

**THE HERMIT OF MOTEE JHURNA,
OR PEARL SPRING; ALSO
INDIAN TALES AND ANECDOTES,
MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649223312

The hermit of Motee Jhurna, or Pearl Spring; also Indian tales and anecdotes, moral and instructive by C. Vernieux

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

C. VERNIEUX

**THE HERMIT OF MOTEE JHURNA,
OR PEARL SPRING; ALSO
INDIAN TALES AND ANECDOTES,
MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE**

THE
HERMIT OF MOTEE JHURNA,
OR
PEARL SPRING;
ALSO
INDIAN TALES AND ANECDOTES,
MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE.

*"The cheerful sage when graver maxims fall,
Conceals the moral in a pleasing Tale."*

BY
C. VERNIEUX.

SECOND EDITION,
RECAST AND ENLARGED.

CALCUTTA:
PRINTED AT THE BAPTIST MISSION PRESS.
SOLD AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.
1873.

Price Rs. 1/8.

PREFACE.

More than sixteen years ago, the Hermit appeared in the "Calcutta Literary Gazette" which was conducted by Capt. Richardson.

It was originally published in nine chapters, but in the present issue, four additional chapters of interesting matter have been added, and the entire tale has undergone a complete revision.

The design of the tale is, to bring prominently into view, the character of our Moslem neighbours in the country; the incidents chosen, it is hoped, are calculated both to amuse and furnish the reader with interesting accounts of their personal qualities which, unfortunately, are not so well known as those of the Hindoos; the simple fact that books are more numerous written about the latter than the former, go to prove the assertion.

I have been faithful in delineating the customs, ceremonies, manners and habits of the Mahomedans, and their interior domestic life; not omitting, however, to present the reader with a picture of Indian life in general, with descriptive sketches of the gorgeous scenery of the country, and hints regarding its undeveloped natural resources.

The Indian Tales and Anecdotes were translated and published by me in 1864, and it has for some years past gone out of print.

The English reader has, by translations, been long acquainted with the gems of Oriental Literature. It

has been my desire to furnish a collection of Indian Tales and Anecdotes not to be found in books.

They are legendary and oral, and current both in the Courts of Rajahs, Nawabs, and Princes; in mansions of opulence, as well as in the hamlets of the poor.

I doubt if there be any part in the world so abounding with this sort of light oral literature as the East. Being as they are, the inhabitants of an enervating climate, they generally beguile the tediousness of their unemployed time by listening to the recital of some stirring event, some pleasing fiction, some pathetic narrative, or some useful moral precept.

It has not been my design to collect written tales like those of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, but from the many stories and anecdotes in Urdu, Hindi, and Bengali, I have had the opportunity of hearing, I have gathered such as possess some degree of merit either for the moral they convey, or the light according to which virtue and vice, deceit and integrity, are weighed in an Oriental balance.

Probably, too, it is by such short narratives and pithy sayings among such a people, that a very faint glimmering of the knowledge of good and bad, right and wrong, is diffused and propagated.

I have, in rendering them into English, discarded all embellishment with a view to preserve their originality and identity.

C. V.

CALCUTTA, *November*, 1873.

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
The Hermit of Motee-Jhurna,	1
<i>Indian Tales.</i>	
A Brahmin and his Pupil,	81
The Story of Six Brothers,	85
A Merchant and his Son,	89
The Story of an Indolent Man,	93
A Badsha and his Seven Daughters,	103
The Story of a Fakir and an Ignorant Man,	107
An Old Man and Woman,	110
The Story of a Brahmin and Brahminee,	116
Rajah Nul,	119
The Story of a Prince and the Son of a Vizier,	126
A Grass-cutter,	134
The Story of a Lion,	136
A Simpleton,	139
The Story of a Prince,	142
A Washerman and his Ass,	147
The Story of a Fakir,	149
The two Beggars,	154
Story of another Fakir,	156
The two Sisters—Dookhee and Sookhee,	163
A Fox and an Elephant,	168
A Pea-seller and his Wife,	170
A Crocodile and Fox,	171
The Two Friends,	174
A Brahmin, a Sandal-wood Tree and wild Trees,	176
A Gardener and a wild Brinjal Plant,	179
A Heron and Kingfisher,	180
The Jungle Fever and the Cobweb,	182
The Son of an Honest Man,	184
Dhurm Raja,	189
The Story of a Badsha,	192

(vi)

	<i>Page</i>
The Story of a Merchant,	202
He that diggeth a Pit for another falleth into it himself, ...	209
A Parody on the Cashmerian Girl,.....	210
The Tears of Sympathy,	218

THE HERMIT OF MOTEE-JHURNÁ.

OR PEARL SPRING.

CHAPTER I.

ON the right or western bank of the Ganges lies the village of Seebgunge, in whose vicinity are the ruins of Raj Girghy, so called under the ancient Hindoo Government, but subsequently dignified with the title of Akburnagur after Akbar, and lastly designated Raj-Mahul, by Raja Kanare Man Sing.

In the fifteenth century, when the Sultans made it the capital of their vice-royalty, it prided itself in possessing elegant buildings of a style of architecture remarkable for accurate proportions, beauty of design, and tasteful execution.

The portals and capitals of columns were adorned with numerous figures in basso-relievo, representing the celebration of festivals—gateways, large and handsome—the interior of buildings ornamented with wreathed mouldings—the palace of Nogewarbag, Rungmahal, or painted hall—Jumna Musjid, Akbarabad Mosque, Sungge-dullan, or stone hall—the tomb of Bukht Homa, which contained the remains of Mirza Muhammed, Subah of Bengal, together with a well finished oratory, having its front lined with highly polished marble, and neatly inlaid with pious sentiments in black marble; these were edifices whose grandeur and superb architecture were inferior to none on the plains of India.

Raj-Mahul was once the residence of Futtehjung Khan, Sultan Shujah, houri-like begums, and polished *Shazadas*. But where now the monuments of their grandeur, where they whose laughter and merriment, bustle of occupation, anxiety and

hopes, which gave life and brilliance to the place of their residence? Alas! all the pomp and pageantry of dignity, the evanescent glitter of glory and ambition's rainbow hues which made earth and existence seem an imaginary paradise, and for time a desirable object of pursuit and acquisition—where are they now with their insatiate throb after painted pleasures, their fever of boundless ambition? They have passed away like summer clouds,—at times brilliant in their journey with the hues of sunshine, but for ever vanished into darkness and oblivion. All have been swept away by the irresistible tide of time. The best portions of those buildings themselves, which were more durable than their designers, have been undermined and imbedded with the sand of the Ganges, yet the few that remain, bear indications of their pristine magnificence, and may well support the designation of Raj-Mahul, or residence of princes. Sixteen miles from hence up the river, and two miles below the eminence called Sukreegully hill, was the beautiful and picturesque little fall, which trickling like a pearl-spring, had derived its name—Mottee-Jhurná.

In its neighbourhood, but at the distance of not more than two hundred yards, stands a venerable banian which spreads out its many lateral branches over an extensive area, beneath which the fibres descending at intervals, form themselves into sturdy columns to support each of the ponderous branches.

Some parasitical plants that adhere to its trunk, adorn the banian with their diversity of leaves and flowers of the most delicate hue, as well as gather little warblers who sip, poise on the tender twigs, and make the shade musical with their songs of innocent mirth. Beneath the umbrage of this wide spread canopy, dwelt a hermit whose fervent devotion, together with the extensive knowledge of medicine and the virtue of plants, which he pre-eminently possessed, spread his fame for many miles around, and attracted to his humble hut, the poor with their gift of flowers and humble donations, the opulent with more costly offerings and presents.