

# THE ORIENTALIST,

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

OF

ORIENTAL LITERATURE, ARTS AND SCIENCES, FOLKLORE,  
&c., &c., &c.

*Edited by*

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KANDY, CEYLON.

PRINTED AT THE EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PRESS, BYCULLA, BOMBAY.

LONDON: TRÜBNER & Co.

*\*\* All communications to be addressed to the EDITOR, Trincomalie Street, Kandy, Ceylon.*

Annual Subscription in Advance, exclusive of Postage, Rs. 6, or 12s.

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## EPISODES FROM THE MAHĀVAṆSA.

## IV. KĀSYAPA, THE PARRICIDE.

*(Continued from page 149.)*

A MAN great in arms, great in deeds, or great in thought, is seldom blessed or embarrassed with a numerous progeny. Energy, constantly bent in one favourite direction; activity, unceasingly employed in accomplishing some noble object on which the mind is riveted,—these, by their very intensity, absorb all the grosser passions of human nature. Such a man was Dhātusena. After conquering the kingdom from the protracted dominion of the Dravidians, his heart was set upon the restoration of its former greatness and glory, which the foreign usurpers had destroyed. In the prosecution of this noble object he sacrificed his own legitimate comforts and pleasures. One or two allusions, incidentally occurring in the course of the narrative, reveal the fact that the Kalāveva was the work of his personal supervision; and it is not unlikely that among the thirty-six tanks and thirty-six temples he is said to have constructed, there were many others that demanded his presence and encouragement. The cares of the State, and the prosecution of great public works, engrossed all his time and left him little leisure to enjoy the pleasures of domestic life. His family circle was, therefore, very limited. The eldest son, Kāsyapa, whose mother is said to have been of inferior rank, was, perhaps, the offspring of a morganatic marriage, contracted during the troublous period of his early career. His second son was Moggallāna, born of his lawful queen, a youth of great promise, and heir apparent to the throne. "He had, likewise, a charming daughter whom he loved as dearly as life."<sup>1</sup> Her beaming smiles irradiated the narrow circle of the king's household and filled his heart with joy. He loved her fondly; and, in order to ensure her future happiness, he selected a husband for her in the person of one of his

nephews, whom he had previously raised to the office of Commander of the Forces. But the selection, as the sequel will shew, proved a most unfortunate failure, fraught with misery to his daughter and calamity to himself and his kingdom. The name of this man is not mentioned in the narrative, throughout which he is only called "the General." Possessed of a most passionate and revengeful character, savage and brutal even for that age of comparative barbarism, and, at the same time, well versed in the art of political intrigue and Court flattery, he was a sufficiently dangerous royal kinsman to have been allowed to move in the Court of an Oriental sovereign, without conferring on him the additional power and influence which would follow from an alliance with the king's daughter. For some reason or other, his domestic life does not appear to have been happy; and not even the captivating charms of a princess of the blood royal could have humanized his natural brutality. He was in the habit of ill-treating his wife and using personal violence. Without any fault of hers, he one day used the whip so mercilessly on her that she bled from the legs where the stripes had been laid. At this moment the royal parent came, unexpectedly, no doubt, on a visit to his daughter, and was horrified on seeing her with tearful eyes and blood-stained garments. He instantly questioned his daughter; and she, with reluctance perhaps, related to him all that had happened, and unbosomed her sorrows and troubles to her royal sire. On hearing the story of her wrongs, Dhātusena was exasperated beyond measure. Burning with rage at the heartless brutality committed on his innocent daughter, and indignant at the base ingratitude of the man whom he had raised to position and power, he, at once ordered the General's mother to be brought

<sup>1</sup> "Tathā pāṇasamā ekā duhitā ca manoramā."

out, and, causing her to be stripped to the skin, had her burnt with a heated iron. Perhaps the king had ascertained that the mother-in-law was to blame in the matter, and was the cause of all the misery his daughter had been suffering; or perhaps he wished to teach a lesson to his ungrateful son-in-law, and to make him realize the fact that parental affection was a feeling in the human breast as strong as, if not stronger than, filial affection. However this may be, it is certain that one act of brutal violence was retaliated by another act of barbarous cruelty—both equally repulsive to humanity and tending to excite and aggravate the worst passions of human nature. The consequence was that the father-in-law became estranged from the son-in-law, who began to cherish in secret the bitterest feelings of hatred towards the former. From that day forth treason began to stalk about the land and to do its wonted work. The General, it would appear, was a consummate schemer. While gradually undermining the loyalty of the army, and spreading disaffection among its officers, he slyly managed to ingratiate himself with Kāsyapa, the king's natural son, whose loyalty and filial affection he alienated by a persistent course of deceit and temptation. Meantime a conspiracy was formed. The glittering crown with all its associations of wealth and power and pleasure; the ease with which it could be obtained by dethroning the father and getting rid of the lawful heir; the readiness of the army to support the revolution;—all these advantages and opportunities must have been set before the mind of Kāsyapa in such attractive colours that he could not resist the allurements of the wily tempter. The infatuated prince, at last, yielded to the importunities of his brother-in-law, the General, and consented to join the conspiracy, the object of which was to dethrone Dhātusena and to place Kāsyapa on the throne. The course of action adopted by the conspirators was simple, but effective. They surprised the

king in his palace, seized and imprisoned him, massacred his faithful ministers and adherents, and crowned Kāsyapa, who immediately assumed the reins of government with the General as his Prime Minister. In the midst of the storm of revolution that burst inside the city, Moggallāna, the lawful son and heir of Dhātusena, effected his escape, and, after an unsuccessful attempt to raise a force for the deliverance of his father, fled to India, with the object of seeking the favour of some potentate there who would espouse his cause and assist him in organizing an army for the invasion of the Island. In the meantime Dhātusena lingered on in solitary confinement within the walls of a dungeon. Deprived of his kingdom, which it took the best years of his life to wrest from the grasp of the Malabars, and separated from those whom he dearly loved, he soon lost his health and appeared haggard and careworn. Why his life was not at once taken away does not appear; but it seems very probable that there still remained in the breast of the usurper some lingering of conscience, which kept him from the commission of a crime so heinous as that of parricide; or, what is still more probable, he thought that his father would not long survive the terrible shock of his sudden downfall and humiliation; or, that he would be driven to commit suicide through sheer desperation. Whatever the reason might have been that induced the usurper to spare his father's life at first, it is certain that Dhātusena was allowed to drag on a miserable existence in a dungeon for some time; and this was a source of uneasiness—a menacing spectre to his son-in-law, the General, who was now the Chief Minister of Kāsyapa and his trusted counsellor. Kāsyapa appears to have been an avaricious man: so the wily minister took advantage of this weakness to attain his great object, which was to put an end to the king's life. He insinuated to the usurper that the captive monarch had amassed enormous wealth,

which was kept concealed somewhere for the use and benefit of Moggallāna. Though at first disinclined to believe it, Kāsyapa was eventually persuaded to send messengers to the royal captive to inquire where he had hidden the treasures of the State. On being interrogated by the messengers Dhātusena at once understood that this was a device invented by his malicious son-in-law in order to encompass his death, and, therefore, thought it best to preserve a dignified silence. On this being conveyed to Kāsyapa, he became furious, and sent, again and again, threatening and peremptory messages to his father. The forlorn king now thought that his end was nigh. He had no riches, amassed or concealed, to give or show. He had spent all that was in the royal treasury for the numerous great works that he had pushed on and completed with such amazing rapidity during the eighteen years of his administrative life. He, therefore, prepared himself for the worst. "Let me die," thought he, "but first I shall see the friend and patron of my youth who is now at Kalāveva." The "friend" of his youth, as our readers are aware, was Mahānāma the priest, his uncle, who appears to have been then residing in seclusion and quiet comfort in a beautiful temple at Kalāveva which Dhātusena had built for him. With this object in view the king told the messengers that he would point out the treasure if he were taken to Kalāveva. On this answer being conveyed to the greedy usurper, he, without delay, sent the captive king in a chariot to Kalāveva in charge of a strong escort. As they were proceeding on their journey the unfortunate king felt weak with hunger, and the driver of the chariot, who happened to be then eating some fried grain, respectfully begged him to partake of the humble meal. The king ate the fried grain that was offered to him, and was so pleased with the kindness of the charioteer—perhaps the only act of kindness he received since his downfall—that he gave him a few lines

written on a leaf, addressed to Moggallāna, asking him, if ever he should ascend the throne, to bestow the office of the king's gate-keeper on the humble driver. As the party was approaching Kalāveva, the old priest heard that his royal kinsman in captivity was coming to see him; and having opportunely received a delicate dish of boiled pulse and water-fowl, of which he knew the king was fond, he reserved it for him and laid it carefully aside. The meeting of the aged, venerable monk and the fallen, forlorn monarch can be easier imagined than described. Dhātusena, stricken down with sorrow and care, made his reverential salutation to his former preceptor and protector. After the first burst of painful emotion produced at the first interview had subsided, the mournful monarch took a seat aside, unbosomed his sorrows to his venerable kinsman, and conversed with him on the past and passing events of the day. While thus engaged both of them felt their hearts leap with joy, "as if," says the historian, "they had each obtained the sovereignty of a kingdom." After imparting to the king the blessings and consolations of religion, and establishing his mind firmly in the faith, the venerable father set before him the delicate dish he had provided beforehand. The king partook of the meal, and afterwards went to bathe in the Kalāveva,—that great work, the construction of which occupied the best years of his life and absorbed all his leisure and treasure. We can imagine with what feelings of pride and gratification the fallen monarch must have viewed that vast expanse of water, destined for centuries to fertilize the land and spread happiness among his people. Joyfully he plunged into the lake, swam about it and drank its water "to his heart's content." Then, getting up the bank and putting on his dress he called out to Kāsyapa's guards and messengers, stretched his hand towards the great tank, and exclaimed, "Friends! Behold: *this* is all the treasure that I possess!" and, he

might as well have added without egotism, "I leave this to you and your posterity as a stupendous monument of my real greatness and your base ingratitude!" Memorable and truthful words they are which the fallen monarch gave utterance to! The Kalāveva has been for centuries the great source of water-supply and fertilization to an expansive tract of arid country; and now, after fourteen hundred years, when Time had wrought its changes and nothing but the extensive remains of the tank could be traced, the present ruler of the Island, as bold and energetic as Dhātusena of old, has deemed it so necessary and useful for the welfare of the country that he has sanctioned an expenditure of a large sum of money from the impoverished Exchequer of the Colony for the restoration of this vast reservoir of water.

But to resume our story:—The messengers, on hearing the declaration of the king, brought him back to the Capital and informed Kāsyapa of all that had transpired at Kalāveva. The greedy usurper, who was led to believe that his father had treasures buried or concealed in the vicinity of that great work and was joyfully expecting a disclosure of the secret, was greatly disappointed and exasperated. The king's implacable enemy, the General, did not lose this opportunity of adding fuel to the fire; and, in a violent burst of ungovernable rage, the terrible mandate was given,— "Kill my father: he has hoarded up treasures for his heir: so long as he is alive he will surely create disaffection among my subjects." The General was not slow to obey the king's command. "I shall see the last of my enemy now," he muttered to himself with grim satisfaction; and, arraying himself in his best apparel, instantly proceeded with the executioners to the prison of the unfortunate monarch, in whose presence he strutted about haughtily, displaying all

the disgusting meanness of a revengeful coward.<sup>2</sup> The royal captive looked on awhile unmoved at the disgraceful scene and thought to himself, "This wretched sinner intends to inflict pain on my mind as he has already inflicted pain on my body, and (by inflaming my mind with anger) wishes to send me down to hell: what heart's desire shall I gratify by the display of anger?" Then, with a mind unruffled and benevolent, he addressed his son-in-law and said, "General, I love you even as I love my own son, Moggallāna." On hearing this "the ruffian commander smiled and shook his head scornfully;" and the king, knowing that his end was nigh, resigned himself to his fate. "He was then stripped naked, bound with chains and tied with his face towards the east inside a walled enclosure, which was then closed up with clay." Walled up alive, the ill-fated monarch met with a terrible death in the 18th year of his reign. For cold-blooded cruelty, cowardly revenge, and ghastly horror, this murder stands out as one of the most diabolical in the annals of crime. Appalled by the description of the tragic scene at which men and angels could mingle their tears together, the venerable historian lamentingly exclaims, "After this, what sensible man on earth would cleave to life, or to riches, or to worldly glory!"

That such a great man as Dhātusena, whose life, after his assumption of the reins of government, was one disinterested and unwearied course of good and noble deeds performed for the benefit of his country and of its religion, should have met with a fate so fearful and sad, is certainly inexplicable, unless we believe in the doctrine of Destiny. The narrator of this mournful story, however, does not look upon the matter as incapable of solution, and relates an incident that occurred in the life of Dhātusena in order to explain the mystery. It is said

<sup>2</sup> In consequence of adopting a wrong reading in verse 104 and consequent misconception of pronouns, Turnour makes it appear that all this was done by Kāsyapa, who is really responsible

only for the command given to kill his father. The General, who was the actual author of all the mischief, is responsible for the diabolical way in which he carried that command into execution.

that when the king was superintending the construction of the Kalāveva Tank, the workmen employed on the earthworks came upon a priest who was lying in a comatose state from the effects of deep meditation, and not being able to rouse him therefrom threw the earth over him and buried the holy man alive. It must, of course, be inferred that the act was done by order of the king. Whether this was an actual fact, or the invention of a fertile religious imagination, it is difficult to say with certainty. Considering, however, the religious spirit pervading the minds of the people of those times, and the place and manner in which this little incident is introduced, together with the improbability of the circumstance in itself, there are grounds to suspect that the story is a priestly fabrication, added on to the narrative afterwards, in order to lend support to the Buddhist dogma of retributive justice, and to assign a reason, on moral grounds, for the occurrence of a most deplorable event which would otherwise be most unaccountable.

Kāsyapa was now the sole lord and master of the land, and had no enemies to fear except Moggallāna, on whose life, it is said, he made two attempts by means of his cook and his equerry. The former was probably sent to poison, the latter to assassinate, his half-brother. Both these attempts having failed and Moggallāna having secured his personal safety in India, the usurper now turned his attention to secure a place of refuge for himself in the event of any unforeseen calamity overtaking him. The Mahāvāṇsa says that "this wicked ruler of men got afraid and took refuge in Sihagiri."<sup>3</sup> Well might the parricide have "got afraid," indeed! There was the lawful heir to the throne, Moggallāna, in India, courting the good-will and friendship of

the princes and chiefs of that country. Here, in the kingdom which he had so violently usurped, there were men who watched him with suppressed indignation and sullen silence, waiting only for a convenient opportunity to turn the tables against him. The priesthood were shocked and offended at a crime, unparalleled in the history of the land, committed, as it were, before their very eyes, and would not, as we shall hereafter see, accept his overtures of conciliation or offerings of penitence. Kāsyapa, therefore, thought it the wisest course to secure himself from the consequences of an unexpected invasion or sudden rebellion, by having at hand a stronghold from which he could defy his enemies. For this purpose, he selected the singularly attractive rock of Sigiri, situated at a distance of about 30 miles south-east of Anurādhapura, and strengthened it with fortifications. The Mahāvāṇsa briefly says that it was "inaccessible to men," but that Kāsyapa "cleared it all round, surrounded it with a rampart, and constructed in it apartments with staircases in the form of lions; from which circumstance it received the name of Sihagiri."<sup>4</sup> He now began to amass wealth from different parts of his kingdom and hoarded it there, placing strong guards in suitable places to protect the royal treasures. Inside the fortifications "he built a beautiful and magnificent palace like unto a second Alakā<sup>5</sup> and lived there like Kuvera the lord of wealth." While living here in undisturbed security and royal splendour, surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries that unbounded wealth could bestow, he seems for a time to have become unduly elated with the possession of uncontested authority and power, and to have offended and estranged some of his high officers of State. One of them

<sup>3</sup> Sinhalese, *Sigiriya*. For a description of the ruins of this fortress see notes at the end.

\* \* \* \* \* "bhīto sihagirin gato  
Durāroham manussehi sodhāpetvā samantato  
Pākāreṇa parikkhippa sihākāreṇa kārayi  
Tattha nissenī gehani tena taṇ nāmako ahu."

In this passage "*sihākāreṇa*" "in the form of lions," may refer either to the rampart or the apartments with staircases. The fortress is in

ruins; and no figures or paintings of lions have yet been discovered as far as I am aware, although Sir Emerson Tennent refers in a foot-note to an old periodical in which the writer avers that he had seen such paintings on the walls of the galleries.

<sup>5</sup> The Capital of Kuvera, the Hindu god of wealth. "*Dutiyalakamandan va kuvero va tahiṇ vaṣi.*"

was a General named *Migāra*, who built a monastery bearing his own name and a pavilion for the Statue called *Abhiseka-jina*. This officer, after having completed these works, wished to inaugurate them on a very magnificent scale. For this purpose he begged permission of the king to celebrate the inaugural festival of these sacred edifices with greater pomp and pageantry than were accorded to that of the more ancient statue of *Silā-Sambuddha*. For some reason not stated in the narrative, it appears that the king declined to grant this request; and the angry and disappointed minister went away crest-fallen from the royal presence, uttering in secret the language of treason. "Well," said he, "I shall see how long my master will rule the kingdom." Although the *Mahāvansa* does not record it, there are grounds for believing that this disaffected general of *Kāsyapa* must have played an important part in the subsequent events of that period which ultimately brought about the overthrow of the royal parricide and his army before the forces of *Moggallāna*. Otherwise it is difficult to conceive why this seemingly trifling incident should have been interwoven with the main narrative at this time and place.

The mind, however deeply occupied with the cares and pleasures of this world, must ultimately fall back upon itself for the enjoyment of true happiness: but woe to that man who seeks it if his hand has been stained with crime, or his heart steeped in vice, or, without these, even if his affections are fixed upon his hoarded wealth. The felon, the profligate, and the miser can never enjoy peace of mind. The "dagger of the mind," the "false creation proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain" constantly present themselves before them, keeping them awake in bewilderment and terror and driving away "Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care." We need not, therefore, be surprised to read that,

in the latter part of his reign, after he had drunk to satiety of the cup of enjoyment and pleasure, *Kāsyapa* began to taste of the bitter dregs of it. At last, he repented of his great crime; and his mind, struck down with sorrow and riven with remorse, forced him in the very impotence of helpless misery to utter the penitential cry,—“Alas! How shall I escape from the retribution of my crime!”

He now thought of expiating his sin by the performance of meritorious works and by voluntary penance. It is said that he laid out parks at the four gates of the Capital and planted groves of mango and other fruit-trees at intervals of 16 miles all over the Island. He built or enlarged the *Isurumuni Vihāra* at *Anurādhapura* and made additional grants to it of lands which he had purchased for that purpose. He gave his own name and the names of his two daughters, *Bodhi* and *Uppalavannā*, to this *Vihāra*, and was anxious to offer it to the *Mahāvihāra* priesthood; but the leaders of that ancient and venerable fraternity, fearing the scandal they might incur from the world by accepting a parricide's gift, respectfully declined to accept it. The king, however, was determined that they should accept the offering; so it was found necessary to affect a compromise, and the king was advised to dedicate the temple to the Statue of Buddha. "Whatever belongs to our Lord<sup>6</sup> is ours," said they, and under cover of this subterfuge accepted the magnificent offering in sullen silence. In the park at the vicinity of the *Sigiri Rock* he constructed another *Vihāra* which, also, he connected with his name and the names of his two daughters; and he further dedicated to the *Abhayagiri* fraternity a park and a temple situated in the northern part of the Island. It is related that, on one occasion, having partaken of a rich and dainty meal prepared for him by a favourite female, he caused the whole priesthood to be fed with similar meals, at the end of

<sup>6</sup> The priests are called *Buddhaputtā* or *Sākyaputtā*, sons of Buddha or Sākya.



which every one of them was supplied with a robe. He observed the Buddhist Sabbath; spent much of his time in meditation; practised religious austerities; and caused religious books to be written<sup>7</sup>; but, nevertheless, says the Chronicler, he lived in perpetual dread of the world to come and of Moggallāna.

THE AVENGER.

At length, in the 18th year of Kāsyapa's reign, Prince Moggallāna, "a mighty warrior"<sup>8</sup> came with a large and powerful army from India, assisted by twelve noble and adventurous friends, and landed safely at a place called *Ambakolapaṭṭana*, where he entrenched himself near a Vihāra called *Porō-vehera*. The Mahāvāṇsa states that he received advice and counsel from the "Niganthas"<sup>9</sup> of India. What this advice related to—whether as regards the manner of collecting and organizing his expeditionary force, or the plan of campaign and the policy he should adopt after landing in Ceylon—the chronicle does not say. However this may be, it is certain that he succeeded in collecting a large army, fully equipped for the perilous enterprise of dethroning the usurper and establishing himself on his rightful throne. Kāsyapa expected an invasion, and lived in constant dread of it; but now that he was forced to meet the enemy at last, fear gave way to anger, and he lost no time in collecting his forces for the inevitable struggle at hand. He consulted his soothsayers; but they afforded him no gleam of hope. "You cannot conquer him," was their terse, decisive answer to his anxious enquiries. In view of such a disheartening prediction, it is not quite conjectural to suppose that his generals must have advised him

to take up a defensive position in his "inaccessible" fortress at Sīgiri; but Kāsyapa would neither listen to the forebodings of the despondent prophets, nor to the sober advice of his ministers. Waxing still more wrathful, he put himself at the head of his army, and went forth to meet Moggallāna, uttering the fearful menace, "I shall eat him up." Moggallāna, too, with his friends, the Indian princes, did not remain idle, but pushed on his army to meet that of Kāsyapa, "like Śakra, the king of the gods, to meet the Asuras." Both armies encountered each other "like two seas that burst their bounds," and a furious conflict ensued. The battle raged for some time with varying success until, by an unfortunate movement on the part of Kāsyapa, the tide was eventually turned in Moggallāna's favour. He was leading in person his force of elephants—the chief arm of warfare in ancient times—when, seeing a large marsh that lay before him, Kāsyapa turned back in order to avoid the danger and take a different course. At this moment his infantry, under the leadership of his generals, was evidently well in front, pressing hard against Moggallāna's van, but, seeing Kāsyapa's unexpected movement in the rear, they misconstrued it into a retreat, and cried out, "Our Lord has taken to flight." The cry was communicated from rank to rank and Kāsyapa's advanced men faltered and staggered. Moggallāna's men took advantage of the critical moment and, raising a tremendous shout of "the king has shown his back," made a charge on the enemy in front with an impetuosity that was irresistible. The result was instantaneous. Kāsyapa's army, panic-stricken, broke its ranks and fled in wild confusion and disorder. Unable to stem the torrent of the

<sup>7</sup> One of these, an Elu work, is still extant. It is called the *Dampiyā Gētapada*, or a glossary on the *Dhammapada*. The work, happily, bears the author's name at the end. The passage runs thus "Debisevejā Abhāsala Mevan Kasup Maharajahu Dampiyā atuvāvata Kala Sannayi." "The glossary on the commentary to the Dhammapada made by the great king Abhāsala Mevan Kasup born" (the remaining words are of doubtful meaning.)

<sup>8</sup> "Mahābhaṭo." Moggallāna is always spoken of as a chivalrous soldier.

<sup>9</sup> The Mahāvāṇsa is very concise here. *Ādesena Niganthānan* "by the advice of the Niganthas." Who these Niganthas were, or what influence they commanded in India at this time, is not stated. If they were the very sects mentioned in the Buddhist Piṭakas, the allusion here points to somewhere about Behar as the field whence Moggallāna collected his army.

flying masses and hopeless of even rallying them, the usurper was driven to desperation. Overwhelmed with disaster and disgrace, unable, perhaps, to effect his flight with safety, and fearful of being taken captive by his brother, from whom he expected no mercy, he resolved to put an end to his life. He drew his knife, cut his own throat, put the blade into the scabbard and expired on the back of his noble tusker. Thus ended, after a reign of 18 years, the life of this unfortunate parricide—a man alike to be pitied as the dupe of a wicked, wily and revengeful minister, as hated for the great crime with which his name has been perpetuated to posterity.

It is strange—and a pity, too,—that the Drama was unknown to Sinhalese literature: otherwise the ancient history of Ceylon, teeming as it does with incidents like those we have narrated, would have afforded abundant materials to the poet for the representation of tragic scenes and human passions as varied and intense as those that we find in *Othello* or *Macbeth*.

The dead body of Kāsyapa was found on the field of battle, and Moggallāna, on being informed of the suicidal act, was glad at having been relieved from the performance of a duty which, painful as it might be, was incumbent on him, both in the interests of justice and of the peace and safety of his kingdom, but which would have branded his name with the opprobrium of a fratricide. Having duly performed the funeral obsequies of his brother, he collected his materiel of war and marched with his army direct to the capital, doubtful, perhaps, of the kind of reception he might meet with there. His progress met with no opposition, and he arrived at the gates of the capital and encamped his army outside the walls. The priests, on hearing of the victor's arrival, cleaned up their temples and monasteries, and, having decently clad themselves in their best vestments, assembled in a body at the grand park, called *Mahāmeghavana*, in order to give the lawful heir to the throne a royal welcome. On hearing this, Mog-

gallāna attired himself in his royal robes, and, with a select number of his nobles and generals, entered the city "like the king of the gods entering into his pleasure garden, Nandana." The spectacle that presented itself before his eyes, must, doubtless, have been grand and imposing—no less than an army of yellow-robed monks, arrayed according to sacerdotal age, awaiting in solemn silence to receive the worthy son of a royal sire who had done so much for their religion and whose memory they cherished with regardful affection. Moved at the grandeur of the scene, and delighted at the loyalty of the priesthood, he approached them reverentially, and after making due obeisance rose and presented to them his "parasol of Sovereignty" as a token of his submission to the Church of the State. The priesthood took the parasol and handed it back to the conqueror in recognition of his right to ascend the throne of his father and govern the kingdom in conformity with the law of the land and the religion of the State. In commemoration of this event the spot received the name of *Cattavaddhi*" or the "Parasol-presentation," and a monastery, subsequently built there, also received the same name.

Moggallāna afterwards proceeded in State to the Abhayagiri and Jetavana Vihāras, and paid his respects to the fraternities of those two establishments. He was then duly crowned king of the whole Island with due ceremonials of State. It was natural to expect—and justice required it, too,—that on assuming the reigns of government, he would meet out condign punishment on those who aided and abetted the foul and base murder of his father; but, unfortunately, Moggallāna transgressed the bounds of just and righteous retribution, and wreaked a fearful and barbarous revenge on the ungrateful traitors. Exasperated on hearing the harrowing tale of his father's wrongs and sufferings, he confiscated the property of all those who had followed Kāsyapa and his wicked brother-in-law. It is recorded that he put to death more

than a thousand officers who had been implicated in the conspiracy, and transported a great many more. The men who had taken an immediate and active part in the last tragic act of burying his father alive, he tortured and maimed most barbarously by putting out their eyes, cutting off their limbs, ears, noses, &c. These and other similar cruelties obtained for him the name of "The Rākṣasa." However, after the first burst of fierce passion had subsided, he gradually cooled down, and his mind was eventually quieted and calmed by listening to the admonitions and religious discourses of the priesthood. He commemorated his reformation and the commencement of his reign of justice and benevolence by a general almsgiving on the full-moon day of January all over the Island, "as if great clouds had showered down the abundance of their waters on a parched-up land." He also decreed that that day should be specially observed every year as a day of public almsgiving: and the historian, who evidently compiled this part of the narrative a considerable time after the occurrence of the event, declares that "thenceforward the practice of almsgiving on that day has continued unbroken throughout the Island, even up to his time."

Moggallāna did not forget those ministers and servants who remained faithful to his father, or sympathized with him in his distress. Migāra, the disaffected General of Kāsyapa, in whose mind, as we have already seen, the seed of Treason began to sprout from the day that his request was refused by his royal master, and who most likely played an important part in turning the tide of victory in Moggallāna's favour,—obtained from his new master a favourable answer to his prayer; and he had the pleasure of inaugurating his statue of Buddha, called *Abhiseka-Jina*, with all the pomp and magnificence he could afford to display. The charioteer who drove the persecuted king to Kalāveṇa and showed

kindness to the hunger-bitten monarch on the road, now came forward and presented to the king the letter of his sire. Moggallāna read the royal epistle with emotion, and wept and lamented at the unhappy fate that had befallen his father. He then, in obedience to his father's last expressed wishes, at once raised the charioteer to the office of Keeper of the King's Gate—an office, at that period, of the highest trust and responsibility. Nor did he fail to remember the tutor, friend and uncle of his father—the venerable Mahānāma, who was then probably occupying the same hermitage on the banks of the Kalāveṇa as that in which he afforded the consolations of religion to the worried and wearied Dhātusena. Converting the fortress of Sigiri into a grand Temple,<sup>10</sup> he dedicated it to the aged priest; and the two Vihāras constructed by Kāsyapa in the vicinity of the Rock, he presented to the two fraternities of the Abhayagiri and Jetavana establishments. It is said also that he constructed a monastery for the order of Nuns in the name of his consort, and called it *Rājini* or "The Queen."

It was during the reign of Moggallāna that a lock of Buddha's hair is said to have been brought over to Ceylon from the vicinity of Gayā by one of Moggallāna's adherents, named Silākāla, who followed him to India, and there entered the priesthood in a monastery near the Great Bo-Tree. The story is briefly recorded in the pages of the Mahāvaṇsa, the writer of which refers the reader for a detailed account to a book, called *Kesadhātuvaṇsa*, which, unhappily, is not extant.

Moggallāna died after a reign of 18 years, and was succeeded by his son, Kumāra Dhātusena, the "Kumārādās" of Sinhalese literature.

That these three kings, Dhātusena, Kāsyapa and Moggallāna, whose eventful lives were so intimately connected with one another, should have each reigned only for

<sup>10</sup> This, perhaps, accounts for the remains of a Dāgoba still found on the summit of the rock. *Vide* notes.

a period of 18 years, is a remarkable coincidence, and might tempt one to suspect the Mahāvāṅsa chronology, which, however, is too well supported by monuments and inscriptions to admit of any reasonable doubt.

L. C. WIJESINHA.

NOTES.

I am indebted to the kindness of H. L. Moysey, Esq., Assistant Government Agent of Mātāle, and the Mudaliyār F. Goone-tilleke, for the following interesting description of Sīgiri from the report on the District of Mātāle for the year 1853, by J. Bailey, Esq., the then Revenue Officer of the District :—

“In Inamalua Corle, about 11 miles north-east of Dambool, are the extraordinary remains of the City and Fortress of Sīgiri. They have been described by Major Forbes in his work on Ceylon, but he admits that he had not time to explore them properly.

“The whole of this Corle is a vast plain, covered with low jungle, from which, now and then, an isolated rock rises; of these Sīgiri at once commands attention from its bold, rugged, and tower-like shape. It rises abruptly from the plain to the height of about 800 feet, and is naturally inaccessible. At the south end and on the east side the ascent, for about 300 feet, is easily accomplished; but above, the rock overhangs, rendering all further progress impossible. On the northern end, however, the ground naturally slopes higher up the rock to about 350 feet from its summit. Round its base are remains of larger stone walls. Masses of rock have been connected with masonry, and the approach to the rock must have been nearly impossible before the use of gunpowder was known—for the use of it was unknown to the natives when these fortifications were entire. Remains of buildings are to be seen within the outer fortifications, and among others a square stone foundation, surrounded by a moat.

“At the south end of the rock, upon that shelving part of it, which, as I have said, renders the ascent for about 300 feet practicable, a flat terrace has been built, and in the perpendicular side of the rock, a passage or gallery has been excavated all along the west side, for about 200 yards. The foundations of the passage are formed of large masses of brick, which rest on horizontal grooves cut in the rock. The gallery, which is 15 feet in width, is protected by a wall of brick rising about 12 feet from the flooring, which is paved with long stones. About 100 yards of it is entire, and the polished plastered walls shine as if they had been but a few years completed.

“The northern face of the rock is smooth, and at an angle of about 15° from the perpendicular. Here all remains of the brick wall have disappeared. The horizontal grooves, from 3 to 6 inches deep, and from 3 to 5 feet above each other, reach nearly to the top of it. Small holes about 6 or 8 inches square have also been cut at intervals in the face of the rock. It is evident that these supported courses of masonry and that a flight of steps led from the northern end of the gallery up to the top of the rock.

“On the 22nd of September Mr. Adams and myself, accompanied by my clerk, Mr. Wijeyekoon and several natives, succeeded in making the ascent of the rock; but it was a very perilous undertaking, as the grooves alone broke the surface of the bare rock, which is totally free from roots or trees to assist in the ascent. Near the top, where it became less steep at an angle of 30° we again came on remains of brick foundations.

“The space on the top of the rock is about 2 acres in extent, and covered with jungle. In the centre of it is a tank 45 feet square, paved with stones, which have evidently become dry very recently, owing to the excessive drought; at the southern end a tank cut in the rock 15 feet by 18, in which we found good water, and at the west side are the remains of a Dāgoba. The whole top of the rock is strewed with

stones and bricks, and I have no doubt more ruins yet remain undiscovered.

"The ascent of the rock was never made before, except by 2 or 3 natives 10 years ago.

"Sigiri was founded by Kassapa or Kāsyapa or Kasub, son of Dhātusena or Dāsen, in the year of Buddha 1020, A.D. 471, 1375 years ago. He rebelled against his father and put him to death; and when his brother Moggallāna raised an army to avenge his father's murder he fortified himself in Sigiri."

A few extracts from Sir Emerson Tennent's History of Ceylon referring to Sigiri, will be interesting in connection with the narrative of the events that led to its formation as a fortress:—

"At a later time, the Malabars, when in possession of the northern portion of the Island, formed a chain of strong "forts" from the eastern to the western coast, and the Sinhalese, in imitation of them, occupied similar positions. The most striking example of mediæval fortification which still survives, is the imperishable rock of Sigiri, north-east of Dambool, to which the infamous Kāsyapa retired with his treasures, after the assassination of his father, King Dhātusena, A.D. 459; when having cleared its vicinity and surrounded it by a rampart the figures of lions with which he decorated it, obtained for it the name of Sihagiri, the 'Lion's-Rock.' But the real defences of Sigiri were its precipitous cliffs, and its naturally scarped walls which it was not necessary to strengthen by any artificial structures."—*Tennent*, vol. I, p. 465.

"The story has been already told of the parricide King Kāsyapa, who, in the fifth century obtained the throne of Ceylon by the murder of his father Dhātusena and who subsequently retired to the inaccessible

fort of Sigiri. This extraordinary natural stronghold is situated in the heart of the great central forest, about 15 miles north-east of Dambool. At Enamalua we left the high-way to wind under the shade of the thick woods, by narrow tracks and jungle paths, until we reached the beautiful tank above which this gigantic cylindrical rock starts upwards to a height prodigious in comparison with the size of its section at any point, the area of its upper surface being very little more than an acre in extent. Its scarped walls are nearly perpendicular, and in some places they overhang their base. The formation of this singular cliff can only be ascribed to its upheaval by a subterranean force, so circumscribed in action that its effects were confined within a very few yards, yet so irresistible as to have shot aloft this prodigious pencil of stone to the height of nearly four hundred feet.

"The Mahāvāṇsa minutely describes the measures taken by Kāsyapa, after the assassination of the king his father, whom he caused to be 'built up in a wall, embedding him in it, with his face to the east and plastering the aperture with clay.' Having repaired to Sigiri, a place difficult of access to men, and clearing it all round, he surrounded it with a rampart. He built there habitations which could only be reached by flights of steps and these he ornamented with figures of lions, *Siha*, whence it obtained the name of Siha-giri, the 'Lion's rock.'<sup>11</sup> There are still the remains of an embankment which, as tradition tells, once enclosed the entire area of the rock, forming a deep fosse filled with water, by which the fortress was protected. Of this the tank already alluded to was a part. It swarms with crocodiles, and at the time of my visit was thickly covered with the white and red flowers of the lotus.

<sup>11</sup> A writer in the number of *Young Ceylon* for April, 1851, p. 77, says that having succeeded in penetrating the great gallery, which must have been constructed nearly fourteen hundred years ago, he found it "covered with a thick coat of chunam, as white and as bright as if it were

only a month old, with fresco paintings chiefly of lions, whence its name Singha-giri or Sigiri." This serves to correct an error in FORBES'S *Eleven years in Ceylon*, Vol. II., p. 2, in which the existence of the lions is disputed, and *Sikhari* is said to be an ordinary term for any "hill-fort."

“To render this extraordinary retreat secure, Kāsya carried galleries along the face of the cliff, partially hollowing them out of the rock, and protected them in front by strong curtain walls of stone. A spring still trickles down the precipice, the existence of which has given rise to the tradition that a cistern was formed at the top, whose waters overflow after the torrents of the monsoons, but no adventurous climber has succeeded in testing the truth of the popular belief. The palace of the king stood on a triangular bastion, facing the north-west and protected on two sides by the moat. It is now a shapeless mass of *débris* and fallen brickwork.

“Our attempts to penetrate the ruined galleries were defeated by the insufferable heat which glowed within the walls, and the oppressive smell caused by the bats that inhabit them in thousands. Numbers of snakes were also discerned amongst the mounds of brick-work over which we were obliged to clamber. A bear which we disturbed retreated into one of the caves, many of which are to be found amongst the ruins; and after a toilsome scramble we returned to bathe and breakfast in the cool pansala of green branches, which the Corale of Inamalua, the chief of the district, had constructed for our reception.”—*Ibid.* Vol. II., Part X., Ch. I.

#### COMPARATIVE FOLKLORE.

##### THE GOLDSMITH.

In an article contributed to the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, by W. K. James, Esq., and published in Vol. VII. Part III. of the Society's *Journal*, the author gives the following Sinhalese story in illustration of the suspicion with which all goldsmiths are looked upon by the Sinhalese:—

##### *The Sinhalese story.*

“Of all workmen the Sinhalese regard the native goldsmith with the greatest suspicion. This is due no doubt to the fact that, whenever opportunity occurs, he appropriates a portion of the precious metal entrusted to him, often substituting for it that of a baser kind. There are many sayings in the language to the effect that ‘whoever else is to be trusted, a goldsmith is not’; and there is a popular belief that ‘a goldsmith would cheat his own mother,’ in illustration of which the following story is told:—

“A certain woman possessed a large piece of gold made up in the form of a frog, which had been an heir-loom in her family for many years. She, though wishing to keep the metal, was anxious to have it made up in the form of ornaments, which she could wear and display before her friends. She was afraid to take it to a goldsmith, for she knew that they all had the reputa-

tion of being rogues, and that she would most likely be cheated. It therefore occurred to her that the safest way would be to have her son apprenticed to the trade: this she accordingly did. When he had learned it sufficiently well, she took the golden frog to him and requested him to make it into the ornaments she required. The cunning fellow first obtained a live frog and placed it among the ashes of his fire-place, and then, whilst his mother stood by, took the golden one, put it among the ashes also, and commenced to blow the fire to melt it down. The live frog feeling uncomfortable in the heat immediately jumped out and hopped away. ‘See, dear mother,’ said he, ‘your frog is gone. How can you expect me to make ornaments from a living thing?’ ‘Oh, my dear son,’ said the mother, ‘what is worse than bad fortune? My lump of gold has turned into a lump of flesh.’”

There is another story among the Sinhalese showing the dishonesty of goldsmiths and their ingenuity in devising plans for carrying on their malpractices. This story is as follows:—

##### *Another Sinhalese story.*

A certain king employed a goldsmith to make him a crown of pure gold, and, knowing the proverbial dishonesty of their trade,

stipulated that the work should be done on the deck of a ship under the close observation of some of his ministers whom he would appoint for the purpose. The goldsmith was to be closely examined, both on entering the ship in the morning and on leaving it in the evening; and everything required for the work was to be supplied to him by the ministers and not brought to the ship by him.

These precautions being considered by the king ample for preventing the possibility of any theft of the gold, the work was begun by the goldsmith on the deck of an isolated ship lying at anchor at a little distance from the shore.

Among other things, the goldsmith required daily a few stalks of the habarala<sup>1</sup> leaf for stirring the melted gold with. When the gold was stirred with the stalk the cold cavities of the latter imbibed, hardened and held together a small quantity of the precious metal. These stalks were, one after another, thrown into the sea under the very noses of the watchers, who never suspected that there was any meaning in this proceeding. The waves of course washed the stalks to the shore and the goldsmith picked them up when returning home every evening after the day's work, and thus collected a large quantity of gold, setting at naught the watchers and all their endeavours to thwart him in the long-established practices of his trade.

Similar and worse feelings exist among the Siamese against the goldsmith. There is ample proof of this feeling in a story given by Herr Adolf Bastian in his German collection of Siamese tales, of which we here present our readers with an English translation:—

*The Siamese Story.*

“There was once a Brahman, named Thephasavāmi (Devasvāmi) who, leaving the city of Pharanasi (Benares), wandered about in a wood, where he saw a lake in which there were an ape, a goldsmith, a tiger and a snake (in danger of being drowned). The Brahman looking at them thought within

himself: ‘I will do a good work (literally: I will acquire merit for myself).’ He then took a long creeper which resembled a rope, and threw it to the drowning creatures. The ape creeping along it first got to the shore, and, after making obeisance to the Brahman said:—‘I am a poor creature, possessing neither silver nor gold nor anything whatever to offer to you, my benefactor. Should your Reverence, however, ever happen to come to this forest I will honour you with an offering of fruits.’ The Brahman then threw the creeper a second time, and the tiger clung to it and was soon ashore. After making obeisance to the Brahman he said: ‘I earnestly beg that you, my benefactor, may be pleased to honor me at your convenience with a visit to my abode yonder,’ with these words he took his leave of the Brahman. Then came the snake creeping along the rope, and after paying homage to the Brahman said to him: ‘I have nothing wherewith I may repay your benevolence, but should you ever happen to be in trouble or in danger call me then to mind.’ All the three animals warned the Brahman saying: ‘Rescue not that black-haired fellow. If you save him he will bring you to trouble.’ The snake likewise took his leave and went his way. The Brahman thought within himself, ‘Those creatures whom I have yet saved are mere irrational beings. Oh! how could it be right not to do the same to a man. But what about the warnings of the beasts? Am I to pass them unheeded?’ The Brahman could not come to any decision, although he weighed well the *pros* and the *cons* of the question, but at last, taking into consideration the connection of the past and the future with the present, he concluded thus: ‘I will shew him kindness. Should I receive from him evil for good, that will simply be the result of my actions in a former birth.’ After he had thus deliberated, he threw the rope again and the goldsmith laid fast hold of it and safely reached the land. After

<sup>1</sup> Colocasia Macrorrhiza.

making obeisance to the Brahman he said: 'I am a goldsmith, and make jewels and vessels of gold and silver for the royal family; should your Reverence ever have occasion for my services I beg of you to command me freely.' With these respectful words he took his leave of the Brahman.

"Some time after, the Brahman visited the forest, and the ape advanced to meet him with a present of fruits of various kinds, and respectfully offered them to him.

"As regards the tiger, it happened one day, when he was in quest of prey, that he had met the emperor's son going in state dressed in gold chains and all kinds of costly ornaments, his retinue being then at some distance behind and quite out of sight, and had thrown him down and devoured him. He had bitten off the jewels from the prince's person and had buried them on the spot. Now, when the Brahman went to visit the tiger the latter fetched the jewels and presented them to the Brahman as a token of his gratitude for the kindness which had been shown to him. The Brahman took them to his house, but thought within himself, 'It would not be proper for me to wear such jewels, or even to possess them. I shall take them to the goldsmith and get him to make me a betel-box of them.' For this purpose he called on the goldsmith, who seeing him at a distance cried out to him, and invited him to the house. The Brahman then showed him the jewels and said: 'I have received these jewels from the tiger whom I saved from drowning as a token of his gratitude for the favour done to him. I should wish to have them converted into a betel-box.'

"Treacherous thoughts entered the goldsmith's mind, as he was of a perverted nature from his very origin (da seine Natur von Hause aus verdorben war) and he forgot the kindness which he had received from the good man. He only saw what was present before his eyes, but gave no thought to what might happen in the future. Planning malicious schemes in his

mind he said to himself: 'I will go and report this matter to the Governor. That will, I am sure, bring me much good luck at the expense of this Brahman.' He said therefore to the Brahman: 'May it please my benefactor to wait a while here. I have some business to attend to, but I will be back immediately.' He then went to the governor and informed him that the robber who had murdered the prince had brought to him his jewels, which he had recognised and secured, and that the robber was at that moment in his house. The governor sent out bailiffs who, being led by the goldsmith, seized the Brahman and brought him before the judge with the jewels. Being questioned from whence he got the jewels, and commanded to speak the truth, the Brahman thought to himself: 'If I say that I received the jewels from the tiger my statement will not meet with any credence. What has happened to me is just what I have deserved. My actions in a former birth have brought on me this calamity, and I shall not be able therefore to extricate myself from it.' The governor then took the Brahman with him to His Majesty the king, and said to him reverently: 'The Brahman who murdered the prince has been arrested, and I have brought him here together with the costly jewels. Everything has been recovered by the bailiffs.' The king flew into a terrible rage, and gave commandment that the Brahman should be put to death. But in order that his blood might not be shed upon the earth the sentence of death was pronounced upon him in the usual way and he was thereupon placed in heavy chains. The Brahman then called to mind the snake, who issuing forth immediately from the earth made his appearance before him, and after making him obeisance said to him that he had not given heed to his warning, and had thus received evil for the good he had done. 'But be not uneasy, sir,' he added, 'I shall know how to repay the kindness I have received from you, my benefactor. I shall now go and bite



the princess when she goes to the garden to gather flowers and to divert herself.' The snake then gave him instructions how to act, saying: 'When the announcement of the princess being bitten by a snake is publicly made, you must offer to cure her, and then call me to mind.' The snake then took leave of the Brahman and lay concealed among the flowers, watching his opportunity. When the princess went into the garden and was amusing herself with her companions and stretched forth her hand to pluck a flower, the snake bit her and she fell down and swooned. This created no little consternation among her companions, who raised her and carried her to the palace crying out 'a snake has bitten the princess.' The king immediately summoned his physicians for the purpose of having the poison drawn out, and he further caused a proclamation to be made through his officers that whoever would heal the princess would be rewarded with cities and titles, and would have the princess herself to wife. By command of the king this proclamation was made with the sound of the gong, but there was nobody in the whole city who was able to neutralize the effect of the poison. The king enquired of his nobles whether the physicians had been able to extract the poison, but was informed that all the endeavours of the physicians had been unsuccessful, and that there was only one other person to be consulted, namely the Brahman who lay in prison under sentence of death.

"The king then commanded his officers to consult the Brahman immediately. On being questioned by the nobles the Brahman said that he possessed some knowledge, and would undertake the cure. When these words of the Brahman were conveyed to the king, he at once reiterated his promise that, in the event of a cure, he would give his daughter to the Brahman in marriage and would further grant him cities and titles. The Brahman caused a curtain with seven plaits to be hung and the princess to be brought out for the ceremonies. By command of the

king the Brahman was bathed and clothed in white garments, after which he called Phaya Ngu (the snake god) to mind. The snake appeared immediately and drew out the poison from the body of the princess, who instantaneously was her former self again. When the companions of the princess announced to the king the good news of her restoration to health, he commanded preparations for the wedding to be made, and the marriage of the princess was soon after solemnized, and cities and titles were bestowed on the Brahman and the princess. The Brahman now related to the king everything connected with the strange adventure that had happened to the princess, explaining all the details connected with it, and when the king became acquainted with all the facts of the case, he commanded the goldsmith to be brought before him, in order that he might be confronted with the Brahman. The goldsmith was obliged to admit that the Brahman's statement was perfectly correct. As a punishment for gross ingratitude, and for having acted in opposition to the precepts of *Īitasadika*, the king commanded the goldsmith to be branded on the face and to be led about with shaven head, in order that he might serve as an example to his subjects and then be put to death. The king's son-in-law, however, urged that the man had been sufficiently punished by his public exposure, and begged the king to spare his life, for he feared that his death might bring on him consequences of a serious nature in a future birth."

The Punjabees too, entertain feelings of a similar nature towards the goldsmith, as will be seen from the following story taken from a collection of folk-tales made by Rev. C. Swynnerton, and published as a sort of appendix to his *Rājā Rasālu*. The reader need hardly be reminded that both goldsmiths and silversmiths belong to the same caste in the east.

*The Punjabee Story.*

"Silversmiths as a class bear a bad reputation for mixing up an undue quantity of

alloy in the silver of their customers, There was once a silversmith who, in a moment of disinterestedness, promised his mother that he would give her a bangle which should contain nothing but pure silver. 'You are my mother,' said he, 'and I as your son, who owe you so much, cannot do less.' So he cast a bangle for his mother out of unmixed silver, and, when it was finished, he stored it up for her and went to bed. But he was quite unable to get a wink of sleep. He turned from side to side, and moaned and fretted in torment, frequently exclaiming: 'Ah, that wretched bangle! what a simpleton was I to make a bangle without alloy!' At last he could stand it no longer; so he got up, lighted his lamp, and did not rest until, having melted down the silver once more, he had re-cast it with a considerable admixture of base metal. Then with a conscience purged of offence he returned to his deserted couch, and in an instant he was asleep, while a fat smile of pleasure and contentment betokened the satisfaction of his mind."

The suspicion with which the goldsmith is looked upon is not confined only to the nations we have mentioned, but prevails among the Tamils also, as may be inferred from the following story related to me by C. J. Mutukisna Mudaliyār, Tamil Interpreter of the District Court of Kandy:—

*The Tamil Story.*

Once upon a time there was a king, who, wishing, on ascending the throne, to have a crown of pure gold made according to a design of his own, employed a goldsmith to do the work at the palace under the supervision of some of his officers. While the goldsmith was making the crown of pure gold at the palace by day, he was making one of the same pattern and size, but of gold mixed with a large quantity of alloy, at his own house by night, and

both crowns were completed on the same day. The goldsmith then informed the king that the presentation of the crown should be attended with certain ceremonies at the royal tank. In the night preceding the day appointed for the ceremonies, the goldsmith quietly stole into the tank and deposited in it the counterfeit crown. The following morning the king proceeded to the tank in state, with his ministers and retinue, the wily goldsmith bringing up the rear with the crown of pure gold resting on his hands raised above his head. When the tank was reached the goldsmith entered it with measured steps, having the crown in his uplifted hands, and plunged into the water. After remaining there a few moments he rose to the surface with the crown still in his hands, raised above his head. This was repeated three times, at the last of which, he brought out the counterfeit crown instead of the one of pure gold. Falling on his knees at the feet of the king he gracefully handed the crown to His Majesty, who then returned to the palace wearing it on his brow; and, being much pleased with the beauty and elegance of its workmanship, ordered the goldsmith to be handsomely rewarded. At nightfall of the same day, when all was quiet, the goldsmith removed the crown of pure gold from the tank to his own house, and thus became the possessor of a large quantity of pure gold.

There are also several proverbs among the Tamils expressive of the well-known dishonesty of the goldsmith, one of which is "tattānait tottānum kettan," "one who even touches a goldsmith (will be) a ruined man." The beauty of the original is lost in a translation, as the latter portions of the original words resemble one another in sound, and form a kind of alliteration.

THE EDITOR.

KING MANAME.

The following incident is given in a book called the Kolañ-kavi-pota, a kind of dramatic work, not containing one connected

story, but a series of miscellaneous acts and scenes of a ludicrous and droll character. The work itself is not of distant date, but

it is supposed that the narrative which it embodies has existed for an indefinitely long period in the form of a tradition. In recording it we invite our readers to throw some further light on it by informing us whether it occurs in any other work, and by giving us such other particulars regarding it as may be within their knowledge. The narrative is as follows :—

A certain king, named Maname-raja, set out once with his queen on a hunting excursion, and being separated from their retinue happened to stray into a wood, where they lost their way. In their endeavour to get out of the forest, they happened to go within the boundaries of the Vēdi-*raṭa* (the country of the Vēddās). The king of the Vēddās having received intelligence of Maname's presence within his dominions, was naturally alarmed, not knowing what cause might possibly have brought him there. He therefore assembled a small force, and went forth to meet the intruding king. He enquired of Maname who he was, and what right he had to enter into his territory. But he added that he would allow him to go away unmolested on condition that he made over to him his queen. Maname took offence at the Vēdi-king's insolence, attitude and tone, and challenged him to a single combat.

In the struggle that ensued the Vēdi-king brought his opponent down prostrate on the ground, and throwing himself upon him, dealt him severe blows with his fist. Unable to extricate himself Maname asked his queen to hand him his sword, hoping with it to despatch his enemy. The queen had in the meantime fallen in love with the Vēdi-king, who was strongly built and handsome in person.

Reflecting that an opportunity was here offered of removing the only obstacle that stood in the way of completing her felicity, the perfidious queen handed the sword in the sheath to her husband, holding it by the handle, and as soon as the latter held the sheath, she drew out the sword and gave it to the Vēdi-king, who, profiting by

the occasion, immediately cut off the head of his opponent.

The queen and the Vēdi-king then set out for the latter's cave, but on their way he reflected that the queen would in all probability act towards him, for the sake of another man of whom she might chance to be enamoured, in the same perfidious manner as she had done towards her own husband. While he was engrossed by this thought they came near a river, to cross which there was neither boat nor raft. Thereupon the Vēdi-king said to the queen that he would himself take her jewels and clothes to the other side, and would, after depositing them there, return to carry her over on his shoulders. After, however, reaching the other side of the river with the clothes and costly jewels of the queen, the Vēdi-king went away without troubling himself a bit about the queen, who was seated on the other side in a state of semi-nudity. While she was seated thus and was not yet aware of the deceit practised upon her by the Vēdi-king, Śakra (Indra), who always takes a lively interest in the welfare of the inhabitants of *Laṅkā*, was witnessing, in company with Mātali, his charioteer, and another deva, the scene that was thus enacted. In an instant all the three devas appeared to the queen, Mātali in the form of a hawk, Śakra (Indra) in that of a fox with a piece of meat in his mouth, and the other deva in the form of a fish. After approaching her so closely as to enable her to observe them and the parts they were about to play, the fox left the piece of meat on the bank of the river and plunged into it to seize upon the fish that happened just then to swim by. The fish, however, was too clever for the fox, for with a sudden jerk he darted off to the deep waters and was no longer to be seen. The hawk had in the meantime pounced upon the piece of meat, and had flown away with it.

The foolish fox remained quite bewildered, having lost both the fish and the piece of meat. The queen could not suppress a

smile on seeing the sad predicament into which the fox had fallen, and gave utterance to the following verse:—

“The Jackal, having placed on the shore the much-coveted piece of meat, which he was taking to satisfy his hunger with, coveted a fish that was swimming in the water, but a hawk pounced upon the meat and flew away, without so much as casting a glance behind. Can such stupidity possess you, oh much-duped jackal?”

Śakra finding thus the means of convincing the queen very forcibly of her own

folly, and still retaining the form of the fox, recited the following verse in answer to the queen:—

“Though she was the empress-queen of king Maname, she clung to a forest-born Vēdi-king, and sent over a river the jewels and clothes she had on. The queen’s folly is far greater than mine.”

The queen then knew what the Vēdi-king had done, and became sensible of her folly, and being unable to bear her grief she broke her heart, and died on the spot.

THE EDITOR.

## ONOMATOPOETIC WORDS IN SINHALESE.

FURTHER EXAMPLES BY J. P. LEWIS, M. A., C. C. S.

The following words, in which “the sound” is made to be “an echo to the sense” may be added to those given by Mr. White in the *ORIENTALIST* for May. Most of these were collected by me in the Southern Province.

### II. *Cries of animals.*

11. To hiss as a snake, *susugānavā*.
12. To bellow as a buffalo, *vēgiri-gānavā*.
13. To bark as a dog, *buranavā*.

### III. *Sounds made by man.*

9. To cry out, *kē-gahanavā*.
10. A loud cry, *kok-añḍa*.

*Query*: Is this the origin of *koka*, which according to Clough means (1) a wolf; (2) a ruddy goose; (3) a lizard; (4) a frog? and cf. *kokā*, a crane.

### IV. *Sounds in nature.*

12. Sound of leaves falling, *srāsgāna-ṣeḍdaya*.
13. Clinking of brass articles, &c., *kīn-gāna-ṣeḍdaya*.
14. Sound of something catching fire, *hōs-gāna-ṣeḍdaya*.
15. Sound of something falling into water, *dās-gāna-ṣeḍdaya*.
16. Sound of water dropping, *sala-sala-gāna-ṣeḍdaya*.

<sup>1</sup> There is a chance resemblance between *bubula* and Lat. *bibulus* (*bibo*, a reduplication from root *bi* or *bo* to drink), and Selkirk is misled by it into quoting them as an illustration of the theory

17. Sound of something on a roof crackling, *basa-basa-gāna-ṣeḍdaya*.

18. Sound of stones falling, *ḍijis, diḍis, diḍis*.

19. Sound made by battering a wall with a log of wood, *giḍis-giḍis*.

20. Crash of a door broken open, *jāl-bāl*.

21. To slide, *lissanavā*.

22. To roar, snore, rumble like thunder, *guguranavā, goravanavā*.

### V. *Doubtful words.*

3. Bubble, *bubula* (or *bibula*). According to Prof. Skeat, bubble is a diminutive form, probably of *blob*, a bubble, and from the root of *blow*, to puff. If so, and the word is not imitative, the exact resemblance between the English and the Sinhalese words is hardly accounted for, and is, to say the least, curious.<sup>1</sup> *Bubula*, it should be noted, is a purely Sinhalese word, and not an importation from Dutch (*bobbel*) or Portuguese. May not Eng. bubble, Dutch, *bobbeln* (to bubble), Sinhalese *bubula* be imitative and frequentative words, like *babble*? Cf. also *hubble-bubble*, a pipe in which the smoke passes through water.

4. Crane, *kokā* (Tamil *kokku*) *Kokā*. If imitative of Eng. cock, Malay *cockatoo*,

“that there was a time when there was but one language common to all mankind.” (“Recollections of Ceylon,” p. 125).

Gk. κόκκυξ, a cuckoo, from κόκκυ, its cry, Welsh cog, a cuckoo (Skeat); instances where the same sound is used to represent the cries of different birds: of also kok añḍa, a loud call.

5. Water-fowl, keravakā or koravakā.

With reference to the Editor's remarks on the various languages from which Archdeacon Farrar cites examples of onomatopœias, attention may be directed to the numerous Tamil examples given in *Pope's Handbook* (2nd Edition, p. 156). In many of these the sound is most happily suggestive of the sense, and the same may be said of the corresponding Sinhalese examples. Such being the case, it is curious that Sinhalese and Tamil very seldom happen to hit upon exactly the same word to represent a particular meaning. Among all these examples, besides the instance referred to by the Editor in note 8, I can only find two others in which this is the case, viz.—

1. Ringing in the ears, kuru kuru. }  
 2. Rustling, sara sara. } In both languages

to which, perhaps, may be added, sala-sala (*Tam.* saḷa-saḷa) for the sound of water dropping.

On the other hand compare—

- |                        |              |                         |
|------------------------|--------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Pattering of rain   | <i>Sin.</i>  | <i>Tam.</i>             |
| drops .....            | paṭa-paṭa.   | poḍu-poḍu.              |
| 2. Bubbling sound of   |              |                         |
| boiling rice...        | туру-туру.   | taḷa-taḷa. <sup>1</sup> |
| 3. Slushy sound of     |              |                         |
| mud .....              | cokos-curus. | motu-motu.              |
| 4. A sudden fall ..... | bās.         | tiḷil.                  |
| 5. Gurgling of water.  | gaḍa-gaḍa.   | silu-silu.              |

No doubt, however, paṭa and poḍa, turu and taḷa are phonetically closely allied.

I may add to the Tamil examples frequently heard in the Northern Province *moḷu-moḷu*, the sound of tobacco leaves being cut.

J. P. LEWIS.

THE HERMIT OF MĀLIGĀTENNA.

The far-famed hill of Māligātenna is situated in the Meḍa-Pattu of Siyanē Kōralē West, about five miles from the residence of the present Mudaliyār of that Kōralē.

It has been frequently resorted to from nearly a century back by devout pilgrims, who betake themselves thither in order to lay their offerings before the shrine of Buddha, and to make obeisance to a venerable Buddhist priest, who resides on the summit of that hill all by himself, having renounced "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world."

This hill is of historical interest, and it has been held in great repute and reverence at all times by the villagers round about. Tradition has it that a palace stood on its summit in days of yore, and this tradition has probably given rise to its name, Māligātenna, signifying "the arena of the palace."

Urged on by the interest and enterprise of the numerous pilgrims who resort to this hill, we proceeded thither one day to satisfy our curiosity. The hill is about one thousand feet in height rising perpen-

dicularly from its base overtopping all the surrounding hills. Its steep sides are covered with low jungle and brush-wood. From the base to the summit, stone slabs of about three feet square are carefully arranged to form steps with the view of affording a safe footing to the traveller, and facilitating his otherwise difficult ascent. These stone steps, we were afterwards informed by the priest, were all placed there by himself when he was vigorous and strong; if so, it must have taken him ten or twelve years to accomplish this laborious task simply for the convenience of the traveller.

There are two halting places on the way up before the top is reached, where the pilgrims rest beneath huge impending rocks, which form beautiful natural roofs, large enough to shelter two hundred men at a time. We noticed that a groove ran right round the edges of the rocks, evidently made to prevent the rain-water from trickling in. Characters and figures of fantastic shape, now very much defaced by time, were also

<sup>1</sup> The Tamil word for boiling *kotikkiratu* seems to be itself onomatopœtic.

seen carved in bold relief on either side of the roof. Besides these there were secret chambers and rooms underground, carved more or less out of the solid stone. There is not the least doubt that these recesses once formed the hiding-place of some prince in times of distress, or the abode of some religious fraternity when the cheetah and bear roamed unmolested in the jungle.

After a toilsome climb the summit was reached. A decrepit figure slowly rose from his rude pallet of straw and welcomed us to his humble abode; this was the revered hermit of Māligātēna, a man of middle stature, with wasted limbs, sunken eyes, and weather-beaten appearance; but nevertheless looking young for his age which he told us was over a hundred summers. Abstinence from drink, temperance, and sober habits have sustained him, though stricken by the hand of time. The only possessions which his cell contained were a torn mat or two, a pitcher full of clear water and a brass lamp. A portion of his abode was set apart for the shrines and miniature representations of Buddha, and was separated from the house proper by a rude wooden door which always remained closed, save when pilgrims came there with their floral offerings. On a rude altar of stone in the centre of the room, a variety of flowers of different hues lay withering, and a lamp, fed with coconut oil, is always kept burning, casting a dim and ghastly light on the gilded images around. Not far from the hermit's cell is a small tank, green with the leaves of the lotus which cover its surface. From this tank the priest draws his water supplies. A few coconut trees and some vegetable plants grow round the solitary hermitage,

which, the venerable priest assured us, were planted by him when he first took up his abode on the lonely hill. A little removed from the tank there is a large stone slab with a pillar of the same material, on which we found some flowers strewn, and it is here that the hermit spends his morning and evening hours absorbed in deep meditation, with his gaze fixed on Adam's Peak, which is visible on a clear morning in the distance, like an immense arrowhead shot up into the blue sky.

The priest, who is now much stricken in years and infirm, and too decrepit to descend from the hill, has resolved to breathe his last in that solitary habitation where he has spent so many years of his peaceful life.

The hermit subsists on the bounty of the generous villagers, who by turns carry him a meal a day and supply him with all the other necessaries of life. The only companions of his solitude are troops of wild monkeys from the neighbouring forests, which come bounding to him at his beck and call, and, *mirabile dictu*, they eat out of the same bowl and sport with the yellow robes of the venerable priest. No sooner had their keen eyes detected us, who were strangers to them, than the monkeys darted away and disappeared among the forest trees.

The familiarity between the aged priest and these wild creatures may appear uncommonly strange and even incredible to the reader, but we can assure him that our description of what we saw is not coloured or exaggerated in the least. It will well repay any one to visit the yellow-robed hermit of Māligātēna and see him surrounded by his numerous monkey friends.

H. A. PIERIS.

#### ABŪ NUVAŚ.

The name of the celebrated Hārūn-al-Rashīd will be familiar to all who have read those pleasing tales called "The Arabian Nights Entertainments." Hārūn ascended the throne in the year A.D. 786,

and died after a reign of 22 years (A.D. 808). During the reign of his predecessor, and while he was still a youth, he distinguished himself by his military exploits, but after he was called to the throne his

love for justice and peace predominated, and his zeal for literature and arts outshone the splendour of his military renown. His reign is justly remembered by the Muhammadan nations as the golden age of their history. He opened friendly communications with Charlemagne, King of France, and sent him costly presents, among which was a clock of such curious manufacture that it excited considerable admiration in France. The reign of Caliph Hārūn-al-Rashīd and that of his son Mamūn form an important epoch in the history of Science and Literature, the cultivation of which was conspicuously patronized by them. When Europe lay buried in the darkness of barbarism, Bagdad was the seat of learning, and the resort of men of letters from all parts of the world. Syrian physicians and Hindu mathematicians and astronomers were found at her court; and works on astronomy, mathematics, metaphysics, natural philosophy and medicine were translated from Sanskrit and Greek into Arabic. It was at this period that Muhammad Ibunu Mūsā wrote an elementary treatise on Algebra, the earliest systematic work in this branch of mathematics.

In the Court of Hārūn-al-Rashīd lived Abū Nuvās, a great wit, poet, and favourite of the monarch. On several occasions, however, his jests brought his life into jeopardy. His sovereign had to pass sentence of death on him, a sentence which doubtless would have been carried into execution, but for the keen presence of mind and subtle ingenuity with which he avoided the death-penalty.

I shall here give an anecdote of this remarkable man, taken from an Arabic work.

Abū Nuvās once came to Caliph Hārūn-al-Rashīd, and entreated him to grant him a written edict commanding every married man in his dominion whose wife held the reins of government in the household to give him a donkey, on pain of being visited with severe penalties.

The Sultan laughed heartily at this ridiculous request, and yielding to the entrea-

ties of Abū Nuvās, gave him the edict prayed for. Armed with this supreme authority Abū Nuvās went his way and visited every married man in Bagdad. By insinuating himself into the confidence of each husband, he, in the course of conversation, quietly secured the confession that the man was the victim of what is called "petticoat government." He then produced his credentials and authority and demanded a donkey of the astounded husband. In this manner Abū Nuvās, proceeding from house to house, found that with hardly an exception every married man was under the government of his wife. The number of donkeys he thus acquired became so great that he found no place to keep them in. He then engaged a number of persons to drive them towards the palace and proceeding ahead of the company presented himself before the Sultan.

The Sultan was astonished to see such a number of donkeys filling the whole street, and enquired of Abū Nuvās what all this meant? Abū Nuvās replied that they represented the number of men who were afraid of their wives.

While this conversation was going on the Queen Zubaidah happened to be in the adjoining apartment.

Abū Nuvās, addressing the Sultan said: "God be praised, O Sultan of this wondrous age, as I was coming along the street I saw a maiden whose charms and loveliness are indescribable." He then proceeded with great enthusiasm to describe her beauty, in the most glowing terms; and in doing so he gradually spoke louder and louder. The Sultan, fearing the jealousy of the Queen, more than once interrupted Abū Nuvās, and asked him to speak in a lower tone; but he, taking no heed of what the Sultan said, continued to speak in words that would soon have become intelligible to the inmates of the next room, and as Abū Nuvās was, by way of peroration, saying, "There is no one in the universe who is worthy to"—the king thrust himself forward and placing the

palm of his hand against the mouth of Abū Nuvās enjoined silence.

Abū Nuvās, retreating a few steps and raising two of his fingers said, "My Lord,

your poor subjects have each given me one donkey; but I think your Majesty ought to give me two."

M. C. SIDDI LEBBE.

### SANSKRIT PUZZLES.

No. VIII.

को दुराद्यस्य मोहाय को मियासुरविद्विषः ।

पदं प्रश्रवितकै किं को दन्तच्छुदभूषणम् ॥

THE EDITOR.

### SOLUTION OF SANSKRIT PUZZLES.

No. VI.

राक्षसानां कुलश्रेष्ठो रामो राजीवलोचनः ।

कुमारसम्भवं श्रुत्वा रघुवंशे मनो दधत् ॥

Rākṣasānāṃ kulāśreṣṭho Rāmo rājīvalocanaḥ,

Kumārasambhavaṃ śrutvā Raghuvāṅṣe mano dadhat.

It will be conceded by all Sanskrit scholars that the finite verb in the above sloka is so ingeniously concealed as to defy almost every possibility of detection, unless, indeed, one were possessed of the powers of "thought-reading" in the region of philology. The word *kumārasambhavam*, however, is a sort of feeler, pointing to the direction where we could find the hidden key to a translation that would render the sense of the passage clear, and make it harmonize with the narrative of the great Hindū epic, the Rāmāyaṇa. Of "*sambha-*

*vam*," we can make nothing beyond its own meaning; but "*kumāra*" can be dissected so as to form a monosyllabic noun in the accusative singular, and a verb in the preterite, *i. e.* *kum*, the accusative singular of *ku*, the earth, and *āra*, he went, the preterite (lit) of *ri*, to go. So the passage could now be read as follows:—"The lily-eyed Rāma, the noblest of his house, having heard of the appearance of the Rākṣasas (in this world), and setting his mind (on being born) in the race of Raghu, went (or descended) to the earth." The sense now accords with the mythology on the subject. Rāma having heard that the Rākṣasas were becoming a curse to mankind, determined on extirpating them by coming into this world, and selected the royal race of Raghu wherein he would assume his existence here.

L. C. WIJESINHA.

### NOTES AND QUERIES.

It does not appear to have been pointed out that the first story given by Mr. Knight James in his paper on "Sinhalese Folklore Stories" in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* (Ceylon Branch) for 1882 (just published), and entitled: "The trial at Avichārapura" is a Sinhalese version of a story in the *Katācintāmaṇi* (Book VI., No. 14) which begins "While the king, Evil-conduct, was reigning in the city of Injustice-town (Aniyāyapuram) with Bad-sense for his Prime Minister."

The story has lost a good deal in transition, the king, Evil-conduct, becomes (as translated by Mr. James) a prosaic justice

of the peace (with powers, however, of life and death) while the prime minister, Bad-sense, has disappeared, and two of the most satirical touches in the Tamil version are missed altogether. It is not the man whose house is robbed who complains to the authorities of the burglary, but the thieves, who are indignant that the walls should have been built so badly as to fall and crush one of their number while they were engaged in breaking into the house, and that their occupation should thus be rendered hazardous. Again, the king is persuaded to execute the trader instead of the goldsmith, not on the representation of



the bystanders that the latter would not make a pretty spectacle, but on that of the goldsmith himself, and in order to spare his feelings, as he said, that the spectators would mock at him for not being big and fat enough to match the immense stake which the king had prepared for him.

There are, as may be expected, minor points of divergence in the two versions. In the *Katācintāmani* it is the dampness of the wall which is the cause of its collapse, and for this the man of the house is called to account. The mason's man lays the blame on the cooly boy who brought him too much water, and the boy blames the potter for making the chatty too big. The mode of execution is impaling instead of hanging, and the trader a *Komaddi* instead of a *Moorman*.

J. P. LEWIS, C. C. S.

*Notes by the Editor.*

[The Sinhalese story, referred to in the foregoing note, is as follows:—"One night some thieves broke into the house of a rich man and carried away all his valuables. The man complained to the Justice of the Peace, who had the robbers captured, and when brought before him, enquired of them whether they had anything to say in their defence. 'Sir,' said they, 'we are not to blame in this matter, the robbery was entirely due to the mason who built the house; for the walls were so badly made, and gave way so easily, that we were quite unable to resist the temptation of breaking in.' Orders were then given to bring the mason to the Court-house. On his arrival he was informed of the charge brought against him. 'Ah,' said he, 'the fault is not mine, but that of my cooly, who made mortar badly.'" When the cooly was brought he laid the blame on the potter who, he said, had sold him a cracked chatty, in which he could not carry sufficient water to mix the mortar properly. Then the potter was brought before the judge, and he explained that the blame should not be laid upon him, but upon a very pretty woman who, in a beautiful dress,

was passing his house at the time he was making the chatty, and had so riveted his attention that he forgot all about the work. When the woman appeared, she protested that the fault was not hers, for she would not have been in that neighbourhood at all had the goldsmith sent home her earrings at the proper time; the charge, she urged, should properly be brought against him. The goldsmith was brought, and as he was unable to offer any reasonable excuse, he was condemned to be hanged. Those in the Court, however, begged the Judge to spare the goldsmith's life; 'for,' said they, 'he is very sick and ill-favoured, and would not make at all a pretty spectacle.' 'But,' said the Judge, 'somebody must be hanged.' Then they drew the attention of the Court to the fact that there was a fat *Moorman* in a shop opposite, who was a much fitter subject for an execution, and asked that he might be hanged in the goldsmith's stead. The learned Judge, considering that this arrangement would be very satisfactory, gave judgment accordingly.'

The story we have heard differs from the above in some particulars. It has no connection with a robbery, but a king engages the services of a labourer who is required to add some out-houses to his palace. When near completion, the wall gives way, owing to the extreme softness of the clay mixture. The king flies into a rage and summons the labourer before him, who lays the blame on the potter who moulded the vessel, the mouth of which was so wide that it was not possible to pour out the proper quantity of water to mix the clay. The offending potter is then brought before the king, and he, in his turn, blames the maiden, and she the goldsmith, as given in the foregoing story.

The goldsmith is not condemned to be hanged, but to be placed on a slab of stone and gored to death by an elephant who has very long and pointed tusks. When everything is ready for carrying out this sentence, the victim weeps and wails most piteously, making allusion to the beauty of the elephant and his tusks, whereupon the

king asks him what the cause of his lamentation is. He replies, that he is not grieving for the death that he is about to meet with, but for the valuable tusks of the elephant which would be broken by coming in contact with the slab of stone, he being too small and thin a man to be pierced by them. The king then seeks the advice of the jeweller as to who could be killed without injury to the tusks of the

elephant. After much deliberation the jeweller names a man who is known throughout the length and breadth of the king's dominions as the fattest and biggest man among His Majesty's subjects. The king, being much pleased at the jeweller's suggestion causes the innocent man to be brought up and gored to death by the elephant, notwithstanding his cries and tears and protestations of innocence.

### THE BĀLĀVABODHANA.

*A re-arrangement of some of the more useful Grammatical Sūtras of Candra, with a Gloss by Kāsyapa Thera, edited, with Explanatory and Critical Notes, by WILLIAM GOONETILLEKE, and now published for the first time.*

N.B.—The figures after the Sūtras refer to the Notes at the end of the Work.

(Continued from page 168.)

जसि<sup>80</sup> ॥

अलुकि जसि परतः प्रकृतेरिदुतोरेडौ भवतः।  
सूरयः ॥ सम्बोधने सौ इति वर्तते ॥

इदुतोरेडौ<sup>81</sup> ॥

अलुकि सम्बोधने सौ परतः प्रकृतेरिकारो-  
कारयोरेडौ भवतः ॥ एडन्तत्वात्सुलोपः । सूरै ।  
सूरी । सूरयः । सूरिम् । सूरी । रषान्नो ण  
एकपद इति णत्वे प्राप्ते । न पद इति च वर्तते ॥

अन्ते<sup>82</sup> ॥

पदान्ते वर्तमानस्य नकारस्य णत्वं न भवति ।  
सूरीन् ॥ इदुद्भ्याम् इति वर्तते ।

टो ऽस्त्रियां ना<sup>85</sup> ॥

अस्त्रियां प्रकृतेर्डावेड्भाविभ्यामिदुद्भ्यां  
परस्य टा इत्येतस्य ना भवति ॥

रषान्नो ण एकपदे<sup>84</sup> ॥

रेफषकाराभ्यां परस्येकपदे वर्तमानस्य  
नकारस्य णत्वं भवति ॥ न इति वर्तते ।

चुटुतुलशर्व्यवाये<sup>85</sup> ॥

चवर्गटवर्गतवर्गैर्लकारेण शर्मिश्च व्यवाये  
णत्वं न भवतीति नियमादन्यव्यवाये णत्वं  
भवति । सूरिणा । सूरिभ्याम् । सूरिभिः ॥  
सुपि । इदुतोः । एड् । इति वर्तते ।

डित्यसख्युः<sup>86</sup> ॥

अलुकि डिति सुपि परत इदुदन्तायाः स-  
खिर्वाञ्जितायाः प्रकृतेरिदुतोरेडौ भवतः । सूरये ।  
सूरिभ्याम् । सूरिभ्यः ॥ द्वयोरेकः । पूर्वः ।  
एडः । अति । इति च वर्तते ।

डसिडसोः<sup>87</sup> ॥

एडो डसिडसोरति परतो द्वयोरेकः पूर्वो  
भवति । सूरेः । सूरिभ्याम् । सूरिभ्यः । सूरेः ।  
सूर्योः । सूरीणाम् ॥ डेः । इदुद्भ्याम् औत् ।  
इति च वर्तते ।

एडोऽच्च<sup>88</sup> ॥

इदुदन्तात्प्रकृतेर्डेः परस्य डेरौङ्गवत्येडश्चा-  
दादेशः सूरौ । सूर्योः । सूरिषु ॥ पति सूरिवत् ।  
टा पत्या । डे ।