

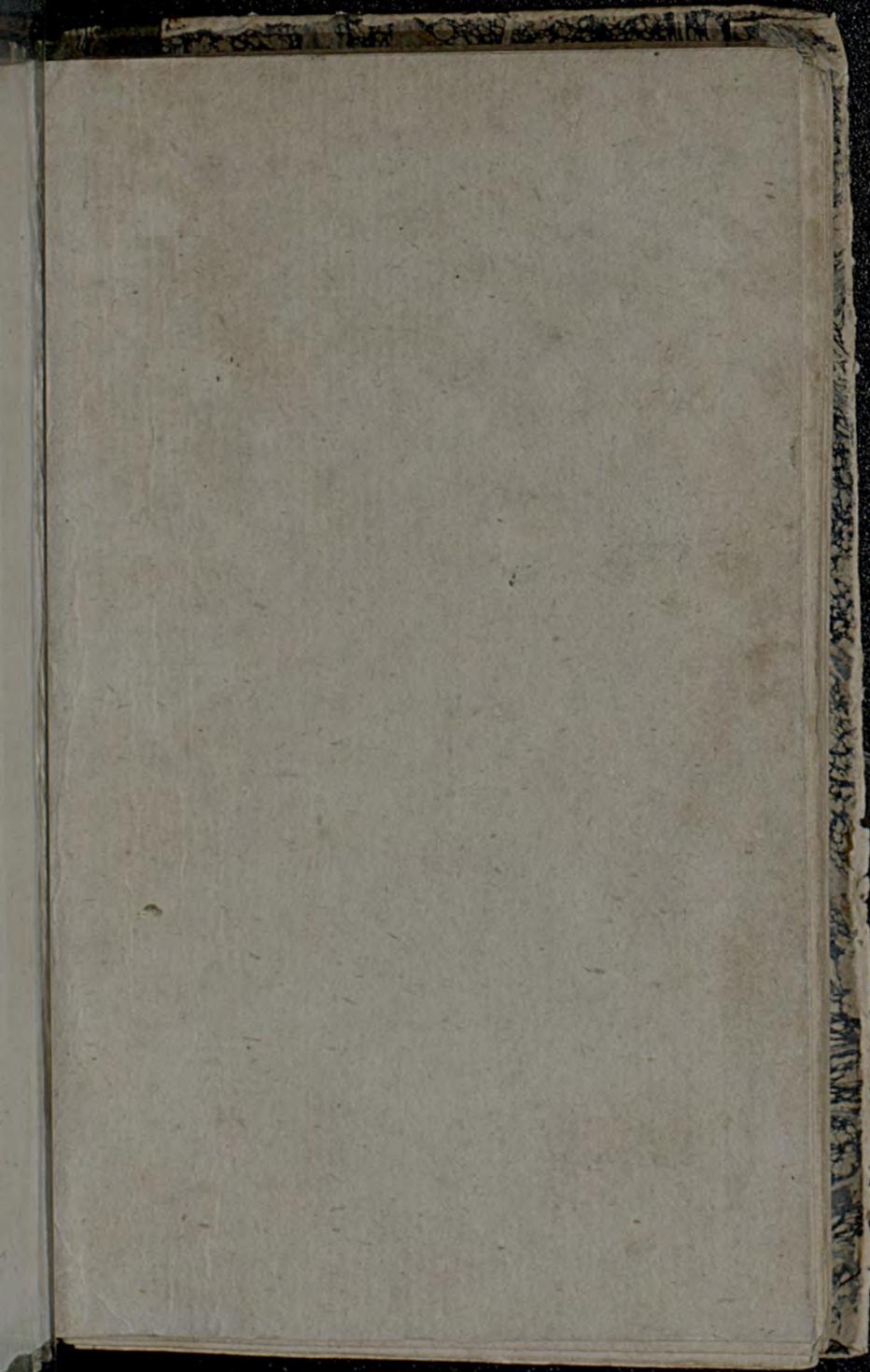


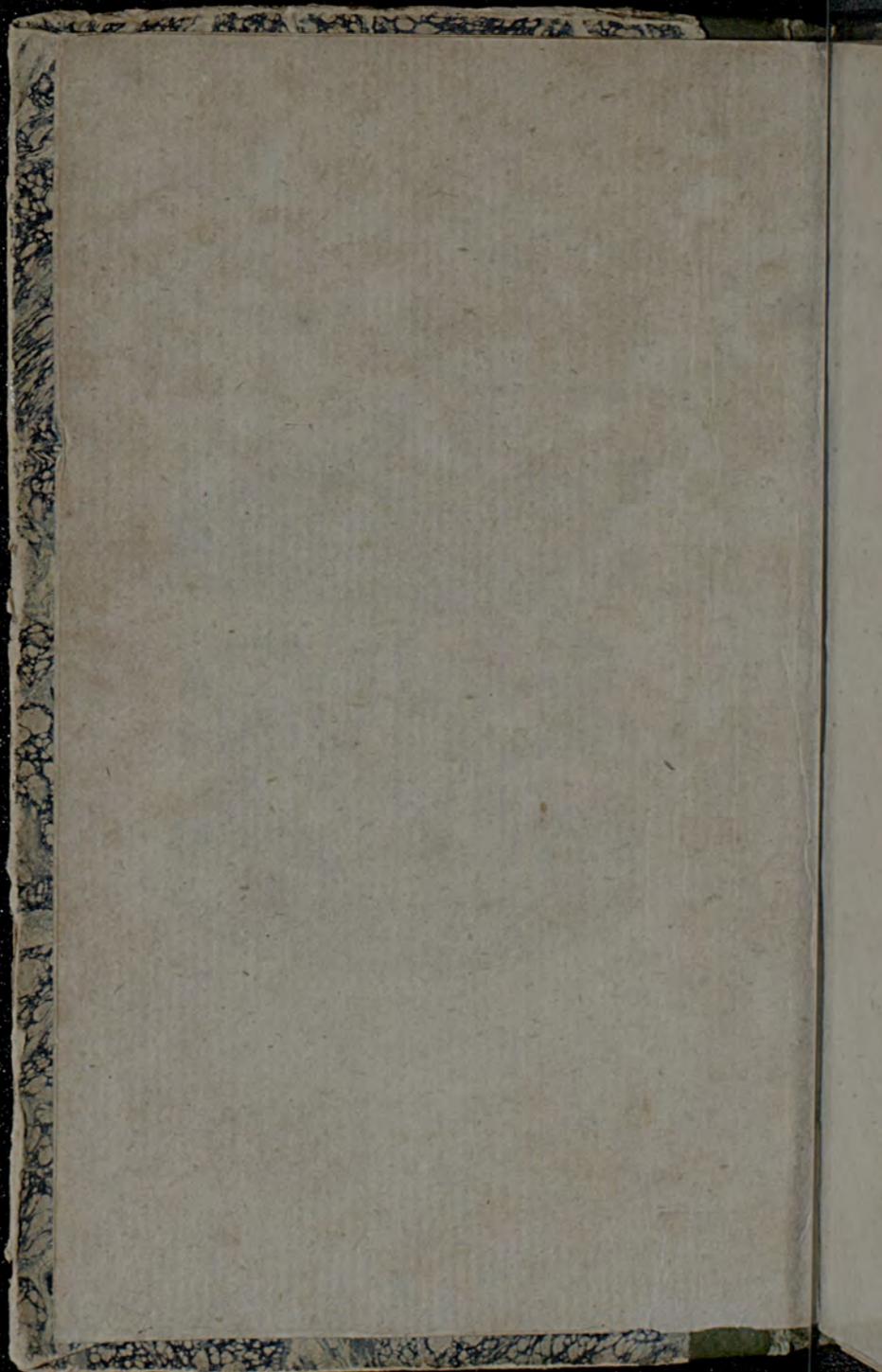
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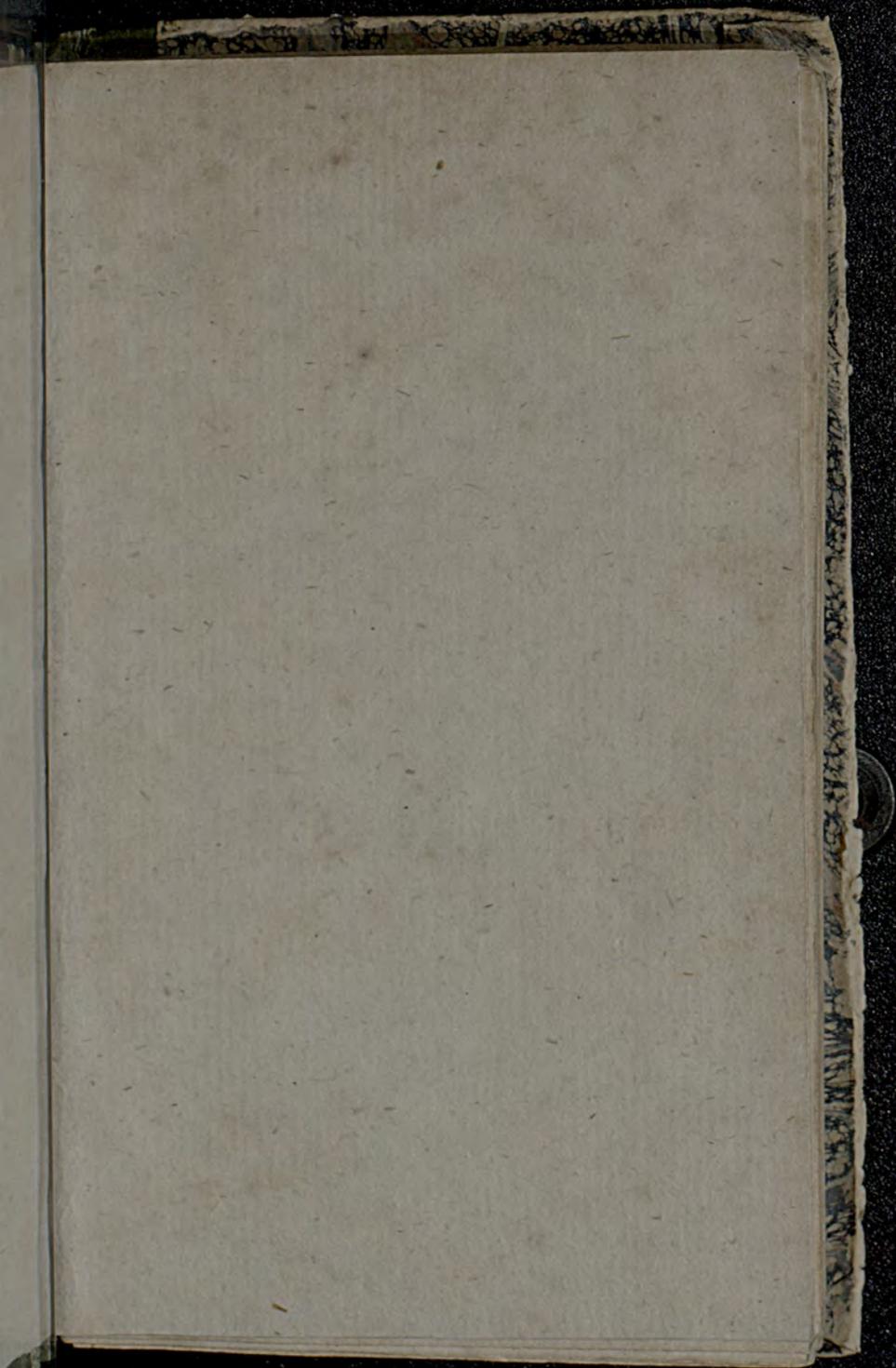


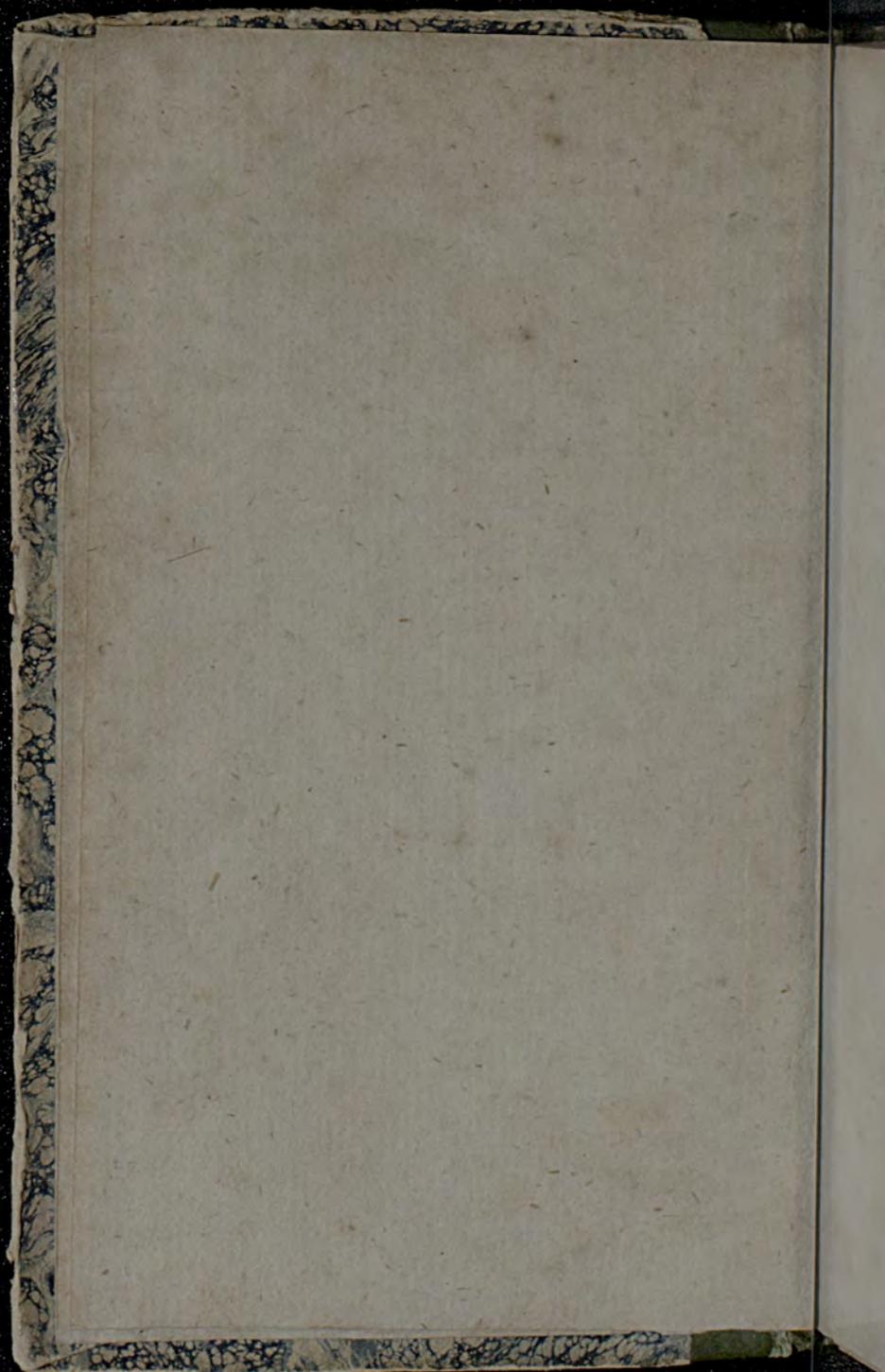
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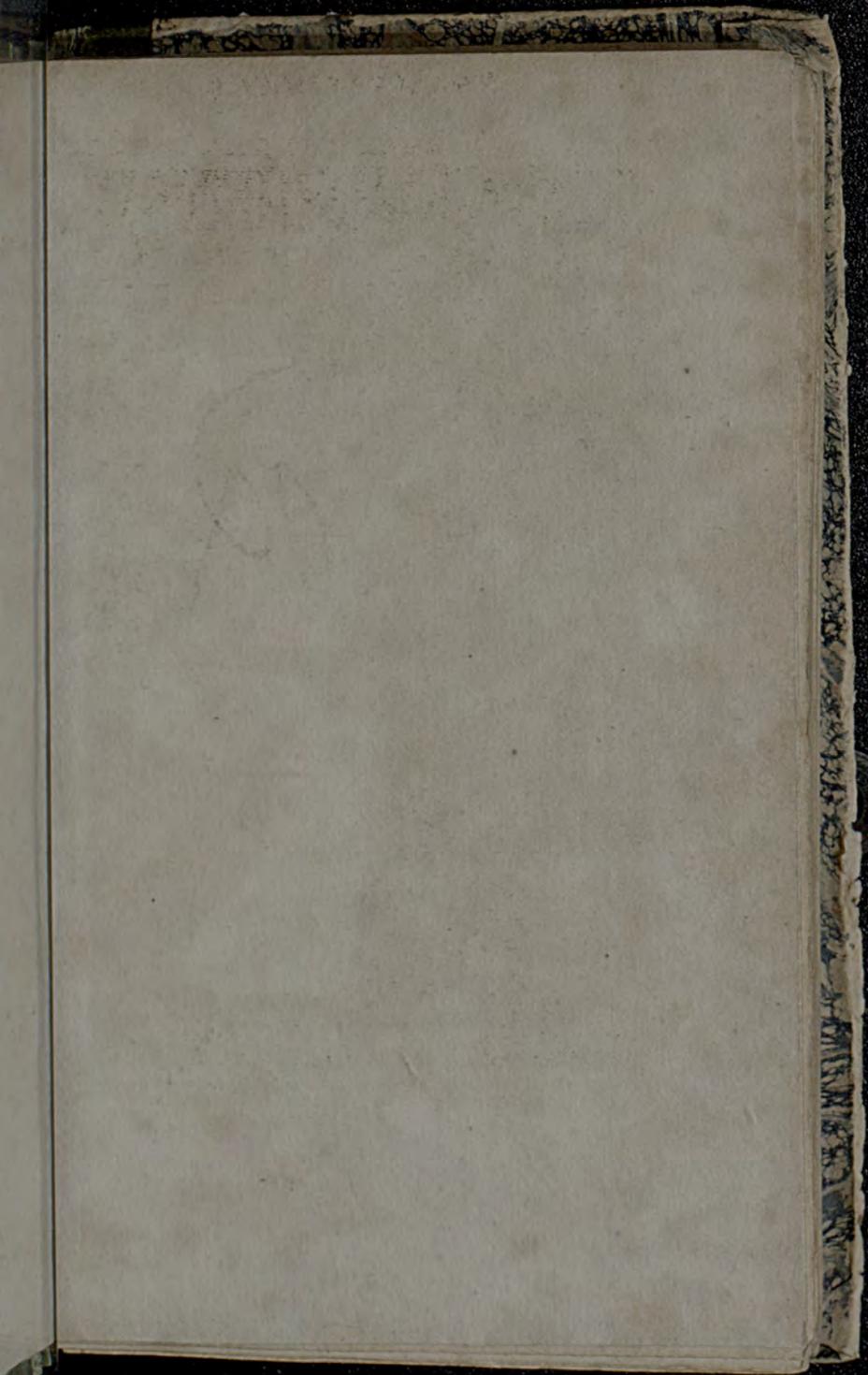
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Indian Cottage?

Page 104.

Charlotte Henry
1800

THE
INDIAN COTTAGE.

BY
JAMES HENRY BERNARDIN
DE
SAINT-PIERRE.

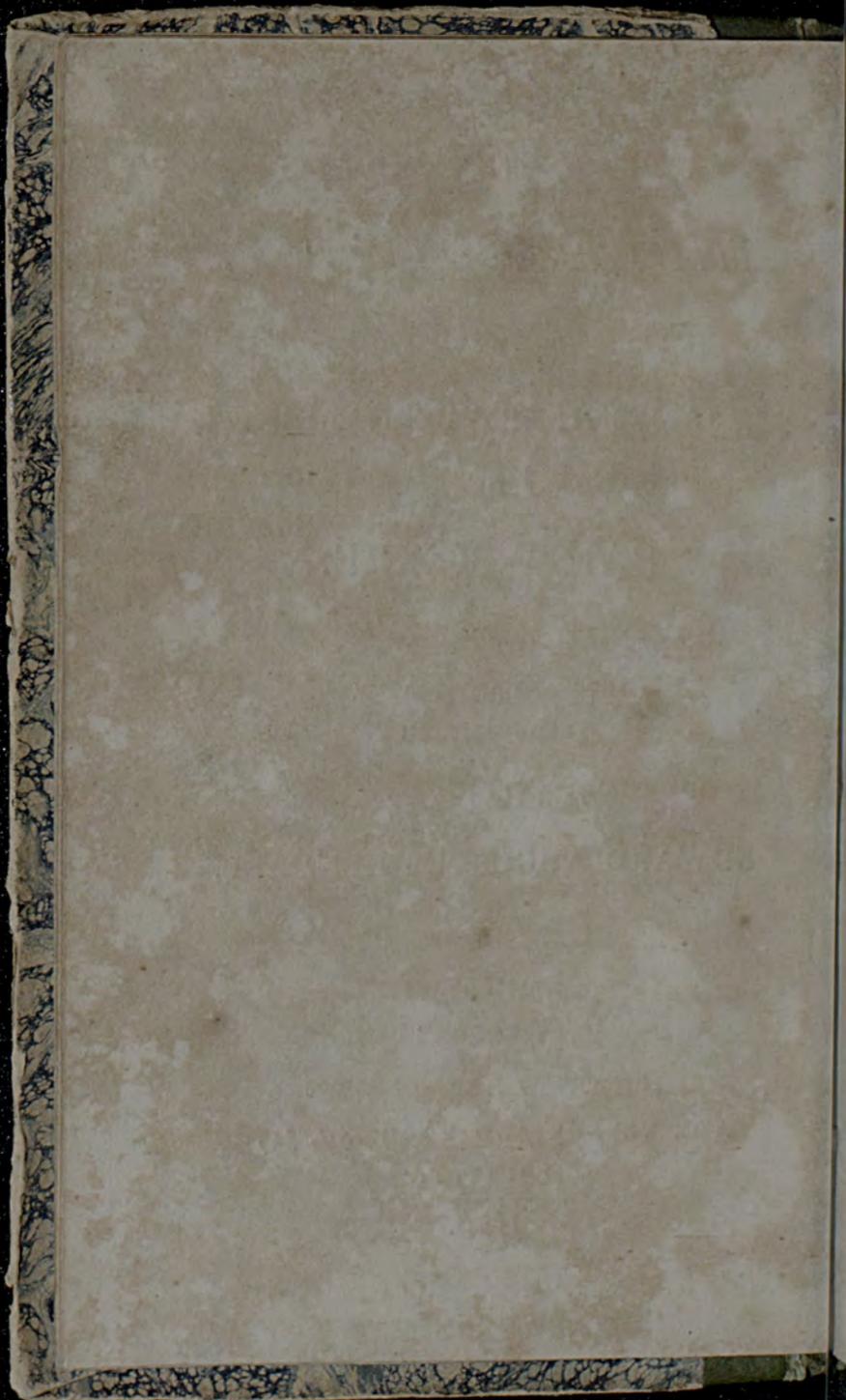
Miseris succurrere disco.—*Virgil.*

TRANSLATED BY
EDWARD AUGUSTUS KENDALL.

London:

PRINTED BY J. SWAN AND CO.
FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, NO. 31,
POULTRY.

1799.



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THIS little indian tale was originally written by Saint-Pierre, as an episode to his account of his voyage to the Isle of France. Having, therein, spoken of the Indians who reside in that island, he wished to subjoin a picture of the manners of those that live in India; sketched from very interesting notices which he had received upon the subject; and connected in his work with an historic anecdote that is given at its commencement. This anecdote respects a company of learned Englishmen, sent, about thirty years ago, into various parts of the world,

to collect information upon various objects of science. Perceiving, however, that this episode formed an intire digression in his work, he chose to render it a separate publication.

“ I protest,” says Saint-Pierre, “ that, I have not intended to cast any ridicule upon academies, though they have given me reason to complain of them: not, indeed, in any thing that regards my own person, but in behalf of truth, which they frequently persecute, when it contradicts their systems. I am, moreover, much indebted to several learned Englishmen, who, without acquaintance with myself, moved by their attachment to the general interests

interests of science, have honored my *Studies of Nature* with the most glorious suffrages. The character which I have given to one of their associates is an unequivocal proof of my esteem. Assuredly, I am justified in regarding their attempt to import the illumination of foreign countries as an effort that deserves the gratitude of their own: so, likewise, I consider their exportation of english science into uncultivated countries, by the voyages of Cook and Banks, as worthy of that of all the human race. It is not, then, science, in its self, that I censure: but I have wished to shew that, learned bodies, by their ambition, their jealousies, and their
preju-

prejudices, too frequently serve only to impede its progress.

“I have proposed to myself a still more useful end: it is to administer relief to the evils with which humanity is afflicted in the Indies. My motto is: ‘to succour the wretched*’: and I extend this sentiment to all mankind. If philosophy formerly came from the Indies to Europe, why may it not now return from civilized Europe to India, which, in its turn, is become barbarous? A learned society is about to be formed at Calcutta†, that will one day, perhaps, destroy the prejudices of India, and

* *Miseris succurrere disco*: I learn to succour the wretched.

† The Asiatic Society.

by that benefaction compensate the miseries that it has suffered from european wars, and european commerce. For myself, who have no power, in order to give graces and pretensions to favor to my arguments, I have endeavored to deck them with those of a tale."

The introduction of an Englishman into this story is merely incidental. So far as regards the purpose of the fable, the Englishman is to be understood as the representative of the learned world: he is made a native of England, only because it would have been false to say of any other nation that, it had engaged in a similar enterprize: Saint-Pierre, nevertheless, evincing a
spirit

spirit of philanthropy that does him the highest honor, fearful of feeding national prejudices, has thought it necessary to apologize. The second design of this tale, respecting the indian people, is so new, and so generous, that, Saint-Pierre may well be envied the luxury of having accomplished such a task.

The general scope of the fable, considered as addressed to every people, is, To shew the superiority of pure and simple nature over all that is artificial: and such are books. The justness of this argument is obvious: for books are useful only when they shew us how to read the volume of Nature.

THE
INDIAN COTTAGE.

SEVERAL men of literature, in London, undertook, about thirty years ago, to search, through various parts of the world, for every information respecting the sciences, and whatever could tend toward enlightening mankind, and increasing their happiness. Their expenses were defrayed by various persons of fortune: by merchants, noblemen, bishops; by the universities, and royal family of England; and by several of the sovereigns of Northern Europe.

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To each of these learned men, who were twenty in number, the Royal Society presented a book. It contained a collection of queries, the solutions of which they were to use their utmost industry to obtain. There were three thousand and five hundred queries: and though every traveller had different subjects of inquiry, adapted to the particular route that he was to follow; yet the queries were so connected with each other that, any light thrown upon one, would necessarily extend to all the rest. The president, who, with the assistance of the fellows of the society, had composed them, well knew that the clearing of one difficulty frequently depends upon the solution of another; and that,
again,

again, upon a preceding one : so that, in the pursuit of truth, we are led much farther than we expected. In fine, to use the very words employed by the president, in his instructions, the plan adopted was the most sublime edifice that any nation had ever erected in behalf of the progress of human knowledge : and it evinces, added he, the utility of academic bodies, for the purpose of assembling together all the truths that are scattered over the earth.

Each of the travellers received, beside his volume of questions, a commission to purchase, on his way, the most ancient editions of the Bible, and the most rare manuscripts of every description : or, at least, to spare nothing that could procure

good copies. For these purposes, the subscribers assisted them with letters of recommendation, addressed to the consuls, ministers, and ambassadors of Great Britain, to whose stations their journies might lead them: and, what was still better, they were provided with good bills of exchange, indorsed by the most eminent bankers in London.

A doctor, the most learned of these adventurers, who understood the hebrew, the arabic, and hindoo languages, was sent over land to India, that cradle of all the arts, and of all the sciences. In his way thither, he arrived in Holland; and visited, first, the synagogue at Amsterdam, and then the synod of Dortrecht. Passing through France, he talked with doctors

tors of the Sorbonne, and saw the Academy of Sciences at Paris. In Italy, he went to a great number of academies, of museums, and of libraries: among others, the museum at Florence, the library of St. Mark at Venice, and that of the Vatican at Rome. Being at Rome, he hesitated whether he should not go into Spain, to consult the famous university of Salamanca: but, fearing the inquisition, he preferred immediate embarkation for Turkey.

He arrived at Constantinople, and, with the assistance of his money, obtained the permission of an effendi, to examine all the books at the mosque of St. Sophia. Thence he went into Egypt, among the Cophts: leaving these, he

joined the Maronites of Mount Libanon, and the Monks of Mount Cassin: and afterward passed to Sana, in Arabia; then to Ispahan, to Kandahar, to Delhi, and to Agra. At length, after travelling during three years, he reached the banks of the Ganges, at Benares, the Athens of India, where he conversed with the Bra-
mins.

His collection of original books, of rare manuscripts, of copies, and extracts, together with his own observations, had, by this time, become the most considerable that any individual ever procured. To give some idea of this vast treasury of science, it may be sufficient to say that, it formed ninety bales; and that it weighed no less than nine thousand,
five

five hundred, and forty pounds, troy weight.

With this rich cargo of illumination, the traveller was about commencing his return to London; delighting himself with the thought that he had surpassed even the hopes of the Royal Society; when, suddenly, a very obvious reflection rushed in upon his mind, and overwhelmed him with regret.

He reflected that, after having consulted jewish rabbis, protestant clergy, and the superintendants of the lutheran churches; the doctors of the Catholics, the academicians of Paris, of La Crusca, of the Arcades, and of four and twenty other establishments in Italy; grecian Papas, turkish Molhas, armenian Ver-

biefts, persian Sèdres and Cafys, arabian Scheics, ancient Parsees, indian Pandits; after having, in fact, ransacked the literary stores of Europe and of Asia, he had not been able to answer any one of the three thousand and five hundred questions of the Royal Society: on the contrary, he had only contributed to multiply doubts! Now, as all the questions were connected with each other, it followed that, reversing the words of the illustrious president, the obscurity of one solution obscured the evidence of another: the clearest truths were become problematical; and it was utterly impossible to unravel one thread of this vast labyrinth of contradictory replies and authorities.

The

The learned traveller considered the subject in a very clear point of view : among the questions which he had attempted to resolve, were two hundred upon hebrew theology; four hundred and eighty concerning the various communions of the greek and roman churches; three hundred and twelve on the ancient religion of the Bramins; five hundred and eight upon the sanscreeet, or sacred, language; three upon the present condition of the indian people; two hundred and eleven respecting the english commerce with the Indians; seven hundred and twenty-nine upon the ancient monuments in the islands of Elephanta and Salfetta, in the neighbourhood of the island of Bombay; five upon

the antiquity of the world; six hundred and seventy-three upon the origin of ambergris, and upon the properties of the different species of bezoar stones; one on the cause, which has never yet been examined, of the course of the Indian Ocean, which flows toward the east, during one six months, and toward the west, during the other; and three hundred and seventy-eight upon the sources and periodical inundations of the Ganges. The doctor had also been requested to make a point of gathering, in the course of his journey, every possible information respecting the source and inundations of the Nile; a topic which has engaged the learned of Europe during so many ages: but he considered this matter as already
ready

ready sufficiently discussed; and, beside, irrelevant to the object of his mission.

Now, he had obtained, upon an average, five answers to each of the questions of the Royal Society; thus, the number of his solutions of the three thousand and five hundred questions amounted to seventeen thousand and five hundred: and if we suppose that each of the other nineteen travellers procured a like collection, it would follow, that the Royal Society received three hundred and fifty thousand difficulties to be unravelled, before it could establish one truth upon a solid basis. Thus, all their information, instead of making each proposition to converge to a single centre, according to the words of the instructions, made all to diverge,

without the possibility of approximation.

Another consideration gave yet greater uneasiness to the doctor: notwithstanding that he had employed, in his laborious researches, all the temper of his national character, together with a politeness of manners that was peculiar to himself, he had made implacable enemies of the greater part of the learned men with whom he had argued. "What will become then," said he, "of the quiet of my countrymen, when, instead of truth, I shall carry them, in my ninety bales, new subjects for doubts and disputations?"

Thus full of vexation, he was upon the point of embarking for England, when the Bramins of Benares informed him

him, that the superior Bramin of the famous Pagoda of Jagernaut, situate upon the coast of Orixa, near one of the mouths of the Ganges, was the only person capable of resolving all the questions of the Royal Society of London. He was, in reality, the most famous pandit that has ever been heard of; and was consulted by persons from all parts of India, and several of the kingdoms of Asia.

The doctor immediately set out for Calcutta, where he informed the superintendant of the East India Company of his design to visit the Bramin at Jagernaut. The superintendant, for the honor of his nation, and the glory of the sciences, completely equipped him for
his

his journey. He gave the doctor a palanquin, with curtains of crimson silk, with studs of gold; and two relays, of four each, of stout *coulis*, or bearers; two common porters; a water-bearer; a gullet-bearer, for his refreshment; a pipe-bearer; an umbrella-bearer, to shade him from the sun; a misol-gee, or torch-bearer, for the night; a wood-cutter; two cooks; two camels, and their leaders, to carry his provisions and baggage; two pioneers, or runners, to announce his approach; four sea-poys, or rajah-pouts, mounted upon persian horses, to escort him; and a standard-bearer, bearing upon his standard the arms of England.

One would have taken this man of science, thus equipaged, for some commissary of the India Company. There was, however, this difference: the learned man, instead of seeking presents, was about to bestow them. As it is customary, in India, never to appear before persons of distinction with empty hands, the superintendant had supplied the traveller, at the expense of the nation, with a fine telescope and a persian foot-carpet, for the chief of the Bramins; elegant chintzes, for his wife; and three pieces of chinese taffeta, red, white, and yellow, to make scarfs for his disciples. These being laid upon the camels, the Englishman, with his book of the questions

tions of the Royal Society, began his journey.

Upon his way, he debated within his self, with which question he should begin his enquiries of the chief of the Bra- mins of Jagernaut? Whether he should commence with one of the three hun- dred and seventy-eight, concerning the sources and inundations of the Ganges, or with that which regarded the alter- nate courses of the Indian Sea, which might lead to the discovery of the sources and alternate movements of the ocean in all parts of the world: but, as this ques- tion, though infinitely more interesting to natural philosophy than any that for so many ages have been agitated respecting the sources, or even the risings of the Nile,

Nile, had not yet attracted the attention of the learned of Europe, he determined rather to question the Bramin on the universality of the deluge; that subject of perpetual dispute; or, going still higher, to ask whether it was true that the sun, according to the tradition of the egyptian priests, recorded by Herodotus, has several times changed his course? or, higher yet, to speak of the antiquity of the world, to which the Indians assign so many millions of years. Sometimes he thought that it might be most useful to consult the aged Bramin upon what may be the best form of government for a nation; or, on the rights of man, of which the code is no where to be found.

found. But these questions were not in his book.

“First of all, however,” said the doctor, “it seems to me, that I should ask the Indian pandit, through what medium may truth be discovered? for, if it be by that of reason, which I have hitherto employed, the reason of one man differs from that of another. I ought, likewise, to ask him, where is it proper to search for truth? for if it be in books—books contradict one another. And lastly, I should say, ought truth to be communicated to mankind? for those who do this are always hated. Here are three primary questions which our illustrious president forgot. If the Bramin of Jagenaut can solve these, I shall become possessed

possession of the key of all knowledge; and, what will be still better, I shall live in peace with all the world. It was thus that he reasoned with himself.

After a march of ten days, he arrived upon the coast of the Bay of Bengal. On his way, he was perpetually met by pilgrims, returning from Jagernaut, who were filled with admiration of the wisdom of the chief of the pandits. On the eleventh day, he beheld the red and lofty walls, the galleries, the domes, and the white marble turrets of Jagernaut's pagoda, that, seated upon the beach, seems to assume the dominion of the sea. It rises from the centre of nine avenues of evergreen trees, which point toward as many kingdoms: that of palms to Ceylon;

Ceylon; of teeks to Golconda; of co-coas to Arabia; of mangoes to Persia; of fan-palms to Thibet; of bamboos to China; of almonds to the kingdom of Ava; of sandals to that of Siam, and the islands of the Indian Sea.

The doctor arrived at the pagoda through the avenue of bamboos, which borders the Ganges, and the enchanted isles at the mouth of that river. This pagoda is so lofty, that it may be seen at the distance of a day's journey; so that though the Englishman perceived it at sun rise, he did not reach it before evening. When he drew near, he was astonished at its vastness and magnificence. Its brazen doors reflected the glory of the setting sun; and the eagles hovered
round

round its top, that faded into the clouds of heaven. It was surrounded by large basins of white marble, the transparent waters of which reflected its domes, its galleries, and its porches: encompassing these, were spacious courts and gardens, on every side of which were large buildings, inhabited by the Bramins, who ministered in the pagoda.

The pioneers had no sooner announced the doctor's approach, than a band of young dancing-girls, with garlands of sweet flowers around their necks, and around their waists, came out of one of the gardens, singing, and dancing, to the music of tabors. The doctor, amid their perfumes, their dances, and their music, advanced to the door of the pagoda. Far within,

within, he beheld, by the light of many lamps of gold and of silver, the statue of Jagernaut, or, the seventeenth incarnation of Brama, in the form of a pyramid, without hands or feet: for he had lost these in an attempt to carry the world, in order to effect its salvation*. At the foot of the statue, penitents were prostrated, with their faces against the ground, who, with loud voices, promised to hang themselves, by their shoulders, to his chariot, upon the day of his festival: others there were, who promised to lie down, upon the same occasion, and suffer themselves to be crushed beneath the wheels.

* See Kircher.

Though

Though the sight of these fanatics, who utter deep groans while pronouncing their horrible vows, filled the doctor with a sort of terror, he was about to enter the pagoda, when an old Bramin, who attended at the door, stopped him to inquire what had brought him thither? When he had been informed, he acquainted the doctor that, being an impure person, he could by no means be presented before Jagernaut, nor his high priest, until he had been washed three times in one of the baths of the temple; nor, until he had put away from himself whatever was made of any part of an animal: more especially of the hair of a cow, because that creature is adored by the Bramins; and

and of the hair of a pig, because swine are their aversion.

“What can I do, then?” said the doctor. “I have brought with me, a persian carpet, made of the hair of the goat of Angora, and stuffs of China, made from the silk of the worm, as a present for the chief of the Bramins!”

All things, answered the Bramin, that are presented to the temple of Jagernaut, or to his high priest, are purified by the very act of giving; but the case differs with regard to your clothes.

In consequence of this decision, the doctor was obliged to take off his great coat of english broad cloth, his shoes of goat-skin, and his beaver hat. Then, the old Bramin, after washing the Englishman

man three times, covered him with calico of the colour of fandal-wood, and conducted him to the entrance of the apartment of the chief bramin.

The doctor was going in, with his book of questions under his arm, when his introducer asked him, with what material the book was covered? "It is bound in calf-skin," replied the doctor. "What!" cried the angry bramin, "did I not tell you that the cow is adored by the bramins, and will you dare to appear before the chief with a book in your hand that is covered with the skin of a calf?" The Englishman must inevitably have gone to purify ^{him} his self in the Ganges, if he had not removed the difficulty by presenting his guide with a few pagodas;

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and

and by leaving his book of questions in his palanquin. He consoled himself for the privation of it, by saying, "to be sure, I have only three questions to ask of the learned Indian. I shall be satisfied if he teaches me through what medium truth is to be sought, where it is to be found, and whether it is proper to communicate it to mankind."

Clothed in a garment of cotton, his head uncovered, and his feet bare, he was, at length, led into the presence-chamber of the high-priest of Jager-naut. It was a large saloon, supported by columns of sandal-wood; its green walls, made of stucco, mixed with cowdung, were so bright and highly polished, that they seemed one vast mirror, reflecting

fleeting from every side the persons who were present; and the floor was covered with exceedingly fine mats, each six feet square. At the farther end of the saloon, in an alcove that was surrounded by a balustrade of ebony-wood, the doctor discerned, through a trellis of red and varnished indian canes, the venerable priest, the chief of the pandits. He had a white beard, and round his head were passed three fillets of cotton, according to the costume of the bramins. He was seated on a yellow carpet; his legs were crossed, and his whole figure was so entirely motionless that, even his eyes could not be seen to move. Some of his disciples drove away the flies from him, with fans of peacocks feathers;

others burned the perfume of aloes-wood, in silver censers; and others, with dulcimers, produced sweet and soft music. The rest, who were very numerous, and among whom were faquirs, joguis, and fantons, were ranged in several rows, along the sides of the hall, in profound silence, their eyes fixed upon the ground, and their arms crossed upon their breasts.

The Englishman was desirous of advancing immediately toward the chief pandit, to pay his respects; but his introducer kept him at the distance of nine mats; assuring him that the omrahs, or great lords of India, never were permitted to approach nearer; that the rajahs, or sovereigns, went only to six mats; the princes, sons of the mogul, to three; and
that,

that, only the mogul, ~~his~~ self, was allowed the honor of approaching near enough to the venerable chief to kiss his feet.

In the mean time, several bramins carried to the foot of the alcove the telescope, the chintzes, the pieces of silk, and the carpet, which the doctor's attendants had brought to the entrance of the saloon. The chief bramin having cast his eyes upon them, but without expressing the smallest mark of approbation, they were carried to the inner apartment. The doctor was about to begin a fine speech in the hindoo tongue, when his guide interrupted it, and informed him that he should wait for the questions of the high-priest. He was now made to sit

C 3 down,

down, with his legs crossed, as a taylor, according to the eastern manner. He murmured within ~~his~~^{him} self at being obliged to submit to so many formalities: but what would not a man do for the acquisition of truth, especially after he has travelled to the Indies in its pursuit?

When he was thus seated, the music ceased; and, after some moments of profound silence, the chief of the pandits inquired of him, why he had come to Jagernaut?

Notwithstanding that these words were spoken by the high-priest in the indian language, and sufficiently distinct to be heard by every person in the assembly, the doctor was not permitted to reply until

til they were repeated by one faquir to another, and by the second to a third, who recited them to him. He then answered, in the same language, that, he had come to Jagernaut to consult the chief of the bramins, whose reputation was so great, upon this question: "Through what medium may truth be found?" This reply was transmitted to the chief of the pandits by the same interlocutors, and in the same progressive manner as that in which the inquiry had been brought; and the same form was observed during the whole audience.

The old pandit, putting on a solemn air, replied: "Truth can be discovered only through the medium of the bramins." Immediately the whole assem-

bly bowed in admiration of the reply of their chief.

“Where,” cried the doctor, with earnestness, “where must we search for truth?” “All truth,” replied the indian sage, “is concentered within the four BETHS, which were written in the sanfercet language, an hundred and twenty thousand years ago, and which only the Bramins understand.”

At these words the whole saloon was filled with plaudits.

The doctor, checking his temper, said to the high-priest of Jagernaut: “Since God has inclosed all knowledge in books which only the bramins understand, it follows that He has interdicted the larger part of mankind from acquiring knowledge

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ledge: for the greater number of the inhabitants of the world are even ignorant of the existence of the bramins. Now, if this were really the case, God would be unjust!"

"Brama wills it thus," replied the high priest: "it is impossible to argue against the will of Brama." The applauses of the assembly were louder than ever. When these had ceased, the doctor proposed his third question:

"Ought truth to be communicated to mankind?"

"It is frequently proper," said the old pandit, "to conceal truth from the world in general: but to reveal it to the bramins is an indispensable duty.

“How!” cried the doctor, in a rage, “Truth must be told to the bramins, who never reveal it to any one! Truly the bramins are very unjust.”

At these words a violent tumult arose in the assembly. It had patiently heard God taxed with injustice, but it could not with equal calmness hear itself reproached. The pandits, the faquirs, the fantons, the bramins, and their disciples, were desirous of arguing all at once with the doctor: but the high-priest of Jagernaut caused them to be silent, by clapping his hands, and saying these words very distinctly:

“The bramins never dispute, like the doctors of Europe.”

After

After this, he rose, and retired, amid the acclamations of the assembly, which murmured greatly against the doctor, and would probably have done him some mischief but for their dread of the English, whose power is so great, upon the banks of the Ganges.

The doctor having been conducted out of the saloon, was told by his guide that, the holy father would have presented him with sherbet, with betel, and with perfumes, had he not been offended. "It is I who have reason to be angry," replied the doctor, "after having taken so much trouble to no purpose: but what is it that I have done, of which your chief has to complain?"

“Ha!” cried the bramin, “Do you ask what it is that you have done? Did you not enter into dispute with him? Do you not know that he is the oracle of the Indies; and that each of his words is a ray of wisdom?”

“I never should have doubted it:” said the doctor: putting on his coat, his shoes, and his hat.

The weather was stormy, and night coming on, wherefore he asked leave to sleep in one of the apartments of the pagoda: but this indulgence was refused him, because he was a *frangui*, or impure person. The ceremony having fatigued him, he begged a little drink. They gave him water, and when he returned the cup, they broke it, because

cause he had made it impure by drinking from it.

Offended at this insult, he called his people, who were prostrate upon the steps of the pagoda; and having seated ~~him~~ himself in his palanquin, he began his return through the avenue of bamboos, beneath a cloudy sky, and when darkness was fast advancing.

On his way, he said, within ^{him} his self:
“The indian proverb is very true which says that, Every European, who comes to India, learns patience, if he had it not; and loses it, if he had. For my part, I have lost mine. It seems that I cannot be informed, Through what medium truth is to be found, where it is to be sought, nor whether it be right to communicate

municate it to mankind. Man, then, is condemned, in all parts of the world, to ceaseless errors and disputes: so much for the trouble of coming to India, to consult the bramins!”

While he thus passed along, wrapt in meditation, one of those hurricanes arose which, in India, are called typhons. The wind came from the sea, and forcing the water of the Ganges to flow backward, drove it against the islands at the embouchure of that river, dashing its foamy waves upon the banks. It lifted up columns of sand from the shores, and clouds of leaves from the forests, and whirling them high into the air, carried them furiously over the river and the fields. Sometimes it rushed along the
avenues

avenues of bamboo ; and though these indian reeds are as lofty as the largest trees, it shook them like little herbs of the meadow. Through the whirling dust and leaves, one part of the long avenue of waving reeds was seen bent down to the ground, upon the right hand and upon the left, while another was rising again from the power of the storm, with loud groaning noises.

The retinue, fearful of being crushed to death, or drowned by the waves of the Ganges, which already overflowed its shores, went across the fields, and travelled at hazard toward the neighbouring heights. Meantime, night came on, and, during three hours, they proceeded in perfect darkness, without the least knowledge

ledge of their way: at length, a flash of lightning broke through the clouds, and illumined all the horizon, and they beheld, far away to the right, the pagoda of Jagernaut, the isles of the Ganges, and the billowy ocean; and, directly before them, a little valley, and a wood, between two hills. Thither they hastened for shelter; and they approached the entrance of the valley, terrified by incessantly-pealing thunders. The valley was walled in, as it were, with rocks, and filled with aged trees, of an amazing size, whose trunks remained immovable as those rocks ~~themselves~~ ^{themselves}; though the tempest bent their topmost branches at pleasure, and mingled their noises with its horrors.

This

This antique forest seemed an asylum of peace, but it was scarcely penetrable. Rattan reeds winded in every direction at its entrance, and grew luxuriantly at the feet of the trees; and *liannes*, which interlaced one trunk with another, presented, upon every side, a strong rampart of foliage, in which, here and there, breaches of verdure discovered ~~their~~ *the m* selves, but they were not passable. The rajah-pouts, however, cut their way with their sabres, and all the people of the suite followed them, with the palanquin. They had expected, here, a refuge from the storm: but the deluging rain fell upon them from the trees in a thousand torrents. At this comfortless moment they perceived, through the branches, a light,
in

in a little hut, in the narrowest part of the valley.

Thither ran the misol-gee, to light his torch, which the winds and rain had long extinguished: but he presently returned, panting for breath, and crying out: "keep away! keep away! there is a Paria!" Instantly the whole troop betrayed excessive alarm, and re-echoed: "a Paria! a Paria!"

The doctor caught up his pistols, imagining that some ferocious beast was approaching, and eagerly asked: "what is a Paria?"—"A Paria," replied the Indian, "is a man who has neither faith nor law!"

"It is an Indian," added the chief of the rajah-pouts, "whose cast is infamous:
whom

whom any one may kill, if he chance but to be touched by him. If we were to go into his hovel, nine moons must pass away before we should dare to enter any pagoda; and, moreover, to purify ourselves, we must bathe nine times in the Ganges, and be washed, as often, by a bramin, in the urine of a cow."—All the Indians cried out: "We will not enter the hovel of a Paria!"

"By what circumstance," said the doctor to his torch-bearer, "by what circumstance did you know your countryman to be a Paria? That is, how did you know him to be a man without faith, and without law?"

"I knew this," replied the torch-bearer, "because, when I opened the
door

door of his hut, I saw him lying upon the same mat with his dog, and his wife, to whom I saw him giving drink in the horn of a cow!" All the Indians cried out, again: "We will not enter the dwelling of a Paria!"

"Stay here, if you please;" said the doctor: "for my part, all casts of Indians are the same to me, when I am in need of shelter from the rain."

Saying these words, he left his palanquin: and, taking under his arm his book of questions, and his night-dress, and in his hand his pistols, and his pipe, he went alone to the door of the cottage. He had scarcely knocked when a man of a very pleasing countenance opened the door, and, retreating respectfully, said:
"Master,

“Master, I am only a poor Paria; and not worthy to receive you: but I shall be greatly honored if, notwithstanding, you condescend to take shelter in my hut!”

“My brother,” returned the Englishman, “I receive your hospitality with thanks!”

When he had entered, the Paria went out with a torch in his hand, carrying a bundle of wood upon his back, and a basket full of cocoa nuts and bananas under his arm; and going to the people of the doctor’s retinue, who remained under a tree at some distance, he said:

“As you will not do me the honor to enter my hut, here are fruits, inclosed in their own rinds, which you may eat with-
out

out defiling yourselves; and here is fire, to dry you, and to preserve you from the tygers; and may God preserve you!"

Re-entering his cottage, he said to the doctor: "Master, I tell you again that, I am only an unfortunate Paria: but, as I see from your dress and colour that you are not an Indian, I hope that you will have no dislike to the food which your poor servant has to offer to you. Then he laid upon a mat, spread upon the ground, mangoes, cream-apples, ananas, potatoes baked in the cinders, broiled bananas, and a pot of rice, mixed with sugar, and the milk of the cocoa nut. After this he retired to his own mat, near his wife and his infant, that was sleeping in a cradle.

"Good

“Good man,” said the Englishman, why do you talk of unworthiness? You are much better than I, for you do good to those who despise you! If you will not honor me so far as to sit upon the same mat with me, I shall believe that you do not think well of me; and I will instantly leave your cottage, though I may be drowned by the rain, or devoured by the tygers.”

The Paria came and sat down upon the same mat, and both ate heartily. In the mean time the doctor enjoyed inexpressible pleasure at being thus secure and comfortable in the midst of the tempest. The cottage was immoveable, because, beside that it was built in the narrowest, and most sheltered part of the valley, it
was

was also under a *war*, or banyan-fig-tree: the branches of which, by throwing out bundles of roots at their extremities, formed as many arches for the support of the principal trunk. The foliage of this tree was so thick, that a single drop of water could not pass through it; and although the terrible howlings of the tempest were plainly heard, yet neither the smoke of the fire, which passed through the middle of the roof, nor the flame of the lamp, were agitated, even in the slightest degree. The doctor admired, still more, the serenity of his companions: the Indian, and his wife, and their child, black and polished like ebony, who ~~was~~ were sleeping in the cradle, while its mother rocked it with her foot, and at
the

the same time amused herself by making a little necklace for him, of black and red Angola peas. The father cast looks full of tenderness upon the one and the other alternately. Even the dog enjoyed the common happiness: lying before the fire, beside a cat, he opened his eyes every now and then, and sighed, looking at his master.

When the Englishman had ate as much as he chose, the Paria presented to him a live coal, to light his pipe with; and, having lit his own, he made a sign to his wife, who brought, upon a mat, two dishes of cocoa, and a large calabash, full of punch, which she had prepared, during supper, with arrack, citron-juice, and the juice of the sugar-cane.

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While

While they thus sociably drank and smoaked together, the doctor said to the Indian: "I believe that you are one of the happiest men that I ever met with: and, consequently, the wisest. Permit me to ask you a few questions. How is it that your dwelling is so quiet, in the midst of this dreadful storm? All the while, you have no other shelter than a tree; and trees attract thunder!"

"Never, replied the Paria: "the thunder never falls upon a banyan-fig-tree."

"Ha! that is very curious!" cried the Englishman: "undoubtedly then it is because this tree has a negative electricity, like the laurel."

"I do not understand you;" replied the Paria; "my wife believes that, it is because
the

the god Brama found shelter, one day, under its branches: for my part, I think that, God, in these stormy climates, having given to the fig-tree of the banyans a very thick foliage, and arches formed of its branches, under which men might seek refuge, will not suffer it to be struck by thunder."

"Your reply is full of religion:" replied the doctor. "Thus your tranquillity results from your confidence in God. Conscience is a better safeguard than science. Tell me, I pray you, to what sect you belong: for you are not of any of those of India, since no Indian will hold any intercourse with you. In the list of learned casts which I was to consult in the course of my travels, I never found

that of the Parias. In what canton of India is your pagoda?"

"In every one," answered the Paria: "my pagoda is nature: at the rising of the sun I adore its maker, and praise him at its setting. Taught by misfortune, I never refuse succour to one more unhappy than myself. I try to make my wife, and my child happy, and even my dog and my cat. I wait for death to end my life, as for a pleasant slumber at the close of day."

"In what book," cried the doctor, "in what book have you discovered these principles?"

"In that of nature;" replied the Indian, "I know no other."

"Ah!

“Ah! it is a grand book!” exclaimed the doctor; “but who taught you to read it?”

“Misfortune:” answered the Paria: “I was born of a cast that is reputed infamous, in my country: incapable of being an Indian, I am become a Man: driven from Society, I have found shelter in Nature.”

“But, in this your solitude, you have a few books at least?”

“Not one:” answered the Paria, “I can neither write nor read.”

“You are saved from many perplexities,” said the doctor, rubbing his forehead: “for my part, I have been sent from England, my country, to seek truth through many nations, for the sake

of enlightening mankind, and increasing their happiness: but, after many useless researches, and disagreeable disputes, I have concluded that, to seek truth is a downright folly: because, if one should happen to find it, one cannot communicate it to the world without creating numberless enemies. Tell me, sincerely, do you not think as I do?"

"Though I am but an ignorant man," replied the Paria, "yet, since you permit me to give my opinion, I think that every individual should seek truth, for the sake of his own welfare: otherwise he will become avaricious, envious, superstitious, wicked, nay, even a cannibal; following merely the prejudices or interests of those by whom he happens to be educated."

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The doctor, who had his three questions, that he proposed to the chief pandit, continually in his mind, was delighted with the reply of the Paria: "Since you think it the duty of every man," said he, "to seek truth, tell me, then, Through what medium it may be found? For, our senses mislead us, and, still more, does our reason make us wander. The variations of reason are as numerous as the individuals who possess it; and it is founded, I believe, only upon their particular interests: and this is the reason why it differs in every part of the world. There are not two religions, two nations, two tribes, two families—what do I say?—two men, who think in the same manner. With which perception

ought we then to seek truth, if the understanding is of no use?

“I believe,” replied the Paria, “that it should be with a simple heart. The senses and the judgment may deceive: but a simple heart, though it may be deceived, never, itself, deceives.”

“Your reply is profound,” said the doctor: “Man must seek truth, not with his judgment, but with his heart. All men feel in the same manner, but they reason differently: because, the principles of truth are in nature; and, because the inferences which they would draw from them, are, in fact, in their own interests. It is then with a simple heart that we should seek truth: for a simple heart never pretends to understand that which

it

it does not understand; nor, to believe that which it does not believe. It will not first assist its own deception, and afterward that of others. Thus a simple heart, far from being weak, as are the hearts of the greater part of mankind, seduced by partial interests, is strong; and thoroughly capable of seeking truth, and of preserving it."

"You have expressed my idea much better than I could have done myself," said the Paria: "truth is like the dew of heaven; to preserve it pure, it should be received in a pure cistern."

"That is well said, you honest man!" exclaimed the Englishman: "but the principal difficulty remains: Where must we look for truth? Simpleness of heart

depends upon ourselves, but truth upon other men. Where shall we find truth, if those by whom we are surrounded are seduced by their prejudices, or corrupted by their interests, as for the most part they are? I have travelled among many peoples, I have pored upon their books, I have conversed with their learned; but, every where, I have found nothing but contradictions, doubts, and doctrines, a thousand times more various than their languages. If, then, truth is not to be found in the most celebrated repositories of human knowledge, where is it to be sought? What is the use of a simple heart, among men whose judgments are false, and whose hearts are corrupt?"

“ I should

“ I should suspect truth itself,” said the Paria, “ if I received it only through the medium of man ; truth should be sought, not in mankind, but in nature. Nature is the source of every thing which exists ; her language is not unintelligible, or variable, like that of men and their books. Men make books, but nature makes things. To found truth upon a book would be as if we were to found it upon a picture, or upon a statue, which can interest only one country, and which time alters day by day. Books are the work of man ; nature is the work of God.”

“ You are perfectly right,” rejoined the doctor : “ Nature is the source of natural truths ; but where, for instance, is the

source of historic truths, if not in books? How can we ascertain, to-day, the truth of a fact which happened two thousand years ago? Were those who have transmitted it to us free from prejudices? Had they nothing of the spirit of party? Had these simple hearts? Besides, do not the books which have been handed down to us need copyists, printers, commentators, translators, and have none of these destroyed a little of their truth? As you have very rightly said, a book is only the work of man: we must give up all historical truths, since they come to us only through the medium of men, who are liable to error."

"Of what import to our happiness," said the Indian, "is the history of things past?"

past? The history of that which now is, is the history of that which is past, and of that which will be."

"Very well," said the Englishman: "but you must allow that moral truths are necessary to the happiness of the human race. How shall we find these in nature? Animals make war among their selves, and kill and devour each other: the very elements battle against elements: should man and man do the same?"

"O, no!" replied the Paria: "but every man will find the law of his conduct in his own heart, if his heart is simple. Nature has written there this law: *Do not that to others which you would not wish others to do unto you.*"

"It

“It is very true,” answered the doctor: “Nature has erected the general interests of the world upon the particular interests of each individual: but how shall we discover religious truths, obscured among the traditions, and rituals, that divide nations?”

“In nature herself,” replied the Paria: “if we contemplate her with a simple heart, we shall see God in his power, in his wisdom, and in his bounty; and as we are weak, ignorant, and miserable, what more can we need to engage us to worship him, to pray to him, and to love him all our lives, without wrangling with one another?”

“Admirable!” cried the Englishman: “But tell me, now, whether, when we
have

have discovered a truth, we ought to communicate it to other men. If you publish truth, you will be persecuted by a multitude of people who live by contrary errors; who will assert that their error is the truth, and call every doctrine erroneous that tends to destroy their favorite falsehood."

"We should communicate truth," said the Paria, "only to men of simple hearts: that is, to good men, who seek it: not to the wicked, who repel it. Truth is as a fine pearl, and the bad man as a crocodile, who cannot put the pearl in his ears, because he has none. If you throw a pearl to a crocodile, instead of adorning ^{him} his self, he will try to devour it; he will break his teeth in the attempt,

attempt, and then rush upon you, his benefactor."

"I have only one objection remaining," said the Englishman: "it follows, from what you have said, that, men are condemned to error, though truth be necessary to their happiness: for since they persecute those who tell them the truth, where is the teacher that shall dare instruct them?"

"He," replied the Paria, "that ~~him~~ *him* self persecutes men for the sake of their improvement: Misfortune." "Oh! for once," cried the Englishman, "for once, man of nature, I believe that you are mistaken. Misfortune immerges men in superstition: it debases the heart and the mind. The more miserable that men
are,

are, the more are they worthless, credulous, and ferocious."

"That is, because they are not sufficiently unfortunate," replied the Paria: "Misfortune is like the black mountain of Bember, at the extremity of the sultry kingdom of Lahore: while you are ascending it, you see nothing before you but barren rocks: but, when you have gained the summit, heaven expands over your head, and, at your feet, is the kingdom of Cashmere!"

"Charming and just comparison!" replied the Englishman: "every one, in truth, has, in this life, his mountain to climb. Yours, virtuous solitary, has been very steep and rugged, for you are elevated above all the men that I know. You then,

then, I fear, have been very unhappy : but tell me, now, why your cast is so despised in India, and that of the bramins so highly honored? I am just returned from visiting the superior of the pagoda of Jagernaut, who has no more mind than his idol, and who causes ~~his~~ ^{him} self to be worshipped as a god."

"It is," said the Paria, "because the bramins have a tradition that, in the beginning, ~~their~~ ^{them} selves came from the head of the god, Brama; and that, the Parias ~~are~~ ^{fant} descended from his feet: they add, that, Brama, being travelling one day, asked a paria for something to eat, who presented him with human flesh: on account of these traditions, their cast is honored, and ours execrated, over all India.

dia. We are not permitted to enter the cities, and every *nair*, or rajah-pout, may kill us if we do but approach him within the distance of our breath."

"By St. George," cried the Englishman, "this is very absurd and unjust! How can the bramins persuade the rest of the people into this foolery?"

"By teaching it them in their infancy;" said the Paria; "and by incessant repetition; men are instructed like parrots."

"Unfortunate man!" cried the Englishman, "what have you done to raise yourself from the abyss of infamy into which you have been plunged, by the bramins, at your very birth? I know nothing that is so miserable to a man, as to
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be rendered vile in his own eyes: this robs him of his best consolation; for the truest of all is that, which we find within our own bosoms."

"In the first place," said the Paria, "I say to myself, is this history of the god, Brama, certainly true? It is only the bramins, who have an interest in giving ~~their~~ ^{them} selves a celestial origin, that are the relaters of the story. They invented, I doubt not, the tradition of a paria's having attempted to make Brama a cannibal, for the sake of revenging ~~their~~ ^{them} selves of the Parias, who refuse to believe a doctrine that clothes them with sanctity. After this, I reasoned thus: let us suppose the story true, still, God is just, and he will not make a whole cast guilty

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ty of the crime of one of its members, when the cast itself had no share in the action. But, even supposing that the whole cast had taken part in the offence, their descendants are not their accomplices. God no more punishes, in the children, the faults of their forefathers, whom they have never seen, than he punishes in the forefathers the faults of their little children yet unborn. Yet, suppose again, that I do suffer, at this day, part of the punishment of a paria who offended his God, millions of years ago, though I had no share in the offence—Can any thing—is it possible that—any thing hated by God can live? If God had cursed me, nothing that I plant would flourish! To conclude, I said to myself, I will
suppose

suppose that I am hated by God, who, nevertheless, bestows so many blessings upon me; I will endeavor to reconcile him to me by doing good, according to his example, to those whom I have reason to hate."

"But how did you contrive to subsist," asked the Englishman, "thus driven away from all the world?"

"At first," answered the Paria, "I said within myself, If all the world is thine enemy, be thou thine own friend. Thy misfortune does not exceed thy means of bearing it. However largely the rains may descend, a little bird receives only a little drop at a time.—I went into the woods, and along the seashores, in search of food, but I most frequently

quently collected only wild fruits, and was hourly in dread of fierce beasts; from this I learned that, Nature has made almost nothing that is capable of being enjoyed by man alone, and that she had connected my existence with society, that thus cast me from its bosom. Then I traversed the deserted fields, which are very numerous in India, and I always met with some eatable plant, that had survived the wreck of its cultivators. In this manner I travelled from province to province, sure of finding subsistence every where, among the ruins of agriculture. When I found the seeds of any useful plant, I used to put them into the earth, saying, "if not for myself, it will be for others." I found myself less
miserable

miserable when I saw I that could do some service.

“ There was one thing that I passionately wished for—it was to enter the cities. I admired, at a distance, their ramparts and their towers, the prodigious concourse of vessels upon their rivers, and of caravans upon their roads, loaded with merchandise from all points of the horizon; troops of soldiers, who came from remote provinces to do duty there; processions of ambassadors, with their numerous retinues, who came from foreign kingdoms to notify fortunate events, or to form alliances.

“ I approached the avenues as near as I was permitted, contemplating with astonishment the long columns of dust

which

which so many travellers raised; and I leaped with desire, at the confused noise which issues from large cities, and which, in the neighbouring fields, resembles the murmurings of the waves that break upon the shores of the sea. I said to myself: an assemblage of men of so many different conditions, who join together their industry, their wealth, and their pleasures, must make a city a delightful abode! Though I may not go near to it by day, what should prevent me entering it during the night? A feeble mouse, that has so many enemies, goes and comes when she will, under favor of darkness: she passes from the cottage of the peasant to the palaces of kings. The light of the stars is sufficient for the en-

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joyment

joyment of its life, why should I need that of the sun?

“It was in the environs of Delhi that I made these reflections; and they so emboldened me that, when night came on, I entered that city by the gate of Lahore. I passed through a long solitary street, formed on each side by houses with terraces that were supported by arches, under which were shops of tradesmen. At distances from each other I saw large well-secured caravanferas, and spacious bazars, or market places, where, now, was the profoundest silence. In approaching the interior of the city, I crossed the magnificent quarter of the omrahs, full of palaces and gardens, seated upon the bank of the Jumnah. All around me, I
heard

heard the sounds of instruments, and the songs of bayadres, who danced by torch-light, by the side of the river. I stood at the door of a garden, for the sake of enjoying this sweet sight; but I was presently repulsed by slaves, who were placed there to drive away the miserable with the blows of clubs. Leaving, then, the residence of the great, I passed near several pagodas of my religion, where many unfortunates were prostrate, giving themselves up to tears. I hastened from the sight of these monuments of superstition and of terror. Farther on, the shrill voices of the mollahs, who, high above, called the hour of the night, led me to know that I was passing under the minarets of a mosque.

“ Near this were the european factories, with their pavilions, and their watchmen, who cried out, incessantly, *haber-dar!* take care of yourself! Next, I passed a large building, which I knew to be a prison, by the noise of chains and of groans, which issued from it. Soon after, I heard the moans of sickness from a vast hospital, whence carriages came out, that were loaded with dead.

“ Going on, I met robbers who fled along the streets; patrols who pursued them; groups of beggars who, notwithstanding blows, begged, at the doors of palaces for some of the refuse of the feasts; and, in every street, I saw women who publicly prostituted ^{them} ~~their~~ selves, that they might procure something to eat. At
length,

length, after a long walk through the same street, I came to an immense square, which surrounds the fortress that is the residence of the great mogul. It was covered with the tents of the rajahs, or nabobs, of his guard, and with the tents of their squadrons, which were distinguished from each other by flambeaus, standards, and long canes, crowned with the tails of the cows of Thibet. A large fosse filled with water, and hedged with artillery, encompassed the fortress. I beheld, by the light of the fires of the guards, the height of the towers, which almost elevated their selves into the clouds, and the length of the ramparts that seemed to lose their selves in the horizon. I ardently wished to go within

fide; but the great korahs, or whips, that were hung upon the posts, took away all my inclination. I went, therefore, to one of the extremities, near some negro slaves, who gave me leave to sit down among them, by their fire. Thence I contemplated the imperial palace, with admiration: I said: this, then, is the abode of the happiest of men! It is to procure obedience to him that so many religions are propagated; for his glory that so many ambassadors arrive; for his treasury that so many provinces are exhausted; for his gratification that so many caravans travel; and for his safety that so many armed men watch in silence.

“ While these reflections were passing in my mind, loud cries of joy echoed through

merce, had accorded a factory at the embouchure of the Ganges, had built a fortrefs there, and were become mafters of the navigation of the river. Some moments after the arrival of thefe two couriers, an officer, at the head of a detachment of guards, came out of the caſtle. The mogul had given him orders to go into the quarter of the omrahs, and to bring thence three of the principal, loaded with chains; for they were accused of holding correſpondence with the enemies of the ſtate. He had arreſted a mollah, the day before, who, in one of his ſermons, had uttered an elogy on the king of Perſia; and had roundly ſaid that, the emperor of India was an infidel, becauſe, contrary to the law of Mahomet, he drank wine.

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This officer was now, also, to cause one of the wives of the mogul, and two of the captains of his guard, to be strangled, and thrown into the Jumnah; for these were convicted of having assisted the rebellion of his son.

“ While I was meditating upon these unfortunate events, a large column of fire rose suddenly from one of the kitchens of the seraglio. Its clouds of smoke mingled with the night, and its red flame illumined the towers of the fortrefs, the fosses, the square, the minarets of the city, and coloured the horizon. Immediately, the kettle-drums and the karnas, or great hautboys, of the guard, founded an alarm, with a terrifying noise: squadrons of cavalry went
E 5 through

through the city, forcing open the doors of the houses in the neighbourhood, and with their korahs, compelling the inhabitants to run to the fire. I myself, too, experienced how dangerous to the little is the neighbourhood of the great. The great are like fire, which consumes even those who throw incense upon it, if they approach too near.

“ I wished to escape, but every avenue of the place was shut. It would have been impossible to me to escape, if it had not happened that, by the providence of God, I was on the same side with the seraglio. The eunuchs, in carrying away the women, upon elephants, assisted my flight; for, while the guards were every where driving the
people

people to the fire, with blows from their whips, they forced the elephants, to keep from it, with blasts of the trumpet.

“ Thus, pursued by one party, and driven back by another, I left this frightful chaos; and, by the light of the fire, I gained the other extremity of the suburbs, where, under little huts, far from the great, the people rest in peace from their labors. There, I began to breathe again: I said to myself: I have now seen a city! I have seen the residence of the masters of nations! Oh! of how many masters are not these, ~~their~~ their selves, the slaves! They are obedient, even in the hours of rest, to pleasures, to ambition, to superstition, to avarice! even during sleep they have to fear a crowd

of miserable and maleficent wretches, by whom they are furrounded: robbers, beggars, courtezans, incendiaries—even their foldiers, their nobles, their priests! What must a city be by day, if it is thus unquiet in the night?

“The miseries of man increase with his enjoyments. Of how many miseries then must the emperor, who has every gratification, have to complain! He has to dread civil and foreign wars; and even the objects of his consolation and defence: his generals, his guards, his mollahs, his wives, and his children! The fosses of his fortress cannot keep away the phantoms of superstition; nor his elephants, so finely caparisoned, drive from him the blackest cares. For myself,

self, I have none of all this to dread: no tyrant has obtained dominion over my body, nor over my soul. I can serve God according to my conscience; and I have nothing to fear from any man, if I do not torment myself: indeed, a Paria is less unhappy than an Emperor. In uttering these words the tears came into mine eyes: I fell upon my knees; and I thanked heaven, who, to teach me to support my evils, had shewn me others more intolerable.

“ Since that time, I have never gone farther into Delhi than its suburbs. Thence, I saw the stars illumine the habitations of men, and blend ~~their~~ *then* selves with their lights, as if heaven and the city had been only one domain. When
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the moon enlightened the landscape, I perceived other colours than those of day. I admired the towers, the houses, and the trees, silvered over, and covered with crape, that were reflected from afar in the waters of the Jumnah. I freely traversed the large and solitary quarters; and to me it seemed as if all the city were mine. Meantime, so odious does their religion render me, mankind would have refused me a handful of rice!

“Unable to find subsistence among the living, I sought it among the dead. I went to cemeteries, to eat the meats offered there by the piety of surviving relations. In these places I loved to meditate. I used to say: This is the city of peace: here power and pride are not;
inno-

innocence and virtue are safe; here all the fears of life die away—even that of dying. This is the inn where the traveller rests from his journey, and, where the Paria reposes! Full of these thoughts, I discovered death to be desirable, and I learned to think lightly of the world. I gazed upon the orient, whence hosts of stars rose up, moment after moment; and, though I was ignorant of their destiny, I felt that, it was connected with that of man; I felt, that Nature, who has made so many objects to serve us that are invisible, has, at least, connected us with those which she has placed before our eyes. My soul sprang up, and joined the stars in the firmament: and when morning mingled her rosy tints with
their

their soft and everlasting lights, I fancied myself at the gate of heaven. But, when her fires gilded the summits of the pagodas, I vanished as a shadow: I went, far from man, to rest myself in the fields, at the foot of a tree, where I slept amid the warblings of birds."

"Unfortunate man, and full of sensibility," said the Englishman, "your story is very moving! the greater part of cities, believe me, should only be seen during night. After all, the nocturnal beauties of nature are not her least interesting ones: a famous poet of my country has celebrated only those. But, tell me, what did you do, at last, to make yourself happy in the day-time?"

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“It was no little matter to be happy in the night,” replied the Indian: “Nature resembles a fine woman, who, during day, shews to common eyes only the beauties of her face: but, in the night, reveals to her lover her more sacred charms. If solitude, however, has its pleasures, it has, also, its privations. To the unhappy it seems a tranquil port, whence he may behold the passions of other men rolling on, without moving ~~his~~ self: but, even while he congratulates his own immobility, time drags him, also, along. One cannot cast anchor in the stream of life: it carries with it both him who strives against its course, and him who abandons ~~his~~ self to it; the sage as well as the libertine—each arrives at the end of
his

his days, the one after having abused, the other without having enjoyed them.

“ I did not wish to be more wise than nature ; nor to find me happiness otherwise than by the laws which she has prescribed to man. More than all things, I longed for a friend, to whom I could communicate my joys and my sorrows. I searched long for such a one among my equals: but I could find none who were not envious. Nevertheless, I found one, sensible, grateful, faithful, and inaccessible to prejudices: in truth, it was not one of mine own species, but an animal—it was the dog that you see. It had been left—it was very little—in the corner of a street, where it was almost dead with famine. I was touched with compassion,
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I reared it; it became fond of me, and I made it my inseparable companion.

“This was not enough: I needed a friend more unhappy than a dog; one who knew all the evils of human society, and could help me to support mine: one who would desire only the riches of nature, and with whom I could share their enjoyment. It is only by interlacing ~~their~~ *them* selves that feeble shrubs resist the storm.

“Providence filled up the measure of my wishes in giving me a good wife. It was at the source of my sorrows that I found my happiness. One night, when I was in the cemetery of the brahmins, I perceived, by the light of the moon, a young brahmin, half covered with her yellow veil. I started back with
horror

horror at the sight of a woman of the blood of my tyrants: but compassion led me toward her, when I saw the task with which she was employed. She was placing food upon the hillock which covered the ashes of her mother, who had been burned alive a little while before, with the dead body of her husband; and she burned incense to call up her departed shade. Tears came into mine eyes, at seeing one more unfortunate than myself. I said: alas! I am bound with the bonds of infamy, thou, with those of glory. I am, at least, at the bottom of my precipice: but thou art always trembling on the brink of thine! The same destiny, which took away thy mother, threatens one day to take thee. Thou hast received

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ed but one life, and thou must die two deaths. If thine own death does not cast thee into the grave, that of thine husband will send thee thither alive!

“I wept, and she wept. Our eyes, filled with tears, met each other, and talked to each other, as to the unfortunate. She turned away her eyes, she covered herself with her veil, and she retired.

“The night following, I returned to the same place. This time, she had left a larger quantity of food upon her mother’s tomb. She thought that I needed it: and as the bramins frequently empoison their funeral offerings, to prevent their being ate by the Parias, she had brought only fruits.

“I left

“ I felt this token of humanity ; and, to express my respect for her filial offering, instead of taking, I laid flowers upon, it. They were poppies : which told the share that I took in her affliction.

“ On the following night, I saw, with joy, that, she had approved my homage : the poppies were watered, and she had placed another basket of fruit at some distance from the tomb. Her pity and attention emboldened me. Afraid, nevertheless, to speak to her as a Paria, for fear of offending her, I undertook to express, as a man, all the feelings which she had created within my soul. According to the custom of India, I borrowed the language of flowers, to obtain a hearing : I added marigolds to my poppies. The
night

night after, I found that my poppies and my marigolds had been watered. The night following I became more hardy: I joined, with the poppies and the marigolds, a flower of the *fulsapatte*, from which a black dye for leather is made, as an expression of humble and unfortunate affection. The next day, at dawn, I ran to the tomb, but I found my *fulsapatte* withered, because it had not been watered. The night following, with trembling expectation, I placed a tulip, the red leaves, and black heart of which, expressed the flame that burned within me: the next day, my tulip was in the same state as my *fulsapatte*. I was overwhelmed with shagrin: on the morrow, however, I carried a rose-bud, with its
thorns,

thorns, as a symbol of my hopes, surrounded by many fears. But what was my despair, when the first beams of day discovered to me my rose-bud far from the tomb! I thought that I should have lost my reason! Still, happen what might, I resolved to speak to her.

“The night following, I cast myself at her feet, presenting to her my rose: but I was not able to speak. She spoke first: she said: “Unfortunate wretch that I am, thou talkest to me of love—and soon, I shall be no more. Following the example of my mother, I shall accompany to the pile, my husband, who is just dead. He was old; I was an infant when I married him. Adieu! Go, and forget me—

me—in three days I shall be only a little parcel of ashes.”

“She sighed, as she said these words. I, overcome with affliction, said: “Miserable bramin, nature has broken the bonds with which society bound thee: break those of superstition thy self.—Thou canst, in taking me for thy husband.”

“What!” said she, weeping, “shall I escape death, to live with thee in infamy! Ah! if thou lovest me, leave me to die!”

“God forbid,” cried I, “that I should draw thee from thy own evils, only to plunge thee into mine! Lovely bramin, let us fly together into the depths of forests: it is better to trust to tygers than to men. But heaven, in which are all my
F hopes,

hopes, will not abandon us. Let us fly : love, the night, thy wretchedness, thy innocence, all favor us. Let us haste, unfortunate widow ! Already thy pile is prepared, and thy dead husband calls thee. Poor, broken *lianne*, lean upon me : I will be your palm-tree !”

“ Sobbing, she cast her eyes upon the tomb of her mother, and then toward heaven : one of her hands fell into mine, and, with the other, she took my rose. Immediately I caught her in my arms, and we began our flight. I cast her yellow veil into the Ganges, that her relations might believe her to be drowned.

“ During several nights we walked along the border of the river, concealing ourselves by day among the rice. At length

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we came to this part of the country, the inhabitants of which had been exterminated by ancient wars; and penetrating into the middle of this wood, I built this little cottage, and planted a little garden: here we live most happily. I venerate my wife, as the sun, and I love her as the moon. In this solitude we are all in all to each other: we are despised by the world: but as we esteem each other, the praises which we give and receive are sweeter to us than would be the applauses of a people." Saying these words, he looked at his infant, in its cradle, and at his wife, who shed tears of joy.

The doctor, drying up his own, said to his host: "Truly, that which is honored among men, frequently deserves

their contempt; and that which they contemn, often deserves to be honored. But God is just; you, in your obscurity, are a thousand times happier than the chief of the bramins of Jagernaut, in all his glory. He is exposed, in common with his cast, to all the revolutions of fortune. It is upon the bramins that the greater part of those evils fall with which civil and foreign wars have, for so many ages, desolated your delightful country: it is from the bramins that forced contributions are expected, on account of the dominion which they possess over the minds of the people. Moreover, what is still harder upon them, they, ~~their~~ *them* selves, are the first victims of their inhuman religion: By dint of preaching er-

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ror, they have so infected ~~their~~ selves that, they have lost the feeling of truth, of justice, of humanity, of piety: they are bound with those chains of superstition with which they would enslave their countrymen. They are obliged to wash and purify ~~their~~ selves every instant, and to abstain from a multitude of innocent enjoyments. In fine, what I cannot speak without horror, in consequence of their barbarous dogmas, they see their relations, their mothers, their sisters, and their own daughters, burned alive. Such are the punishments inflicted by Nature, whose laws they have violated. For you, you are permitted to be sincere, good, just, hospitable, pious; and you escape

the blows of fortune, and the miseries of opinion, by your humiliation itself."

After this conversation, the Paria took leave of his guest, to leave him to repose; and he retired, with his wife, and the child's cradle, into a little inner apartment.

The next morning, by day-break, the doctor was awakened by the singing of birds, whose nests were in the indian fig-tree; and by the voices of the Paria and his wife, who were repeating their prayer of the morning together. He rose, and was exceedingly concerned to find, when the Paria and his wife opened the door to wish him good day, that there was but one bed in the cottage, and that they had sitten up all night, to give it to him.

After

ers or with fruits. Even their stems were covered: the betel twined round the arec-palm-tree, and round the sugar-cane, the pepper-plant. The air was sweetened with their perfumes. The greater part of the trees were in the shade, the first rays of morning shone upon their tops; and there might be seen, vaulting from branch to branch, little snakes, shining like rubies and topazes: while bengalis, and *sensafoules*, or birds of five hundred notes, concealed under the dewy leaves, warbled from their nests the sweetest concerts.

The doctor was walking under these charming shades, relieved from every learned, or ambitious thought, when the Paria came to invite him to breakfast.

“ Your

“Your garden is delightful,” said the Englishman: “I find no other fault with it than that it is too small; if I were in your place, I would add a bowling-green, and I would extend it into the forest.”

“Master,” replied the Paria, “the less space one occupies, the more one is sheltered: a leaf is sufficient for the nest of the fly-bird.” Saying these words, they entered into the cottage, where they found breakfast prepared; and, in a corner, the Paria’s wife was suckling her infant. After a silent repast, the doctor expressing an inclination to depart, the Paria said: “My guest, the plains are still covered by the rains of last night; the roads are impassable: stay with us for this day.” The doctor answered:
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“ I cannot, indeed; I have so many people with me.”

“ I see,” replied the Paria, “ that you are in haste to quit the country of the bramins, to return to that of the christians, whose religion makes them live as brethren!” The doctor sighed as he rose up.

Then, the Paria made a sign to his wife, who, with downcast eyes, presented a basket to the doctor, that was filled with flowers and fruits. The Paria, speaking for his wife, said: “ Master, excuse our poverty; we have nor ambergris nor aloe-wood with which to perfume our guests, according to the custom of India; we have only flowers and fruits; but I hope that you will not despise

spife

spise this little basket, which my wife has filled with her own hands. In it are neither poppies nor marigolds; but jasmynes, *mougris*, and bergamot flowers; these are symbols, for their perfume is lasting, of our affection; the remembrance of which will remain with us, even when we shall see you no more."

The doctor took the basket, and said to the Paria: "I cannot sufficiently acknowledge your hospitality, nor testify all the esteem that I bear you: accept this gold watch; it is made by Graham, the most famous watch-maker of London. It needs to be set only once in a year."

"Master," replied the Paria, "we have no need of a watch; we have one that
that

that goes always, and is never out of order; it is the fun."

"My watch strikes the hours," added the doctor.

"Our birds sing them," replied the Paria.

"Receive these coral beads, at least," said the doctor: "they will make red collars for your wife and your child."

"My wife, and my child," replied the Indian, "will never want red collars while our garden produces Angola peas."

"Accept then these pistols," said the doctor; "they will defend you, in your solitude, from robbers."

"Poverty," answered the Paria, "is a rampart, which keeps thieves far from us. The silver with which your pistols
are

are garnished would be sufficient to attract them. In the name of God, who protects us, and from whom we wait our recompense, do not take from us the price of our hospitality."

"I must beg, however," said the Englishman, "that you will receive something in remembrance of me."

"Well, my guest, since you wish it so," replied the Paria, "I will venture to propose an exchange: give me your pipe, do you accept mine: when I smoke in yours, I shall recollect that a pandit of Europe did not disdain to accept the hospitality of a poor Paria."

Immediately the doctor presented to him his pipe, made of English leather, with a mouth of yellow amber, and received

ceived in return that of the Paria, with a tube of bamboo, and an earthen bowl,

After this, he called his people, who were very uncomfortable, owing to the wretched night which they had passed, and having embraced the Paria, he seated ~~his~~ self in his palanquin.

The wife of the Paria, who wept, stood at the door of the cottage with her infant in her arms: but her husband accompanied the doctor to the outside of the wood, heaping benedictions upon him: "May God reward you," he said, "for your goodness to the unhappy! May he take me as a sacrifice for you! May he guide you prosperously to England, that country of learned and friendly men, who search for truth through all
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the world, for the sake of the happiness of mankind!"

The doctor replied: "I have traversed half the world; and have every where seen only error and discord: I never found truth and happiness, except in your cottage."

Saying these words, the doctor and the Paria separated from each other, shedding tears. The doctor had gone a considerable distance, when looking round, he saw the good Paria at the foot of a tree, who made signs with his hands, to bid him adieu.

The doctor, on his return to Calcutta, embarked for Chandernagore, whence he sailed for England. Arrived in London, he sent his ninety bales of manuscripts

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to the Royal Society, who deposited them in the British Museum. There, at this very day, the literati and the journalists are employed in making translations from them, and concordances, and elogies, and philippics, and criticisms, and pamphlets.

As to the doctor, he kept the Paria's three replies upon truth for ^{him} ~~his~~ self. He frequently smoked with the pipe; and when he was asked What he had learned during his travels that was most useful, replied: "Truth must be sought with a simple heart; it is only to be found in nature; it should be imparted only to good men:" to which he would add: "No one is happy without a good wife!"

F I N I S.

