śiva. As for her father, he found out that she had fled to some place or other, and made search for her, but did not find her. Then he fell into great grief. And after some time the king's grief abated a little, so he went out hunting to distract his mind. And, as it happened, that King Buddhiprabha went to that distant forest, in which his daughter Hemaprabhā was engaged in ascetic practices.

There the king saw her hut, and he went into it, and unexpectedly beheld there his own daughter emaciated with ascetic practices. And she, when she saw him, rose up at once and embraced his feet, and her father embraced her with tears and seated her on his lap. And seeing one another again after so long a separation, they wept so that even the eyes of the deer in the forest gushed with tears. Then the king at last comforted his daughter, and said to her: "Why did you abandon, my daughter, the happiness of a palace and act thus? So come back to your mother, and give up this forest." When her father said this to her, Hemaprabhā answered him: "I have been commanded by the god to act thus. What choice have I in the matter? So I will not return to the palace to indulge in pleasure, and I will not abandon the joys of asceticism."

[1] For a long note on "Swinging as a Magical Rite" see J. G. Fraser, *Golden Bough*, vol. iv (*Dying God*), pp. 277-285. He seems, however, to have missed the importance of the erotic element in swinging. For this and several useful references see Havelock Ellis, *Psychology of Sex, Evolution of Modesty*, p. 174.—N.M.P.

When the king discovered from this speech of hers that she would not abandon her intention, he had a palace made for her in that very forest. And when he returned to his capital, he sent her every day cooked food and wealth, for the entertainment of her guests. And Hemaprabhā remained in the forest honouring her guests with wealth and jewels, while she lived herself on roots and fruits.

Now one day there came to the hermitage of that princess a female mendicant, who was roaming about, having observed a vow of chastity from her earliest youth. This lady, who had been a mendicant from her childhood, was honoured by Hemaprabhā, and when asked by her the reason why she took the vow, she answered: "Once, when I was a girl, I was shampooing my father's feet, and my eyes closed in sleep, and I let my hands drop. Then my father gave me a kick, and said: 'Why do you go to sleep?' And I was so angry at that that I left his house and became a mendicant."

Then Hemaprabhā was so delighted with the female mendicant, on account of the resemblance of her character to her own, that she made her share her forest life. And one morning she said to that friend: "My friend, I remember that I crossed in my dreams a broad river; then I mounted a white elephant; after that I ascended a mountain, and there I saw in a hermitage the holy god Śiva. And having obtained a lyre, I sang and played on it before him and then I saw a man of celestial appearance approach. When I saw him, I flew up into the sky with you, and when I had seen so much, I awoke, and lo! the night was at an end." When the friend heard this, she said to Hemaprabhā: "Undoubtedly, auspicious girl, you must be some heavenly being born on earth in consequence of a curse; and this dream means that your curse is nearly at an end." When the princess heard this speech of her friend's, she received it with joy.

And when the sun, the lamp of the world, had mounted high in the heaven, there came there a certain prince on horseback. When he saw Hemaprabhā dressed as an ascetic, he dismounted from his horse, and conceiving

admiration for her, he went and saluted her respectfully. She, for her part, entertained him, and made him take a seat, and feeling love for him, said: "Who are you, noble sir?" Then the prince said: "Noble lady, there is a king of auspicious name called Pratāpasena. He was once going through a course of asceticism to propitiate Śiva, with the view of obtaining a son. And that merciful god appeared to him, and said: 'Thou shalt obtain one son, who shall be an incarnation of a Vidyādhara, and he, when his curse is at an end, shall return to his own world. And thou shalt have a second son, who shall continue thy race and uphold thy realm.' When Śiva said this to him, he rose up in high spirits, and took food. Then he had one son born to him named Lakshmīsena, and in course of time a second named Sūrasena. Know, lovely one, that I am that same Lakshmīsena, and that to-day, when I went out to hunt, my horse, swift as the wind, ran away with me and brought me here."

Hemaprabhā meets Lakshmīsena

Then he asked her history, and she told it him, and thereupon she remembered her former birth, and was very much elated, and said to him: "Now that I have seen you, I have remembered my birth and the sciences which I knew as a Vidyādharī,[1] for I and this friend of mine here are both Vidyādharīs, that have been sent down to earth by a curse. And you were my husband, and your minister was the husband of this friend of mine. And now that curse of me and of my friend has lost its power. We shall all meet again in the world of Vidyādharas."

Then she and her friend assumed divine forms and flew up to heaven, and went to their own world. But Lakshmīsena stood for a moment lost in wonder, and then his minister arrived, tracking his course. While the prince was telling the whole story to him, King Buddhiprabha arrived, anxious to see his daughter. When he could not see his daughter, but found Lakshmīsena there, he asked for news of her, and Lakshmīsena told him what had happened. Then Buddhiprabha was cast down, but Lakshmīsena and his minister remembered their former existence, their curse having spent

[1] I follow the Sanskrit College MS., which reads *vidyābhiḥ saha saṃsmṛitā*.

its force, and they went to their own world through the air.

He recovered his wife Hemaprabhā, and returned with her, and then taking leave of Buddhiprabha, he went to his own town. And he went with his minister, who had recovered his wife, and told their adventures to his father Pratāpasena, who bestowed on him his kingdom as his successor by right of birth. But he gave it to his younger brother Śūrasena, and returned to his own city in the country of the Vidyādharas. There Lakshmīsena, united with his consort Hemaprabhā, and assisted by his minister, long enjoyed the delights of sovereignty over the Vidyādharas.

[M] By hearing these stories told one after another by Gomukha, Naravāhanadatta, though he was excited about his approaching marriage with his new wife Śaktiyaśas, spent that night as if it were a moment. In this way the prince whiled away the days, until the day of his marriage arrived, when, as he was in the presence of his father the King of Vatsa, he suddenly saw the army of the Vidyādharas descend from heaven, gleaming like gold. And he saw, in the midst of them, Sphaṭikayaśas, the King of the Vidyādharas, who had come out of love, holding the hand of his dear daughter, whom he wished to bestow on the prince, and he joyfully went towards him, and saluted him by the title of father-in-law, after his father had first entertained him with the *arghya* and other usual ceremonies. And the king of the Vidyādharas stated the object of his coming, and immediately created a display of heavenly magnificence becoming his high position, and by the might of his supernatural power loaded the prince with jewels, and then bestowed on him in due form his daughter previously promised to him. And Naravāhanadatta, having obtained that Śaktiyaśas, the daughter of the king of the Vidyādharas, was resplendent as the lotus after collecting the rays of the sun. Then Sphaṭikayaśas departed, and the son of the King of Vatsa remained in the city of Kauśāmbī, with his eyes fixed on the face of Śaktiyaśas, as the bee clings to the lotus.

NOTE ON NAIL-MARKS AND TOOTH-BITES

On page 181 we read that the illicit passions of the queen and the other ladies were discovered by the husbands noticing the marks of scratches and bites on different parts of their bodies. To the Western mind this may appear an unimportant, if not unnecessary, intimate detail which would have been better omitted. Not so, however, in Hindu ethics. Both scratching and biting are given important parts in Vātsyāyana's *Kāma Sūtra*, which is one of the earliest works dealing with the political and social conditions of ancient India. Its date can be taken at about A.D. 250. The deductions for arriving at this conclusion will be found in an article by Haranchandra Chakladar, "Vātsyāyana—the Author of the *Kāmasūtra*: Date and Place of Origin," *Journal of the Department of Letters of the University of Calcutta*, vol. iv, 1921, pp. 85-122. See also my *Annotated Bibliography of Sir Richard Burton*, London, 1923, pp. 168-171.

In the tenth or eleventh centuries A.D. Kalyāna Malla wrote on the same subject in his *Ananga-Ranga*, basing his work on similar chapters in the *Kāma Sūtra*.

As both these works are very hard to procure I herewith give a selection of extracts from them. For the *Kāma Sūtra* I follow the translation by K. Rangaswami Iyengar, Lahore, 1921; and for the *Ananga-Ranga* that by "A. F. F. and B.F.R." (*i.e.* F. F. Arbuthnot and Sir Richard F. Burton), issued by the so-called Kāma Shastra Society in 1885.

Both works give a list of desirable qualities to be found in finger-nails. They are to be:

"Without spots and lines, clean, bright, convex, hard, and unbroken. Wise men have given in the Shastras these six qualities of the nails" (*An. Ran.*, p. 104).

Vātsyāyana gives eight kinds of *nakhanikhana*(*m*)—"scratching with the finger-nails." They are as follows (*Kā. Sūt.*, pp. 64-66):—

(1) *Āchhuritaka*(*m*)—superficially touching. (See Burton's note in *An. Ran.*, p. 105.)

(2) *Ardhachandra*, or "crescent moon," is the curving cut produced with the finger-nails at the neck or on the breasts of the woman.

(3) *Mandala*(*m*) (in *An. Ran.*, *Mandalaka*), or "full moon," is when a pair of such cuts as described in (2) are produced opposite to one another on the above parts of the body. It can also be inflicted on the lower part of the navel, the surface of the buttocks and the joint of the thighs.

(4) *Rekhā* (written *Lekhā* on p. 65), or "line of scratch," may be inflicted on all parts of the body. These should be short and never very long.

(5) *Vyāghranakhaka*(*m*), "like the tiger's claw," is the crooked form of the *lekhā*, or mere line of scratch. Its place of operation is the foreparts of the woman's breasts. (This variety is omitted in the *An. Ran.*)

(6) *Mayūrapadaka*(*m*), "peacock's footprint," is made by joining the five fingers together and drawing them over the surface of the breasts towards the

nipple, and making short scratches. The cluster of lines so formed receives the above name.

Kalyāṇa Malla describes it rather differently (*An. Ran.*, p. 105). It is "made by placing the thumb upon the nipple, and the four fingers upon the breast adjacent, at the same time pressing the nails till the mark resembles the trail of the peacock, which he leaves when walking upon mud."

(7) *Śaśaplutaka(m)*, "the hopping of a hare," follows immediately on the above on the mistress expressing her approbation. The man inflicts five close finger-nail prints on the nipple itself.

(8) *Utpalapatraka(m)*, "lotus-petal," is formed by nail prints resembling a lotus petal made on the base of the breast and all around the waist where the belt is worn.

The *Ananga-Ranga* omits the *utpalapatraka* and substitutes the *anvartha*, which is mentioned separately in the *Kāma Sūtra*, as it is only given when the husband or lover is going abroad. It consists of three deep marks or scratches made by the nails of the first three fingers on the back, the breasts and the parts about the *yoni* (*An. Ran.*, pp. 105, 106).

Among the concluding remarks given by Vātsyāyana is one which the ladies in our story would have done well to have observed:

"The aforesaid actions with the finger-nails should not be resorted to in the case of other men's wives or concubines, as otherwise the marks would betray their secret love."

With regard to the *Daśanchachhedya*, or "biting with the teeth," both authors are nearly similar, except that Vātsyāyana enumerates eight, instead of seven, varieties.

We are first informed (*Kām. Sūt.*, p. 68) that the teeth should be even, and attractive of colour as in chewing betel leaves. They should have pointed ends.

The varieties are as follows:—

(1) *Gūḍhaka(m)*, "secret," where the under-lip of the woman is caught between the lip and one tooth of the man and lightly pressed, rendering it slightly reddish without perforating the skin. (This was the actual variety of bite noticed by the king in our story.)

(2) *Uchchhūnaka(m)*, the same as (1), only effected with greater pressure so as to cause a swelling. It is also done on the left cheek.

(3) *Pravālamaṇi*, "coral," is the red spot or mark produced by the repeated applications of the tooth and lip on a particular part of the body of a woman, without, however, inflicting a cut.

(4) *Maṇimālā*, "garland," is a row of *pravālamaṇi* marks.

(5) *Bindu*, "point," is the name given to a tiny wound on that part of a woman's body where the skin is thin. It is pulled out a little and bitten by the application of two teeth (one lower and one upper), thus causing the wound.

(6) *Bindumālā*, "garland of dots," is a row of *bindu* marks. Kalyāṇa Malla explains further that the "garland" is formed by the application of all the teeth, not merely two, as in (5).

These two *mālās*, continues Vātsyāyana, are acts applicable to the neck,

armpits and the surface of the *yoni*, on account of the looseness of the skin in these parts.

(7) *Khaṇḍābhraka(m)*, "rugged cloud," a mark of the form of a rugged piece of cloud. It is to be effected on the base of the breast. Kalyāṇa Malla says it can also be applied to the brow, cheek and neck.

(8) *Varāhacharvitaka(m)*, "chewing of a boar." When a number of long teeth-marks are produced close to each other on the base of the breast of the woman, by the process of chewing its successive parts, the intervening spaces being rendered red by that action, the above name is applicable.

In concluding these two sections Vātsyāyana says that both the acts of scratching and biting are sometimes applied on certain articles of decoration to be sent to one's mistress, such as *viśeshaka* (an ornamental cutting of a leaf for the decoration of the forehead) *karṇapūra* (a flower ornament for the ear), *pushpāpiḍa* (a garland or bunch of flowers), *tāmbūlapalāśa* (betel leaf), and a leaf of *tamāla*. These are known as *ābhiyōgika*, or, preliminary acts done to signify love tending to the lovers' ultimate union. Thus it is a kind of language of signs, to which we have already referred (see Vol. I, pp. 80*n*[1]-82*n*). For fuller details of *nakhanilekhana(m)* and *daśanachchhedya* see R. Schmidt, *Beiträge zur indischen Erotik: Das Liebesleben des Sanskritvolkes*, 2nd edition, Berlin, 1911, pp. 356-379.—N.M.P.

BOOK XI: VELĀ

CHAPTER LXVII

INVOCATION

HONOUR to the elephant-headed god who averts all hindrances, who is the cause of every success, who ferries us over the sea of difficulties.

[M] Thus Naravāhanadatta obtained Śaktiyaśas, and besides he had those wives he married before, Ratnaprabhā and others, and his consort the head wife Madanamanchukā, and with his friends he led a happy life at the court of his father in Kauśāmbī.

And one day, when he was in the garden, two brothers, who were princes, and who had come from a foreign land, suddenly paid him a visit. He received them cordially, and they bowed before him, and one of them said to him: "We are the sons by different mothers of a king in the city of Vaiśākha. My name is Ruchiradeva and the name of this brother of mine is Potraka.

The Race between the Elephant and the Horses

"I have a swift female elephant, and he has two horses; and a dispute has arisen between us about them. I say that the elephant is the fleetest, he maintains that his horses are both fleeter. I have agreed that if I lose the race, I am to surrender the elephant, but if he loses, he is to give me both his horses. Now no one but you is fit to be a judge of their relative speed, so come to my house, my lord, and preside over this trial. Accede to our request. For you are the wishing-tree that grants all petitions, and we have come from afar to petition you about this matter."

When the prince received this invitation from Ruchiradeva, he consented out of good nature, and out of the interest

he took in the elephant and the horses. He set out in a chariot drawn by swift horses, which the brothers had brought, and he reached with them that city of Vaiśākha. When he entered that splendid city, the ladies, bewildered and excited, beheld him with eyes the lashes of which were turned up, and made these comments on him: "Who can this be? Can it be the God of Love newly created from his ashes without Rati? Or a second moon roaming through the heaven without a spot on its surface? Or an arrow of desire made by the Creator, in the form of a man, for the sudden complete overthrow of the female heart."

Then the king beheld the all-lovely temple of the God of Love, whose worship had been established there by men of old time. He entered and worshipped that god, the source of supreme felicity, and rested for a moment, and shook off the fatigue of the journey. Then he entered as a friend the house of Ruchiradeva, which was near that temple, and was honoured by being made to walk in front of him. He was delighted at the sight of that magnificent palace, full of splendid horses and elephants, which was in a state of rejoicing on account of his visit. There he was entertained with various hospitalities by Ruchiradeva, and there he beheld his sister, of splendid beauty. His mind and his eyes were so captivated by her glorious beauty, that he forgot all about his absence from home and his separation from his family. She too threw lovingly upon him her expanded eye, which resembled a garland of full-blown blue lotuses, and so chose him as her husband.[1] Her name was Jayendrasenā, and he thought so much upon her that the Goddess of Sleep did not take possession of him at night, much less did other females.[2]

The next day Potraka brought that pair of horses equal to the wind in swiftness; but Ruchiradeva, who was skilled in all the secrets of the art of driving, himself mounted the female elephant, and partly by the animal's natural speed,

[1] An allusion to the custom of choosing a husband in the *swayaṃvara* ceremony, by throwing a garland on the neck of the favoured suitor.——See Vol. IV, p. 238.—N.M.P.

[2] Dr Kern would read *ásata*.

partly by his dexterity in urging it on, beat them in the race. When Ruchiradeva had beaten those two splendid horses, the son of the King of Vatsa entered the palace, and at that very moment arrived a messenger from his father. The messenger, when he saw the prince, fell at his feet, and said: "The king, hearing from your retinue that you have come here, has sent me to you with this message: 'How comes it that you have gone so far from the garden without letting me know? I am impatient for your return, so abandon the diversion that occupies your attention, and return quickly.'" When he heard this message from his father's messenger, Naravāhanadatta, who was also intent on obtaining the object of his flame, was in a state of perplexity.

And at that very moment a merchant, in a great state of delight, came, bowing at a distance, and praised that prince, saying: "Victory to thee, O thou God of Love without the flowery bow! Victory to thee, O Lord, the future Emperor of the Vidyādharas! Wast thou not seen to be charming as a boy, and when growing up, the terror of thy foes? So surely the god shall behold thee like Vishṇu, striding victorious over the heaven, conquering Bali." With these and other praises the great merchant magnified the prince; then having been honoured by him, he proceeded at his request to tell the story of his life.

160. *Story of the Merchant and his Wife Velā*

There is a city called Lampā, the crown of the earth; in it there was a rich merchant named Kusumaśara. I, Prince of Vatsa, am the son of that merchant, who lives and moves in religion, and I was gained by the propitiation of Śiva. Once on a time I went with my friends to witness a procession of idols, and I saw other rich men giving to beggars. Then I formed the design of acquiring wealth to give away, as I was not satisfied with the vast fortune accumulated by my father. So I embarked in a ship, laden with many jewels, to go across the sea to another country. And my ship, impelled by a favourable wind, as if by Fate, reached that island in a few days.

There the king found out that I was an unknown man dealing in valuable jewels, and out of avarice he threw me into prison. While I was remaining in that prison, which resembled hell, on account of its being full of howling criminals, suffering from hunger and thirst, like wicked ghosts, a merchant, named Mahīdhara, a resident in that town, who knew my family, went and interceded with the king on my behalf, and said: "King, this is the son of a great merchant, who lives in the city of Lampā, and, as he is innocent, it is not creditable to your Majesty to keep him in prison." On his making representations of this kind, the king ordered me to be released from prison, and summoned me into his presence, and honoured me with a courteous reception.

So, by the favour of the king and the support of that merchant, I remained there doing a splendid business.

One day I saw, at a spring festival in a garden, a handsome girl, the daughter of a merchant named Śikhara. I was quite carried off my feet by her, who was like a wave of the sea of love's insolence, and when I found out who she was, I demanded her in marriage from her father. Her father reflected for a moment, and at last said to me: "I cannot give her to you myself; there is a reason for my not doing so. But I will send her to her grandfather by the mother's side, in the island of Laṅkā; go there and ask for her again, and marry her. And I will send her there with such instructions that your suit will certainly be accepted." When Śikhara had said this, and had paid me the usual courtesies, he dismissed me to my own house. And the next day he put the maiden on board ship, with her attendants, and sent her to the island of Laṅkā, across the sea.

I was preparing with the utmost eagerness to go there, when this rumour, which was terrible as a lightning-stroke, was spread abroad where I was: "The ship in which the daughter of Śikhara started has gone to pieces in the open sea, and not a soul has been saved out of it." That report altogether broke my self-command, and being anxious about the ship, I suddenly fell into a hopeless sea of despondency.

So I, though comforted by my elders, made up my

mind to throw away my property and prospects,[1] and I determined to go to that island to ascertain the truth. Then, though patronised by the king, and loaded with all manner of wealth, I embarked in a ship on the sea and set out.

Then a terrible pirate, in the form of a cloud, suddenly arose against me as I was pursuing my course, and discharged at me pattering drops of rain, like showers of arrows.

The Wreck

The contrary wind, which it brought with it, tossed my ship to and fro like powerful destiny, and at last broke it up. My attendants and my wealth were whelmed in the sea, but I myself, when I fell into the water, laid hold of a large spar.[2] By the help of this, which seemed like an arm suddenly extended to me by the Creator, I managed to reach the shore of the sea, being slowly drifted there by the wind. I climbed up upon it in great affliction, exclaiming against destiny, and suddenly I found a little gold which had been left by accident in an out-of-the-way part of the shore. I sold it in a neighbouring village, and bought with it food and other necessaries, and after purchasing a couple of garments, I gradually began to get over, to a certain extent, the fatigue produced by my immersion in the sea.

Then I wandered about, not knowing my way, separated from my beloved, and I saw the ground full of *liṅgas* of Śiva formed of sand. And daughters of hermits were wandering about among them. And in one place I saw a maiden engaged in worshipping a *liṅga*, who was beautiful, although dressed in the garb of a dweller in the forest. I began to think: "This girl is wonderfully like my beloved. Can she be my beloved herself? But how comes it that I am so lucky as to find her here?" And while these thoughts were passing in my mind, my right eye throbbed frequently, as if with joy,[3] and told me that it was no other than she.

[1] This seems strange, and is partly contradicted by the next sentence, where we find he willingly accepts "all manner of wealth from the king." The D. text reads *cittam āśābhir ākṣipan*, "though comforted by my elders, *I cherished my mind with hope and* determined . . ." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 129.—N.M.P.

[2] *Cf.* Book III of the novel of *Achilles Tatius*, c. 5.

[3] *Cf.* Eustathius' novel *Hysmine and Hysminias*, Book IX, chapter iv: "Ἐπὶ δὴ τούτοις πᾶσιν ὀφθαλμὸς ἤλατό μου ὁ δεξιὸς, καὶ ἦν μοι τὸ σημεῖον ἀγαθὸν,

And I said to her: "Fair one, you are fitted to dwell in a palace; how comes it that you are here in the forest?" But she gave me no answer.

Then, through fear of being cursed by a hermit, I stood concealed by a bower of creepers, looking at her with an eye that could not have enough. And after she had performed her worship, she went slowly away from the spot, as if thinking over something, and frequently turned round to look at me with loving eye. When she had gone out of sight, the whole horizon seemed to be obscured with darkness, as I looked at it, and I was in a strange state of perturbation, like the Brāhmany drake at night.

And immediately I beheld the daughter of the hermit Mātaṅga, who appeared unexpectedly. She was in brightness like the sun, subject to a vow of chastity from her earliest youth, with body emaciated by penance. She possessed divine insight, and was of auspicious countenance, like Resignation incarnate. She said to me: "Chandrasāra, call up all your patience and listen. There is a great merchant in another island named Śikhara. When a lovely girl was born to him, he was told by a mendicant, his friend, who possessed supernatural insight, and whose name was Jinarakshita [1]: 'You must not give away this maiden yourself, for she has another mother. You would commit a crime in giving her away yourself; such is the righteous prescription of the law.' Since the mendicant had told

καὶ τὸ προμάντευμα δεξιώτατον." See also Theocritus, iii, 37: "ἄλλεταί ὀφθαλμός μευ ὁ δεξιός· ἦρα γ' ἰδησῶ αὐτάν"; where Fritsche quotes Plaut, *Pseudol.*, I, i, 105. Brand in his *Popular Antiquities*, vol. iii, p. 172, quotes the above passage from Theocritus, and a very apposite one from Dr Nathaniel Home's *Dæmonologie*: "If their ears tingle, they say they have some enemies abroad that doe or are about to speake evill of them: so, *if their right eye itcheth*, then it betokens joyful laughter." Bartsch in his *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, says: "Throbbing in the right eye betokens joy, in the left, tears." In Norway throbbing in the right ear is a good sign, in the left a bad sign (Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 327). Forcellini *s.v.* "Salisatores" quotes from Isidore, viii, 9: "*Salisatores vocati sunt, qui dum eis membrorum quaecunque partes salierint, aliquid sibi exinde prosperum, seu triste significare praedicunt.*"——For details of Isidore of Seville's *Etymologiæ*, see Thorndike, *History of Magic*, vol. i, pp. 628-633. See also Vol. II, pp. 144*n*[1], 145*n*.—N.M.P.

[1] *I.e.* under the protection of a Buddha.

him this, the merchant wished to give his daughter, when she was of marriageable age, and you asked her hand, to you, by the agency of her maternal grandfather. Then she was sent off on a voyage to her maternal grandfather in the island of Laṅkā, but the vessel was wrecked, and she fell into the sea. And as she was fated not to die, a great wave brought her here like destiny, and flung her up upon the shore. Just at that time my father, the hermit Mātaṅga, came to the sea to bathe with his disciples, and saw her almost dead. He, being of compassionate nature, brought her round, and took her to his hermitage, and entrusted her to me, saying: 'Yamunā, you must cherish this girl.' And because he found her on the shore (*velā*) of the sea, he called the girl, who was beloved by all the hermits, Velā. And though I have renounced the world by a vow of perpetual chastity, it still impedes my soul, on account of my affection for her, in the form of love and tenderness for offspring. And my mind is grieved, Chandrasāra, as often as I look upon her, unmarried, though in the bloom of youth and beauty. Moreover, she was your wife in a former life. So knowing, my son, by the power of my meditation that you had come here, I have come to meet you. Now follow me and marry that Velā, whom I will bestow on you. Let the sufferings, which you have both endured, produce fruits of happiness."

Speaking thus, the saintly woman refreshed me with her voice as with cloudless rain, and then she took me to the hermitage of her father, the great hermit Mātaṅga. *The Curse of the Hermit* And at her request the hermit bestowed on me that Velā, like the happiness of the kingdom of the imagination incarnate in bodily form. But one day, as I was living happily with Velā, I commenced a splashing match with her in the water of a tank. And I and Velā, not seeing the hermit Mātaṅga, who had come there to bathe, sprinkled him inopportunely with some of the water which we threw. That annoyed him, and he pronounced a curse on me and my wife, saying: "You shall be separated, you wicked couple." Then Velā clung to his knees, and asked him with plaintive voice to appoint a period for the

duration of our curse, and he, after thinking, fixed its end as follows: "When thou shalt behold at a distance, Naravāhanadatta, the future mighty Emperor of the Vidyādharas, who shall beat[1] with a swift elephant a pair of fleet horses, then thy curse shall be at an end, and thou shalt be reunited with thy wife."

When the Ṛishi Mātaṅga had said this, he performed the ceremony of bathing and other ceremonies, and went to Śvetadvīpa through the air to visit the shrine of Vishṇu. And Yamunā said to me and my wife: "I give you now that shoe covered with valuable jewels, which a Vidyādhara long ago obtained, when it had slipped off from Śiva's foot, and which I seized in childish sport." Thereupon Yamunā also went to Śvetadvīpa. Then I having obtained my beloved, and being disgusted with dwelling in the forest, through fear of being separated from my wife, felt a desire to return to my own country. And setting out for my native land, I reached the shore of the sea; and finding a trading vessel, I put my wife on board, and was preparing to go on board myself, when the wind, conspiring with the hermit's curse, carried off that ship to a distance. When the ship carried off my wife before my eyes, my whole nature was stunned by the shock, and distraction seemed to have found an opening in me, and broke into me and robbed me of consciousness.

Then an ascetic came that way, and seeing me insensible, he compassionately brought me round and took me to his hermitage. There he asked me the whole story, and when he found out that it was the consequence of a curse, and that the curse was to end, he animated me with resolution to bear up. Then I found an excellent friend, a merchant, who had escaped from his ship that had foundered in the sea, and I set out with him in search of my beloved. And supported by the hope of the termination of the curse, I wandered through many lands, and lasted out many days, until I finally reached this city of Vaiśākha, and heard that you, the jewel of the noble family of the King of Vatsa, had come here. Then I saw you from a distance beat that pair

[1] See note at the end of the story.—N.M.P.

of swift horses with the female elephant, and the weight of the curse fell from me, and I felt my heart lightened.[1] And immediately I saw that dear Velā coming to meet me, whom the good merchants had brought in their ship. Then I was reunited with my wife, who had with her the jewels bestowed by Yamunā, and having by your favour crossed the ocean of separation, I came here, Prince of Vatsa, to pay you my respects, and I will now set out cheerfully for my native land with my wife.[2]

[M] When that excellent merchant Chandrasāra, who had accomplished his object, had gone, after prostrating himself before the prince, and telling his story, Ruchiradeva, pleased at beholding the greatness of his guest, was still more obsequious to him. And in addition to the elephant and the pair of horses, he gave his sister, making the duty of hospitality an excuse for doing so, to the prince who was captivated by her beauty. She was a good match for the prince, and her brother had long desired to bestow her upon him in marriage. Naravāhanadatta then took leave of Ruchiradeva, and with his new wife, the elephant, and the two horses, returned to the city of Kauśāmbī. And he remained there, gladdening his father with his presence, living happily with her and his other wives, of whom Madanamanchukā was the chief.

[1] So Malegis in "Die Heimonskinder" represents that his blind brother will be freed from his affliction when he comes to a place where the horse Bayard is being ridden (Simrock's *Die Deutschen Volksbücher*, vol. ii, p. 96).

[2] At the beginning of the story we saw that Naravāhanadatta was merely a *judge* of the race between the elephant and the horses. As the tale proceeds, however, Somadeva apparently forgets this, and in two places the race is referred to as that of Naravāhanadatta himself. The reading in the D. text is similar to that in B.—N.M.P.

APPENDIX I

APPENDIX I

THE PANCHATANTRA

THE *Pañchatantra* is, without doubt, one of the world's most famous books, and has been recited, read and loved by countless generations throughout the ages. It is not to be wondered at, then, that such a work formed part of the *Bṛihat-kathā*, and so found its way into the *Ocean of Story*.

To attempt to give here, even in brief, the history of this great collection would be impossible. Firstly, space would not allow, and secondly, the works of the scholars who have specialised in the subject are easily obtainable.

I shall merely endeavour, therefore, to explain shortly the different recensions and the chief opinions held as to the original work itself.

Owing to the kind help of Professor Edgerton, of the University of Pennsylvania, I have been able to include a very full and up-to-date genealogical tree of the *Pañchatantra*, which is of the greatest value in tracing any particular edition or translation to its source as far as present research allows.

Some idea of the enormous spread of the *Pañchatántra* can be obtained from the fact that there are known to exist over two hundred different versions in over fifty languages. It reached Europe in the eleventh century, and before 1600 existed in Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, German, English, Old Slavonic and Czech.[1]

First of all there are a few general points to be noted.

The meaning of the name given to the collection is "Five Tantras"—*i.e.* a work consisting of five *tantras*. Although it cannot be said with absolute certainty what *tantra* means, it is usually translated as "book" or "section" (of a work).

There has been much difference of opinion with regard to the date of the work. Originally Hertel suggested 200 B.C.,

[1] Johannes Hertel, *Das Pañcatantra, seine Geschichte und seine Verbreitung*, Leipzig und Berlin, 1914, and F. Edgerton, *The Panchatantra Reconstructed*, Amer. Orient. Soc., 1924, vol. ii, p. 3.

but in his *Das Pañcatantra* brought it down to A.D. 800, following Winternitz and Thomas. Edgerton (*op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 182) considers it is at present impossible to say more about the date than that it was earlier than the sixth century A.D., in which the Pahlavi translation was made, and later than the beginning of the Christian era.

The home of the *Pañchatantra* is unknown. Hertel would put it in Kashmir, while Edgerton inclines to favour the south, possibly the south-west of India, though with very little confidence. None of the evidence, however, appears convincing, and I feel that much research remains to be done on the subject before any definite statement can be made.

The work was written in Sanskrit, and was in all probability intended to serve as a kind of political *vade mecum* —rather like the *Secretum Secretorum* (see Vol. II, pp. 285-291), but with the additional attraction of appealing to the masses as just a collection of excellent stories. If they were introduced by a maxim or finished with a moral, it would in no way detract from the tale itself.

The original Sanskrit text of the *Pañchatantra* is lost, and so are many of its immediate descendants. We must also remember that the *Bṛihat-kathā* is lost. Thus our troubles begin, and we are forced to rely on subsequent versions to form an opinion as to what the original was really like. The latest research on this part of the subject has been carried out by Professor Edgerton, and the translations of those stories omitted by Somadeva given later in this appendix are from his translations of the supposed original text as reconstructed by him from evidence derived from a comparison of the existing recensions. (I have already given a *résumé* of Professor Edgerton's work, *The Panchatantra Reconstructed*, in *Man*, November 1925, pp. 182, 183.)

With regard to the number of recensions emanating from the original text, opinions are divided. Hertel believes there are only two: *Tantrākhyāyika*, and what he calls "K," archetype of all other versions. He would trace both to Kashmir. Edgerton, on the other hand, thinks it possible to establish four independent streams of *Pañchatantra* tradition: *Tantrākhyāyika*, *Southern Pañchatantra*, the *Bṛihat-kathā* and the Pahlavi versions.

It is necessary to consider the chief recensions under their several heads:

Tantrākhyāyika

This is a recension of the utmost importance, as it has been estimated to contain ninety-five per cent. of the original text, besides including a considerable amount of material which was not in the original. It was discovered by Hertel at the beginning of the present century. Full details will be found in his works on the subject.[1] The only MSS. discovered came from Kashmir. The version has two sub-recensions which, in the main, are nearly identical. Hertel would consider this as "the only version which contains the unabbreviated and not intentionally altered language of the author, which no other Indian *Pañchatantra* version has preserved. . . ."

As Edgerton has pointed out (*op. cit.*, vol. ii, pp. 14-16), the version is not really entitled to such a privileged position, and "the difference between the *Tantrākhyāyika* and other versions, in their relations to the original, is a difference of degree, and not a difference of kind."

Southern Pañchatantra

This version was also edited by Hertel,[2] and, as its name shows, is characteristic of Southern India. Hertel groups the MSS. in five sub-recensions which differ considerably. Although the version has been described as an abstract of the original, a close study of what Hertel calls sub-recension α will show that its contents compare very favourably with the *Tantrākhyāyika*, and in some cases probably bears even a closer resemblance to the original.

There are but few interpolations to the *Southern Pañchatantra*, and only one complete story (i, 12: "The Shepherdess and her Lovers") is added.

A closely related offshoot of the version is the Nepalese, acquired and edited by Hertel.[3] It contains the *verses* of a text which, though resembling the *Southern Pañchatantra*,

[1] *Ueber das Tantrākhyāyika, die kaschmirische Rezension des Pañcatantra*, Abhandlungen der Philologisch-historischen Klasse der kgl. sächsischen Gesell. d. Wissen., Leipzig, 1904; *Tantrākhyāyika, die älteste Fassung des Pañcatantra*, Leipzig und Berlin, 1909.

[2] *Das südliche Pañcatantra*, Leipzig, 1906.

[3] Edited by Hertel: Introduction and Books I-III in the "Anmerkungen" (p. 117 *et seq.*) to his edition of the *Southern Pañcatantra*; Books IV and V on p xxvii of the Introduction to his edition of the *Tantrākhyāyika*.

must have been distinct from it, both, however, having a common archetype. This is evident from the different readings of the same verses found in the two versions.

There is another very important version derived from the same text as the Nepalese—the well-known *Hitopadeśa*, or "Friendly Advice." It contains not only *Pañchatantra* material, but stories from some other work (or perhaps works) of a similar nature. It thus practically constitutes a work by itself, and actually boasts of an author of its own—one Nārāyaṇa, who lived somewhere between 800 and 1393.

In common with the Nepalese version, the *Hitopadeśa* transposes Books I and II of the *Pañchatantra*, while the rest of the work has been entirely remodelled and augmented. It contains only four books instead of five. Book III has a frame-story which bears but little resemblance to that in Book III of the *Pañchatantra*, while that of Book IV is quite new. The frame- and sub-stories of Book V of the *Pañchatantra* now appear in Books III and IV, besides several others from Books I and III of the *Pañchatantra*. Several stories are omitted, and others are substituted, taken, it is surmised, from the work or works other than the *Pañchatantra* used by Nārāyaṇa.

In spite of the extent of these above alterations, the *Hitopadeśa* preserves over half the entire sub-stories of the *Pañchatantra*, and follows closely its archetype, which it shares with the *Southern Pañchatantra*, as already explained.

Although the *Hitopadeśa* is specially connected with Bengal, where it probably originated, its popularity soon spread throughout India and migrated westwards. Of the numerous editions which appeared in the nineteenth century, the best are those by Schlegel, 1829; Peter Peterson, Bombay, 1887; and Max Müller, London, 1864 and 1865. The work was translated into many European languages, the chief English ones being those by Wilkins, 1797, 1885; Sir W. Jones, 1799; Johnson, 1845; and Sir E. Arnold, 1861. For further details of editions and translations, see Hertel, *Das Pañcatantra*, p. 39 *et seq.*, and Chauvin, *op. cit.*, ii, p. 47.

The Bṛihat-kathā Versions

As we have already seen (Vol. I, pp. xxxii, xxxiii), there were two works based on the lost *Bṛihat-kathā*, the *Bṛihat-*

kathā-mañjarī by Kshemendra and the *Kathā-sarit-sāgara* of Somadeva. Both contain a version of the *Pañchatantra*, and, as in other cases, it is Somadeva who retains the more complete work. The fact that both these poets have included the *Pañchatantra* in their works does not necessarily mean that it existed in the lost original *Bṛihat-kathā*, and in fact scholars such as Lacôte (see his *Essai sur Guṇāḍhya et la Bṛhatkathā*, Paris, 1908), Hertel (*Tantrākhyāyika*, 1909, p. 42) and Edgerton are inclined to the belief that it was a later interpolation. Lacôte considers that although the original *Bṛihat-kathā* contained no version of the *Pañchatantra*, it was included in a later recast of the work. This version, like the original, was also in Pāiśācī-Prakrit. Its date is uncertain, but apparently it came from the North-West—possibly Kashmir.

As both the *Bṛihat-kathā* itself and any subsequent version of it which may have existed are lost, we are entirely dependent on its offshoots, the *Bṛihat-kathā-mañjarī* and the *Kathā-sarit-sāgara*, for any attempt at its reconstruction.

As the version in both these works lacks the introduction and at least one story, and as both authors worked independently (see Vol. I, p. xxxiii), it seems permissible to assume that the version of the *Pañchatantra* which both men followed was similarly abbreviated. Then again, most of the verses containing morals and proverbial advice are omitted. As these have nothing to do with the stories proper, this is not to be wondered at when we remember that they were needed merely to enrich a storehouse of tales already collected. They would simply form a stream *in* the *Ocean of Story*—its actual source would not matter, nor would any of its tributaries count.

Thus it seems probable that the two versions here considered are the outcome of a double translation. In spite of this and of the fact that both versions were abbreviated and in verse, quite a large portion of the original appears to have been preserved. This is doubtless due to the fact that Pāiśācī-Prakrit is closely allied to Sanskrit, and when retranslated into Sanskrit would have many words exactly corresponding to the lost Sanskrit original.

We will consider Kshemendra's work first.

The *Bṛihat-kathā-mañjarī* was discovered by A. C. Burnell, who gave an account of it in *The Academy*, 15th

September 1871. In the following year G. Bühler wrote an important article in the *Indian Antiquary*, vol. i, p. 302 *et seq.*, on another MS. of the same work which he had acquired for the Government of Bombay. His judgment about the work agreed with that of Burnell: "His brevity makes him unintelligible and his style is far from being easy and flowing." Several passages were given to show its great inferiority to the *Kathā-sarit-sāgara*. In 1885 Sylvain Lévi edited the first *lambaka* in the *Journal Asiatique*, and in the following year the first and second Vetāla tales appeared in the same paper.

In 1892 Leo von Mańkowski published the *Pañchatantra* portion alone under the title *Der Auszug aus dem Pañcatantra in Kshemendras Bṛihatkathāmañjarī*. Unfortunately Mańkowski had but one imperfect MS. identical with one of three used by Lévi. Several other MSS. were subsequently discovered, and in 1901 the whole work was printed in Bombay at the Nirṇayasāgara Press. It was edited by Mahāmahopādhyāya Paṇḍit Śivadatta and Kāśīnāth Pāṇḍurang Parab. The edition (Kāvyamālā, 69) lacks preface, and nothing is said of the MSS. used in its constitution. It is, moreover, full of careless blunders, while little or no use has been made of the portions previously edited. Details will be found in Speyer's "Studies about the *Kathāsaritsāgara*," p. 13 *et seq.*, to which we have referred so often in the present work.

As has already been stated, Kshemendra's work is a much abbreviated version of the *Bṛihat-kathā*, and it so happens that when he comes to the *Pañchatantra* section he seems to have been as brief as possible. Whether it was his personal dislike for fables, or because he thought them too well known to give in full, we cannot tell. The amazing way in which he has castrated the original as compared with Somadeva's version is clearly shown by Speyer (*op. cit.*, p. 18), who says that the few *mūrkhakathās* which are given "are so condensed that they can hardly be understood and have lost all their flavour." He refers to another example as a "sapless remnant" of the version given by Somadeva.

At the same time the *Bṛihat-kathā-mañjarī* contains certain things which the *Kathā-sarit-sāgara* does not. For instance, several of his descriptions of a woman's beauty are much longer than as given by Somadeva, and his praise for the bravery and strength of certain princes and the

description of the cemetery in the first Vetāla story are also more detailed. Furthermore, Kshemendra is inclined to dwell on religious matters more than Somadeva. Speyer (*op. cit.*, pp. 19, 20) gives several examples of this. But of greatest importance is the fact that five stories are included which were not in the *Bṛihat-kathā*. They are, however, found in the *Tantrākhyāyika*, which, as Hertel has shown, justifies us in believing that if Kshemendra's principal archetype was the North-Western *Bṛihat-kathā*, he must have used also a MS. of the *Tantrākhyāyika*. Except for the fact, therefore, that Kshemendra contains a little matter not in Somadeva, his version would be practically valueless.

We now pass on to Somadeva's version.

As already mentioned in this volume (p. 41*n*[1]), our author does not give the *Pañchatantra* in one continuous whole, but interrupts the sequence of the books by introducing other tales, usually of the "noodle" variety.

Whether this was an idea of Somadeva himself, or whether he was following the plan already adopted by the author of the *Bṛihat-kathā* text on which he was working, is impossible to say with absolute certainty. Hertel supports the latter view in his monograph, "Ein altindisches Narrenbuch."[1]

In the first chapter of his work Somadeva says (Vol. I, p. 2): "This book is precisely on the model of that from which it is taken, there is not even the slightest deviation, only such language is selected as tends to abridge the prolixity of the work; the observance of propriety and natural connection, and the joining together of the portions of the poem so as not to interfere with the spirit of the stories, are as far as possible kept in view: I have not made this attempt through a desire of a reputation for ingenuity, but in order to facilitate the recollection of a multitude of various tales." I feel that when he wrote this Somadeva was thinking chiefly of the separate collections he had found in his text, and if the *Pañchatantra* was abbreviated by him it was because he thought that the lengthy moralising matter was interfering with the "spirit of the stories." He takes special care to see that nothing is lost in the narrative itself, and his style is graceful and elegant. Edgerton (*op. cit.*, p. 26) estimates

[1] *Berichte ü. d. Verhandlungen d. kgl. sächsischen Gesell. d. Wissenschaften, philol.-hist. Klasse*, 1912, vol. lxiv, pt. i.

that he preserves at least traces of about three-fifths of the original prose, and that his text shows no signs of having been contaminated by the use of any extraneous version.

As we have already seen, Somadeva omits the Introduction to the *Pañchatantra*. Whether it was he who did this or the author of the North-Western *Bṛihat-kathā* is impossible to say, but when including such a collection in the "Great Tale" its stories would fit in even better without any separate introduction. I have given this in full on p. 221 *et seq.* of this appendix. The translations followed in this and the other extracts are those of Professor Edgerton in his *Panchatantra Reconstructed.*

The next omission occurs in Book I with the three short tales of self-caused mishaps and that of "The Crows and the Serpent." These are given on pp. 223-227.

In Book II the story of "The Deer's Former Captivity" is wanting, but is really only an incident in the frame-story of Book II, and may have been lost in the process of abbreviating from the original *Bṛihat-kathā.*

The only other omission is the last two tales of Book V: "The Brāhman who built Castles-in-the-Air," and "The Barber who killed the Monks." All these are given in full in the present Appendix.

The following table will show at a glance the list of stories in the *Pañchatantra*. Those not in Somadeva's version are in italics:—

BOOK I

	No. of Story in *Ocean*
Introductory Story—Kathāmukha . . .	
Ox abandoned in the Forest (Frame-story) .	84
Monkey and Wedge	84A
Jackal and Drum	84B
Monk and Swindler	..
Rams and Jackal	..
Weaver and Bawd	..
Crows and Serpent	..
Crane and Makara	84C
Lion and Hare	84D
Louse and Flea	84E
Lion, Panther, Crow and Jackal . . .	84F
Pair of Tittibhas	84G

Book I—*continued*

	No. of Story in *Ocean*
Tortoise and the Two Swans	84GG
The Three Fish	84GGG
Monkeys, Firefly and Bird	84H
Dharmabuddhi and Dushṭabuddhi	84I
Crane, Snake and Mungoose	84J
Mice that ate Iron Balance	84K

Book II

Crow, Pigeons, Tortoise and Deer (Frame-story)	97
Mouse and Hermit	97A
Brāhman's Wife and Sesame-Seeds	97AA
Greedy Jackal	97AAA
Deer's Former Captivity	..

Book III

War of Crows and Owls (Frame-story)	121
Ass in Panther's Skin	121A
Crow and Owl King	121B
Elephants and Hares	121BB
Bird, Hare and Cat	121BBB
Brāhman, Goat and Rogues	121C
Old Merchant and Young Wife	121D
Brāhman, Thief and Rākshasa	121E
Carpenter and his Wife	121F
Mouse turned into Maiden	121G
Snake and Frogs	121H

Book IV

Monkey and the Porpoise (Frame-story)	188
Sick Lion, Jackal and	188A

Book V

Brāhman and the Mungoose (Frame-story)	140
Brāhman who built Castles-in-the-Air	
Barber and the Monks	

The numbers of the stories given above will show immediately where the interpolations of other tales occur.

Turning to the editions of the *Kathā-sarit-sāgara*, we are already aware of the fact that it was Professor Brockhaus who first edited the work. His text is as good as Sanskrit scholarship of his day allowed, but it has now been superseded by that printed at the Nirṇayasāgara Press of Bombay and edited by Paṇdit Durgāprasād and Kāśīnāth Pāṇḍurang Parab, 1889, 2nd edition, 1903. Although this text is a great improvement on that of Brockhaus, it cannot be called a critical edition, as it also contains many inaccuracies. In fact, Speyer says that in places Brockhaus' text is still preferable. It has, however, been found necessary to compare the two texts, not only in the *Pañchatantra* section, but throughout the entire work. It will have been noticed that wherever variants of any great importance occur, I have added an explanatory note.

The Jain Versions

The Jain versions are two in number, the so-called "Simplicior" and Pūrṇabhadra. They are both important and must be discussed separately.

"*Textus Simplicior*" was the name given to this text by its first editor, Kosegarten (Bonn, 1848). It has now been superseded by that published in the Bombay Sanskrit Series, 1868-1869, edited by G. Bühler and F. Kielhorn. The author is unknown, but was probably a Jain (see Hertel, *Pañc.*, p. 72 *et seq.*). His date must be somewhere between A.D. 900 and 1199, because the former date is that of Rudraṭa, a stanza of whose work he quotes, and the latter date is that of Pūrṇabhadra, who used the "Simplicior" as one of his main sources.

His version became very popular in Central and Western India and was practically the only one known. It has undergone much change since originally produced, and all the known MSS. show interpolations and the language of the original is considerably altered. Hertel has given full details of the various MSS.[1] and would divide them into two groups: the H-class and σ-class. The Bühler-Kielhorn MSS. belong to the former and the Kosegarten MSS. to the latter.

[1] See pp. 11-13 of vol. xii of the Harvard Oriental Series, details of which are given on p. 217n[1].

The "Simplicior" version retains the original five books, but has made them of nearly equal length. The stories in Books III and IV are largely transposed and new tales are constantly added. These are chiefly taken from Kāmandaki (see Benfey, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. xvn[3]). Hertel states that "Simplicior" has many features in common with Buddhistic forms of these tales, which deviate from the *old Pañchatantra* texts.

There are also other alterations. Book V is almost entirely new and has "The Barber who killed the Monks" as its frame-story, with its own original frame-story ("The Brāhman and the Mungoose") as only a sub-story. "Simplicior" has the same archetype as *Tantrākhyāyika*, while both form the main sources of the next version to be discussed —Pūrṇabhadra.

Pūrṇabhadra was a Jaina monk who apparently composed his work in A.D. 1199. The condition of the text is good, and Hertel's version[1] must closely resemble the original.

The text itself is formed mainly from those of the *Tantrākhyāyika* and "Simplicior," as can be at once seen from Hertel's Parallel Specimens mentioned in the footnote.[1] In fact, as Edgerton has shown (*op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 71 *et seq.*), in some cases the work has been done so unskilfully that we sometimes find in Pūrṇabhadra two different versions of the same passage, one copied from the *Tantrākhyāyika* and the other from the "Simplicior."

There is some difference of opinion as regards the extent to which each of these versions was drawn upon. Hertel is of the opinion that the author used MSS. from both the "Simplicior" sub-recensions, H and σ, while Edgerton believes he had access to an older "Simplicior" version altogether. His arguments will be found in vol. ii, p. 81 *et seq.* of his *Panchatantra Reconstructed*; while full details of Hertel's views are in his works issued by the Harvard Oriental Series.

[1] *The Panchatantra . . . in the Recension called Panchakhyanaka . . . of . . . Pūrṇabhadra*, critically edited by Dr J. Hertel, Camb., Mass., 1908, Harvard Oriental Series, vol. xi. *The Panchatantra-Text of Pūrṇabhadra*, Critical Introduction and List of Variants, J. Hertel, Harvard Oriental Series, vol. xii, Camb., Mass, 1912; also *Panchatantra-Text of Pūrṇabhadra and its Relation to Texts of Allied Recensions as shown in Parallel Specimens*, J. Hertel, Harvard Oriental Series, vol. xiii, Camb., Mass., 1912.

Speaking roughly, Pūrṇabhadra tends to follow *Tāntrakhyāyika* in the first two books, and "Simplicior" in the last three. But apart from this there is evidence to show that he must have had some other source or sources from which he also drew. Exactly what these sources were we cannot tell, except that they were not any of the other known versions.

The whole question has been discussed by Hertel and Edgerton, and cannot be detailed here.

The Pahlavi Version and its Descendants

The importance of this group is twofold. In the first place the Pahlavi is one of the oldest versions known, and must have been translated from a very ancient Sanskrit text agreeing closely with the first Sanskrit original.

In the second place it is the descendants of this version which have become so familiar to us under such names as *The Fables of Pilpay, Kalilah and Dimnah. Lights of Canopus, The Morall Philosophie of Doni*, etc.

But first of all we must speak of the Pahlavi version itself. In A.D. 531, at the death of his father, Kobad (Kavadh), Anushirwan or Noshirwan became King of Persia. He was known among the Arabs as Kisra, and as Chosroes I by Western writers. He was designated "the Just," and has been described as the most illustrious figure in the history of Iran. Apart from his military successes and administrative reforms he was deeply interested in literature and philosophy. Whether it was his famous vizier Buzurgmihr who drew the attention of Noshirwan to the importance of Sanskrit MSS. is apparently not known, but the introduction of the game of chess from India is said to have been due to his influence.

However this may be, a Sanskrit MS. of the *Pañchatantra* (among others) came into the king's hands and was given to a Court physician named Burzŏe or Burzuyeh, with a command to make a translation into Pahlavi, the official language of Persia at the time. Unfortunately both the Sanskrit original and the translation are lost, and our knowledge of them is derived from the Syriac and Arabic translations of the Pahlavi version which have been preserved.

Burzŏe called his translation after the two jackals,

Karaṭaka and Damanaka, who appear in the first book, whence the Arabic "Kalilah wa Dimnah" and the Syriac "Kalilag wa Damnag."

For some unknown reason the Introduction is missing, together with three stories (ii, 4: "Deer's Former Captivity"; iii, 1: "Ass in Panther's Skin"; and v, 2: "Barber who killed the Monks"), one story is transposed, and a new one (i, 3c: "The Treacherous Bawd") is added. Apart from these details the Pahlavi version must have been a literal rendering of the Sanskrit, and Edgerton finds evidence that at least some parts of fully eighty per cent. of the original prose sentences and over seventy per cent. of the original verses have been preserved.

As already mentioned, the two important translations of the Pahlavi version were those made into Syriac and Arabic.

The old Syriac version was made by Būd about A.D. 570. It was put into German and edited (with an introduction by Benfey) by G. Bickell in 1876, but this has been superseded by Schulthess' *Kalila und Dimna, Syrisch und Deutsch*, 1911 (with additions by Hertel).

The Arabic version was the work of 'Abdallāh ibn Moqaffa, a convert from Mazdaism to Islam, executed about A.D. 750. Full details will be found in an article by Sprengling, *American Journal of Semitic Languages*, vol. xl, 1924, p. 81 *et seq.* This Arabic translation became very popular, and, on the whole, the numerous Arabic MSS., translations and adaptions which soon came into being, can be looked upon as directly descended from Abdallāh's work. It is impossible to mention them all, and it would, moreover, be mere repetition, owing to the full treatment already given by Hertel, *Das Pañcatantra*, Leipzig and Berlin, 1914, and Chauvin, *op. cit.*, ii.

The oldest of the versions directly dependent on the Arabic is probably one in Syriac of the tenth century. This was edited by Wright in 1884, and is well known in England owing to Keith-Falconer's translation at Cambridge in 1885.

There are three other branches of the Arabic descendants requiring particular notice: Greek, Persian and Hebrew. The Greek version was made by Symeon Seth in the eleventh century under the title "Στεφανίτης καὶ Ἰχνηλάτης." It was edited by Stark in 1697 (2nd edition in 1851), and from it were derived Latin, Italian and Old Slavonic versions. Details of these are given by Chauvin, *op. cit.*, ii, pp. 21-24,

which must now be corrected, however, in accordance with Edgerton's remarks below (pp. 288-289).

The Persian version was made by one Naṣr Allāh in 1121, and its great importance lies in the fact that from it sprung the better-known Persian version, the *Anwār-i Suhailī*, which was soon translated into numerous European languages, and became known in England as the *Lights of Canopus* through the translations of Eastwick, 1854, and Wollaston, 1877 and 1894.

The French editions were mostly called *Fables de Pilpay*, and were constantly translated into English.

The Hebrew version was composed, perhaps[1] by one Rabbi Joel, in the twelfth or thirteenth century, and was edited by J. Derenbourg with a French translation in 1881. Unfortunately the only manuscript known is fragmentary and the entire first book is lost. The value of the Hebrew version is, however, greatly enhanced by the fact that it served as the basis of the famous Latin version of John of Capua—*Directorium vitæ humanæ*. It was this version which contributed so largely to the spread of Oriental stories in Europe. It proved exceedingly popular in Germany, where it first appeared about 1480 as *Buch der Beispiele der alten Weisen*, by Anthonius von Pfor or Pforr. From that date to 1860 no less than twenty-one different editions appeared in Germany.

It also proved exceedingly popular in Spain. It was a Spanish translation which formed the basis of Firenzuola's *Discorsi degli Animali* (sixteen editions, 1648-1895). Directly based on the Latin version was the work of Doni, which appeared under the title of *La Moral Filosophia* (three editions), and from this came Sir T. North's English version, *The Morall Philosophie of Doni*, in 1570. It was reprinted in 1601, while a recent edition was issued by David Nutt in 1888, with an introduction and useful "Pedigree of the Bidpai Literature" by Joseph Jacobs.

Space will not allow any detailed account of all these different translations and editions. Reference should be made to the genealogical tree at the end of this appendix, where all the branches of *Pañchatantra* tradition are clearly set out, and many past mistakes rectified.

[1] Grave doubts exist as to the authorship and date of the Hebrew. See Steinschneider, *Hebräische Uebersetzungen*, pp. 875-876, and other references in Chauvin, ii, p. 56n[1].

After thus touching briefly on the main *Pañchatantra* versions, I shall close my portion of this appendix by giving translations of the Introduction and all stories omitted by Somadeva.

As already stated, these translations are by Professor Edgerton, who has very kindly given me leave to reproduce them here. They represent translations of the original *Pañchatantra*, the text having been reconstructed by Professor Edgerton from the chief existing recensions.

In order to understand fully the methods adopted in this reconstruction, reference should be made to his work, *The Panchatantra Reconstructed*, 2 vols., New Haven, Conn., 1924.

The stories omitted by Somadeva are as follows :—

Introduction—Kathāmukha.
The Monk and the Swindler.
The Rams and the Foolish Jackal.
The Cuckold Weaver and the Bawd.
The Crows who tricked the Serpent.
The Deer's Former Captivity.
The Brāhman who built Castles-in-the-Air.
The Barber who killed the Monks.

Introduction—Kathāmukha

To Manu, to Vāchaspati, to Śukra, to Parāśara and his son, and to Chāṇakya the Wise—to these authors of the books of the science of kingship be homage.

Vishṇuśarman has mastered the cream of all the treatises on the science of polity in the world ; and he too has composed a fascinating treatise in these five books.

Thus runs the account of it. There was in the south country a city named Mahilāropya. There dwelt a king named Amaraśakti. He was a Tree-of-Wishes granting the desires of all suppliants. His feet were illumined by a flood of radiant beams from the crown jewels of noble kings who bowed before him. He was completely skilled in all the arts and versed in all the science of polity. And he had three sons, named Vasuśakti, Ugraśakti and Aṅkaśakti, who were utter fools. Now when the king saw that they were ignorant of political science, he called his ministers and took counsel with them : "Sirs, you know already that these my sons are utter fools. What profit is there in the

birth of a son, if he be neither wise nor virtuous? What can a man do with a cow which neither gives milk nor calves?

"Better a miscarriage; better no intercourse whatsoever at the proper seasons; better a stillborn child; nay, better even that a daughter be born; better a barren wife; better to enter upon the homeless mendicant state of life—than a foolish son, though he were handsome, rich, and powerful.

"By what means, then, may their intelligence be awakened?"

At this some of them said: "Sire, it is well known that the study of grammar requires twelve years; then, if that be in a measure mastered, after it the systematic study of religion, polity and love may be taken up. So this is a sore task even for intelligent folk; how much more for the dull-witted! Now in matters like this there is a Brāhman named Vishṇuśarman, who knows all the facts of the science of polity, and whose fame is spread abroad by his many pupils. Summon him and let him take charge of the princes."

This plan was adopted, and a minister summoned Vishṇuśarman, who came and saluted the king with a benediction after the manner which Brāhmans employ, and took his seat. And when he was comfortably seated the king said to him: "Brāhman, I beg you to do me the favour of making these ignorant princes second to none in the science of polity, and I will requite you with a sum of money." Thus spoke the king; but Vishṇuśarman arose and said to the king: "Sire, hear this my lion's roar! I make this statement not as one covetous of money; and since I am eighty years of age and my senses are all dulled, the time for me to enjoy wealth is over. But in order to help you I will undertake this as a trial of intellectual skill. So let this day be written down! If within the space of six months I do not make your sons completely versed in the science of polity, then, sir, you may show me the door and banish me to a distance of a hundred *hastas*."

When the king and his ministers heard this unbelievable promise on the part of the Brāhman, in delight and astonishment he gave over the princes to Vishṇuśarman with all deference. But the latter began to teach the king's sons the science of polity under the guise of stories, for which purpose he composed Five Books entitled, *The Separation of Friends*, *The Winning of Friends*, *The Story of the Crows and the Owls*, *The Loss of One's Gettings*, and *Hasty Action*.

The Monk and the Swindler

In a certain region there was a monk named Devaśarman. In the course of time he had gained a large fortune through the acquisition of fine garments of excellence, which various pious people had presented to him. And he trusted no one. Now once upon a time a thief named Āshāḍhabhūti observed this money, which he carried in his waist-pocket, and meditated: "How can I steal this money from him?" And he presented himself to the monk as a pupil, and in time won his confidence. Now once upon a time that monk started on a journey with this same Āshāḍhabhūti, to make a pilgrimage to holy places. And in the course of the journey in a certain wooded region he left Āshāḍhabhūti with the money near the bank of a river, and went aside to get water.

The Rams and the Foolish Jackal

And there by the edge of the water he saw a great fight of rams. And as they fought with all their strength and without rest, a great quantity of blood flowed from between their branching horns and fell upon the ground. A certain foolish jackal saw this, and his mind was aroused by the hope of eating it, and in his eagerness for meat he ran up between the two rams as they separated, leaving some distance between them, to get at the blood. And when they came together again he was killed by the shock of their impact. Then the monk was filled with amazement, and said: "The jackal by the rams' fight."

The Monk and the Swindler

And having purified himself he returned to that place; but as for Āshāḍhabhūti, he had taken the whole pile of money and run away, and Devaśarman could not find him. But all he saw was a discarded triple staff, firewood, a water-vessel, a sieve, and a toothbrush. And he reflected: "Where is that Āshāḍhabhūti? He must have robbed me." And in great distress he said: "And I by Āshāḍhabhūti."

The Cuckold Weaver and the Bawd

Then that monk, having nothing left but his half-skull used as drinking-vessel and the empty knot in his robe in

which he had carried the money, went off searching for the rogue's tracks, and as the sun was setting entered a certain village. As he entered he met a weaver who lived in the edge of the village and asked of him a lodging for the night. And he showed him to quarters in a part of his house, and said to his wife: "While I am gone to town and am drinking liquor with my friends, until I return, do you carefully tend the house." After thus instructing her he departed.

Now his wife was unchaste. And when a procuress came and pressed her to go, she donned her adornments and started out to go to her lover. Just then her husband came home, his garments awry, with staggering gait, and so badly under the influence of liquor that he could not speak his words plainly. And when she saw him, with presence of mind, she deftly took off her adornments and put on her ordinary garb as before, and began to wash the feet of the guest, prepare his bed, and the like. But the weaver entered the house and began to scold her: "Harlot! My friends have been telling me of your evil actions. All right! I will pay you back richly!" So saying he beat her with blows of a stick until she was black and blue, and tied her fast with a rope to the post in the middle of the house, and then went to sleep. At this time the procuress, a barber's wife, when she perceived that the weaver was asleep, came in again, and said: "That fine fellow is consumed with the fire of longing for you, so that he is like to die. So I will release you and bind myself in your place; do you go thither and console him—you know whom—and come back quickly."

So the barber's wife released her from her bonds and sent her off to her lover. After this the weaver awoke, sobered, and began to scold her in the same way as before. But the procuress was frightened, and did not dare speak with her strange voice lest she be recognised, but she held her peace. He, however, kept on saying the same things to her. And when she gave him no answer, at last he cried out angrily: "Are you so proud that you will not so much as answer what I say?" And he arose and cut off her nose with a sharp knife, and said: "Have that for your decoration! Who will be interested in you now?" So saying he went to sleep again. Then the weaver's wife returned and asked the procuress: "What news with you? What did he say when he woke up? Tell me, tell me!" But the procuress, who had received the punishment, showed her

her nose, and said in an ill humour: "You can see what the news is! Let me loose and I will go." She did so, and she departed, taking her nose with her. The weaver's wife, however, arranged herself as she had been before, with a semblance of bonds.

But the weaver awoke and began to scold her in the same way as before. Then she said to him angrily and reproachfully: "Fie, wicked man! Who could dare to disfigure me, a pure and faithful wife? Hear me, ye Rulers of the World-regions! As surely as I know even in my thoughts no strange man, no one other than the husband of my youth, by this truth let my face be undisfigured!" Having spoken thus, she said to her husband again: "O most wicked man! Behold my face! It has become just as it was before!"

Then that stupid man's mind was bewildered by her tricky words. He lighted a lamp, and beheld his wife with her face undisfigured. His eyes bulged, his heart was filled with joy, and kissing her he released her from her bonds, and fell at her feet, and embraced her passionately and carried her to the bed.

But the monk remained on the spot, having seen the whole occurrence from the very beginning.

And that procuress, with her nose in her hands, went home, thinking: "What can I do now? How can I conceal this great disaster?" Now her husband, the barber, came back at dawn from another place, and said to his wife: "Bring me my razor-case, my dear; I have to go to work in the king's palace." And she did not move from the inside of the house, but threw out to him a razor only. And because she did not hand him the whole razor-case, the barber's heart was filled with wrath, and he threw that same razor at her. Then she raised a loud cry of anguish, and rubbed her nostrils with her hand, and threw her nose dripping with blood on the ground, and said: "Help! Help! This wicked man has mutilated me, though he has found no fault in me!" Then the policemen came, and saw that she was obviously mutilated, and beat the barber soundly with blows of their sticks and afterwards bound him firmly, and took him, along with her, to the seat of judgment. And the judges asked him: "Why did you maltreat your wife thus cruelly?" And when, in spite of repeated questioning, he made no reply, then the judges ordered that he be impaled upon a stake. Now, as he was

being taken to the place of execution, the monk, who had observed the whole course of events, saw him, and went to the court and said to the judges: "This barber is innocent of wrongdoing; do not have him impaled. For hear these three marvels:

"The jackal by the rams' fight, and I by Āshāḍhabhūti and the procuress by the weaver: these three afflictions were self-caused."

And when the judges had learned the true facts of the case, they spared the barber.

The Crows who tricked the Serpent

Once upon a time in a certain locality there was a tree, in which dwelt a pair of crows. But when they brought forth young, a cobra was in the habit of crawling up the hollow trunk of the tree and eating the young crows before they learned to fly. Then they, in despair, asked a close friend of theirs, a jackal who lived at the foot of another tree: "Friend, what, think you, would it be well for us to do in such a case? Since our young are murdered, it is the same as if we, their parents, were slain." Said he: "Do not despair in this matter. Only by craft can that greedy creature surely be destroyed. After eating many fish, best, worst, and middling, a heron grew too greedy and so at last met his death by seizing a crab."

Then the male crow said to the jackal: "What do you think it timely for us to do?" Said he: "Get a gold chain that belongs to some rich man, a king or minister or the like, and put it in the snake's hole. The people who come to get it will kill the snake." So speaking the jackal departed. Then the two crows, hearing this, flew up and soared about at random looking for a gold chain. And soon the female crow came to a certain lake, and when she looked, she saw that the members of a king's harem were playing in the water of the lake, having laid aside near the water their gold chains, pearl necklaces, garments, and other finery. Then the female crow picked up a gold chain and set out through the air to her own home, but slowly, so as not to get out of sight. Thereupon when the chamberlains and eunuchs perceived the theft of the chain, they took their sticks and quickly pursued. But the female crow deposited the gold chain in the snake's hole, and waited a long way off.

Now when the king's officers climbed the tree, in the trunk they found the cobra with his hood expanded. And they killed him with blows of their sticks. When they had done this they took the gold chain and departed, going where they would. But the pair of crows from that time forth dwelt in peace.

The Deer's Former Captivity

Once upon a time I was a six-months'-old foal. And I ran in front of all the rest, and easily going a long distance ahead I would act as guard to the herd. Now we have two kinds of gaits, the upright, hurdling, and the straight-away, running. Of these I was acquainted with the straight-away, but not with the upright gait. Now once upon a time as I ran along I lost sight of the herd of deer. My heart was terrified, and I gazed about in all directions to see where they had gone, and perceived them some distance ahead. For they, employing the upright gait, had all leaped over a snare and gone on ahead, and were waiting and looking for me. And I rushed forward, employing the straight-away gait, because I did not know how to go the upright gait, and was entangled in the net. Thereupon I was caught by the hunter when he came up. And he took me and brought me to the king's son for him to play with. But the king's son was greatly delighted at seeing me, and gave a reward to the hunter. And he petted and tended me with dainty food such as I liked, and with other attentions—rubbing me with unguents, bathing and feeding me, and providing me with perfumes and ointments. And the women of the harem and the princes, finding me very interesting, passed me around from one person to another, and annoyed me greatly by pulling at my neck and eyes, hands, feet, and ears, and by the like attentions.

Now once upon a time, during the rainy season, when I was right under the prince's bed, the longings of my heart were stirred by the sound of the thunder of the clouds and the sight of the lightning, so that my thoughts went back to my own herd, and I spoke as follows: "When shall it be my lot to follow behind the herd of deer as it runs hither and yon, driven about by the wind and rain?"

Thereupon the prince, who was alone, was astonished, and spoke as follows: "I am all alone; who was it that

spoke these words here?" His heart was greatly troubled, and he looked all round, and noticed me. And when he saw me he thought: "It was no human being who said this, but a deer. Therefore this is a portent and I am surely undone." So thinking he became greatly agitated. His speech faltered, and with difficulty he ran out of the house, and he fell seriously ill, as if possessed of a mighty demon. Then in the morning, being stricken with a fever, he addressed himself to all the physicians and devil-doctors, stirring their cupidity with a promise of much money: "Whoever can cure this my disease, to him I will give no mean fee." But I was at this time being beaten by the thoughtless crowd with blows of sticks, bricks, and clubs, when a certain saintly man came to my rescue, as my life was not yet spent, and said: "Why are you killing this poor beast?" And this noble man, who knew the meaning of all signs, said to the king's son: "Sir, all the tribes of animals can speak, though you may not know it—but not in the presence of men; he gave expression to his heart's fancies in this way only because he did not see you. His longings were stirred by the rainy season, and his thoughts turned to his herd, and so he spoke as he did: 'When shall it be my lot to follow behind the herd of deer as it runs hither and yon, driven about by the wind and rain?' So there is no ground for your illness, sir; it is unreasonable." And when the king's son heard this, his feverish disease left him and he became whole as before. And he led me away and anointed me, and had my body washed with plenty of water, and set men to watch over me, and turned me loose in that same forest. And the men did just as he told them. Thus, though I suffered captivity before, I have now been captured again by the power of Fate.

The Brāhman who built Castles-in-the-Air

There was a certain Brāhman's son who was plying his studies. He received sacrificial offerings of food in the house of a certain merchant. And when he did not eat there, he received a measure of grits. This he took home and put it in a jar and saved it. And so, in the course of a long time, this jar of his became full of grits. One time the Brāhman was lying on his bed underneath that jar, which he had hung on a wall-peg, having taken a nap in the day-

time and waked up again, and he was meditating thus: "Very high is the price of grain, and still higher grits, which are food all prepared. So I must have grits worth as much as twenty rupees. And if I sell them I can get as many as ten she-goats worth two rupees apiece. And when they are six months old they will bear young, and their offspring will also bring forth. And after five years they will be very numerous, as many as four hundred. And it is commonly reported that for four she-goats you can get a cow that is young and rich in milk, and that has all the best qualities, and that brings forth live calves. So I shall trade those same she-goats for a hundred cows. And when they calve, some of their offspring will be bullocks, and with them I shall engage in farming and raise plenty of grain. From the sale of the grain I shall get much gold, and I shall build a beautiful mansion of bricks, enclosed by walls. And some worthy Brāhman, when he sees what a great fortune I have, with abundance of men-servants and maid-servants and all sorts of goods, will surely give me his beautiful daughter to wife. And in the course of time I shall beget on her body a boy that shall maintain my line; strengthened by the merit I have acquired, he shall be long-lived and free from disease. And when I have performed for him the birth-rite and other ceremonies in prescribed fashion, I shall give him the name of Somaśarman. And while the boy is running about my wife will be busy with her household duties at the time when the cows come home, and will be very careless and pay no heed to the lad. Then, because my heart is completely mastered by love for the boy, I shall brandish a cudgel and beat my wife with my cudgel."

So in his reverie he brandished his cudgel and struck that jar, so that it fell down, broken in a hundred pieces all over himself, and the grits were scattered. Then that Brāhman's body was all whitened by the powdered grits, and he felt as if awakened out of a dream and was greatly abashed, and the people laughed at him.

The Barber who killed the Monks

There was in a certain city a merchant's son of old, who had lost his wealth, his kinsfolk, and his fortune, and was ground down by poverty. Attended by his old nurse he had lived since childhood in a part of a broken-down

dwelling, and he had been brought up by his old nurse, a slave-woman. Once early in the evening he meditated, sighing a long and earnest sigh: "Alas, when will there be an end to this my poverty?" As he pondered thus he fell asleep; and it was night. And towards morning he saw a dream. Three monks came and woke him and said to him: "Friend, to-morrow we shall come to visit you in this same form. For we are three heaps of treasure stored away by your forefathers, and when you slay us with a cudgel we shall turn into *dīnārs*. And you must show no mercy in doing this." So in the morning he awoke, still pondering on this dream, and said to the nurse: "To-day, mother, you must be well prepared all day for a solemn rite. Make the house ceremonially pure by smearing on cow-dung and so forth, and we will feed three Brāhmans to the best of our ability. I for my part am going to get a barber." So it was done, and the barber came to trim his beard and nails. When his beard had been trimmed in proper fashion, the figures which he had seen in the dream came in. And as soon as the merchant's son saw these monks, he dealt with them as he had been commanded. And they became piles of money. And as he took in this mass of wealth, the merchant's son gave the barber three hundred *dīnārs* as a fee, and in order to keep the secret. But the barber, having seen him do this, went home and drew a hasty conclusion from what he had seen, and thought: "I too will kill three monks with a cudgel and turn them into three heaps of treasure." So he took a cudgel and stood in readiness; and presently three monks, impelled by their previous deeds, came a-begging. Thereupon the barber smote them with the cudgel and killed them. And he got no treasure. Straightway the king's officers came and arrested the barber and took him away and impaled him.

It is now my pleasure to introduce Professor Franklin Edgerton of the University of Pennsylvania. This scholar has most liberally and unreservedly given me full advantage of the results of his great research work into the intricacies of *Pañchatantra* tradition. He has not only adopted my suggestion of preparing a detailed and comprehensive table

of the chief MSS., editions, translations, etc., but has supplemented this by an "Explanatory Note," the value of which will at once be apparent. The work of previous scholars on the subject of *Pañchatantra* Bibliography (*e.g.* Chauvin, Hertel, etc.) is of the greatest use and importance, but, especially owing to their ignorance of Slavonic languages and the consequent necessity of using second- and third-hand information, they were led into very serious errors.

GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE PANCHATANTRA

PREPARED BY

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LEGEND

1. Languages are set in CAPITALS.

2. Titles of works are set in *italics*; except that the titles of certain versions of special historic importance (such as Kalīlah wa-Dimnah, the Directorium Vitæ Humanæ, etc.) are given special prominence by being set in Old English.

3. Modern European translations of antique versions are distinguished from older offshoots by being attached to a horizontal line drawn to the right from the middle of the perpendicular line of descent—at the *foot* of which are placed the older offshoots.

4. Occasional references are made to:

"Chauvin"=V. Chauvin, *Bibliographie des ouvrages arabes . . .*, vol. ii, Liège and Leipzig, 1897.

"Hertel" =J. Hertel, *Das Pañcatantra . . .*, Leipzig and Berlin, 1914.

5. For the numbered footnotes (referred to in the Table by a dagger preceding an Arabic numeral—*viz.* †7) see pp. 286-242.

EXPLANATORY NOTE TO THE TABLE

Modern translations of SANSKRIT *versions* are omitted from the Table.[1] With that exception, the Table undertakes to

[1] For the sake of completeness I refer briefly here to these omitted versions. (For fuller details, see Hertel, *Das Pañcatantra*.) They are:

1. From Somadeva's text: ENGLISH, Tawney (in K.S.S., vol. ii), 1884; reprinted in this volume.—GERMAN (published since Hertel's book), Schacht. (*Indische Erzählungen. Aus dem Sanskrit zum erstenmal ins Deutsche übertragen von Dr Hans Schacht . . . Lausanne and*

refer, at least summarily, to all known works which are in whole or in considerable part descendants of the Panchatantra.

This statement needs some qualification, or at least explanation, as regards the treatment of the late INDIC versions. There are known to exist in India, both in Sanskrit and in the vernaculars, and in Farther India, many relatively late versions of which little is known as yet. Most of them exist only in manuscripts or in uncritical and inaccessible Oriental editions. Virtually all the information about them now available can be found in Hertel's *Pañcatantra* (see above). It would be impossible to indicate with any confidence the precise affiliation of most of them. I have therefore contented myself with indicating the three or four groups into which these late Indic versions appear to fall, listing in each case all the *languages* in which any of them are known to exist. It will appear from the Table that these groups are as follows :—

1. A primarily South-Western group, centering originally in or near the Marāṭha country, and generally derived from contaminations of offshoots of the Southern Panchatantra with relatives of Group 2 (see footnote †5).
2. A West Indic group, centering in Gujerat, mainly by Jain authors, and derived primarily from one or both of the older Jain versions, sometimes with contamination from other versions (see footnote †6).

Leipzig, 1918.—Consists of *lambaka* 10 = *tarangas* 57-66 of the *Kathāsaritsāgara*, wherein are included all five books of the Panchatantra.)

2. From Kshemendra's text: GERMAN, Mańkowski, 1892.
3. From the Tantrākhyāyika: GERMAN, Hertel, 1909.
4. From the "Textus Simplicior" (Kielhorn-Bühler's edition): GERMAN, Fritze, 1884.—DUTCH, Van der Waals, 1895-1897.—(? perhaps from the next) SPANISH, Bolufer, 1908.

   From the same, Kosegarten's edition (contaminated with Pūrṇabhadra): GERMAN, Benfey, 1859.—FRENCH, Lancereau, 1871.—DANISH, Rasmussen, 1893.—ITALIAN, Pizzi, 1896.
5. From Pūrṇabhadra's text: GREEK, Galanos, 1852.—GERMAN, Schmidt, n.d. (1901).—ENGLISH, A. W. Ryder (*The Panchatantra*, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1925).
6. From the Hitopadeśa: very many translations, both Oriental and Occidental (see Hertel, pp. 43-68, and p. 447): GERMAN, ENGLISH, FRENCH, GREEK, DUTCH, RUSSIAN, PERSIAN, BENGALI, BRAJ BHAKHA, GUJERATI, HINDI, HINDUSTANI, MARATHI, NEWARI, TELUGU.

3. Two groups derived principally from the Southern Panchatantra: one including primarily versions in South Indic (Dravidian) languages, and the other spreading over Farther India. According to Hertel, the South Indic original of this second group was contaminated with some offshoot of the Jain versions. This theory, while it may be correct, hardly seems to me sufficiently well established to require recognition in the Table.

The descendants of the PAHLAVI version are listed in much greater detail. In a few cases minor Oriental versions are indicated group-wise instead of individually; but even then the *number* of versions recorded, as well as the *language*, is always given. In general, each known version receives individual mention.

SOURCES OF THE TABLE

I. The affiliations of the *Older Sanskrit versions* are given in accordance with my own conclusions, as stated and defended in my *Panchatantra Reconstructed* (New Haven, 1924), vol. 2, *passim* (Table on p. 48). For Hertel's radically different views (criticised by me, *op. cit.*, pp. 89-127), see his *Pañcatantra*, 426*ff.* (Anhang II) and references there quoted. As to the later Indic versions, see the last paragraph but one.

II. For the affiliations of the *descendants of the Pahlavi*, I am mainly indebted to the works of Chauvin and Hertel, mentioned on page 232, to which the reader is referred for details about editions, etc. Hertel's work, as regards the Pahlavi versions, was almost wholly based on Chauvin, and by means of his indexes, and his references to Chauvin, the source of any of my statements, for which no other authority is given, can easily be found.

I have, however, verified all the statements of my predecessors as far as I could with the bibliographical aids at my disposal. And I have been able to correct or supplement their statements in a considerable number of particulars, notably from the following sources (others will be mentioned in the Notes):—

1. Brockelmann's article on "Kalīla wa-Dimna" in the *Encyclopædia of Islam.*

2. Sprengling's study on the manuscripts of the Arabic, in *American Journal of Semitic Languages*, 40, 81*ff* (year 1924).
3. Jacobs's Table inserted at page lxxx of his reprint of Sir Thomas North's *Morall Philosophie of Doni* (London, 1888). Though out of date and very misleading in many respects, this Table records a few versions which escaped the notice of both Chauvin and Hertel, neither of whom seems to have consulted Jacobs.
4. Certain Russian and other Slavonic authorities, known but not consulted by Chauvin and Hertel; by the use of them I have corrected, in particular, the very erroneous statements made by Chauvin and Hertel concerning the Slavonic recensions (see footnotes 16 and 19 on pp. 238, 239). The chief of these authorities are:

(*a*) Riabinin's Introduction to Attai's Russian translation of the Arabic Kalilah wa-Dimnah (Moscow, 1889).
(*b*) Viktorov's edition of the Old Slavonic (Moscow, 1881; OLDP. [=*Obschestvo Liubitelei Drevnei Pismennosti*], vol. lxxviii).
(*c*) Danićić's edition of the same (*not* a Croatian translation! *cf.* footnote 19, pp. 238, 239) in the journal *Starine*, Zagreb (Agram), 1870, vol. ii, 261*ff*.
(*d*) A. Rystenko, "On the History of the Story of Stephanites and Ikhnelates in Byzantine and Slavo-Russian Literature," [in the Russian language] in *Annals of the Historical-philological Society of the Imperial New Russian University* [at Odessa], x, Byzantino-Slavonic section vii, Odessa, 1902, pp. 237-280. (This last was, of course, not known to Chauvin, being later in date than his work.)

In the footnotes to the Table, which now follow, I furnish the grounds for all the statements in the Table except such as can be easily traced from the preceding general explanation.

More especially I quote the authority for every statement regarding descendants of the Pahlavi which is not in accord with easily located statements in both Chauvin and Hertel.

Where no footnote is given, it may be assumed that what the Table gives regarding the *Pahlavi* versions (*not* regarding the *Indic* versions!) accords with both Chauvin and Hertel.

For brevity, I refer to the authorities named on page 232 by names alone, thus: Chauvin, Hertel, Brockelmann, Sprengling, Jacobs, Riabinin, etc. In quoting Brockelmann's article I refer to the sections (§) into which it is divided, instead of to pages.

FOOTNOTES TO THE TABLE

†1 First ed. Silvestre de Sacy, 1816; based mainly on an inferior MS. Numerous Oriental editions have appeared since; no really critical one, based on a collation of a number of MSS., exists as yet. The best (based on a single MS., but an old and good one) is that of L. Cheikho, Beyrouth, 1905; 2nd edition, 1923. Professor Martin Sprengling, of the Oriental Institute, University of Chicago, is making an exhaustive study of the materials, preparatory to a definitive edition. See his article quoted on page 235.

†2 On this version (not known to Chauvin and Hertel) see Flügel, Hadji Khalfa, v (1850), p. 238, and Sprengling, *op. cit.*, especially pp. 85-88, where is found an interesting discussion of the general question of translations of the Pahlavi *Kalīlah and Dimnah* into Arabic. It should be noted, however (and Sprengling seems not to pay sufficient attention to this point), that *all* the Arabic MSS. described in his article seem to be derived (at least in part) from al-Moqaffa. For they all contain chapter iii, which was composed by al-Moqaffa.

†3 This version, also unknown to Chauvin and Hertel, is mentioned by Hadji Khalfa, *l.c.*, in a way which seems to suggest that it was a direct translation from the Pahlavi, rather than a versification of al-Moqaffa or al-Ahwāzī. Yet the language is not clear, and moreover Hadji Khalfa may have been mistaken; so it remains possible that we are dealing with a secondary Arabic versification only, like al-Lāhiqī, etc. *Cf.* Sprengling, p. 88.

†3a *Gadyātmakaḥ Kathāsaritsāgaraḥ* (*i.e.* "the K.S.S. in prose"), by Jibananda Vidyasagara, Calcutta, 1883. (Not in Hertel.) I have seen a copy in the Berlin "Staatsbibliothek." Sanskritists, to whom the name of this redactor is only too well known, will not need to be told that the work has no literary or scholarly value.

†4 I owe to the kindness of Dr O. Stein, of Prague, my information about these two Czech versions, neither

of which I have seen. (Jacobs mentions "Trebowsky," but erroneously derives his version from the German translations of Sahid and Gaulmin's *Pilpay* of either 1802 or 1803, see below.) Dr Stein has kindly examined both the works in question for me, and gives their titles as follows: (1) *Bájky Bidpajovy* (*Fables of Bidpai*) . . . od Františka Třebovského, part 1, Olomouc (Olmütz), 1846; part 2, Brno (Brünn), 1850. This is a *free* rendering, with some changes and omissions, of Wolff's German, made by "Třebovský," whose real name was F. M. Klácel.—(2) *Bájky Bidpajovy*. Praha (Prague) n.d. (*circa* 1894). The title page mentions no translator, but a postscript states that it is the work of one Eduard Valečka and his father. It is a very literal translation of Wolff's German. (Both of these are ignored by Chauvin and Hertel.)

†4a *La Versione araba de Kalilah e Dimnah* . . . N. Moreno. San Remo, 1910. (So Brockelmann, § 4. Not in Hertel.)

†5 Hertel, pp. 250-290, and 307-338.

†6 Hertel, chapter 7, pp. 91-249.

†7 Hertel, pp. 291-307. The date of Klinkert's Dutch version is given as 1870 by Chauvin, p. 76; as 1871 by Hertel, p. 294, note 2. Dubois' FRENCH (Hertel, p. 303) is based on a contamination of Tamil, Telugu, and Canarese texts.

†8 Hertel, pp. 339-346. Hertel believes, as stated above, that the original of this group was contaminated with an offshoot of the Jain versions.

†9 See Hertel, pp. 363-366, for the close relations between the Old Spanish and this Hebrew version.

†10 Editions: (1) Gayangos, Madrid, 1860.—(2) Allen, Macon, 1906.—(3) Alemany, Madrid, 1915.—(4) Solalinde, Madrid, 1917.

†11 Doni's Italian descendant attributes this to a "Rabbi Joel," of whom nothing else is known; Derenbourg inclines to accept the statement, but Steinschneider (*Hebräische Uebersetzungen*, pp. 875-876) is extremely sceptical of it, as well as of Derenbourg's dating of the work (twelfth century). According to Steinschneider, all we know is that the work is older than John of Capua.

†12 Full title: *Liber Kelilæ et Dimnæ, Directorium*, etc. Twice printed about 1480. Modern editions: (1) Puntoni, Pisa, 1884.—(2) Derenbourg, Paris, 1889; with valuable critical and comparative notes.—(3) Hervieux, Paris, 1899.

†13 *Cf.* Hertel, p. 397*f.*

†14 First printed *circa* 1480, and often reprinted.

Bibliography of MSS. and early editions in Gödeke, *Orient und Occident*, i, 687*ff.*, and in Holland's edition, *Das Buch der Beispiele . . .*, Stuttgart, 1860.

†15 *Exemplario contra los engaños y peligros del mundo*; thirteen editions known before end of sixteenth century. Apparently used also the German *Buch der Beispiele*, besides the Latin; see Benfey, *Orient und Occident*, i, 170*ff.*

†16 The date is given by Riabinin, p. lxx; also, long ago, by Grimm, *Reinhart Fuchs*, p. cclxxvi. The Czech title, quoted by Hertel, p. 400, is a literal translation of the Latin *Directorium vitæ humanæ*. Chauvin's statements, pp. 24 (note 2) and 72 (copied by Hertel), are both incomplete and incorrect. There was only one early version in Czech, that recorded here; it is not true that Riabinin quotes a Czech version based on a Slavonic original. For a fuller account of this question, see an article on the Slavonic recensions of the Panchatantra, which I hope soon to publish.

†17 This work, in two parts, includes both Firenzuola and Doni.

†18 Ed. Stark, 1697 (reprinted Athens, 1851), without the "Prolegomena" or introductory chapters, which were edited by Aurivillius, 1780. New edition, Puntoni, "Roma—Firenze—Torino" (Chauvin gives Rome alone, Hertel Florence alone), 1889.—Symeon is often said to have been a Jew, but this is an error: Steinschneider, *Hebräische Uebersetzungen*, p. 873, note 148.—It seems never to have been noticed that the order of the chapters in this version, which is in various points quite individual, agrees exactly with that in the Arabic metrical version of Muhammad b. al-Habbārīya, as quoted (from Houtsma) by Hertel, p. 394. The latter omits two introductory chapters and the final chapter of Symeon; otherwise they agree absolutely. A comparison of the two in details might be worth while. *Cf.* next note.

†19 As stated above, Chauvin and Hertel rely wholly on secondary sources for the Slavonic recensions, and are full of errors. Except the one Czech version (see above, note 16), there was only one Slavonic recension before quite modern times; this is the Old Slavonic derivative of the Greek, various MSS. of which have been edited by Viktorov, Daničić and others. It has never, so far as appears, been translated into any other language. The alleged Croatian translation (Chauvin, p. 24, No. 42) is an erroneous reference to Daničić's edition of the Old Slavonic. The other versions named

separately by Chauvin, *l.c.*, Nos. 39-41, and Hertel, p. 404, are editions of other MSS. of the same thing. The latest account of the Old Slavonic is found in Rystenko, *op. cit.* According to him, the Greek of Symeon goes back to a very old and good Arabic MS.; the Slavonic was translated from a MS. of the shorter recension of the Greek, in the twelfth or thirteenth century, in Bulgaria. There was only one Slavonic translation; divergences in MSS. are due to accidental or arbitrary changes made by Slavonic copyists. The Slavonic translator tried to be faithful and literal as a rule, paraphrasing or departing from his original apparently only when he did not understand it. See further my forthcoming article, mentioned in Note 16.

†20 Not from the Latin of Stark, as Jacobs states. The title, quoted by Chauvin, p. 23, indicates that it was translated directly from the Greek.

†21 So Steinschneider (see his *Hebräische Uebersetzungen*, pp. 878-882) spells the name, which Chauvin spells Elazar, and Hertel Eleazar.

†22 See Hertel, p. 412*f.*

†23 See Hertel, p. 415. Following Brandes, Hertel states that the South Indic original of the Malay version was a contamination of some offshoot of the Arabic with a Southern (probably Tamil) Panchatantra version. But he also says that it shows signs of influence from Naṣrallah's Persian and the Anwāri Suhailī. May not one of these two, or an Indic offshoot thereof, be the "unknown version" in question, rather than a direct translation from the Arabic?

†24 Ed. Gongrijp, 1876; 2nd edition, 1892. Possibly the same work may be contained in an earlier edition of a Malay text, cited at second hand by Chauvin, p. 76: *Kalîlah en Daminah* . . . P.P. Roorda van Eysinga, 1844.

†25 Not in Hertel; but see Chauvin, p. 76.

†26 This version was *probably* based on Naṣrallah; see Rieu, *Cat. Pers. MSS. Brit. Mus.*, ii, 582*ff.*

†27 Besides various Oriental editions (see Chauvin, p. 28*ff.*), ed. Ouseley, [Hertford,] 1851.

†28 See Brockelmann, § 8 (correction of Hertel, p. 407).

†29 See Brockelmann, § 8. The translator's full name was 'Abd al-'Allām Faiz Khān Oghlu; printed at Kazan, 1889. It is a translation of the Arabic in the main, but with introduction borrowed from the Anwāri Suhailī.

†30 Mr N. M. Penzer informs me that this was reissued

as follows: *The Anvár-i Suhailí* . . . rendered into Persian . . . literally translated by Edward B. Eastwick, Allahabad, 1914.

†30 See Brockelmann, § 9 (correction of Hertel, p. 414).

†31 Completed by the author in 1803, but first printed (ed. Roebuck) 1815; Garcin de Tassy, *Hist. de la litt. hindouie et hindoustanie*, 1st edition (1839), i, 40; 2nd edition (1870), i, 150*f*.

†32 Chauvin, p. 46, No. 67 G, quotes the name from Garcin de Tassy as "Marmol," and refers to M.'s *Hindoostanee Reader* (Calcutta, 1861). But the name is Manuel, and the book in question (which I have seen in Paris, in the library of the École des Langues Orientales Vivantes) is: *The Khirud-Ufroz:* Translated from the Oordoo into English, and followed by a vocabulary of the difficult words and phrases occurring in the text, by Thomas Philip Manuel . . . Calcutta, Messrs Thacker, Spink & Co. . . . 1861.—This was reprinted, as "1st edition" (!), at Lucknow, Newul Kishore Press, 1892 (information furnished by Mr N. M. Penzer).

†33 Riabinin, p. lxiv*f*. This is the book mentioned by Hertel, p. 414; and no doubt the text is the same as that from which extracts were given in the earlier work mentioned by Chauvin, p. 43, No. 64. Riabinin does not give the date when the translation was made. He says that the principal translator was King Vakhtan VI; the verses were translated into verse by the monk Saba (Slukhan) Orbeliani. Published at Tiflis, 1886, from four MSS.; title *Khalila da Damana*, but translated, in general very faithfully, from the Anwāri Suhailī. Nevertheless the translator made some independent additions, among which Riabinin mentions three stories.

†34 The full title even of the first edition contains the name Pilpay: *Livre des lumières ou la conduite des roys, composé par le sage Pilpay.* European occurrences of the name in this form are traceable to Sahid and Gaulmin's work; the form Bidpai goes back to Galland (and Cardonne).

†35 So, without author's name, Chauvin, p. 40 (No. 58 B). Jacobs gives the date of the earliest English edition as 1699, and its author as J. Harris; this edition is not noted in Chauvin. The work was constantly reissued, generally, it seems, anonymously (Chauvin, *l.c.*).—Mr N. M. Penzer informs me that the earliest edition in the British Museum is that of J. Harris, London, 1699 (*The Fables of Pilpay . . .*). He adds that the latest is perhaps: *Tales within Tales.*

Adapted from the Fables of Pilpai: Sir A. N. Wollaston, Romance of the East Series, London, 1909. Is Chauvin's 1679 a misprint for 1699 ? On p. xxviii*f.* of his *Bidpai*, Joseph Jacobs speaks of "J. Taylor's translation . . . the first work with the title *Fables of Pilpay*, 1699." It would appear that "Taylor" must be an accidental slip for "Harris," although I confess I cannot account for such a strange error on Jacobs's part.

†36 See Chauvin, p. 32.

†37 *Fabeln und Parabeln des Orients.* Der türkischen Sammlung humajún name entnommen und ins Deutsche übertr. von Souby-Bey. Mit e. Vorwort von Prof. Dr Rieder Pascha, Berlin, F. Fontane & Co., 1903, xii+130 pp. (Not in Hertel.) I quote the work from the Catalogue of the Berlin "Staatsbibliothek"; unfortunately I was unable to see it there, as it was in use at the time when I applied for it.

†38 Erroneously quoted as Russian by Hertel, p. 409. Jacobs, who ignores this version, mentions a Polish version of 1819, which he derives from Galland and Cardonne exclusively (from which alone he also derives the Greek of Lampanitziotes). Chauvin mentions no second Polish edition. If Jacobs's reference is right, the work in question was probably another edition of that of 1770, which was certainly a rendering of *Esope en belle humeur*, as the title shows (Chauvin, p. 38, No. 55 P; *Esop w wesolym humorze.* Warsaw, 2 vols., 1770).

†39 It appears that all the versions in the Table, with the *possible* exception of the MALAY and its derivatives, are taken from Galland alone, and not from Cardonne's continuation. The German version of 1745 of course antedates Cardonne. The Dutch and Hungarian versions mention only Galland on their title pages (Chauvin, p. 53*f.*, Nos. 76 E and 76 H). On Jäde's German see the next note. I have no means of determining whether Gongrijp's Malay included Cardonne or not.

†40 *Aus dem Morgenlande.* Thier-Novellen nach Bidpai. Von Heinrich Jäde, Leipzig, 1859. (Chauvin, p. 52; not in Hertel.) I have seen a copy in the Berlin "Staatsbibliothek." It is a work of little interest or scientific value. The introduction professes to tell something of the history of "Bidpai," and mentions the "Hitopadesa" and the "Pantschatantra." But it discreetly fails to tell us the sources of the fables which follow. From a study of the Table of Contents and of

certain parts of the work itself, I think it can be inferred with reasonable confidence that Jäde printed a *selection* of stories, the prior and major part of which was taken from Galland's French, and the latter part from some European translation of the Hitopadeśa. Some proper names, and the reference in the introduction to Huschenk's Testament (peculiar to the Anwāri Suhailī and descendants), indicate Galland as the source of the first part; and since this prior part follows Galland closely in order (with some omissions), and stops short where Galland stops, it seems evident that Jäde did not know Cardonne's continuation. The second part contains several stories peculiar to the Hitopadeśa and seems to have been drawn therefrom.

Additional Note.—The Armenian *Fables of Vartan* (thirteenth century) contain some fables taken from some Kalīlah and Dimnah version, and have sometimes been classed as an offshoot (*e.g.* by Jacobs), but this seems to be an error; see Keith-Falconer's translation of the Younger Syriac, p. lxxxiv*f.*, and Chauvin, p. 48.

Postscript (*added in proof*). —Since the completion of this work I have seen in *Asia Major*, vol. ii, pp. 179-182 (1925), a review of a Russian work by B. J. Vladimirtsov, entitled (in German translation): *Eine Mongolische Sammlung Erzählungen aus dem Pañcatantra* (vol. v, part 2 of *Publications du Musée d'Anthropologie et d'Ethnographie près l'Académie des Sciences de Russie*: Petrograd, 1921).

It appears from the review that the Mongolian collection dealt with is a selection of Panchatantra stories, probably derived from a Tibetan source, which is otherwise unknown. Presumably the Tibetan original was derived from some late Indic version. I have not yet seen the Russian work in question, and the review gives no information which would enable one to guess what the precise affiliations of the collection are.

APPENDIX II

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THE ORIGIN OF THE STORY OF GHAṬA AND KARPARA

THE story of Ghaṭa and Karpara as told by Somadeva (pp. 142-151) is composed of two distinct tales. The first, ending with the final success of Ghaṭa's tricks, is a Sanskrit version of the well-known tale of Rhampsinitus in Herodotus (ii, 121). The second consists of several incidents, quite likely of Kashmirian origin, dealing with the favourite subject among Orientals—the inconstancy of woman.

It is only with the first of these stories that we are here concerned. The general appeal of the tale of Rhampsinitus, added to the fact that it appears in what is perhaps the most interesting and popular book of Herodotus, has made it travel far and wide to the most diverse parts of the world.

Versions of the story have found their way into nearly every important collection. To such an extent, indeed, has the tale circulated, that it would require a volume to give all the versions in their entirety. In the present appendix, then, I can do no more than give an occasional extract, but I shall add full references which will show the extensive ramifications of this most interesting story. Thus readers, who so wish, will be able to follow up the subject to any length.

Before tracing the different versions in both Eastern and Western collections, it will be of considerable interest to try to determine whether the tale told to Herodotus was really Egyptian in origin or an early migrant from another country altogether.

First, then, let us look at the story as told by Herodotus (ii, 121).[1]

This king [Rhampsinitus], they said, possessed a great

[1] I choose the version from the Baehr text by Henry Cary, in Bohn's Classical Library, 1877, pp. 141-144. Apart from Rawlinson's translation (to be mentioned later), I would draw special attention to that by A. D. Godley, issued in 1920, in the Loeb Classical Library. Like all the volumes in this excellent "Library," the translations and the text are printed on opposite pages. The text followed is that of Stein.

quantity of money, such as no one of the succeeding kings was able to surpass, or even nearly come up to; and he, wishing to treasure up his wealth in safety, built a chamber of stone, of which one of the walls adjoined the outside of the palace. But the builder, forming a plan against it, devised the following contrivance: he fitted one of the stones so that it might be easily taken out by two men, or even one. When the chamber was finished, the king laid up his treasures in it; but in course of time the builder, finding his end approaching, called his sons to him, for he had two, and described to them how (providing for them that they might have abundant sustenance) he had contrived when building the king's treasury; and having clearly explained to them everything relating to the removal of the stone, he gave them its dimensions, and told them, if they would observe his instructions, they would be stewards of the king's riches. He accordingly died, and the sons were not long in applying themselves to the work; but having come by night to the palace, and having found the stone in the building, they easily removed it, and carried off a great quantity of treasure.

When the king happened to open the chamber, he was astonished at seeing the vessels deficient in treasure; but he was not able to accuse anyone, as the seals were unbroken, and the chamber well secured. When, therefore, on his opening it two or three times, the treasures were always evidently diminished (for the thieves did not cease plundering), he adopted the following plan: he ordered traps to be made, and placed them round the vessels in which the treasures were. But when the thieves came as before, and one of them had entered, as soon as he went near a vessel he was straightway caught in the trap. Perceiving, therefore, in what a predicament he was, he immediately called to his brother, and told him what had happened, and bade him enter as quick as possible and cut off his head, lest, if he was seen and recognised, he should ruin him also. The other thought that he spoke well, and did as he was advised; then, having fitted in the stone, he returned home, taking with him his brother's head.

When day came, the king, having entered the chamber, was astonished at seeing the body of the thief in the trap without the head, but the chamber secure, and without any means of entrance or exit. In this perplexity he contrived

the following plan: he hung up the body of the thief from the wall, and having placed sentinels there, he ordered them to seize and bring before him whomsoever they should see weeping or expressing commiseration at the spectacle.

The mother was greatly grieved at the body being suspended, and coming to words ith her surviving son, commanded him, by any means he could, to contrive how he might take down and bring away the corpse of his brother; but, should he neglect to do so, she threatened to go to the king, and inform him that he had the treasures.

When the mother treated her surviving son harshly, and when with many entreaties he was unable to persuade her, he contrived the following plan: having got some asses, and having filled some skins with wine, he put them on the asses and then drove them along; but when he came near the sentinels that guarded the suspended corpse, having drawn out two or three of the necks of the skins that hung down, he loosened them; and when the wine ran out he beat his head and cried out aloud, as if he knew not to which of the asses he should turn first. But the sentinels, when they saw wine flowing in abundance, ran into the road, with vessels in their hands, and caught the wine that was being spilt, thinking it all their own gain; but the man, feigning anger, railed bitterly against them all. However, as the sentinels soothed him, he at length pretended to be pacified, and to forgo his anger. At last he drove his asses out of the road, and set them to rights again.

When more conversation passed, and one of the sentinels joked with him and moved him to laughter, he gave them another of the skins; and they, just as they were, lay down and set to to drink, and joined him to their party, and invited him to stay and drink with them. He was persuaded, forsooth, and remained with them. And as they treated him kindly during the drinking, he gave them another of the skins; and the sentinels, having taken very copious draughts, became exceedingly drunk, and being overpowered by the wine, fell asleep on the spot where they had been drinking.

But he, as the night was far advanced, took down the body of his brother, and by way of insult shaved the right cheeks of all the sentinels; then having laid the corpse on the asses, he drove home, having performed his mother's injunctions.

The king when he was informed that the body of the

thief had been stolen, was exceedingly indignant, and, resolving by any means to find out the contriver of this artifice, had recourse, *as it is said*, to the following plan—a design which to me seems incredible: he placed his own daughter in a brothel, and ordered her to admit all alike to her embraces, but before they had intercourse with her, to compel each one to tell her what he had done during his life most clever and most wicked, and whosoever should tell her the facts relating to the thief she was to seize, and not suffer him to escape.

When, therefore, the daughter did what her father commanded, the thief having ascertained for what purpose this contrivance was had recourse to, and being desirous to outdo the king in craftiness, did as follows: having cut off the arm of a fresh corpse at the shoulder, he took it with him under his cloak, and having gone in to the king's daughter, and being asked the same questions as all the rest were, he related that he had done the most wicked thing when he cut off his brother's head, who was caught in a trap in the king's treasury; and the most clever thing when, having made the sentinels drunk, he took away the corpse of his brother that was hung up. She, when she heard this, endeavoured to seize him, but the thief in the dark held out to her the dead man's arm, and she seized it and held it fast, imagining that she had got hold of the man's own arm. Then the thief, having let it go, made his escape through the door.

When this also was reported to the king, he was astonished at the shrewdness and daring of the man; and at last, sending throughout all the cities, he caused a proclamation to be made, offering a free pardon, and promising great reward to the man, if he should discover himself. The thief, relying on this promise, went to the king's palace; and Rhampsinitus greatly admired him, and gave him his daughter in marriage, accounting him the most knowing of all men; for that the Egyptians are superior to all others, but he was superior to the Egyptians.

There are several points to notice about this story which seem to indicate that Herodotus heard only an abridged version of a more detailed tale, the complete incidents of which had either been long since forgotten or which his informers did not happen to know.

In the first place the builder is represented as entirely

devoid of all principles. Although he is apparently the chief architect at the court of the richest of all the Egyptian kings, and as such would be a very wealthy man, yet he deliberately arranges matters so that if necessary he can rob the king of all his treasures. Such a necessity, however, never arises; but when on his death-bed he tells his secret to his two sons without any scruples, knowing that by doing so he is almost bound to turn them into a couple of thieves. Had there been some motive for such an action, such as revenge or poverty, it would be more comprehensible.

Then, again, it seems curious that when the one brother is caught in the trap, the other cuts his head off without any expressions of sorrow whatever. As we shall see later, many subsequent versions (e.g. *Dolopathos* and its derivates) particularly mention the bitter anguish which fills his heart before he can bring himself to do such a terrible deed.

But of most importance is the fact that we have a detailed description of how the king hung up the body of the thief, and surrounded it with guards, in the hope that some relation of the dead man would give himself away by excessive grief at such a terrible sight. Yet we hear nothing more of this, and no one goes near it. The one person who would obviously be most likely to act thus is the mother, who, as far as we are given to understand, never leaves her house at all. Several writers seem to have noticed this, as in many versions we find the thief is nearly given away by this ruse. It seems such an obvious omission that because we find it restored in later versions, I do not think we need conclude for a moment that there was another, and hitherto unknown, source of the story.

It will be seen that the difference between the tale of Herodotus and that of Somadeva is considerable.

In fact, the only points of similarity, apart from the general outline being similar, are:

1. The number of the thieves is two.
2. One of them is caught.
3. Guards watch the body to see if anyone laments.
4. They are overcome by trickery.
5. The king's efforts are futile.
6. Pardon (or a reward) is offered.

There is no mention in our tale of a treasury, and consequently the trap and beheading of the brother do not occur.

No mother appears, and neither the shaving of the guards nor the prostitution of the king's daughter is found.

The hand of the Hindu is clear, however, in many places. The favourite Indian methods of thieving—digging through a wall and digging a mine into the house—are brought in twice. The incident of a princess falling in love with the thief is not uncommon in Sanskrit literature, and occurs twice in the *Ocean of Story* (Chapters LXXXVIII and CXII).

The incident of the guards waiting to see if anyone laments has a sequel, for the desire to pay the last homage to his dead friend makes Ghaṭa conceive a plan by which he *can* personally lament and purify the body with milk. Here we have the gap in the Herodotus story filled. But according to Hindu ritual other rites have to be performed over the body, so our story-teller introduces a second device by which he can burn the corpse and throw the bones into the holy Ganges.

The ending of the story has naturally been altered, because Somadeva is tacking on to it another story altogether, and does not want the princess and the thief to dwell happily together.

We can now proceed to the crux of our inquiry. Was the tale of Rhampsinitus as told to Herodotus of true Egyptian origin?

The first question one naturally asks is whether the identity of King Rhampsinitus can be ascertained. Is he purely legendary, or is he a real Pharaoh to whom the above story has been attributed, either rightly or wrongly? The generally accepted theory is that by Rhampsinitus is meant Rameses III, although nothing definite can be said on this point.

The reasons for the supposition are twofold, etymological and general.

The true etymology of Rhampsinitus is unknown, and thus we are handicapped from the start, but it seems to be connected in some way with Rameses. According to Brugsch it is a Greek form of *Ramesu pa nuter*, "Rameses the God," but most scholars now agree with Maspero, who would derive the first half from Rameses III and the second half from Amasis II. Some further explanation is necessary.

Rameses III was a Pharaoh of the twentieth dynasty, and had his capital at Thebes, with Amon as chief deity. Amasis II was a Pharaoh of the twenty-sixth dynasty, with

his capital at Saïs, in the Delta, and Neith, the goddess of the hunt, as deity.

The correct form of his name is Aah-mes-si-neit, *aah* meaning "moon," and *si-neit*, "son of Neith." Now in order to arrive at the Greek form Rhampsinitus, the two words *si-neit* must be added to Rameses, making Ra-mes-si-neit. Thus half the name belongs to one Pharaoh of one dynasty, and half to another Pharaoh of another dynasty. "It is," says Sir Flinders Petrie in a letter to me on the subject, "as if a cathedral verger talked now of 'our sailor King William III,' unconsciously borrowing from William IV."

It is quite conceivable that the jumbled name was due to ignorance, and at any rate was good enough for foreigners.

When describing the Ægean coasts we may consider Herodotus to have had sufficient personal knowledge of what he was writing about to check any traditions he heard, or accounts he may have read. But in Egypt matters were very different. Here he went as an ordinary tourist, even without "letters of introduction," and, being unable to speak the tongue, he was dependent on the half-caste dragomans and any inferior temple-servants who were not above receiving *bakhshish* for answering questions put to them by the inquisitive Greeks.

Most of the *cicerони* were Karians, who acted as interpreters between natives and the travellers, like the Maltese in modern times. As Herodotus himself was born in Karia, we can imagine his preferring a fellow-countryman through whom to make his searching inquiries.

Professor Sayce considers the tale to be "colonial Greek," and he explains this view in a letter to me. "It is," he says, "the kind of story the Greek tourist delighted to hear from his Karian or other semi-Greek dragoman. He was anxious about the origin or causes of what he saw, and the dragoman had a story to account for each of them which was sufficiently non-Oriental to appeal to the Greek mind."

Supposing that Ra-mes-si-neit was the original form in which Herodotus heard the name, we must not be surprised at his accepting it, for he knew *si-neit* was a correct appendage to a royal name, as it is he who supplies us with most of our information about Amasis II.

Turning to general considerations, the first thing to strike us in the story about the king is his great wealth and

the fact that he built a treasury. This could well refer to Rameses III, for, as the Papyrus Harris shows, his riches were enormous and not only did he build a treasury, but it has actually been discovered in the temple at Medinet Habu. In one record Rameses himself says: "I filled its treasury with the products of the land of Egypt: gold, silver, every costly stone by the hundred-thousand. . . ."

The great victories of Rameses III against such Levantine peoples as the Thekel, Pulesti, Washasha, etc., and the consequent saving of the Egyptian Empire in Asia, would naturally make him the hero of many a tale. The increased wealth of the temples, the elaborate ritual observed and encouraged by Rameses, and, above all, the fact that Amon-Ra became the figurehead of the Egyptian religion, were all factors which would help to keep the memory of this Pharaoh green, especially when his death marked the beginning of the final catastrophe which led to the collapse of the Empire.

Thus, quite apart from etymological evidence, Rhampsinitus might well be intended for Rameses III.

There is, however, another point to be considered. Immediately following this story Herodotus (ii, 122) tells a further tale about the same king:

"After this they said, that this king descended alive into the place which the Greeks call Hades, and there played at dice with Ceres, and sometimes won, and other times lost; and that he came up again and brought with him as a present from her a napkin of gold."

This curious statement has an echo in the ancient Egyptian tales occurring in the cycle of Satni-Khamoîs (Maspero, *Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt*, pp. 133, 134), where Satni descends into the tomb of Nenoferkephtah and plays dice for the magic book of Thoth. Plutarch, *Isis et Osiris*, records an old Egyptian myth connected with the birth of Osiris to account for the five supplementary days in the Egyptian calendar. The god Hermes (*i.e.* Thoth) played dice or draughts with the moon and won from her a seventy-second part of every day, and from these parts compounded the five intercalary days (*cf.* the Mayan "Uayeyab").

Now the connection of this dice-playing story with Rameses III may have arisen from the fact that on the outer wall of his palace at Medinet Habu is a relief of the king seated at draughts with a woman.

Thus if the etymological derivation of Rhampsinitus is

even only approximately correct, the fact that Herodotus heard the story of this king's descent into Hades and his playing dice would strengthen the supposition that the king referred to is none other than Rameses III.

We now pass on to the incidents in the story. It is these, as I have already emphasised (Vol. I, p. 29), which form the real clues to the origin or migration of a story.

Several leading Egyptologists of the past century (see *e.g.* G. Rawlinson, *History of Herodotus*, 4th edition, 4 vols., 1880, vol. ii, p. 193*n*[4]) considered that the story under discussion could not be of Egyptian origin for the following reasons :—

1. Egyptians did not wear beards.
2. The practice of hanging a criminal from a wall to the public gaze was unknown in Egypt.
3. The idea of a Pharaoh prostituting his daughter is absurd.

Let us take each of these points in turn.

1. The note in Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, already referred to, was written by Wilkinson, and shows the results of a too hasty study of the monuments, for although the majority of pure Egyptians were clean-shaven, the custom was not compulsory, and monuments of all periods have revealed men with beards. But in this particular case we are dealing only with police, who were not all natives. They were usually recruited from a Nubian or Sūdānī tribe, called Mazaiu or Matiu by Maspero, and Matchaiu by Budge. All foreigners were exempt from general usages, so there is nothing surprising or un-Egyptian in the police being bearded. Wilkinson quoted the shaving of Joseph before entering the presence of Pharaoh (Gen. xli, 14) as showing it was customary to shave, but to me it rather proves that the lower-class Egyptian troubled little about shaving, and any sudden honour such as being taken before Pharaoh would necessitate shaving. This was, of course, exactly opposite to the customs of Babylon and Assyria, where commoners were clean-shaven and royalty heavily bearded. The veneration of the beard does not seem to have been nearly so developed in early Egypt as in other parts of the East and with the advent of Mohammedanism, although the false beard was worn by a Pharaoh as a symbol of dignity at

certain festivals. In the present story, I feel the shaving of the beards was not done so much for insult (as in 1 Chron. xix, 4, etc.), as to show the consummate cleverness of the thief, a *motif* which has an international appeal.

2. As another proof that the tale is not Egyptian, Wilkinson and other Egyptologists have stated that in a country where social ties were so much regarded, the civil law would not permit such an exhibition as stated to have been held by Rhampsinitus.

It will suffice to quote the well-known case of Amenhetep II, who hung the bodies of seven vanquished chiefs at the bow of his boat, and later exposed them on the walls of Thebes and Napata. (See Budge, *Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection*, vol. i, p. xxii.) As Maspero says, that which was done by a real Pharaoh may well have been done by the Pharaoh of a romance, even if it were exceptional.

3. The proceeding of the king in sending his daughter to a public brothel (οἴκημα can only have this meaning here, it being most improbable that he would use a "certain room" in the palace for such a purpose, as translated by A. D. Godley in the Loeb Library edition) may seem strange to us, but it must not be dismissed as merely the invention of the *ciceroni*, nor must we believe, with Wilkinson, that it would be repeated by Greeks just because it gave them particular pleasure to recount such tales about kings and their daughters.

Unfortunately our knowledge of the intimate social customs of the Egyptians is as yet very small, so that we are practically restricted to the evidence found in tales current at the time of Herodotus or incidents which occur in stories found in papyri. Sir Ernest Budge tells me, however, that he believes certain classes of prostitutes were held in respect, but can give no details.

I take it, however, that these are the sacred prostitutes such as were connected with the temple of Amon at Thebes in the twenty-first dynasty (see G. Maspero, *Guide du Visiteur au Musée du Caire*, p. 145. Cairo, 1920).

According to Herodotus (ii, 126), when Cheops was in sore need of money "he prostituted his own daughter in a brothel, and ordered her to extort, they did not say how much; but she exacted a certain sum of money, privately, as much as her father ordered her. . . ."

Apart from the possibility of such occurrences being

historical, there are several examples in Egyptian tales of prostitution in order to obtain some desired end.

For instance, in the "Adventure of Satni-Khamoîs with the Mummies" (Maspero, *Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt*, pp. 137-140), Tbubuî invites Satni into her chamber in order to get from him the magical book of Thoth at the cost of her

Professor Elliot Smith considers it probable that the story of a king publicly prostituting his daughter is a perversion of the ancient myth of Osiris, the dead king, being seduced by Isis, his own daughter (and wife).

However this may be, the incident of a Pharaoh acting in such a manner must not be dismissed as absurd, and even if such an action *has* no historical foundation, both Egyptian mythology and folk-tales can supply examples.

Taking all the above evidence as a whole, I can see little to support the view that the tale in question is not of Egyptian origin. Gaston Paris, however, in an excellent monograph in the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*, vol. lv, 1907, pp. 151 *et seq.*, 267 *et seq.*, does *not* believe in the Egyptian origin of the tale.[1] Professor Maspero will not commit himself too far. He says that if it was not actually invented in Egypt, it had been Egyptianised long before Herodotus wrote it down. The evidence of several of our leading Egyptologists appears to favour its being an Egyptian tale, and I am indebted to them for their valuable opinions. Sir Flinders Petrie considers it to be of late Egyptian origin, with some of its details affected by outside influence. Sir Ernest Budge says that to him the story *smells* Egyptian. Professor Griffith can see nothing seriously un-Egyptian in it, while Dr Hall says he has little doubt about its true Egyptian origin.

CLASSICAL VERSIONS

In classical Greece there was a story resembling the tale of Rhampsinitus in several points. It concerns the two master-builders, Agamedes and Trophonius. In some accounts Agamedes is described as the stepfather of Trophonius, whose own father was commonly said to be Apollo. In other versions it was Agamedes who was the son of Apollo

[1] See also J. P. Lewis, *Orientalist*, vol. iii, 1888, pp. 148, 149.

and Epicaste, while Trophonius was *his* son. The best-known story, however, is that the two were sons of Erginus, King of Orchomenus, and that they built a treasury for Hyrieus, King of Hyria in Boœtia.

Pausanias (ix, 37, 4, 5) tells us that after the Minyae (the original inhabitants of Orchomenus) had been conquered by the Thebans, Erginus made peace with Hercules, and gradually retrieved his former wealth. But in so doing he was overtaken by a wifeless and childless old age. So he consulted the Oracle at Delphi, where the Pythian priestess bade him marry and so "put a new tip to the old plough-tree."

"So he married a young wife, according to the oracle, and had by her Trophonius and Agamedes. But Trophonius is said to have been a son of Apollo, and not of Erginus, and I believe it, and so does everyone who has gone to inquire of the oracle of Trophonius [for this see Pausanias ix, 39, 5-14, with Frazer's Commentary, vol. v, pp. 201-204, and under 'oraculum' in Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*]. It is said that when Trophonius and Agamedes were grown up they became skilful at building sanctuaries for gods and palaces for men; for they built the temple at Delphi [see Pausanias x, 5, 13] for Apollo and the treasury for Hyrieus. In the treasury they contrived that one of the stones could be removed from the outside, and they always kept pilfering the hoard; but Hyrieus was speechless, seeing the keys and all the tokens undisturbed, but the treasures steadily decreasing. Wherefore over the coffers in which were his silver and gold he set traps, or at any rate something that would hold fast anyone who should enter and meddle with the treasures. So when Agamedes entered he was held fast in the snare; but Trophonius cut off his head, lest at daybreak his brother should be put to the torture and he himself detected as an accomplice in the crime. The earth yawned and received Trophonius at that point in the grove at Lebadea where is the pit of Agamedes, as it is called, with a monument beside it." (J. G. Frazer's translation, vol. i, p. 490 *et seq.*)

Aristophanes, *Nubes* 508, speaks of the oracle of Trophonius, and the scholiast on the passage, quoting from the historian Charax, gives a version different from that of Pausanias.

Agamedes, Prince of Stymphalus, had two sons, Trophonius and Cercyon, by his wife Epicaste. Trophonius was born out of wedlock, but Cercyon was legitimate. Now

Agamedes and Trophonius were famed for their skill; they built the temple of Apollo at Delphi, and they made a golden treasury for King Augeas at Elis. But they took care to leave a secret entrance into the treasury, by means of which they and Cercyon used to enter and rob the king. Augeas was at a loss what to make of it, but by the advice of Dædalus, who was staying with him, he set traps about his coffers. Agamedes was accordingly caught in one of them, but Trophonius, to prevent recognition, cut off his father's head and escaped with Cercyon to Orchomenus. Hither they were pursued by the messengers of Augeas; so Cercyon fled to Athens and Trophonius to Lebadea, where he made for himself an underground chamber in which he lived. (Frazer, *op. cit.*, vol. v, p. 177.)

For a useful note on the passage see Starkie's edition of the *Clouds*, 1911, pp. 325, 326.

Apart from the mention of Trophonius by Aristophanes, later writings also show the antiquity of mythical tales about these two men. For instance, Plutarch, in his *Consolatio ad Apollonium*, 14, says that Pindar relates of Agamedes and Trophonius that after building the temple at Delphi, they asked Apollo to grant them a reward for their work. He replied that they would have one in seven days, but in the meanwhile they were to go on living freely and indulge their genius. Accordingly they obeyed the dictate, and on the seventh night they died in their beds.

The same legend is also mentioned by Cicero, *Tusc. Disp.*, i, 47, but here the interim is given as only three days.

From the above evidence, then, we notice that whereas myths connected with the two master-builders were current in Greece from at least 500 B.C. (Aristophanes' *Nubes* was first produced in 423 B.C.) the incident of the robbery of the treasury as one of their exploits does not appear, as far as we know, till the time of Pausanias (second century A.D.), while the priest and historian Charax Pergamenus post-dates Cæsar and Nero.

All this seems to point to Herodotus as the introducer of the incident into Greece. I cannot see sufficient evidence to justify the view of K. O. Müller in his *Geschichten hellenischer Stämme und Städte: Orchomenos und die Minyer*, Breslau, 1820-1824, p. 94 *et seq.*, where he states that it is

very probable that the tradition took its rise among the Minyae, was transferred from them to King Augeas, and was known in Greece long before the reign of Psammetichus (664-610 B.C), the Saïte king of the twenty-fifth dynasty, during whose reign intimate relations between Egypt and Greece were opened. His theory *may* be correct, but until further evidence is available I am inclined to favour the Egyptian origin of the story. (See also his *Fragmenta Historicorum Græcorum*, Paris, 1849, vol. iii, p. 637.[1]) Herodotus wrote his *History* about 430 B.C., and it is only natural to suppose that, as time went on, any arresting stories it contained would attach themselves to popular Greek myths already in existence. It certainly seems quite probable that this is exactly what happened to the tale of Rhampsinitus. Here on the one hand was an old Greek legend, or number of legends, about two master-builders who constructed a famous temple at Delphi and after their death became divine (Trophonius was to some extent actually identified with Zeus); and on the other hand there was a clever Egyptian tale also about a master-builder (and his two sons), which, when generally known, was sure to appeal to the imagination of the Greeks. Any attractive incidents in the latter would become attached to the former, while those which proved less attractive would gradually drop out and be forgotten.

Nor would such incidents be resurrected unless the original story chanced to be reintroduced through some fresh channel. In such a case forgotten incidents might be restored and the story would bear a much closer resemblance to its original than had formerly been the case. This seems to be what happened to the tale under discussion. The wave of Oriental story migration in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries not only brought Indian, Persian and Arabian tales to Europe, but introduced a form of presentation hitherto unknown in the West—the "tale-within-tale" system. Its popularity was due not only to its novelty, but also to the opportunities it offered the story-teller, for he could add and subtract as he thought fit without altering the "frame" of the work in any way. The crusader, the pilgrim, and the merchant would, on their return home, relate any stories heard on their travels which had made a

[1] For the latest general article on Trophonius see W. H. Roscher's *Ausführliches Lexikon der Griechischen und Römischen Mythologie*, vol. v, cols. 1265-1278, Leipzig, 1916-1924.

strong appeal to their imaginations, and as the stories circulated, the compilers would naturally enough substitute tales from their own stock-in-trade, if they liked them better, or if any tale had become confused and pointless in course of repetition. Thus many an Eastern collection has become greatly altered in the hands of Western editors, translators, and the like, so as to leave little of the Eastern original except the "frame." The husk would remain, but the kernel would be different. No better example of such alterations could be quoted than those connected with the great cycle of stories known as the *Book of Sindibād*, to which we have referred several times in the course of this work. The collection was so called owing to the tradition that a certain Indian philosopher named Sindibād was its chief character. In all the main Eastern versions the name varies but little: the Syriac is Sindban, the Greek, Syntipas, and the Hebrew, Sendebar. Only eight Eastern versions survive and all have the same "frame" tale. Briefly this is as follows:—

A young prince is taught wisdom by his tutor. He learns but slowly, and the tutor realises that some evil star is for the time being in the ascendant. Further investigations show that a fatal seven days is at hand, and accordingly the prince is warned not to speak a word during this period. The king is much concerned at his son's silence, and one of his wives says she will find out the reason. Accordingly she sees him alone, but tempts him to adultery with the promise of the kingdom. He repulses her, and realising her position if he *does* speak, she hastens to the king with the tale that he has attempted to ravish her. The king orders him to be killed, but seven wise men of the court each tell stories to show the wickedness of women. In reply the wife tells counter-stories, and thus the ill-omened period is past. The prince speaks and the queen is executed.[1]

MEDIÆVAL VERSIONS

Now when the *Book of Sindibād* reached Europe it retained this frame-story, but little else. The title was

[1] Readers will no doubt notice some resemblance between this tale and the story of Aśoka and his son Kuṇāla to which I have already referred in my first note on the "women whose love is scorned" *motif* (Vol. II, p. 120). Benfey was, I believe, the first scholar who drew attention to this (see his *Orient und Occident*, vol. iii, p. 177 *et seq.*).

changed to *The Seven Wise Masters* or *Seven Sages of Rome* and Sindibād himself disappeared.

Research seems to show that from India the work passed to Persia, Arabia, Syria and the Holy Land. Thence it was probably brought to Europe by some crusader who was attracted by the novelty and merit of the tales. Unfortunately the parent Western version is lost, so that we cannot say exactly which of the Eastern versions gave rise to the European version. Evidence is slightly in favour of the Hebrew version, but nothing definite can be said on the point. The date of the parent Western version is probably not later than A.D. 1150.[1]

The popularity of the work in Europe was enormous, and at least forty different versions have been preserved. So altered have been the tales in the Western versions that only four have survived from the East. Then again, in the Western versions the sages only tell one story each, and with the queen's counter-stories there are only fifteen, but in the Eastern versions the sages usually tell two stories.

There are several other differences which need not be detailed here. The important point to notice is that the reason of the great difference must be that, whereas the *Book of Sindibād* was *written*, the *Seven Sages* derived its stories from oral tradition. In fact, the compiler probably never saw an Eastern version.

Now among the tales which found their way into the *Seven Sages* was a version of the tale of Rhampsinitus. It might easily have been brought over from Egypt or Syria by some pilgrim or traveller and become incorporated with the "frame" story of the *Seven Sages*, and owing to its excellence as a good story, would quite naturally be chosen in lieu of many others known to the compiler.

The oldest form in which the Western type is known to us is that bearing the title of *Dolopathos*. It seems very probable, however, that the better-known *Seven Sages of Rome*, MSS. of which date from only a little later than the earliest MS. of *Dolopathos*, preserves more closely the original form of the Western parent version. It was under this form that it acquired its immense popularity. The *Dolopathos* exists in two versions, one in Latin prose by Joannes de Alta Silva, and the other in an old French poem by Herbert.

Silva, whose proper name was Jean de Hautesville,

[1] See Killis Campbell, *The Seven Sages of Rome*, p. xv. Boston, 1907.

translated the work from the Greek. It was edited by Oesterley [1] in 1873, and by Hilka [2] in 1913, and contains the "*Gaza*" [3] or "treasure" story as its second tale. This version is very curious as containing numerous details which are found nowhere else.

The lack of any motive for the treasurer turning thief, or making his sons thieves, must have struck the compiler, for at the beginning of the story we are told that the father had been driven to steal owing to the reckless extravagance of his son. After the theft has been detected, the king, on the advice of a blind old man who is an ex-thief himself, burns a pile of green grass in the treasury. Then, having closed the door, he walks round the building and notices smoke issuing from between the stones where the entrance had been made. The incident found its way into several variants, while in others the king shuts himself in the treasury and observes if any light comes in through the walls. The tricks of the thief in the *Dolopathos* version are elaborate. He first escapes by stabbing himself, then by stating that a child belonging to his family, who has been discovered crying, is only crying for its mother. But the method by which he retrieves his father's body is very curious. The blind old man tells the king to get forty men to guard the body, twenty in black armour on black horses, and twenty in white armour on white horses. It will then be impossible for any stranger to make his way unperceived to the body. The thief, however, is not to be put off so easily.

> At vero fur ille suum patrisque opprobrium ferre non volens, malensque semel mori, quam diu infeliciter vivere, deliberavit in animo, quod aut patrem turpi ludibrio subtraheret, aut ipse cum eo pariter moreretur. Subtili ergo ingenio arma partita fabricat, tota scilicet ab una parte alba, et nigra ab altera, quibus armatus equum hinc albo, inde nigro panno opertum ascendit. Sicque lucente luna per medios transit milites, ut nigra pars armorum eius viginti

[1] *Iohannis de Alta Silva Dolopathos, sive de Rege et Septem Sapientibus. Strassburg, 1873.*

[2] *Historia Septem Sapientum*, ii. Heidelberg, 1913.

[3] The stories in the Western group are now always known by their Latin names: *canis, gaza, senex, creditor*, etc. They were first applied by Goedeke, *Orient und Occident*, 1886, vol. iii, p. 423.

albos deluderet et alba pars deciperet nigros, putarentque nigri unum esse ex albis, et albi unum ex nigris fore. Sic ergo pertransiens venit ad patrem depositumque a ligno asportavit. Facto autem mane milites videntes furem furtim sublatum sibi confusi redierunt ad regem, narrantes, quomodo eos miles albos nigrisque armis pertitus[1] decepisset. Desperans ergo iam rex posse recuperari perdita et furem et thesaurum cessavit querere.

At this point the Latin version ends, but the French version of Herbert adds other incidents which were copied largely in subsequent variants.[2]

After the corpse has been recovered, the thief lies with the princess, who marks him with coloured dye for future identification. The following short extract will give some idea of the style of the Old French :—

La pucele nul mot ne dit
Que ces pères l'ot contredit,
Qui la boiste li ot donnée
Où la coulor fu destremprée,
Et [3] ce li dist k'ele féist [4]
Tout ce ke cil li requéist
Tant k'el' front l'éust bien seignié,
Einsi com li ot enseignié.
La pucele s'en entremist,
Et tele enseigne el' front li mist
Que bien pot estre conéuz.
Cil ne s'en est apercéuz ;
Tant i demora longuement
Qu'il s'en departi liéement ;
A son ostel revint arrière ;
Biau semblant fist et bele chière.

(*Li Romans de Dolopathos*, Brunet et Montaiglon, 1856, pp. 215, 216.)

He marks everyone else and escapes detection. Then follows the incident of a child being employed to pick him out from a crowd by giving the "wanted" man a knife.

[1] Hilka reads *partitis*, which is obviously correct.

[2] These two versions of *Dolopathos* have not been sufficiently distinguished by Campbell and other authors on the subject. [3] Si. [4] Qu'il reféist.

He manages, however, to give the child a bird previously, and so the knife is looked upon as being merely a return gift. Finally he marries the princess.

The *Dolopathos* agrees with the *Book of Sindibād* in that there is only one instructor. His name, however, is changed to Virgil. It preserves only one story from the Eastern version, but four stories (including *gaza*) which also occur in the *Seven Sages*. This fact seems to indicate that Silva was acquainted with some version of the latter. The contention that the work was derived from oral tradition is borne out by Silva's own statement that he wrote "non ut visa, sed ut audita." The Herbert version was made from the above somewhere about 1223, and was edited by Brunet and Montaiglon in 1856 under the title *Li Romans di Dolopathos*. It is very long, being over 12,000 lines, and is written in the octo-syllabic couplet.

For further details reference should be made to G. Paris, *Deux Rédactions du Roman des Sept Sages de Rome*, Paris, 1876; and to the work by Campbell already mentioned.

We now come to the *Seven Sages of Rome*, of which versions exist in nearly every European language. The earliest ones known are in French and must date from about 1150, which, as we have already seen, is the latest date of the Western parent version.

The usual number of stories is fifteen, and the scene of action is laid in Rome. The names of the Emperor, Prince and Sages vary considerably, but this is of no importance in our inquiry. The best work on the whole subject is still that by Gaston Paris mentioned above.

The treasury story is nearly always the fifth, but in two versions it forms the ninth, and in one version the eleventh story.

It is told much more simply than in *Dolopathos*, and only one trick is employed—the wounding of the thief in order to account for his mother's (or her children's) weeping.

In one of the nine Middle English versions[1] (Cambridge University, MS. Dd. i, 17) the tale ends abruptly after the weeping incident.

As an example of the language and style of these versions

[1] K. Campbell, *Study of the Romance of the Seven Sages with Special Reference to the Middle English Versions*, 1898.

I will quote from the so-called Cotton Galba E. ix MS., following the edition by Campbell, *Seven Sages of Rome*, pp. 45-49.

The tale is told of Octavian. He had "klerkes twa." One was liberal, but the other was a miser. Octavian chooses the miser to guard his treasures (there is no question of his *building* the treasury), but before long, with his son's help, the liberal man digs a tunnel and removes a portion of the gold, filling in the hole with the stone On discovering the loss, the miser digs a trench and fills it with tar and pitch, "ter *and* pik."

The story then continues:

"Al had þai spended sone sertayn;
þe fader *and* þe son wendes ogayn.
Bitwene þam toke þai out þe stane;
þe fader crepis in sone onane,[1]
And doun he fals in ter *and* pik,—
Wit ȝe wele, þat was ful wik.[2]
Loud he cried *and* said 'Allas!'
His son askes him how it was.
He said: 'I stand vp til þe chin
In pik, þat I mun[3] neuer out win.'
'Allas,' said þe son, 'what sal I do?'
He said: 'Tak my swerd þe vnto,
And smite my heuid fra my body.'
þe son said, 'Nai, sir, sekerly[4];
Are[5] I sold myseluen sla.'
'Son,' he said, 'it most be swa,
Or else þou *and* al þi kyn
Mun be shent,[6] bath mare *and* myn[7];
And if mi heuid be smeten oway,
Na word sal men of me say.
þarfore, son, for mi benisown,[8]
Smite of my heuid, *and* wend to town,
And hide it in som preue[9] pit,
So þat na man mai knaw it.'
His fader heuid of smate he þare,
And forth with him oway it bare.
Wele he thoght it for to hide,
For shame þat efter might bitide;

[1] At once. [2] Wicked. [3] Shall.
[4] Certainly. [5] Sooner. [6] Disgraced.
[7] Of greater and lesser importance. [8] Blessing. [9] Secret.

For if men wist, it wald be wer,[1]
And lath [2] him was to bere it fer.
Als he went biside a gang,[3]
Into þe pit þe heuid he slang.
þan went he hame wightli [4] *and* sone,
And tald his moder how he had done.
þe whif weped, so was her wa ;
So did his breþer *and* sister alswa.
On þe morn þe senatoure
Went arly vnto þe toure ;
In þe pit he findes a hedles man,
Bot knaw him for nothin[g] he can.
He kowth noght ken þan his felaw
þat he wont ful wele to knaw.
He gert haue of þe pik bidene,[5]
And wass þe body faire *and* clene.
He loked byfore þan *and* bihind ;
Knawlageing [6] kowth he none find.
þan gert [7] he bring twa stalworth hors,
And bad þam draw þe hedeles cors ;
And whoso þai saw sorow make,
He bad biliue [8] þai sold þam take,
And at [9] þai war to preson led,
For þai er al his awin kinred.
þat hedles body by þe fete
Was drawen in Rome thorgh ilka [10] strete,
Vntil þai come bifor þe dore
Whare þe ded man wond [11] bifore ;
þare þai murned *and* made il chere,
Whif and childer, al in fere.[12]
þe seriantes toke þarto gude kepe,
þam for to tak þat þai saw wepe.
þe childer þan war sare adred ;
' Allas,' þai said, ' now er we ded ! '
þe son, þat wist of al þe care,
Hirt himseluen wonder sare ;
He smate himseluen in þe cheke ;
þaire sorow sone so gan þai eke.
þai tald to þam þat wald þam take,
þat þai wepid for þaire broþer sake.

[1] Worse. [2] Averse. [3] Privy. [4] Quickly.
[5] Immediately. [6] Means of identifying. [7] Caused. [8] Quickly.
[9] That. [10] Every. [11] Dwelt. [12] Together.

þai shewed þe wonde of þaire broþer,
And said þai wepid for nane oþer.
þe seriantes saw þe wound sertain:
þai trowed þam wele and turned ogain."

Apart from the nine Middle English versions already mentioned, there are numerous other versions of the *Seven Sages* which contain the story of the king's treasury.

Although, even if space permitted, there is no need to discuss them here,[1] mention must be made of the largest group of all—that of which the Latin *Historia Septem Sapientum* is the type. It was from a version of this group that the English translation, printed by Wynkyn de Worde,[2] was made, and from it were derived the metrical version of Rolland,[3] the Copland edition (now lost), and numerous other English versions, chiefly bearing the title of *The Seven Wise Masters.*

The *Historia* became very popular in Europe and is found in nearly every language, including Icelandic and Armenian. A new version of the latter has lately been published with a posthumous introduction by Chauvin.[4]

With at least forty versions of *The Seven Sages* penetrating to every part of Europe, it is not surprising to find the story of the treasury appearing in all parts of the world.

MODERN VERSIONS

Several attempts have been made to enumerate all the modern versions of the tale of Rhampsinitus.

A list of the chief references is given by Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, pp. 185, 186.

In his edition of Pausanias' *Description of Greece*, vol. v, pp. 176-179, J. G. Frazer gives a list of twenty-eight variants.

[1] These have been fully dealt with by G. Paris in his *Deux Rédactions*, where he classifies under eight different headings. See also Campbell, *op. cit.*, pp. xxii, xxiii.

[2] *History of the Seven Wise Masters of Rome*, edited by G. L. Gomme. Villon Society, London, 1885.

[3] *The seuin Seages: Translatit out of prois in Scottis meter be Iohne Rolland in Dalkeith.* 1578 [1560]. Reprinted by D. Laing for the Bannatyne Club, Edinburgh, 1837.

[4] *La Version Arménienne de L'Histoire des Sept Sages de Rome.* Mise en Français par F. Macler. Intro. by Chauvin. Paris, 1919.

A much fuller list (of forty-one variants) appears in Campbell's *Seven Sages of Rome*, pp. lxxxvi, lxxxvii.

The latest, and, as yet, by far the most comprehensive bibliography, however, is that by Bolte and Polívka in their *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- und Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm*, vol. iii, pp. 395-406. I have verified nearly every reference given, and except for a few minor misprints and the fact that some of the references are much too abbreviated, it would be hard to conceive of a fuller or more carefully compiled bibliography. The languages in which our story is found in one form or another include:—English, Irish, Scotch, French, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish-Finnish, Finnish, Icelandic, Lettish, Polish, Czech, Gypsy, Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, numerous German and Austrian dialects, Greek, Armenian, Tartar, Rumanian, Serbian, Bulgarian, Russian, Hungarian, Arabic, Berber, Tibetan, etc. Précis of several of these are given by Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. ii, pp. 121-165. See also his *Book of Sindibād*, pp. 330-332.

I shall here give selections from one or two versions from different countries which will illustrate the effect of local environment on the story and show the introduction of fresh incidents.

First I select the story as told by Ser Giovanni in his *Il Pecorone*. The exact date of this work and the true identity of the author has not yet been determined. The date given in the book itself in an introductory verse is 1378, but scholars consider the work is probably early fifteenth century.

A translation appeared in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, I, No. xlviii, ed. J. Jacobs, II, p. 8 *et seq.*, London, 1890 (see Bolte and Polívka, vol. iii, p. 399*n* [1]).

The following translation is taken from the English edition by W. G. Waters, London, 1897, p. 102 *et seq.*:—

A certain Florentine master-builder, named Bindo, undertakes to repair the campanile at Venice. So well does he do the work that the Doge gives him an order to build a palace containing a treasury. This Bindo does, but secretly builds a moving stone into one of the treasury walls.

By this time Bindo and his family have moved to Venice,

and his son, Ricciardo, becomes so extravagant that Bindo is forced to have resource to the treasury. He tells his son about the secret entrance and together they make their way into the treasury, and remove a valuable golden cup.

The loss would not have been noticed had not a cardinal paid the Doge a visit, in whose honour the gold plate was to be used. The chamberlains, in whose keeping were the keys of the treasury, can find no explanation of the mystery. Grass is burnt in the treasury and the smoke reveals the loose stone. The Doge bids all keep silent and places a cauldron of boiling pitch just under the entrance. Bindo and his son soon call again, and the father is caught in the pitch. Ricciardo weeps bitterly when Bindo bids him cut off his head, but he finally does so.

The body is dragged through the streets and Bindo's wife cries out with grief and Ricciardo only escapes by stabbing himself with a dagger and saying his mother is weeping at the sight of his wound.

The body is now hung publicly in the piazza. Once again the mother weeps, demanding that Bindo's body be taken down and properly buried. At this point fresh incidents are introduced which are of considerable interest.

The tale continues :

When the young man perceived that his mother was minded to do this thing, he began to deliberate how he might best rescue from the gibbet his father's body. He procured twelve black hoods of the sort worn by friars ; next he went out one night to the harbour, and brought back with him twelve porters, whom he made enter the house by the door behind, and then he took them into a small room where he gave them to eat and drink all they could desire. And as soon as these fellows were well filled with wine, he made them dress themselves in the monks' hoods, and put on certain masks made in hideous imitation of the human face. Then he gave to each one of them a torch of lighted fire to bear in his hand, and thus they all seemed to be veritable demons of the pit, so well were they disguised by the masks they wore. And he himself leapt upon a horse, which was covered all over with black housings, the cloth thereof being all studded with hooks, to every one of which was fastened a lighted candle. Then having donned a mask, wrought in

very wonderful fashion, he put himself at the head of his band, and said to them: "Now every one of you must do what I do." And in this wise they took their way to the piazza, where the body was exposed on the gibbet; and when they arrived there they all set themselves to run about the piazza, now here, and now there, the hour being well past midnight, and the night very dark.

When the guards saw what strange thing had come to pass, they were all seized with dread, and fancied that the forms they espied must be those of devils from hell, and that he who sat upon the horse in such guise must be no other than great Lucifer himself. Wherefore, when they saw him making his way towards the gibbet, they all took to their heels through fright, while the young man seized the body and placed it in front of him upon the saddle-bow. Then he drove before him his troop, and took them back with him to his house. After he had given them a certain sum of money, and taken away from them the friars' hoods, he dismissed them, and then went and buried the corpse in the earth as privily as he could.

The following morning the news was taken to the Doge how the body aforesaid had been snatched away; whereupon he sent for the guards and demanded to know from them how the corpse could have been stolen. The guards said to him: "Signor, it is the truth that last night, after midnight had struck, there came into the piazza a great company of devils, amongst whom we distinctly saw the great Lucifer himself, and we believe that he seized and devoured the body. On this account we all took to flight when we saw this great troop of devils coming against us to carry off the body." The Doge saw clearly that this theft had been done by some crafty dealing, and now set his wits to work to contrive how he might find out the one who had done it; so he called together his secret council, and they determined to let publish a decree that for the next twenty days it should not be lawful for anyone to sell fresh meat in Venice, and the decree was issued accordingly, and all the people were greatly astonished at what the Doge had commanded to be done.

But during this time he caused to be slaughtered a very delicate sucking calf, and ordered it to be offered for sale at a florin a pound, charging the man who was to sell the same that he should consider well all those who might come to

buy the meat. He deliberated with himself and said: "As a rule the thief is bound to be a glutton as well; therefore this fellow will not be able to keep himself long from coming for some of this meat, and it will never irk him to spend a florin for a pound thereof."

Then he made a proclamation setting forth that whosoever might desire any of the meat must come for it into the piazza. All the merchants and the gentlefolk of the city came to buy some of it, but not one of them deemed it to be worth a florin a pound, wherefore no one bought any of it. The news of what was being done was spread through all the place, and it soon came to the ears of the mother of the young man Ricciardo. As soon as she heard it she said to her son: "In sooth I feel very great longing for a piece of this veal." Then Ricciardo answered and said: "Mother, be not in too great a hurry, and let some others take the first cut therefrom. Then I will see that you get some of the veal; but I do not desire to be the one who shall take the first portion."

But his mother, like the foolish woman she was, kept on begging him to do her will, and the son, out of fear lest she might send someone else to purchase the meat, bade her make a pie, and himself took a bottle of wine and mixed in the same certain narcotic drugs; and then when night had fallen he took some loaves of bread, and the pie, and the wine aforesaid, and, having disguised himself in a beard and a large cloak, he went to the stall where the carcass of the calf, which was still entire, was exposed for sale.

After he had knocked, one of those who were on the watch cried out: "Who is there, and what is your name?" Whereupon Ricciardo answered: "Can you tell me where I shall find the stall of a certain one named Ventura?" The other replied: "What Ventura is it you seek?" Ricciardo said: "In sooth I know not what his surname may be, for, as ill luck will have it, I have never yet come across him." Then the watchman went on to say: "But who is it who sends you to him?" "It is his wife," answered Ricciardo, "who sends me, having given me certain things to take to him in order that he may sup. But I beg you to do me a service, and this is, to take charge of these things for a little, while I go back home to inform myself better where he lives. There is no reason why you should be surprised that I am ignorant of this thing, forasmuch

as it is yet but a short time since I came to abide in this place."

With these words he left in their keeping the pie, and the bread, and the wine, and made pretence of going away, saying: "I will be back in a very short time." The guards took charge of the things, and then one of them said: "See the Ventura [1] that has come to us this evening"; and then he put the bottle of wine to his mouth, and drank and passed it on to his neighbour, saying: "Take some of this, for you never drank better wine in all your life." His companion took a draught, and as they sat talking over this adventure, they all of them fell asleep.

All this time Ricciardo had been standing at a crevice of the door, and when he saw that the guards were asleep he straightway entered, and took hold of the carcass of the calf, and carried it, entire as it was, back to his house, and spake thus to his mother: "Now you can cut as much veal as you like and as often as you like"; whereupon his mother cooked a portion of the meat in a large broth-pot.

The Doge, as soon as they had let him know how the carcass of the calf had been stolen, and the trick which had been used in compassing the theft, was mightily astonished, and was seized with a desire to learn who this thief might be. Therefore he caused to be brought to him a hundred poor beggars, and after he had taken the names of each one of them he said: "Now go and call at all the houses in Venice, and make a show of asking for alms, and be sure to keep a careful watch the while to see whether in any house there are signs of flesh being cooked, or a broth-pot over the fire. If you shall find this, do not fail to use such importunity that the people of the house shall give you to eat either of the meat or of the broth, and hasten at once to bring word to me, and whosoever shall bring me this news shall get twenty florins reward."

Thereupon the hundred scurvy beggars spread themselves abroad through all the streets of Venice, asking for alms, and one of them happened to go into the house of Ricciardo; and, having gone up the stairs, he saw plain before his eyes the meat which was being cooked, and begged the mother in God's name to give him somewhat of the same, and she, foolish as she was, and deeming that she had enough of meat and to spare, gave him a morsel. The fellow thanked her

[1] *I.e.* "Good Fortune."

and said: "I will pray to God for your sake," and then made his way down the stairs. There he met with Ricciardo, who, when he saw the bit of meat in the beggar's hand, said to him: "Come up with me, and then I will give you some more." The beggar forthwith went upstairs with Ricciardo, who took him into the chamber and there smote him over the head with an axe. As soon as the beggar was dead, Ricciardo threw his body down through the jakes and locked the door.

When evening was come all the beggars returned to the Doge's presence, as they had promised, and every one of them told how he had failed to find anything. The Doge caused the tale of the beggars to be taken, and called over the names of them; whereupon he found that one of them was lacking. This threw him into astonishment; but after he had pondered over the affair, he said: "Of a surety this missing man has been killed." He called together his council and spake thus: "In truth it is no more than seemly that I should know who may have done this deed"; and then a certain one of the council gave his advice in these words: "Signor, you have tried to fathom this mystery by an appeal to the sin of gluttony; make a trial now by appealing to the sin of lechery." The Doge replied: "Let him who knows of a better scheme than this, speak at once."

Thereupon the Doge sought out twenty-five of the young men of the city, the most mischievous and the most crafty that were to be found, and those whom he held most in suspicion, and amongst them was numbered Ricciardo. And when these young men found that they were to be kept and entertained in the palace they were all filled with wonder, saying to each other: "What does the Doge mean by maintaining us in this fashion?" Afterwards the Doge caused to be prepared in a room of the palace twenty-five beds, one for every one of the twenty-five youths aforesaid. And next there was got ready in the middle of the same room a sumptuous bed in which the Doge's own daughter, a young woman of the most radiant beauty, was wont to sleep. And every evening, when all those young men had gone to rest, the waiting-woman came and conducted the Doge's daughter to the bed aforesaid. Her father, meantime, had given to her a basin full of black dye, and had said to her: "If it should happen that any of these young men should come to bed to you, see that you mark his face with the dye so that you may know him again."

All the young men were greatly astonished at what the Doge had caused to be done, but not one of them had hardihood enough to go to the damsel, each one saying to himself: "Of a surety this is nothing but some trick or other."

Now on a certain night Ricciardo became conscious of a great desire to go to the damsel. It was already past midnight, and all the lights were extinguished; and Ricciardo, being quite mastered by his lustful desire, got out of his bed very softly and went to the bed where the damsel lay. Then he gently went in to her, and began to embrace and kiss her. The damsel was awakened by this, and forthwith dipped her finger into the bowl of dye, and marked therewith the face of Ricciardo, who perceived not what she had done. Then, when he had done what he had come to do and had taken the pleasure he desired, he went back to his own bed, and began to think: "What can be the meaning of this? What trick may this be?"

And after a short time had passed he bethought him how pleasant was the fare he had just tasted, and again there came upon him the desire to go back to the damsel, which he did straightway. The damsel, feeling the young man about her once more, roused herself and again stained and marked him on the face. But this time Ricciardo perceived what she had done, and took away with him the bowl of dye which stood at the head of the bed in which the damsel lay. Then he went round the room on all sides, and marked with dye the faces of all the other young men that lay in their beds so softly that no one perceived what he was doing; and to some he gave two streaks, and to some six, and to some ten, and to himself he gave four over and above those two with which the damsel herself had marked him. Having done this he replaced the bowl at the head of her bed, and gathered her with the sweetest delight in a farewell embrace, and then made his way back to his own couch.

The next morning early the waiting-woman came to the damsel's bed to help her dress, and when this was done they took her into the presence of the Doge, who at once asked her how the affair had gone. Then said the damsel: "Excellently well, forasmuch as I have done all you charged me to do. One of the young men came to me three times, and every time I marked him on the face with the dye"; whereupon the Doge sent forthwith for the counsellors who

had advised him in the matter, and said to them: "I have laid hands on my friend at last, and now I am minded that we should go and see for ourselves."

When they had come into the room, and had looked around on this side and on that, and perceived that all the young men were marked in the face, they raised such a laugh as had never been raised before, and said: "Of a truth this fellow must have a wit more subtle than any man we have ever seen"; for after a little they came to the conclusion that one of the young men must have marked all the rest. And when the young men themselves saw how they were all marked with dye they jested over the same with the greatest pleasure and jollity.

Then the Doge made examination of them all, and, finding himself unable to spy out who had done this thing, he determined to fathom the same by one means or another. Therefore he promised to the one concerned that he would give him his daughter to wife, with a rich dowry, and a free pardon for all he had done; for he judged that this man must needs be one of excellent understanding. On this account Ricciardo, when he saw and understood what the Doge was minded to do, went to him privily and narrated to him the whole matter from beginning to end. The Doge embraced him and gave him his pardon, and then with much rejoicing let celebrate the marriage of Ricciardo and his daughter. Ricciardo plucked up heart again and became a man of such worth and valour and magnanimity that well-nigh the whole of the government of the state fell into his hands. And thus he lived many years in peace and in the enjoyment of the love of all the people of Venice.

The above version contains nearly all the important incidents found in so many later variants, but is clearly based on the French version of *Dolopathos*.

The death of the beggar is not quite so common. It occurs, however, in a Sicilian, French, Kabaïl, Aramaic and Georgian version.

The marking of the thief by the princess is found in several other versions: Old French, Dutch, South Siberian and Swedish-Finnish (see translation below on page 282). In another French version, as well as in two North African variants, the princess clips off a bit of his beard or moustache for future recognition.

In an Italian tale in Comparetti's *Novelline Popolari Italiane*, Torino, 1875, No. 18, p. 52 *et seq.*, she cuts off a portion of his clothes.

This " marking the culprit " *motif* is, of course, very common in folk-tales: see Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. ii, pp. 164-165; and the numerous examples given in Chauvin, *op. cit.*, v, p. 88*n*²; A. C. Lee, *The Decameron, its Sources and Analogues*, 1909, pp. 67-70; and Bolte and Polívka, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 548.

We will now look at a Gypsy version from Roumania. It forms No. 6, " Îl dui cĭor (cei doui Hoţi) " in Dr Barbu Constantinescu's *Probe de Limba Şi Literatura Ţiganilor din România*, Bucharest, 1878, pp. 79-87. The stories are given in the original Rómani with a Roumanian translation. It then appeared in English with notes by F. H. Groome in the *Journal of the Gypsy-Lore Society*, vol. iii, July, 1891, pp. 142-151 (*cf.* also *Academy*, 29th November 1890, pp. 506-507).

The " thief " variety of story appears to be very popular amongst the gypsies, for in his *Gypsy Folk-Tales* F. H. Groome gives no less than five " master thief " stories, one of which is a fairly close variant of the tale of Rhampsinitus. The end of it, however, resembles Grimm's " Meisterdieb," No. 192, and is found more complete in a Slovak-Gypsy story (see R. von Sowa's *Mundart der Slovakischen Zigeuner*, Göttingen, 1887, No. 8, p. 174).

" The Two Thieves," as the story we are about to discuss is called, is one of the fifteen (not thirteen as stated by Groome, *op. cit.*, p. liii) stories in Constantinescu's collection. As he notes in his most interesting Introduction, the gypsies form an important channel of story-migration, and one, I would add, which folklorists have rather neglected.

" The gypsies quitted India," says Groome, " at an unknown date, probably taking with them some scores of Indian folk-tales, as they certainly took with them many hundreds of Indian words. By way of Persia and Armenia, they arrived in the Greek-speaking Balkan Peninsula, and tarried there for several centuries, probably disseminating their Indian folk-tales, and themselves picking up Greek folk-tales. . . . From the Balkan Peninsula they have spread since 1417, or possibly earlier, to Siberia, Norway, Scotland, Wales, Spain, Brazil, and the countries between, everywhere probably disseminating the folk-tales they

started with and those they picked up by the way, and everywhere probably adding to their store. Thus I take it they picked up the complete Rhampsinitus story in the Balkan Peninsula, and carried it thence to Roumania and Scotland." Space will not permit any further discussion of this fascinating and highly important question.

I can merely give here the story of "The Two Thieves," which appears on pp. 41-46 of Groome's work. Reference should be made to pp. 46-53, where the Slovak-Gypsy variant of Grimm's story is given, followed by other versions and some useful notes on the story under discussion.

There was a time when there was. There were two thieves. One was a country thief, and one a town thief. So the time came that the two met, and they asked one another whence they are and what they are.

Then the country thief said to the town one: "Well, if you're such a clever thief as to be able to steal the eggs from under a crow, then I shall know that you are a thief."

He said: "See me, how I'll steal them."

And he climbed lightly up the tree, and put his hand under the crow, and stole the eggs from her, and the crow never felt it. Whilst he was stealing the crow's eggs, the country thief stole his breeches, and the town thief never felt him. And when he came down and saw that he was naked, he said: "Brother, I never felt you stealing my breeches; let's become brothers."

So they became brothers.

Then what are they to do? They went into the city, and took one wife between them. And the town thief said: "Brother, it is a sin for two brothers to have one wife. It were better for her to be yours."

He said: "Mine be she."

"But, come now, where I shall take you, that we may get money."

"Come on, brother, since you know."

So they took and departed. Then they came to the king's, and considered how to get into his palace. And what did they devise?

Said the town thief: "Come, brother, and let us break into the palace, and let ourselves down one after the other."

"Come on."

So they got on the palace, and broke through the roof;

and the country thief lowered himself, and took two hundred purses of money, and came out. And they went home.

Then the king arose in the morning, and looked at his money, and saw that two hundred purses of money were missing. Straightway he arose and went to the prison, where was an old thief. And when he came to him, he asked him: "Old thief, I know not who has come into my palace, and stolen from me two hundred purses of money. And I know not where they went out by, for there is no hole anywhere in the palace."

The old thief said: "There must be one, O King, only you don't see it. But go and make a fire in the palace, and come out and watch the palace; and where you see smoke issuing, that was where the thieves entered. And do you put a cask of molasses just there at that hole, for the thief will come again who stole the money."

Then the king went and made a fire, and saw the hole where the smoke issues in the roof of the palace. And he went and got a cask of molasses, and put it there at the hole. Then the thieves came again there at night to that hole. And the thief from the country let himself down again; and as he did so he fell into the cask of molasses. And he said to his brother: "Brother, it is all over with me. But, not to do the king's pleasure, come and cut off my head, for I am as good as dead."

So his comrade lowered himself down, and cut off his head, and went and buried it in a wood.

So, when the king arose, he arose early, and went there where the thief had fallen, and sees the thief there in the cask of molasses, and with no head. Then what is he to do? He took and went to the old thief, and told him: "Look you, old thief, I caught the thief, and he has no head."

Then the old thief said: "There! O King, this is a cunning thief. But what are you to do? Why, take the corpse and hang it up outside the city gate. And he who stole his head will come to steal him too. And do you set soldiers to watch him."

So the king went and took the corpse, and hung it up, and set soldiers to watch it.

Then the thief took and bought a white mare and a cart, and took a jar of twenty measures of wine. And he put it in the cart, and drove straight to the place where his comrade was hanging. He made himself very old, and pretended the

cart had broken down, and the jar had fallen out. And he began to weep and tear his hair, and he made himself to cry aloud, that he was a poor man, and his master would kill him. The soldiers guarding the corpse said one to another: "Let's help to put this old fellow's jar in the cart, mates, for it's a pity to hear him."

So they went to help him, and said to him: "Hullo! old chap, we'll put your jar in the cart; will you give us a drop to drink?"

"That I will, deary."

So they went and put the jar in the cart. And the old fellow took and said to them: "Take a pull, deary, for I have nothing to give it you in."

So the soldiers took and drank till they could drink no more. And the old fellow made himself to ask: "And what is this?"

The soldiers said: "That is a thief."

Then the old man said: "Hullo! deary, I shan't spend the night here, else that thief will steal my mare."

Then the soldiers said: "What a silly you are, old fellow! How will he come and steal your mare?"

"He will, though, deary. Isn't he a thief?"

"Shut up, old fellow. He won't steal your mare; and if he does, we'll pay you for her."

"He will steal her, deary; he's a thief."

"Why, old boy, he's dead. We'll give you our written word that if he steals your mare we will pay you three hundred groats for her."

Then the old man said: "All right, deary, if that's the case."

So he stayed there. He placed himself near the fire, and a drowsy fit took him, and he pretended to sleep. The soldiers kept going to the jar of wine, and drank every drop of the wine, and got drunk. And where they fell there they slept, and took no thought. The old chap, the thief, who pretended to sleep, arose and stole the corpse from the gallows, and put it on his mare, and carried it into the forest and buried it. And he left his mare there and went back to the fire and pretended to sleep.

And when the soldiers arose, and saw that neither the corpse was there nor the old man's mare, they marvelled, and said: "There! my comrades, the old man said rightly the thief would steal his mare. Let's make it up to him."

So by the time the old man arose they gave him four hundred groats, and begged him to say no more about it.

Then when the king arose, and saw there was no thief on the gallows, he went to the old thief in the prison, and said to him: "There! they have stolen the thief from the gallows, old thief! What am I to do?"

"Did not I tell you, O King, that this is a cunning thief? But do you go and buy up all the joints of meat in the city. And charge a ducat the two pounds, so that no one will care to buy any, unless he has come into a lot of money. But that thief won't be able to hold out three days."

Then the king went and bought up all the joints, and left one joint; and that one he priced at a ducat the pound. So nobody came to buy that day. Next day the thief would stay no longer. He took a cart and put a horse in it, and drove to the meat-market. And he pretended he had damaged his cart, and lamented he had not an axe to repair it with. Then a butcher said to him: "Here, take my axe, and mend your cart." The axe was close to the meat. As he passed to take the axe, he picked up a big piece of meat, and stuck it under his coat. And he handed the axe back to the butcher, and departed home.

The same day comes the king, and asks the butchers: "Have you sold any meat to any one?" They said: "We have not sold to any one."

So the king weighed the meat, and found it twenty pounds short. And he went to the old thief in prison, and said to him: "He has stolen twenty pounds of meat, and no one saw him."

"Didn't I tell you, O King, that this is a cunning thief?"

"Well, what I am to do, old thief?"

"What are you to do? Why, make a proclamation, and offer in it all the money you possess, and say he shall become a king in your stead, merely to tell who he is."

Then the king went and wrote the proclamation, just as the old thief had told him. And he posted it outside by the gate. And the thief comes and reads it, and thought how he should act. And he took his heart in his teeth and went to the king, and said: "O King, I am the thief."

"You are?"

"I am."

Then the king said: "If you it be, that I may believe you are really the man, do you see this peasant coming?

Well, you must steal the ox from under the yoke without his seeing you."

Then the thief said: "I'll steal it, O King; watch me." And he went before the peasant, and began to cry aloud: "Comedy of Comedies!"

Then the peasant said: "See there, God! Many a time have I been in the city, and have often heard 'Comedy of Comedies,' and have never gone to see what it is like."

And he left his cart, and went off to the other end of the city; and the thief kept crying out till he had got the peasant some distance from the oxen. Then the thief returns, and takes the ox, and cuts off its tail, and sticks it in the mouth of the other ox, and came away with the first ox to the king. Then the king laughed fit to kill himself. The peasant, when he came back, began to weep; and the king called him, and asked: "What are you weeping for, my man?"

"Why, O King, whilst I was away to see the play, one of the oxen has gone and eaten up the other."

When the king heard that, he laughed fit to kill himself, and he told his servant to give him two good oxen. And he gave him also his own ox, and asked him: "Do you recognise your ox, my man?"

"I do, O King."

"Well, away you go home."

And he went to the thief. "Well, my fine fellow, I will give you my daughter, and you shall become king in my stead, if you will steal the priest for me out of the church."

Then the thief went into the town, and got three hundred crabs and three hundred candles, and went to the church, and stood up on the pavement. And as the priest chanted, the thief let out the crabs one by one, each with a candle fastened to its claw; and he let it out.

And the priest said: "So righteous am I in the sight of God that He sends His saints for me."

The thief let out all the crabs, each with a candle fastened to its claw, and he said: "Come, O priest, for God calls thee by His messengers to Himself, for thou art righteous."

The priest said: "And how am I to go?"

"Get into this sack."

And he let down the sack; and the priest got in; and he lifted him up, and dragged him down the steps. And the priest's head went *tronk, tronk*. And he took him on

his back, and carried him to the king, and tumbled him down. And the king burst out laughing. And straightway he gave his daughter to the thief, and made him king in his stead.

It will be seen that in its chief incidents the above gypsy version resembles the original Rhampsinitus tale, but, like many other variants, has had portions of another story added to it. As in *Dolopathos*, and nearly a dozen other variants, it is an "old man," at one time a thief himself, who tells the king what schemes to employ in order to catch the thief.

The incident of the meat is found in about ten variants, apart from the tale in *Il Pecorone*. The incident of the one thief taking the breeches off the other occurs, with differences, in the Kashmiri tale of "Shabrang, Prince and Thief" (J. H. Knowles, *Folk-Tales of Kashmir*, 2nd edition, 1893, p. 111), but here the thief has to secure the *paijāmas* of a labourer by sheer trickery.

As has already been noticed, the latter part of the gypsy variant closely resembles Grimm's No. 192. Here the crabs crawl about the churchyard, and the thief, disguised as Peter, says they are the spirits of the dead who have just risen, and are now searching for their bones.

Although the "crab and candle" incident is not in the main portion of the gypsy story, we have seen (p. 268) that in the version of Ser Giovanni candles are used on the horses' trappings to disguise the thief as Lucifer. And in three other versions (Sicilian, French and North African) the guards are frightened by a herd of goats to whose heads are attached pots containing candles.

We will now contrast an interesting Finnish version in Old Swedish, which, as far as I know, has never before been translated into English. The story appears to have been very popular in Finland, where about fifteen versions are found (see Aarne, "Verzeichnis der Märchentypen," Helsingfors, 1910, and "Finnische Märchenvarianten," Hamina, 1911, *FF Communications* 3, p. 40, and 5, p. 77). Bolte describes the version given below as Swedish, but in reality it is Finnish, being written in the Swedish spoken by the Finns about the fifteenth century.

The version in question is to be found in Åberg, *Nyländska Folksagor*, 2 häftet, Helsingfors, 1887, and is here translated

literally—the somewhat disjointed style of the Old Swedish and constant use of short sentences being preserved.

The Bank Thief

Once there was a student. He went to a town to learn building. When they had built the bank, he said to his master: "Now we will go and steal in the bank to-night." "How is that to be done? It is strongly built, and then there are guards," said the master. "I have made a secret door, and we can go through that," said the other. They went, and the two following nights the student entered, but on the third night he let the master go in. He went. But now the king had found out about the theft. So he put in a machine, that cut off the thief's head. But the student knew what to do, and took the head away. As the king could not recognise [the thief by] the body alone, he put it on a cart and drove it up and down the streets, thinking that somebody, his wife at least, would recognise the body, and, on seeing it, cry out loudly. When the student heard about this, he went up to the window and stood there looking out. Just when they were passing by with the headless body, he cut his chin a little. When the wife saw the body, she cried out. The king asked what all the noise was about. The student answered: "The mistress became so frightened when I cut my chin a little while shaving." As the king could not find out who was the thief in this way, he caused a watch-house to be built outside the town, and placed the body inside. Six men were put to guard it outside and six inside. The king thought that somebody would try to take the body away, and that this would be the one to whom it belonged. When the student heard about this, he ordered twelve clerical gowns to be made, and when he had got them, he went from one toll-gate to the other and bought a large amount of liquor.

Then he went to the watch-house, asking if he might stay there for one night. But the guards were strictly forbidden to let anybody stay there, and dared not keep him over the night. He said: "Why can't you let me stay for one night? I will help you to guard, if you let me stay." Thus, he was allowed to stay. He then gave them some of the liquor. At first they would not touch it, but when he said that he would keep watch if they chanced to go to sleep, they

took some of it. Before long they were all asleep. Then he dressed them all in the clerical gowns and took the corpse away. When the first guard awoke and saw what had happened, he called the others, saying to each of them: "Good morning, your Reverence! That traveller has gone away with the corpse and now the devil will take us! I suggest that we all go to the king and ask him for a parish each." So they did. The king thought: "Where the devil have all these priests come from?" However, he gave them a parish each.

When the king could not find out the thief in this way, he arranged for a large party, to which he invited all his subjects. The student was there too. The king threw some money on the floor, saying to himself: "He who stole in the bank will not leave this alone either." When the student saw what had been done, he fixed something under his boots which caught up the money. Thus, when he saw a coin, he at once stepped on it, and going outside took it off.

When the king was unable to find the thief in this way, he said: "Everybody that has been to this party must stay here to-night," thinking that he who was such a rascal could not leave the princess alone, but would go and sleep with her. He gave her a bottle [of colour *or* dye] so that she could mark the one who went to her. All happened [as had been expected] and the student slept with the princess. She marked him, but while she was asleep he took the bottle and marked her and all the others too. When the king woke up and saw this, he said to himself: "They have all been sleeping with the princess, so now I cannot find the thief. He must be a very clever man." Then he said to them: "He who has stolen in the bank and taken the head away from the body and the body away from the twelve guards and made them priests, and who dared to take the money from my floor, he shall be my son-in-law." Then the student went up to the king, bowed and said he had done it. "Oh, is it you, you rascal?" said the king, and gave him his daughter and also the country.

In the above version, the most noticeable divergence from other variants is the incident about the cutting off of the head, in that it is done by a machine put in the bank by the king and not by the son or accomplice.

The main incidents from Herodotus still appear. A new addition is the amusing incident of the "priests" obtaining a parish each, although in the Old Dutch poem, "De Deif van Brugghe" (see the reprint by G. W. Dasent, *Zeit. f. d. Alterth.*, vol. v, 1845, p. 399), the guards are dressed in monks' clothing. The scattering of the money is found in several versions, modern Greek, Aramaic, South Siberian, Kabaïl and Georgian. The marking of the thief by the princess has already (p. 275) been referred to when dealing with the version of Ser Giovanni.

Inquiries made at the University of Upsala convince me that the Finns and Swedes got the story from Russia, possibly in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, but certainly prior to the Russo-Swedish War of 1571-1577.

In conclusion I would return to the East and mention the Tibetan version, which is of considerable interest, because we know it was directly derived from Sanskrit and was incorporated in the sacred Tibetan Canon—the *Ka-gyur* (or *Kanjur*).

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries many Indian Buddhist refugees settled in Tibet, and, with the active assistance of the most learned of the Lāmas, proceeded to translate the Sanskrit texts of Indian Buddhism into Tibetan. The huge work involved can be appreciated when we remember that the *Ka-gyur* runs to 100 volumes (or in some editions to 108, the sacred number).

Details of these sacred texts will be found in the excellent Introduction by W. R. S. Ralston to Schiefner's *Tibetan Tales*, London, 1882.

The Tibetan version occurs in the *Ka-gyur*, iv, 132-135, and appears on pp. 37-43 of the above work. It is also given nearly in full by Clouston, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, pp. 145-148, so that there is no need to repeat it again here. I would, however, give a brief *résumé* of the tale owing to its relationship with that of Somadeva.

A certain widow entrusts her son to a weaver, his uncle. In time the son learns that his uncle is a thief by night,

and is anxious to join him in his adventures. The son soon proves his capabilities for such work. They start housebreaking and make a hole [*cf.* Somadeva's tale where they break through a wall into a house]. The nephew reproves his uncle for putting his head in the hole first instead of his feet. Hardly is the change effected when the cry of "Thieves!" is raised. The son cuts off the head. The body is exposed and guarded. The son pretends he is mad and goes about embracing everybody and everything—including, of course, the body of his uncle. He then drives up disguised as a carter with a load of wood, to which he sets fire and so burns the body. Next he assumes the garb of a Brāhman and makes an oblation of cakes on the spot where the body was burned. He now appears as a Kāpālika [see *Ocean*, Vol. II, p. 90*n*[3]] and so manages to fling the bones into the Ganges. By a further trick he enjoys the king's daughter and a son is born. Later the boy chooses his father out of the assembled populace and gives him a wreath of flowers. He is thus discovered, but the king considers he is far too clever to be killed, and the wedding takes place.

In this version we see at once the close relationship with our story of Ghaṭa and Karpara. Both versions have given prominence to the necessity for the proper Hindu burial rites to be performed, and it is only after their due completion that the thief can find contentment of mind.

The Tibetan version, however, has the incident of the child and wreath of flowers. This occurs, with variations, in *Dolopathos* (French version), in a West Highland and in a Mingrelian (Caucasian) version. The Tibetan tale is unusual in that the thief is caught by this ruse, most variants following *Dolopathos*, and allowing him to escape once again.

To summarise briefly, I would regard the "Story of Ghaṭa and Karpara" on pp. 142-146 of this volume as one of the numerous variants of the "Tale of Rhampsinitus" as told by Herodotus (Book II, p. 121).

Exactly how and when it got to India are questions I do not even hope to answer. My own opinion is that it found its way across the Indian Ocean in Ptolemaic times, very

possibly during the reign of Philadelphus (284-246 B.C.), when the trade and diplomatic relations between Egypt and India were in progress. The natural appeal of the tale soon caused it to be gathered into Guṇāḍhya's net, and so it appears in Somadeva.

As to the "Tale of Rhampsinitus" itself, until fresh evidence to the contrary is produced, I would look upon it as of real Egyptian origin. All the main incidents are Egyptian, though minor alterations and fresh incidents might have been added by Karian dragomans as the centuries rolled by. It seems quite possible that the tale may date back to an early dynasty and in some way be connected with the myths of Isis and Osiris.

It found its way to Greece somewhere about 450 B.C., when it became incorporated with ancient Greek myths of pre-Homeric date. It received fresh impetus by its inclusion in the *Seven Sages*, and kindred mediæval collections. The numerous languages into which these collections were translated spread the tale of the Two Thieves all over Europe. This dissemination may have been considerably helped by the gypsies, who picked up the tale in the Balkans and included it in their general stock-in-trade of stories.

The "Tale of Rhampsinitus," therefore, affords one of the most interesting and perfect examples of the longevity and migration of a really good tale, the history of which can be traced for over two thousand, three hundred years.

INDEX I

SANSKRIT WORDS AND PROPER NAMES

The *n* stands for "note" and the index number refers to the number of the note. If there is no index number to the *n* it refers to a note carried over from a previous page.

Aah-mes-si-neit, correct form of Amasis II, 251

Aarne, A., "Verzeichnis der Märchentypen," *FF Communications* 3, Helsingfors, 1910, 281; "Finnische Märchenvarianten," *FF Communications* 5, Hamina, 1911, 281

'Abd al-'Allām Faiz Khān Oghlu, Turkish translator of *Kalilah and Dimnah*, 239

'Abdallāh ibn Moqaffa, 219, 236

Åberg, G. A., *Nyländska Folksagor*, Helsingfors, 1887, 281

Abhiyōgika, lovers' bites and scratchings on leaves, flowers, etc., 195

Abu Ḳāsim, 97*n*[1]

Abyssinia, method of choosing new king in Senjero, 177

Achchhoda Lake, the, 39, 40

Āchhuritaka(m), "superficially touching" with the finger-nails, 193

Achilles Tatius [*The Loves of Clitopho and Leucippe*], 200*n*[2]

Adhivāsa, the meaning of, 175

Āḍḥvin, minister of Meghavarṇa, 98, 99

Æsop's fable of the ape trying to fish, 43*n*[1]

Afanasief, A. N. (or Afanasjev), collector of over three hundred Russian stories, 157*n*[1]

A. F. F. and B. F. R. (*i.e.* F. F. Arbuthnot and Sir R. F. Burton), *Ananga-Ranga*, 193

Agamedes and Trophonius, two master-builders, 255-257

Akbar, the Emperor, and his jester, Bīrbal, 65

Āla, Story of the Merchant's Son, the Courtesan, and the Wonderful Ape, 5-13

Alemany (*i.e.* José Alemany Bolufer), *La Antiqua Version Castellana del Calila Y Dimna . . .*, Madrid, 1915, 237

Allen, C. G., *L'ancienne version espagnole de Kalila et Digna . . .*, Macon, 1906, 237

Al-Moqaffa. See under Moqaffa, Abdallāh ibn

Alphonsus, Petrus, *Disciplina Clericalis*, 13*n*[1], 87*n*[1]

Āmalaka fruit, 94

Āmalakas, a dish of, 62

Amaraśakti, a king named, 221

Amarasiṃha, 136*n*[2]

Amareśa, the temple of, 172, 173

Amasis II, 250, 251

Āmen-ḥetep II, 254

Amon, chief deity at Thebes, 250, 252, 254

Amritatejas, a king named, 173, 174

Anāgatvidhātṛi, a fish named, 56, 57

Anantaguṇa, minister of Vikramasiṃha, 15-18

Aṅkaśakti, 221

Anushirwan or Noshirwan, "the Just," King of Persia, 218

Anvartha, nail-mark made on the back, breasts and *yoni* of a woman, 194

Apollo, 255-257

Arber's English Reprints. S. Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, 55*n*[2], 133*n*

Arbuthnot, F. F., and Burton, Sir R. F., *Ananga-Ranga*. See under A. F. F. and B. F. R.

Ardhachandra, "crescent moon," mark produced by the finger-nails, 193

Aristodemus of Nysa, 80*n*[2]

Aristophanes, 136*n*[2]

Aristophanes, *Aves* (*Birds*), 37*n*[2], 61*n*[2]; *Nubes* (*Clouds*), 29*n*[2], 256, 257

Arnauld of Carcassès, 111*n*[2]

Arnold, Sir E., trans. the *Hitopadeśa*, 1861, 210

Arrian's *Indika*, 83*n*[1], 160*n*[1]. See also McCrindle, J. W.

Arthadatta, friend of Iśvaravarman, 7-12

Āshāḍhabhūti, thief named, 223, 226

Aśoka and his son Kuṇala, 259*n*[1]

Assyria, the beard in, 253

Āśuśravas, 31

Aufrecht, Prof., *Beiträge zur Kenntniss Indischer Dichter*, 136*n*[2]

Augeas, King, 257, 258

Aurivillius, P. E., *Prolegomena ad librum* Στεφανίτης καὶ Ἰχνηλάτης . . ., Upsala, 1780, 238

B. text of the K.S.S. See under B[rockhaus]

Babrius, *Fables*, Sir G. Cornewall Lewis' ed., 135*n*[1]; *Fabula*, 79*n*[2], 110*n*[1]

Babu Śarat Chandra Dās, 59*n*[2]

Babylon, the beard in, 253

Baka Jātaka (No. 38), 48*n*[1]

Balavarman, a city named, 19

Baldo [Alter Aesopus]. See further under Méril, Édélestand du

Bali (the king of the Daityas), 198
Bāṇa, The Kādambarī of, trans. C. M. Ridding, Oriental Translation Fund, Roy. As. Soc., 1896, 39
Baring-Gould, S., *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, 1869, 138*n*[1]
Bartsch, K., *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, Vienna, 1879, 4*n*[1], 92*n*[3], 157*n*[1], 170*n*[1], 201*n*
Basile, G. B., *Il Pentamerone; or, The Tale of Tales. Being a Translation by the Late Sir R. Burton*, 2 vols., Ldn., 1893, 11*n*[1], 158*n*, 172*n*
Bassorah, a merchant of, 97*n*[1]
Bastian, A., *Die Völker des östlichen Asiens*, Leipzig, 1866-1871, 128*n*
Behrnauer, W. F. A., *Die Vierzig Veziere*, Leipzig, 1851, 153*n*[1]
Benfey, Theodor, 58*n*[1]; *Pantschatantra*, 2 vols., Leipzig, 1859, 42*n*, 42*n*[1], 43*n*[1], 43*n*[2], 46*n*[1], 48*n*[1], 49*n*[1], 52*n*[2], 53*n*[1], 55*n*[1], 55*n*[2], 55*n*[3], 58*n*[1], 59*n*[2], 61*n*[3], 64, 73*n*[1], 75*n*[1], 76*n*[1], 76*n*[3], 77*n*[1], 79*n*[3], 93*n*[1], 98*n*[1], 99*n*[3], 100*n*[1], 101*n*[1], 102*n*[2], 104*n*[1], 105*n*[1], 106*n*[1], 107*n*[1], 108*n*[2], 109*n*[2], 111*n*[2], 112*n*[1], 127*n*[1], 130*n*[1], 134*n*[2], 135*n*, 138*n*[1], 153*n*[1], 157*n*[1], 164*n*[1], 217; ["Ueber die alte deutsche Uebersetzung des Kalilah und Dimnah"] *Orient und Occident*, 238; ["Zur Verbreitung indischer Fabeln und Erzählungen"] *Orient und Occident*, 259*n*[1]; Introduction to Bickell's *Kalilag u. Damnag*, 219
Bengal, the probable home of the *Hitopadeśa*, 210
Bethgelert, the parish of, N. Wales, 138*n*[1]
B. F. R. and A. F. F. (*i.e.* Sir R. F. Burton and F. F. Arbuthnot). See under A. F. F. and B. F. R.
Bhadra-Ghaṭa Jātaka, the (No. 291), 3*n*[1]
Bhavānī, 81, 82
Bhavaśarman, Brāhman named, 124
Bhilla maiden, the, 28
Bhillas, 28, 29
Bhoja, King, 142*n*[3]
Bickell, G., *Kalilag und Damnag*, Intro. T. Benfey, Leipzig, 1876, 219
Bidpai and Pilpay, the first European use of the name, 240
Bidpai (or *Pilpay*), *Fables of*, 41*n*[1], 46*n*[1], 218
Bindo, a master-builder named, 267, 268
Bindu, "point," wound given by teeth on woman's body, 194
Bindumālā, "garland of dots," a row of teeth-marks on a woman's body, 194
Bīrbal, court-jester of the Emperor Akbar, story of, 65
Bloomfield, Prof. M., 186*n*[1]; "The Art of Stealing in Hindu Fiction," *Amer. Journ. Phil.*, 61*n*[1], 64, 142*n*[2], 143*n*, 158*n*; "False Ascetics and Nuns in Hindu Fiction," *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, 102*n*[2]; "Joseph and Potiphar in Hindu Fiction," *Trans. Amer. Phil. Ass.*, 176; *The Life and Stories of the Jaina Savior Pārçvanātha*, Baltimore, 1919, 176; ["On Recurring Psychic Motifs in Hindu Fiction—the Laugh and Cry Motif"] *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, 37*n*[1]
Boccaccio, *Decamerone*, 13*n*[1]
Bodhisattva, a (one whose essence is perfect knowledge), 153-157, 160, 161-164
Bohn's [Antiquarian Library], edition of the *Gesta Romanorum*, 138*n*[1]; Classical Library, 245*n*[1]
Bolte, Johannes, und Polívka, Georg, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- und Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm*, 3 vols., Leipsig, 1913, 1915, and 1918, 3*n*[1], 66, 79*n*[3], 100*n*[1], 117*n*[1], 153*n*[1], 157*n*[1], 267, 275
Bombay Sanskrit Series, 216
Bompas, C. H., *Folk-Lore of the Santal Parganas*, Ldn., 1909, 65
Brand, J., *Observations on the Popular Antiquities of Great Britain*, 3 vols., Ldn., 1849, 100*n*[1], 201*n*
Brandes, J., on the Malay version of *Kalilah and Dimnah*, 239
Bṛhatkatha, Essai sur Guṇâdhya et la, F. Lacôte, 211
Bṛihat-kathā, the, 207, 208; one of the four independent streams of the *Pañchatantra* (Edgerton), 208, Somadeva and, 39, 42*n*; versions of the *Pañchatantra*, 210-216
Bṛihat-kathā-mañjarī, Kshemendra, 211-213
Brockelmann, C., "Kalila wa-Dimna," *Encyclopædia of Islām*, 234, 236, 239, 240
Brockhaus, Prof., 106*n*[2], 115*n*[2], 128*n*[1], 148*n*[1], 216
B[rockhaus] text of the K.S.S., the, 22*n*[1], 47*n*[1], 106*n*[2], 128*n*[1], 134*n*[1], 136*n*[1], 148*n*[1], 204*n*[2], 216
Brown, W. N., "The Pañcatantra in Modern Indian Folk-Lore," *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, 48*n*[1], 49*n*[1], 63*n*[1], 64*n*; "Escaping one's Fate . . .," *Studies in Honor of Maurice Bloomfield*, 186*n*[1]
Browne, Sir Thomas, "*Vulgar Errors*"—i.e. *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, Ldn., 1646, 135*n*
Brugsch, on the etymology of the name Rhampsinitus, 250
Būd, the old Syriac version "Kalilag wa Dimnag," 219
Buddhiprabha, a king named 188-192
Budge, Sir E. Wallis, 253-255; *Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection*, 254
Bühler, J. G. ["The Vrihat katha of Kshemendra"] *Indian Antiquary*, 212
Bühler-Kielhorn MSS. of the "*Textus Simplicior*" of the *Pañchatantra*, 216
Burnell, A. C., "The Bṛihat kathā-mañjarī," *The Academy*, 211, 212
Burton, R. F., *The Thousand Nights and a Night*, 188[8]-1886, 13*n*[1], 43*n*[1], 65, 66, 97*n*[1], 122*n*[1], 177, 181*n*[2];

Burton, R. F.—*continued*
Pentamerone; or, The Tale of Tales . . . of G. B. Basile, Ldn., 1893, 11n^1, 158n, 172n
Burton, Sir R. F., and Arbuthnot, F. F., *Ananga-Ranga*. See under A. F. F. and B. F. R.
Burzōe or Burzuyeh, court physician, translator of the *Pañchatantra* into Persian, 218
[Busk, R. H.] *Sagas from the Far East*, Ldn., 1873, 6°n^1, 77n^1, 153n^1, 157n^1
Butterworth, H., *Zigzag Journeys in India; or, The Antipodes of the Far East*, Boston, 1887, 49n^1
Buzurgmihr, vizier of Noshirwan or Chosroes I, King of Persia, 218

Campbell, J. F., *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, Edinburgh, 1860-1862, 46n^1, 157n^1
Campbell, Killis, *The Seven Sages of Rome*, 1907, 128n, 138n^1, 260n^1, 263, 264, 266n^1, 267; *Study of the Romance of the Seven Sages with Special . . .*, 1898, 263n^1
Capitolinus, the temple of Jupiter, 64
Capua, John of, 98n^1, 237; *Directorium vitæ humanæ*, 220
Carcassès, Arnauld of, 111n^2
Cardonne. See under Galland and Cardonne
Carey, Henry, *Herodotus*, Bohn's Classical Library, 1877, 245n^1
Cento Novelle Antiche (see Borghini's edition, Milan, 1804), 13n^1
Cercyon, son of Agameues, 256, 257
Chakladar, H., "Vātsyāyana—the Author of the *kāmasūtra*: Date and Place of Origin," *Journ. of the Dept. of Letters of the University of Calcutta*, 193
Chamarī deer, 29
Chāṇakya the Wise, 221
Chaṇḍāla maiden, 39, 40, 85, 86
Chaṇḍāla Maiden, Story of the Ambitious, 85-86
Chandrāpiḍa, king named, 87
Chandrāpiḍa, son of Tārāpiḍa, 39, 40
Chandrasāra, a merchant named, 201, 202, 204
Chandrasaras (*i.e.* Moon lake), 101, 101n^1
Chandraśrī, Balavarman's wife, 19
Charax Pergamenus, priest and historian, 256, 257
Chaturdanta, a leader of elephants, 101-102
Chaucer, *Prioress's Tale*, *Squire's Tale*, 27n^2; *The Prioresses Tale . . . from the Canterbury Tales*, W. W. Skeat, Oxford, 1874, 27n^2. See also under W. W. Skeat
Chauvin, Victor, 231, 232, 234-236, 238, 241, 266n^4; *Bibliographie des Ouvrages Arabes*, 3n^1, 16n^1, 66, 87n^1, 94n^2, 101n^1, 122n^1, 133n, 147n^1, 153n^1, 177, 181n^2, 183n^1, 210, 219, 220n^1, 232, 234-242, 266
Chavannes, E., *Cinq cent contes et apologues extraits du Tripitaka chinois*, 3 vols., Paris, 1910-1911, 63n^1
Cheikho, L., ed. of *Kalīlah and Dimnah*, Beyrouth, 1905, 236
Cheops prostitutes his own daughter, 254
Chhidra, khātra, surngā, etc., opening of Indian thief's tunnel, 142n^2
Chirajivin, minister of Meghavarna, 99, 104-107, 109-113
Chitragrīva, the king of the pigeons, 74
Chitrakūṭa, 5, 13
Chitrāṅga, a deer named, 78-80
Chosroes I (or Kisra), King of Persia, 218
Chowrie, one of the five emblems of royalty, 175, 176
Chowrie (fly-whisk), 29, 100, 175, 176; and umbrella for anointing a king, 100
Chulla-Paduma Jātaka (No. 193), 143n, 153n^1
Cicero, *Tusc. Disp.*, 257
Clouston, W. A. (Note in Burton's *Nights*), 177; *Book of Noodles*, Ldn., 1888, 68n, 168n^1; *The Book of Sindibād*, Glasgow, 1884, 122n^1, 127n^1, 267; *Flowers from a Persian Garden and Other Papers*, Ldn., 1890, 101n^1; *Popular Tales and Fictions, their Migrations and Transformations*, 2 vols., Edinburgh and London, 1887, 66, 267, 275, 285
Coelho, A., *Contos Populares Portugueezes*, Lisbon, 1879, 55n^3, 67n^3, 105n, 109n^2, 183n^1
Comparetti, D., *Novelline Popolari Italiane*, 1875, 275
Constantinescu, Dr Barbu, *Probe de Limba Şi Literatura Ţiganilor din România*, 1878, 275
Copland edition of the *Seven Wise Masters*, the, 266
Cosquin, E., *Les Contes Indiens et L'Occident*, Paris, 1922, 177; *Contes Populaires de Lorraine*, 87n^1
Cowell, E. B., *The Jātaka; or, Stories of the Buddha's Former Births*, translated by Various Hands, and edited by, 6 vols., Cambridge, 1895-1907, 3n^1, 63n^1, 64, 79n^3, 98n^1, 99n^3, 100n^1, 101$n^{1,2}$, 155n^2, 157n^1, 163n^1, 176
Cowell, E. B., and Gough, A. E., *The Sarva-Darśana-Saṃgraha*, Trübner's Oriental Series, London, 1882, 151n^2
Crane, T. F., *Italian Popular Tales*, Ldn., 1885, 66
Crooke, W., "King Midas and his Ass's Ears," *Folk-Lore*, 11n^1; *The Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, 2 vols., Ldn., 1896, 27n^2, 30n^2, 59n^1, 101n^1, 126n^1, 160n^1, 176; *Tribes and Castes of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh*, 4 vols., Calcutta, 1896, 176
Crore (100 *lakhs*, or 10,000,000), 6, 7, 9-12
Cunningham, General A., *Stūpa of Bharhut*, Ldn., 1879, 79n^3; *The Ancient Geography of India*, Ldn., 1871, 165n^1

D. text of the K.S.S. See under D[urgaprasād]
Damanaka, a jackal named, 43-45, 46, 47, 50-55, 58, 63, 218
Dames, M. Longworth, "Balochi Tales," *Folk-Lore*, 49n^1
Daničić, G., the Old Slavonic trans. of the *Kalilah and Dimnah, Starine*, Zagreb, 1870, 235, 238
Darbha grass, 185
Darjiling, 59n^2
Dās, Babu Śarat Chandra, 59n^2
Daśanchachhedya, or "biting with the teeth," 194, 195
Dasent, G. W., *Popular Tales from the Norse*, Edinburgh, 1859, 3n^1, 11n^1; "De Deif van Brugghe," *Zeit f. d. Alterth.*, 284
Datura, sweetmeats mixed with the juice of the, 145, 145n^2
Davids, T. W. Rhys, *Buddhist Birth Stories*, 2 vols., Trübner's Oriental Series, Ldn., 1880, 3n^1, 55n^3, 79n^2, 98n^1, 100n^1
Deccan, the, 23, 186
De Gubernatis. See under Gubernatis, A. de
Delphi, the Oracle at, 256; the temple at, 256-258
Derenbourg, J., *Deux versions hébraïques du livre de Kalîlâh et Dimnâh*, 220; *Johannis de Capua Directorium vitæ humanæ*, 237
Devadāsa, a householder named, 19, 20
Devaghosha, Vajravega born as, 159
Devajaya, a Vidyādhara named, 34-36
Devaśarman, a Brahman named, 138, 139
Devaśarman, a monk named, 223
Dhanadeva, a merchant named, 147-150
Dhaneśvara, 178
Dharmabuddhi ("virtuously-minded"), 59-61, 61n^2
Dharmakalpadruma, 186n^1
Dhavalamukha, his Trading Friend and his Fighting Friend, Story of, 87-88
Dīdhitimat, a hermit named, 33; hermitage of, 32
Dīnārs, 1, 2, 6, 10-12, 59, 60, 61, 187, 188; the monkey that swallows, 10-13
Dīptanayana, minister of Avamarda ("Flame-eye"), 105, 106, 106*n*
Divya, the meaning of, 175
Doge of Venice and the Thief, Story of the, 267-274
Dohada motif, the, 127n^1
Doni, *La Moral Filosophia*, 220, 237, 238
Doni, The Morall Philosophie of, T. North, 220
Douce, Francis, *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, 2 vols., Ldn., 1807, 87n^1
D'Penha, G. F., "Folk-Lore of Salsette," *Indian Antiquary*, 65
Dubois, J. A., *Le Pantcha-Tantra*, 48n^1, 55n^3, 237
Duḥśīlā (*i.e.* of bad character), Devadāsa's wife, 20, 02n^1
Du Méril. See under Méril, Édélestand du
Dunlop, John, *Geschichte der Prosadichtungen oder Geschichte der Romane* . . . Anmerkungen von Felix Liebrecht, Berlin, 1851, 13n^1, 87n^1, 111n^3, 162n^1, 186n^2
Durgā (Pārvatī, Gauri), wife of Śiva, 146, 185
D[urgāprasād] text of the K.S.S., the, 22n^1, 23n^1, 24n^1, 31n^1, 35n^1, 51n^1, 60n^1, 71n^1, 76n^1, 77n^2, 79n^1, 81n^1, 106n^2, 129n^1, 136n^1, 145n^3, 180n^2, 200n^1, 204n^2
Dushṭabuddhi ("evil-minded"), 59-61, 61n^2, 143*n*

Eastwick, Edward B., trans. *The Anvár-i Suhaili; or, The Lights of Canopus*, 1854, 220; Allahabad, 1914, 240
Eberhard, A., *Philogelos Hierocles et Philagrii Facetiæ*, Berolini, 1869, 133n^1
Édélestand du Méril, *Poésies Inédites*, Baldo, 73n^1
Edgerton, Prof. Franklin, 58n^1, 207, 208, 219, 220, 221, 230; "Evil-Wit, No-Wit and Honest-Wit," *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, 59n^2; "Pañcadivyādhivāsa, or Choosing a King . . . ," *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, 175; *The Panchatantra Reconstructed*, 2 vols., 1924, 56n^1, 77n^3, 101n^1, 102n^1, 105$n^{1,2}$, 109n^1, 207n^1, 208, 209, 213, 214, 217, 221
Egypt, custom of wearing beards in Ancient, 253-254
Egypt and Greece, intimate relations between (664-610 B.C.), 258
Egypt and India, relations between, 286
Elasar, Elazar, or Eleazar, editor of Hebrew version of *Kalilah and Dimnah*, 239
Elliot Smith, Prof., on the tale of Rhampsinitus, 255
Ellis, Havelock, *The Psychology of Sex*, 6 vols., 189n^1
Erginus, King of Orchomenus, 256
Europe, the *Book of Sindibād* brought to, 260; in the eleventh century the *Pañchatantra* reaches, 207
Eustathius (or Eumathius, surnamed Macrembolites), *The Story of Hysmine and Hysminias*, 200n^3
"External Soul" *motif*, 127n^1
Eysinga, P. P. Roorda van, *Kalilah en Daminah Maleisch*, 1844, 239

Falconer, Keith-. See Keith-Falconer, I. G. N.
Fausbøll, V., *The Jātaka, together with its Commentary*, 7 vols., London and Kopenhagen, 1877-1897, 127n^1
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Firenzuola, A., *Discorsi degli Animali*, 220, 238
Fleeson, K. N., *Laos Folk-Lore of Farther India*, New York, 1899, 59n^2
Fletcher, John, *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, 13n^1
Fletcher, John, and Shakespeare, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 69n^1
Flinders Petrie, Sir, on the correct form of the name Rhampsinitus, 251; on the origin of the tale of Rhampsinitus, 255

Fontaine, La, *Contes et Nouvelles*, 11n^1; *Fables*, 64, 73n^1, 91n^1, 102n^2, 106n^1, 132n^2, 135*n*
Forcellini, Egidio, "Salisatores" [*Totius Latinitatis Lexicon*], 201*n*
Frazer, J. G., *Golden Bough*, 189n^1; *Pausanias's Description of Greece*, 256, 257, 266
Frere, Mary, *Old Deccan Days*, 49n^1
Fritsche, A. T. A., *Theocritus' Idyllia*, Leipzig, 1868-1869, 201*n*

Gaal, G., *Märchen der Magyaren*, Vienna, 1822, 157n^1
Gadyātmakaṅ Kathāsaritsāgaraḥ, J. Vidyasagara, 236
Gahlot clan in Mewār, the, 176
Gajānika, a king named, 23, 25
Galland, A., *Les Contes et Fables indiennes de Bidpaï et de Lokman*, 2 vols., Paris, 1724, 241
Galland's version of *The Fables of Pilpay*, 240-242
Galland and Cardonne, *Contes et Fables indiennes, de Bidpai et de Lokman*, Paris, 1778, 241
Gandharva princess, 39
Gaṇeśa, son of Siva and Pārvati, 1
Ganges, the river, 146, 185
Garcin de Tassy. See under Tassy, Garcin de
Garuḍa (son of Vinatā), 57, 82, 82n^3
Gaster, M., *Beiträge zur vergleichenden Sagen- und Märchenkunde*, Bucharest, 1883, 128*n*; *Studies and Texts*, 128*n*
Gaulmin. See under Sahid, David
Gaurī (Pārvatī, Durgā, etc.), wife of Śiva, 26, 27
Gautama, curse of, 96
Gayangos, P. de, *Calila é Dymna, de Abdallah ben al-Mocaffa*, 237
Gelert, Llewellyn's faithful hound, 138n^1
Gellius, Aulus [*Noctes Atticæ*], 162n^1
Germans, tree-worship amongst the ancient, 179
Ghaṭa and Karpara, Story of the Two Thieves, 142, 142n^1, 143-147; origin as told by Herodotus, 245-255; different versions of, 245; languages in which found, 267; similarity between Somadeva's story and Herodotus' tale of Rhampsinitus, 249
Ghaṭa's tricks and spells to bewilder the guards, 145, 146
Gibb, E. J. W., *The History of the Forty Vezirs*, Ldn., 1886, 153n^1
Gijjha Jātaka (No. 164), 163n^1
Giles, H. A., *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio*, 2 vols., Ldn., 1880, 162n^1
Giovanni, Ser, *Il Pecorone* (English ed. W. G. Waters), 267, 281
Gödeke, *Orient und Occident*, 238, 261n^3
Godley, A. D., *Herodotus*, Loeb Classical Library, 245n^1, 254
Gomme, G. L., ed. *History of the Seven Wise Masters of Rome*, 266n^2
Gomukha, minister of Naravāhanadatta, 14, 15, 18, 20, 22, 27, 38, 41, 42*n*, 63, 67, 73, 83, 88, 97, 98, 113, 119, 120, 127, 132, 137, 138, 152, 153, 157, 164, 171, 174, 178, 183, 185, 188, 192
Gongrijp, J. R. P. E., *Hhikajat Kalila dan Damina . . . malajoe*, 239
Gonzenbach, Laura, *Sicilianische Märchen*, Mit Anmerkungen R. Köhler's, 2 vols., Leipzig, 1870, 3n^1, 11n^1, 117n^1, 164n^1, 171n^2
Goonetilleke, W., "Comparative Folk-Lore," *The Orientalist*, 64
Gosson, S., *Schoole of Abuse*. Edited by E. Arber in his English Reprints, 1868, 55n^3, 133*n*
Gotravardhana, king named, 162-164
Gough, A. E., The *Sarva-Darśana-Saṃgraha*, 151n^2. See further under Cowell, E. B.
Gower, John, *Confessio amantis*, 157n^1
Greece, intimate relations between Egypt and, (664-610 B.C.), 258; tale of Rhampsinitus in classical, 255-258
Grierson, Sir George, on cutting off ears and nose for faithlessness, 82n^1; on the story about the Irishman, 93*n*; *Linguistic Survey of India*, 65; "Mongoose," *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, 139n^1
Grierson and Stein, Sir Aurel. See under Stein
Griffis, W. E., *The Japanese Fairy World*, Ldn., 1887, 128*n*
Griffith, Prof. F. L., on the origin of the tale of Rhampsinitus, 255
Grimm, J., *Reinhart Fuchs*, Berlin, 1834, 78n^3, 238
Grimm, Jacob, *Teutonic Mythology*, 4 vols., Ldn., 1880-1888, 179n^1
Grimm, J. and W., *Irische Elfenmärchen*, Leipzig, 1826, 3n^1; *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, Berlin, 1812-1815, 62n^2, 66, 79n^3, 100n^1, 153n^1, 275, 281. See also under Bolte, J.
Grohmann, J. V., *Sagen aus Böhmen*, Prag, 1863, 114n^1
Groome, F. H., *Gypsy Folk-Tales*, Ldn., 1899, 275; *Journal of the Gypsy-Lore Society*, 275
Gubernatis, A. de, *Zoological Mythology*, 2 vols., Ldn., 1872, 43n^1, 100n^1, 101n^1, 102n^2, 109n^2, 130n^1, 157n^1
Gūḍhaka(m), "secret," bite on woman's underlip, 194
Guhyaka (subject of Kuvera, the God of Wealth), 125
Guṇāḍhya, author of the *Bṛihat-kathā*, 286

Hades, Rhampsinitus playing dice in, 252, 253
Hadji Khalfa, 236
Hahn, F., *Blicke in die Geisteswelt der heidnischen Kols: . . .*, Gütersloh, 1906, 65
Hall, Dr H. R. E., on the tale of Rhampsinitus, 255
Haranchandra Chakladar. See under Chakladar, H.

Hardy, R. Spence, *Eastern Monachism*, London, 1850, 153n^1
Harighosha, a Brāhman named, 159
Hariśikha, minister of Naravāhanadatta, 19, 20
Harley, T., *Moon-Lore*, Ldn., 1885, 101n^2
Harris, J., ed. of *The Fables of Pilpay . . .*, Ldn., 1699, 240
Harsha era, the, 39
Harsha-vardhana (A.D. 606), 39
Harshavatī, Queen of Ratnākara, 30
Hartland, E. S., *Ritual and Belief*, Ldn., 1914, 177; *The Science of Fairy Tales*, Ldn., 1891, 3n^1; "The Voice of the Stone of Destiny," *Folk-Lore*, 177
Harvard Oriental Series, 216n^1, 217n^1
Hasta, measure of distance, 222
Haughton, H. L., *Sport and Folk-Lore in the Himalaya*, Ldn., 1913, 65
Hautesville, Jean de (Joannes de Alta Silva), 260
Havelock Ellis. See under Ellis, H.
Hemaprabhā, queen of King Padmakūṭa, 32
Hemaprabhā, daughter of Buddhiprabha, 188-192; the dream of, 190; and Lakshmīsena, Story of, 188-192
Herbert, *Li Romans de Dolopathos*, 260, 262, 263, 274
Hermes (*i.e.* Thoth) playing draughts with the moon, 252
Herodotus, 245, 248-251, 254, 255, 257, 258; *History*, 245, 258; tale of Rhampsinitus, 146n^2, 245, 285; similar points between Somadeva's Ghaṭa and Karpara and tale of Rhampsinitus of, 249; Story of Ghaṭa and Karpara as told by, 245-248; date when he wrote his *History*, 258
Herodotus . . . from the Baehr Text, H. Cary, 245n^1
Herodotus . . . Loeb Classical Library, 245n^1
Herrtage, S. J. H., *The Early English Versions of the Gesta Romanorum*, London, 1879, 87n^1, 104n^1, 138n^1
Hertel, Johannes, 58n^1, 207-209, 213, 216, 217, 219, 231, 232, 234-236, 238-240; *Daśa Kumāra Charita. Die zehn Prinzen Daṇḍi*, 3 vols., Leipzig, 1922, 142n^2; "Ein altindisches Narrenbuch," *Berichte ü. d. Verhandlungen d. kgl. sächsischen Gesell. d. Wissenschaften. philol.-hist. Klasse*, 213, 213n^1; *Das Pañcatantra, seine Geschichte und seine Verbreitung*, Leipzig and Berlin, 1914, 55n^2, 64, 175, 207n^1 208, 210, 216, 219, 232-241; *The Panchatantra . . . in the Recension, called Panchakhyanaka . . .*, 1908, 217n^1; *The Panchatantra-Text of Purnabhadra*, 1912, 216n^1, 217n^1; *The Panchatantra-Text of Purnabhadra and its Relation to Texts . . .*, 1912, 217n^1; *Das südliche Pañcatantra*, Leipzig and Berlin, 1906, 209n^2, 209n^3; *Tantrākhyāyika, Die älteste Fassung des Pañcatantra*, Leipzig and Berlin, 1909, 42n^1, 43n^2, 46n^1, 48n^1, 49n^1, 52n^2, 53n^1, 55n^2, 55n^3, 56n^1, 59n^2, 61n^3, 64, 65, 73n^1, 75n^1, 76n^3, 77n^1, 98n^1, 99n^3, 100n^1, 101n^1, 102n^2, 104n^1, 106n^1, 107$n^{1,2}$, 108n^2, 109n^2, 112n^1, 127n^1, 130n^1, 138n^1, 209$n^{1,3}$, 211; *Über das Tantrākhyāyika, die kaśmirische . . .*, Leipzig and Berlin, 1904, 209n^1; "Die Erzählung vom Kaufmann Campaka," *Zeit. d. d. Morg. Ges.*, Leipzig, 1911, 186n^1
Hervieux, L. [*Les Fabulistes Latins*], 5 vols., Paris, 1884-1899, 237
Hierocles. φιλόγελως, a collection of ἀστεῖα (witticisms), 93*n*. See also under Eberhard, A.
Hilka, A., *Historia Septem Sapientum*, Heidelberg, 1913, 261, 261n^2
Himālayas, the, 26, 28, 31, 32, 110, 123, 159, 160, 171, 172, 173
Hiraṇya, a mouse named, 74-75, 78-80
Hiraṇyagupta, a merchant named, 2
Hiraṇyakaśipu, destroyed by Vishṇu in form of Narasiṃha, 1n^2
Hiraṇyāksha and Mṛigānkalekhā, Story of, 171-174
Hiraṇyapura, town in Kaśmīra, 171
Hitopadeśa, the, 47n^2, 48n^1
Hitopadeśa, The, or "Friendly Advice," Nārāyaṇa, 210
Holland, W. L., ed. of *Das Buch der Beispiele*, Anthonius von Pfor or Pforr, Stuttgart, 1860, 238
Homes, Dr Nathaniel, *Dæmonologie*, 1650, 201*n*
Hulme, W. H., *Peter Alphonse's Disciplina Clericalis*, 87n^1
Hunt, Margaret, *Grimm's Household Tales*, 2 vols., Ldn., 1884, 66
Hyria, King of, Hyrieus, 256
Hyrieus, King of Hyria, 256

India, relations between Egypt and, 286; *Takkas* an agricultural race in, 165n^1
Indra, the charioteer of (Mātali), 31
Isidore of Seville [*Etymologiæ*], 201*n*
Isis and Osiris, Myths of, 255, 286
Iśvaravarman, son of Ratnavarman, 5-8, 10-13
Iyengar, K. Rangaswami, *The Kāma-Sūtra (or Science of Love) of Sri Vātsyāyana*, Lahore, 1921, 193

Jābāli, story of the sage, 39, 40
Jacobi, H., *Hindu Tales*. See under J. J. Meyer, 176
Jacobs, Joseph, 236; *Morall Philosophie of Doni*, 220, 235, 241; "Pedigree of the Bidpai Literature," 220; Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, London, 1890, 267
Jäde, Heinrich, *Aus dem Morgenlande*, Thier-Novellen nach Bidpai, Leipzig, 1859, 241

Jamna (Jumna, or Yamunā), the river, 65
Jātaka, The, 175; *Baka* (No. 38), 48n^1; *Bhadra-ghaṭa* (No. 291), 3n^1; *Gijjha* (No. 164), 163n^1; *Kachchhapa* (No. 179), 55n^3; *Kosiya* (No. 266), 100n^1; *Kuṇāla* (No. 536), 155n^2; *Kuruṅga-Miga* (No. 206), 79n^3; *Kūṭa-Vāṇija* (No. 218), 64; *Mahājanaka* (No. 539), 176; *Mahosadha* (No. 546), 64; *Nalapāna* (No. 20), 101n^1; *Saccaṁkira* (No. 73), 157n^1; *Sandhibheda* (No. 349), 63n^1; *Sasa* (No. 316), 101n^2; *Sīhacamma* (No. 189), 99n^3; *Sumsumāra* (No. 208), 127n^1; *Ulūka*, (No. 270), 98n^1; *Vānarinda* (No. 57), 127n^1
Jātaka, Cambridge edition of the, 3n^1, 63n^1, 64, 79n^3, 98n^1, 99n^3, 100n^1, 101$n^{1,2}$, 155n^2, 157n^1, 163n^1, 176; Fausbøll's edition of the, 127n^1
Jātakatthavaṇṇanā. Buddhist Birth Stories; or Jātaka Tales, . . . being the, T. W. Rhys Davids, 3n^1, 55n^3, 79n^3, 98n^1, 100n^1
Jayendrasenā, the beautiful, 197
Jerome, anecdote by St, 184n^1
Jethabhai, G., *Indian Folk-Lore*, Limbdi, 1903, 64
Jibananda Vidyasagara. See Vidyasagara
Jinarakshita, a friend of Śikhara, 201, 201n^1
Joannes de Alta Silva (Jean de Hautesville), version of *Dolopathos* in Latin prose, 260
Joel, Rabbi, possible composer of the Hebrew version of the Persian *Anvāri Suhaili*, 220, 237
John of Capua, 98n^1, 237; *Directorium vitæ humanæ*, 220, 238
Johnson, F., trans. of the *Hitopadeśa*, 210
Jolly, Prof. J., 142n^3
Jones, Sir W., trans. of the *Hitopadeśa*, 210
Jülg, B., *Mongolische Märchensammlung*, Innsbruck, 1868, 63n^1, 153n^1
Julien, Stanislas, *Les Avadânas, Contes et Apologues Indiens*, 3 vols., Paris, 1859, 67n^3, 67n^3, 68n^1, 69n^3, 70$n^{1,2}$, 71$n^{2,3}$, 72n^1, 84n^1, 92$n^{1,2}$, 93n^1, 94n^1, 94n^3, 102n^2, 105n^1, 111n^3, 114n^1, 115n^1, 116$n^{1,2}$
Jupiter Capitolinus, temple of, 64
Jyotishprabha, a king named, 30, 31

Kachchhapa Jātaka (No. 179), 55n^3
Kādambarī, The, of Bāṇa, trans. C. M. Ridding, 1896, 39
Kādambarī, a friend of Mahāśvetā, 39, 40
Kaden, W., *Unter den Olivenbäumen*, Leipzig, 1880, 62n^2
Kailāsa, 39, 124, 169, 170
Kalilah and Dimnah, 41n^1, 218, 219
Kalpa—*i.e.* one thousand Mahāyugas, or 4320 million years, 27n^1
Kalyāṇa Malla, *Ananga-Ranga*, 193-195
Kalyāṇavarman, a friend of Dhavalamukha, 87
Kalyāṇavatī, wife of King Simhabala, 23-25
Kāma (the God of Love), 22n^1, 26
Kāma Shastra Society, the, 193
Kāmandaki Nītiśāstra, the, 217
Kambugrīva, a tortoise named, 55, 56, 170n^1
Kanakāksha, king named, 171, 174
Kānchanābha, a city named, 32
Kānchanapura, 6, 10, 11
Kānchanapurī, a city called, 27
Kānchanaśṛinga, a town of gold on the Himālayas, 26
Kānchanavega, a king of the Vidyādharas, 96
Kanyākubja, 87
Kapiṇjala (heath-cock or cuckoo), 102n^2
Kapiṇjala, a bird named, 102-103
Karaṭaka, a jackal named, 43-45, 47, 50, 58, 63, 218
Karians as *Ciceroni* in Egypt, 251
Karma Śataka, the, 157n^1
Karṇāṭa, inhabitant of, 96
Karpara, the Sanskrit for "pot," 145n^1; Story of the Two Thieves, Ghaṭa and, 142, 142n^1, 143-147
Kashmir, possible home of the *Bṛihat-kathā*, 211; possible home of the *Pañchatantra*, 208; the *Tantrākhyāyika* MSS. of the *Pañchatantra* found in, 209
Kāśīnāth Pāṇḍurang Parab, co-editor of ed. of the *Bṛihat-kathā-mañjarī* and *Kathā-sarit-sāgara*, 212, 216
Kaśmīra, 178, 182, 183
Kaśmīra, the home of sciences and virtue, 171; to Pāṭaliputra, The Mendicant who travelled from, 178-180, 182-183; region in the south of the Himālayas, 123
Kaśyapa, the hermitage of, 161
Kaṭāka, the island of, 67
Kathā Mañjarī [Tāṇḍava-Rāya Mudaliyār], 64. See the Bangalore ed. of 1850 in Tamil and English
Kathākoça, The; or, Treasury of Stories, trans. C. H. Tawney, 1895, 17n^1, 125n^1, 155n^2, 176
Kathāmukha, Introduction to *Pañchatantra*, 221-222
Kathā-sarit-sāgara, Somadeva, 211, 212-216
Kathāsaritsāgara, Studies about the, T. S. Speyer, 22n^1, 79n^1, 99n^2, 129n^1, 134n^1, 159n^1, 200n^1, 212, 213
Kauravas, the (*Mahābhārata*), 98n^1
Kauśāmbī, 1, 192, 196, 204
Kavadh (Kobad), King of Persia, 218
Keith-Falconer, I. G. N., *Kalilah and Dimnah; or, The Fables of Bidpai*, Cambridge, 1885, 219, 242
Keller, H. A., *Dyocletianus Leben von Hans von Bühel*, 1841, 79n^3; *Romans des Sept Sages, Li*, Tübingen, 1836, 79n^3
Kern, Dr, 50n^1, 106n^2, 136n^2, 171n^1, 180n^1, 197n^2

Khaṇḍābhraka(m), "rugged cloud," tooth-mark on breast, 195
Khātra, chhidra, surnga, etc., opening of Indian thief's tunnel, 142n^2
Khirud-Ufroz, The, trans. Thomas Manuel, Calcutta, 1861, 240
Kielhorn, F., Bühler, G., and, editors of "*Textus Simplicior*," 1868-1869, 216
Killis Campbell. See under Campbell, Killis
Kinnaras (subjects of Kuvera, the God of Wealth), 31, 39
Kīrtisoma, a Brahman named, 95
Kisra or Chosroes I, King of Persia, 218
Klinkert, H. C., *Pandja-Tandarun . . . Maleisch*, Bommel, 1870, 237
Knowles, J. H., *A Dictionary of Kashmiri Proverbs and Sayings*, Calcutta, 1885, 64, 65; *Folk-Tales of Kashmir*, Trübner's Oriental Series, Ldn., 1888, 65, 281; tales from *Ind. Ant.* quoted by W. A. Clouston, 177
Kobad (Kavadh), King of Persia, 218
Koeppen, C. F., *Die Religion des Buddha und Ihre Entstehung*. 2 vols., Berlin, 1857, 153n^1
Köhler, R., notes to Gonzenbach's *Sicilianische Märchen*, 117n^1, 172n
Köppen. See Koeppen, C. F.
Kosegarten, first editor of "*Textus Simplicior*," 216
Kosiya Jātaka (No. 266), 100n^1
Krodhana, a friend of Vajrasāra, 21, 22
Krūralochana, minister of Avamarda ("Cruel-eye"), 106n, 107
Kshatriyas (warrior caste), 31, 162, 179
Kshemendra, *Bṛihat-kathā-mañjarī*, 211-213
Kshemendra's version of the *Pañchatantra*, 42n^2, 48n^1
Kuhn, Adalbert, *Die Herabkunft des Feuers und des Göttertranks*, Berlin, 1859, 29n^1, 111n^2
Kuladhara, a king named, 41
Kumudikā, a courtesan named, 15-18
Kuṇāla Jātaka (No. 536), 155n^2
Kuruṅga-Miga Jātaka (No. 206), 79n^3
Kusa Jātakaya, T. Steele, 48n^1, 61n^3, 64
Kusumaśara, a merchant named, 198
Kūṭa-Vānija Jātaka (No. 218), 64

Lacôte, F., *Essai sur Guṇāḍhya et la Bṛihatkathā*, Paris, 1908, 211
La Fontaine. See Fontaine, La
Laghupātin, a crow named, 73-75
Lakh (100,000) of *dinars*, 1; of gold and jewels, 7
Lakshmī, the goddess, 40
Lakshmīdhara, son of Śridhara, 120, 124, 126; and the Two Wives of the Water-Spirit, Story of Yaśodhara and, 120-123, 124-125, 125-126
Lakshmisena, son of Pratāpasena, 191-192; Story of Hemaprabhā and, 188-192
Lampā, a city called, 198, 199
Laṅkā, the island of, 199
Lebadea, the Grove of, 256
Lee, A. C., *The Decameron, its Sources and Analogues*, Ldn., 1909, 275
Lévêque, E., *Les Mythes et les Legendes de L'Inde et la Perse*, Paris, 1880, 11n^1, 91n^1, 132n^2 133n, 135n
Lévi, Sylvain ["La Bṛihatkathāmañjarī de Kshemendra"], *Journal Asiatique*, 1885, 212
Lewis, G. Cornewall, *Babrii Fabulæ Æsopæ*, Ldn., 1859, 135n^1
Lewis, J. P. ["Note on the Story of Rhampsinitus"], *The Orientalist*, 255n^1
Liebrecht, F. ["Beiträge zum Zusammenhang indischer und europäischer Märchen und Sagen"], *Orient und Occident*, 92n^2; trans. of Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, 13n^1, 87n^1, 111n^2, 162n^1, 186n^2. See further under Dunlop, John. *Zur Volkskunde*, Heilbronn, 1879,
Liebrecht, F.—*continued* 80n^2, 93n^1, 100n^1, 102n^2, 111n^2, 121n^2, 127n^1, 132n^2, 135n, 201n
Liṅga of Śiva, 32, 200
Llewellyn's faithful hound Gelert, 138n^1
Loeb Classical Library, the, 245n^1, 254
Longworth, Dames. See under Dames, M. Longworth
Lucian, *Demonax*, 136n^2; *Hermotimus*, 133n

Macculloch, J. A., *The Childhood of Fiction*, Ldn., 1905, 128n
Macler, F., trans. of *La Version Arménienne de L'Histoire des Sept Sages de Rome*, Paris, 1919, 266n^4
Madanamanchukā, wife of Naravāhanadatta, 196, 204
Madotkaṭa, a lion named, 53-54
Magadha, the King of, 98
Mahābhārata, the, 11n^1, 73n^1, 98n^1
Mahābhaṭa, a relation of Vikramasiṃha, 15
Mahādevī (Pārvatī, Durgā, etc.), wife of Śiva, 181
Mahajanaka Jātaka (No. 539), 176
Mahāmahopādhyāya Paṇḍit Śivadatta, co-editor of the *Bṛihat-kathā-mañjarī*, 212
Mahāśvetā, an ascetic maiden, 39, 40
Mahāvastu Avadāna (Nepalese Buddhist MS.), 127n^1
Mahāyuga, more correct form of Yuga—*i.e.* 4,320,000 years, 27n^1
Mahidhara, merchant named, 199
Mahilāropya, city named, 221
Mahosadha Jātaka (No. 546), 64
Makara (generally meaning "crocodile"), 47, 47n^2 48, 48n^1, 49
Makarakaṭī, a bawd named, 7-10, 12, 13
Makarandikā, daughter of King Siṃhavikrama, 34-38; wherein it appears who the parrot was in a Former Birth, The Hermit's Story

Makarandikā—*continued*
of Somaprabha, Manorathaprabhā and, 30-32, 34-37
Mālava, 21, 23, 114, 120, 159, 184
Malla, Kalyāṇa, *Ananga-Ranga*, 193-195
Maṇḍala(m), "full-moon," mark produced by the finger-nails, 193
Mandavisarpiṇī, a louse named, 52
Maṇimālā, "garland," a row of teeth marks, 194
Mańkowski, Leo von, *Der Auszug aus dem Pañcatantra in Kshemendras Bṛihatkāthamañjarī*, Leipzig, 1892, 212
Manorathaprabhā, daughter of King Padmakūta, 32-38; and Makarandikā, wherein it appears who the Parrot was in a Former Birth. The Hermit's Story of Somaprabha, 30-32, 34-37; and Raśmimat, 32-34
Mantharaka, a tortoise named, 75, 78-80
Manu, 221
Manuel, T. P., trans. of *The Khirud-Ufroz*, Calcutta, 1861, 240
Manwaring, A., *Marathi Proverbs*, Oxford, 1899, $55n^2$
Mapes, Gualterus (*i.e.* Map, Walter), *De Nugis Curialium*, $80n^2$
Margaret, Queen of Navarre, *The Heptameron*, London, 1894, $153n^1$
Marichi, a hermit named, 30, 37
"**Marmol.**" See under Manuel, T. P.
Marubhūti, minister of Naravāhanadatta, 5, 14, 15, 22, 25
Maspero, Prof. G., 250, 253-255; *Guide du Visiteur au Musée du Caire*, Cairo, 1920, 254; *Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt*, 252, 255
Mātali, the charioteer of Indra, 31
Mātaṅga, a hermit named, 201, 202, 203
Mathurā, the city of, 42
Matthæus Paris. See under Paris, Matthæus
Maya, King, 28
Mayan "Uayeyab," or the five intercalary days, 252
Mayūrapadaka(m), "peacock's footprints," mark made by the finger-nails on a woman's breast, 193
Mazaiu, Matiu or Matchaiu, a Sūdānī tribe, 253
McCrindle, J. W., *Ancient India as described by Megasthenês and Arrian*; . . ., 1877, $83n^1$, $160n^1$
Medinet Habu, the temple of Rameses III at, 252
Meghavarṇa, a king of the Crows, 98, 99, 111, 113
Meier, E., *Deutsche Volksmärchen aus Schwaben*, Stuttgart, 1852, $157n^1$
Menenius, Agrippa, the Fable of the Belly and the Members, $135n$
Méril, Édélestand du, *Poésies Inédites du Moyen Âge*, Paris, 1854, $73n^1$
Meyer, J. J., ed. of *Daśa Kumāra Charita*, 176; *Hindu Tales*, Ldn., 1909, 175, 176
Milton, *Paradise Lost*, $29n^2$
Minyae, the original inhabitants of Orchomenus, 256, 258
Mitra, Rājendralāla, *The Sanskrit Buddhist Literature of Nepal*, Calcutta, 1882, $127n^1$
Molière, Œuvres de, *Le Mariage Forcé*, $89n^1$
Moqaffa, 'Abdallāh ibn, Arabic version of *Kalilah wa Dimnah*, 219, 236
Moreno, N., *La Versione araba de Kalilah e Dimnah*, San Remo, 1910, 237
Morlini, *Novellæ*, 1855, $186n^2$
Mṛichchhakaṭika, the, $142n^2$
Mṛigānkalekhā, Story of Hiraṇyāksha and, 171-174
Muhammed b. al-Habbārīya, 238
Mukhopādhyāya, Paṇḍit Śyāma Charaṇ, $87n^1$, $145n^1$
Muktālatā, daughter of the King of the Nishādas, 27, 37
Müller, K. O., *Fragmenta Historicorum Græcorum*, Paris, 1849, 258; *Geschichten hellenischer Stämme und Städte: Orchomenos u die*
Müller, K., *Minyer*, Breslau, 1820-1824, 257
Müller, Max, ed. of the *Hitopadeśa*, 210
Nāgas (snake-gods), $82n^2$
Nakhavilekhana(m), "scratching with the finger-nails," 193, 195
Naḷapāna Jātaka (No. 20), $101n^1$
Narasimha (Man-lion), a form assumed by Vishṇu, 1, $1n^2$
Naravāhanadatta, son of the King of Vatsa, 1, 5, 14, 18, 25-27, 38, 41, 63, 67, 73, 88, 98, 119, 120, 127, 132, 137, 138, 153, 174, 178, 192, 196, 198, 203, 204, $204n^2$
Nārāyaṇa, *Hitopadeśa*, or "Friendly Advice," 210
Naṣr Allāh, Persian version of *Kalilah and Dimnah* by, 220, 239
Navarre, Queen of. See under Margaret
Nāvi-rakh, "the mark on the ship" and "stupidity," $93n$
Neith, the Egyptian goddess of the hunt, 251
Nepal, 39
Nepalese, an offshoot of the *Southern Pañchatantra*, 209, $209n^3$, 210
Nirṇayasāgara Press of Bombay, the, 212, 216
Nishāda Maiden, and the Learned Parrot, Story of King Sumanas, the, 27-28, 37-38
Nishādas, 27, 36, 37
North, T., *The Morall Philosophie of Doni*, Ldn., 1570, 220
Norway, signs of ear-throbbing in, $201n$
Noshirwan or Anushirwan, "the Just," King of Persia, 218
Nutt, David, ed. of *The Morall Philosophie of Doni*, 1888, 220
O'Connor, W. F. T., *Folk-Tales from Tibet*, Ldn., 1907, $49n^1$, 64
Octavian, 264
Oesterley, H., *Iohannis de Alta Silva* [illegible] 261, $261n^1$

Orbeliani, Saba (Slukhan), part-translator of Georgian version of *Kalilah and Dimnah*, 240
Orchomenus, city of Bœotia, 256, 257; Erginus, King of, 256
Osiris, myths of Isis and, 252, 255, 286
Oskastein, or wishing-stone, $11n^1$
Ouseley, J. W. J., *Anvar-i suheli*, Hertford, 1851, 239
Ovid, *Fasti*, $68n$; *Metamorphoses*, $29n^2$

Padmakūṭa, king of the Vidyādharas, 32
Padmāvatī, Queen, 98
Padmaveśa, a prince of the Vidyādharas, 159
Pahlavi translation of the *Pañchatantra*, 208; Version of the *Pañchatantra* and its Descendants, 218-220; versions of the *Pañchatantra* considered as one of its original independent streams of tradition (Edgerton), 208
Painter, *Palace of Pleasure* (ed. J. Jacobs), 267
Pāiśācī-Prakrit, the original and a later version of the *Bṛihat-kathā* written in, 211
Pala, measure of weight, 62, 72 93
Paṇa, ancient Indian weight, 92, 116, 119, 133
Pañca, "five," 175
Pañcadivyādhivāsa, or choosing a king by divine will, 175-177
Pañcatantra, *Pantschatantra*, etc. See under Benfey, Dubois, Edgerton and Hertel
Pañchatantra, *Panchatantra*, or Panchatantra, the, $41n^1$, 42n, $63n^1$, $79n^2$, $99n^1$, $101n^1$, $105n^2$, $134n^2$, $138n^1$, $153n^1$, $170n^1$, 207-242; *Bṛihat-kathā*, versions of the, 210-216; date of the, 207, 208; English names for, $41n^1$; Genealogical Table of, 232-242; genealogical tree of, $42n$; *Hitopadeśa* version of, 210; home of the, 208; Introduction to, $41n^1$, 214; the Jain versions of, 216-218; Kshemendra's version of, $42n$, $48n^1$; meaning of the name, 207; Nepalese, 209, $209n^3$, 210; number of versions in existence of, 207; oral tales derived from stories in, $48n^1$, $49n^1$, $55n^3$, $63n^1$; original archetypes of, 208; original language of, 208; Pahlavi translation of, 208; Pahlavi Version of, 218-220; Somadeva's omitted stories of, 221-230; Somadeva's version of, 41-63, $41n^1$, $47n^3$, $48n^1$, $61n^3$, 73-80, 98-113, $102n^1$, $105n^2$, $109n^1$, 127-132, $130n^1$, 138, 139, $139n^2$, 208, 213-216; *Southern*, $48n^1$, 209, $209n^{2,3}$; Tantrākhyāyika recensions of, 209, $209n^1$; versions of the "Impossibilities" *motif* in the, 64
Pāṇḍavas, the (*Mahābhārata*), $98n^1$
Pandit Śyāmā Charan Mukhopādyāya, $87n^1$
Pantulu, G. R. Subramiah, *Folklore of the Telugus*, Madras, 1905, $48n^1$, $49n^1$, $56n^1$, $59n^2$; "Some Notes on the Folklore of the Telugus," *Indian Antiquary*, $48n^1$, $49n^1$, $56n^1$, $59n^2$
Parab, Kāśinath Pāṇḍurang, editor of the *Bṛihat-kathāmañjarī* and the *Kathā-saritsāgara*, 212, 216
Parāśara and his son, 221
Paris, Gaston, *Deux Rédactions du Roman des Sept Sages de Rome*, Paris, 1876, 263, $266n^1$; ["Le Conte du Trésor du Roi Rhampsinite"], *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*, vol. lv, 1907, 255
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Parker, H., *Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon*, 3 vols., Ldn., 1910-1914, $48n^1$, $49n^1$, $52n^2$, $55n^3$, $63n^1$, 65
Parthenius of Nicæa, $80n^2$
Pārvatī (Gaurī, Durgā, etc.), wife of Śiva, 172-174
Pāśupata ascetic, 144
Pāṭaliputra, 3, 95, 178-180, 182; The Mendicant who travelled from Kaśmīra to, 178-180, 182-183
Penha, G. F. D', "Folk-Lore of Salsette," *Indian Antiquary*, 65
Penzer, N. M., *An Annotated Bibliography of Sir Richard Francis Burton*, Ldn., 1923, 193; review of Prof. Edgerton's *Panchatantra Reconstructed*, in *Man*, 208
Peterson, Peter, ed. of the *Hitopadeśa*, Bombay, 1887, 210
Petrie, Sir Flinders, on the etymology and the origin of the story of Rhampsinitus, 251, 255
Pfor or Pforr, Anthonius von, *Buch der Beispiele der alten Weisen*, c. 1480, 220
Phædrus, The Fables of, $61n^3$, $102n^2$
Phalabhūti and the Yaksha, 179
Philadelphus, the reign of (284-246 B.C.), 286
Pieris, H. A., "Sinhalese Folklore" (The Fox and the Tortoise), *The Orientalist*, Ceylon, 1884, $55n^3$
Pilpay, the first European use of the name Bidpai and, 240
Pilpay (or *Bidpai*), *Fables of*, $41n^1$, $46n^1$, 218
Pilpay, *The Fables of*, J. Harris, Ldn., 1699, 240
Pindar on story of Agamedes and Trophonius, 257
Pingalaka, a lion named, 43-47, 50-55, 58, 63
Pinjara, 160
Piśāchas (demons), 158
Plautus, *Pseudolus*, 201n
Pliny's account of the *incendiaria avis*, $111n^2$
Plutarch, *Consolatio ad Apollonium*, 257; *Isis et Osiris*, 252; *Life of Agis*, 135n; *Life of Marcellus*, 64
Polívka, G. See under Bolte, J.
Potraka, son of a king, 196, 197
Prabandhacintāmaṇi, or Wishing-Stone of Narratives, The, C. H. Tawney and M. Ācārya, $142n^2$, 176

Prabhākara, minister of King Jyotishprabha, 31
Pradīvin, minister of Meghavarṇa, 99, 99n^1
Prākārakarna, minister of Avamarda ("Wall-ear"), 106*n*, 107
Pratāpāditya, a relation of Vikramasimha, 15
Pratāpasena, king named, 191, 192
Pratishṭhāna, 15
Pratyutpannamati, a fish named, 56, 57
Pravālamaṇi, "coral," bite given on woman's body, 194
Preller, L., *Griechische Mythologie*, Berlin, 1875, 67n^3
Priyankara, son of the minister Prabhākara, 30, 31, 36
Prym, E., and Socin, A., *Der Neu-Aramaeische Dialekt des Tûr 'Abdîn*, 2 vols., Göttingen, 1881. Vol. ii contains a second title page, as follows:—*Syrische Sagen und Maerchen aus dem Volksmunde* . . ., 3n^1, 91n^1, 102n^2, 130n^1
Psammetichus, Saïte king of the twenty-fifth dynasty, 258
Pulastya, a hermit named, 30, 37
Pulesti, a Levanite people, 252
Pulindas, 29
Puṇḍarika, Brahman named, 39, 40
Puntoni, V., *Directorium humanæ vitæ, alias parabolæ antiquorum sapientum*, Pisa, 1884, 237; Στεφανίτης καὶ Ἰχνηλάτης: *quattio recensioni della versione greca* . . ., 1889, 238
Pura, 1
Pūrṇabhadra's Jain version of the *Pañchatantra*, 216, 217

Rabbi Joel. See under Joel, Rabbi
Rabelais, F., *Le Facquin et le Rotisseur*, 132n^3, 133*n*
Rajatadaṃshṭra, son of Vajradaṃshṭra, 160
Rājendralāla Mitra, Dr Rai Bahādūr, *Buddhist Literature of Nepal*. See under Mitra, Rājendralāla
Raju, R. See under Ramaswami Raju
Rākshasas (demons), 179
Raktāksha, minister of Avamarda ("Red-eye"), 106*n*, 108, 109-111
Ralston, W. R. S., *Russian Folk-Tales*, Ldn, 1873, 82n^2, 166n^1, 170n^1, 183n^1
Ralston, W. R. S., and Schiefner, F. A. von, *Tibetan Tales derived from Indian Sources*, Trübner's Oriental Series, Ldn., 1882, 63n^1, 64, 153n^1, 157n^1, 285
Ramaswami Raju, P. V., *Indian Fables*, Ldn., 1887, 48n^1, 49n^1, 65
Rameses III, identical with Rhampsinitus? 250-253
Rameru pa nuter, "Rameses the God," 250
Rangaswami Iyengar. See under Iyengar, K. Rangaswami
Raśmimat, Manorathaprabhā and, 32-34; son of the goddess Śri and the hermit Dīdhitimat, 33, 37, 38
Rati (wife of the God of Love), 197
Ratnadatta, a merchant named, 1, 2
Ratnākara, a city called, 30, 188
Ratnaprabhā, wife of Naravāhanadatta, 171, 196
Ratnarekhā, queen named, 188
Ratnavarman, a merchant named, 5, 6, 9, 10
Rawlinson, G., *History of Herodotus*, 4 vols., Ldn., 1880, 245n^1, 253
Rekhā (or *Lekhā*), "line of scratch," inflicted by nails, 193
Rhampsinitus, King of Egypt, Classical versions of the tale of, 255-259, etymology of the name, 250, 251; Mediæval versions of the tale of, 259-266; Modern versions of the tale of, 266-286; opinion of scholars on the tale of, 255; plays dice in Hades with Ceres, 252; probably Greek adaption of the tale of, 258; and the prostitution of his daughter, 254; story of, 245-248
Rhys Davids, T. W. See under Davids, Rhys
Riabinin, Intro. to Attai's Russian trans. of *Kalilah wa-Dimnah*, 235, 236, 238, 240
Ricciardo, son of a master-builder, 268-274
Richard Cœur de Lion, 157n^1
Ridding, C. M., *Kādambarī of Baṇa*, Orient. Trans. Fund, Roy. As. Soc., Ldn., 1896, 39
Rieu, C., *Catalogue of the Persian Manuscripts in the British Museum*, 3 vols. and suppl., Ldn., 1879-1895, 239
Ṛishi (holy sage), 28, 36, 110, 203
Robinson, E. J., *Tales and Poems of South India, From the Tamil*, Ldn., 1885, 64
Roebuck, T., *The Khirud-Ufroz* . . ., Calcutta, 1815, 240
Rohde, E., *Der Griechische Roman und Seine Vorläufer*, Leipzig, 1876, 133*n*
Rohini tree, 28
Rolland in Dalkeith, Iohne, *The seuin Seages: Translatit* 1578, 266n^3
Roscher, W. H., *Ausfürliches Lexikon der Griechischen und Römischen Mythologie*, Leipzig, 1916-1924, 258n^1
Rouse, W. H. D., *The Talking Thrush, and other Tales from India*, Ldn., 1899, 49n^1, 65
Roux de Lincy, M. le, *The Heptameron*, 153n^1. See further under Margaret, Queen of Navarre
Ruchiradeva, son of a king, 196-198, 204
Rudrasoma, Brāhman named, 148-150
Rudraṭa, the poet, 216
Russell, R. V., and Rai Bahadur Hīra Lāl, *The Tribes and Castes of the Central Provinces of India*, 4 vols., Ldn., 1916, 176
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Rystenko, A., "On the History of the Story of Stephanites and . . .," *Annals of the Historical-philological Society of the*

Rystenko, A.—*continued*
Imperial New Russian University, Odessa, 1902, 235, 239

Saccaṁkira Jātaka (No. 73), 157n^1
Sacy, Silvestre de, *Calila et Dimna ou Fables de Bidpai, en arabe*; . . ., Paris, 1816, 236
Sahid, David, and M. Gaulmin, *Livre des Lumières* . . . , Paris, 1644, 240
St Jerome, anecdote related by, 184n^1
Saintsbury, George. See under Margaret, Queen of Navarre
Saïs, capital of Amasis II, 251
Śaktiyaśas (Book X), 1-195; daughter of King Sphaṭikayaśas, 27, 38, 67, 98, 119, 120, 127, 137, 152, 174, 192, 196
Śalmali tree, 73
Sandhibheda Jātaka (No. 349), 63n^1
Saṇḍīvin, minister of Meghavarṇa, 98, 99
Sanjīvaka, a draught-bull named, 42, 43, 47, 51, 52, 53, 55, 58, 63
Saṅkaṭa, a swan named, 55, 56, 170n^1
Sarasvatī, pilgrimage to the shrine of, 180
Sarvasthānagavāta, a Yaksha named, 182
Sasa Jātaka (No. 316), 101n^2
Śaśaplutaka(m), "the hopping of a hare," nail-mark made on a woman's nipple, 194
Śaśilekhā, wife of Vikramasiṁha, 15, 17
Śaśin, a friend of Dhanadeva, 149-150
Śaśitejas, king of the Vidyādharas, 172
Śāstraganja, a parrot that knows the four Vedas, 28
Śāstras (Hindu law books), 28, 36, 143*n*
Satī (widow-burning), 19, 19n^1
Ṣatni-Khamoïs, 252, 255
Śavaras, 29
Sayce, Prof., on the tale of Rhampsinitus, 251, 255
Schiefner, F. A. von, and Ralston, W. R. S., *Tibetan Tales derived from Indian Sources*, Trübner's Oriental Series, Ldn., 1882, 63n^1, 64, 153n^1, 157n^1, 285
Schlegel, editor of the *Hitopadeśa*, 1829, 210
Schmidt, B., *Griechische Märchen, Sagen und Volkslieder*, Leipzig, 1877, 128n^2, 157n^1
Schmidt, R., *Beiträge zur indischen Erotik: Das Liebesleben des Sanskritvolkes*, Berlin, 1911, 195; *Die Çukasaptati, textus simplicior*, Kiel, 1894, 64
Schneidewin's translation of Solon, 130n^1
Schulthess, ed. of *Kalila u. Dimna Syrisch u. Deutsch*, 1911, 219
Sendebar, Hebrew form of Sindibād, 259
Senjero, South Abyssinia, method of choosing new king in, 177
Seth, Symeon, Greek version of *Kalilah and Dimnah*, 58n^1, 219, 238, 239
Seville, Isidore of, *Etymologiæ*, 201*n*
Sganarelle, the hero of Molière's *Le Mariage Forcé*, 89n^1
Shakespeare, *A Winter's Tale*, 7n^1
Shakespeare and Fletcher, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 69n^1
Sheykh-Zāda, *The Forty Vezirs*, 153n^1. See further under Gibb, E. J. W.
Sīhacamma Jātaka (No. 189), 99n^3
Śikhara, a merchant named, 199, 201
Śīlahara, the son of a merchant, 19
Śīlīmukha, king of the hares, 101-102
Silva, Joannes de Alta (Jean de Hautesville), version of *Dolopathos* in Latin prose, 260
Silvestre de Sacy. See under Sacy, Silvestre de
Siṁhabala and his Fickle Wife, Story of King, 23-25
Siṁhāksha, king named, 180-182, 183; and the Wives of his Principal Courtiers, The Wife of King, 180-182
Siṁhavarman, son of the King of Magadha, 98
Siṁhavikrama, a king of the Vidyādharas, 34, 36
Simrock, K., *Die deutschen Volksbücher*, 13 vols., Frankfurt a. M., 1845-1865, 43n^2, 102n^2, 104n^1, 127n^1, 138n^1, 146n^1, 204n^1
Sindban, Syriac form of Sindibād, 259
Sindibād, Indian philosopher, 127n^1, 259, 260; variation of the name of, 259
Śiva, 1, 5, 27, 30, 32, 34, 37, 38, 42, 86, 107, 123, 160, 168, 171, 178, 185, 189, 190, 191, 198, 200, 203
Śivadatta, Mahāmahopādhyāya, Paṇḍit, co-editor of ed. of the *Bṛihat-kathāmañjarī*, 212
Skanda, god, patron of thieves, 143*n*
Skeat, W. W., *Chaucer. The Prioresses Tale, Sire Thopas, . . . The Squieres Tale, from the Canterbury Tales*, Oxford, 1874, 27n^2
Skeat, W. W. (Jun.), *Fables and Folk-Tales from an Eastern Forest*, Cambridge, 1901, 48n^1, 49n^1, 63n^1
Smith, Prof. Elliot, 255
Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, 256
Socin, A. See under Prym, E., and Socin, A.
Solalinde, Spanish ed. of *Kalilah & Dimnah*, Madrid, 1917, 237
Solon and the Fable of the Sick Lion, 130n^1
Somadeva, 204n^2, 208, 212, 213, 221, 249, 250, 285, 286; and the *Bṛihat-kathā*, 39, 42*n*; inserts "noodle" stories between Books I and II of the *Pañchatantra*, 67n^1; *Kathā-sarit-sāgara*, 211, 212-216; omits four sub-tales to Book I of the *Pañchatantra*, 47n^3; omits Introduction to the *Pañchatantra*, 41n^1, 214; omits one tale in Book II of the

Somadeva—*continued*
Pañchatantra, 73n^1; omits two tales in Book V of the *Pañchatantra*, 138n^1
Somadeva's method of dealing with the separate collections of stories included in the *Kathā-sarit-sāgara*, 213; tales, 146n^2; Version of the *Pañchatantra*, 41-63, 41n^1, 47n^3, 48n^1, 61n^3, 73-80, 98-113, 102n^1, 105n^2, 109n^1, 127-132, 127n^1, 130n^1, 138, 139, 139n^3, 208, 213-216
Somaprabha, Manorathaprabhā, and Makarandikā, wherein it appears who the Parrot was in a Former Birth, The Hermit's Story of, 30-32, 34-37; son of King Jyotishprabha, 30-32, 34-38
Somaprabhā, 160
Somaśarman, 229
Sophocles, *Trachiniæ*, 29n^2
Souby-Bey, *Der türkischen Sammlung humajún name entnommen*. Foreword by Dr Rieder Pascha, Berlin, 1903, 241
Sowa, R. von, *Mundart der Slovakischen Zigeuner*, Göttingen, 1887, 275
Spence, Hardy. See under Hardy, R. Spence
Spencer, W. R., "Beth Gêlert; or, The Grave of the Greyhound," *Poems*, London, 1835, 138n^1
Spenser, Edmund, *The Faerie Queene*, 29n^2; *Mother Hubbard's Tale* [in *Complaints*], 1591, 53n^2
Speyer, J. S., *Studies about the Kathāsaritsāgara*, Amsterdam, 1908, 22n^1, 79n^1, 99n^2, 129n^1, 134n^1, 159n^1, 200n^1, 212, 213
Sphaṭikayaśas, king of the Vidyadharas, 26, 192
Spiegel, F., *Anecdota Pâlica*, Leipzig, 1845, 157n^1
Sprengling, Prof. Martin ["Kalîla Studies"], *Amer. Journ. Semitic Languages*, 219, 235
Śrāddha, the false, 85; Story of the Faithless Wife who was present at her own, 84-85
Śrī, goddess of beauty and prosperity, 33
Śridhara, Brahman named, 120; lover of Kumudikā, the courtesan, 18
Sṛinjaya and his son Suvarnashṭhīvin (*Mahābhārata*), 11n^1
Stark, S. G., *Specimen Sapientiæ Indorum veterum*, Berlin, 1697, 219, 238
Starkie, W. J. M., *The Clouds of Aristophanes*, London, 1911, 257
Steel, F. A., "Folklore in the Panjâb" (No. 21, The Jackal and the Tiger). Notes by Capt. R. C. Temple, *Indian Antiquary*, 49n^1
Steele, T., *Kusa Jātakaya, a Buddhistic Legend*, Ldn., 1871, 48n^1, 61n^3, 64
Steere, E., *Swahili Tales*, Ldn., 1870, 127n^1
Stein, Sir Aurel, and Grierson, Sir George A., *Ḥatim's Tales*, Ldn., 1923, 176, 177
Stein, Dr O., 236, 237, 245n^1; "Σῦριγξ und *surungā*," *Zeit. f. Indologie und Iranistik*, 142n^2
Steinschneider, M., *Die Hebraeischen Uebersetzungen des Mittelalters* . . ., Berlin, 1893, 220n^1, 237, 238, 239
"Στεφανίτης καὶ Ἰχνηλάτης," Greek version of *Kalila and Dimna*, by Symeon Seth, 219
Stevenson, Mrs Sinclair, *The Rites of the Twice-Born*, Oxford University Press, 1920, 145n^1
Stokes, M., *Indian Fairy Tales*, Ldn., 1880, 157n^1
Straparola. See under Waters, W. G.
Subāhu, a relation of Vikramasiṃha, 15
Śubhadatta and the inexhaustible pitcher, 3, 4
Subhaṭa, a relation of Vikramasiṃha, 15
Subramiah Pantulu. See under Pantulu, G. R. Subramiah
Sūchīmukha, a bird named, 59
Śūdraka, king named, 39, 40
Śukanāsa, minister of Tārāpīḍa, 39
Śukasaptati, the, 50n^1
Śuka Saptati Simplicior, R. Schmidt, 1894, 64
Śukra, 221
Sumanas, the Nishāda Maiden, and the Learned Parrot, Story of King, 27-28, 37-38
Sumsumara Jātaka (No. 208), 127n^1
Sundarī, a dancing-girl, 7-13
Sūrasena, son of Pratāpasena, 191, 192
Śūravarman, who spared his Guilty Wife, 41
Surngā, chhidra, khātra, etc., opening of Indian thief's tunnel, 142n^2
Surungā, from σῦριγξ, "tunnel" or "opening," 142n^2
Suvarnashṭhīvin and his father Sṛinjaya (*Mahābhārata*), 11n^1
Svarnadvīpa, 6, 8, 12, 13
Swayamvara, marriage by choice, 197, 197n^1
Śvetadvīpa, 124, 203
Swift, Jonathan, *Polite Conversation*, 121n^2
Swynnerton, C., *Romantic Tales from the Panjāb, with Indian Nights' Entertainment*, Ldn., 1908, 49n^1, 65
Śyāmā Charan Mukhopādhyāya, Paṇḍit, 87n^1, 145n^1
Sylvain Lévi. See under Lévi, Sylvain
Symeon Seth. See under Seth, Symeon
Syntipas, Greek form of Sindibād, 127n^1, 359

Table of the Panchatantra, Genealogical, 232-242; Explanatory Note to the, 232-234; Sources of the, 234-236; Footnotes to the, 236-242
Takkas (agricultural race in India), 165, 165n^1, 166
Tantra—*i.e.* "book" or "section," 207
Tantrākhyāyika, Die älteste Fassung des Pañcatantra, J. Hertel, 42n^1, 43n^2, 46n^1, 48n^1, 49n^1, 52n^2, 53n^1, 55$n^{2,3}$, 56n^1, 59n^3, 61n^3, 64, 65, 73n^1, 75n^1, 76n^3, 77n^1, 98n^1, 99n^3, 100n^1, 101n^1,

Tantrākhyāyika—continued 102n^2, 104n^1, 106n^1, 107$n^{1,2}$, 108n^2, 109n^2, 112n^1, 127n^1, 130n^1, 138n^1, 209$n^{1,3}$, 211
Tantrākhyāyika, one of the four independent streams of the *Pañchatantra* (Edgerton), 208; one of the two archetypes of the *Pañchatantra* (Hertel), 208, 213, 217; Recensions of the *Pañchatantra*, The, 209
Tantras, work consisting of Five (i.e. *Pañchatantra*), 207
"Tantras, Five," *Pañchatantra* means, 207
Tapantaka, 18, 19
Tārāpīḍa, king of Ujjayinī, 39, 40
Tassy, Garcin de, *Histoire de la litterature hindouie et hindoustanie*, Paris, 1839, 240
Tatius, Achilles [*The Loves of Clitopho and Leucippe*], 200n^2
Taurus, Mount, wisdom of geese when flying over, 55n^3
Tawney, C. H., 3n^1, 13n^1, 27n^1, 42n, 58n^1, 66, 93n, 159n^1, 176; *The Kathākoça; or, Treasury of Stories*, Orient. Trans. Fund. Roy. As. Soc., 1895, 17n^1, 125n^1, 155n^2, 176; *The Prabandhacintāmaṇi, or Wishing-Stone of Narratives*, Calcutta, 1901, 142n^2, 176; "Some Indian Methods of Electing Kings," *Proc. Roy. As. Soc. Bengal*, 176
Temple, R. C., "Folklore in the Panjāb." See under Steel, F. A.
Thebes, Amon chief deity at, 250, 252, 254
Thekel, a Levantine people, 252
Theocritus [*The Idylls*], 201n. See also under Fritsche, A. T. A.
Thomas, Dr, On the date of the *Pañchatantra*, 208
Thorburn, S. S., *Bannú or Our Afghan Frontier*, Ldn., 1876, 127n^1
Thorndike, Lynn, *A History of Magic and Experimental Science*, Ldn., 1923, 201n
Thoth, the magic book of, 252
Tibet, 59n^2; Indian Buddhist refugees settling in, 284
Ṭiṭṭibha, a flea named, 52
Ṭiṭṭibha—i.e. "Strandbird," 55n^2
Ṭiṭṭibhas, The Pair of, 55-57
Třebovský, F., *Bájky Bidpajovy* (Fables of Bidpai), 2 vols., 1846 and 1850, 237
Tṛiṇasāra—i.e. one who has the hardness of stubble, 22n^1
Trophonius, Agamedes and, two master-builders, 255-257
Trübner's Oriental Series. See under Davids, T. W. Rhys; J. H. Knowles; Ralston and Schiefner
Tylor, E. B., *Primitive Culture . . .*, Ldn., 1871, 121n^1, 179n^1

"Uayeyab," the five Mayan intercalary days, 252
Uchchhaiḥśravas, a horse named, 31
Uchchhūnaka(m), bite given on left cheek, 194
Uḍḍīvin, minister of Meghavarṇa, 98, 99
Uḍumbara tree, 127-129
Ugraśakti, 221
Ujjayinī, 16, 18, 39, 167
Ulūka Jātaka (No. 270), 98n^1
Upham, E., *The Mahāvansi, Rājā-Ratnācari, and Rājāvali, forming the Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon . . .*, 3 vols., Ldn., 1833, 73n^1
Uposhaṇa, vow called the fast, 124-126
Upreti, G. D., *Proverbs and Folklore of Kumaun and Garhwal*, Lodiana, 1894, 64, 65
Utpalapatraka(m), "lotus-petal," mark made by the finger-nails on woman's breast and waist, 194

Vachaspati, 221
Vaidūryaśṛinga, a city called, 159
Vaiśākha, a city called, 196, 197, 203
Vaiśampāyana, a learned parrot, 39, 40
Vajradaṃshṭra, king named, 160
Vajrakūṭa, a city called, 173, 174
Vajrasāra (*i.e.* one who has the hardness of a diamond), 20-22. 22n^1; whose Wife cut off his Nose and Ears, Story of, 21, 22
Vajravega, son of Padmaveśa, 159
Vakhtan VI, King, translator of Georgian version of *Kalilah and Dimnah*, 240
Vakranāsa, minister of Avamarda ("Crooked-nose"), 106, 106n, 107
Valečka, E., *Bájky Bidpajovy*, Prague, N.D. (*circa* 1894), 237
Valīmukha, king of monkeys named, 127-130
Vānarinda Jātaka (No. 57), 127n^1
Varāhacharvitaka(m), "chewing of a boar," tooth-marks on base of woman's breast, 195
Vartan, the Armenian, *Fables of*, 242
Vasantaka, minister of the King of Vatsa, 2, 120, 127
Vasundhara, a porter named, 1, 2
Vasuśakti, 221
Vatsa, the King of, 1, 2, 5, 20, 22, 25, 27, 98, 113, 120, 137, 164, 192, 198, 203
Vātsyāyana, *Kāma Sūtra*, 6n^1, 193-195
Veckenstedt, E., *Wendische Sagen, Märchen und abergläubische Gebräuche*, Graz, 1880, 100n^1
Velā (Book XI), 196-204; Story of the Merchant and his Wife, 198-204
Velā, shore, 202
Victorov, editor of the Old Slavonic translation of *Kalilah and Dimnah*, Moscow, 1881, 235
Vidyādhara, 31, 34, 37, 38, 159, 162, 163, 172, 173, 191, 203; female(s), (*i.e.* Vidyādharī), 26, 34, 35, 38, 41
Vidyādharas, 26, 27, 32, 34, 36, 96, 159, 160, 172, 173, 191, 192, 198, 203
Vidyādharī, fem. form of Vidyādhara, 188, 191

Vidyasagara, Jibananda, *Gadyātmakaḥ Kathāsaritsāgaraḥ*, Calcutta, 1883, 236
Vijaya, a hare named, 101; a holy place named, 178
Vikaṭa, a swan named, 55, 56, 170n^1
Vikramasiṃha, the Courtesan and the Young Brahman, Story of King, 15-18
Vindhya forest, the, 39; hills, the, 185
Vīrabāhu, a friend of Dhavalamukha, 87
Virābahu, a relation of Vikramasiṃha, 15
Vīraprabha, son of the King of the Nishādas, 28
Vishṇu, 57, 123, 182, 197, 203; assumes form of Narasiṃha, 1n^2
Vishṇuśarman, 221, 222
Vitastā, the waters of the, 124
Vladimirtsov, B. J., *Eine Mongolische Sammlung aus dem Pañcatantra*, 242
Vyāghranakhaka(*m*), "like the tiger's claw," mark made by the finger-nails, 193

Waldau, A., *Böhmisches Märchenbuch*, Prague, 1860, 53n^2, 130n^1
Walhouse, M. J. ["Archæological Notes"], *Indian Antiquary*, 179n^1
Washasha, a Levantine people, 252
Waters, W. G., *The Nights of Straparola*, 2 vols., Ldn., 1894, 158n; *The Pecorone of Ser Giovanni*, Ldn., 1897, 267
Weber, A., theory regarding Indian "Jackal" stories, 43n^1; ["Ueber den Zusammenhang indischer Fabeln mit griechischen"], *Indische Studien*, 130n^1
Wilkins, trans. of the *Hitopadeśa*, 210
Wilkinson, J. G., on the beards of the Ancient Egyptians, 253
Wilson, H. H., *Daśa Kumára Charita; or, Adventures of Ten Princes*, Soc. Pub. Orient. Texts, Ldn., 1864, 153n^1
Winternitz, M., on the date of the *Pañchatantra*, 208; "Suruṅgā and the Kautilya Arthaśāstra," *Indian Historical Quarterly*, 142n^2
Wollaston, Sir A. N., *The Anwar-i-Suhaili; or, Lights of Canopus, commonly known as Kalílah and Dimnah . . .*, Ldn., 1877, 220; *Tales within Tales. Adapted from the Fables of Pilpay*, Ldn., 1909, 240, 241
Worde, Wynkyn de, 266
Wright, W., *The Book of Kalílah and Dimnah*, Oxford, 1884, 219

Yadbhavishya, a fish named, 56, 57
Yajnadattā, wife of Devaśarman, 138
Yajnasoma, Brāhman named, 95, 96
Yaksha, The Brāhman who became a, 125; named Sarvasthānagavāta, 182
Yakshas (subjects of Kuvera, the God of Wealth), 3, 4, 125, 126, 179, 179n^1, 180, 182, 183
Yakshiṇī (fem. form of Yaksha), 180
Yama (the Indian Pluto), 29, 180
Yamajihvā, bawd named, 5, 6, 10, 11, 13
Yamunā (Jumna), the river, 42, 43, 46, 202, 203, 204
Yaśodhara, son of Śridhara, 120-123, 124-126
Yaśodhara and Lakshmīdhara and the Two Wives of the Water-Spirit, Story of, 120-126
Yaugandharāyaṇa, minister of the King of Vatsa, 2
Yoni, nail-marks and tooth-marks made on a woman's, 194, 195
Yuga, more correctly Mahāyuga—*i.e.* 4,320,000 years, 27, 27n^1

Zāda, Sheykh-, *The Forty Vezirs*, 153n^1. See further under Gibb, E. J. W.
Zopyrus, the story of, 105n^1

INDEX II

GENERAL

Academy, The, 211, 275
Account of his own Life as a Parrot, The Parrot's, 28-30, 37
"Act of Truth" *motif*, 124. 124n^1
Adultery, the suspected, 21
"Adventure of Satni-Khamoîs with the Mummies," *Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt*, G. Maspero, 255
Affected by sight of the Achchhoda Lake, 39, 40
Afghan Frontier, Bannú, or Our, S. S. Thorburn, 127n^1
Agis, Life of, Plutarch, 135*n*
Agricultural race in India, *Takkas*, an, 165n^1
Air, power of travelling through the, 33, 35, 169, 170, 172, 173, 191, 192; voice from the, 34, 40, 176
Alf Laylah wa Laylah. See under *Nights*
"Ali Shar and Zumurrud," *The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night* (trans. R. F. Burton), 177
Aloes-Wood into Charcoal, Story of the Foolish Merchant who made, 67
Alphonse's (Peter) Disciplina Clericalis (English Translation). . ., W. H. Hulme, 87n^1
"Altindisches Narrenbuch, Ein," *Berichte ü. d. Verhandl. d. kgl. sächsischen Gesell. d. Wissenschaften, phil.-hist. Klasse*, J. Hertel. 213, 213n^1
Ambassador of the Moon, a hare as, 101, 102
Ambitious Chandāla Maiden, Story of the, 85-86
American click-beetle (*Pyrophorus*), 58n^1, 59*n*
American Journal of Philology, "The Art of Stealing in Hindu Fiction," M. Bloomfield, 61n^1, 64, 142n^2, 143*n*, 158*n*
American Journal of Semitic Languages ["Kalîla Studies"], M. Sprengling, 219, 235
American Oriental Society, New Haven, Conn., 207n^1
American Oriental Society, Journal of the. 37n^1, 48n^1, 49n^1, 59n^2, 63n^1, 64, 102n^2, 175. For fuller details, see under *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*
Ananga-Ranga, A. F. F. and B. F. R. (*i.e.* F. F. Arbuthnot and R. F. Burton), 193; Kalyâna Malla, 193-195
"Anaught" given as payment, 97n^1
Ancient Geography of India, A. Cunningham, 165n^1
Ancient India as described by Megasthenês and Arrian, J. W. McCrindle, 83n^1
Androcles and the lion, 162n^1
Anecdota Pâlica, F. Spiegel, 157n^1
Anecdote by St Jerome, 184n^1
Animals, prudence produces success, not valour, even in the case of, 41; tales of grateful, 157n^1; and the Ungrateful Woman, Story of the Grateful, 157, 157n^1, 158-164
Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- und Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm, J. Bolte and G. Polívka, 3n^1, 66, 79n^3, 100n^1, 117n^1, 153n^1, 157n^1, 267, 275
Annals of the Historical-philological Society of the Imperial New Russian University (Odessa), 235
Annotated Bibliography of Sir Richard Francis Burton, An, N. M. Penzer, 193
Antiquary, Indian. See under *Indian Antiquary*
Antiquities of Great Britain, Popular, J. Brand, 100n^1, 201*n*
Anvār-i-Suhailī; or, Lights of Canopus, 41n^1, 46n^1, 220, 242; *The*, trans. Edward B. Eastwick, Allahabad, 1914, 240
Anwāri Suhaili; or, Lights of Canopus, 41n^1, 46n^1 220, 242
Apartments by rope, man introduced into female, 24
Ape Āla, Story of the Merchant's Son, the Courtesan and the Wonderful, 5-13
Ape trying to fish, Æsop's fable of the, 43n^2
Applause, the fatal, 171
Arabian Nights, The. See under *Nights*
Arabic translation of the Pahlavi version of the *Pañchatantra*, 218. 219
Ardschi-Bordschi Chan. See under *Mongolische Märchen*
Armenian *Fables of Vartan*, The, 242
"Art of Stealing in Hindu Fiction," M. Bloomfield. *Amer. Journ. Phil.*, 61n^1, 64, 142n^2, 143*n*, 158*n*
Articles, magical, 3n^1
Ascetic, Pāśupata, 144; princess becomes an, 189, 190
Asia Major, review of work by Vladimirtsov, 242
Asiatic Society, Royal. Oriental Translation Fund. New Series, 39
Ass in the Panther's Skin, The, 99, 99n^3, 100, 219; The Sick Lion, the Jackal and the, 130, 130n^1, 131, 132
Asses and wine in tale of Rhampsinitus, trick of the, 247

"Ass's Ears, King Midas and his," W. Crooke, *Folk-Lore*, $11n^1$
'Αστεῖα (witticisms), a collection of—*i.e.* φιλόγελως Hierocles. See also under Eberhard, A., $93n$
"As tres Lebres," *Contos Populares Portuguezes*, A. Coelho, $183n^1$
Astrologer killing son as display of prescience, 90; who killed his Son, Story of the, 90
Aus dem Morgenlande, Thier-Novellen nach Bidpai, Heinrich Jäde, Leipzig, 1859, 241
Ausführliches Lexicon der Griechischen und Römischen Mythologie. W. H. Roscher, $258n^1$
Auspicious elephant choosing king, 155, $155n^1$, 175
Austerities, power of former, 37
Auszug aus dem Pañcatantra in Kshemendras Brihatkathā-mañjarī, Der, Leo von Mańkowski, 1892, 212
Avadânas, Les, Contes et Apologues Indien, Stanislas Julien's translation of, $67n^{2,3}$, $68n^1$, $69n^2$, $70n^{1,2}$, $71n^{2,3}$, $72n^1$, $84n^1$, $92n^{1,2}$, $93n^1$, $94n^{1,2}$, $102n^2$, $105n^1$, $111n^2$, $114n^1$, $115n^1$, $116n^{1,2}$; the, $132n^2$, $135n$
Aves (*Birds*), Aristophanes, $37n^2$, $61n^3$

β sub-recension of Hertel's *Tantrākhyāyika*, $107n^2$
Babrii Fabulæ Æsopeæ, Part II, G. Cornewall Lewis, $135n^1$
Babrius edited . . . by W. G. Rutherford, Ldn., 1883, $130n^1$
Bájky Bidpajovy (*Fables of Bidpai*), Františka Třebovského, 237; Eduard Valečka, 237
Bald Man and the Fool who pelted him, Story of the Foolish, 72-73
Bald Man and the Hair-Restorer, Story of the, 83-84
"Balochi Tales," M. Longworth Dames, *Folk-Lore*, $49n^1$
Bank Thief, The. Finnish-Swedish version of the Rhampsinitus story, 282-283
Bannú or Our Afghan Frontier, S. S. Thorburn, $127n^1$
Barber who killed the Monks, The, $138n^1$, 214, 219, 229, 230
Barber, Story of the Fool who wanted a, 96
Basket used by lover for entering a house, 147, $147n^1$
Bawd, The Cuckold Weaver and the, $47n^3$, 223-226; named Makarakaṭī, 7-10, 12, 13; Yamajihvā, 5, 6, 10, 11, 13
Beards in Ancient Egypt, custom of wearing, 253, 254
Bearer of the Golden Lance (god Skanda, patron of thieves), $143n$
Beating wife with creepers, passion renewed while, 16
Beauty, simile of Hindu, 7, 26
Beer-can, inexhaustible, $4n^1$
Beggar's death in the Rhampsinitus story, incident of the, 274
Beiträge zur indischen Erotik: Das Liebesleben des Sanskritvolkes, R. Schmidt, 195; *zur Kenntniss Indischer Dichter*, Aufrecht, $136n^3$; *zur vergleichenden Sagen- und Märchenkunde*, M. Gaster, $128n$
"Beiträge zum Zusammenhang indischer und europäischer Märchen und Sagen," F. Liebrecht, *Orient und Occident*, $92n^2$
Belief in tree-spirits, $179n^1$
Bengal snake with a knob at the end of his tail, $135n$
Berichte ü. d. Verhandl. d. kgl. sächsischen Gesell. d. Wissenschaften, phil.-hist. Klasse, J. Hertel, $213n^1$
Betel, 12; leaves, colour of teeth should be as when chewing, 194
Bhilla, Story of the Wife who falsely accused her Husband of murdering a, 80-82, $153n^1$
Bibliographie des Ouvrages Arabes, Victor Chauvin, $3n^1$, $16n^1$, 66, $87n^1$, $94n^2$, $101n^1$, $122n^1$, $133n$, $147n^1$, $153n^1$, 177, $181n^2$, $183n^1$, 210, 219, $220n^1$, 232, 234-242, 266
Bibliography of Sir Richard Francis Burton, An Annotated, N. M. Penzer, 193
Bird, the Hare, and the Cat, The, 102, $102n^2$, 103; the Monkeys, the Firefly and the, 58, 59; named Kapinjala, 102-103; natural flightiness of a, 37, $37n^2$
Birds from choosing the Owl King, How the Crow dissuaded the, 100, $100n^1$, 102, 103
Bird's Story, The Golden-Crested, 160
Birth of King Simhavikrama, former, 36; remembering former, 30, 36, 38, 124, 158, 173, 191, 192; The Water-Spirit in a Previous, 123-124
Birthplace of the *Pañchatantra*, 208
Bites, marks of scratches and, 181, $181n^1$, 193
"Biting with the teeth," *Daśanchachhedya*, 194, 195
Blicke in die Geisteswelt der heidnischen Kols, F. Hahn, 65
"Blind Man and the Cripple, The," *Russian Folk-Tales*, W. R. S. Ralston, $183n^1$
Blue lotuses, eye resembling a garland of full-blown, 197; garland of, 118
Bodies of vanquished chiefs exposed by Amen-ḥetep II, 254
Body of thief dragged or driven through streets, 268, 282; of thief hung from wall, 247; of thief stolen from wall, 248
Böhmisches Märchenbuch, A. Waldau, $53n^2$, $130n^1$
Boiled rice given to the dead at Hindu funerals, $145n^1$
Book X (Śaktiyaśas), 1-195; XI (Velā), 196-204
Book of Noodles, W. A. Clouston, 68, $168n^1$
"Book" or "section," *tantra*—*i.e.* 207
Book of Sindibād, the, 259, 260, 263; W. A. Clouston, $122n^1$, $127n^1$, 267

Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night. See under *Nights*
"Books, Five," the (*Pañchatantra*), $41n^1$
Boy taken for a cat, Brāhman, 167, 168
Boy who went to the Village for Nothing. Story of the Foolish, 136-137
Boys that milked the Donkey, Story of the, 136, $136n^3$
Bracelet, the porter who found a, 1, 2
Brahmachārin's Son, Story of the, 89
Brāhman boy taken for a cat, 167, 168; who built Castles-in-the-Air, The, $138n^1$, 214, 228-229; cheated to believe his goat is a dog, 104; cursed by Mahāśvetā, 40; the Goat and the Rogues. The, 104, $104n^1$; and the Mungoose, Story of the, 138, $138n^1$ 139, 217; named Devaśarman, 138, 139; Harighosha, 159; Puṇḍarīka. 39. 40; Rudrasoma, 148-150; Śrīdhara, 120; Story of King Vikramasimha, the Courtesan and the Young, 15-18; the Thief and the Rākshasa, The, 107, $107n^1$; who became a Yaksha, The, 125
Brāhmans, knowledge of the sciences bestowed on two young, 125, 126
Brāhman's Wife and the Sesame-Seeds, The, 76, 77
Brahmany Drake, Story of the Fool who behaved like a, 118-119
Breach in thieving, names for the different shapes of the, $142n^3$
Breaking through walls and digging tunnels, Indian method of thieving, 142, $142n^2$, 250
Breasts of a woman, marks made with nails on the, 193, 194
Brothel, to catch thief, King's daughter put in a, 248, 254
Brothers who divided all that they had, Story of the Two, 114, $114n^1$; Yajnasoma and Kirtisoma, Story of the Two, 95, 96
Buch der Beispiele der alten Weisen, Anthonius von Pfor or Pforr, 220
Buch der Beispiele der alten Weisen, Das, Anth. von Pfor or Pforr. Holland's ed., Stuttgart, 1860, 238
Buddhist Birth Stories or Jātaka Tales, T. W. Rhys Davids, Trübner's Orient. Series, $3n^1$, $55n^3$, $79n^3$, $98n^1$, $100n^1$
Buddhist Literature of Nepal, The Sanskrit, Rājendralāla Mitra, $127n^1$
Buddhist Monk who was bitten by a Dog, Story of the, 165; refugees settling in Tibet, Indian, 284
Buddhistic origin of the "Impossibilities" *motif*, probable, 64
Buffalo, Story of the Simpletons who ate the, 117-118
Bull abandoned in the Forest, Story of the, 42-43, 44-45, 46-47, 49, 50-52, 52-53, 54-55, 59, 61, 63
Bull, descending from heaven, 169; named Sanjīvaka, 42, 43, 47, 51, 52, 53, 55, 58, 63; of Śiva, the, 42, 168; of Śiva, Story of the Fools and the, 168, $168n^1$, 169, 170, $170n^1$
Burial rites for a Hindu, necessity of performing, 144, 145, 250
Burmese regalia, the, 175
Burnt Alive sooner than share his Food with a Guest, Story of the Man who submitted to be, 165-167; herself with her Husband's body, Story of the Faithless wife who, 19
Burton, An Annotated Bibliography of Sir Richard Francis, N. M. Penzer, 193
Buttocks, nail marks made on the surface of the, 193

Cabinet des Fées, 41 vols., Geneva and Paris, 1785-1789, $46n^1$, $58n^1$
Cake, hunger satisfied by eating the seventh, 116, 117
Cakes, Story of the Fool and the, 116, $162n^2$, 117
Calendar, five supplementary days in the Egyptian and Mayan, 252
Cambridge edition of the *Jātaka*, $3n^1$, $63n^1$, 64, $79n^3$, $98n^1$, $99n^3$, $100n^1$, $101n^{1,2}$, $157n^1$, $163n^1$, 176
Camel and the other animals, the, 53, 54
Candles used for frightening the guards, lighted, 268, 281
Canon, the Tibetan, *Ka-gyur* (*Kanjur*), 284
Canopus, Lights of, or *Anvār-i-Suhaili*, $41n^1$, $46n^1$, 218, 220
Carpenter and his Wife, The, 108, $108n^2$
Casket of jewels, wealth in form of, 163, $163n^1$
Cat, The Bird, the Hare and the, 102, $102n^2$, 103; Brāhman boy taken for a, 167, 168; the hypocritical, $102n^2$, 103
Catalogue of Persian MSS. British Museum, Ch. Rieu, 239
Celestial horse, Āśuśravas, 31
Cento Novelle Antiche. $13n^1$
Ceylon, Sacred and Historical Books of, E. Upham, $73n^1$
Ceylon, Village Folk-Tales of, H. Parker, $48n^1$, $49n^1$, $52n^2$, 55^3, $63n^1$, 65
Channel of story migration, gypsies as a, 275, 276
Charioteer of Indra, Mātali, 31
"Charlatan, The," *Fables*, La Fontaine, $91n^1$
Chastity, the proof of, 123
Cheeks of sentinels shaved by way of insult, 247
Chess introduced from India into Persia, 218
Chewing betel leaves, colour of teeth should be as when, 194
Childhood of Fiction, J. A. Macculloch, $128n$
Choosing a King by Divine Will, 175-177
Cinq cent contes et apologues, E. Chavannes, $63n^1$
Classical Versions of the tale of Rhampsinitus, 255-259
Click-beetle, American (*Pyrophorus*), $58n^1$, $59n$
Clouds (*Nubes*), Aristophanes, $29n^2$
Clouds of Aristophanes, The, W. J. M. Starkie, 257

Coiling round king, snake, 164, 164n^1
Colours, flowers of five, 121
"Come-what-will" — *i.e.* Yadbhavishya, 56n^1
Comparison of Somadeva's story of Ghaṭa and Karpara and Herodotus' tale of Rhampsinitus, 249, 250
Composer of *Pūrṇabhadra*, a version of the *Pañchatantra*, 217
Conde Lucanor [Don Juan Manuel], 79n^3
Confessio amantis, John Gower, 157n^1
Consolatio ad Apollonium, Plutarch, 257
Contes Indiens et L'Occident, Les, E. Cosquin, 177
Contes et Nouvelles, La Fontaine. 11n^1
Contes Populaires de Lorraine, E. Cosquin, 87n^1
Contes Populaires Malagaches, G. Ferrand, 127n^1
Contos Populares Portuguezes, A. Coelho, 55n^3, 67n^3, 105n, 109n^2, 183n^1
Conversing with the king, trick of, 187
Cotton Galba E. MS. of the *Seven Sages of Rome*, 264
Courtesan, named Kumudikā, 15-18; revealing secret, 83; and the Wonderful Ape Āla, Story of the Merchant's Son, the, 5-13; and the Young Brāhman, Story of King Vikramasiṃhā, the, 15-18
Courtesan's love tested by assumed death, 17
Courtesans, instructions for, 5, 6, 6n^1; learning the tricks of, 5, 6; the perfidy of, 5, 13, 14
Cowherd brought into a house dressed as a woman, 148, 148n^2; Story of the Woman who escaped from the Monkey and the, 141-142
Crab, the advice of a, 61
Crane and the Makara, The, 48-49; the Snake and the Mungoose, The, 61
Creatures, wealth is youth to, 78
Crocodile—i.e. *makara*, 47, 47n^2, 48, 48n^1
"Crooked-nose," Vakramāsa, 106n^1
Crow dissuaded the Birds from choosing the Owl King, How the, 100, 100n^1, 102-104; and the Jackal, The Lion, the Panther, the, 53, 54; and the King of the Pigeons, the Tortoise and the Deer, Story of the, 73-75, 78-80; named Laghupātin, 73-75, 78-79
Crown, one of the five emblems of royalty, 175
Crows, Meghavarṇa, king of the, 98, 99, 111, 113; and the Owls, Story of the War between the, 98, 98n^1, 99, 100, 104-113; who tricked the Serpent, The, 47n^3, 214, 226, 227
"Cruel-eye," Krūralochana, 106n
Cuckold Weaver and the Bawd, The, 47n^3, 223-226
Cucumber containing pearls, 65
Çukasaptati, Die, textus simplicior, R. Schmidt, 64
"Culprit, marking the," *motif*, 274, 275. 284
Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, S. Baring-Gould, 138n^1
Curse of Destiny, 2; of Gautama, 96; of Hemaprabhā and Lakshmīsena at an end, 191, 192
Curse of the Hermit, The, 202, 203; Hiraṇyaksha released from his, 173; inflicted on a hermit, 161; on Makarandikā inflicted by her parents, 36; Makarandikā and Siṃhavikrama released from their, 38; Puṇḍarīka and Śūdraka released from their, 40; on Rajatadraṃshtra, sister inflicts, 160; of an unsuccessful love, fulfil the, 40; on a Vidyādhara, inflicted by his father, 159; on a young Brāhman, invoke a, 40
Custom of hanging criminals on a wall, 254
Cutting off ears and nose of faithless wife, 82, 82n^1, 156; off hands and tongue, punishment for thieves, 61, 61n^1, 143n; off nose of
Cutting—*continued*
faithless wife, 123; off the thief's head with a machine, incident of, 283
Czech versions of the Panchatantra, 236, 237, 238

Dæmonologie, Nathaniel Homes, 201n
Dancing-girl named Sundarī, 7-13
"Dankbaren Thiere, Die," *Märchen der Magyaren*, Gaal, 157n^1
Daśa Kumāra Charita, the, transl. J. Hertel, 142n^2
Daśa Kumāra Charita, the, transl. F. J. Meyer, 176
Daśa Kumāra Charita, the, ed. H. H. Wilson, 153n
Date of the *History* of Herodotus, 258
Date of the *Pañchatantra*, 207, 208; of *Pūrṇabhadra*, a Jain version of the *Pañchatantra*, 217; of the *Seven Sages of Rome*, 263; of "*Textus Simplicior*," 216
Daughter grow, medicine to make, 91; of the hermit, the beautiful, 201, 202; Pharaoh prostituting his, 248, 254. 255
Days in the Egyptian and Mayan calendar, five supplementary, 252
Dead given rice at Hindu funerals, 145n^1; wife pretending being, 179, 180
Death, assumed to test courtesan's love, 17; in the Rhampsinitus story, incident of the beggar's, 274; for thieving, 143n; from torments of love, 39
Decameron, Boccaccio, 13n^1
Decameron, its Sources and Analogues, The, A. C. Lee, 275
Deccan Days, Old, M. Frere, 49n^1
Deer, the *chamari*, 29; named Chitrāṅga, 78-80; Story of the Crow and the King of the Pigeons, the Tortoise and the, 73-75, 78-80
Deer's Former Captivity, The, 79n^3, 214, 219, 227, 228
"Deif van Brugghe, De," G. W. Dasent, *Zeit. f. d. Alterth.*, vol. v, 1845,

Demonax, Lucian, 136n^3
De Nugis Curialium. See *Nugis Curialium, De*
"Depositaire Infidele, Le," *Fables*, La Fontaine, 64
Descending from heaven, 34, 169
Description of Greece, Pausanias's, J. G. Frazer, 256, 257, 266
Desirable qualities of fingernails and teeth, 193, 194
Destiny, the curse of, 2
"Destiny, The Voice of the Stone of," E. S. Hartland, *Folk-Lore*, 177
Deutsche Volksmärchen aus Schwaben, E. Meier, 157n^1
Deutschen Volksbücher, Die, K. Simrock, 43n^2, 102n^2, 104n^1, 127n^1, 138n^1, 146n^1, 204n^1
Deux Redactions du Roman des Sept Sages de Rome, Gaston Paris, Paris, 1876, 263, 266n^1
Dharmakalpadruma, 186n^1
Dice in Hades, Rhampsinitus playing, 252, 253
Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Smith, 256
Dictionary of Kashmiri Proverbs, A, J. H. Knowles, 64, 65
Digging tunnels, breaking through walls and, Indian method of thieving, 142, 142n^2, 250
Dimnah. See *Kalilah and Dimnah*, etc.
Directorium vitæ humanæ, John of Capua, 220, 232, 237, 238
Disciplina Clericalis, Peter Alphonse's (*English Translation*), W. H. Hulme, 87n^1
Disciplina Clericalis, Petrus Alphonsus, 13n^1, 87n^1
Discontent produces grief, 115
Discorsi degli Animali, Agnolo Firenzuola, 220
Disease to be cured by the heart of a monkey, 128, 128n^2, 129
Divine Will, Choosing a King by, 175-177
Doctor, Story of the Fool that was his own, 139
Dog, Brâhman cheated to believe his goat is a, 104; Story of the Buddhist Monk who was bitten by a, 165; that swallows silver and gems, 11n^1
Dolopathos and its derivates, 249, 260-263, 274, 281, 285
Doni, The Morall Philosophie of, 41n^1, 218, 220
Donkey, Story of the Boys that milked the, 136, 136n^3
Door, Story of the Servant who looked after the, 117, 117n^1
Drake, Story of the Fool who behaved like a Brahmany, 118-119
Draught-bull named Sanjîvaka, 42, 43, 47, 51-53, 55, 58, 63
Dream of Hemaprabhâ, the, 190; moon entering Harshavatî's mouth in a, 30
Dressed as a woman, cowherd brought into a house, 148, 148n^2
Drinking, results of the vice of, 4, 5
Drum, beaten as thief is led to execution, 143n; The Jackal and the, 46
Drunk, secret let out when, 1, 2, 3n^1
Dutch poem, Old, "De Deif van Brugghe," G. W. Dasent, 284
Dye used as a means of future recognition, 273, 283
Dyocletianus Leben, H. A. Keller, 79n^2

Early English Versions of the Gesta Romanorum, S. J. H. Herrtage, 87n^1, 104n^1, 138n^1
Ears, cut off for thieving, 143n; and nose cut off by his wife, Vajrasâra's, 22; and nose of faithless wife, cutting off, 82, 82n^1, 156
Ear-throbbing in Norway, signs of, 201n
Eastern Monachism, R. Spence Hardy, 153n^1
Eat iron, mice that, 62, 64
Eating the seventh cake, hunger satisfied by, 116, 117
Editions of the *Brihat-kathâmañjarî*, 212; of *Pûrnabhadra*, 217; and translations of the *Hitopadeśa*, 210
Editors of "*Textus Simplicior*," 216, 217
Egyptian origin, different opinions about the Rhampsinitus story being of, 253-255
Eight different kinds of nail-scratches, 193-194
"Ein altindisches Narrenbuch." See "Altindisches Narrenbuch, Ein"
Elephant choosing king, auspicious, 155, 155n^1, 175; and the Horses, The Race between the, 196, 197, 198
Elephant-headed god, the (Ganeśa), 196
Elephants, Chaturdanta, king of the, 101, 102; and the Hares, The, 101, 101n^1, 102
Eleven Husbands, Story of the Woman who had, 184-185, 184n^1
Emblems of royalty, five, 175, 176
Empires, policy, the foundation of, 99
Encyclopædia of Islâm, "Kalilah wa-Dimna," C. Brockelmann, 234
English names for the *Pañchatantra*, 41n^1; versions of the *Seven Sages of Rome*, nine Middle, 263, 266
Epithets of moon, 101 101n^2
Erotic element in swinging, the, 189n^1
"Escaping One's Fate" *motif*, 186n^1
Esop w wesolym humorze, 2 vols. Varsovie (Warsaw), 1770, 241
Esope en belle humeur, 241
Essai sur Gunâdhya et la Brhatkathâ, F. Lacôte, 211
H-class MSS. of the "*Textus Simplicior*," 216, 217
[*Etymologiæ*] Isidore of Seville, 201n
Etymology of the name Rhampsinitus, 250, 251
"Eulenspiegel, Till." See "Till Eulenspiegel"
European versions of the *Pañchatantra*, 207
"Evil-Wit, No-Wit and Honest-Wit," F. Edgerton, *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, 59n^2
Evolution of Modesty, The, Havelock Ellis, 189n^1

Exemplario contra los engaños y peligros del mundo, 238
Experience of Rudrasoma, the unhappy, 148, 149
Explanatory Note to the Genealogical Table of the Panchatantra, 232-234
"External Soul" *motif*, 127*n*[1]
Eye, resembling a garland of full-blown blue lotuses, 197; throbbing in the right, 200, 201*n*; of the World, the flaming, 29, 29*n*[2], 30

FF Communications, Helsingfors and Hamina, 281
Fabeln und Parabeln des Orients, trans. Souby-Bey, 241
Fable of Menenius (The Belly and the Members), 135*n*
Fables, Babrius, Sir G. Cornewall Lewis' ed., 135*n*[1]; Rutherford's ed., 130*n*[1]
Fables, La Fontaine, 64, 73*n*[1], 91*n*[1], 102*n*[2], 106*n*[1], 132*n*[2], 135
Fables of Bidpai, Bájky Bidpajovy, František Třebovského, 237
Fables and Folk-Tales from an Eastern Forest, W. W. Skeat, 48*n*[1], 49*n*[1], 63*n*[1]
Fables, Indian, Ramaswami Raja, 48*n*[1], 49*n*[1]
Fables of Phædrus, 61*n*[3], 102*n*[2]
Fables de Pilpay (French versions), 220
Fables of Pilpay (or *Bidpai*), 41*n*[1], 46*n*[1], 218, 240; edited by J. Harris, 240
Fables of Vartan, The Armenian, 242
Fabula, Babrius, 79*n*[2], 110*n*[1]
Facquin et le Rostisseur, Le, Rabelais, 132*n*[2], 133*n*
Faerie Queene, The, Edmund Spenser, 29*n*[2]
Faithless Wife who Burnt herself with her Husband's Body, Story of, 19; cutting off nose of, 123; cutting off nose and ears of, 82, 82*n*[1], 156; who had her Husband Murdered, Story of, 20; hypocrisy of, 108; who was present at her own Śrāddha, Story of the, 84-85
"False Ascetics and Nuns in Hindu Fiction," M. Bloomfield, *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, 102*n*[2]
False *śrāddha*, the, 85
Farther Indian versions of the Panchatantra, 234
Fasti, Ovid, 68*n*
Fatal applause, the, 171
"Fatalist who believed in *Kismet*" — *i.e.* Yadbhavishya, 56*n*[1]
"Fate, Escaping One's," *motif*, 186*n*[1]
Fate of the thoughtless tortoise, the, 56
Father cursing son, 159
Fear of the unknown, 45
Feet cut off for thieving, 143*n*
Female apartments, man introduced into, by rope, 24
"Femme dans le Coffre de Vere, La," *Bibliographie des Ouvrages Arabes*, V. Chauvin, 122*n*[1]
"Festal car" in ceremony of choosing a king by divine will, 176
Fickleness of king's wife, 23, 24
Finger-nails, desirable qualities of, 193
"Finnische Märchenvarianten," A. Aarne, *FF Communications* 5 . . ., 281
Finnish, Swedish-, version of the story of Rhampsinitus, 281-283
Fire and Water, Story of the Fool who mixed, 68
Firefly (*Pyrophorus*), 58*n*[1], 59*n*; and the Birds, The Monkeys, the, 58-59
"Fish that possessed presence of mind, the"—*i.e.* Pratyutpannamati, 56*n*[1]
Fish, The Three, 56-57
"Fisherman and the Jinni, Tale of the," *Nights*, Burton, 181*n*[2]
"Five Books," the (*Pañchatantra*), 41*n*[1]
Five Books, entitled *The Separation of Friends, The Winning of Friends, The Story of the Crows and the Owls, The Loss of One's Gettings*, and *Hasty Action*, composed by Vishṇuśarman, 222
Five colours, flowers of, 121; emblems of royalty, 175, 176; in Hindu ritual, mystical number of, 175; supplementary days in the Egyptian and Mayan calendar, 252
"Five," *Pañca*, 175
"Five Tantras *or* Books" (i.e. *Pañchatantra*), 207
"Five *tantras*," work consisting of (i.e. *Pañchatantra*), 207
"Flame-eye," Dīptanayana, 106*n*
Flaming eye of the world, the, 29, 29*n*[2], 30
"Flasche, Die," *Irische Elfenmärchen*, J. and W. Grimm, 3*n*[1]
Flavours, the six, 114, 114*n*[2]
Flaying alive, the procedure of, 65
Flea, The Louse and the, 52; named Ṭiṭṭibha, 52
Flesh, Story of the King who replaced the, 93
Flowers of five colours, 121
Flowers from a Persian Garden, W. A. Clouston, 101*n*[1]
Flying through the air, 33, 35, 169, 170, 172, 173, 191, 192
Folk-Lore, "Balochi Tales," M. Longworth Dames, 49*n*[1]; "King Midas and his Ass's Ears," W. Crooke, 11*n*[1]; [Presidential Address], W. H. D. Rouse, 66; "The Voice of the Stone of Destiny," E. S. Hartland, 177
Folklore of Farther India, Laos, K. N. Fleeson, 59*n*[2]
Folk-Lore in the Himālaya, Sport and, H. L. Haughton, 65
Folklore, Indian, G. Jethabhai, 64
Folklore of Kumaun and Garhwal, Proverbs and, G. D. Upreti, 64, 65
Folk-Lore of Northern India, The Popular Religion and, W. Crooke, 27*n*[2], 30*n*[2], 59*n*[1], 101*n*[1], 126*n*[1], 160*n*[1], 176
"Folklore in the Panjâb," Steel and Temple, *Indian Antiquary*, 49*n*[1]
["Folklore of Salsette"] G. D. D'Penha, *Indian Antiquary*, 65

Folk-Lore of the Santal Parganas, C. H. Bompas, 65
"Folklore, Sinhalese," H. A. Pieris, *The Orientalist*, 55*n*³
Folk-Lore of the Telugus, G. R. Subramiah Pantulu, 48*n*¹, 49*n*¹, 56*n*¹, 59*n*²
"Folklore of the Telugus, Some notes on the," G. R. Subramiah Pantulu, *Indian Antiquary*, 48*n*¹, 49*n*¹, 56*n*¹, 59*n*²
Folk-Tales of Ceylon, Village, H. Parker, 48*n*¹, 49*n*¹, 52*n*³, 55*n*³, 63*n*¹, 65
Folk-Tales from an Eastern Forest, Fables and, W. W. Skeat, 48*n*¹, 49*n*¹, 63*n*¹
Folk-Tales of Kashmir, J. H. Knowles, 65, 281
Folk-Tales, Russian, W. R. S. Ralston, 82*n*², 166*n*¹, 170*n*¹, 183*n*¹
Folk-Tales from Tibet, W. F. T. O'Connor, 49*n*¹, 64
Fool who wanted a Barber, Story of the, 96; who behaved like a Brahmany Drake, Story of the, 118-119; and his Brother, Story of the, 89; and the Cakes, Story of the, 116-116*n*², 117; cheated to believe he is married and has a son, 69; and the Cotton, Story of the, 70; that was his own Doctor, Story of the, 139; that did not drink, Story of the Thirsty, 88; who mixed Fire and Water, Story of the, 68; who saw Gold in the Water, Story of the, 115, 115*n*¹; who mistook Hermits for Monkeys, Story of the, 140; and his Milch-Cow, Story of the, 72; who looked for the Moon, Story of the, 141; who took Notes of a certain Spot in the Sea, Story of the, 92-93; and the Ornaments, Story of the, 69-70; who found a Purse, Story of the, 140-141; who was nearly choked with Rice, Story of the, 135-136; and the Salt, Story of the, 71-72; who killed his Son, Story of the, 88-89; stones
Fool—*continued*
laugh at a, 89; who gave a Verbal Reward to the Musician, Story of the, 132, 132*n*², 133; who asked his Way to the Village, Story of the, 170, 171
Foolish Bald Man and the Fool who pelted him, Story of the, 72-73; Boy who went to the Village for Nothing, 136-137; Herdsman, Story of the, 69; King who made his Daughter grow, Story of the, 91, 91*n*¹, 92; Merchant who made Aloes-Wood into Charcoal, Story of the, 67; Servant, Story of a, 84; Servant, Story of the, 113; son, the curse of having a, 222; Teacher, the Foolish Pupils and the Cat, Story of the, 167-168; Villagers who cut down the Palm-Trees, 70-71
Fools and the Bull of Śiva, Story of the, 168, 168*n*¹, 169, 170, 170*n*¹; lose wealth as soon as they get it, 141
Footnotes to the Genealogical Table of the Panchatantra, 236-242
Forest, the Vindhya, 39
"Forethought"—*i.e.* Anāgatavidhātri, 56*n*¹
Form assumed by Vishṇu, Narasimha (Man-lion), 1, 1*n*²
Former austerities, power of, 37; birth, remember, 30, 36, 38, 124, 158, 173, 191, 192; birth of King Simhavikrama, 36; Birth, The Hermit's Story of Somaprabha, Manorathaprabha and Makarandika, wherein it appears who the Parrot was in a, 30-32, 34-37
"Formiga e a Neve, A," *Contos Populares Portuguezes*, A. Coelho, 109*n*²
Forty Vazirs (Behrnauer's translation). See further under Behrnauer, W. F. A., 153*n*¹
Forty Vezirs, The History of the, E. J. W. Gibb and Sheykh-Zāda, 153*n*¹
Foundation of empires, policy, the, 99
Four books, the *Hitopadeśa* containing, 210; independent streams of the *Pañchatantra* (Edgerton), 208; meditations, the, 151, 151*n*¹
Four Vedas, Parrot that knows the, 28
Fox in *Fables of Bidpai* (*Pilpay*), tale of the, 46*n*¹; and the heron in a Portuguese tale, 55*n*³; and jackal stories of East and West, 43*n*¹; and tortoise, tale of the (Dubois' *Pañcha-Tantra*), 55*n*³
Fragmenta Historicorum Græcorum, K. O. Müller, 258
Fragrance of lotuses, lake perfumed with the, 120
French version of the *Dolopathos*, poetical, 260, 262, 263, 274, 285
"Friendly Advice" the *Hitopadeśa* or, Nārāyaṇa, 210
Friends of Dhavalamukha, the two, 87
"Friendship, Of Real," *Gesta Romanorum*, 87*n*¹
Frogs, The Snake and the, 112, 112*n*¹
Fruit, Story of the Servant who tasted the, 94, 94*n*²
Fulfil the curse of an unsuccessful love, 40
Full of lotuses, a lake, 30
Full-blown blue lotuses, eye resembling a garland of, 197
Funerals, boiled rice given to the dead at Hindu, 145*n*¹

Gadyātmakaḥ Kathasāritsāgaraḥ, Jibananda Vidyasagara, 236
Garhwal, Proverbs and Folklore of Kumaun and, G. D. Upreti, 64, 65
Garland of blue lotuses, 118; of full-blown blue lotuses, eye resembling, 197
Garlands in the *swayaṁvara* (marriage by choice) ceremony, throwing, 197*n*¹
"Gaze" or "treasure" story, the, 261, 261*n*³, 263
Geese flying over Mount Taurus, wisdom of, 55*n*³

Gems, dog that swallows silver and, 11n^1
Genealogical Table of the Panchatantra by Franklin Edgerton, 232-242
Genealogical tree of the *Pañchatantra*, 42n^2, 207, 220
Geschichte der Prosadichtungen, John Dunlop, trans. into German by Felix Liebrecht, 13n^1, 87n^1, 111n^2, 162n^1, 186n^2
Geschichten hellenischer Stämme und Städte: Orchomenos und die Minyer, K. O. Muller, 257
Gesta Romanorum, the, 13n^1, 87n^1, 138n^1, 153n^1, 157n^1; [edited by Wynnard Hooper], Bohn's Antiquarian Library, 138n^1; *Early English Version of the*, S. J. H. Herrtage, 87n^1, 104n^1, 138n^1
Gesta Romanorum, Dissertations on the . . . See under Douce, Francis
Ghata and Karpara, Story of the Two Thieves, 142, 151; Origin of the Story of (App. II), 245-286
Girl like a wave of the sea of love's insolence, a, 199
Glow-worm (*Lampyris noctiluca*), 58n^1, 59n
Glücksvogel, the heart of the, 130n^1
Goat is a dog, Brāhman cheated to believe his, 104; and the Rogues, The Brāhman, the, 104, 104n^1
God, the elephant-headed (Ganeśa), 196; of Love, (Kāma), 26, 121, 149, 197, 198; Skanda, patron of thieves, 143n
Goddess of Prosperity, 113; of Sleep, the, 197
Gold in the Water, Story of the Fool who saw, 115, 115n^1
Golden Bough, The, J. G. Frazer, 189n^1
Golden-Crested Bird's Story, The, 160
Golden Lance, the bearer of the (god Skanda), 143n
Goldsmith as thief in Hindu fiction, 158n
Grass, *darbha*, 185
"Grateful Animals" *motif*, 157n^1
Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman, Story of the, 157, 157n^1, 158-164
Great Tale, the—*i.e. Brihat-kathā*, 39, 42n, 214. See further under *Brihat-katha*
Greedy Jackal, The, 77
Greek version of *Kalilah and Dimnah*, Symeon Seth, 58n^1, 219, 238, 239
Griechische Märchen, Bernhard Schmidt, 128n^2, 157n^1
Griechische Mythologie, L. Preller, 67n^3
Griechische Roman, Der, E. Rodhe, 133n
Grief produced by discontent, 115
Grove of Lebadea, 256
Guards, lighted candles used for frightening the, 268, 281
Guide du Visiteur au Musée du Caire, G. Maspero, 254
Guṇāḍhya et la Bṛhatkathā, F. Lacôte, 211
Gypsies as a channel of story migration, 275, 276
Gypsy Folk-Tales, F. H. Groome, 275
Gypsy version close variant of the tale of Rhampsinitus, 275

Hair-Restorer, Story of the Bald Man and the, 83-84
Hands cut off and tongue cut out for thieving, 61, 61n^1, 143n
Hanging bodies of thief and of chiefs on wall, 248, 254
Hardness of a diamond, one who has the, Vajrasāra, 22n^1; of stubble, one who has the, *tṛiṇasāra*, 22n^1
Hare, and the Cat, The Bird, the, 102, 102n^2, 103; The Lion and the, 49-50; in the moon, Hindus find a, 101n^2; named Vijaya, 101
Hares, The Elephants and the, 101, 101n^1, 102; Śilīmukha, king of the, 101-102
Harlot. See Courtesan
Harvard Oriental Series, 216n^1, 217n^1
Hasty Action, one of the Five Books of the *Pañchatantra*, 222
Hatim's Tales, A. Stein and G. Grierson, 176, 177
Head of trapped thief cut off by companion, 246, 257; cut off with a machine, 283
Heads, snake with three, 161; Story of the Snake with Two, 134, 134n^2, 135, 135n
Heart of the Glücksvogel, the, 130n^1; of a monkey, disease to be cured by the, 128, 128n^2, 129
Heaven, bull descending from, 169
Heavenly nymph, the story of the, 32
Hebraeischen Uebersetzungen, M. Steinschneider, 220n^1, 237-239
"Heimonskinder, Die," *Die Deutschen Volksbucher*, K. Simrock, 146n^1, 204n^1
Hen in the *Anvār-i-Suhaili*, tale of the, 46n^1
Heptameron of Margaret, Queen of Navarre, the, 153n^1. See further under Margaret, Queen of Navarre
Herabkunft des Feuers und des Göttertranks, Die, A. Kuhn, 29n^2, 111n^2
Herdsman, Story of the Foolish, 69
Hermit, the beautiful daughter of the, 201, 202; The Curse of the, 202, 203; curse inflicted on a, 161; The Mouse and the, 75-76, 77-78; named Marichi, 30, 37; named Mātanga, 201-203; and his Pupils, Story of the, 178
Hermitage of Didhitimat, 32; of the sage Jābāli, 39; of Kaśyapa, 161; of Mahāśvetā, 40; of Mātanga, 202; Pulastya, head of the, 30, 37
Hermit's laugh, the, 30, 30n^1, 37, 37n^1; son, Raśmimat, 32-34, 38; Story of Somaprabha, Manorathaprabhā, and Makarandikā, wherein it appears who the Parrot was in a Former Birth, The, 30-32, 34-37

Hermits for Monkeys, Story of the Fool who mistook, 140
Hermotimus, Lucian, 133*n*
Heron in a Portuguese tale, the fox and the, 55*n*³
Hills, the Vindhya, 185
Hindoostanee Reader, 240
Hindu beauty, simile of, 7, 26; burial rites, 250; fiction, goldsmith as thief in, 158*n*; funerals, boiled rice given to dead at, 145*n*¹; pun, 14, 29, 29*n*¹; 88, 88*n*¹, 95, 95*n*¹
Hindu Tales, H. Jacobi, 176
Hindu Tales, J. J. Meyer, 175, 176
Hindus find a hare in the moon, 101*n*²
Historia Maior, Matthæus Paris, 157*n*¹
Historia Septem Sapientum, A. Hilka, 261, 261*n*², 266
History, Herodotus, 245, 258
History of Fiction, John Dunlop, Liebrecht's trans., 13*n*¹, 87*n*¹, 111*n*², 162*n*¹, 186*n*²
History of the Forty Vezirs, The, E. J. W. Gibb and Sheykh-Zada, 153*n*¹
History of Herodotus, G. Rawlinson, 245*n*¹, 253
History of Magic and Experimental Science, A, Lynn Thorndyke, 201*n*
History of the Pahlavi version of the *Pañchatantra*, 218
History of the Seven Wise Masters of Rome, ed. G. L. Gomme, 266*n*²
"History of the Story of Stephanites . . ., On the," A. Rystenko, *Annals of the Historical-philological Society of the Imperial New Russian University*, 235
Holy sage (Rishi), 28, 36, 110, 203
Home of the *Pañchatantra*, the, 208; of sciences and virtue, Kaśmīra, the, 171
Hoopoe, "the bird with a golden crest," 160*n*¹
Horse, Āśuśravas, a celestial, 31; in the rite of choosing a king by divine will, 176
Horses, The Race between the Elephant and the, 196-198
How the Crow dissuaded the Birds from choosing the Owl King, 100, 100*n*¹, 102, 103-104
Huître et les Plaideurs, Le, La Fontaine, 132*n*²
Hunchback, Story of the Physician who tried to cure a, 119
Hunger satisfied by eating the seventh cake, 116, 117
Husband falsely accused by Wife of murdering a Bhilla, Story of, 80-82, 153*n*¹
Husbands, Story of the Woman who had Eleven, 184-185
Hypocrisy of faithless wife, 108
Hypocritical cat, the, 102*n*², 103
Hysmine and Hysminius, The Story of, Eustathius, 200*n*³

Identity of King Rhampsinitus, 250
[*Idylls, The*] Theocritus, 201*n*
Il Decamerone. See under *Decameron* and Boccaccio
Illustrations of Shakspeare . . . with Dissertations on the Gesta Romanorum, F. Douce, 87*n*¹
Il Pecorone, Ser Giovanni (English ed. by W. G. Waters), 267, 281
Il Pentamerone. See under *Pentamerone, Il*
"Impossibilities" *Motif*, Note on the, 64-66
Incendiaria avis. Pliny's account of the, 111*n*²
Incident of the beggar's death in the Rhampsinitus story, 274
Inconstancy of woman, the, 245
Indian Antiquary, 93*n*; "Vrihatkatha of Kshemendra," J. G. Bühler, 212; ["Folk-lore of Salsette"] G. F. D'Penha, 65; J. H. Knowles' tales, 177; "Some Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Telugus," Pantulu, G. R. Subramiah, 48*n*¹, 49*n*¹, 56*n*¹, 59*n*²; "Folk-lore in the Panjâb," Steel and Temple, 49*n*¹
Indian Buddhist refugees settling in Tibet, 284
Indian Fables, Ramaswami Raju, 48*n*¹, 49*n*¹, 65
Indian Fairy Tales, M. Stokes, 157*n*¹
Indian Folk-lore, G. Jethabhai, 64
Indian "Jackal" stories, Weber's theory regarding, 43*n*¹; method of thieving, 142, 142*n*², 250
Indic versions of the Panchatantra, Late, 233, 234
Indika, Arrian's. See under McCrindle, J. W.
Indische Studien ["Ueber den Zusammenhang indischer Fabeln mit griechischen"], A. Weber, 130*n*¹
Indischen Erotik, Beiträge zur, R. Schmidt, 195
Inexhaustible beer-can, the, 4*n*¹
Inexhaustible pitcher, the, 3, 3*n*¹, 4
Inquisitive monkey, the, 43, 44
insolence, a girl like a wave of the sea of love's, 199
Instructions for courtesans, 5, 6, 6*n*¹
Interruptions of the main story in the *Pañchatantra*, 213
Introduction-Kathāmukha, 221-222
Introduction to the *Pañchatantra* omitted by Somadeva, 41*n*¹, 214; to the "Prioress's Tale," W. W. Skeat, 27*n*²
Investing with the sacred thread, 33
Ioannis de Alta Silva Dolopathos, sive Rege et Septem Sapientibus, H. Oesterley, 261, 261*n*¹
Irische Elfenmärchen, J. and W. Grimm, 3*n*¹
Iron-eating mice, 62, 64
Isis et Osiris, Plutarch, 252
Island of Laṅkā, the, 199
Italian Popular Tales, T. F. Crane, 66

Jackal and the Ass, The Sick Lion, the, 130, 130*n*¹, 131, 132; and the Drum, The, 46; The Greedy, 77; The Lion, the Panther, the

Jackal—*continued*
Crow and the, 53, 54; The Rams and the Foolish, $47n^3$, 223
Jackals, Damanaka and Karataka, the two, 43, 44, 47, 50, 58, 63, 218
Jain versions of the *Pañchatantra*, the, 216-218, 233, 234
Jaina monk, Pūrṇabhadra, 217
Japanese Fairy World, The, W. E. Griffis, $128n$
Jealous Pupils, Story of the Teacher and his Two, 133, $133n^1$, 134
Jewel from elephant's head, 23, $23n^1$
Jewel-merchant and stolen bracelet, 2
Jewels, wealth in form of a casket of, 163, $163n^1$
"Jinni, Tale of the Fisherman and the," *Nights*, Burton, $181n^2$
"Joseph and Potiphar in Hindu Fiction," *Trans. Amer. Phil. Ass.*, M. Bloomfield, 176
Journal of the American Oriental Society, "False Ascetics and Nuns in Hindu Fiction," M. Bloomfield, $102n^2$; ["Recurring Psychic Motifs in Hindu Fiction—the Laugh and Cry motif"] M. Bloomfield, $37n^1$; "The Pañcatantra in Modern Indian Folklore," W. N. Brown, $48n^1$, $49n^1$, $63n^1$, 64; "Evil-Wit, No-Wit and Honest-Wit," F. Edgerton, $59n^2$; "Pañcadivyādhivāsa, or Choosing a King . . .," F. Edgerton, 175
Journal Asiatique, "La Bṛihatkāthamañjarī de Kshemendra," Sylvain Lévi, 212
Journal of the Department of Letters of the University of Calcutta, "Vātsyāyana—the Author of the Kāmasūtra . . .," H. Chaklader, 193
Journal of the Gypsy-Lore Society, F. H. Groome, 275
Journal of Philology, American, $61n^1$, 64, $142n^2$, $158n$
For fuller details see under
Journal—*continued*
American Journal of Philology
Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, "Mongoose," G. A. Grierson, $139n^1$
[Juan Manuel, Don] *El Conde Lucanor* (*Libro de patronio*), $79n^3$

"K," one of the two archetypes of the *Pañchatantra* (Hertel), 208
Ka-gyur (*Kanjur*), the Tibetan Canon, 284
Kalila und Dimna, Syrisch und Deutsch, Schulthess, 219
"Kalila wa-Dimna," C. Brockelmann, *Encyclopædia of Islām*, 234
"Kalilag wa Dimnag" (Syriac version), 219
Kalilah and Dimnah, $41n^1$, 218, 219
Kalilah en Daminah, P. P. Roorda van Eysinga, 239
"Kalilah wa Dimnah" (Arabic version), 219
Kāma Sūtra, Vātsyāyana, $6n^1$, 193-195
Kāma Sūtra . . . of Śrī Vātsyāyana, K. Rangaswami Iyengar, 193
Kanjur (*Ka-gyur*), the Tibetan Canon, 284
Kashmir, Folk-Tales of, J. H. Knowles, 65, 117, 281
Kashmiri Proverbs and Sayings, A Dictionary of, J. H. Knowles, 64, 65
Kashmirian origin of the Story of Ghata and Karpara, possible, 245
Kathākoça, The, or Treasury of Stories, trans. C. H. Tawney, Orient. Trans. Fund, Roy. As. Soc., $17n^1$, $125n^1$, $155n^2$, 176
Khalila da Damana, Georgian version of *Kalilah and Dimnah*, 240
Killing son as display of prescience, astrologer, 90; son to get another, 94
Kinder- und Hausmärchen, Grimm, J. and W., $62n^2$, 66, $79n^3$. **See also under** Bolte, J., $100n^1$, $153n^1$, 275
Kinds of nail-scratches, eight different, 193, 194
King, auspicious elephant choosing, 155, $155n^1$, 175; Bhoja, $142n^2$; of the crows, Meghavarna, 98, 99, 111, 113; by Divine Will, Choosing a, 175-177; of the elephants, Chaturdanta, 101-102; Gajānīka, 23, 25; of the hares, Śilīmukha, 101-102; of Magadha, the, 98; merchant anointed, 155; of the monkeys, Valīmukha, 127-130
King named Amritatejas, 173, 174; Buddhiprabha, 188-192; Chandrapīda, 87; Gotravardhana, 162-164; Jyotishprabha, 30, 31; Kanakāksha, 171, 174; Kuladhara, 41; Padmakūṭa, 32; Pratāpasena, 191, 192; Simhāksha, 180-183; Simhavikrama, 34, 36; Vajradamshtra, 160
King of the Owls, Avamarda, 98, 105; of the pigeons, Chitragriva, 74; who replaced the Flesh, Story of the, 93; Simhabala and his Fickle Wife, Story of, 23-25; snake coiling round, 164, $164n^1$; Somaprabha, 38; Sphatikayaśas, 26, 192; Story of the Miserly, 86; Śūdraka, 39, 40; Sumanas, the Nishāda Maiden, and the Learned Parrot, Story of, 27-28, 37-38; Note on the Story of King Sumanas, the Nishāda Maiden, and the Learned Parrot, 39, 40; trick of conversing with the, 187; of Ujjainī, Tārāpīda, 39, 40; of Vatsa, the, 1, 2, 5, 20, 22, 25, 27, 98, 113, 120, 137, 164, 192, 198, 203; of the Vidyādharas, Kānchanavega, 96; of the Vidyādharas, Śaśitejas, 172; Vikramasimha, the Courtesan, and the Young Brāhman, Story of, 15-18
"King Midas and his Ass's Ears," W. Crooke, *Folk-Lore*, $11n^1$
King's daughter placed in brothel to catch thief, 248
"King's son and the Ifrit's mistress," $122n^1$

King's treasury robbed by thieves, 246
Knowledge of the sciences bestowed on two young Brāhmans, 125, 126; of the sciences bestowed on Rajatadamshṭra, 160
Kumaun and Garhwal, Proverbs and Folklore of, G. O. Upreti, 64, 65

Lack of original versions of the *Pañchatantra*, 208
Lake, the Achchhoda, 39, 40; full of lotuses, 30; Moon, Chandrasaras, 101n^1; perfumed with the fragrance of lotuses, 120
Lāmas, the, 284
Lamp of the world, the sun, the, 190
Lance, bearer of the Golden (god Skanda, patron of thieves), 143*n*
Land "where mice nibble iron"—*i.e.* nowhere, 66
Language of signs, by bites and scratches, 195
Languages in which the Ghaṭa and Karpara story is to be found, 267
Languages, late Indic versions of the *Pañchatantra* in different, 233-234
Laos Folklore of Farther India, K. N. Fleeson, 59n^2
Late Indic versions of the *Pañchatantra* in different languages, 233-234
Latin names for Western Versions of *Seven Wise Masters*, 261n^3
Latin prose, version of *Dolopathos* in (Joannes de Alta Silva), 260-262
Laugh, the hermit's, 30, 30n^1, 37, 37n^1; making stones, 89, 133, 185
La versione Araba de Kalilah e Dimnah. See under *Versione Araba* . . .
Learned Parrot, Story of King Sumanas, the Nishāda Maiden, and the, 27-28, 37, 38
Learning the tricks of courtesans, 5, 6
"Lebres, As tres," *Contos Populares Portuguezes*, A. Coelho, 183n^1
Legend (explanation) of the Genealogical Table of the Panchatantra, 232
Leprous lover, the, 149, 150
Lessons for courtesans, 5, 6, 6n^1
L'Huître et les Plaideurs. See under *Huitre et* . . .
Liber Kalilæ et Dimnæ, Directorium, etc., 237
Libro de los Engaños, 127n^1
Life of Agis, Plutarch, 135*n*
Life of Marcellus, Plutarch, 64
Life as a Parrot, The Parrot's Account of his own, 28-30, 37
Life and Stories of Pārçvanātha, M. Bloomfield, 176
Lights of Canopus, or Anvār-i-Suhaili, 41n^1, 46n^1, 218, 220
Linguistic Survey of India, Sir George Grierson, 65
Lion and the Hare, The 49-50; the Jackal and the Ass, The Sick, 130, 130n^1, 131, 132; named Pinjalaka, 43-47, 50-55, 58, 63; the Panther, the Crow and the Jackal, The, 53-54
Lion's Story, The, 159
List of stories in the *Pañchatantra*, Table giving, 214, 215
Livre des Lumières, 46n^1
Livres des lumières ou la conduite des rays, composé par le sage Pilpay, 240
Looking at a necklace, strength acquired by, 76, 76n^1
Lorraine, Contes Populaires de, E. Cosquin, 87n^1
Loss of One's Gettings, The, one of the Five Books of the *Pañchatantra*, 222
Lotuses, eye resembling a garland of full-blown blue, 197; garland of blue, 118; lake full of, 30; a lake perfumed with the fragrance of, 120
Louse and the Flea, The, 52; named Mandavisarpinī, 52
Love by assumed death, test of courtesan's, 17; the curse of an unsuccessful, 40; death from torments of, 39; fulfil the curse of an unsuccessful, 40; God of (Kāma), 26, 121, 149, 197, 198; of goddess for mortal, 33; on mere mention, 172, 172n^1
"Love is scorned, women whose," *motif*, 259n^1
Love for a slave-girl, Naravāhanadatta's, 5
Lover drawn up into a house in a basket, 147, 147n^1; the leprous, 149, 150
Lover's bites and scratches, 193-195
Love's insolence, a girl like a wave of the sea of, 199
Lucanor, Conde, Don Juan Manuel, 79n^3

Machine, cutting off the thief's head with a, 282
Magical articles, 3n^1
Magyaren, Märchen der, G. Gaal, 157n^1
Mahābhārata, the, 11n^1, 73n^1, 98n^1
Maiden, as ascetic, Mahāśvetā, 39, 40; charming to the eye, a, 26; The Mouse that was turned into a, 109, 109n^2, 110; Story of the Ambitious Chaṇḍāla, 85-86
Makara, The Crane and the, 48, 49
Makarandikā, The Hermit's Story of Somaprabha, Manorathaprabha, and, wherein it appears who the Parrot was in a Former Birth, 30-32, 34-37
Malagaches, Contes Populaires, G. Ferrand, 127n^1
Man, A Monthly Record of Anthropological Science, Review of Prof. Edgerton's *Panchatantra Reconstructed*, N. M. Penzer, 208
Man who submitted to be Burnt Alive sooner than share his Food with a Guest, 165-167; who justified his Character, Story of the Violent, 90-91; who, thanks to Durgā, had always One Ox, Story of the, 185-186, 186n^1; and the Fool who pelted him, Story of the Foolish Bald, 72-73; and the Hair-Restorer, Story of the

Man—*continued*
Bald, 83-84; who asked for Nothing at all, Story of the, 97, 97n^1; who recovered half a Paṇa from his Servant, Story of the, 92, 92n^2; who tried to improve his Wife's Nose, Story of the, 68-69
Man-lion (Narasiṃha, a form assumed by Vishṇu), 1, 1n^2
Manorathaprabhā and Makarandikā, wherein it appears who the Parrot was in a Former Birth, The Hermit's Story of Somaprabha, 30-32, 34-37
Marathi Proverbs, A. Manwaring, 55n^2
Marcellus, Life of, Plutarch, 64
Märchen der Magyaren, G. Gaal, 157n^1
"Märchen vom sprechenden Bauche, Das," *Unter den Olivenbäumen*, W. Kaden, 62n^2
Mariage Forcé, Le, Molière, 89n^1
"Marking the culprit" *motif*, 274, 275, 284
Marks of scratches and bites, 181, 181n^1, 193
Marriage of Naravāhanadatta and Śaktiyaśas, the, 192
Master-builder, Bindo a, 267, 268
Master-builders, Agamedes and Trophonius, 255-257
Mayan "Uayeyab," the, the five nameless, unlucky days in the Mayan calendar, 252
Meaning of the title *Pañchatantra*, 207
Measure of distance, *hasta*, 222; of weight, *pala*, 62, 72
"Meat" incident in variants of the tale of Rhampsinitus, 281
Mediæval Versions of the tale of Rhampsinitus, 259-266
Medicine to make daughter grow, 91
Meditations, the four, 151, 151*n*
"Meisterdieb, Der," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, J. and W. Grimm, 275
Mélusine ["Traditions Populaires du Bannu"], 127n^1
Mendicant, the riddle of the, 183, 183n^1; who travelled from Kaśmira to Pāṭaliputra, The, 178-180, 182-183
Mendicants who became emaciated from Discontent, Story of the, 114-115
Mention, love on mere, 172, 172n^1
Merchant anointed king, 155; of Bassorah, a, 97n^1; named Chandrasāra, 201, 202, 204; Dhanadeva, 147-150; Hiranyagupta, 2; Kusumaśara, 198; Ratnavarman, 5, 6, 9, 10; Śikhara, 199, 201; and his Wife Velā, Story of the, 198-204; and his Young Wife, The Old, 106, 106n^1
Merchant's Son, the Courtesan, and the Wonderful Ape Āla, Story of the, 5-13
Metamorphoses, Ovid, 29n^2
Metaphor of the sun, 29, 29n^2, 30
Method of choosing new king in Senjero, Abyssinia, 177; of thieving, Indian, 142, 142n^2, 250
Mice and rats gnawing gold, 64
"Mice nibble iron, where," the land—*i.e.* nowhere, 66
Mice that ate an Iron Balance, The, 62, 64
Middle English versions of the *Seven Sages of Rome*, nine, 263, 266
Migration, gypsies as a channel of story, 275, 276; Oriental story, 258; westwards of the *Hitopadeśa*, 210
Milch-Cow, Story of the Fool and his, 72
Mind-born son, 33, 89
Ministers of Avamarda, 105, 106, 106*n*, 107; of King Meghavarṇa, 98, 99
"Miser, The," *Russian Folk-Tales*, W. R. S. Ralston, 166n^1
Miserly King, Story of the, 86
Modern Translations of Sanskrit versions omitted from the Panchatantra Table, 232n^1, 233*n*
Modern Versions of the tale of Rhampsinitus, 266-286
Mongolische Märchensammlung . . . des Siddhi-Kûr . . . des Ardschi-Bordschi, B. Jülg, 63n^1, 153n^1
"Mongoose," G. A. Grierson, *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, 139n^1. See also under Mungoose
Monk who was bitten by a Dog, Story of the Buddhist, 165; named Devaśarman, 223, 225, 226; and the Swindler, The, 47n^3, 223
Monkey and the Cowherd, Story of the Woman who escaped from the, 141-142; disease to be cured by the heart of a, 128, 128n^2, 129; and the Porpoise, Story of the, 127, 127n^1, 128-130, 132; that pulled out the Wedge, The, 43-44; that swallows *dināṛs*, the, 10-13
Monkeys, the Firefly and the Bird, The, 58-59; Story of the Fool who mistook Hermits for, 140; Valimukha, king of the, 127-130
Monks' hoods used in thief's trick, 268, 283
Monks, The Barber who killed the, 229-230
Moon, as Chandrāpiḍa, the, 40; entering Harshavati's mouth in a dream, 30; epithets of the, 101, 101n^2; hare as ambassador of the, 101, 102; Hindus find a Hare in the, 101n^2; lake, Chandrasaras, 101n^1; Story of the Fool who looked for the, 141
Moon-Lore, T. Harley, 101n^2
Moral Filosophia, La, Doni, 220
Morall Philosophie of Doni, 41n^1, 218, 220
Mortal loved by goddess, 33
Mother Hubbard's Tale, Edmund Spenser, 53n^2
Motif, "Act of Truth," 124, 124n^1; *Dohada*, 127n^1; "Escaping One's Fate," 186n^1; "External Soul," 127n^1; "Grateful Animals," 157n^1; "Marking the culprit," 274, 275, 284; Note on the "Impossibilities,"

Motif—continued
64-66; "Women whose love is scorned," 259*n*[1]
Mount Taurus, wisdom of geese when flying over, 55*n*[3]
Mouse and the Hermit, The, 75-76, 77-78; named Hiraṇya, 74-75, 78-80; that was turned into a Maiden, The, 109-110, 109*n*[2]
Mouth, moon entering Harshavatī's, in a dream, 30
Mundart der Slovakischen Zigeuner, R. von Sowa, 275
Mungoose, the crane, the snake and the, 61; Story of the Brāhman and the, 138, 138*n*[1], 139
Musician, Story of the Fool who gave a Verbal Reward to the, 132, 132*n*[2], 133
Mystical number of five in Hindu ritual, 175
Mythes et les Légendes de l'Inde et la Perse, Les, E. Lévêque, 11*n*[1], 91*n*[1], 132*n*[2], 133*n*, 135*n*
Mythology, Zoological, De Gubernatis, 43*n*[1]

Nail-marks and Tooth-bites, Note on, 193-195
Nail-scratches, eight different kinds of, 193-194
Names for the different shapes of the breach in thieving, 142*n*[2]
Names for the *Pañchatantra*, English, 41*n*[1]
Navel, nail-marks made on the lower part of the, 193
Necessity of performing burial rites for a Hindu, 144, 145
Necklace, strength acquired by looking at a, 76, 76*n*[1]
Nepal, The Sanskrit Buddhist Literature of, Rājendralāla Mitra, 127*n*[1]
Net stretched in a well, 8, 9
Neu-Aramaeische Dialekt des Ṭûr 'Abdîn, Der, E. Prym and A. Socin. For second title page, see under *Syrische Sagen und Maerchen . . .*, 3*n*[1], 91*n*[1], 102*n*[2], 130*n*[1]
Nights and a Night, The Book of the Thousand (trans. R. F. Burton), 13*n*[2], 43*n*[1], 65, 66, 97*n*,[1] 122*n*[1], 177, 181*n*[2]
Nights, The, Straparola (trans. W. G. Waters), 158*n*
Nipple, nail-marks made on a woman's, 194
Noodle stories, 67-73, 80-97, 113-119, 117*n*[1]; Somadeva's version of the *Pañchatantra* interrupted by, 213
Noodles, The Book of, W. A. Clouston, 68*n*, 168*n*[1]
Nose cut off for thieving, 143*n*; and ears cut off by his wife, Vajrasāra's, 22; and ears of faithless wife, cutting off, 82, 82*n*[1], 156; of faithless wife, cutting off, 123
Noses, exchange of, 68, 69
Note on the "Impossibilities" *Motif*, 64-66; Nail-marks and Tooth-bites, 193-195; the Story of King Sumanas, the Nishāda Maiden, and the Learned Parrot, 39-40
"Note on the Story of Rhampsinitus," J. P. Lewis, *The Orientalist*, 255*n*[1]
Notes to Gonzenbach's *Sicilianische Märchen*, R. Köhler, 117*n*[1], 172*n*
Nothing at all, Story of the Man who asked for, 97; Story of the Foolish Boy who went to the Village for, 136-137
Nouvelles, Contes et, La Fontaine, 11*n*[1]
Novellæ Morlini, 186*n*[2]
Novellini Popolari Italiane, Comparetti, 275
Nubes (Clouds), Aristophanes, 29*n*[2], 256, 257
Nugis Curialium, De, Gualterus Mapes (*i.e.* Walter Map), 80*n*[2]. See further under Mapes
Number of five in Hindu ritual, mystical, 175; of recensions from the original text of the *Pañchatantra*, 208; the sacred-, 108, 284; of versions in existence of the *Pañchatantra*, 207
Numerous editions of the *Hitopadeśa*, the, 210
Nyländska Folksagor, G. A. Åberg, 281
Nymph, the story of the heavenly, 32

Obschestvo Liubitelei Drevnei Pismennosti—*i.e.* OLDP., 235
Observations on the Popular Antiquities of Great Britain, J. Brand, 100*n*[1], 201*n*
Offshoot of the *Southern Pañchatantra*—Nepalese, 209, 209*n*[3], 210
Old Deccan Days, M. Frere, 49*n*[1]
Old Dutch poem, "De Deif van Brugghe," 284
Old Merchant and his Young Wife, The, 106, 106*n*[1]
Older Sanskrit versions of the Panchatantra, 234
OLDP.—i.e. *Obschestvo Liubitelei Drevnei Pismennosti*, 235
Omissions in Herodotus' Tale of Rhampsinitus, possible, 248, 249
Omitted from the Panchatantra Table, the modern translations of Sanskrit versions, 232*n*[1], 233*n*
"On the History of the Story of Stephanites. . . ." See "History of . . ."
Opening of Indian thief's tunnel, *khātra, chhidra, surngā*, etc., 142*n*[2]
Opinions about the origin of the tale of Rhampsinitus, different, 255; of *Pūrṇabhadra*, different, 217
Oracle at Delphi, the, 256
Oral tales derived from *Pañchatantra* stories, 48*n*[1], 49*n*[1], 55*n*[3], 63*n*[1]
Oral tradition, the *Seven Sages of Rome* from, 260
Orient und Occident, "Ueber die alte deutsche Uebersetzung des Kalîlah und Dimnah," T. Benfey, 238; "Zur Verbreitung indischer Fabeln und Erzählungen," T. Benfey, 259*n*[1]; "Liber de Septem Sapientibus," K. Gödeke, 261*n*[2]; "Zu Kalîlah und Dimnah," K. Gödeke, 238; "Beiträge zum Zusammenhang indischer und europäischer Märchen und Sagen," F. Liebrecht, 92*n*[2]
Oriental Series, Trübner's. See under Davids, T. W. Rhys; Ralston and Schiefner; J. H. Knowles
Oriental Society, American, New Haven, Conn., 207*n*[1]

Oriental Society, Journal of the American, 37*n*[1], 48*n*[1], 49*n*[1], 59*n*[2], 63*n*[1], 64, 102*n*[2], 175. For fuller details see under *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*

Oriental story migration, 258; Translation Fund, New Series, Royal Asiatic Society, 39

Orientalist, The, "Comparative Folklore," W. Goonetilleke, 64; "Sinhalese Folklore," H. A. Pieris, 55*n*[3]

Origin, different opinions about the Rhampsinitus story being of Egyptian, 253-255; of the Story of Ghaṭa and Karpara, The (Appendix II), 245-286

Original home of the *Hitopadeśa*—Bengal, 210; language of the *Pañchatantra*, 208; Sanskrit text of the *Pañchatantra* lost, 208; versions of the *Pañchatantra* lost, 208

Ornaments, Story of the Fool and the, 69-70

Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection, Sir Wallis Budge, 254

Owls, Avamarda, king of the, 98, 105; Story of the War between the Crows and the, 98, 98*n*[1], 99, 100, 104-113

Ox, Story of the Man who, thanks to Durgā, had always One, 185-186, 186*n*[1]

Paijāmas, pair of, 281

Pair of *Tittibhas*, The, 55, 56, 57

Palace of Pleasure, W. Painter (or Paynter), 267

Palm-Trees, Story of the Foolish Villagers who cut down the, 70-71

"Pañcadivyādhivāsa, or Choosing a King . . .," F. Edgerton, *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, 175

"Pañcatantra in Modern Indian Folklore, The," W. N. Brown, *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, 48*n*[1], 49*n*[1], 63*n*[1], 64

Pañcatantra, seine Geschichte und seine Verbreitung, Das, J. Hertel, 55*n*[2], 64, 175, 207*n*[1], 208, 210, 216, 219, 232-241

Pañcatantra—continued

Panchatantra Reconstructed, The, F. Edgerton, Amer. Orient. Soc., 1924, 56*n*[1], 77*n*[3], 101*n*[1], 102*n*[1], 105*n*[1,2], 109*n*[1], 207*n*[1], 208, 209, 213, 214, 217, 221; N. M. Penzer's review of, 208

Pañchatantra, The Southern, 48*n*[1], 209, 209*n*[2,3]; one of the four independent streams of the *Pañchatantra* (Edgerton), 208

Pañchatantra in the Recension called Panchakhyanaka . . . of . . . Pūrṇabhadra, The, J. Hertel, Harvard Oriental Series, 217*n*[1]

Pañchatantra-Text of Pūrṇabhadra, The, J. Hertel, Harvard Oriental Series, 216*n*[1], 217*n*[1]; *and its Relation to Texts of Allied Recensions as shown in Parallel Specimens*, J. Hertel, Harvard Oriental Series, 217*n*[1]

"Panjāb, Folklore in the," Steel and Temple, *Indian Antiquary*, 49*n*[1]

Panjab, Romantic Tales from the, C. Swynnerton, 49*n*[1]

Pantcha-Tantra, Le, M. l'Abbe J. A. Dubois, 48*n*[1], 55*n*[3], 237

Panther, the Crow, and the Jackal, The Lion, the, 53, 54

Panther's Skin, The Ass in the, 99, 99*n*[3], 100

Pantschatantra, T. Benfey, 42*n*, 42*n*[1], 43*n*[1], 43*n*[2], 46*n*[1], 48*n*[1], 49*n*[1], 52*n*[2], 53*n*[1], 55*n*[1,2,3], 58*n*[1], 59*n*[2], 61*n*[3], 64, 73*n*[1], 75*n*[1], 76*n*[1,3], 77*n*[1], 79*n*[3], 93*n*[1], 98*n*[1], 99*n*[3], 100*n*[1], 101*n*[1], 102*n*[2], 104*n*[1], 105*n*[1], 106*n*[1], 107*n*[1], 108*n*[2], 109*n*[2], 111*n*[2], 112*n*[1], 127*n*[1], 130*n*[1], 134*n*[2], 135*n*, 138*n*[1], 153*n*[1], 157*n*[1], 164*n*[1], 217

Papyrus Harris, the, 252

Paradise Lost, Milton, 29*n*[2]

Parent Western version of the *Book of Sindibād*, lost, 260

Parents inflict curse on Makarandikā, 36

Parrot, called Śāstraganja, that knows the four Vedas, 28; named Vaiśampāyana, a learned, 39, 40; Story of King Śumanas, the Nishāda Maiden, and the Learned, 27-28, 37, 38

Parrot's Account of his own Life as a Parrot, The, 28-30, 37

Passion renewed while beating wife with creepers, 16

Patron of thieves, god Skanda, 143*n*

Payment, "Anaught" given as, 97*n*[1]

Pearls inside a cucumber, 65

Pecorone Il, Ser Giovanni, 267, 281

"Pedigree of the Pidpai Literature," Joseph Jacobs, 220

Pentamerone, Il; or, The Tale of Tales . . . of Giovanni Battista Basile (trans. R. F. Burton), 11*n*[1], 158*n*, 172*n*

Perfidy of courtesans, 5, 13, 14

Persian versions of the *Pañchatantra*, 218-220

Peter Alphonse's Disciplina Clericalis (English Translation), W. H. Hulme, 87*n*[1]

Pharaoh prostituting his daughter, 254, 255

Philogelos Hieroclis, A. Eberhard, 133*n*[1]

Philology, American Journal of, 61*n*[1], 64, 142*n*[2], 158. For fuller details see under *American Journal of Philology*

Philosophie of Doni, The Morall, 41*n*[1], 218, 220

Physician who tried to cure a Hunchback, Story of the, 119

Pigeons, the Tortoise and the Deer, Story of the Crow and the King of the, 73-75, 78-80

Pilgrimage to the shrine of Sarasvatī, 180

Pilpay, The Fables of, 41*n*[1], 218, 240; J. Harris' ed., 240

Pitcher of holy water in anointing ceremony, 175, 176; the inexhaustible, 3, 3*n*[1], 4

"Pitcher and Pot"—*i.e.* Ghaṭa and Karpara, 145*n*[1]

Poem, Old Dutch, "De Deif van Brugghe," G. W. Dasent, 284
Poésies Inédites du Moyen Âge, Édéleštand du Méril, 73*n*[1]
Poetical French version of *Dolopathos* (Herbert), 260, 262, 263, 274; thief, the, 142*n*[2]
Points between Somadeva's Ghaṭa and Karpara and Herodotus' Rhampsinitus, similar, 249
Policy, the foundation of empires, 99
Polite Conversation, J. Swift, 121*n*[2]
Popular Antiquities of Great Britain, J. Brand, 100*n*[1], 201*n*
Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India, W. Crooke, 27*n*[2], 30*n*[2], 59*n*[1], 101*n*[1], 126*n*[1], 160*n*[1], 176
Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt, G. Maspero, 252, 255
Popular Tales and Fictions, W. A. Clouston, 66, 267, 275, 284
Popular Tales from the Norse, G. W. Dasent, 3*n*[1], 11*n*[1]
Popular Tales of the West Highlands, J. F. Campbell, 46*n*[1], 157*n*[1]
Porpoise, Story of the Monkey and the, 127, 127*n*[1], 128-130, 132
Porter who found a bracelet, 1, 2
Possible omission in Herodotus' tale of Rhampsinitus, 248, 249
"Pot, Pitcher and"—*i.e.* Karpara, Ghaṭa and, 145*n*[1]
Poverty makes men steal, 2
Power of former austerities, 37; of remembering former birth, 36; of travelling through the air, 33, 35, 169, 170, 172, 173, 191, 192
Prabandhacintāmaṇi, the, C. H. Tawney, 142*n*[2], 176
Prescience, astrologer killing son as display of, 90
Previous birth of King Simhavikrama, 36; Birth, The Water-Spirit in his, 123-124
Primitive Culture, E. B. Tylor, 121*n*[1], 179*n*[1]
Princess becomes an ascetic, 189, 190; falling in love with a thief, 250
"Prioress's Tale," Chaucer, 27*n*[2]
Probe de Limba Şi Literature Ţiganilor din România, 275
Proc. Roy. As. Soc. Bengal, "Some Indian Methods of Electing Kings," C. H. Tawney, 176
Proof of chastity, the, 123
Prose version of *Dolopathos* in Latin (Joannes de Alta Silva), 260-262
Prosperity, the Goddess of, 113
Prostitute. See Courtesan
Prostituting his daughter, Pharaoh, 248, 254, 255
Proverbs and Folklore of Kumaun and Garhwal, G. D. Upreti, 64, 65
Proverbs and Sayings, A Dictionary of Kashmiri, J. H. Knowles, 64, 65
"Provider for the Future, The"—*i.e.* Anāgatavidhātṛi, 56*n*[1]
Prudence produces success, not valour, even in the case of animals, 41
Pseudolus, Plautus, 201*n*
Psychology of Sex, Havelock Ellis, 189*n*[1]
Pun, Hindu, 14, 29, 29*n*[1], 88, 88*n*[1], 95, 95*n*[1]
Punishment for thieves, 61, 61*n*[1], 143*n*
Punjab. See Panjāb
Pupils and the Cat, Story of the Foolish Teacher, the Foolish, 167-168
Pupils, Story of the Teacher and his Two Jealous, 133, 133*n*[1], 134
Pūrṇabhadra, one of the Jain versions of the *Pañchatantra*, 216-218
Purse, Story of the Fool who found a, 140, 141
Pythian priestess of the Oracle at Delphi, 256

Qualities for finger-nails and teeth, desirable, 193, 194
Queen of Navarre. See under Margaret; Padmāvatī, 98; Ratnarekhā, 188; Śaśilekhā, 15, 17

passi
diseased man, 181, 183

Race between the Elephant and the Horses, The, 196-198
Race in India, *Takkas*, an agricultural, 165*n*[1]
Rain off the Trunks, Story of the Servants who kept, 116, 116*n*[1]
Rākshasa, The Brāhman, the Thief and the, 107, 107*n*[1]
Rams and the Foolish Jackal, The, 47*n*[3], 223
Rats and mice gnawing gold, 64
"Ready-wit"—*i.e.* Pratyutpannamati, 56*n*[1]
"Real Friendship, Of," *Gesta Romanorum*, 87*n*[1]
Recensions from the original text of the *Pañchatantra*, number of, 208; of the Panchatantra, Slavonic, 235, 238, 239; of the *Pañchatantra Tantrakhyayika*, 209
"Red-eye," Raktāksha, 106*n*
Refugees settling in Tibet, Indian Buddhist, 284
Region in the south of the Himālaya, Kāśmīra, a, 123
Reign of Philadelphus, the (284-246 B.C.), 286
"Reineke Fuchs," *Die deutschen Volksbücher*, K. Simrock, 43*n*[3], 102*n*[2]
Reinhart Fuchs, J. Grimm, 79*n*[3], 238
Relations between Egypt and Greece (664-610 B.C.), 258; between Egypt and India, 286
Released from their curse, Makarandika and Simhavikrama, 38; Puṇḍarika and Sudraka, 40
Religion des Buddha, Die, C. F. Koeppen, 153*n*[1]
Remembering former birth, 30, 36, 38, 124, 158, 173, 191, 192
Renart, Roman de, 79*n*[3]
Review of Edgerton's *Panchatantra Reconstructed*, N. M. Penzer, *Man*, 208
Revue de l'Histoire des Religions, "Le Conte du Trésor du Roi Rhampsinite," Gaston Paris, 255

Reward to a Musician, Story of the Fool who gave a Verbal, 132, 132n^2, 133
Reynard the Fox. Renart, the French version of, 79n^3
"Rhampsinitus, Note on the Story of," J. P. Lewis, *The Orientalist*, 255n^1
Rice given to the dead at Hindu funerals, boiled, 145n^1; Story of the Fool who was nearly choked with, 135-136
Rice-balls, *pinda*, 145n^1
Riddle of the mendicant, the, 183, 183n^1
Right eye, throbbing in the, 200, 201n
Rings worn by wife of the water-spirit, number of, 122, 122n^1
Rites for a Hindu, necessity of performing burial, 144, 145
Rites of the Twice-Born, The, Mrs Sinclair Stevenson, 145n^1
Ritual and Belief, E. S. Hartland, 177
River Ganges, the, 146, 185
River Jamna (Jumna or Yamunā), 65
Roasted Seed, Story of the Man who sowed, 67-68
Rogue who managed to acquire Wealth by speaking to the King, Story of the, 186-188, 186n^1
Rogues, The Brāhman, the Goat and the, 104, 104n^1
Romans de Dolopathos, Li, Herbert, 260, 262, 263
Romans des Sept Sages, H. A. Keller, 79n^3
Romantic Tales from the Panjab, with Indian Nights' Entertainment, C. Swynnerton, 49n^1, 65
Rope used for introducing man into female apartments, 24
"Rothe Hund, Der," *Märchen der Magyaren*, G. Gaal, 157n^1
Roxburghe Club. See under Herrtage, S. J. H.
Royal Asiatic Society, Oriental Translation Fund, New Series, 39
Royalty, five emblems of, 175, 176
Rule a Wife and have a Wife, John Fletcher, 13n^1
Russian Folk-Tales, W. R. S. Ralston, 82n^2, 166n^1, 170n^1, 183n^1

σ-class MSS. of the "*Textus Simplicior*," 216, 217
Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon, E. Upham, 73n^1. See full title under Upham, E.
Sacred number, the, 108, 284; thread, investing with the, 33
Sagacious hare, the, 49, 50
Sagas from the Far East [R. H. Busk] 63n^1, 77n^1, 153n^1, 157n^1
Sage, holy (Rishi), 28, 36, 110, 203; Jābāli, the, 39, 40; story of, 39, 40
Sagen aus Böhmen, J. V. Grohmann, 114n^1
Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, K. Bartsch, 4n^1, 92n^2, 157n^1, 170n^1, 201n
"Salisatores," in Egidio Forcellini's *Totius Latinitatis Lexicon*, 201n
["Salsette, Folklore of"] G. F. D'Penha, *Indian Antiquary*, 65
Salt, Story of the Fool and the, 71-72
Sanskrit College MS. of *K.S.S.*, 10n^1, 24n^1, 35n^1, 47n^1, 50n^1, 51n^1, 52n^1, 60n^1, 70n^2, 71$n^{1,3}$, 76n^2, 81n^1, 106n^2, 111n^1, 123n^1, 128n^1, 131n^1, 145n^3, 148n^1, 180n^1, 191n^1
Sanskrit, original language of the *Pañchatantra*, 208; Tibetan version of the Rhampsinitus story directly derived from, 284; versions omitted from the Panchatantra Table, modern translations of, 232n^1, 233n
Saturday Review, The, May, 1882, 184n^1
Satva-Darśana-Samgraha or Review of the Different Systems of Hindu Philosophy, E. B. Cowell and A. E. Gough, 151n^2
"Scattering money" incident in modern versions of the tale of Rhampsinitus, 284
Schoole of Abuse, S. Gosson, Arber's English Reprints, 55n^3, 133n
Schwaben, Deutsche Volksmärchen aus, E. Meier, 157n^1
Science of Fairy Tales, The, E. S. Hartland, 3n^1
Sciences bestowed on two young Brāhmans, knowledge of the, 125, 126; bestowed on Rajatadamshṭra, knowledge of the, 160; obtained by Śaktiyaśas, 27; and virtue, Kaśmīra, the home of, 171
Scratches and bites, marks of, 181, 181n^1, 193
"Scratching with the fingernails," *nakhavilekhana(m)*, 193
Sea is dried up by Vishṇu, 57; of love's insolence, a girl like a wave of the, 199
Secret, courtesan revealing, 83; entrance to treasure-chamber, 246; let out when drunk, 1, 2, 3n^1; to a Woman, Story of the Snake who told his, 82-83
Secretum Secretorum, the, 208
"Section" or "book," *tantra—i.e.*, 207
Selection of King by divine will, 175-177
Sentinels intoxicated through thief's trick, 247
Separation of Friends, The, one of the Five Books of the *Pañchatantra*, 222
Separation. Makarandikā afflicted with the sorrow of, 36
Sept Sages. Romans des, H. A. Keller, 79n^3
Serpent, The Crows who tricked the, 47n^3, 226-227
Servant of the King Chandrapīḍa, Dhavalamukha, 87-88; who looked after the Door, Story of the, 117, 117n^1; who tasted the Fruit, Story of the, 94, 94n^2; Story of a Foolish, 84; Story of the Foolish, 113
Servants who kept Rain off the Trunks, Story of the, 116, 116n^1

Sesame-Seeds, The Brāhman's Wife and the, 76, 77; roasted, 67
Seuin Seages, The: Translatit..., Iohne Rolland in Dalkeith, 1578, 266n^2
Seven Sages of Rome, the, 260, 263, 266, 286
Seven Sages of Rome, The, Killis Campbell, 128*n*, 138n^1, 263, 264, 266n^1, 267
Seven Vazirs, The, 122n^1
Seven Wise Masters, the, 127n^1, 138n^1, 260, 266
Seven Wise Masters, The, the Copland edition of, 266
Seventh cake, hunger satisfied by eating the, 116, 117
"Shabrang, Prince and Thief," *Folk-Tales of Kashmir*, J. H. Knowles, 281
Shakspeare, Illustrations of. . ., Francis Douce, 87n^1
Shapes of the breach in thieving, names for the different, 142n^2
Shaving of sentinel's cheeks when drunk by way of insult, 247
"Shepherdess and her Lovers, The," 209
Shoes, one of the five emblems of royalty, 175
Shore, *velā*, 202
Shrine of Sarasvatī, pilgrimage to the, 180
Siciliansche Märchen, Laura Gonzenbach, with Notes by R. Köhler, 3n^1, 11n^1, 117n^1, 164n^1, 171n^2
Sick Lion, the Jackal and the Ass, The, 130-132, 130n^1
Siddhi-Kûr. See under *Mongolische Märchen*
Sight of the Achchhoda Lake, affected by, 39, 40
Signs of ear-throbbing in Norway, 201*n*
Silver and gems, dog that swallows, 11n^1
Similarity between Somadeva's Ghaṭa and Karpara and Herodotus' Rhampsinitus, 249
Simile of Hindu beauty, 7, 26; of the world, 180
Simpletons who ate the Buffalo, Story of the, 117-118
"Simplicior," Jain version of the *Pañchatantra*, 52n^2, 216-217
Sindibād, The Book of, 259, 260, 263
Sindibād, The Book of, W. A. Clouston, 122n^1, 127n^1, 267
Sindibād-Nāmah, 127n^1
"Sinhalese Folklore," H. A. Pieris, *The Orientalist*, 55n^3
Sister inflicts curse on Rajatadaṃshtra, 160
Six flavours, the, 114, 114n^2
Sky, voice from the, 40
Slave-girl, Naravāhanadatta's love for a, 5
Slavonic recensions of the Panchatantra, 235, 238, 239
Sleep, the Goddess of, 197
Snake of Bengal with a knob at the end of his tail, 135*n*; coiling round king, 164, 164n^1; and the Frogs, The, 112, 112n^1; and the Mungoose, The Crane, the, 61; who told his Secret to a Woman, Story of the, 82-83; with three heads, 161; with Two Heads, Story of the, 134, 134n^2, 135, 135*n*
Snake-God and his Wife, The, 151, 151n^1
Snake-gods (Nāgas), 82n^2, 151
Snake's Story, The, 161
Snakes, Stories of grateful, 157n^1
Society, the Kāma Shastra, 193
"Some Indian Methods of Electing Kings," C. H. Tawney, *Proc. Roy. As. Soc. Bengal*, 176
"Some Notes on the Folklore of the Telugus," G. R. Subramiah Pantulu, *Indian Antiquary*, 48n^1, 49n^1
Son to get another, killing, 94; the hermit's, Raśmimat, 32-34, 38; mind-born, 33, 89; Story of the Brahmacharin's, 89; of Tārāpiḍa, Chandrāpiḍa, 39
Sorrow of separation, Makarandikā afflicted with the, 36
Sources of the Genealogical Table of the Panchatantra, 234
South Indic (Dravidian) versions of the Panchatantra, 234
South-Western group (Marāṭha country) of Panchatantra versions, 233
Southern India, the *Pañchatantra* in, 209
Southern Pañchatantra, 48n^1, 209, 209$n^{2, 3}$; one of the four independent streams of the *Panchatantra* (Edgerton), 208
Spells to bewilder the guards, Ghaṭa's tricks and, 145, 146
Sport and Folk-Lore in the Himālaya, H. L. Haughton, 65
Spot in the Sea, Story of the Fool who took Notes of a certain, 92-93
Spread of the *Pañchatantra*, enormous, 207
Squire's Tale, Chaucer, 27n^2
Starine, na sviet . . ., "Indijske priče proyvane Stefanit i Ihnilat," G. Daničić, 235
Steal, poverty makes men, 2
"Stealing in Hindu Fiction, The Art of," M. Bloomfield, *Amer. Journ. Phil.*, 61n^1, 142n^2. 158*n*
"Στεφανίτης καὶ Ἰχνηλάτης," Symeon Seth's Greek version of *Kalilah and Dimnah*, 219
"Stone of Destiny, The Voice of the," E. S. Hartland, *Folk-Lore*, 177
Stones laugh, making, 89, 133, 185
Stories omitted by Somadeva, 221-230; in the *Pañchatantra*, list of, 214-215
Story of the Ambitious Chaṇḍāla Maiden, 85-86; of the Astrologer who killed his Son, 90; of the Bald Man and the Hair-Restorer, 83-84; of the Boys that milked the Donkey, 136, 136n^2; of the Brahmachārin's Son, 89; of the Brāhman and the Mungoose, 138, 138n^1, 139; of the Buddhist Monk who was bitten by a Dog, 165; of the Bull abandoned in the Forest, 42-43, 44-45, 46-47, 49, 50-52, 52-53, 54-55, 59, 61, 63; of the Crow and the King of the Pigeons, the Tortoise and the Deer, 73-75, 78-80; of Dhavalamukha, his Trading Friend and his Fighting Friend, 87-88; of the Faith-

Story—*continued*
less Wife who Burnt herself with her Husband's Body, 19; of the Faithless Wife who had her Husband Murdered, 20; of the Faithless Wife who was present at her own Śrāddha, 84-85; of the Fool who wanted a Barber, 96; of the Fool who behaved like a Brahmany Drake, 118-119; of the Fool and his Brother, 89; of the Fool and the Cakes, 116, 116*n*², 117; of the Fool and the Cotton, 70; of the Fool that was his own Doctor, 139; of the Fool who mixed Fire and Water, 68; of the Fool who saw Gold in the Water, 115, 115*n*¹; of the Fool who mistook Hermits for Monkeys, 140; of the Fool and his Milch-Cow, 72; of the Fool who looked for the Moon, 141; of the Fool who took Notes of a certain Spot in the Sea, 92-93; of the Fool and the Ornaments, 69-70; of the Fool who found a Purse, 140-141; of the Fool who gave a Verbal Reward to the Musician, 132, 132*n*², 133; of the Fool who was nearly choked with Rice, 135-136; of the Fool and the Salt, 71-72; of the Fool who killed his Son, 88-89; of the Fool who asked his Way to the Village, 170-171; of the Foolish Bald Man and the Fool who pelted him, 72-73; of the Foolish Boy who went to the Village for Nothing, 136-137; of the Foolish Herdsman, 69; of the Foolish King who made his Daughter grow, 91, 91*n*¹, 92; of the Foolish Merchant who made Aloes-Wood into Charcoal, 67; of a Foolish Servant, 84; of the Foolish Servant, 113; of the Foolish Teacher, the Foolish Pupils and the Cat, 167-168; of the Foolish Villagers who cut down the Palm-Trees, 70-71; of

Story—*continued*
the Fools and the Bull of Śiva, 168-170, 168*n*¹, 170*n*¹; of Ghaṭa and Karpara, Origin of the (App. II), 245-286; of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman, 157, 157*n*¹, 158, 159-160, 161, 162-164; of Hemaprabhā and Lakshmīsena, 188-192; of the Hermit and his Pupils, 178; of Hiraṇyāksha and Mṛigānkalekhā, 171-174; of the inexhaustible pitcher, 3, 4; of the King who replaced the Flesh, 93; of King Simhabala and his Fickle Wife, 23-25; of King Sumanas, the Nishāda Maiden and the Learned Parrot, 27, 28, 37, 38; of King Sumanas, Note on the, 39, 40; of King Vikramasimha, the Courtesan, and the Young Brāhman, 15-18; The Lion's, 159; of the Man who submitted to be Burnt Alive sooner than share his Food with a Guest, 165-167; of the Man who, thanks to Durgā, had always One Ox, 185-186, 186*n*¹; of the Man who asked for Nothing at all, 97, 97*n*¹; of the Man who recovered half a Paṇa from his Servant, 92, 92*n*¹; of the Man who sowed Roasted Seed, 67-68; of the Man who tried to improve his Wife's Nose, 68-69; of the Mendicants who became emaciated from Discontent, 114-115; of the Merchant and his Wife Velā, 198-204; of the Merchant's Son, the Courtesan and the Wonderful Ape Āla, 5-13; migration, gypsies as a channel of, 275-276; migration, Oriental, 258; of the Miserly King, 86; of the Monkey and the Porpoise, 127-130, 127*n*¹, 132; of the Physician who tried to cure a Hunchback, 119; of the Rogue who managed to acquire Wealth by speaking to the King, 186-188,

Story—*continued*
186*n*¹; of the sage Jābāli, the, 39, 40; of the Servant who looked after the Door, 117, 117*n*¹; of the Servant who tasted the Fruit, 94, 94*n*²; of the Servants who kept Rain off the Trunks, 116, 116*n*¹; of the Simpletons who ate the Buffalo, 117-118; of the Snake who told his Secret to a Woman, 82-83; of the Snake with Two Heads, 134, 134*n*², 135, 135*n*; The Snake's, 161; of Somaprabha, Manorathaprabhā, and Makarandikā, wherein it appears who the Parrot was in a Former Birth, The Hermit's, 30-32, 34-37; of the Teacher and his Two Jealous Pupils, 133, 133*n*¹, 134; of the Thirsty Fool that did not Drink, 88; of the Treasure-Finder who was blinded, 71; of the Two Brothers who divided all that they had, 114, 114*n*¹; of the Two Brothers Yajnasoma and Kīrtisoma, 95-96; of the Two Thieves, Ghaṭa and Karpara, 142-151; of the Ungrateful Wife, 153-156, 153*n*¹; of Vajrasāra, whose Wife cut off his Nose and Ears, 21-22; of the Violent Man who justified his Character, 90-91; of the War between the Crows and the Owls, 98, 98*n*¹, 99, 100, 104, 105, 106, 107-108, 109, 110-112, 112-113; of the Wife who falsely accused her Husband of murdering a Bhilla, 80-82, 153*n*¹; of the Woman who had Eleven Husbands, 184-185; of the Woman who escaped from the Monkey and the Cowherd, 141-142; of the Woman who wanted another Son, 94, 94*n*¹; of Yaśodhara and Lakshmīdhara and the Two Wives of the Water-Spirit, 120-123, 124-125, 125-126

Story of the Crows and the Owls, The, one of the Five Books of the *Pañchatantra*, 222

"Story of Khasi and the Bhang-Eater," *Nights*, Burton, 66
"Strandbird"—i.e. *Ṭiṭṭibha*, 55*n*²
Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, H. A. Giles, 162*n*¹
Strategy of Chirajivin, the, 105
Strength acquired by looking at a necklace, 76, 76*n*¹
Studies in Honor of Maurice Bloomfield, 186*n*¹. See also under Brown, W. N.
Studies about the Kathāsaritsāgara, T. S. Speyer, 22*n*¹, 79*n*¹, 99*n*², 129*n*¹, 134*n*¹, 159*n*¹, 200*n*¹, 212, 213
Studies and Texts, M. Gaster, 128*n*
Study of the Romance of the Seven Sages with Special Reference to the Middle English Versions, Killis Campbell, 263*n*¹
Stūpa of Bharhut, General A. Cunningham, 79*n*²
Success, not valour, even in the case of animals, prudence produces, 41
Sūliche Pañcatantra, *Das*, J. Hertel, 209*n*²·³
Sun, the lamp of the world, the, 190; metaphor of the, 29, 29*n*², 30
Σῦριγξ, "pipe," "tube," "tunnel," etc., 142*n*²
"Σῦριγξ und surungā," O. Stein. *Zeit. f. Indologie und Iranistik*, 142*n*²
Supplemental Nights. See under *Nights*
Supplementary days in the Egyptian and Mayan calendar, five, 252
Swahili Tales, E. Steere, 127*n*¹
Swallows *dundrs*, the monkey that, 10-13
Swans, The Tortoise and the Two, 55, 56, 170*n*¹
Swedish-Finnish version of the story of Ghaṭa and Karpara, 281-283
Swindler, The Monk and the, 47*n*², 223
Swinging, the erotic element in, 189*n*¹
"Swinging as a Magical Rite," *The Golden Bough*, J. G. Fraser, 189*n*¹
Sword, one of the five emblems of royalty, 175
Syriac translation of the Pahlavi version of the *Pañchatantra*, 218, 219
Syrische Sagen und Maerchen aus dem Volksmunde, E. Prym and A. Socin, 3*n*¹, 91*n*¹, 102*n*², 130*n*¹
System, the "Tale-within-tale," 258

Table showing list of stories in the *Pañchatantra*, 214, 215
"Tale of the Fisherman and the Jinni," *Nights*, Burton, 181*n*²
Tale, The Great—i.e. *Bṛihatkathā*, 39, 42*n*; of Rhampsinitus, Herodotus (ii, 121), 245-248
"Tale-within-tale" system of story-telling introduced into Europe, the, 258
Tales and Poems of South India, E. J. Robinson, 64
Tales within Tales. Adapted from the Fables of Pilpai, Sir A. N. Wollaston, 241
Tales of the West Highlands, Popular, J. F. Campbell, 46*n*¹, 157*n*¹
Talking Thrush, The, W. H. D. Rouse, 49*n*¹, 65
Teacher, the Foolish Pupils and the Cat, Story of the Foolish, 167-168; and his Two Jealous Pupils, Story of the, 133, 133*n*¹, 134
Teeth, biting with the, *Daśanchachkhedya*, 194, 195; desirable qualities of, 193, 194
Telugus, Folklore of the, G. R. S. Pantulu, 48*n*¹, 49*n*¹, 56*n*¹, 59*n*²
"Telugus, Some Notes on the Folklore of the," G. R. S. Pantulu, *Indian Antiquary*, 48*n*¹, 49*n*¹, 56*n*¹, 59*n*²
Temple of Amaresa, the, 172, 173; at Delphi, the, 256; of Jupiter Capitolinus, rats and mice gnawing gold in the, 64; at Medinet Habu, the, 252
Test of courtesan's love by death, 17
Teutonic Mythology, J. Grimm, 179*n*¹
Text of the *Pañchatantra* lost, original Sanskrit, 208
Texts of the *Kathā-sarit-sāgara*. See under [B]rockhaus and [D]urgāprasād
Textus Simplicior, a Jain version of the *Pañchatantra*, 52*n*², 216, 217
Theory regarding Indian "Jackal" stories, Weber's, 43*n*¹
Thief in Hindu fiction, goldsmith as, 158*n*; the poetical, 142*n*²; and the Rākshasa, The Brāhman, the, 107, 107*n*¹
Thief's body hung on wall, 247; body stolen from wall, 248; head, cutting off, with a machine, 283; tunnel, opening of Indian, *khātra*, *chhidra*, *surngā*, etc., 142*n*²
Thieves, cutting off hands and tongue out, punishment for, 61, 61*n*¹, 143*n*; enter treasure-chamber, 246, 257, 268, 285; Ghaṭa and Karpara, Story of the Two, 142-151; patron of, god Skanda, 143*n*
Thieving, Indian method of, 142, 142*n*², 250
Thighs, nail-marks made on the joints of, 193
Thirsty Fool that did not Drink, Story of the, 88
Thoughtless tortoise, the fate of the, 56
Thousand Nights and a Night. See under *Nights*
Thread, investing with the sacred, 33
Three Fish, The, 56-57
Three heads, snake with, 161
Throbbing in the right eye, 200, 201*n*
Thrush, The Talking, W. H. D. Rouse, 49*n*¹, 65
Tibet, Folk-Tales from, W. F. T. O'Connor, 49*n*¹, 64
Tibetan Canon, *Ka-gyur* (*Kanjur*), 284; version of the story of Ghaṭa and Karpara directly derived from Sanskrit, 284
Tibetan Tales, F. A. von Schiefner and W. R. S. Ralston, 63*n*¹, 64, 153*n*¹, 157*n*¹, 284

"Till Eulenspiegel," *Die deutschen Volksbücher*, K. Simrock, 104*n*[1]
Tongue cut out and hands cut off for thieving, 61, 61*n*[1], 143*n*
Tooth-bites, Note on Nail-marks and, 193-195; varieties of, 194, 195
Tortoise and the Deer, Story of the Crow and the King of the Pigeons, the, 73-75, 78-80; and the fox, tale of the (Dubois' *Pantcha-Tantra*), 55*n*[2]; named Mantharaka, 75, 78-80; and the Two Swans, The, 55-56, 170*n*[1]
Trachiniæ, Sophocles, 29*n*[3]
Tradition, the *Seven Sages of Rome* from oral, 260
Trans. Amer. Phil. Ass., "Joseph and Potiphar in Hindu Fiction," M. Bloomfield, 176
Translations of the *Hitopadeśa*, numerous editions and, 210; of the Pahlavi version of the *Pañchatantra*, 218-219; of Sanskrit versions omitted from the Panchatantra Table, Modern, 232*n*[1], 233*n*
Trap catches thief in treasure-chamber, 246, 257
Travelling through the air, 33, 35, 169, 170, 172, 173, 191, 192
Treacherous bawd, the, 219
Treachery of courtesans, 13, 14
Treasure-chamber entered by thieves, 246, 257, 268, 285
Treasure-Finder who was Blinded, Story of the, 71
"Treasure" story, the "*Gasa*" or, 261, 261*n*[3]
Treasury robbed by thieves, the king's, 246
Tree appealed to as arbitrator, 60
Tree of the *Pañchatantra*, genealogical, 207, 220; *rohini*, 28; *Śalmali*, 73; *udumbara*, 127-129
Tree-spirits, belief in, 179*n*[1]
Tree-of-Wishes, a King Amaraśakti, 221
Tree-worship, 179*n*[1]
Tribes and Castes of the Central Provinces, R. V. Russell, 176
Tribes and Castes of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh, W. Crooke, 176
Trick of asses and wine in the tale of Rhampsinitus, 247; of conversing with the king, 187
Tricks of courtesans, learning the, 5, 6; and spells to bewilder the guards, Ghaṭa's, 145, 146
Trunks, Story of the Servants who kept Rain off the, 116, 116*n*[1]
"Truth, Act of," *motif*, the, 124, 124*n*[1]
Tunnel, opening of Indian thief's, *khâtra*, *chhidra*, *surngâ*, etc., 142*n*[2]
Tunnels, breaking through walls and digging, Indian method of thieving, 142, 142*n*[2], 143, 250
Turkish version of *Kalilah and Dimnah*, 58*n*[1]
Tusculanæ Disputationes, Cicero, 257
Two Brothers who divided all that they had, Story of the, 114, 114*n*[1]; Brothers Yajnasoma and Kirtisoma, Story of the, 95-96; Thieves, Ghaṭa and Karpara, Story of the, 142-151
Two Noble Kinsmen, Shakespeare and Fletcher, 69*n*[1]
"Two Thieves, The," *Gypsy Folk-Tales*, F. H. Groome, 275-281

["Ueber die alte deutsche Uebersetzung des Kalilah und Dimnah"] T. Benfey, *Orient und Occident*, 238
Ueber das Tantrâkhyâyika, die kaschmirische Recension des Pañcatantra, J. Hertel, 209*n*[1]
["Ueber den Zusammenhang indischer Fabeln mit griechischen"] A. Weber, *Indische Studien*, 130*n*[1]
Umbrella and *chowrie* for anointing a king, 100, 175, 176; one of the five emblems of royalty, 175
Unchaste Wife, Dhanadeva's, 147
Ungrateful Wife, Story of the, 153. 153*n*[1], 156
Ungrateful Woman, Story of the Grateful Animals and the, 157, 157*n*[1], 158, 159-160, 161, 161-164
Unhappy experience of Rudrasoma, the, 148, 149
Unknown, fear of the, 45
Unter den Olivenbäumen, W. Kaden, 62*n*[3]

Variant of the tale of Rhampsinitus, gypsy version, close, 275
Variation of the name of Sindibâd, 259
Varieties of tooth-bites, 194, 195
"Vâtsyâyana—the Author of the Kâmasûtra: Date and Place of Origin," Haranchandra Chakladar, *Journal of the Department of Letters of the University of Calcutta*, 193
Vastrs, Forty (Behrnauer's translation), 153*n*[1]. See further under Behrnauer, W. F. A.
Vastrs, The Seven, 122*n*[1]
Vedas, the, 114; Parrot that knows the four, 28
Verbal Reward to the Musician, Story of the Fool who gave a, 132, 132*n*[2], 133
Verhandlungen der Kon. Akademie t. Amsterdam, *Studies about the Kathâsaritsâgara*, T. S. Speyer, 22*n*[1], 79*n*[1], 99*n*[3], 129*n*[1], 134*n*[1], 159*n*[1], 200*n*[1], 212, 213
Version Arménienne de l'Histoire des Sept Sages de Rome, La, trans. F. Mecler, 266*n*[4]
Version close variant of the tale of Rhampsinitus, Gypsy, 275; of the *Pañchatantra*, Kshemendra's, 42*n*[2], 48*n*[1]; of the story of Ghaṭa and Karpara, directly derived from Sanskrit, Tibetan, 284; of the story of Ghaṭa and Karpara, Swedish-Finnish, 281-283; of the *Book of Sindibâd*, lost, the parent Western, 260
Versione Araba de Kalilah e Dimnah, La, N. Moreno, 237
Versions of the *Brihat-Kathâ*, 210-216; *Dolopathos* exist-

ing in two, 260; in existence of the *Pañchatantra*, number of, 207; of the "Impossibilities" *motif* in the *Pañchatantra*; of the Pahlavi version of the *Pañchatantra*, 218-220; of the story of Ghaṭa and Karpara, different, 245; of the *Book of Sindibād*, different, 260-263; of the *Seven Sages of Rome*, 263-266; of the Panchatantra in different languages, late Indic, 233-234; of the Panchatantra, The Jain, 216-218; of the tale of Rhampsinitus, Classical, 255-259; of the tale of Rhampsinitus, Mediæval, 259-266; of the tale of Rhampsinitus, Modern, 266-286

"Verzeichnis der Märchentypen," *FF Communications* 3, A. Aarne, 281

Vetāla stories, the, 212, 213

Vice of drinking, results of the, 4, 5

Viersig Veziere oder Weisen Meister, Die, W. F. A. Behrnauer, 153n^1

Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon, H. Parker, 48n^1, 49n^1, 52n^2, 55n^3, 63n^1, 65

Village, Story of the Fool who asked his Way to the, 170-171

Villagers who cut down the Palm-Trees, Story of the Foolish, 70-71

Violent Man who justified his Character, Story of the, 90-91

Virtue, Kaśmīra, the home of sciences and, 171

Voice from the air, 34, 40, 176

"Voice of the Stone of Destiny, The," E. S. Hartland, *Folk-Lore*, 177

Völker des Östlichen Asiens, Die, A. Bastian, 128*n*

Volkskunde, Zur, F. Liebrecht, 80n^2, 93n^1, 100n^1, 102n^2, 111n^2, 121n^2, 127n^1, 132n^2, 135*n*, 201n^1

Vow called the fast *uposhaṇa*, 124, 125, 126

["Vrihatkatha of Kshemendra, the"] J. G. Bühler, *Indian Antiquary*, 212

Vulgar Errors, Sir Thomas Browne, 135*n*

"Wall-ear," Prākāśakarṇa, 106*n*

Wall, hanging criminals on a, 254

Walls and digging tunnels, Indian method of thieving, breaking through, 142, 142*n*, 250

War between the Crows and the Owls, Story of the, 98, 98n^1, 99, 100, 104, 105, 106, 107-108, 109, 110-112, 112-113

Water-Spirit in his Previous Birth, The, 123-124

Water-Spirit, Story of Yaśodhara and Lakshmīdhara and the Two Wives of the, 120-123, 124-125, 125-126

Wave of the sea of Love's insolence, a girl like a, 199

Wealth, in form of a casket of jewels, 163, 163n^1; as soon as they get it, fools lose, 141; by speaking to the King, Story of the Rogue who managed to acquire, 186-188, 186n^1; is youth to creatures, 78

Weaver and the Bawd, The Cuckold 47n^3, 223-226

Wedge, The Monkey that pulled out the, 43-44

Well, the lion and the, 50; net stretched in a, 8, 9

Wendische Sagen, E. Veckenstedt, 100n^1

West Indic group (Gujerat) of Panchatantra versions, 233

Western version of the *Book of Sindibād* lost, the parent, 260

Westward migration of the *Hitopadeśa*, 210

"Why the Sea is Salt," G. W. Dasent, *Popular Tales from the Norse*, 3n^1

Widow-burning (satī), 19, 19n^1

Wife, The Carpenter and his, 108, 108n^2; cutting off ears and nose of faithless, 82, 82n^1, 156; cutting off nose of faithless, 123; who falsely accused her Husband of murdering a Bhilla, Story of the, 80-82, 153n^1; hypocrisy of faithless, 108; of King Simhāksha and the Wives of his Principal Courtiers, The, 180-182; The Old Merchant and his Young, 106, 106n^1; who was present at her own *Śraddha*, Story of the Faithless, 84-85; pretends being dead, 179-180; of the snake-god, the, 151; Story of the Ungrateful, 153, 153n^1, 154-156

Will, Choosing a King by Divine, 175-177

Winning of Friends, The, one of the Five Books of the *Pañchatantra*, 222

Winter's Tale, A, Shakespeare, 7n^1

Wisdom of geese flying over Mount Taurus, 55n^3

Wishes, a Tree-of-, King Amaraśakti, 221

Wishing-Stone of Narratives, The; or, the Prabandhacintāmaṇi, C. H. Tawney and M. Ācārya, 142n^2, 176

Wishing-stone, or Oskastein, 11n^1

Woman, cowherd brought into a house dressed as a, 148, 148n^2; who had Eleven Husbands, Story of the, 184, 184n^1, 185; who escaped from the Monkey and the Cowherd, Story of the, 141-142; the inconstancy of, 245; who wanted another Son, Story of the, 94, 94n^1; Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful, 157, 157n^1, 158-164

Woman's body, nail- and tooth-marks made on different parts of a, 193-195

Woman's Story, The, 162

"Women whose love is scorned" *motif*, 259n^1

Wonderful Ape Āla, Story of the Merchant's Son, the Courtesan and the, 5-13

World, the flaming eye of the, 29, 29n^2, 30; simile of the, 180; the sun, the lamp of the, 190

Young Wife, The Old Merchant and his, 106, 106*n*[1]
Younger Syriac, the, Keith-Falconer's translation of, 242
Youth to creatures, wealth is, 78

"*Zaunkönig, Der*," J. Grimm. See Bolte and Polívka, 100*n*[1]
Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft, "Die Erzählung vom Kaufmann Campaka," J. Hertel, 186*n*[1]
Zeitung für die Alterthumsforschung, "Die Deif van Brugghe," G. W. Dasent, 284
Zeitung für Indologie und Iranistik, "Σύριγξ und surunga," O. Stein, 142*n*[2]
Zigzag Journeys in India, H. Butterworth, 49*n*[1]
Zoological Mythology, De Gubernatis, 43*n*[1], 100*n*[1], 101*n*[1], 102*n*[2], 109*n*[2], 130*n*[1], 157*n*[1]
"Zumurrud, Ali Shar and," *The Nights*, R. F. Burton, 177
["Zur Verbreitung indischer Fabeln und Erzählungen"] T. Benfey, *Orient und Occident*, 259*n*[1]
Zur Volkskunde, F. Liebrecht, 80*n*[2], 93*n*[1], 100*n*[1], 102*n*[2], 111*n*[2], 121*n*[2], 127*n*[1], 132*n*[2], 135*n*, 201*n*

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