

A COLLECTION OF
KACHÁRI
FOLK-TALES
AND RHYMES



J. D. ANDERSON
1895

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**THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK OF A COLLECTION OF
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OF KACHÁRI FOLK-TALES AND RHYMES ***

A
COLLECTION
OF
KACHÁRI FOLK-TALES AND RHYMES,

INTENDED AS A SUPPLEMENT TO

REVEREND S. ENDLE'S

KACHÁRI GRAMMAR.

BY

J. D. ANDERSON,
INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.



SHILLONG :

PRINTED AT THE ASSAM SECRETARIAT PRINTING OFFICE.

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TRANSLITERATION.

I am sorry to find that in transcribing I have wandered away from Mr. Endle's system of marking the values of the vowels. But the differences are, in essence, very small.

The circumflex accent indicates a long vowel.

“â” is as in Mr. Endle's Grammar.

“ù” is the guttural “u” printed in Mr. Endle's Grammar as “ũ.”

J. D. A.

PREFACE.

This little collection of Kachári folk-stories and rhymes is intended as a supplement to the Reverend Mr. Endle's Grammar of the language, and as a reading-book for those who have acquired an elementary knowledge of Kachári. I have added a rough translation, thinking that these specimens of the folk-lore of a very simple and primitive people may be of interest to some who do not care to learn Kachári, and that it may stimulate others to make fuller and more successful excursions into an unexplored field. These stories were collected during a tour of only six weeks' duration in the Kachári mauzas of Mangaldai, and cost only the effort of taking down the tales as they were dictated. Not only the Kacháris, but the other hill tribes of Assam have doubtless their stores of folk legends which have never been exploited; and it pleases me to hope that others may find it as pleasant as I have found it, to collect these fictions of the savage mind over the camp fire. The text of the stories suggests a problem which it may amuse some one with better opportunities or more perseverance than myself to solve. It will be noticed that while the words are for the most part Kachári words, the syntax is curiously like the Assamese syntax. As an instance of this I have taken down (see page 1) an accused person's statement in both Assamese and Kachári. The Kachári version is, literally, a word-for-word translation of the Assamese. I can think of no other two languages in which it would be possible to translate a long statement word for word out of one into the other and yet be idiomatic. The most characteristic idioms are exactly reproduced. The Assamese says *mor bapáy*, but *tor báper*. The Kachári similarly says *Ángnî áfâ*, but *nangnî namfâ*. The Assamese says *e dâl láthi*; the Kachári translates *gongse lauthi*. The Assamese says *gai-pelay kalon*; the Kachári *khithâ-hùi-man*. And many more instances will occur to any one with a knowledge of Assamese who reads these stories. Briefly, it may be said that Kachári, as it is spoken in Darrang, has a vocabulary mostly of the Bodo type, though it contains many words borrowed from the Assamese. Its syntax, on the other hand, is nearly identical with the Assamese, almost the only exception being the use of the agglutinate verb

(see page 26 of Mr. Endle's Grammar). Even the agglutinate verb is more or less reproduced in Assamese in the use of such expressions as *gai pelay*. Now it is quite possible that the Kacháris, from long association with their Hindu neighbours, have learnt their syntax, while retaining their own vocabulary. A more tempting theory is that Assamese and Kachári are both survivals of the vanished speech of the great Koch race, who, we know, ruled where Assamese and Kachári are now spoken side by side; that Assamese has retained the Koch syntax, while it has adopted the Hindu vocabulary of Bengal; that Kachári has preserved both vocabulary and syntax. This theory, if it can be defended, would at last give Assamese a valid claim to be considered a separate tongue, and not a mere dialect of Bengali. It would also give an explanation of the vexed question of the origin of the word Kachári. *Árúi* is a common patronymic in the Kachári speech. As Mr. Gait has noted in his Census Report, the Kacháris have totemistic clans, calling themselves Bâg-ârúi, sons of the tiger, and so on. What more simple than that the Koch-ârúi are the sons of the Koches? So far, the problem is one of mere guesswork and theory. But there are other branches of the Bodo tongue in the Tipperah and Gáro Hills and in North Cachar, where men of the Bodo race do not come into contact with Assamese. Do the same idioms and the same syntax exist there? If not, they were probably borrowed from Hindu sources. If they do, it seems probable that these idioms and this syntax have survived not only in them, but in the Hinduised Assamese.

I had intended to draw up a list of the agglutinate verbs found in this little collection of stories to supplement that given at page 26 of Mr. Endle's Grammar. But anyone interested in the subject will find them for himself in the stories, and will learn more easily from the context than from any vocabulary what the precise shades of meaning of the interpolated particles are. They are a very curious and interesting feature of the language, and are probably found in richer abundance where the well of Bodo undefiled has not been contaminated by a mixture with other tongues.

I must not conclude without offering my hearty thanks to the Reverend Mr. Endle for his advice and help in collecting these stories, and to Samson, my tutor, who was in truth "the only begetter of these ensuing" fictions. He told

me most of them and corrected all. I have no doubt he has many other primitive legends, if any one will take the trouble to write them down.

J. D. ANDERSON.

The 21st September 1894.

P.S.—There can be no doubt that the Kachári of Darrang is greatly influenced by the surrounding Assamese, though, even now, many Kacháris, and especially women, do not speak Assamese at all. There is an anecdote among the Kacháris showing the inconveniences of the bilingual state. A Kachári lad married an Assamese girl, and going to his mother-in-law's house was given food. His hospitable mother-in-law cried to him "Khâ! Khâ!" so he bound her hand and foot. Then she laughed, seeing that he supposed her to be talking Kachári. So she said to him (in Kachári) "Zâ! Zâ!" on which he went away. I am afraid the Kachári syntax is borrowed from Assamese.

KACHÁRI FOLK-TALES AND RHYMES.

An accused person's statement in Assamese and Kachári.

Question.— Tumi ki kaba khujá?
Nang mâ bungnú nâmaidang?

Answer.— Mangalbár diná may ishkulalai gaichhilon. Âmár parikshár din haichhile.
Mangalbár diná âng ishkulau thângdangman. Zangní parikhâ-nî din zâdangman.
Mástore ámare ghar âhibalai du bájit chuti dile. Gharat áhi, khai-dai-kari,
Mâstorâ zangfürkhô nâ fainù-lâgi du bâzit chuti hùnai. Nâ fainânai, zâui lúngui,
Nandir tát paribalai galon. Nandiye mot-kai beshi pare. Tin bájit may
Nandi-nî-au sùlungnú lâgi thângnaise. Nandi âng-nùkhri sùlung-sî-nù. Tini baziau âng
gaichhilon. Tát derh ghanta parichhon. Sáre chári bájit pari thakár pará mar
thângnai. Bean gphantâ-se-khaise sùlungnai. Ghantâ brùi-khaise sulungbai thânai-au ângní
Paramesvari bhanir mát sunilon; “Maharânir dohai, Kampanir dohai, mar
Paramesvari âgúi-nî mâthù khnânaise; “Mahârâni-nî dohai, Kampani-nî dohai, ângní
garbbhabati baiek chulit dhariba ne pai.” E rakam buli sunáte
modom-au thânai âgúi-nî kheneau homnú manâ.” Be baidî bungnai khnânai-au
may ulai áhilon. Dekhon ji Kuntiye Gilásiye chulia-chuli-kai pariyáchhe,
âng onkhât-bù-naise. Nunaise Kunti-zang Gilâsi-zang kheneau hom-lai-nânai goglainânai dang,
áru Paramesvariye o Ilásiye. Mosai e dâl rul ánipelai Gilásik erwai dile,
ârù Paramesvari zang Ilâsi-zang. Mosaiâ rul gong-se lânânai Gilâsikhô sâgâ-hù-naise,
Kuntik ágar mári dharichhe. Bám háte Kuntir hátat dharichhe, hon hátat rulir
Khhunthikhô hom-khiùp-naise. Âkhsîzang Khunti-nî âkhâiau homdang, âgdâ zang rul zang
âghát karichhe Kunti tatkhânât pari gaichhe. Tár sheshe Madhu áhichhe. Âhi Kuntik
bu dang Khhuntiâ obânù gaglai-nângnai. Bînî unau Madhu fainai. Fainânai Khuntikhô

chulit dhari e char mǎrichhe. May galon; gay pelay kalon: “Apo e sab kheneau homnânai sùbâ-se sùbânaise. Âng thàngnaise; thàngnânai khithânaise: “Brai befür bar anyáy kathá. He ke janie tomár jiyar, e ke janie tomár jiyar. Tomár hâmâ khorâng. Be sâne-sùábù nangní fisázù, be sâne-sùábù nangní fisázù. Nangní jiyar-hatak jì ne mǎrilá, mor bhani-hatak kio mǎrilá? Tomár jiyar-hatak o fisázù-fürkhô zi buâ-khùise, ângní âgùì-für-khô mânù bunai? Nangní fisázù-für-khô bù mǎriba puá, mor bhanihatak o mǎriba puá. Âru ran bhángi diba puá.” E bu-nângauman, ângní âgùì-für-khô bù bu-nângauman. Ârù nânglai-nai sefai-nângauman.” Erù buli kawáte mok bukate Bângâli-ghusâ¹ marile. He ghusá khai, may jijir-muá khithânai-au âng-khô zerbâ-i-au Bângâli-ghusâ saunaise. Be sau-zâ-nânai âng zingri-mutdá khálon. Tenekwáte mar bapair mât sunichhon. Bapay-e kaichhe: “Mor maunaise. Ereaunù ângní âtâr mâthù khnânaise. Âfâiâ khithâdang: ”Ângní garbha-bati cháválik ne mǎribí.” Kawate Mosai ahile; mor bapaik modom-au thânai hingzausâkhô dâ bu.” Khithânai-au-nù Mosâiâ fainaise; ângní âfâkhô e mǎr mǎrichhe. Bapáye bágari parichhe. Tár pichhat Madhue e mǎr mǎrichhe. Tár phongse budang. Âfâ gaglainaise. Bînî unau Madhuâ-bù phongse budang. Bînî pichhat Kâmesvar bar bǎns e dal lai áhichhe. Mar manat sandeha hal. Mor bapáy burha unau Kâmesvar wâ gedet gongse lâbodang. Ang gînaise. Ângní âfâ brai mánu. E du mǎrate bapay kápi áchhe. Tenekwáte Kâmesvare marichhe mânsùi. Be phong-ne bu-nai-au-nù âfâiâ maubai thâdang. Bebaidí-nù Kamesvarâ fongse e mǎr. Tenekwáte Madhu o e dal bǎns lai mǎriba-lai áhichhe. Pránar bhay dekhí, budang. Bebaidínù Madhu bù wâ gongse lânanai bunù faidang. Thoinu gînânai, jì thait sangrám haichhe, he thait e dál bǎns pálon. Mor bapaik mâre buli, zerau nânglaidangman, beau nù wâ-gon gongse man-nai. Ângní âfâkhô bugan hannánai, mai o e bǎr Madhuk mǎrilon. Murat parichhe, na kót parichhe, mor gát yád ângbù fongse Madhukhô bunaise. khârâ-au-sù gaglai-khù, na mau-sù gaglai-khù, âng khithânù nai. Tetia Madhu mǎtit pari gaichhe. Mor bapaik may toli laichhon. Tenekwát mor bâiâ. Obânu Madhuâ hâ-i-au gaglainaise. Ângní âfâkho âng dikhângnaise. Ereaunù ângní kakai áhi paichhe. Kokai-e may-e ámár bapaik lai áhichhon, ârù Madhudale Madhuk âdá sǎ fainaise. Âdâzang ângzang zang-ní âfâkhô lâbônaise, ârù Madhuni-frâ Madhukhô lai gaichhe. lângnaise.

Dùimâ dùisâ ni khorâng.

Sânùì brai burui man. Phâre unau
bîsur gothai brai-buruî zâlângbâ,
buruiâ zingâsînânai brainu
khithânâise “Brai, zangfûrhâ zî
dânai fisâfur dang, bîsûr mâ zânânai
thânggan?” Erui bungbâ braia mai
hu khâmnu lâgi Khubernîau
thângnânai, mai sobai bîsor ârù lai-
megong lâfâ megong bîfûr mânî-nî
bîgot-zului bînânai nâ-i-au
lâbônânai sânsnî sânzât lâmâiau hor
thânânai, nâ man-fai-nânai buruinù
khithanâise: “Ang gasenù bigot-
zului lâbobai.” Phâre nâ-i-au sâ-n-
sù thânânai, khet khâmnu lâgi sorai
fithâ-gundui lânânai hâ, nainù lâgi
thângnâise. Phâre gahâm hâ, dâtse
nai-ui frâbui fâtbrùi-thing-bù zurâ
khânânai dinnanai nâ fainâise. Unau
sânseni-khâli khodal sekhâ, bifûr-
mâni lânânai thângnânai hâgrâ
eonânai ârù bî hâgrâtùrkhô saunânai
hâkhô mazâng khâmnaise. Bînîfrai,
sanzâ sanâp ârù sâ khulâ fâtbrùi-
thing khulumnânai khonâ brùithing
phongse phongse zaunâise.

How the rivers were made.

Once upon a time there lived an old man and an old woman. And when they were quite old, the old woman said to her husband “How shall these our children get food when we are gone?” So the old man travelled afar to the great god Kuvera,²⁶ the god of riches, and, taking from him seedlings of paddy, pulse, mustard, and gourds, journeyed for eight days and so reached his home. And after staying a couple of days, he set forth to cultivate, taking dry food with him. And first he marked out a piece of rich land by placing boundaries on all four sides of it, and so came home. And again he set out another day with hoe and axe, and cut and burned the jungle, and cleaned the soil, and after worshipping on each side of his field—on the east and on the west, on the north and on the south—he struck one blow with his hoe on each side.

Biaunù hâ gasenù mannaise. Phâre baidî baidî mai ârù fifâng megon-thaigong boikhôbù fùnânai hùnaise. Phâre hâbâ zapbâ braiâ nâi-au thângânai zirai nânai thânaise. Obâsù âzîbù dang khâlibù dang sânsê buruiâ mai nainù lâgi braikhô lùgù homnaise. Khintu braia bungnaise “Lâmâiau dùi gùiâ. Nanghâ dùi gâng-bâ âng maunîfrai hùnù?” Theobù bì brai-nî khorâng khnâsongâlâbâ embrâbrâ braikhô homnaikhai lâng-gnâng-naise. Phâre thânguì thânguì mainî hâ man-sî man-sî zâbâ, buruihâ dùi gângnânai brainù khithâbâ, braiâ bungnaise “Âng nangnù dùhùi-nù khithâ-dangman, nonggâ? lâmbâ-i au gùia hannânai? Theobù ângnî khorâng khnâ-i-âlâbâ fainânai ângkhô dukhu hùù. Ereùì bungbâ, buruiâ bungnaise. Dinî âng dùi man-lâng-âbâ, thoi-sî-gan. Nang âng-nù dùi hùnùânggô.” Phâre unau braiâ mungbù upai mane zânânai, dùi namai-nâng-naise. Nâmaie nâmaie fukurimanse nubâ, bì buruinî megonkhô hî zang khânânai be fukuri-hâ-lâgi lângnaise. Ârù braiâ bungnaise “Nang be fukuri khô naiâlâbâ dùi lâng.” Khintu dùi lângbâ-rù mâbâ mâbâ dùi nî dau ârù hângsùfrâ birlai-bâ, bîkhô khnânânai, bîkhô nainù lubuinânai nainaise. Beaunù daufurnî gelenai

And when all was ready, the old man planted his seedlings of various sorts, and finally went home and rested. And so, as time went by, the old woman desired vehemently to see how the crops were getting on. But the old man said “There is no water on the road, and if you grow athirst, you will get no relief.” But she persisted and prevailed, and made her husband take her along. And as they went, and were now quite close to her husband’s field, behold, the old woman began to be very thirsty. And the old man, being enraged, cried “What did I tell you? There is no water, and yet you would come.” But she, being a woman, said “If you do not give me to drink, I shall die. So, water you must procure as best you can.” So the old man, seeing no other way, went to seek for water. And after long search, seeing a tank, he bound the old woman’s eyes with a cloth and dragged her to the water’s edge and said to her “Drink if you will, but look not upon the tank.” Now the ducks and other water fowls were playing in the water, and were making a merry noise, clacking and quacking. And, the old woman, being curious, like all her sex, peeped at them. And, seeing them at their play, she too desired to be

ârù rong zâlainai nunânai bîhâbù
brai zang rong zâlainù mon zânaise.
Obâsù braiâ khâmâ, buruiâ âgârâ.
Phâre braiâ buruinî khorâng lânù
gnâng zânaise. Obâsù bîsùrhâ âji-
bù-thâiù khâli-bù-thâiù gâthâ gâthai
zânaise. Zâbâ, bîsùrkhô fisînù
hâekhai braiâ bîsùrkhô buruinî
khorângzang Hem-nî hâzô-au
lângnânai beaunù fukuri manse
khâmnânai baidî baidî nâ khâm-
nânai dùiauhogârnânai dinbù-naise.

Phâre unau Srî braiâ sùimâ fudrun
mâse lânânai, mùi sessâ ârù
khusung nâmaibaie nâmaibaie dùì
gângsù dangman. Ereau-nù Srî braiâ
be fukuriau thâng-fnâng-naise.
Beaunù dùì nunânai lângnù
nâmaibâ, nâfrâ bîkhô raidaunaise.
“Afâ, nang bení dùì lângbâ,
zangfùrkhô gahâm khâmnânggan.”
Beaunù bî sùmai lânânai, dùìkhô
lângbâ, nâfrâ bungnaise. “Dâ nang
zangfùrkhô Loitho hâlâgî lâng.”
Beaunù Srî braiâ gaigainù lauthî
zang dru-dru bù-bù-bâ khîthû khîthû
dùì bùhùi bùnai, ârù nâfrâ bù fai-
naise. Bîbaidînù dùisâ zânaise.
Obâsù unau nâfrâ Srî brai-nù lao
thaise ârù khumrâ thaise hoṭaaise.
Phrâ bîkhônù lâbônânai sâse
khurmâ-nî nâ-i-au hâpfaibâ bînù zô
mîkhâm ârù ômâ mâse buthâtnânai
hùnaise. Phâre okhâ naibâ Srî braiâ

happy in her husband’s society, and,
though he was very loth, prevailed
with him. And so in due course
there were born to them many sons
and daughters. And then, in order to
provide for their food, he journeyed
to the Himalayas and digged a great
tank, stocked with many kinds of
fishes.

Now, one day the god Sri, the god
of good luck, came that way with
his white dog, ahunting for deer and
hares and tortoises. And when he
came to the margin of the tank,
behold he was very thirsty. But
when he stooped to drink, the fishes
said to him eagerly that he must
grant them a boon in return for their
water. To which he assented, and
when he had satisfied his thirst, the
fishes said “Take us to the great
river, the Brahmaputra (or Lohit).”
So the god Sri tied them to his staff,
and drew them after him, making
runnels of water. And that is how
the rivers were made. And the fishes
in return gave him a pumpkin and a
gourd. And, taking these with him to
a friend’s house, his friend regaled
him with rice beer and pig’s flesh,
and in the morning he gave his

be khumrâ-khô bînî khurmânù
hunaise. Hùbâ bi khumrâkhô
dânkhaubâ thâkâ gazâ mannânai ârù
bâtî-se khâm zâhùnù lâgi omâ
buthâtnaise. Ârù omâ bikhau² man-
se dinnaise. Zâkhâng-ùi frâbùì fainù
nâmaibâ omâ bikhaukhô Srî brainù
hùnaise. Hùbâ ârù braiâ laukhòbù
khurmânù hùnaise. Bî lau-au darbî
gazâ dangman. Khintu be
khorângkhô braiâ mi-thiâ. Ârù bînî
khurmâiâ-bù bî-nù khithâ-i-â-
khùise. Unau braiâ nâi-au fainaise.
Ârù bîhâ nâ-i-au bînî fisâzù-khô
zâbrâ zânânai thânai nunaise. Bî lao
ârù khumrâ-khô bînî khurmâ-khô
hùlângnaikhai bîbaidî zâbrâ zânai
ârù bînî khurmâiâ-bù be lao ârù
khumrâ-khô lâkhmânaikhai zâbrâ
gabrâp zânânai thânaise. Obâsù bînî
unau nâ-frâ ozâ zâ-thî-nânai bîsùr-nî
nâ-i-au thângnânai gadân nai-hùì-
nânai³ khithânaise “Nang-sùr zùsâ
mairong ârù goe zorâse fâthùì
zorâse ârù dau mâse lânânai dùisâ-i-
au hùnânai khulumbâ, nang-sùr-hâ
zâbrâ gâgan.” Besùr bibaidi-nù
khâmnânai zâbrâ gânaise. Bînîkhai
dâ Bârâfrâ dùisâ dùimâ fùrkhô
khulumù. Zapbai!

friend the pumpkin. But when his
friend cut open the pumpkin, it
contained nothing but pure silver.
So he bade the god Sri stay another
day, and brewed fresh beer and
killed another pig, and when he was
going away gave him a fitch of
bacon to take with him. So the god
Sri gave him also the gourd. But
when he cut open the gourd, it
contained nothing but pure gold.
And so the god Sri journeyed to his
home. And when he got there, he
found that his little daughter was
very ill. And that was because he
had given away the presents which
the fishes had made him. But the
fishes took pity on him, and came to
him in the guise of physicians, and
told him that if he would worship
and do sacrifice on the banks of
rivers, then his daughter would be
healed, which he did. And that is
why we Kacharis worship rivers.
And that is all.

Sâse olsiâ gâthâ nê khorâng.

Sâse olsiâ gâthâ dangman. Bî mâlai hâli oinânai mai gai zap-bâ, obâsù bî mâmâr dublîau hâli oi-hùi-dang. Phâre Bùthùr braiâ olsia gâthâkhô hâli oinai nunânai bî thângnù hâekhai, bungnaise. “Helùi gâthâ, nanglai dâ mâ hâlî oidang-hùi, bùthùrâ mobâbânù thângbai. Dâ mai gaibâ, mâ zâbâu-nù?” Theobù bî bîkhô naifinâ, mosôkhô bùâ dhum dhum dhâm dhâm⁴ bunânai, nâtzret nâtflet bâli oibai thâiù. Unau braiâ khonle khonle sùngnaikhai gâthââ brâp-nânai nai-gedau-nânai bungnaise “Nanglai maunî brai lùì? Âng khô hâli oinaiau be baidî sùngbai thâiù? Anghâ mâ zâdang, âng sù mithîdang.” Beaunù braiâ bungnaise “Nonggâ, lùì âfâ, âng nangkhô gahâm khorâng-sù khithânù nâmaidang!” Beaunù gâthââ bungnaise “Mâ khorâng dang? Mâmâr khithâ! Âng hâli oinù sân zolângbai!” Obâsù braiâ bungnaise “Dâ hâli oinânai mâ zânù? Bùthùr thângbai,” hanbâ, gâthââ bungnaise “Bî bobething thângkhù? Mau thângkhù nang ângnù khithânanai hù. Âng mai gainù manâbâ, mâ zânânai thâng-gan?” Obâsù braiâ bungnaise “Nang âglânu mâlai zang lùgùse hâli oinânai mai gaibâ

The Story of the Lazy Boy.

There was once a very lazy boy. And when everybody else had planted out his paddy, he was only setting forth to plough. But the old man of the season,²⁷ seeing him, said “The season has gone; what are you ploughing for now? The paddy is all planted out, and it is late.” But the boy would not listen to him, and ploughed sturdily ahead, beating his cattle soundly as he went. And when the old man again and again questioned him, he cried “What sort of an old man is this? Can he not see that I am busy? I know very well what I am about.” But the old man said gently “Nay, my son: but it is for your good that I would speak to you.” And the boy said “Speak quickly then, and have done with it.” And the old man said “My son, the season is gone, what avails it to plough now?” And then the boy cried “Where has it gone? And when has it gone? And why has it gone? And how shall I find it?” But the old man of the season said “You should have ploughed when others did. The season has gone, and no man can bring it back.” But the boy said “I *must* bring it back, else, how shall I eat, and how shall I live? Do

hâmgauman, dâlai bùthùr-khô sùr nunù hâgo, ârù mâbrùi bîkhô laifin-nù?” Beaunù gâthââ bungnaise “Nang khithînânai hùnù hâbâ, âng bîkhô zerùibâbù lâbônù hâgan.” Hanbâ, bîkhô braiâ bùlù hâekhai khithânai “Nang bething thângùi thâbâ khârâ phut-thru-thru brai sâse thokon thunânai dubli gezer gezer thangnai nugan. Obâniâ nang bîkhônù hom. Ârù bî zere khithâ-i-ù nang bebaidînù khâmduì” hannânai, bùthùr braiâ thângnaise. Obâsù gâthââ hâli hogârânânai nâiau fainânai bîmâ buruikhô mâmâr khâm songnù hùnânai, zâùi lângùi bîmânù khithânai “Ai, nang gâbun fungzânî khâm songnânai hù, ârù, mairong khothâse bunnânai hù. Âng bùthùr braikhô hùs-ù-lâng-nù. nânggô. “Manâthù dinî âng hâli oinaiau brai sâse fainânai mai gainainî Bùthùrâ thangbai hannânai khithânai, ârù bikhô hùsù lângbâ mangan, ârù bîzere khâmnù thinù, bebaidî-nù khâm hannânai khithâlângnai.” Obâsù buruia okhâ naibâ khâm songnânai gâthâkhô zâ-hù-ùi lâng-hù-ùi mairong khothâse bunnânai hùnânai gâthâkhô hogârnaise. Gâthââ thângùi thângùi zaikhônù lùgù manù, bîkh-ônù sùngù, bîsùr bungù: “Bùthùr thângbai hannânai mithigô. Bî mâbrùi ârù bobething thâng-khù, bîkhô zangfùr khithânù hâiâ.”

tell me where it is gone.” And as he would not let the god go, finally, losing patience, he said “You go over there, and you will find an old man with a snow-white head ploughing in a field. You get hold of him and do as he tells you.” So saying, he made his escape. Then the lad hastened home to his mother and bade her cook supper quickly, and tie him up some rice to take with him on the morrow, for he was going to bring back the departed season for ploughing.

“For” said he “when I was ploughing today, an old man told me that the season was gone, and that if I went after him and pursued him I would find him, and that I must do as he would tell me.” So she rose very early in the morning, and giving him to eat and drink, set him on his way. And as he went, he asked all he met “Can you tell me where the old man of the season has gone?” But they said “Every one knows that the season is gone, but where it has gone, or why it has gone, who can say?” At last, when he was nearly in despair, he saw an old man ploughing afar off, and shouted to him “Stay a moment, father, stay; I want to ask you a question.” But the old man was busy, and went his ways. But the lad

Beaunù gǎthǎa gadau-srau zǎnǎnai
bobething thǎngan hannǎnai zerenù
manù erenù dubli gezer gezer thǎbai
baibǎ gazǎnau brai sǎse nuhoṭnaise
Nuhoṭbǎ bǐnù bù-thùr zǎnù nǎnggô
nungnǎnai, bǐ-khô bungnaise “ǎfǎ,
rǎthǎ! dǎse rǎthǎ! Ang nang-ni-au
manse khorǎng sùngnù nǎmaidang.”
Theobù braiǎ khnǎsongǎlǎbǎ
thǎngù thǎiù. Gǎthǎa-bù khithù
khǐthù thǎngù thǎngù khithǎ-lǎngù.
Gabauzang braiǎ nai fǎfǐn-nanai
bungnaise “Mǎ hekhong-hekhong
sùr gǎthǎlùì maunì lùì nanglai?”
hannǎnai sùngbǎ gǎthǎa bungnaise
“ǎfǎ brai, da brǎp-lùì! ang manse
dukhuau gaglǎi-nǎnai, nangnì
khǎthiau faidang.” Hanbǎ, braiǎ
“Mǎmǎr khithǎ mǎmǎr khithǎ ǎng
thǎngnù nǎnggô, ǎnghǎ nǎa gazǎn,
hor-thô hùì-gan;” hannaise. Obǎsù
gǎthǎa khithǎnaise “ǎfǎ ǎng
nangkhô bùthùr brai baidì nùìù.
Bǐnǐkhai nang ǎngkhô dǎ buthǎt.
Mǎlaiǎ boibù mai gaithrǎ-bai ǎng un
zǎnanai daise bù gainù hǎ-e khùise.
Bǐnǐkhai nang dǎse thǎng-fǎfǐn-bǎ
ǎngha mai zagan” bungnaikhai,
braia bǐnù khithǎ-naise “ǎng dǎ
faibai, thǎng fǎ-finnù hǎlia, nang
benǐfrai mǎmǎr thǎngnǎnai, zese
hǎiù gathǎng-gabrǎm hǎli oinǎnai
mai gaihùithǎng.” Obǎsù gǎthǎa
fainǎnai zerenù manù, erenù

pursued him and never ceased
calling after him till at last the old
man, losing patience, turned upon
him, and said “What pertinacious
noisy lad is this, who won’t leave
me alone?” But the lad said “Be not
angry, my father, I am fallen into
great trouble, and it behoves you to
help me.” “Speak quickly, then,”
said the old man. And the boy said
“I take you to be the old man of the
season, and I pray you not to slay
me. All the others have planted out
their paddy, and I have fallen
behind, and have planted nothing.
Therefore, unless you turn back, I
cannot hope to get any harvest.” But
the old man said “It is too late for
me to return. Go you back, and plant
your paddy as best you can.” And so
the lad hastened back and planted
out his seedlings in such heedless
haste as became him. And that’s all!

khothiâ⁵ khinî-khô gai-brop-nânai
dinnaise. Zapbai!

Gãthã mãmra nî khorâng.

Sânùi brai bùyìihâ gãthã sãse dangman. Braiã gãthã uduibã-nù thoi-lâng-naise. Obãsù bîmã bùyìiã bîbai-nânai gãthãkhô bângai fidit-bã gãthãã bungnaise “Ai, âng dã mosô gumnù hã-sî-gô. Nã-se-au murkhiã hãpnù nãmàiù.” Bîni bîmã bungnaise “Âfã fisãtlaiã, nang âng thoiãgo mâni dukhu zãnù nãnggã.” Khintu fisãtlaiã bîni dukhu mon hũlãbã sãse nî nãiau murkhiã hãpnãise. Phãre bîkhô murkhiã-frã mosô gum-zãp-nù hũã. Obãsù sãse gurkhiã braiã bîkhô onnãnai gum zãp-hũ-naise. Phãre gurkhiãfrã bîkhô nunù hãiã, ârù boibù bu-i-ù. Bînikhai unau bî thãnù hãekhai, monau dukhu khãmãnãnai, bùyìdãkh-sãri lãngnaise.

Phãre thãngùi thãngùi bî nãmã-i-au Simlî Bîr khô lùgù mannaise. Phãre bîkhô bungnaise “Dau, nanglai mã bîr lùì? Simlî bîfãng fãngse mâni bãn-bù-dang!” Obãnù bî bungnaise;

The seven Champions.

An old man and an old woman had a son. But the father died while his son was yet a child, and the mother brought up her boy by begging from house to house. When he was big enough he begged his mother to let him engage himself as a cowherd. But she said “As long as I live, I must not let you undergo any trouble.” But the gallant boy would not listen, and went and took service as a cowherd. But the other cowherd boys would not let him go out herding with them, and hated him, and beat him, in spite of the help of a good old man who took him into his house, so, being unable to stay any longer for grief and vexation, he went away into foreign lands.

And as he went his ways, he met Simli Bîr, the hero of the *simul* tree, and when he saw him he said “Ah! here is a hero indeed, seeing that you bear a whole silk-cotton tree on

àngnù mâ bîr, lùì, âdâ? Zekhô bungù Gilâ Charan bîr, bîsù bîr!” Obâ gâthââ bungnaise, “Bî bîrâ àngnù!” Bungbâ, obâ, “Àng nang zang thângfâgan lùì, âdâ.” Erui hannânai, bî zang thângnaise. Beбайдînu thânguì thânguì ârù Dhop Bîr khô lùgù manbâ, bîkhô bù bungnaise “Dau, be lai mâ bîr lùì? Dhop bîtâng fângse mâni hâtsingnù bân-bù-gâr-dang!” Obâsù bî bungnaise “Ang-lai mâ bîr lùì, âdâfùr. Zi Gilâ Charan bîr bî, sù!” Obâ Gilâ Charan bungnaise, “E guì, bî lai àngnù nanggâ lùì?” Erùì hanbâ, “O âdâ, obâ àng-bù nang sùr zang thângfâgan,” hannânai bisùr zang thângnaise. Beбайдînu Bîsor Bîr, Bândor Bîr, Hâgor Bîr, ârù Oṭ Bîr boi zang bîsùr sârâ bîr zânâise. Beбайдînu lùgùse thânguì thânguì sâse. Raikhô burui-nî nâ man-huì-bâ, beaunù khâm song-zâ-nù lâgi sâse bîr Raikhônî-au oṭ bainù thângnaise. Thângbâ, Raikhô bûrùîâ mânsùì nunânai zânù lubuinânai lomzâ-thî-nânai udunânai thânaise, ârù bî bîrkhô bungnaise “Âbo, àngni khâthi-au-nù oṭ dang, sukhângnânai lângfai!” Hanbâ, bî fainânai sukhângdangman. Ereaunù khathiau thânai hâkhorau zùnânai khùkhlainâise. Bîbaidi-nù gabâu zâbâ, boibo sâse sâse thângnânai, beaunù gaglai-thrâ-naise. Obâsù Gilâ Charan bîrâ manse khorâng

your shoulder.” But the other replied “Whom do you call a hero? I am no hero at all. If you want a real hero, look out for Gilâ Charan.” But the lad said “As for Gilâ Charan, why, I am Gilâ Charan.” On which Simli Bîr got leave to go with him. And as they went they met Dhop Bîr, and to him they said “You are something like a hero. Why, you are carrying a whole *dhop* tree all by yourself.” But the other said “My brothers, of what account am I? The man they call Gilâ Charan, he is a hero if you like.” Then Gilâ Charan said “But I am he.” On which Dhop Bîr said “Let me come with you too.”

And, so saying, he too joined the party. And in like manner they were joined by other four champions, namely, Mustard, Monkey, Ocean, and Fire, six in all, besides Gilâ Charan.

And when they had gone some way, one of them went into the house of a Râkshashani to beg fire for cooking. But when the old wretch saw that it was a man, she desired to devour him, and to that end lay still, pretending to be ill, and said to him in a weak voice “The fire is quite close to me. Come and blow it up!” and when he came close, she gave him a kick and sent him flying into

zâbai nungnânai bîau thângnânai,
Raikhô buruikhô nunaise. Obâsù bî
Raikhô burui khô sùbâ-khrâng hot-
naise. Beaunù bûrùîâ dukhu
mannânai “Abo, nang ângkhô dâ
buthât!” hanbâ; “Obâ ângni âgùifûr
khô dîhonnânai hù.” Ereui bungnai-
au-nù bûrùî zâkhlâ gongse lâbo-
nânai besurkhô hâkhor-nîfrai
dîkhângnaise. Phâre unau bî Raikho
bûrùîkhô bûthât-naise.

Arù bîzang thângùî thângùî sâne
Raikhô thânai thauni man-hùî-naise.
Man-hùî-bâ, beaunù simlî-Bîr-khô
mikhâm song-nù thin-nânai, bîsùr
shikâr khâmnu thângnaise. Phâre bî
khâm songnânai dinnaise. Khintu
Raikho sânuîâ fainânai khâmkhô
zâfainaise. Phâre bîsùr fainânai,
“khâmâ hùrù?” hannânai bungbâ “E
âdâfûr, âng mikhâm songnù
baugârbai lîfûr, manâthu âng gumâ
mazâng mâse nunânai bîkhô naibai
thâdangman.” Khintu Gilâ Charan
bî khorângkho mithîdangman.
Bînikhai bî thânânai khâm
songnaise. Phâre khâm zânù lâgi
Raikhô sânuîâ fainânai; “Ûi gâthâ!
zangfûrnù khâmâ hù lùî!” Hanbâ,
bungnaise “Zangfûrnù ukhùinânai

a pit; and, seeing that he did not
come, another champion went on
the same quest and was treated in
like fashion. Then Gilâ Charan
guessed that something out of the
way had happened, and went there
himself; and, perceiving that the old
woman was a vampire, took her by
the throat and shook her well. But
she cried “Do not kill me, and I will
show you where your friends are.”
Then the old woman got a ladder
and released the two champions
from the pit. Whereupon they killed
her, and went on their way rejoicing.

And presently they came to a place
where Rakshashas dwelt. But, not
knowing this, they left Simli Bîr to
cook rice and the rest went hunting.
And when the rice was ready, two
Rakshashas came and gobbled it up,
so when the rest returned, hungry,
for food, Simli Bîr said he was very
sorry. He had quite forgotten to
cook, being very busy watching a
beautiful white butterfly. But Gilâ
Charan at once saw that was only a
pretext. So he bid the rest go, and,
staying behind, himself cooked rice
afresh. On which the two
Rakshashas came up roaring, and
said “Here, my son, hand over that
rice.” “But,” said Gilâ Charan,
undaunted, “we are hungry

dang, nangsurnù mâbrùi hùgan!”
bungbâ “Gådâ-i-au set-bâ gâkhir
onkhâtnai gâthâ-â-nù⁶ zangfurkhô
ereùi khithâiù nâ?” bungbâ,
sânùikhô-bù gådâ homnânai Gilâ
Charanâ dubli dotse nî gazân
khubui-hot-aise. Obâsù bîsûr
bînîfrai bekhô zânù hannânai,
brâpnânai hârau-hurau hù-sù-lai-bù-
aise. Obâ bîsûr-khô-bù dân-thât-
aise. Bebaidînú sâ-thâm-nî-frai
sârâ-hâ-lâgi Raikhô bûthânânai,
Raikhôfurnî mikhâm songnai sârâ
hânthî hingzau lâbonânai, nâ
khâmnânai zâbai thânaise. Zapbai!

*Sâse phâlângi gâthâni
khorâng.⁷*

Sâse uduiau-nù bîfâ thoizânai gâthâ
dangman. Phâre âzi âzi khâli khâli
bî gedet zâbâ sânsê bîmânî-au
sùngnaise “Ai, âglâ zangfûrhâ âfâ-i-
â lai mâ maunânai zâdangman?”
hanbâ, bîmâiâ hâmbâ sunânai
khithânâise “Namfâiâ desù desù
fâlângi khâmnânai zâdangman. Bî
thâblâ, dâ zangfrâ esebù dukhu
zâiâman” hanbâ, bî bungnaise. “Uh!
obâ bî hâbâ-khô âng hâiâ nâ! Bese
thâkâ dang, ângnù dîhonnânai hù!”

ourselves and have no rice to
spare!” “What!” cried they “shall a
scarcely weaned child speak to us
like this?” and they ran at him to eat
him. But he seized them by their
necks and threw them a field’s
length. And when they attacked him
afresh, he slew them with his sword.
And in like manner each of the Bîrs
slew each his Rakshasha, and then
each married a fair Rakshasha girl,
and lived happily ever afterwards.
And that’s all!

The Story of the Merchant’s Son.

There was a lad whose father died
while he was a child. And when, by
slow degrees, he came to man’s
estate, he asked his mother one day
how his father got a living. But she
heaved a long sigh, and at last said
“Your father traded in foreign
countries, my dear; and if he were
alive now, we would not be in such
distress now.” But he said “Ah!
mother, may not I work at the same
trade? Give me all the money there
is, and let me too go trading.” But
his mother said “Nay! my son, do

Hanbâ, bîmâiâ bungnaise “Âfâ nang bîbaidî khâmnu nânggâ. Âng bîui gâpui nangnu zâhùgan. Nang mâlainî dekhuau thângnânai mâbruibâ thoibâ betbâ âng mâbrui thâgan?” Theobù gâthâ â khnâsongâlâbâ embrâ-brâ bîmâ-nî-au thâkâ bînâ-nai lânânai bastu bainaise, ârù nau gongse nâmainânai lânaise, ârù gâsenù zâ zâbâ, mânsùì sânuì-sù homnânai bîmâ buruikhô khulumnânai mâlainî dekhu-au nau zang thângnaise. Bebaidînu thânguì thânguì gâmî dâtse dùì-gâthan-au naukhô khânânai, gâmî gâmi bastu phân-hù-naise. Bî gâgai nau ne-ù. Bebaidînu thâui thâui beau-nù sùrbâ brai burui sâ-nùì-hâ hângsù gufut mâse dangman. Bînu bîsurnù dùì laiùì mikham songuì hùgrâ-man. Bîkhônù sânsê bî gâthââ dùì gâ-thânau gagainî hângsù-bîgur-khô khùnânai din-nânai ârù mazâng sikhîlâ-sâ zânânai duguinai nunaise. Bînfainù boi hângsù-nî girimâ brai-bùrui-khô on-sù-nânai thau ârù bînî nau-au zî zî bastu dang, ozâinù bângai bângai hùnù homnaise. Bîbaidînu bastufùrkhô fânùì fânùì fân-zap-bâ nâiau fainai so-nai-khai bî brai buruinî nâ-iau thângnânai thâkâ zâbrâ hùnânai, hângsù khô bîbâ, brai bùruiâ “Erenù lîng” hannânai bungdangman, khintu bî fâfù-⁸nâng zânù gînânai, brai-nî-

not say that. While I live, even if I have to beg, you shall not want. And if you die in strange lands, what is to become of me?” But her son would not hearken to her, and, begging money from her, bought merchandise, and hired a boat, and took two men with him; and, after doing obeisance to his mother, set forth into strange lands. And at last he moored his boat at the *ghat* of a certain village, and sent his men out to hawk his goods. But he himself stayed with the boat. And at that *ghat* dwelt an aged couple, who possessed a white and beautiful swan which they cherished as their own child, and fed with their own food. And one day at midday, when men were enjoying their *siesta*, the merchant lad saw the white swan remove her swan dress and bathe in the river, a lovely slim maiden. Whereupon he began to pay great regard to the old couple, and gave them of his store without money. But as time went by, all his goods were disposed of, and then he went to the old people and offered them a great price for their swan. Nor when they would give it to him for nothing would he accept it, seeing that it were a sin to take a wife as a gift. So, finally he made them take much money and went away home, taking his swan with him. But when

gnâng bastu-khai embrâ-brâ thâkâ
 hùnânai hângsùkhô lâbônâise.
 Bînîfrai nau lânânai fai-ùi faiùi nâ
 man-fai-nânai, âzibù thâiù khâli-bù
 thâiù bì hângsù mânsùi zâ-i-e
 nunânai, sânfrimbù hâmlângnaise.
 Bîkhônù nunânai bîmâ buruiâ
 mâlainîau sùngbai baibâ raubù
 mungbù khithânù hâiâ Khintu
 biaunù bùrùi sâse dangman. Bînîau
 sùngbâ, bì bungnaise “Âgùi, nang
 bîkhônù mithiâkhùi nâ? Bî fâlângi
 khâmnai thângnai-au bîhâ mâbâ
 manse zâdang. Nang bîkhô buddi
 khâmbâ, mithinù hâgan.” Hanbâ,
 bîmâ bùruiâ bungnaise “Khithâ-ho-
 hai, ai bùrùi, dhorom mangan.”
 Hanbâ, bì khithânâise “Nang sâse
 sâse sikhlâsa lâbônânai nangnî
 gâthânî themâ nainù thin. Arù themâ
 naibai thânai-au-nù gâpthînânai
 sùng-thâng. “Nang mânù sânfrimbù
 hâm-lâng-dang?” Obânù bì bîkhô
 on-khâng-nânai bînî monau zî
 khorâng dang, bì khithâgan.”
 Hanbâ, bîmâ bîbaidînù khâmnâise.
 Hingzausâ-iâ themâ nainaiu-nù
 gâpthînânai gongrai surukhù
 surukhù⁹ sùngnaise “Adâ-lùi, nang-
 hâ-lai mâ zâdang? Nang bekhô khi-
 thâiâbâ, âng bù khâm dùì zâiâ,”
 hannaikhai gâthââ hâmbâ sunânai,
 bînù lâse lâse khithânâise “Ang
 fâlângi khâmnù thângnai-i-au dâ
 ângnî nâ-iau zî hângsù gufut mâse

he reached home, behold the swan
 remained a swan, and the lad was
 sore vexed and lost his sleep and his
 food, so that his mother was in fear,
 and asked sundry of the villagers
 what might be the matter.

And, finally, one of them, who was
 a wise woman, said to her:
 “Something has happened to him
 while he was away trading, and now
 you must find out what it was. And
 the way to do it is this: You must get
 a fair girl to comb his hair; and let
 her pretend to grieve that he is so ill,
 and let her cry into his hair, and to a
 fair maiden he will tell what he
 would never say to his mother.” So
 a girl came and combed his hair, and
 wept silently till the tears fell on his
 head, and when he asked what ailed
 her, said she could not bear to see
 him pine away. So at last he told her
 of the white swan, which turned
 before his very eyes into a lovely
 maiden, but that now it remained
 ever a white swan, though he was
 pining away for very love of her. So
 she went and told the mother, and
 the mother told the wise woman,
 who bade them get the lad to lie
 awake till midnight and then the
 swan-maiden would arise, and,
 assuming her maiden form, would
 worship her own country’s gods.
 And then he was to leap up

dang, bîkhô mânsùi zânai nudangman. Khintu bî dâ baidî-sùi-ùi-nù thâbai. Bînikhai âng erebaidî zâdang.” Themâ nai-khângbâ be gâsenù khorâng hingzausâiâ bîni bîmâ-nù khithânâise. Bekhô bîmâiâ khnânânai boi bûrûinù khithâ hùinaise lâiù. Buruiâ bîkhô khnânânai buddî hùinaise lâiu: “Nang dinî boi hingzausâkhô lâbonânai khithânânai hù, bî dinî hoṛau udu-lâng-thî-nânai thâthang. Hoṛ gezerbâ hângsùâ mânsùi zânânai gagainî modaifürkhô khulumbai thâiù. Beaunù bî hângsù bîgurkhô zuzai-mù-au sùnânai hùbâ, obâniâ mânsùi-i-nù thâ-sî-gan.” Be buddi hùnai-baidî-nù bîmâiâ hingzausâ-nù khithânâise, ârù hingzausâiâ bù gâthânù khithânânai hùnaikhai, sâanse gâthââ khurui gongseau khârezang thauzang golainânai dinnai, ârù songor manse dinnâise. Hoṛ zâbâ bî udui-thî-lâng-nânai thâbâ, hângsùâ hoṛau sikhângnânai âkhaiâu âthengau modom au-bù khepthu-bai-dang.¹⁰ Theobù bî khet-khut khâmâ-khuisse. Bînikhai bî udu-lângmâtbai nungnânai, gagainî hângsù bîgùr khô lâsehai khunânai dinnânai gâgainî modai-für-khô mon hùnânai khulumbâi thâdangman. Ere-au-nù srî-srî lâsehai sikhângnânai boi hângsù bîgùrkhô thâpnehai zuzai-mù-au

suddenly and cast her swan skin on the hearth and burn it; and then of a surety she would remain a maiden. So the lad prepared a basin of oil and ashes and a yak’s tail, and did as the wise woman bade. And in the depth of night, the swan came and felt him all over with her beak. But he never stirred a whit. And then, believing him to be asleep, she stripped off her swan’s skin slowly, and prayed aloud to the gods of her own country. Then the lad got out of bed very silently, and seizing the swan’s skin thrust it in the ashes. And when she smelled the burning feathers, she cried aloud “Ah! what have you done? what have you done?” and fell senseless on the floor. But he anointed her with the oil, and fanned her with the yak’s tail, till presently her great eyes opened and he saw that she loved him. And then they lived happily ever afterwards. And that’s all!

efopnânai dinnaise. Unau bigurâ
khâmânai manâm-khang-bâ, bîkhô
manâmnânai mannânai “Ângkhô mâ
khâmkhù, mâ khâmkhù?” hannânai,
fâtrâp-dô gaglainânai khânggrâng-
nânai thoi-hâp-nânai thânaise.
Obâsù gâthââ mâmâr fainânai
khuruinî thaukhô khârâ-modom-
âtheng-âkhai-au hùnânai, songor
zang sîpbai thânaise, ârù bîbaidînu
sîpùi sîpùi thâblâ, gabâu-zang hâmâ
sukhângnaise, ârù thâng-khâng-
naise. Bîbaidî-nù mânsùi zânânai,
sânùi-zang hâbâ khâm-lai-nânai
zâbrâ dinhâ lâgi fisâ fisù zang rozo-
rù-man zâlai-bai thânai-se. Zapbai!

Bîdâ bînânaunî khorâng.

Sâse razâ ârù rânî dangman. Bîsùr
hâ hoâiâ thoi-grù-naise. Bî thoibâ
hingzauâ modomau dangman.
Sânne-sù thânanai hingzausâ sâse
zânaise. Ârù bîsùrhâ hoâsâ bù sâse
dangman. Phâre sân-ne-sù thânnânai,
bîsùrnî bîmâiâ thoinaise. Thoibâ
hingzausâ nî bidâiâ bîkhô gâkhîr
daunânai fidet-naise. Phâ unau bîsùr
zânù-gùie zâlângnânai unau gâmi
gâmi bîbainânai zânânaise.
Bîbaidînu thâbai-ùi thabai-ùi sâse
râzâ nî nâ-î-au hâp-hùi-naise.

Brother and Sister.

A certain king died, and soon after
his death his wife bare him a
daughter, as she had heretofore
borne him a son. And then she too
died. But before she died, she bade
her son “Strike hard, but once
only!” And she committed her
daughter to his care. And, though
they lost their kingdom and were
forced to beg their bread, the brother
was a good brother, and took care of
his sister until they came to a certain
kingdom, the king of which took

Beaunù Razâiâ onnânai bîsùrkhô
bînî nâ-î-au dinnai.

Be dekhu-au sikhau sâ-snî dangman.
Bîsùrnù râzâiâ ozainù dau, omâ,
mosô, phâreo hùnânggô. Be
khorângkhô gâthâ-mâmraîâ
khnânânai, bîsùr-khô dânthâtnu lâgi
razâ-nî-au sùngnaise. Khintu razâhâ
bikhô thinnù mon guiâman. Theobù
bînî mon zang-nù thin-naise. Obâ
gorai mâse emfui gongse razânâu
bînânai lânânai, be sikhaufur-nî
nâiaiu thângnânai goraikhô dâpseau
khânânai dinnânai, bî emfui lânânai
dor-mukhângâu srî srî zombai thâ-
naise. Unau be sikhau gedetsinâ
onkhârbùbâ bîkhô dân-naise. Ârù
boikhôbù sâse sâse bepaidi-nù
dânnaise. Khintù boinùkhrî uduisuiâ
monau bângai gînânai, lâse lâse
fainaiiu bîkhô gahâmùì dânù
manâkhuise. Beaunù thoi-e-khai bî
bîsùrnî nâ gongseau bîkhô sùnânai
tâlâ mârînânai dinnaise. Manâthu
âglâ bînî bîmâiâ bîkhô zî dânbâ-bù
phongse bùâ dânù
thinlângdangman. Bînîkhai bî bîkhô
ârù dânù hâiâ-khuise. Unau be
khorângkhô razânî sigâng-au gâsenù
khithâ-naise. Beaunù razâiâ
sikhaufurnî nâkhô bîsùr sânekhô
girimâ khâmnaise. Beaunù bîsùr
thânânai bîdâiâ binânau-khô
khîthânaise “Âgùì, nang be gâsenù
nâ gongse gongse-ùì nainù lubuibâ,

pity on them and kept them in his
own palace.

Now, in that kingdom dwelt seven
thieves, who oppressed the king, so
that he was compelled to send them
fowls, pigs, cattle, and pigeons
every day. And when the brother
heard of this, he begged the king to
let him go and kill the thieves. And
when the king was unwilling to let
him undertake the enterprise, the
brother insisted, and, borrowing a
horse and a sword from the king,
went to the thieves' house, and there
tied up his horse and waited with
drawn sword at the door. And when
the eldest thief came out, he cut him
down, and so in turn he cut down
each of them. But the youngest of
all was suspicious and came out
cautiously, so that the brother was
not able to kill him at one blow. So,
mindful of his mother's saying, he
shut him up in one of the thieves'
houses, and put a lock upon the
door. And then he went and told all
that had happened to the king; who,
as a reward made the brother and
sister custodians of the thieves'
houses. And so they went and stayed
there, and the brother said to his
sister “You can go into and examine
all the houses except the one that is
locked.” And the brother was a
mighty hunter. But before he went

nainù hâgo. Khintu be tâlâ-mârinai-khô nang dâ kheo.” Bîdâiâ shikâr khâmgrâ-man. Phâre shikâr khâmnu thângbâ, bînânaunu sobai zang mairang zang golainânai, khurui gongseau hùlângnaiman. Bî bîkhônù sânse mâni bâsîbai thâdangman. Unau sân-ne-sù thânnânai, bi gâsenù nâ-für-khô kheo-e kheo-e nainaise. Khaise-au mosô, khaise-au gorai, khaise-au dau, bebaidînù nâfrimbù bî nainaise, Khintu bî kheonu hù-i-e nâkhô mon khâmnânai naiâlâbâ thânnù hâiâkhùise.

“Mânâthù beaubù mâ dang âng nunù nânggô;” erù hannânai bî kheonânai naibâ, thoi-hâng thoi-hâng mânsùì sâse nunaise. Beaunù bî khulumbâ, onnânai, bî zî khithâiù, bîkhônù lânânai, muli hùnaise. Beaunù sân ne sù thânnânai mânsùìâ gahâm zânaise. Phâ bîbaidînù ozainù railainù ârù bînù khâm dùì hùnù homnaise. Bebaidînù thaie thaie bîsùr khoràng zâlainaise. Phâ unau bîdâkhô buthânnù lâgi sikhauâ, hingzaukhô buddi hùnaise “Nang dînî zobrà zâ-thî-nânai thâ, ârù khithâ: ângnù mosâ-gâkhir zâhùbâ, âng gahâm zâgan.” Bibaidinù bidânù khithânaise. Bidaiâ khnânânai hâgrâ-bâre-au mosâ nâmai-lâng-naise. Bînî khâfâlùì¹¹ mosâ bîmâ mâse hâthâi-au mosô begeng nâng-phthânânai thânnai lùgù

out a hunting, he mixed pulse and grain, and, filling a plate with the mixture, bade his sister separate the seeds while he was away. And this occupied her a whole day. And then she went and examined all the rooms in the thieves' houses. And in some were cattle, and in some fowls, and in some horses, and so forth. But her mind was ill at ease, because she might not examine the house that was locked. “For,” she said to herself, “if I do not see what is in that house, I cannot be happy.” So she went and saw, and there she found a man half dead with his wound; and when he besought her, she pitied him, and fetched him such medicines as he required of her. So that at the end of some days he was healed, and in course of time they two fell in love with one another. And the wicked thief began to teach the girl how she should bring about the destruction of her brother. And he bade her, when her brother returned, to pretend to be ill, and to say that nothing would cure her save a drink of tigress' milk. And when her brother heard this, he set out in search of a she-tiger. And, as luck would have it, he found a she-tiger with a bone stuck in her teeth. So, after binding her with a vow, he extracted the bone from her teeth, and then he told her what he

man-naise. Beaunù mosâkhô sùmai lâhùnânai hâthai-nîfrai begeng-khô dîhonnaise. Unau bî mosânî gâkhir-nî khorâng khithânaikhai bî gaigai nî gâkhir ârù fisâ bù mâse hùnaise. Bekhô lâbonânai binânaunù hùfainaise. Phâre okhâ naibâ, sikhauâ, bî hingzaukhô sùngnaise. “Nangnù mosâ gâkhir hùfai-nù nâ?” Bî khithânai, gâkhir ârù bînî fisâ bù mâse âdâiâ lâbodang.” Biau bî hamâ man-naise. Ârù sânsê fukuri manse-nî dùì lâbonù khithânai. Bî fukuri-nî dùìkhô lâbobâ mânsùîâ thoiù. Beaunù binânauâ bidânù khithânai, “Nang be fukuri-nî dùì ângnù lâbonânai hùbâ, âng gahâm zâgan Bebaidînù bidaiâ gorai mâse emfui gongse sùimâ mâse ârù mosâ-fisâ-khô bù lânânai thângnaise. Thânguì thânguì bongfâng gedet fângse man-hùinânai, be bongfâng singau-nù bî zirainânai dang. Ereaunù zibaù gedet mâse bî bongfângau mânnânai gâkhùlâng-dâng, nunânai, bîkhô emfui zang dân-so-naise. Ârù dâse thânânai, ârù mâse zibaù bîbaidînù gâkhùlângnai-au bîkhô-bù dânnaise. Bîbaidînù bî beaunù dang, obânù dau gedet mâse be bongfângau bîrbùnânai fisâ-furnù âdhâr hùbâ, fisâfrâ zâiâkhùise. Obâ bîmâ bungnaise; “nangfùr dinî mânù âdhâr zâiâ?” Obâ fisâfrâ khithânai “Bongfang singau thânai mânsùikhô nang on-bâ,

required. So she gave him of her milk, and also one of her whelps. And then he returned home. And at dawn the thief asked the sister “Did he bring you the tigress’s milk?” And she replied “That he did, and he brought a tiger’s whelp also.” On which the thief was much discomfited. Then he bade her ask her brother fetch some water from a certain tank, well knowing that to fetch water from that tank, was certain death. On which she said to her brother “If you can only get me water from that tank, I shall certainly be well.” So the brother took his horse and a sword, and a hound, and also the tiger’s whelp, and set out. And on the way he came to a great tree and stopped to rest in the shade; and while he was resting, a huge snake came and began climbing up the tree. And, seeing it, the brother cut the snake in two with his sword; and when a second snake came, he slew that, too. And while he was still resting, a bird came flying to the tree with food for her nestlings. But they refused to eat. And when their mother asked them why they would not eat, they said “Unless you take pity on the man who is resting under the tree, we cannot eat.” So the mother bird promised; and, having fed her nestlings, flew down to the brother

zangfùr âdhâr zâgan.” Hanbâ,
bimâiâ “ongan” hannânai sumai
lânâise. Fisâfrâ âdhâr zâkhânguì-frâ-
bùì, bimâiâ mânsùi-khô sùng-naise
“Nangkhô mâ nânggô?” Sùngbâ, bì
khithânâise “Ângnù bì fukuri-ni dùì
nânggô.” Be dauâ fukuri-nî khorâng
boikhô-bù mithînânai bînù
khithânânai hùnânai bîkhô be fukuri
khâthiau dinhùinaise. Be fukuri
khathiau-nù fukuri-nî girimâ
khunguri¹² sâse dangman. Gâthâ
mâmraîâ bînî nâ-i-au hâpnânai
khungari zang gâsenù khorâng-
bâthrâ zâlai-nâise. Obâ khunguriâ
“Nang-nî khorâng-khô âng
boikhôbù mithî-bai. Nang ângkhô
hâbâ khâm. Be fukuri-nî dùìkhô
nang lâng-nù hâiâ: thoigan. Ârù
nang-khô buthât-nù lâgi-sù nangnî
nang-nânauâ, upai khâmdang. Nang
zî mânsùi dân thârâ-lâbâ dindang-
man; bì sikhâua-nù be gâsenù
khôrang khâmdang.” Erùì han-nânai
bisùr sânebù failainâise, ârù bînî
bînânau ârù sikhaukhô dân-thât-
nâise. Dânthât-nânai, bîsùr sânezang
beaunù girimâ zânânai thânaise.
Zapbai!

and asked him what he desired. And he said that he desired water from a certain tank. But the bird knew all about the properties of the tank, and told the brother. Now, near the tank dwelt a maiden, the guardian of the tank; and he entered into her house, and told her his heart's desire. But she said to him "You must not go near the tank, for you will die. You must marry me. And as for your sister, she has disobeyed your word, and has married the thief you nearly killed, and their desire is only to be rid of you." So they two were married, and, going to the thief's house, slew the thief and the wicked sister. And then they lived happily ever afterwards. And that's all!

Brai bừrùi sầnùì dangman. Bìsùrhâ zânù lùngnù gùìâman. Bìnîhai sen-khokhâ sananai, zî nâ manù, bîzangnu mai slailânai mikhâm zâiù. Beбайдînù khâmùì khâmùì sânse senau nâ mâsebù nângâlâbâ, embu bonglâ gazâ senau thîp nângânai thâđang. Obâsù braiâ dâulâ gesîpbâ sâünù thângnânai, sen nai-hùinaise, ârù sen khô dikhângnânai ilit mannaikhai rong zânânai, mâmâr bîbân khânânai, nả-hâ-lâgi băt-zret-băt-thet bân-bù-naise. Ârù bừrùi-khô phuzâ-nânai bungnaise “Bừrùi, bừrùi, mâ dâbù uthiâ-lùi? Sân-zâbai!” Hannânai, phùzâbâ bừrùiâ mâmâr sikhângnânai oṭ sunânai sâne-zang oṭ sailainaise. Ârù braiâ bungnaise “Zangfùrhâ dinî khaphâl gâham! Senau nâ thîp-bungnânai thâđang!” Obâsù bừrùiâ bungnaise “Hừrù, hừrù! nai-nî, lâbonai!” hanbâ, braiâ mâmâr khithîfainaise. Ârù brai bừrùiâ sầnùizang orau gahâmùì nainânai nunaise gâsenù embubonglâ gazâ. Obâsù bừrùiâ braikhô bungnaise “Dinî nanghâ khaphâlâ gahâm zâđang! Gahâmùìnù khâm manzâsîgan!” hannânai bungbâ braiâ senkhô dảkhânaise, ârù buruikhô buthâtnù thin-bâ, bừrùiâ gon gongse lânânai thả thả bù-thât-hù-lâng-naise. Emphâre bùthât-zap-bâ mâse âtheng bainânai thoifrâmnânai bừrùi-nî khâmflai singau thâđangman. Unau

There was an aged couple, who were very poor. But they had a fish trap, which they set at night; and the fish they caught they exchanged for rice. And one night it happened that no fish got into the trap, but only toads, so that the trap was brimfull. And at early dawn, when the cock crowed, the old man came, and finding the trap very heavy was rejoiced, and hoisting it on to his back waddled away. And when he got home he woke up his wife, crying “Old woman, old woman, not up yet? The day has dawned.” So the old woman jumped up, and blew up the fire, and the old couple squatted over it, warming themselves. And the old man said “We are in luck to-day! The trap is brimfull.” Then the old woman said “Let’s see, let’s see.” So the old man tumbled out the contents of the trap, and, behold, they were all toads. So the old woman said “We *are* in luck to-day! We shall have lots to eat to-day!” And the old man bid her kill the toads without further words. And the old woman, taking her stick, ran about after the toads and slew them one by one. But one alone, half dead with fear, crawled under the old woman’s stool. But the rest she skinned and cleaned. Then, removing the stool, the old man saw the survivor, and said to

gâsenù embu-fùr-khô sâi-khâng-nânai, brai bûrûiâ bînîfrai uthîbâ ârù khâmflai dikhângbâ, be thoifrâmnai embukhô nunânai, braiâ, “Bûrûi, mâse embu thâbai, bûthât! bûthât!” Hanbâ, embuâ rai-dau-naise “Âfâ lùì âng-khô dâ bûthât: âng nangnù hâli oinânai, khodâl zaunânai, mai gainânai hùgan.” Obâsù braiâ bung-naise: “Mobâthù embu-bonglaia hâbâ maunânai hùnai nudang-lùì? Nang hâbâ maunânai hùnaia gakhâ! Buthâtzânù gînânai nang bekhônù khithâdang.” Bungbâ, embu bonglâiâ gahâmùì khulum-bai-nai-khai, ârù sumai lâ-nai-khai, braiâ bûrûiâ onnânai bîkhô buthârâlâbâ nâ-i-au dinnaise. Obâsù âjibù thâiù kâlîbùthâiù dùilâng bûthùr sâbâ, embu-bonglâiâ nângal lânânai dubliâu hâli oinù thângnaise. Ârù bî nângal-mothiau gâ-khù-nânai hâli oibai thâbâ, bînî dubli thing sùrba rajâ sâse hâthi gânânai fainai nubâ embubonglâ raihoṭnaise “Helùì, helùì, nang maunî mânsùì lùì? Âng nî âli-fùr-khô gâphle-gâsi khâm dang!” Hanbâ râzâiâ, “Âng khô bebaidî rainaiâ sùr?” Hannânai, mânsùì hoṭbâ, sâfrâ singau hâkhmânânai thâiù. Bînîkhai mânsùìâ nunù hâekhai thâng-phâ-phinse. Bebaidînù khonle khonle raiù, khon-frimbù bîkhô nunù hâekhai râzaiâ mosôkhônù lânù thinnânai nâ-hâ-lâgi lângnaise.

the old woman “There is one left; kill that, too!” But the toad called out “Ah! father, do not kill me. I will plough for you, and hoe for you, and plant out paddy for you!” But the old man replied “How shall a toad do all these things? *Your* ploughing and hoeing would be a bitter business! You only want to get off being killed.” But he pleaded so sore, and begged so hard, that they took pity on him and let him stay in their house. And so the days went by till the rainy season came round, and the toad went off to plough in the field. And as he was sitting on the handle of the plough urging on his cattle, a king came by that way riding on his elephant, and the toad called out to him “What fellow is that? You are knocking down all the balks of my field!” To which the king replied “Who dares speak to me thus,” and sent men to fetch him. But he hid behind a clod, so that they could not find him. And when he continued to abuse them without their finding him, the king bade them take away the plough cattle to his house. And the toad, followed secretly behind, and, hiding himself in the thatch of the cowshed, began to abuse the king afresh. And the king searched for him in vain; and at last ordered the cowshed to be pulled down and the cattle to be put

Obàsù bì bù khîthu khîthu
thângnânai gogrâ nî nâ sâiau thurui
singau hâpsù-nânai thânânai rajâ
khô baidî baidî raibai thâ-sùnaise.
Râjâiâ bîkhô khnânânai, naibâbù
nuekhai brâpnânai gogrâkhônù
sefainù thinnaise. Khintu bì bînîfrai
thângkhmânânai saurâ nâ sâ-i-au
thânânai ârù rainaise Beбайдînù
gâsenù nâ sephainù gnâng
zânaikhai, râzâiâ unau gînânai bîkhô
gahâmùì sùngnaise, “Helùì âfâ,
nanglai modai nâ mânsùì? Âng
nangkhô mungbù khâmliâ.” Hanbâ,
bì bungnaise “Âng modai nunggâ,
mânsùì-sù. Ârù nang ânngî mosâ
lâbonai-khai âng nângkhô raidang.
Ârù nang dâ nangnî phisazùkhô âng
zang hâbâ khâmnânai hùgan
hannânai sumai lâiâ gô mâni, âng
nangkhô beбайдînù nue zânânai
raibai thâgan.” Hanbâ, râzâiâ sumai
lânângnaise. Obânia bì nânîfrai
onkhâtnaise. Onkhâtâ râzâiâ sumai
lânaikhai, ârù mâbâ modai-fùr zânù
hâgô nungnânai, hâbâ khâmnânai
hùnaise, ârù dolâ, hâthi, gorai gâ-
khù-hù-lainânai nâhâlâgi hoṭbâ ârù
brai bùrùinî nâ khâthî man-fai-ba,
brai bùrùia gînânai, nâ-nîfrai
khâtlângdang-man. Bîkhô embu-
bongla fisâtlâiâ nunânai “Gînù
nânggâ” hannânai, mânsùì hoṭnânai
lâbo-finnaise. Obàsù brai bùrùì
fisâtlâ ârù bîhâmzù boibù zâ zânânai
rong zâ-lainânai mânsùì fùrkhô

elsewhere. And the toad went and hid there, too, and abused the king again. Finally, the king was frightened and called to him: “Oh! father, are you god or mortal? And what harm have I done you?” And he said “I am mortal of a sooth. And I abuse you because you have carried off my cattle. And if you do not give me your daughter in marriage, I shall remain invisible and abuse you daily.” So the king swore that the toad should have his daughter, and the toad came forth. And the king, for his oath’s sake, and lest the toad should be in some sort a god, gave him his daughter, and sent him home with a sedan-chair and elephants and horses. And when he got near his home, the old man and old woman ran clean away. But the toad, their adopted son, seeing their terror, bade them not be afraid, and sent men after them to fetch them. And then they sat down with their son-in-law and daughter-in-law and feasted the men who had come with them. And one day the girl, finding her husband very loathsome to look upon, told him to take a bath. “But,” said her husband, “what is the good of my taking a bath? I am a frog and always bathing.” But his wife replied “I know very well that you live in cold water. But I want to get rid of those

khâm-dùi zâhùnai lùnghùnaise.
Bebaidînù thâui dang, sâse
bîhâmzùâ embu-bonglâ-khô nainù
bânânai embu-bonglâ-khô duguinù
thinnaise. Embu bonglaiâ bungnaise
“Âng udui-nî-frai dùi-au-nù thâui.
Dâ dùgùibâ ângghâ mâ zânù?” Obâsù
hingzauâ bungnaise “Nang dui
gusu-au thânai-khô âng mithîdang.
Khintu nangnî bîkhong-nî gâdi-mâlâ
nunânai-sù âng nangkhô thukuinù
nâmaidang,” hanba, embu bonglâiâ
mânthi zânaise. Zâbâ dùi gloglop
phûdung-nânai hoâkhô linghoṭnaise.
“Mâmâr faidù! Âng thukuinù
nânggo.” Bî mâmâr fainânai,
sùngbâ; “Nang âglâ dùiau bêt-sùm
grù. Âng unau bîkhong hùnânai
hùgan,” hanbâ, bî bîau bêt-sùm-
nânai khâng-grâng-nânai thoinânai
thânaise. Zapbai!

*Mùi ârù daukhâ dandâ nî
khorâng.*

Bîsùr sâne zang âglânîfrai fisikî
man. Ârù bîsùr bongfâng fângseau
ozainù lùgùse thânaiman. Phâre
sânse mùikhô sel mâseâ nunânai
bîkhô gufûng ârù zânù lâgi gahâm
nunânai selâ raidaunaise “Helùi

nasty protuberances on your back,
and want to bathe you.” So, finally,
her husband agreed. So she heated
some water to boiling, and called
out “Come quick, I must bathe
you!” And when the toad came, and
asked what he was to do, she said
“You jump straight in, and I will
bathe you afterwards.” So he
jumped in, and, turning over on his
back, died. And that’s all!

*The Story of the Doe and the
Raven.*

The doe and the raven were great
friends, and lived together in the
shade of the same tree. And one day
a jackal, seeing the doe, and finding
her to be fat and good to eat, said to
her “Oh friend, what are you doing

khurmâ! Nang beau mâ nâmaidang?
Âng nang khô nunânai on-sùdang
ârù nanghâ khusi dangbâ, âng nang-
zang khurmâ khâmgan.” Beaunù
mùiâ bungnaise: “Nangzang
ângzang mâbrùi khurmâ zânù hâgô?
Nang ângni hothru. Nang ângkhô
manbâ, nang ângkhô zâgô. Âng
nangnî bîdot.” Be khorang
khnânânai selâ monau dukhu
mannânai bungnaise “Nang zî
khorâng khithâdang, gâsenù
nunggô. Ârù bînîkhâi ângghâ raubô
gùiliâ, thoithro-bai. Bînîkhâi âng dâ
monau gunînânai gokhainî¹⁴ haran
lâbai. Ârù nang boidî raunîbù
mungbù khâme, omâzang khurmâ
khâmnù mon zâdang. Nang ângkhô
beau mungbù dâ bung.” Be
khorâng-au-nù mùìâ mânthî zânâise.
Obâ bîsùr sâne zang bongfâng
guriau thâng-lai-naise. Beaunù
daukhâ-dandâ-î-â sel-khô nunânai,
bîkhô âgâr-nù lâgi mùinù zâbrânù
gahâm khorâng khithâdangman.
Khintu be khorâng-khô mùìâ khnâ-
song-hiâ-khai, daukhâ dandâiâ
sâkhthar manse khithânâise: “Sâne
fisikhî dangman-nù. Bîsùr sâne zang
khorâng khâlainâise zî “Zangfùr
zebù dukhuau gârlainù nânggâ.”
Phâre sâne bîsùr maubâ thângnaiau
hâgrâ gezer gezer thângdangman.
Beaunù lâmâ gezerau mâfur mâse
lùgù man-naise. Phâ bîsùr sânuì nî

there? I am charmed to see you, and,
if you permit, would like to swear
eternal friendship.” But the doe said
“How can there be friendship
between the likes of us? we are
sworn foes. If you get hold of me,
you will eat me. I am your food.”
But the jackal, on hearing this,
pretended to be mightily grieved,
and said “What you observe is true
enough, and that is just why all my
family are dead and I alone am left.
And, considering these things, I, for
my part, am turned Hindu, eat no
flesh, and have vowed friendship to
all animals. So you need be in no
fear of me.” To which the doe
attached implicit credence, and so
they two walked together under the
trees. But the raven came up and
said all he could to induce the doe to
abandon the fellowship of the
jackal. But, as he could not prevail
with her, he told her the following
story: “Once upon a time there were
two friends. And they vowed that if
ever they fell into danger, they
should on no account leave one
another. And one day they were
going through the jungle together,
when they met a bear. Now, one of
them could climb trees, and the
other could not. And when the bear
pursued them, the one scrambled up
into the first tree he met. But the
other, not knowing what else to do,

gezerau sâse bongfâng gâkhùnù
hâgoman, sâse haiâman. Zeblâ
mâfurâ hù-sù-bù-dang, sâse
khâtnânai bongfângau
gâkhùhùinaise. Sâsêâ mungbô upai
mane zânânai hâiau khuglupnânai,
hâng lâiabâ thânaise. Unau mâfurâ
fainânai bikhô manâm-su-nânai
hâng gùie nunânai, gârlângnaise.
Phâ bongfângnî mânsùîâ sùngnaise
“Helùi sikhî, nangkhô mâfurâ
manâm-su-nânai mâ khithânai?”
Beaunù bî bungnaise “Bebaidî
mânsùî-zang nang khurmâ dâ
khâm,” erùî hannânai bungnai.”
Daukhâ dandâ bungnaise “Besùr
sânùî-nî baidi nang-hâ-bù zânù
hâgô. Theobù mùîâ bînî khorâng
khô lâiâkhùise. Phâre âzi-bù-dang
kâli-bù-dang sânsê selâ phân
nunânai mùikhô bî thauni-hâ lâgi
bîkhô phânau khùkhlainaise. Phâre
bî phân-nî deoling-khô oṭ-sonù
thinbâ-bù, otnù manâ hannânai
oṭsoâkhùise. Unau daukhâîâ bîsùrnî
khorângkhô mithînânai nâmai-lâng-
nânai mùikhô phânau nângnânai
thânai nunaise. Nubâ, bîkhô gahâm
khâmnù lâge upai khâmnaise. Phâre,
okhâ naise naise zâdangman,
ereauunù bî bungnaise “Sikhî nung
uduikhô dukhrâng hùnânai hâng
laiâlâbâ thâ. Ârù âng gâp-bâ, nang
khât. Be upai-au goâbâ, ârù gùîîâ-
se.” Bî khithânai-baidi-nù mùîâ
khâmnânai dang. Ereau-nù phân-nî

lay on the ground, and, pretending
to be dead, held his breath. And the
bear, coming and sniffing at him,
and finding him apparently dead,
left him. Then his friend, shouting
to him from the tree, said “What
was it that the bear whispered to
you?” And he replied “The bear said
to me ‘never make friends with men
like that fellow in the tree.’” “And
so,” said the raven, “will it be with
you and your friend the jackal.” For
all that, the doe refused to listen,
and after some days the jackal,
when walking out with the doe,
spied a snare, and thrust her into it.
And when she bade him bite the
cords and loose her, he reminded
her of his vows and of the fact that
the cords were of hide. Then the
raven, after long searching, came up
and found the doe in the toils, and
set to work to devise a remedy. And
when the day was dawning he said
to the doe “You swell out your belly,
and hold your breath, and when I
give the word, run for your life.”
Presently, the owner of the snare
came up, spear in hand, and, seeing
his quarry seemingly dead, loosed
her bonds. Upon which the raven
cawed loudly, and the doe, jumping
up, ran for her life. But the hunter,
seizing his spear, threw it after her.
And the spear missed the doe, and

girimaiâ fainânai mùi-khô thoinai
mon khâmânai, zongkhô hâiau
thunânai dinnânai phânni deoling
khô kheonânai fahâm-dang-man.
Ereau-nù daukhâiâ gâpnânai hùbâ,
mùiiâ sikhângnânai dophong khâtbâ,
mânsùiiâ zongkhô lânânai, khubui
hoṭ-naire: khintu mùinî modomau
nângâlâbâ selnî modomau nâng-hùi-
naire. Beaunù selâ thoinaise.
Zapbai!

Brai sâse ni khorâng.

Sâse brai dangman. Bî sâs-se
hâgrâiau thâthi dân-nù thângbâ,
mosa mâse sùgùmnaì khnânaise.
Ârù obânù bînî khâthi nî frai dau
mâse bîr-lâng-bâ, braiâ gîkhrong-
nânai bung-nâise “Âng nangkhô
manbâ, khugubân phurungauman.”
Bî be khorâng-khô-nù bungù
thâdang, mosâ khnânânai “Be braiâ
mâ khithâdang? Ang bekhô mithinù
nângbai, ârù bekhô âng zâ-liâ-bù.
Erùì nungnânai braikhô mâthù¹⁵
hùnaise “Helùi brai, nanglai
mâthù¹⁶ khithâdang?” Theobù braiâ
khnâsongâlâbâ bî khorângkhônù
bungù ârù thâthi dânù. Obâsù
mosâiiâ khâthi-âse-au fainânai, brai-

pierced the wicked jackal, who died.
And that’s all!

The Old Man and the Tiger.

There was once an old man, who,
when he was cutting reeds for his
fence in the jungle, heard a tiger
growling close to him; and it
happened that at that moment a bird
also flew away. On which the old
man, though he was in truth very
frightened, called after the bird “Ah!
if you had only stopped, I would
have taught you the secret of the
ghughu ban.” And this saying he
kept on repeating, so that the tiger
said to himself “What is it that the
old man is saying? I must get him to
tell me; and in that case I won’t
even eat him.” So he called to the
old man. “Look here, old man, what
is that about the *ghughu ban*?” But

khô bungnaise “Nang mâ khorâng bungdang, ângnù khithâiâbâ âng nangkhô zâgan.” Ereùi hanbâ brai gînânai “Nang gabun ângnî nâiau thâng. Oba âng nang-nù khithâgan.” Hanbâ, bî thângnaise. Okha naibâ, mosâiâ sùngùi sùngùi brai-nî nâiau phungaunù okhar fainaise. Phâre braiâ nunânai “Apâ, nang mau-nù thângnu lùì” hanbâ “Âng burobu thângâ. Nang-nî-au-sù mîa-nî khorâng sùlùngnù faidang. Obasù braiâ bungnâise “Âng nang hât-sing-bâ be khorâng-khô khithânu hâiâ. Ârù mâ-ne-sù lai-bau.” Ereùi bungbâ, bî thângnânai mâne mâthâm bîzang lâbonaise. Obasù braiâ mai dângrî set-lâi-au dîhonnaise. Dîhonnânai bî ghai mithînai mosôkhô uthumai khamnânai mosôfùrkhô khânânai mai-mâran hùnaise. Hùbâ, boi uthumai zânai mosâiâ bungnaise “Abô, âng-hâ khârâ megem-sù dang.” Phâ braiâ khithânâise; “râ-dâse, âbô, râ thâ, dânù zâsîsù,” hannânai, hù-ùi thânaise. Phâre unau mosâiâ khârâ megemnânai gaglai-sù-nânai thâbâ, phânsân gnâng lauthî lânânai gahâmùì thunânai hùnaise. Obâ mosâiâ “Abô! ângkhô mâ khâmù? Âng dinî thoisîgan!” Hanbâ, braiâ bungnaise “Nang mîa ghugubân sùlùngnù nâmaidangman bebaidî dukhu zânù hâiâbâ, âng nangkhô mâbrui

the old man, answering not a word, kept on chopping his reeds. Then the tiger crept up quite close to him, and said to the old man “If you don’t tell me what you are talking about, I will eat you!” But the old man, for all his fear, only said “You come to my house tomorrow, and I will tell you.” Very early the next morning the tiger asked his way to the old man’s house, and when he got there, it being still early morning, the old man said “And what may your honour be pleased to want?” And the tiger replied “I want to know what you were talking about yesterday.” But the old man replied “I cannot possibly teach you alone. You had better go and get two or three other tigers.” And so the tiger went away and returned with two or three of his brethren. In the meanwhile the old man had spread his unthreshed paddy in the yard. And, putting his earliest acquaintance first, he tied all the tigers to the post, round which the cattle revolve when they are treading out the grain, and set them to work to tread.

But the one in the middle, who was unaccustomed to such labour, cried out in a piteous voice that his head ached, and that he was getting very giddy. But the old man said “Wait a

fùrùngan?” Hannânai, ârù thù-khrâng thùsi khâmse. Obàsù mosâiâ bungnaise “Âng dukhu zâdang, be nunggo; nangnî khorâng khô âng mithiâkhui.” Hanbâ, braiâ bungnaise “Bîkhônù ghughubân hannânai bungu.” Obânù mosâ bungnaise “Âng mithîbai, zang-fùrkhô hogar dù!” Braiâ bungnaise “Râ, âru bângai mithî-zap-si-gan.” Hannânai, ârù hunaise. Unau mosâiâ brai-khô khulum-bai-nù homnaise. Phâre maiâ gâbâ bîsùr-khô hogâr-hotnaise. Hogâr-slâp-nù manâlâbâ, uthumai ârù bîsùrbù khâtlângnaise. Khât lângbâ, mengnânai, bîsùr dâpse au boibo zâ zânânai zirainaise. Obânù bîsùr boi didungkhô nunânai brainù hùnùlâgi railainaise “Be dîdungkhô hùâbâ, bî mobâbâ zang-fùr-khô sinai mangan.” Bungnânai, bîbù bungù “nangthâng.” Brainî sinnainai mosâiâ thâng-nâng-naise.

Obàsù bî thùrthùr bùrbùr gînânai thângdang, âru brai-nî nâ man-hùinânai, brainù didung-khô zâsi¹⁷ hubâ, braiâ bungnaise: “Manâbai; âng udubai. Âng onkhâtliâ. Inzurgoblong-thing hot.” Han-bâ, mosâiâ lânzâiâ zang didung-khô hotnaise. Obânù, braiâ sekhâ lânânai lânzaikhô dân-so-naise. Beaunù mosâiâ gâp-khrau gâpsî khâtlângbâ, braiâ bungnaise “Ârù ânghâ sâse

bit, my friend; you haven't learned yet.” And when the tiger complained again, the old man fetched his goad and pricked him sore, so that, giddy and stumbling, he had to go round and round, and when the tiger said “I shall die at this rate,” the old man replied “You wanted to learn the *ghughu ban* yesterday, and unless you endure this trouble, you cannot possibly learn;” and, so saying, pricked him the more cruelly. Finally, the tiger said “If so be, I must be in pain, I must be. But I don't see what it is all about.” Then the old man replied “This is precisely what they called the *ghughu ban*.” Then the tiger said “I see, I see, now let us go. We have learned our lesson.” But the old man said “Wait a bit, the paddy is nearly trodden out,” and would not stop pricking the tigers for all their entreaties. And when the paddy was all threshed, the old man began untying their bonds. But before he had finished, the tigers were in such pain that they tore the rope out of his hands and ran away. When they stopped to rest, they saw the old man's rope, and said to one another “If we do not give the old man his rope again, we shall get into further trouble.” So, after much debate, the first tiger was deputed to take it back.

âgùì sing-sing hù-siù-lâng-dang!
Nang khâtnânai mâu-thù gonù?” Be
bîbaidinù khârùi khârùi naifinnânai
rau khôbù nuekhai, zirainaise, ârù
khânkhrai gurungau dùì nunânai,
khândâ lânzai-khô sunânai zânaise.
Phâre khânkhraiâ onkhâtrânai
lânzaiau khepnaise. Obânia mosâiâ
“Gomâ gomânu brainî bîgúiâ fai-
mât-dang;” hannânai, bînîfrai khîbù
khîsât khâtlângnaise. Obâsù zesenu
khârù khânkhraiâ gaglaigan
nungnânai, gahâmùì khep-sin-lângù.
Bebaidînù khârùi khârùi mosâiâ
thoifrâmnai zânaise. Unau
bongfâng-fùr-au nângnânai âgârbâ,
obâsù mosâiâ gahâm zânaise, ârù
brai-bi-gùì-khô thângbai nunânai,
khâm dùì zânaise. Zapbai!

So back he went, trembling with
fear in every limb, and, getting close
to the old man’s house, offered him
his rope. But the old man said “It is
night, and I am in bed. I can’t come
out. Put the rope in at the window.”
So the tiger put it on his tail and
thrust it in at the window. But the
old man had his knife ready and cut
the tiger’s tail off. On which the
tiger once more fled, howling with
pain. But the old man shouted after
him “You may run as far as you
like, but my brother is after you, and
will catch you.” On which the tiger
ran faster than ever. At last,
however, he stopped to rest near a
cool pool of water, and, not seeing
the old man’s brother, dipped the
wounded stump of his tail into the
pool for refreshment. But a crab,
which dwelt in that pool, nipped the
stump of his tail; and the tiger
crying “The old man’s brother has
caught me!” again fled through the
jungle, and it was not till the crab
was knocked off against the trees
that he at last rested. And that’s all!

Mùkhrâ ârù Sessâ nî Khorâng.

Mâse sessâ ârù mùkhrâ zang fisikhî man. Bîsùr sânuì zang ozainù lùgùse thâiù, lùgùse zâiù, ârù lùgùse thâbaibaiù. Obâsù sânse sâse Darrangârùi mânsùì goe thâlit lânânai, âlâsî zânù thângnai nâmau lùgù mannânai, bîsùr railainaise “Be mânsùì-nî goe thâlit-fùr-khô zânù lâgî zangfùr buddî manse khâmnu nânggô,” hannânai, sessâ-khô nâmau-nù thânu thinnânai mùkhrâia hâgrâ-iaù hâkhmânai thânaise. Phâre mânsùìâ manfaibâ, sessakhô nunânai, bîbân dinnânai, hùsùnaise. Hùsùbâ, mùkhrâia hâgrânîfrai mâmâr onkhâtnânai thâlitfùrkhô lânânai bongfângau gâ-khù-hùinaise. Ârù “sessâ-faigan” hannânai, thâlit goe-fùrkhô mâmâr zâ-grùnaise. Ârù thâlit bigùr buâ sessânù dinnaise.

Emphâre unau sessâkhô mânsùìâ homnu hâiâkhùise ârù unau nâiau thâng-phâ-phin-naise. Obâsù sessâia gâbzi-ùi gâbzi-ùi thângnânai, fisikhîkhô lùgù man-hùì-nânai, gur thâlit bîbâ, thâlit bigùr bùa hùinaise. Bînikhai sessâia brâpnânai “Bekhô bângai dukhu hùgan,” monau

The Tale of the Monkey and the Hare.

A monkey and a hare were great friends. They lived together, ate together, and walked about together. One day they saw a man from Darrang going to a feast and bearing plantains and betel-nuts, and they said to one another that they must contrive some plan to get hold of his load. So the monkey sent the hare to wait on the road, but himself hid in the jungle. And when the man came up and saw the hare sitting on the road, he put down his load, and ran after him. No sooner had he done so, than the monkey came and carried off the plantains and betel-nuts into a tree, and, for fear the hare should return, ate them all up in a great hurry, keeping only the skins of the plantains for his friend.

But when the man found that he could not catch the hare, he gave up the chase, and went home disconsolate; and so the hare went back, searching for his friend, and shouting his name. But when he found him and demanded his share of the spoil, the monkey offered

nungnânai, thâsobâre singau thâhùnaise. Unau mukhrâiâ bongfângnîfrai onkhâtnânai: “Sikhî lùì! sikhî lùì! hanùì hanùì gâbzrî gâbzrî thângbâ, sessâiâ brâpnânai bungnaise “Mâthù sikhî-sikhî lùì! Âng beaunù razânî khuser ne-fai-dang. Nangnù ângkhô mânu nânggô?” Obâsù mukhrâiâ nu-zâhùinânai bungnaise “He sikhî! khuserkhô ânagnù thâse ù, herâ! Bese gathâu âng zâ-nai-nî;” hanbâ, sessâ bungnaise; “Âng nang-nù hùnù hâiâ. Razâ khnâbâ ângkhô bugan.” Theobù bì embrâ-brâ-bînaikhai “Zâ lùì zâ, âng nangzang hâ-liâ” hannânai, zânù hùnaise. Phâre bì zânânai, sâlâiau mânbâ “Sikhî âng thoinaise” hannânai, bâbrâpbaibâ, sessâ bungnaise “Nang gagainù dukhu mandang. Âng dâ nangkhô mâ khâmgan?” hannânai, bere jâthâ nî bâhâ singau thâ-hùi-naise. Mùkhrâ bù un un gâbzrînânai thângnânai ârù nu-zâ-hùi-nai-sui-lâiù “Sikhî nang mâ khâm-dang, herâ” bungbâ, sessâ khithânaise “âng razâ nî zâthâ nedang” hanbâ “Sikhî, ânagnù bângai dâmnai-nù hù, herâ!” Sessâiâ bungnaise “Uh âng hâiâ, herâ; râzâ khnâbâ ângkhô buthâtgân,” bungbâ bù, embrâbrâ “Âng lâsui-sù dâmgan, herâ,” hannânai, bere bâhâkhô âkhâi-phât-ne zang bu-zâp-naise. Obânu berefrâ mukhâng, megon, modom gasenù ot

only the skins of the plantains, and the hare, in his rage, said that he would have his revenge. So, first of all, he went and sat very quietly under some *kachu* plants. Then the monkey climbed down from the tree and began crying “My friend! my friend!” and the hare replied “Who are you calling friend? I am watching the king’s sugarcane field. What do you want?” Then the monkey came forth and said “Ah, my friend, give me a little of the cane to suck.” But the hare said “I cannot give you any. If the Raja were to hear, he would beat me.” But as the monkey grew importunate, he said “Eat, then, if you will, and don’t blame me.” But when he ate, the acrid juice of the *kachu* caught his tongue, and he rolled on the ground howling. But the hare only said “It’s your own fault. I told you not to.” Then he went and sat beneath a wasps’ nest. And the monkey, moaning and complaining, followed him and asked him what he was doing there, and the hare replied that he was watching the king’s cymbals. “Let me play on them, only a little!” entreated the monkey. But the hare said “I daren’t do it. The Raja would kill me.” “I will only play very gently,” said the monkey, and, prevailing by means of his

phop-bâ mùkhrâiâ gâp-khrau gâp-sî
bâbrâp-bai naise. Obâniâ sessâiâ
bungnaise: Âng dù-hùi-nù nang-nù
khithâ-dangman, theobû nang kho-
râng lâia. Âng mâ khâmgan?”
hannânai, ârù dâpseau zîbô-gowâl-
nî khâthîau thâ-hùi-naise. Azùngâ
mùkhrâ bù khîthû khîthû thângnânai
bungnaise “Ârù beau lai nang mâ
khâm dang, herâ?” Sessâ bungnaise
“Âng razâ-lùngâ-nî¹⁸ sâmbâ-lauthî
nedang, herâ.” Bungbâ “Sikhî, âng-
nù bù hù, herâ! âng bângai dangnai-
nî!” Bî “hùâ” hanbâbù, embrâ-brâ,
dangnainânai, beaubù bî zîbô-zang
oṭ-zâ-naise. Bînîfrai sessâ
thângnânai photobâreau thâ-hui-
naise. Mùkhrâ bù gâbzrî gâbzri
thângnânai, ârù lùgù lâ-hùi-nânai
sessâ-khô sùngbâ, bi bungnaise:
Bekhônù razânî dolâ hannânai
bungù. Mùkhrâ bungnaise: “Sikhî,
âng bângai uthî-nai nî, herâ!”
bungbâ “Uh! âng hùnù haiâ. Razâ
khnâbâ, âng-khô mâ bunggan? Nang
mâbâ âbrâ mânsùi, herâ! Khorâng
khithâbâ-bù khnâsonggâ,”
bungbâbù, mùkhrâiâ “Nonggâ, herâ,
sikhî dâse buâ uthîgan” hannânai,
phâtâbâreau bêt-drumbâ, gâdâhâ
lâgi thrùp thângnaise. Obâsù sessâ
khithânai “Duhui thâlit zânânai
bîgur hùnâiâ, benù, herâsikhî, nang
beaubù thâ-dù! Âng nangkhô
khulumbai! âng thângnaise”

importunity, clapped his hands on
the wasps’ nest and broke it, and
straightway the wasps stung his
mouth and face and body all over,
so that he rolled on the ground
crying out in agony. But the hare
only said “I told you not to, and you
would not listen, what could I do?”
And then he went away to where a
gowal snake lay. And again the
monkey followed him, and asked
what he was doing there. And the
hare said that he was watching the
king’s sceptre. “Ah! let me brandish
it, do,” said the monkey, and for all
the hare’s warnings would seize the
sceptre. Whereby he got bitten, and
was in greater pain than ever. Then
the rabbit went away and sat down
on a marsh, and the monkey
followed him once more, crying as
he went, and when he again
questioned his friend, the hare said:
“This is what they call the king’s
litter.” “Let me sit on it for a
moment,” said the monkey. “I can’t
do it,” said the hare, “what would
the king say? I think you are a fool,
my friend. I tell you not to do things
and you will persist.” But the
monkey did not listen to him and
jumped on to the marsh and stuck
miserably in the mud. And then the
hare said “Now, my friend, you give
me plantain skins to eat, do you?
You can stay where you are. I wish

hannânai, bî mu-khrâ-khô beaunù
gâr-lai-naise.

Obâsù unâù bîthîng gândâ mâse
fainai nubâ, bîkhô mukhraiâ
dikhâng-nù thing-dangman. Gândâiâ
bungnaise “Âng-hâ ukhui-sù-dang
ârù dùì-gâng-sùì-dang: âng nangkhô
dikhângnù hâiâ,” hannânai, bî
thângnaise.

Bînî unau ârù moesù mâse fainai-au
bîkhô bù khithâdangman Bîbù
khnâsongâlâbâ blot thângnaise.
Boinùkhrî khî-zap-au mosâ mâse
ukhui-sù-nânai bîthîng
thângdangman. Mùkhrâ nunânai
bungnaise “He âfâ, nang ângkhô be
dukhu nî frai dikhângâbâ, ârù raubô
dikhângliâ.” Hannânai gahâmùì
khulumnù homnaise. Theobù bî
“Âng nangkhô dikhângnânai mâ
mangan?” hannânai, khozo-ne-sù¹⁹
thângbâ, mukhraiâ bungnaise “Âfâ,
nang ângkhô be photobâre-nî-frai
dikhângnânai hâbrùfùrkhô sù-srâ-
nânai ângkhô nang zâ!” hanbâ, bî
ukhui-sù-nai-khai, be khorâng-au
khnâ-song-nânai, bîkhô bungnaise
“Âng nangkhô zânù mon gúìâ,
manâthù, bebaidì dukhuau
gaglainaikhô dikhângbâ, ângâ
gahâm zâgan. Theobù nang gaigainù

you good-day. I am off.” And, so
saying, he left the monkey and went
his ways.

And first of all a rhinoceros came.
But when the monkey begged for
help, he said that he was hungry and
thirsty, and really could not stop; he
was very sorry; and, so saying, he
too went away.

And when a buffalo presently came,
the monkey addressed him, but he,
too, had other business, and went
away. Last of all there came a tiger,
who was extremely hungry, and to
him the monkey said, “My father, if
you do not help me out of this
scrape, I have no help left,” and
with such and such like words the
monkey entreated him. But the tiger
said “What good will it do me if I
help you?” and was going away,
when the monkey cried out “Father,
father, take me out of the dreadful
marsh, and then, if you like, clean
me and eat me.” And the tiger was
so hungry that he said: “It is not so
much that I want to eat you, but if I
rescue one fallen into such calamity,
it will be well with me hereafter.
However, as you yourself have
offered yourself to be eaten, I see no

zâsinânai hùnai-i-au, âng zânù
hâgo,” hannânai, bînî lânzai-khò
pholau hoṭbâ, mùkhrâiâ bînî
lânzâiau hombâ, dikhâng-bù-naise,
mù-khrâ khîthânai “Âfâ nang
ângkhò dâniâ modom-fùr-khò
gahâmui susrâ, emphâre rânâ zâ,”
hannânai sândungau dâse zâbai
thâdangman. Ereaunu mosâ-iâ
phâtsething naineau, bî bongfângau
fât-drâp gâ-khù-naise. Mosâ bekhò
nunânai, brâp-nânai, bongfâng
guriaunù sâne sânthâm nebai
thânai. Beбайдî thânânai, unau
khugâ sînânai, hâthai hâzîzî
khâmânai, thoithî-nânai, thânai,
ârù thâmfaifrâ khugâ-i-au brûng-
brûng han-lai-nù homnaise. Beaunù
mùkhrâiâ ose ose thoi-mâtbai nung-
nânai bongfâng bîzô nî frai lâse lâse
onkhâtbùnânai âglâ lâse-i-hai lânzai
khugau sù-nai-grù-bâ-bù mosâ
mungbô khâmâkhuisse. Ârù unau
âtheng thângse sùnânai hùnai,
beaubù mungbô khâmâkhuisse.
Obâsù mùkhrâ bungnaise “Nang
ângnî âthengfùrkhò khrem-khrem
oṭnânai zâgauman, lânzai-khò
khrem khrem oṭnânai zâgauman,”
hannânai, rong zânânai: “Dâniâ
ângnî khârokhò-nù zâ,” hannânai,
khugau sùnânai hùbâ, obânù mosâiâ
khrem oṭ-khrep-naise. Thoibai!
Zapbai!

harm.” So saying, he stretched out
his tail into the marsh, and the
monkey, grasping it, was drawn out.
Then the monkey said: “Let me get
dry in the sun, and when I am a bit
cleaner, you can eat me.” And so
saying he sat him down in the sun
and waited. But presently the tiger
looked another way, and the
monkey slipped up a tall tree. But
the tiger, being in a great rage,
waited two or three days at the foot
of the tree. But, as the monkey
would not descend, he lay at the
tree’s root as one dead, and opened
his mouth with his teeth grinning,
and the flies came and buzzed in his
mouth, so that at last the monkey
thought that of a verity he was dead.
So finally he crawled down, and
slowly inserted his tail in the tiger’s
mouth. But the tiger never stirred.
Then he felt one of the tiger’s great
paws. But the tiger never stirred.
Then the monkey said “Ah, you
would scrunch my bones to make
your bread, would you?” and
danced about gaily, and cried “See if
you can eat my head now,” and, so
saying, he put his head in the tiger’s
jaws. And then the jaws closed with
a scrunch, and that was the end of
the monkey. And that’s all!

Khusung ârù Mùkhrâ.

Besur sâne zang fisikhî man. Sâse lâmbâiau thâbâ, sâse mânsùi gur thâli mairang bânânai lâbonai nùnaise. Bîkhô nunânai mùkhraiâ fisikhînù khithânai-sùi: “Helùi sikhî, nang beaunù zâbai thâ. Be fainai mânsùia bîbân dinnânai nangthângkhô hùsùbâ, nangthâng khât.” Erù hannânai khusungkhô bî lâmbâ-au-nù dinnânai mùkhrâiâ hâgrâ singau hâpnânai ânda zânânai hâkhmânânai thânausui obâ be mânsùia khâthi zâbâ, khusungkhô nunânai, bîbân dinânai, húsúnaise. Obânú mùkhrâiâ hâgrâ nî frai onkhâtnânai be thâli ârù gur khô lîngnânai bongfângau gâkhùhùinaise. Unau be mânsùia khusung-khô manekhai, gaigainî nâ-i-au thâng-fâ-fin-naise. Benî unau, khusungâ hâgrâ-nî-frai onkhâtnânai fisîkhô nâmainânai man-nânai, thâlit ârù gur bînaise. Khintu mùkhrâiâ thâlit zânânai bigur gazâ, gur zânânai, thinkli gazâ khusungnù hùnaise. Beaunù khusungâ brâp-naikhai, bîkhô bongfângau dikhâng-lîng-naise. “Nang âng-khô gur ârù thâlit zânai nudang-man. Beau mâ dang, nang gagainù nai.” Beбайдî

The Tortoise and Monkey.

A tortoise and a monkey were great friends, and as they were on the road one day, a man passed laden with plantains. And the monkey, seeing him, said “You go and wait on the road, and when the man pursues you, run away. And so the man put down his load (the monkey having hid in the jungle), and ran after the tortoise. Then the monkey came out of the jungle and took the plantains and molasses that the man bare, and climbed with them into a tree. Then the man, not being able to catch the tortoise, returned, and, not getting his things, went home. Then the tortoise returned and asked his friend for his share of the plantains and molasses. And the monkey offered him for molasses potsherds, and for plantains their skins only; and, when the tortoise insisted, the monkey got angry and hoisted his friend into the tree, saying “See for yourself, if any plantains or molasses be left.” And so he went away and left him. And he could not get down, and one by one various animals came under the tree, but

bungnânai mùkhrâiâ bongfâng-nî-
frai onkhatnânai thângnaise Phêre
khusungâ beaunù thânânai onkhâtnù
haiâkhùise. Be bongfângnî sing-
thing baidî baidî omâ
thângdangman. Khintu raubô bîkhô
on-â-khùise. Unau, gânda brai mâse
be thing thângbâ bî bîkhô
kholumnânai bungnaise “Âfâ, nang
ângkhô onbâ âng nagnî bîkhung
sâiau bêt-drùm-nù nâmâiù.” Beaunù
gândaiâ bîkhô onnânai thinnaise.
Thin-bâ, bî bêt-drùm-naise. Obânù
gânda-hâ zânzi bai-naise! Obâniâ,
bîkhô khusungâ hâgrâ zang
khupnânai dinnânai, razânî nâau
thângnânai razâ zânai khâmflai
sing-au thâ-hùi-naise. Phâ zeblâ mel
khun khun zâdangman, obâ
khusungâ khîphînâise. Razâ bîkhô
khnânânai “Sùr khîphîdang? Khîthù
dân!” Beaunù boibô “Âng
khîphîâkhùi” hannânai bungnaise.
Ârù bebaidînù khonnesùi khîphîni-
au, sâse mânsùiâ bîkhô razâ nî
khâmflai singau nuhoṭnaise.
Nunânai razâni sigângau bung-naise
“Âfâ, nangthâng âng-khô dân lâgi-
bù, âng manse khorâng khithânù
nâmâiù. Nangthângnî khâmflai
singau-nù mâbâ mâse dang. Âng
mithîgo bînù khîphîdang.” Phêre
razâiâ nainânai, bîkhô nunânai,
khîthù dânù thinnaise. Obâniâ khu-
sungâ bungnaise “Âfâ nang ângnî
khîthù dâ dân! Âng nangthâng-nù

could not help him. And last of
these came a very aged rhinoceros,
and the tortoise begged leave to
jump down on his back. And to this
the rhinoceros consented, and so the
tortoise leapt down, with such force
that he broke the old rhinoceros’
back. Then he covered up the corpse
with leaves, and going to the king’s
court, sat him down under the king’s
throne; and, when the royal council
was assembled, the tortoise sneezed
loudly, “Who dared to sneeze?” said
the king. “Cut off his nose!” But
they all with one accord declared
that they had not sneezed, and, after
he had sneezed once or twice again,
some one saw the tortoise under the
king’s throne. So he said
respectfully “If your Majesty
wishes, you can kill me, but I have
something to say: There is some
living thing under your Majesty’s
throne. Without doubt, it was that
which sneezed.” On which the king,
looking under his throne, saw the
tortoise, and ordered them to cut off
his nose. But the tortoise said “Do
not cut off my nose, and in return I
will give your Majesty a
rhinoceros.” And at first the king
was angry, but for his entreating
gave him men with him to fetch his
rhinoceros, and when the men
returned with the body of the
rhinoceros, the king was very

gândâ mâse hùgan.” Beaunù razâiâ brâpnânai, bîbînai-baidi-nù mânsùi zâbrâ bî zang hùnânai hoṭnaise. Bî thângnânai, gânda-khô boi bongfang guriau khithî-hui-naise. Mânsùifur gânda-khô lâbonânai, razânî singau hùbâ, razâ hontoh zânânai bînù gorai mâse hùnaise.

Be gorâiau uthînânai khâtbaibâ, mùkhrâiâ nunânai sùng-bâ, bî bungnaise “Be goraikhô ângnù razâiâ hunai.” Obânù bî sùngnaise “Mâbrù razâiâ nangnù hùnai?” Beaunù bî khithânai, “Nang ângkhô zî bangfâng sâiau gâr-bu-dangman; âng beaunù thânânai, lâmkhândâ mâse-nî sâiau bongfâng-nî-frai bêt-drûmbâ, bî thoinaise. Unau âng bînî sâiau zâbrâ zigâp hung-nânai hùsinnânai bîkhô dinnânai razânî sigâng-au gânda nî khorâng khithânai. Beaunù razâiâ ângnù hontoh zânânai, be goraikhô hùdang.” Beaunù mùkhrâiâ bî khithânai baidî khamnaise. Râjâiâ bîkhô nunânai brâpnânai khîthû dânnaise. Zapbai!

pleased, and gave the tortoise a horse.

And as he was riding off, he met the monkey and told him that the king had given him the horse. And when the monkey asked him why, he said that he had jumped on to a common lizard from the tree, on which the monkey had left him and had killed it. And that then he had covered it up with leaves and told the king it was a rhinoceros. And the king was pleased and gave him a horse. So the monkey killed a lizard, and went and told the king it was a rhinoceros, and got his nose cut off for his pains. And that's all!

*Bâmun deâru bînî sâkor nî
khorâng.*

Sâse Bâmun dangman, ârù bîbâ sâkor sâse dangman. Sân-se sâne zang Bâmun nî bîhau-bikhunzù-nî nâiau thâng-nù-lâgi thâlit gur gâkhir sorai lânânai sâkhor-khô bân hùnânai, bîkhô khithânâise “Nang be thâlit-fûrkhô dâ zâ. Zâbâ ângâ khîthù fâtse bù megon dang.” Erù hannânai thânguî thânaise. Phâre unau boi sâkhorhâ mikhâm ukhui-bâ, thâlit-khô lânânai, thaise thaise bînù un-phât-si khithînânai, be-baidînù boibo-khô-bù zâ-thro-lâng-naise. Phâre unau bîsur dâpseau zirai-hùiba, Bâmun bîbânkhô nueâkhâi, sâkhor-nî sigâng-au sùngnaise “Bibânâ mâ zâkhù?” Obâ sâkhorâ bungnaise, âng dùkhù-nù nangnù khithînânai bî thâlit-fûrkhô zâbai. Ârù dâ nang mânù sùng-dang?” Be-baidînù Bâmunâ bolo²⁰ hâekhai srî srî thânaise. Phâre besùr beaunù khâm song-zâ-nù-lâgi zothon khâmnâise, ârù beaunù nâ khâwai mâ-ne-sù mandangman. Bînî sâkhornù mâse bùa hùnânai, gâsenù Bâmunâ lânâise. Phâre zebâ khâm man-naise, sâne-bù zânù lâgi zodangman. Ereaunù sâkhorâ sùngnaise “Bâmun gohain, nâ

The Brahmin and his Servant.

There was once a Brahmin who had a servant. And one day when they were going to the house of the Brahmin's mother-in-law, the Brahmin gave his servant a bunch of plantains and other things to carry, and said to him “Now, mind you don't eat those plantains, for I can see just as well behind as I can in front.” And, so saying, he marched ahead. And presently the servant, getting hungry, plucked one of the plantains from the bunch, and, holding it out to his master's back, ate it. And this he did again and again till all the plantains were gone. And when the Brahmin presently asked what had become of the load, the servant said “You told me you could see behind as well as in front. So I showed you each plantain before I ate it. And you never said anything.”

So the Brahmin went his ways speechless. Presently they stopped to cook their midday meal, and they had got with them a few *khawai* fish. But the Brahmin gave only one to his servant, and kept the rest himself. And when he was about to

khâwâiâ mâse bùâ daugâiù, nâ dùlù dùlù daugâiù?” Beaunù Bâmunâ bungnaise “Dùlù dùlù daugâiù.” Obâ bî bîni nâ mâsekhô bîni khâm-
au khubui-hot-detnaise “Manâthù be hâtsing daugânù hâiâ, nang-ni zang dùlùse zâthang.” Beaubù gaigai-nî khorâng-zâng-nù zennânai bîkhô mungbâ bung-nù hâiâ khùise. Unau khâmkhô sâkhorâ hâtsing manzânâise.

Phâre bînifrai thângùi thângùi simli bîfâng dùlùse nunânai, Bâmun-khô sùngnaise “Bâmun gohain! be nunai bongfâng-frâ mâ bongfâng?” Bamunâ khithânâise “*sirmolu.*” Sâkhorâ bungnaise: “Sirmolu nunggâ. Bîkhô hirmolu hanù.” Phâ obâsù phong-bâ phong-bâ sônù lâgi khorâng khâlainâise. Phâre gurkhiâ dùlùse lùgù mannânai, bîsùrkhô sungbâ, “*himulu*” hannânai bîsùr bungnaise. Obânù sùngâ-hoâ-lâbâ Bâmunkhô phong-bâ sônâise.

Ârù bebaidi thângùi thângùi burmâ dùlùse nunânai sâkhorâ Bâmunkhô sùngnaise “Bâmun gohain, boi gângsù zâbai thânai zanthu-fùr mâ bungô?” Bâmunâ khithânâise “Bîfur sâg.” Sâkhorâ bungnaise “Nunggâ, bîfùr sâgoli.” Beaubù bîbaidinù

eat, the servant asked innocently: “Oh! Brahmin, do *khawai* fish swim about singly or in shoals?” To which the Brahmin said: “Why, in shoals, of course.” So the servant said “Then my fish had better go with yours.” And, so saying, he threw his fish on the Brahmin’s mess, which was defiled. So the Brahmin got no dinner, and the servant ate the whole.

A little later they came across a number of *simul* trees. Seeing them, the servant asked his master “And what do they call these trees, master?” And the Brahmin (being an educated man) said “These are *sirmolu.*” But the servant said “Not so, not so! These are *himulu,*” and offered to bet five blows that it was so. And, meeting some cowherd boys, he asked them what the trees were. And when they said “*himulu*” he gave the Brahmin five blows without further question.

Next they met a drove of goats. “And what may these be, Brahmin, these animals that are grazing?” And the Brahmin said “These be called *châg.*” But the servant cried “Not so, not so! These are *châgali.*” And the result, as before, was that the

Bâmunâ phongbâ sô-zâ-naise. Ârù bînîfrai thângnânai dau-bả dủlủse nunânai sùngnaise” “Bâmun gohain, befừ mâ dau?” Bâmunâ bungnaise “Nang bủfủrkhô mithiâ? Bủfủrkhô bog hanủ.” Bủ bungnaise “Mâ bog hanủ? Nunggâ. Bủkhô boguli hanủ.” Beaubủ bebaidinủ Bâmunâ phongbâ sôzânaise. Unau bủ manse slok hannaise:

“Sâg sirmolu bog ba-kâran
Tinủ pânch panra kủl sudâ akâran.”

Phâ bînîfrai thângnânai bihai-bikhunzủ nủ nả khâthủ manbâ, sâkhorkhỏ thin-hot-grủ-nânai khithânaise “Nang thângnânai mâmâr khâm songnủ thin; manâthủ ângủ mikhâm ukhủi-sủ-dang.” Phâre bủbaidủ-nủ bủ thângnânai, Bâmun-nủ bikhunzủ-nủ hângsủ bủthâtnânai sobai khâre zang mikhâm songnânai dinnủ khithânaise, ârủ bungnaise “Nangnủ nangzâ-mâdủiâ megong-au gabâp nunggâbâ zâiâ.” Obâsủ bủ songnânai dinnaise. Phâre unau bizâmâdủiâ so-fai-bânủ, mâmârủi khâm khutnânai hunaise. Bizâmâdủiâ ukhủi-sủ-nai-khai, khâm megong mungbo bủsiâlâbâ zânủ ngâng zânaise.

Brahmin was worsted and got five blows.

And next they came across a flock of paddy-birds, which the Brahmin called “*Bog*,” but the servant “*Boguli*.” And again he was worsted and got his five blows. On which he consoled himself by reciting an Assamese saying, to the effect that it is ill arguing with a fool:

“Sâg sirmolu bog ba-kâran
Tinủ pânch panra kủl sudâ akâran.”

And when they were now come near the Brahmin’s mother-in-law’s house, and the Brahmin was become very hungry, he sent his servant on ahead to beg them to get supper ready. So the servant went on ahead and bade the Brahmin’s mother-in-law cook a duck and put lots of plantain ashes, which the Kachâris use for salt, well knowing that his master disliked its acrid taste. So the duck was cooked with plenty of alkali.

And when the Brahmin arrived, his meal was set before him, and he was so hungry that he had to eat it whether he liked its savour or no.

Obâsù unau beбайдînù baidî baidî lâzi mannai zânaikhai, Bâmunâ bidânùlâgi sitti gângse lit-nânai sakhornî âkhâi-au hùnânai nâ-i-au hoṭnaise. Lâmbâ sâse thângbâ, beaunù litnù-grang sâse mânsùì lùgù mannânai, bînù sitti khithânise. “Beau mâ litdang, âng-nù khithâ.” Obâsù, mânsùìâ sitti-khô nainânai, “Nangkhô dânù lâgi Bâmun nî bidâ-khô thindang” erui bungbâ, bî sitti-khô phisînânai bungnaise “Afâ nang ânḡnù gubun sitti gângse litnânai hù.” Ârù be sitti-au erehai lit: “âdâ, nangnî fisâ-hingzau zang be sâkhorâ man-hùi-bâ-nù hâbâ khâmnânai hù. Âng benifrai thângnânai bîsùr-nî hâbâ nunù nânggâ.” Beбайдinù be sitti-khô lângnânai Bâmun-nî bidânù hùnaise. Khintù bî sitti-khô nunânai, monau dukhu mansù-naise. Theobù, bigùi-nî khorâng gârnu hâekhai, fisâzù zang mâmbâr hâbâ khâmnânai hùnângnaise.

Phâre sânsê thânânai bî fainânai bidâ khô sùngbâ gâsenù khorâng khnânânai, bî sâkhor khô dânùlâgi srî srî upai khâmnaise. Be upaikhô sakhornî hingzauâ mithînânai, bekhô onnânai bînù khithânise. Khithâbâ, hingzau zang hoṛau udunîau mosôfisâ mâse khâ-khrop-

And so in various ways the Brahmin was put to shame by his servant. So he wrote a long letter to his brother, and, putting it in his servant's hand, bade him deliver it. But he went a little way, until he met a man who could read and write, and he bade him tell him what was written in the letter. And the man read him the letter, which was to the effect that the brother was to kill the servant. On this, the servant tore up the letter and bade his friend write another one, saying “Dear brother, on receipt of this letter marry my servant to my niece without delay. I shall not be able to come to the wedding.”

Taking this letter, the servant went to his master's brother, who was much vexed, but dared not disobey. Accordingly, though reluctantly, he married the servant to his daughter.

And, when the master came to see if his servant had been disposed of, and heard what had happened, he set about to kill him. But his niece got to know of the matter and told her husband, who got a calf, and, binding it hand and foot, put it by her in her bed. And in the night the

nânai futhunânai dinnaise. Phâre Bâmunâ fisâzù zang udubai thâdang mon khâmnânai, srî srî thângnânai mosôfisâ-khô dânnaise. Phâre sânsô-bâ mosâfisâkhô dânfnâng-nai nunânai mâmârùi bizâmadiu sâkhorkhô gârhùinù lâgi thinnaise. Khintu bizâmâduiâ bîsùrnî bârîâu lângnânai, lânzâi dîhonnânai, fopnânai dinnaise. Unau Bâmunâ mosâ bùthâtnai-nî nungge srî srî uddhâr zânu lâgi gaminî mânsùifùrkhô lingnânai phozù hùdangman. Phâre mânsuifùr zânu zobâ, sâkhorâ bârîâu thângnânai mosô lânzai-khô bunânai bungnaise “Bâmunâ mosobù bùthârâ-khùi phozù-bù hùâ khùi, hùi-sù!” Bèbaidî bungbai-thâbâ, phozùnî mansùifrà khnânânai, phozù zâiâkhùise. Bèbaidînù bîsùr uddhâr manâkhùise. Zapbâi!

Âbrâ nî khorâng.

Sâse brai bùrùi dangman. Bî-sùr-hâ sâse gâthâ dangman. Bî sânsè brai-bùrùi-ni-au mosô bainu lâgi thâkâ bînaise. Khintu brai bùrùi gâthâkhô âzlâ nunânai thâkâ hùâman. Gâthââ embrâ-brâ bînai-khai thâkâ zakhai-

Brahmin came, and thinking the calf was his niece’s husband sleeping by her side, killed it. And when he found out his mistake in the morning, and learned that he was guilty of cow-killing, he bade his niece’s husband go and bury the calf in all haste. And the servant dragged the calf into the garden and buried it with its tail sticking out of the ground. Meanwhile, the Brahmin set to work to get himself purged of the offence of cow-killing, and summoned the villagers to a feast without telling them why. And when they were all seated, the servant ran out into the garden and hauling at the calf’s tail, called out “The Brahmin didn’t kill a cow, Oh, no! and

The Story of the Simpleton.

There was once an aged couple, who had a foolish son, who one day begged them to give him money to buy an ox with. And, owing to his persistence, though they knew him to be simple, they gave him sixteen

brùi hùnaise. Phâre gâthââ mosô
bainù lâgi thângùi thângùi manthâm
âli-ni khâthi-au gahâm mosô mâse
nunânai, be âli-au thâkâ dinnânai
mosôkhô khânânai lâbonaise.
Thângùi thângùi bîhâ khînu on-
khâtnânai mosôkhô hâgra daise-au
khânânai dinnânai khîhùibâ mosôâ
bething khâtlângnaise, Phâre be
khînainîfrai fainânai mosôkhô
nuekhai hâgrâ hâgrâ nâmaibainaise.

Ârù bî mùi zontrâ mâse nunânai,
bîkhônù bîni mosô hannânai,
hùsùbaie hùsùbaie unau mùiâ hâgrâ
zethap-au gongâ nânagnânai
thâpthânânai thânaise. Obâsù bî
mùikhô gâdâiau dîdungzang
khânânai nâ hâ lâgi didung zorai
zorai nâ manfai-naise. Beaunù bîmâ
bîfâiâ sùngnaise “Nang mosô bainù
thângnaia, hùrù?” Obâsù bî
bungnaise “Be dîdungkhô bûbânù,
zangfùr mosô mangan.” Erù
hannânai sâthâm zang dîdungau
homnânai bûnaise. Bûi bûi mùiâ nâ
man-fai-bâ, boibù gî-khrongnaise.
Phâre bîmâ bîfâiâ mùi-khô
buthâtnânai mai salai-nù lâgi
gâmînimânsùinù bângan hùnaise.

Beaunù gâthâ âbrâiâ ai âfâiâ mosô
buthâtnai zâbai hannânai mâlainî
gâme gâme khithâbainaise. Khintu

rupees and let him go. And, as he
went, he found a fine ox grazing
where three roads meet; and, putting
his rupees down on the road, he
bound the ox and drove it away.
Presently, he stopped to rest, and
while he was dozing, his ox ran
away. So he began searching all
through the jungle for the missing
animal.

At last he found a fine stag, and
thinking that to be his ox, chased it
through the forest till by chance its
horns got caught in a thicket. So he
tied a rope round its horns, and to
that tied another rope, and so on till
he got home. And when his old
mother asked him if he had bought
his ox “Havn’t I, just,” said he, “just
help me to pull and see!” On this,
the three of them pulled at the rope,
hand over hand, and presently the
stag made his appearance kicking
and struggling, at which they were
mightily afraid. However, they
killed the stag, and gave of its flesh
to the neighbours to eat.

On which the simpleton went about
and told the villagers that they had
eaten of cow’s flesh. But,

bîkhô âbrâ nunânai mansùifrà bînî
khorâng khô fathiâ-khùise.

Bînî unau, âjî-bù thâiù kâli-bù-thâiù,
âbrâiâ bângai detbùnânai gâgainî
hingzau namainù lâgi ârú brai bûrùi-
nî-au thâkâ bînaise. Beaubù hùâ
gârâ, thâkâ zokhai-brùi brainîfrai
lânânai hingzau ânmainânai
thângnaise. Thângùì thângùì gâmî
mânsùì-nî dùì gathân-au zombai
thânaise. Phâre unau sâse mazâng
hingzausâ dùì lângnù fainai nunânai,
dùì gâthan-au bi lângnai
hingzausâkhô homnânai lâbonaise.

Phâre fai-ùì fai-ùì nâmâ-i-au
mengnânai bongfâng fângse nî
singau zirainaise, ârù mosô halwâ
mâse lânânai mânsùì sâse bù beaunù
ziraidangman. Bîbaidî bîsùr ziraibâ
thâbâ homnai lâng-zâ-nai
hingzausâiâ zingâsi-nânai gâbùì
gâbùì megon-dùìâ hâ-hâlâgi bùhi-
lâng-naise. Bîkhô nunânai mosô
lânai mânsùìâ âbrâ-nù khithânaise
“Nang be hingzau-sâ-khô mau
mannai? ârù nang bîkhô nainânai
lâbodang, na naiâlabâ lâbodang?”
Obâ âbrâiâ bungnaise “Ang bîkhô
mazâng nunânai bîsurnî dùì-gathân-
nî-frai thâkâ zokhai-brui dinnânai

fortunately, knowing he was a
simpleton, no one believed a word
he said.

Another time, when the simpleton
was grown a bit bigger, he again
begged money of his parents: this
time that he might get him a wife.
And since he would not take a
refusal, he got his sixteen rupees
and set out afresh in search of a
wife. Finally, he went and sat at a
place where the village women drew
water. And when a pretty maiden
came down with her vessel on her
hip to draw water, he seized her and
carried her off.

And when he got tired, he stopped
to rest under a tree. And it happened
that a man driving a plough ox was
also resting there, and the maiden
sat there crying her very eyes out for
grief at having been carried off. So
the man with the ox asked the
simpleton “Where did you get that
girl? Did you have a look at her
before you took her, or didn’t you?”
To which the simpleton replied “She
seemed a pretty girl, so I put down
sixteen rupees at the bathing place
and carried her off.” On which the
wise man said: “You must be blind.
The girl’s pretty enough, but don’t

lâbodang.” Obânú bî buddi grângâ bungnaise “Nang khânâ dang: be hingzausâ mazâng-bâ-bù, bînî megon thaine-â betnai. Nang nuakhùi nù? Honùi, dùìâ so so bùhîlângdang. Bîbaidi hingzausâkhô nang mâ khâmnu?” Be khorâng khnânânai âbrâiâ bînî mosô zang slainù nâmainaise. Khintu bî mânsùìâ misainù hùnù nâmâiâ. Theobù embrâbrâ bînaikhai: “lâ, le, lâ!” hannânai, mosôzang mânsùìsang slainânai, gâgai gâgai monau gahâm mannânai azang sâse azang sâse mâmâr thânglainaise. Bebaidînu thânguì thânguì âbrâiâ bongfâng fângse singau burmâ lânai mânsùì sâse zâbai thânai nunânai, bîbù beau-nù zânaise. Bebaidî zâbai thâbâ, mosôâ hâ-sudangman. Phâre bî burmâ lânai mânsùìâ bungnaise “Be mosô nî uduiâ goblongbai, ârù sân sese thâbâ be thoisigan. Beaubù bî âbrâiâ gomâ nungnânai, mosôkhô bînî burmâzang slainaise. Bebaidî thânguì, ârù sâse thâlit lânai mânsùì bebaidî-nù bongfang singau zânai mânsùì lùgù mannânai, âbrâiâ bú zâdangman. Khintu burmâiâ gângsu ukhuinânai bâbrâp bainaiâu bî zânu sukhu man-e-khai, burmâ khô bubâ, burmâ bâ bâ hannaise. Obânú; “Ese mengnaiu âng nangkhô mâbrui bâgan?” hannânai, brâpnânai, gârnu lubuibâ, be thâlit lânai mânsùìâ, thâlit khô âbrânù hùnânai bî burmâ

you see that both her eyes are burst. You clearly don’t see straight. Just see how the water is flowing from both her eyes.” On hearing this, the simpleton offered to exchange the girl for the ox. But the other pretended to be unwilling, till, after much persistence on the part of the simpleton, he cried: “There, take it, take it!” So the exchange was effected, and each went on his way mightily satisfied.

And, as the simpleton went his ways, he found a man seated under a tree having a goat with him. So he too stayed to rest. And when they stopped to rest, the ox lay down to rest. On this, the man with the goat said: “That ox is not a good bargain. It will die in a day or two.” And the simpleton, believing this, exchanged the ox for the goat. And when he set forth again, he met a man carrying a big bunch of plantains. So the two sat down. And as the goat was restless and gave him no peace, the simpleton began beating it, so that it cried Ba! ba! (now *Ba* in the Kachári speech means “carry”). So he said “Do you suppose a tired man like me is going to carry you?” And he was so angry that in disgust he exchanged the goat for the bunch of plantains; and went on. And as he went, he met a man cracking his

khô lãngnaise. Bĩbaidĩ nũ bĩsũr
bĩnĩfrai thãnglainaise. Ereaunũ sãse
mãnsũi bĩnĩ sigãng-thing ãsĩ khrep-
khrep²¹ dãmnãnai faidang. Obãsu
khãthiaũ lũgũ manbã ãbrãiã bung-
naise “Ãng burmã mãse mãnĩ
hũnãnai be thãlit-khũ, lãbodang.
Theobũ ãngnãu thãlit bĩũ?” Erũi
hannãnai “nang thãlit zãnũ
lubuidang-bã nang-nĩ bidyãkhũ
ãngnũ hũ;” hannãnai, bĩ biaunũ
hurãsemãni sũlũngnãnai, zenthe-nũi
hãnãnai, thãlit-khũ bĩnũ hũnãnai ãsĩ
khrep khrep dãmnãnai thãngnaise.
Thãngũi thãngũi, mãi gezer dãpseau
khĩnũ onkhãtnãnai khĩnaiaũ bĩnĩ
bidyãkhũ baugãrnaise. ãrũ be mãi
gezeraunũ gamãbai hannãnai,
mãikhũ themã nainaibaidĩ nainaise.
Beaunũ mainĩ girimãiã mãi hãbai
thãdangman, nunãnai, bĩkhũ
sũngnaise “Nanghã beau mã
gamãdang? ãngnĩ mãi-fũrã hãmã
zãthrobai!” ãbrã bungnaise “Ãnghã
thãkã zokhai-brũi nĩ bidyã manse
beaunũ gamãbai. Nang bũ ãng zang
namãiphã-bã, ãng nangkhũ gahãm
mangan,” hannaikhãi, bĩ bũ nãmaiũi
nãmaiũi, manekhãi brãpnãnai:
“nang nĩ khorãngã misã,” hannãnai,
ãsi dãmbã: “Ãfã, dã ãng manbãi;”
hannãnai ãbrãiã khãtlãngnaise.

ãrũ bebaidĩ thãngũi thãngũi fukuri
manse manhũibã beaubũ bĩ khĩnãnai

fingers, and, thinking he did it in
scorn of his plantains, explained at
what price he had got them.

However, he offered to give him the
plantains if he would teach him the
art of cracking his fingers. So the
two stayed there a long time till the
simpleton had more or less acquired
the art he coveted. Then as he went
on, he suddenly forgot what he had
learned. And because he forgot it in
a paddy field, he thought he must
have lost it in the paddy, and began
examining the ears of paddy as a
woman searches another woman’s
hair for lice. And when the owner of
the field came up and asked what he
was about, he said: “I have lost a
thing which cost me sixteen rupees.
Come and help me to look.” So the
two looked together, and when, after
much search, they found nothing,
the other man, in pure vexation,
cracked his fingers. On which the
simpleton, crying “I’ve found it!
I’ve found it!” went dancing away.

Presently, he stopped by a tank, and
again forgot his new acquisition. So

bînî bidyâ khô baugârnaise. Phâre bî nâmaie nâmaie manâkhùi. Ereaunù sâse mânsùi lùgù mannânai sùngnaise: “Nanghâ beau ma gamâdang?” hanbâ; “Âfâ, ângghâ beau gahâm basthu manse gamâbai, nangbù namaibâ, âng gahâm mangô;” bungnai-au bîbù bîzang namaifânâise, ârù unau nâmaiùi nâmaiùi hâbru zang musunlâ-musunlî zânânai, theobù manekhai, bî mânsùiâ brâpnânai âsi dâmnâise. Obâ bî “ô âfâ, dâsù âng bekhô manbai!” hannânai, rong zânânai, nâ-hâ-lâgi khrep-khrep dâmnânai nâ manhúinaise. Bikhô nunânai brai bûrùiâ minî-sù-naise. Agla bîkhô sinai manâkhùiman, unau sùngnânai mithînaise. “Ârù thâkâfurâ mâ khâm-khù?” hanbâ, bungnaise “Âng hingzau sâse lâbodangman, Behâ megon thaine bù betnai. Bînîkhai ârù mosô slainâise, Bihâ bù udui goblong zânai, ârù burmâ mâse zang bîkhô slainâise. Bîbù ângkhô bânù thinnaikhai brâpnânai, thâlit slainâise. Thâlit khô nunânai, sâse mânsùiâ bînaikhai, be mânsùinîfrai be bidyâ khô sùlùngnânai thâlit hùnani lâbodang. Ârù âng mâ khâmnù nânggò?” Zapbai!

he plunged into the mud to look for it. And a man came up and asked what he was searching for? To which he replied “My friend, my friend! I have lost something very valuable. Do come and help me to look.” On which, the two searched until they were covered with mud; and when they found nothing, the new-comer cracked his fingers in vexation, and the simpleton, crying “I’ve found it! I’ve found it!” went gaily cracking his fingers all the way home. And when his father and mother saw him, they smiled at his state, and till they spoke to him did not know who he was. And then they asked him what he had done with his money. “Oh!” said he, “first of all I bought a lovely maiden, and, because her eyes were bad, I exchanged her for an ox; and because there was something wrong with the ox, I got a goat in exchange; and because the goat wanted me to carry him, I got angry and changed him for plantains. And the plantains I gave to a man who taught me to crack my fingers, and what else would you have me do?” And that’s all!

Sâ-snî âbrâ nî khorâng.

Sùrbâ âbrâ sâsnî dangman. Bîsùr sâ se dâpseau onkhâtlâng-nai-au nâmâ-au-nù dùì-slùng bângai mannânai bîkhônù mâbrùì bângan hannânai khorâng zâlai-naise. Beaunù bîdâ gederâ bungnaise “Boibù zânzî khâphrâ-nânai bânù nângbai;” hannânai, boinùkhri bî âglâ zânânai, bînî khithîau sâse hom-hù-naise. Beбайдî-nù bînî zânziau bî, bînî zânziau bî homlainânai dùìslungau sânsrilainaise. Beaunù âtheng-mani zerbâ-mâni sânsrinai-au thoi onkhâtlainaise. Phâre beбайдînù zenthen ùi bânkhângnânai bîdâ gederâ sâse-se lângkhâtbai nung-nânai sân-naise. Sânnânai sârâ bùâ mannaise. Àrù unau bînî godâiâ sânnaise. Bî bù sâ-râ bùâ mannaikhai, sâfrimbù khonse khonse sânnânai sârâ bùâ mannai. Bînîkhai boibù sâse lângkhâtbai hannânai zingâsî-nânai khorâng zâzlaibai thâdangman. Ereaunù bething Bâmun sâse thângnânai besùrkhô nunânai sùngnaise: “Gotho-fùr nung-sùrhâ mâ zâdang?” Bîsùr bungnaise “Âfâ, zangfùr bîdâ bîfong sâsnî man. Dâ be dùisâ bân-

The Story of the Seven Simpletons.

There were, once upon a time, seven simpletons. And once they were going down the road, and meeting a puddle, were in great distress as to how they should cross it. And the eldest said “I will go first, and you all follow, holding one another’s loin cloths.” So they held one another’s cloths and crawled through the puddle on their hands and knees, getting very muddy and dirty in doing so. But when they had fairly got across, the elder set to work to count; and, as he failed to count himself, behold, there was one missing. Then the next brother counted; and, as he, too, found one missing, they each in turn counted. And so it became clear that one was lost; and there they stood debating this deplorable business. Just then a wily Brahmin came up, and asked what was the matter. And they told him that they had been seven, but that in crossing the puddle, one of them had been lost. On which, the Brahmin, quickly counting them, found that they were still seven, and, judging them to be simpletons, said to them “My sons, if you will

naiaiu zangfùrhâ sâse lêngkhâtbai.
Bînîkhai beaunù zangfùr zingâsi-lai-
bai thâdang,” hannaikhai Bâmunâ
srî srî sânnânai sâsnî khòbù nudang.
Bînîkhai bî “Besùr âbrâ zânù
nânggô” nungnânai, besùrkho
khithânai, “Gâthâfùr, nangsùr
ângnî nâi-au bùibâ, âng nangsùrnî
mânsùikhô dîhonnânai hùnù hâgan,”
hannaikhai, bîsur mânthî zânai.
Unau Bâmun goe khândisnî
khaunânai bîdâ gedernî âkhâiau
hùnânai “Be goe-â-khândi bese
dang, nang sâ.” Hanbâ, bî sânnanai
khândî snî mannâise. Beaunù
Bâmunâ bungnaise: “Nangsùr be
goekhô rânlainânai zâ,” hanbâ,
rânnai-au gâgai gâgai grup-gaglai-
naise. Beaunù bîsur rong zânânai
Bâmun-nî nâiaiu bùinò-lâgi Bâmun
zang thâng-fâ-naise.

Phâre bebaidînù sânesù thânânai
sânse bîsùrkho bâriau megong
dângnù lâgi thin-nâise. Âru Bâmun-
hâ sâse fisâtlâ dangman. Bîkhòbu
bîsùrzang hùnânai khithânai,
“ângnî fisâtlâ-iâ bù nangsùr zang
megong dang-thang, ârù un zâ-lâng-
bâ bîkhô thutlun-thutlân lêngfâ.”
Erùi bungbâ bîsùr bâriau thângnânai
megong dângghuidang. Phâre unau
Bâmun-nî fisâtlâiâ un zâlâng-naise.
Beaunù bîkhô nunânai bîsùr
railainaise “Dùhùi bîfâ khithâ-

come to my house and work for me,
I will find you the missing man.” To
which with one accord they agreed.

Then the Brahmin split a betelnut
into seven pieces and put them into
the hand of the eldest. “Now count
them,” said he, “and tell me how
many there be.” And he counted and
found that there were seven. “Now
take each man a piece,” said the
Brahmin, and, behold, to each piece
there was a man. So in great joy and
peace of mind they went to the
Brahmin’s house to work.

And then, one day, he sent the seven
simpletons out into the garden to
weed the vegetables, and with them
he sent his only son, saying “If the
lad is lazy and falls behind, shove
him along and make him work.”

So they all went into the garden and
began cutting the weeds with their
knives; and presently the boy fell
into the rear. On which they said
“There is that Brahmin boy fallen
behind. Did not his father say that

dangman “gãthã un zâlângbã bîkhô thutlun thutlân lãng,” hannânai, dânî-au zangfûr mã khâmgan?”
 Beaunù bîdã gederã “Bebaidînú khâmnu nãnggô,” hannânai, sãfrimbu bî khonse, bî khonse, megong dãnghnai sekhâr zang thunânai hùnânai. Bamun-nî gãthãkhô bùthãtnânai dinnaise. Phãre unau megong dãnghãnghnânai nãiau faibã Bamunã sũngnãiau khithãnaise “nang khithãnaibaidi zangfûr bîkhô sekhâr zang thunai-au bî thoinânai thãbai.” Phãre Bamunã srî srî thãnaise.

Ârù sãnse hãli oinù thinnânai bungnaise “Nangsũr gãbun simli sã-i-au hãli oinù thãngnu nãnggan.” Phãre unau bîsũr fungzãni sikhãngnânai nãngal mosô fãgã lãnanai simlifãng guriau thãngnânai, simli sã-i-au khaise gãkhũnaise, ârù khaise hã-i-au thãnânai mosôkhô fãgã zang khãnânai hũbã, sã-i-au thãnaifrã bù-khũ-lãng-naise. Beaunù dîdung zã-i zã-i hãli snî mosô²² gãsenù thoi-thrã-naise. Unãu nã-i-au fainânai bîsũr Bãmunnù khithãnaise “Zangfûr simlî sã-i-au mosô dî-khãng-nũ hãekai hãli oinù hãiakhuise.” Bamunã “mosôfrã mã zãkhũ?” Hanbã, “thoi-thrã-bai,” khithãnaise. Bãmunã unau mung-bô

we were to push him along? What is to be done now? But the elder brother said, “Do? Why, do as we were told.” On which each of them hit him with his weeding knife, so that presently he died. And when the weeding was quite finished, they went and told the Brahmin, saying “You told us to shove him along, and as we had our knives in our hands, we hurt him so that he died.” But the Brahmin was speechless, for they had but done as they were told.

Another day he told them to go and plough. “Take your ploughs up above the great *simul* tree,” he said. So they rose in the early morning, and, taking ploughs, cattle and ropes, went to the great *simul* tree. And some stayed below and bound the ploughs and cattle with the ropes, and others climbed the tree and hauled. But the ropes broke and the cattle were killed and the ploughs were smashed. And then they went and told the Brahmin that they had tried to plough *above* the *simul* tree and had failed. “And what of the cattle?” said he, “Oh! they fell down and were killed,” they replied. So, in despair, he bought

upai mane zânânai ârù mosô
bainânai bîsùrkhô hâli oi-hù-naise.

Phâre mai mannai-au mai hânânai
unau Bâmunâ dângri khaie khaie
hùnânai bîsùrkhô rùgânù thinnaise.
Beaunù bîsùr maikhô mau dinnù
hannânai sùngbâ, Bâmunâ
bungnaise “Bùrùiâ zerùi din-nù
thin-ù, beau-nù din,” hanbâ, bîsùr
thângnânai, bùrùi-khô sùng-hù-
naise. Bùrùiâ nâ-nî hâbâfùr
khâmna-i-au monau brâpnânai
thâdangman. Beaunù bî bungnaise
“Mai din-nù thaùni manâbâ, ângnî
khorô-au-nù dinfai!” hanbâ, bîsùr
boibo mai bibân zang bùrùi-khô hù-
sin-thrâ-naise. Bîbaidî-nù gâsenù
mai rùgânânai bînî sâiau dinnaise.

Phâre manâbâ Bâmun dublî nî frai
fainânai bùrùi khô nâmaibâ bîsùr
khithânaise “Ângnî khârâ-au-nù mai
din han-nai-khai zangfur mai zang
hu-sin-nânai dindang.” Biaubù braiâ
mungbô upai mane zânânai, bùrùi
khô fopnù lâgi bîsurnù hoṭnaise.
Phâre bîsùr bùrùi-khô khânânai oâ
sing sing bageding-bagedâ bân-
lâng-nai-au bùrùiâ oâ thânai-au
nângnânai siri-lângnaise.

other cattle and sent them out to
plough afresh.

And when the harvest was ripe, they
reaped the paddy, and, tying it in
sheaves, brought it home and asked
where they were to put it. And the
Brahmin said “Put it where my old
woman tells you to put it.” So they
went and asked the Brahmin’s wife.
But she was very busy, and only
cried “Oh, bother you and your
paddy! Put it on my head!” On this,
they all took their sheaves, and
heaped them on the old woman, so
that she died. And when the
Brahmin came from his work and
asked for his old woman, they said
they had buried her in the paddy, as
she told them to. On which, being at
his wit’s end, he bade them go and
bury her. On this, they tied the
corpse on a bamboo sledge and
bumped it along through the
bamboo-clump, so that it got
knocked off by the way.

And when they came to some fallow
land, they dug a grave, and then
began looking about for the corpse.
Now there was an old woman hard
by herding cattle. “Cunning old
wretch!” said they, “she is afraid of
being buried, and is pretending to be
somebody else.” So they got hold of

Phâre besùr bâkor-bâreau²³
thângnânai bîbânkhô dinnânai
hâkhor zaunânai bùrùikhô fopnù
lâgi naibâ, manekhai, bùrùi-khô
nâmaibainaise. Sùrbâ bùrùi sâse
khâthi-au-nù mai nebai thâdangman.
Bîkhônù nunânai bîsùr railainaise
“Bâmun bùrùîâ buddigrang fop-
zânù gînânai, beaunù mai nebai thâ-
thî-dang,” hannânai bîkhô homnânai
lângnânai fopnânai dinnânai
fainaise. Bînî unau Bâmunâ monau
bîsùrkhô gînânai bùthâtnù lâgi mon
khâmnânai bîsùrnù khithânaise
“Gâthâfùr, dinî zangfùr simlifâng
gederkhô dân-hùi-nù nânggô,”
hannânai, ruâ lânânai simlîfâng ni
guriau thânglainaise. Thâng-nânai
ruâ zang bongfâng khô sâùì sâùì
bongfâng gaglai-sî gaglai-sî zâbâ,
Bâmunâ bîsurkhô bungnaise
“Bongfâng gaglai-sî-sù gau-gan,
nang-sùr boibù hom-thânu nânggô.”
Khithânânai Bâmunâ saunânai
hùnaise. Unau bongfâng gaglai-sin-
nânai sâsnî âbrâ thoinaise. Zapbai!

her, and, in spite of her struggles,
buried her.

And the Brahmin, in fear of what
they might do next, began to
contrive means to get rid of them.
So he said “Today, my sons, we will
go and cut down the great *simul*
tree.” So they took their axes and,
going to the *simul* tree, began
hewing with a will, and when the
tree was tottering to its fall, the
Brahmin said to them “If the tree
falls down, it will be broken. Run
under it and catch it!” And when
they did so, the Brahmin gave the
last strokes, and the tree fell on the
seven simpletons and killed them.
And that’s all!

Khânâ khuzâ nî khorâng.

Sânùì khânâ khuzâ zang phisikhî man. Phâre bîsùr sânsê railainaise “Zang-fùr mâlâi-nî gâmiau bîbaibâ zang-nî gâmî-nî-khrî bângsin mangan.” Hanlainânai khuzaiâ khânâkhô lauthiau homnânai, bûlângnaise. Thânguì thânguì nâmâ gezerau dîdung sorûi manse gâfnâng-nânai phisikhî-nû khithânaise “Sikhî, be lai mâ, herâ? Mâbâ galâu zibô baidi gâfnângdang.” Khuzaiâ bungnaise “Be hâthî khânai dîdung sorûi.” Hanbâ, khanâiâ, “Obâ bekhô lâ, herâ, sikhî”; hannânai bungnaise, Khintu bî lâ-khai “Ângnù dîkhângnânûi hu;” hannânai, khânaia didung-khô lânâise.

Phâre bînîfrai thânguì dûisâ manse man-hûi-nî-au bânlangbâ khûsûng mâse khânâiâ gâfnâng-naise, ârù bungnaise “Sikhî, ne ne! Âng mâbâ mâse gâfnângdang.” Hanbâ, khuzaiâ “Onthai-frâ-khô-nù mâthù bungbai thâiù, herâ, sikhî, nang-lâi?” Khânâiâ bungnaise “Nonggâ, nonggâ, sikhî, nang gùgrûmnai.”

The Story of the Blind Man and the Hunchback.

There sprang up a friendship between a blind man and a hunchback. And one day they said to one another “We shall get more if we beg in some other village than our own.” The hunchback made the blind man hold his stick, and so dragged him along. And as they went, the blind man trod upon an old elephant rope which lay upon the road, and said to his friend “Ah! friend, what is this thing like a long snake which I am treading upon?” The hunchback said “Why, it is only an old elephant-rope.” But the blind man said “Take it, my friend, take it.” But, as the hunchback refused, the blind man bid his friend hand it to him, and so they went their ways thence.

And presently they came to a river; and as they were wading across it, the blind man trod upon a tortoise and told his friend that he had trod upon something living; but the hunchback said it was only a stone, and asked what was the use of standing there talking. But the blind man begged him to feel and see.

Hanbâ bî gùgrùmnânai khusum-khô mannânai, khânâ-nù khithâbâ, bungnaise “O sikhî, obâ bekhô lâ herâ: zangfurnù bekhô nânggan.” Khuzaiâ “Ilit ilit lâiâ, herâ” han-nai-khai, khânâiâ bîkhô-bù gagai-nù lânaise. Bînîfrai bibaidî-nù thânguì thânguì dâpse-au dol dâmnai khnânânai khânâiâ khuzânâi sùngnaise “Sikhî bî dolâ-lai sùr thù? Mau thù dâmdang, herâ?” Hanbâ khuzaiâ khithânâise; Beaunù sùrbâ gurkhiâ gâthâfùr dâmdang” hanbâ, khânâiâ bîkhô lânu lâgi thin-naise.

Khintù bî, “âng mâbrùì lâbogân? Bîsùr-khô âng bùlù hâiâ zâgan, manâthù bîsur gabâng dang,” hanbâ, khânâiâ manse buddhi khâmnânai phisikhî-nù khithanaise “Sikhî, nang hâgrâ sing sing thâng-khmâ-nanai, bîsùr nî khâthî manbâ, mosâ baidî sùgùmnânai hù! Obânù bîsùr gînanai khâtgan,” hanbâ, bîbaidînu khuzaiâ khâmnai-au, gâthâ-frâ gînanai dol khô zrâpstrup gâr-lâng-bâ, khuzaiâ dol khô lâbonanai khânânù hoḥ-hù-naise. Obasù bînîfrai sânuì zang hâgrâ gezer gezer thânguì thânguì nâ nunanai, khuzaiâ bungnaise “Sikhî, dâ sâ hâpbai, manâ faibai, Dâlai ârù mâu thâng-bâ-nù? Beau-nù nâ danga.

And when the hunchback announced that it was a tortoise, the blind man begged his friend to take that, too; and on the hunchback declaring that it was too heavy, he finally carried it himself.

Then they went their ways and came to a meadow, and heard a drum being beaten. And the blind man asked what that was, and where the drumming was going on. On which the hunchback said it was only cowherds drumming. On which the blind man was for sending the hunchback to fetch the drum.

But the hunchback said “How shall I fetch it? They will be too strong for me, for they are many.” Then the blind man devised a plan, and bade the hunchback crawl through the jungle and roar like a tiger. Which the hunchback did; and the cowherd boys, on hearing his roaring, ran away headlong and left the drum, which the hunchback gave, as before, to the blind man to carry.

Then the friends went through the forest, until they came to some houses. On which the hunchback said “My friend, the sun has set, and evening has come. How much further are we to go? Here are

Zangfür beau-nù thâ-dù-nî,” hanbâ, khânâiâ bungnaise “Hagra gezernî nâkhô âng gabâng gahâm man-srâiâ, herâ, sikhî,” hannânai mâ mâ nâ dang gahâmùì nainù thinbâ khuzâiâ khithânâise “Nâiâ gâng-ne gâng-thâm. Bândâr bù gong-se dang,” hanbâ khânâiâ “Bî bândârau-nù thâgan,” hannânai, phisikhî-nù khithâbâ, bândâr-sing-hà bùlângnaise, ârù dor-fur-khô gahâmùì khâ-fthâ-nù thinnânai, beaunù thânaise. Unau beau thânai Râikhô-frâ fainânai, bungnaise—

“Zùsâ zùsâ manâmdang;
“Zânù zânù lubuidang.”²⁴

hannânai, nâ gong frùm-bù namâi-giding-bai-bâ, khânâiâ rai-dau-hot-naise “Âng beaunù dâng.” Hanbâ, raikhoâ bungnaise “Nang lai sùr?” Khânâ bù bungnaise “Nang lai sùr?” Raikho khithânâise “Âng Raikhô!” Khânâiâ bungnaise “Âng Zâkhô! Bebaîdînù be-sùr brâp-lai-naise Unâu khânâiâ bung-naise “Brâp-nù bù nânggâ, munù bù nânggâ Nangkhô bù âng nuâkhùi, ângkhô bù nang nuâkhùi. Bînikhai manse buddi khâmbâ, zanghâ gahâm zâgan,” hannânai khânâiâ raikhônî khenai bîhot-bâ, Raikhoâ gaigainî khù-mùn daise phunânai khithîhot-

houses, let’s stop here.” But the blind man said he did not think very well of houses in the jungle, and sent his friend to have a good look at them.

Presently the hunchback returned and said “There are two or three houses and a granary.” On this, the blind man decided that they would stay in the granary, and so was dragged into the granary, where they carefully fastened the doors and prepared to stay for the night. And while they were there, Rakshashas came and said—

“Fine rice, fine rice, I can smell;
“And better things to eat as well.”

And while they were gliding round the house, the blind man shouted loudly “Here am I!” “Who are you?” said the Rakshashas. “Who are you?” shouted the blind man. “I am a Rakshasha,” said one of them. “And I am a Zakshasha!”²⁸ said the blind man. Whereupon they all got very angry. Then the blind man said “You need not get angry and you need not get noisy. I can’t see you and you can’t see me. Let us make an expedient by which you can be satisfied.” So saying, the blind man bade the Rakshasha show him a lock of his hair. On this a Rakshasha

naise. Obâsù khânâiâ bungnaise
“Dâniâ ângnî khenai-khô nai.”
Hannânai, hâthî dîdung khô dî-
honnânai hùnaise. Bîkhô nunânai
Raikhoâ gîkhrongbâ, khânâiâ ârù
themâ bî-hot-naise Raikhoâ bù
gaigainî themâ khô khithî-hot-bâ, bî
khusung khô khithî-hot-naise. Obâsù
Raikhoâ be Zâkhoâ-nù nunggô
nungnânai, gî-sin-bai. Khanâiâ ârù
bînî udui dâmnù thinnânai, dâmbâ,
bungnâise, “Dindù dindù hâmbai,
âng khnâbai. Dâniâ ângnî khô
khnâsong!” hannânai, dol khô dùm
dùm dâmnânai hùbâ, Raikhofrâ
gînanai, khât-thro-lâng-naise.

Unao, khânâiâ phisikhîkhô
bungnaise “Sikhî mâ mâ gahâm
bastù dang, bifurkhô khâ ârù nang
bâse, ângnù bù bâse hù, ârù mâmâr
thângdù-nî thù” hannânai bîsùr
bînîfrai mâmâr failainaise. Ârù
dâpse gazân thâni-au thângnânai
khuzâiâ be bastufarkhô rân-nù
nâmainânai rânnaise, Rân-khângbâ
khânâ-khô bungnaise “Sikhî
nangthâng bobekhô lâiu lâ,” Hanbâ
bî dângnainanânai khuzâ thing-nî
bhâgù-khô bângsin man-dâng-nânai,

tore out a bunch of hair and showed
it to him. On which the blind man
said “Now see mine!” And so
saying, thrust out of a chink the
elephant rope. And on seeing it, the
Rakshasha became very afraid.
Then the blind man demanded to
see a flea (from his body). And
when the Rakshasha had shown him
one, the blind man put forth his
tortoise. Then the Rakshasha
thought “This must indeed be a
Zakshasha,” and was greatly afraid.
Then the blind man bade him beat
his breast. And, on his doing so,
cried “Well done, well done! I have
heard you. Now hear me!” and
straightway began to beat his drum
“rub-a-dub-dub.” On which the
Rakshashas were greatly frightened
and ran right away.

Then the blind man said to his
friend “Take any good things that
there are, and tie them up. You take
some and give me some, and let us
go;” and, so saying, they went away
together. And when they were come
to a far place, the hunchback began
dividing the spoil. And, when that
was done, he bade his friend take
which share he would. But the blind
man groped about and found that
the share nearest to the hunchback
was the biggest. So the hunchback

rânnâiâ hâmbâ khùise hannânai,
golaigothai khâmnâise. Phâre
khuzâiâ “Nang-thâng-lai nuâ-labâ
mâbrùi mithînai, herâ? Khonle
khonle rân-nù gnâng khâm-hùiù!”
Hannânai ârù rân-phâphinbâ, obâbù
bângsin man-dâng-nânai, ârù
“Hamâ-khùise, hamâ-khùise,”
hannânai golai-go-thai khâmnâise.
Bîbaidî nù khonbrùi khon-bâ
khâmbâ khuzâiâ brâpnânai, âkhâiau
bâli lânânai “Nanglai gomâ khânâ
nâ misâ khânâ lùì?” hannânai
gahâmùinù megonau bâlizang
hùnânai hùnâise. Ârù obânù bî
nunai zânâise. Ârù bî bù brâpnânai;
“nunglai” mâ sâbâ dângâ lùì, nunù
hâmbâ hannânai godo-au zo-sin-
nânai lânânai, khuzâ bikhung-au
gomâgom sobai thâbâ bîbù gahâm
zânâise. Unau sâ-nù zang gahâm zâ-
lai-nâise, ârù bastù-fùr-khô gahâmùì
rânlainânai, nâ-i-au thâng-lai-nâise.
Zapbai!

Sâse âbrâ brai nî khorâng.

Brai bùrùi dangman. Braiâ hâgrâ
gezerau dubli dotse lânânai hâbâ
maubai thâdangman. Phâre sâ-nse
shikâri sâse hâgrâiau mùì gaunânai

said “How did you, without seeing,
find that out? Now I have got to
divide it all over again!” So he made
a fresh division.

And the same thing happened again,
and the blind man turned everything
topsy-turvy. And, when this had
occurred four or five times, the
hunchback became angry, and
taking sand in his hand rubbed it
into the blind man’s eyes, saying
“Now we shall see if you are really
blind or not;” whereby the blind
man recovered his sight. But he, too,
was angry and said “What a hideous
thing you are, and hateful to look
upon.” And he jumped on the
hunchback’s back and belaboured
his hump till he made him straight
and well. And when the two were
hale and well, they divided their
spoil fairly and went home happily.
And that’s all!

The Story of a silly old man.

There was an old man and his wife.
One day, when the old man was
clearing jungle, a half-dead deer that
had been shot by a huntsman, came

thoi-frâm-nânai khârùi khârùi brainî
dubli gezer thing thângdangman.
Beaunù braiâ nunânai bîkhô khudâl
zang khârâ-au-nù denânai mùikhô
bùthâtnaise. Buthâtnânai hâgrâ
singau hakhmânânai dinnaise.
Emphâre unau mùi gaunai girimaia
khîthù khîthù thoi sirîlângnai naie
naie nâmai-lângùi-lângùi brainî
dubliaunù sin gamânaise. Obâsù
braikhô sùngnaise: “Helùi brai!
Nang bething mùi mâse fainai nunâi
nâ?” Braiâ bungnaise “Ângâ dublî-
nî shimâiâ khulâthing boinîfrai
sâthing boinîfrai” hannânai bungbâ
bî bungnaise “Nonggâ nonggâ! âng
mùinî khorâng-sù nang-nî-au
sùngdang,” Braiâ khithânaise
“Zânun! be dubliâu mai zâiù nâ zâiâ
âng khîthânù hâiâ.” “Nangga-lùi,
brai, bî khorâng-khô âng
sùngâkhuì.” Brai bungnaise “Dâ
sânzôfûbai, ângâ mikhâm ukhui-
sù-dang. Âng thâng-nù-sùi;”
hannânai, nâiau khâtlângnaise.
Obâsù unau braiâ mikhâm dùì
zâkhângnânai bùrùi-khô bungnaise;
Bùrùi, âng-nù gâbun phungau-nù
mikhâm songnânai hù. Ang mùi
mâse buthâtnânai zangnî dubliâu
dinbùdang. Bîkhô mâmâr gadânù
nânggô.” Obâsù okhâ naibâ, bùrùi
mâmâr khâm dùì brainù hùnânai
bîkhô hogârnaise. Bî dubliâu
thângnânai mùikhô gadânânai
rânnaise. Aglâ gaigai-nî bhâgù

limping that way and crossed the
old man’s field. On which the old
man killed it by hitting it on the
head with his hoe, and hid it away in
the jungle. Presently, the man who
shot the deer made his appearance,
having tracked its blood as far as the
old man’s field. “Here, old man!”
said he, “have you seen a wounded
deer pass this way?” The old man
replied “The boundaries of my
field? Well, the east boundary is
here and the west over there!” But
the other said “Not so, not so, I am
asking about a wounded deer.” To
which the old man replied “I know
what you mean; but whether it will
be a good crop or not, how shall I
say?” “Not so, not so,” said the
other; that isn’t what I want to
know.” But the old man said “I
cannot stop any longer. The dark is
falling, and I am hungry for my
supper. I’m off.” So saying, he went
away home, and when he had had
his supper, he said to his old woman
“You must give me my breakfast
early tomorrow, for I have killed a
deer, and I must go early and cut it
up.” So the old woman gave him his
breakfast very early and sent him
about his business. And he went to
his field, and, having chopped up
the carcass began dividing the
pieces. And first he put apart his
own share, “One piece for washing

khâmnaise. “Phânse mùkhâng sunai-nî, phânse thânkhu zânai-nî, phânse dubliâu mosô hùlângnai-nî, phânse hâli oinai-nî.” Beбайдînù huâfùrhâ zese hâbâ dang, gâsenù bhâgù khâm-thrâ-naise. Dâ unau bûrùi-nî bhâgù khâmdang “Phânse mùkhâng sunai-nî, phânse thânkù zânai-nî, phânse khundung lùnainî, phânse khun pheretnai-nî, phânse hî dânai-nî, phânse khâm songnai-nî, phânse dùì lainai-nî.” Bбайдînù bînì bû zese hâbâ dang, esenù bhâgù khâmânai sân-naise. Sânnânai bûrùi nî bhâgùâ bângsin mannaise. Obâsù braiâ brâp-nânai. “Ângsù bûrùinîkhrî hâbâ bângai bûâ mau-ù nâ? hannâ-nai, golaigothai khâmânai, ârù rân-phâphin-naise. Dâniâ âglâ bûrùinù bhâgù khâmgrunai, ârù unau bînì bhâgù khâm-nai. Dâbîhâ bângsin zânai. Theobù braiâ bîâu mon phatiâ khùise. Bбайдînù bî golai-gothis khâmùì khâmùì rânâbù hamân zâiâ. Bбайдînù sânsê mâni zânaikhai, bûrùiâ; “Brâiâ-lai mâ khâm-khù?” hannânai, dhinkî thorâ manse lânanai, dubliâu thângnânai, brai-khò-nuhùi-dang, gaigainù bidot zang nânglaibâ thâdang. Bîdot-frâ-bù khonle khonle dâng-phlebai thânaikhai, gebletheble zâlângbai. Obâsù bûrùiâ dhinkî thorâ zang srî srî khîthû-au khubui-hot-bâ, braiâ mâbâ imfu hotbai hannânai, bîdot-

my face in the morning; one piece for chewing tobacco; one piece for driving the cattle afield; one piece for ploughing”; and so on, for all his daily avocations. Then he made out his old woman’s share: “One piece for washing her face in the morning; one piece for chewing tobacco; one piece for spinning cotton; one piece for fretting cotton; one piece for weaving cloth; one piece for cooking rice; one piece for drawing water;” and so on, with all her occupations. But, on counting up, he found that the old woman’s share was much the biggest. On which he cried angrily that it was not to be believed that a woman’s share could be bigger than his, and, mixing up all the pieces of flesh on the ground, he began a fresh division. This time he set apart the old woman’s share first, and his own afterwards. This time his share became the largest. But still he was not satisfied, and, mixing all the gobbets up again, he divided them again and again, but never got them equal. Meanwhile, the day had slipped by and evening was come. So the old woman, taking the pestle of the *dhenki*, went to look for her husband, and there she found him in the midst of the lumps of flesh, which had become covered with dust and dirt through much mixing. Then the old woman

khô gârñânai nâhâ khâtlâng-naise.
Emphâre, bûrûiâ bîdot khô hî zang
ban-nânai bânânai nâ-au lâbonânai,
songnânai, brai-zang zâ-lai-bâ, braiâ
sùngnaise “Bûrûi, belai mâ-nî
bîdot?” hanbâ, bûrûiâ khithânaise
“Âng dausâ fisâ mâse buthâtnânai,
nanghâ manâ lêng-nai-khai,
bekhônù song-dop-nânai dindang.
Nangnî bî mùi-bîdot-khô nebai
thâbâ, zangfur dâ khâm man-zâ-gla-
gauman.” Zapbai!

Brai bûrûini khorâng.

Sâne brai bûrûi dangman. Bîsurhâ
nâ-â-bù gongne man. Phâre sikhau
sâbrûi be brai bûrûi nî nâi-au mâbâ
mâbî khaunù lâgi fainai. Faibâ brai
bûrûiâ boi sikhaurùrkhô khùikhâ²⁵
khâmnù lâgi buddi manse
khâmnânai dinnai. Zerehai gôbar-
khî ârù zùzai ârù gâzri-dùi hâsong-
se bîfùrkhô thoplâ zunânai dhinki
sâli nî mâroliau khâ-sai-nânai
dinnaise. Phâre unau manâblâ
sikhau-frâ fainânai brai bûrûinî nâ
injurau mânsù sî mandang na

let fly the *dhenki* stump at his back.
On which he cried that a snake had
bitten him and ran home, on which
the old woman tied up the meat in a
cloth and carried it to her house, and
cooked some hastily for supper. And
when her husband asked where the
meat came from, she said that he
had been such a long time in
coming, that she had killed a
chicken and cooked it for him. “And
if you had stopped dividing that
deer’s flesh, we should never have
got any supper at all,” said she. And
that’s all!

The Story of the four Thieves.

There was an aged couple who lived
in a pair of houses. And four thieves
used to prowl round their houses,
seeking to steal. And the old man set
to work to contrive devices to
disappoint them. And first he filled a
joint of bamboo with cowdung and
dirty water and rice-chaff, and hung
it up in the rafters of the *dhenki*-
shed. And when at nightfall the
thieves began prowling round and
listening to hear if the inmates were
asleep, the old people overheard

manâkhùi bannânai khnâsongbâ,
brai bûrùiâ bîsurnî khorâng
khnânânai, braiâ bûrùikhô
bungnaise “Bûrùi, nang zangnî sorai
ârù gur-gâkhirâ mau dinkhù?”
Beaunù bûrùiâ bungnaise “Hâm srâ-
bai de, brai! Bîfûrkhô dhinki-sâli-
aù-nù khâ-sai-nânai dinnai zâbai.”
Be khorâng-khô sikhau-frâ
khnânânai dhinkî-sâliau thângnânai,
bîkhô man-hùi-nânai bâri-nî-frai
thâlit-lai lâbônânai rânânai
zânulâgi zânaise. Obânù bîsùr mâtâ
manâmnai mannânai sùng-lai-naise
“Bîbù bângù mâ manâmdang? Bîbù
bângù mâ manâmdang?” Phâre
sâseâ boikhô âkhâiau lânânai
manâm-sù-naise. Obânâia mithînù
hânânai, boibô minîlaibâ, braiâ
sikhângnânai thokon-thorâ lânânai
hù-sù-bù-bâ, bîsùr khâtlângnaise.

Ârù sâanse brai bûrùiâ boi sikhau-
fûrkhô fainai khnânânai brai bûrùi-
khô sùngnaise; “Zangfûr-hâ
songkhrùi thoplâ mau dinkhù?”
Obâsu bûrùiâ bungnaise “Dâsù
gahâm zâbai, brai! Songkhrùi
thoplaiâ zang udunai nâ-nî khùlâ-
fât-sî inzurau senânai dindang!
Sikhaufrâ maubâ lâng-nù hâgô.”
Bîsùr railainai-fûr-khô sikhau-frâ
khnânânai inzùr dân-sî-nânai âkhâi
sùnânai songkhrùi-thoplâ-khô dâng-
grùm-baibâ braiâ khâthrùi-lângô
lânânai thângnânai âkhâi dân-hùi-

them, and the old man said to his
wife “Old woman, old woman;
where have you hung up the
molasses and milk and *chira*?” And
the old woman replied “A nice
business! I have been and gone and
hung them up in the *dhenki*-shed,
where the thieves can get at them.”
And the thieves, hearing this,
slipped off to the shed, and, getting
the bamboo-joint, gathered plantain
leaves for plates, and divided the
spoil and sat down to eat. And one
of them, smelling at the stuff, said to
the others “Smells rather strong,
doesn’t it?” Then one of them took
his mess in his hand and smelled it,
and, seeing what had happened, they
all burst out laughing. Then the old
man came out with his big stick, and
the four thieves ran away. Another
day, the old man, hearing the thieves
prowling about, said to his wife
“Where have you hung the packet of
salt?” And the old woman replied
“A fine affair! I have hung it up on
south wall of our sleeping-house,
where the thieves can easily get it.”
And so one of the thieves thrust his
hand in, and began feeling about for
the bundle, on which the old man
took his knife and cut his hand. But
he only said “I can’t find it,” and
went away.

naise. Obâ bî “Âng manâ khùise” hannânai thângbâ, ârù sâse sikhauâ bîbaidînú dâng-grùm-bâ, bîkhô-bù âsî-au dân-fnâng-naise. Phâre bebaidî-nù sâse sikhau-nî khùmâ dânnai, ârù sâse-nî gonthong dân-fnâng-naise.

Phâre unau bîsùr gârai gahâm man-nu lâgi dùì nâmai-bai-nai-e-aù sethlau-nù thâlit khârùi sâmnai megongdù-au dùì mannânai âkhai hù-sùm-naise. Beaunù bângsin âlunai manbâbù, lùgù-nî mânsùifùr-nù khithâiâlâbâ “Gahâm manbai,” hannânai bungnaise. Bebaidînú sâbrùi-hâ-bù zâbâ, brâplainaise. Obânù braiâ nâ-nî frai onkhâtnânai thokon lânânai bîsùrkhô hu-hot-naise.

Bînîfrai ârù sânsê brai-bùrùi-nî bâriau thâlit bîfong dangman, ârù bînî khâthiau phânlù bîfong fângse dangman. Beaunù bere-thinklî bâhâ lâdang. Phâre hoṛau be sikhau sâbrùiâ brai bùrùinî nâiau faibâ, braiâ bùrùi-khô sùngnaise “Bùrùi, nang zang-fùr-nî thâkâ-thinklî-khô mau fopnânai dinkhu?” hanbâ bùrùiâ khithânaise “Dinîbù gahâm

On which the other three felt about, and one got his finger cut, and another his ear, and the fourth his nose. Then they looked about in the yard for something to ease the pain, and the first, finding a cooking pot in which acrid plantain ashes had been steeped, plunged his hand in, and, getting more pain than before, only said “Ah! that’s good.” On which the others followed his example. And, while they were hopping about in pain, the old man came out and took his stick, and drove them away.

Another day, the old people found a wasps’ nest on a *chili* plant under a plantain tree. And when the thieves came, the old man said to his wife “Old woman, old woman, where have you put the *lota* with our money in it?” And the old woman answered “To-day’s luck is the worst of all. I have left the *lota* under the plantain tree in the garden,

zâbai, de, brai! zangnî thâka-thinkliâ thâlit-guriau fopnânai dinnai-au-nù thâbai. Bînî khâthi-au-nù fân-lù-fîfâng-bù fângse dang. Dâ sikhaufrâ manù-khî-mâ-sù!” Bekhô sikhau frâ khnânânai, be thâlit guri-hâ thângnânai nâmai-lai-hùi-bâ bere-bâhâ-khô man-naise. Phare bîkhô besùr dikhângnânai lâbobâ, bâhâiâ gùbrùnânai berefrâ sikhau-fùr-khô oṭbâ, besùr “Aiâ! aiâ!” hannânai, khâtnaise, ârù braiâ thokon lânânai hùsùnaise.

Bînîfrai ârù sânsê braiâ thâthî dânù lâgi sekhâr lânânai hâgrâiau thângbâ, boi sikhau sâbrùi-khô thaigrít guruiaiu udulângbâ thânai nunânai thaigrít bong-fângau uthînânai thâri gnâng thaigrít thaibrùi khânânai lâbô-nânai be sikhau sâbrùi nî kheneau thaise thaise khâ-khmâ-naise. Phâre unau “Sikhau! sikhau!” hannânai braiâ gâpzrî-khâu-bâ bîsùr srî mannânai sikhângnânai khâtlângnaise. Khâtbâ, zesenu khârù, esenù thaigrít fithâiâ bikhungau dup dup bulângnaise. Bîsùr braia khîthù khîthù fainânai zang-fùr khô sodang nungnânai khâre-thâng-naise. Phâre unau gazân thângnânai zirai-hùi-bâ, thaigrít khô nunânai gârnaise.

by the *chili* bush, and no doubt the thieves will get it.” Hearing this, the thieves went and disturbed the wasps’ nest, and the wasps flew out and stung them. And when they cried in pain and ran away, the old man ran after them with his stick and beat them soundly.

Again, another day, when the old man went out to cut reeds for his fence, he found the four thieves asleep under an O tree (the fruit of which is hard and heavy), and the old man, climbing quietly into the tree, cut four of the fruits, with the stalks attached, and tied them to the thieves’ hair. Then he suddenly cried out “Thief! thief!” And the more they ran, the more the heavy fruit bumped on their backs, so that they thought the old man was running after them and beating them. And they ran a very long way before they discovered their mistake, and unloosed the fruit from their hair.

Bînîfrai ârù sânsê braiâ mai duliau
thânânai bûrùikhô fûrûngnaise
“Bûrùì, nang hoṛau sikhau faibâ
gaigainù sùngnânai, gaigainù khithâ
de, ereùì hannânai “Brai, brai hùn!
nang thurse khurui mau dindang?”
“Dhinkhî-sâliaunu maiduli-au bîfûr
khô dinnai zâbai. Dâ sikhau faibâ,
man-lâng-sî-gan dâ! Mâ khâmkhù!”

Be khorâng-khô sikhau khnânânai,
mâmâr dhinkhi saliau thângnânai
naihùibâ be dulikhô dikhângnânai
“O! beaunù thorse khurui-fûr dang
le! Ilit mâthù!” Obâsù bîsùr
khânânai bânânai lâng-lâi-naise.

Phâre unau thângùì thângùì dùisâ
gathau manse man-hùi-naise.
Beaunù bâtbâ braia; “Sîhâng sihâng
zâbai, um, um, dikhâng!” hanbâ
bîsùr “Mauhâ sùr raidang lùì.”
Khaise bungnaise, “Be duliau rainai
baidî khnâ-i-ù.” Ârù sâsêâ “Beau
mungbô gùîâ; nangsùr erenùsù
khnâdang!” Obâsù thângùì thângùì
zâbrâ gathau mannânai, braiâ sî-
sam-bâ khithânai “Phutu-khoâ,
golâm-bundî-fur! Mânù gahâmùì
dikhângâlùì? Nangsùr kânâ nâ?
nunù hâîâ-khùì?” Ereau bungbâ
sikhau-frâ bikhô dùì-au gârânai
khât-lâng-naise. Zapbai!

And, again, the old man climbed
into the mat receptacle in which the
paddy was stored; but, before doing
so, he instructed his wife to imitate
his voice and ask where the brass
plates and cups had been put; and to
answer in her own voice that they
had been put into the paddy
receptacle in the *dhenki*-shed. And
when the thieves heard all this, they
hurried to the *dhenki*-shed, and,
lifting up the paddy receptacle, said
with one accord: “My! isn’t it
heavy?” And so they tied it to poles
and carried it away on their
shoulders.

Presently, they came to a deep river,
and as they were wading across, the
old man cried “Look here! I am
getting wet, carry it higher.” On
which they said to one another
“Surely, some one spoke?” But,
thinking it was a mistake, they went
on, and came to deeper water. On
this the old man called out again
“Stupid brutes! Sons of slaves!
Can’t you see your way? I am
getting wet through.” And the
thieves were frightened, and,
dropping the old man in the water,
ran clean away. That’s all!

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- 1 A “Bengali *ghusâ*” is said to be a blow inflicted with the fist, the thumbnail protruding between the first and second finger so as to give a scratch! ↑
 - 2 = a “side” of pork. ↑
 - 3 “*gadân rai-hùi-nânai*” = observing omens. ↑
 - 4 Onomatopœic. ↑
 - 5 Assamese. ↑
 - 6 A child from whose mouth milk oozes if you squeeze its throat. ↑
 - 7 The Kachári version of the “Swan-maiden.” ↑
 - 8 Assamese “*páp.*” ↑
 - 9 Snuffling. ↑
 - 10 “Felt with its beak.” ↑
 - 11 Assamese “*kapál.*” ↑
 - 12 “Kumari,” the attendant nymph of the pool. ↑
 - 13 The Kachári version of “Beauty and the Beast.” ↑
 - 14 Goshain. ↑
 - 15 The Assamese “*mat.*” ↑
 - 16 “*mâ-thù,*” interrogative. ↑
 - 17 যাচিতে ↑
 - 18 Assamese ৰাজা হঁতৰ ↑
 - 19 About two paces. ↑
 - 20 Assamese বল. ↑
 - 21 It was not true of him that “*digiti crepantis signa novit.*” The coincidence of sound is curious. ↑
 - 22 Seven “plough” of cattle. ↑
 - 23 Assamese বাকয়নী। ↑
 - 24 This exactly corresponds to our own “Fee faw fum; I smell the blood of an Englishman!” and the Bengali “*Aù maù khai, mánsher gandha paù!*” ↑
 - 25 *Query*—Assamese “*hingsha.*” ↑

- 26 The hideous Kuvera, god of wealth. He was a white man with three legs and eight teeth. Apparently, the same as the Hindu Pluto; and lord of the shades as well as of wealth. ↑
- 27 *I.e.*, the season personified. ↑
- 28 A burlesque word from “*zânù*” = to eat. ↑

FOLK SONGS AND NURSERY RHYMES.

Addressed to a spoiled Child.

Derâ lù, derâ lù, Âfâ Fanzâlù.
Build house, build house, Father Fanzalu.
Dai nâng, fùdù nâng, Âfâ zuzinâng.
If trouble come, or worry come, Father will help.

To a conceited Child.

Âng gùrùng, gùrùng, Dainâ gùrùng.
I am wise, am wise, And the witch is wise.
Dau khîthù, khîthù, Ângnî khîthù.
And the bird's behind, behind, The bird's behind me.

Of Woman.

Dau-thep, dau-thep, dau golondî.
Wag-tail! wag-tail! bird with the goitre,
Hâbâ rangâ, hukhâ rangâ, fisâ bâflundî.
Work you can't, and toil you can't, bearing baby on your back.

A Nursery Rhyme.

Bongfâng dô, bongfâng dô, bongfâng nârengâ.
Beat the tree, and beat the tree, and beat the orange tree.
Fitsiu-siu firingâ; bidùi zâkhaibâ!
Chirrup, chirrup, bhimraj bird; give twenty eggs to me.

What Women sing at Weddings.

Zô sit sit, Gogorleng; Zô sit sit.
Pour, pour the beer, Gogorleng; pour the beer.
Dângnai dângnai sit, Gogorleng; dângnai dângnai sit.
Pour in torrents, Gogorleng; pour in torrents, pour.

Then you substitute other festive occupations, for instance:

Goe khau khau (cut, cut the betelnut).
Zô lù lù (pass round the beer).
Khurui sù sù (wash the plates), &c., &c.

“Gogorleng” is the traditional name for the *bâru* or *bohua*, who plays the buffoon at weddings.

A Woman to her Lover.

Sô mâlibai, sôbaî.
Come, my lover, come.
Gangâ zâliâ.
O! Ganges fisherman.
Thâkânî kheru manâbâ.
If I don't get silver earrings.
Âng-bù thângliâ.
I, too, cannot go.

In the following verses the woman substitutes other ornaments or presents:

An exchange of Compliments.

A girl sings—

Silâkhonârùi gâthâfùr,
Chinakona boys,
Moisù hùnù fai!
Come and drive buffaloes.

Boy answers (derisively)—

Hunù rangâ, munù rangâ.
I cannot drive, I cannot wive.
Ângkhô dâ ling, fai.
Don't cry to me to come.
Engkhut khârùi khùrù khùrù.
The mess of rice goes bubble-bubble.
Ângnî fâtse fùrù fùrù.
My share is but trouble trouble.
Khuru khusuli.
You've got the itch.
Bidot zâsuli.
Eater of meat.

What Women sing when the Bride is taken away.

Dâ gâpse, ai—dâ gâpse.
Don't weep, dear, don't weep.
Khânu lai lângâ.
Not to bind thee do they take thee;
Sunu lai lângâ
Not to wound thee do they take thee;
Bângâl Simsânù lângâ.
Not for Bengali or Bhutia do they, &c.
Ehe! hai! hùi!—
Oh! ho! ho!

The second, third and fourth lines may of course be varied *ad infinitum*.

The lament of a Mother.

Thokon srong srong.
With multitudes of clubs.
Thângdangman, âfâ Sokhai, nanglai.
Thou wentest, son Sokhai, thou.
Emfu blî blâ thângdangman, &c.
Flashing thy sword, thou wentest, &c.

Khaukhâ dumâ dumî, &c.
With great turban bound, &c.
Nang dangbâ omâ bidot zang zâdangman, &c.
Whilst thou lived'st I ate pig's flesh, &c.

and so on.

“Buffalo Girls come out to play.”

Ùi! Silakhonârùi hingzau-für,
Oh! Chinakona women.
Nâ gutnù fai.
Come and catch fish.
Nâ gutnù rangâbâ,
If you cannot catch fish,
Lùgùse dâlâ fai!
Don't come with us at all!

In other verses substitute “megong khânù,” or other things man and maid may do together.

A Love Song.

Âgùì Boisâgi,
O! sister wanderer,
Âng khô dâ bâsi!
Do not spurn me!
Sikhlâ sipnù hâiâbâ,
If you cannot sweep the yard,
Âng-bu sipfâgan.
I will help you sweep.

In the next verse, for the last two lines, substitute—”Dùi lainù hâiâbâ âng bù lai-fâ-gan,” and so on, with other female occupations. If a woman sings, the first line will be “Âdâ Bùidâsi,” and she will select men's work, as, *e.g.*, “Hâthi hunù hâiâbâ, ângbù thâng-fâ-gan.”

A Mother-in-law scolds her Daughter-in-law.

Wâ bîzô nî gândeolâ!
On bamboo top, Oh! dragon fly,
Bîrdau, bîrdau, bîrdang,
Flutter, flutter, fly,
Bauharî godai zô zongnaiâ,
My youngest daughter-in-law's brewing beer.
Khùiram-dùiram zâdang.
Is bitter-sweet.

or

Bauhâri godai khâm songnaia sigram-zethram zâdang, &c., &c.
My youngest daughter-in-law's cooking rice is only hugger-mugger.

A Woman to her Husband.

Hî dai dai hùbâbâ,
If I weave him cloth.
Zimnù rangeâ.
He can't put it on.
Mâ huâ zang gorop-khù!
What a husband have I got!
Zangnî khâfâlâ!
Ah! my evil luck!
Sûnî khâfâlâ.
My dreadful luck.

For the first two lines substitute—

Gâmsâ dai dai hùbâ-bù.
Gânnù rangeâ.

or

Phâli dai dai hùbâ-bù.

Khaukhânù (or khâsônù) rangeâ.

Courtship.

Man says—

“Ùi bâze, ùi bâze!
Oh! sister-in-law!
Em bonânai hù.
Spread a mat for me.

Woman answers—

Nangnî hingzausù nonggâ hai!¹
I am not your wife!
Em-sù bobai-nù.
To spread a mat for you.

Substitute other occupations in subsequent verses.

A Love Song.

Dui lainaiâ sùrù man?
Who was it used to draw water?
Âgùì Banbâhi sikhlâ man.
It was the maid, my sister Banbâhi.

In following verses substitute “Mikhâm songnaiâ, megong khâwâiâ, hî dânâiâ,” &c., &c. If a woman sings, she sings “Hâthi hunaiâ sura man. Âdâ bùiðisi zâlâman,” and goes on with male occupations.

Women’s work.

Dudugur,² dudugur, mâlâ-ùi.
Fisâ bânai-nî fâlâ-ùi.

In other verses substitute other work for “fisâ bânai-nî.”

*Reproach of Women.*³

Boisâgi, âsâgî, rã-rã,
Megong mikhâm songblâ, dùilau, dùi-sau!
Hoâ sâse nù-bù-lâ,
Gadau gâsi!

¹ A man speaking to a woman says “lùi” (cf. “he-lùi”); a woman speaking says “hai”, and a man, speaking to his wife or other woman with whom he is on familiar terms, says “ùi”. ↑

² “*Dudugur*” is the little drum on a handle, with a bead tied to it. The drum is shaken from side to side, and the bead beats it,—onomatopœically, “*dudugur, dudugur!*” ↑

³ Not easily to be translated word for word. But the meaning is that a woman cannot think of her work if a man passes by. ↑

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>TRANSLITERATION.</u>	
<u>PREFACE.</u>	<u>iii</u>
<u>KACHÁRI FOLK-TALES AND RHYMES.</u>	<u>1</u>
<u><i>An accused person's statement in Assamese and Kachári.</i></u>	<u>1</u>
<u><i>Dùimâ dùisâ ni khorâng.</i></u>	<u>3</u>
<u><i>Sâse olsiâ gâthâ nê khorâng.</i></u>	<u>6</u>
<u><i>Gâthâ mâmra nî khorâng.</i></u>	<u>9</u>
<u><i>Sâse phâlângi gâthâni khorâng.</i></u>	<u>11</u>
<u><i>Bîdâ binânaunî khorâng.</i></u>	<u>15</u>
<u><i>Embu Bonglâ nî Khorâng.</i></u>	<u>19</u>
<u><i>Mùi ârù daukhâ dandâ nî khorâng.</i></u>	<u>22</u>
<u><i>Brai sâse ni khorâng.</i></u>	<u>24</u>
<u><i>Mùkhrâ ârù Sessâ nî Khorâng.</i></u>	<u>27</u>
<u><i>Khusung ârù Mùkhrâ.</i></u>	<u>32</u>
<u><i>Bâmun deâru binî sâkor nî khorâng.</i></u>	<u>34</u>
<u><i>Âbrâ nî khorâng.</i></u>	<u>38</u>
<u><i>Sâ-snî âbrâ nî khorâng.</i></u>	<u>42</u>
<u><i>Khânâ khuzâ nî khorâng.</i></u>	<u>46</u>
<u><i>Sâse âbrâ brai nî khorâng.</i></u>	<u>50</u>
<u><i>Brai bûrùini khorâng.</i></u>	<u>52</u>
<u>FOLK SONGS AND NURSERY RHYMES.</u>	<u>56</u>

COLOPHON

Corrections

The following corrections have been applied to the text:

Page	Source	Correction
iii , 5 , 5 , 17 , 21 , 60	[<i>Not in source</i>]	.
iv	identical	identical
1 , 4	,	.
4	ng	Âng
5 , 5	Sri	Srî
6	hùnânâi	hùnânai
6	ol iâ	olsiâ
6	oidang- ùi	oidang-hùi
7 , 9 , 17	angnù	ângnù
7	khi-” thâ-i-ù	khithâ-i-ù
7	búnnânai	bùnnânai
7	”	[<i>Deleted</i>]
9	Bir	Bîr
12 , 20	.	[<i>Deleted</i>]
12	dihonnânai	dîhonnânai
16	dânnu	dânnù
19	dangmân	dangman
19	khâmúi	khâmùi
20	lânânâi	lânânai
22	hùnânai	hùnânai
22 , 46	khorang	khorâng

22	Binĩkhai	Bĩnikhai
24	khoráng	khorâng
26	Obânú	Obânù
26, 54	bĩsúr	bĩsùr
26	Obású	Obásù
26	Obânû	Obânù
26	Beaunú	Beaunù
27	âgúi	âgùi
27	raukhòbú	raukhòbù
27	dúi	dùi
27	Mùkhrá	Mùkhrâ
27	Khoràng	Khorâng
27	mânsùìà	mânsùìâ
28	lui	lùi
28	lúi	lùi
28	ângnú	ângnù
28	hú	ù
28	Múkhrá	Mùkhrâ
28	bú	bù
28	ârú	ârù
28	nu-zâ-húi-nai-sui-lâiù	nu-zâ-hùi-nai-sui-lâiù
28	ang	âng
29	múkhrâiâ	mùkhrâiâ
31	hanânai	hannânai
32	thalit	thâlit
33	húnânai	hùnânai
33	múkhrâiâ	mùkhrâiâ
34	beaunú	beaunù
35	sakhorâ	sâkhorâ
35	duluse	dùlùse

36	bifurkhô	bîfûrkhô
36	hanu	hanù
37	ângnu	ângnù
38	Abrà	Âbrâ
38	ní	nî
38	khoràng	khorâng
38	súngnaise	sùngnaise
38	múiâ	mùiâ
40	mânsúiâ	mânsùiâ
40	âbrânú	âbrânù
40, 43	hunânai	hùnânai
44	zangfur	zangfùr
44	oinu	oinù
44	Zangfur	Zangfùr
45	gĩnânai	gĩnânai
46	Sânúi	Sânùi
46	Ângnú	Ângnù
46	thângúi	thângùi
48	bû	bù
49	Zâkhoâ-nú	Zâkhoâ-nù
49	Sikhi	Sikhî
49	bhâgú-khô	bhâgù-khô
50	hùnanai	hùnânai
50	boinifraî	boinîfrai
51	bùriù-khô	bùrùi-khô
53	mânsuiâ	mânsùiâ
53	bangnaise	bungnaise
55	sikhau-fúr-khô	sikhau-fùr-khô
55	zang-fur	zang-fùr
24	bán	ban

30	[<i>Not in source</i>]	,
59	Ágùì	Âgùì
60	he-lùî	he-lùi
61	Adâ	Âdâ
61	bânaini-nî	bânai-nî

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