LEGENDS
AND
MIRACLES OF BUDDHA,
SAKYA SINHA

PART I.

Translated from the Avadan Kalpalata of Bodhi-Sattwas,
Of the great Sanskrit Poet

KSHEMENDRA.

BY

NOBIN CHANDRA DAS, M.A.

OF THE BENGAL PROVINCIAL SERVICE, TRANSLATOR OF RAGHU-VAMSA.

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To
H. G. Cooke Esq., I.C.S.
Who has taken a most generous interest
in
The Author's Humble Works,
This Book is Respectfully
DEDICATED
by
His most Loyal Servant
Nobin Chandra Das.

KRISHNAGHAR,
4, September, 1895.
PREFACE.

In offering these pages to the public, my object has been to bring to their notice and specially to that of European scholars, some of the sublime sentiments and noble precepts which hitherto lay hidden in the undiscovered Sanskrit Buddhist works of India.

The high principles propounded by Buddha, Gautama or Sákya Sinha, which shaped the religion of most of the Asiatic nations, emanated from the doctrines and philosophy of the Indian Aryans. *

* Mr. R. C. Dutt, the translator of the Rig-Vedas, observed, "The cardinal tenets of Buddhism, the doctrine of Nirvána, and the doctrine of Karma were directly derived from Hindu ideas and Hindu practices, and Buddhism was the offspring of Hinduism." Buddhist Text Society’s Journal Vol. I. Pt. II.
Buddhism flourished in India as a religion, and as a system of ethics, or philosophy, under the powerful kings of Magadha, and owing to its similarity with the religion and ethics of the Vedas and the Upanishads, became in the lapse of time assimilated and merged in the latter. It lost its character as a separate religion and regained its original niche in the many-sided and all-comprehensive structure of Aryan or Brāhmanical philosophy, just as its great teacher, Buddha, himself was admitted into the Hindu Pantheon as an incarnation of the Deity, the highest position to which a man can aspire.*

Naturally enough, the same doctrine, propagated in the countries beyond Arjyávarta or India,

* "It may, I think, be confidently affirmed that Vaishnavas and Saivas crept up softly to their rival and drew the vitality out of its body by close and friendly embraces, and that instead of the Buddhists being expelled from India, Buddhism gradually and quietly lost itself in Vaishnavism and Saivism."

Sir M. Williams' Buddhism p 170.

"Though the profession of Buddhism has for the most part passed away from the land of its birth, the mark of Gautama’s sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brāhmanism and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindus are clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha’s precepts." Preface to Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia."
where the people had no definite religion of their own, took deep root, as a religion pure and simple, grew and flourished extending its wide branches and soothing shade to the farthest limits of Asia.

It is a pity that most of the Buddhistic works on religion and philosophy did not survive the ravages of time and the bigotry of foreign conquerors in India. The colossal Buddhist-Sanskrit work Bodhi-Sattva Avadán Kalpalatá written by Kshemendra, the great Sanskrit poet of Káshmir, narrowly escaped a similar fate. It was lost in India, but has been recovered from "a monastery in Tibet by the enterprising scholar and traveller, Mr. Sarat Chandra Das. Kshemendra wrote 107 legends of the Bodhi-Sattvas in graceful Sanskrit verse, and his son Somendra wrote another tale to complete the auspicious number 108." *

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* Mr. R. C. Dutt, B. T. S. Journal Vol. I. Pt. II.

My brother, Sri Sarat Chandra Das, C.I.E., gives the following account of the work, which is now being published by the Asiatic Society of Bengal, in the Bibliotheca Indica Series:—

"I visited the ancient libraries of Sakya, Samye and Lhassa, which were filled with original Sanskrit works taken from India. The library of Sakya is a lofty four-storeyed stone building of great size, erected about the 12th century, A.D. It was here that the monumental work of Kshemendra, called "Avadán Kalpalatá," was translated into Tibetan verse by the order of
Kshemendra, known for his learning, as “Vyāsa-Dāsa” (follower of Vyāsa) was born on mount Tripura, in Kashmir. His father's name was Prakāshendra. He studied under such teachers as Abhinava Gupta and Bhāgavatāchāryya Soma-Pāda. He was the author of numerous works on history, philosophy, religion, romance; and a variety of other subjects. The names of 36 of these have been discovered.

Though born and brought up as a Hindu, he held in veneration all that was sublime in the tenets of the different sects of the Vedic and Brahm-anical religions, and of Buddhism as well, as Phags-pa, the grand hierarch who converted the Emperor Khublai to Buddhism...... As regards the Dalai Lama's library at Lhassa, it is considered the largest of all the libraries in Tibet. It was here that I obtained Kshemendra's Avadand Kalpalatā.” Ibid.

* These are :—अभ्यास-तर्क, चवसर-सार, दीविन्दविचार चक्र, कक-अनक, कला-विलासवाच, कविकक्षवाच, चैमन्द्र-प्रकाश, चतुर्विंशग्रंथ, बाबु चत्याँ, बिज भारत नाटक, दर्पंडत, दर्शावतार-चरित, दान-पारिजात, देशीपद्म, नौतिककल्याण, नौतिकविता, पत्र कादम्बरी, पतमान पचाशिका, बुद्धचरित (Life of Buddha), बुद्धचरित, बीमिथमुन्दादन-कल्याण (Bodhisattvavādān Kalpa Latā), मुक्तात्मा काव्य, सुभिंद-मृतिसंगम, राजावली, रामायणकथासार, संविन-रचना, लावण्यवती काव्य, बालस्तायन-गुलिसार, विषाण-रचना, वेताल-पंचाविन्सति (Vetāl Panchavinsati), बोगाटक, श्री-चंद, समवामात्रक, सुभ्य-विलास, द्वैरश्वरकोपद्म, महाभारत संसा रि।
appears from his works, "Dasávatár Charita" (The Ten Incarnations), "Muni-Mata-Mimánsá," and the present, "Avadán Kalpalátá."

He was undoubtedly a devout admirer of Buddha, whom he believed to be an incarnation of Vishnu and accorded a rank, superior to Brahmá and Indra:

"Him followed Brahmá and the gods, Whom all the worlds adore."

Sri-Gupta, St. 15 p. 48.

He effectually brought about a reconciliation between Bráhmanical religion and Buddhism, which, though not antagonistic in the main doctrine, shewed divergencies in external form, and ran counter to each other, during the ascendency of the Mágadha kings.

The "Ráj-Tarangini" of Kalhan Pandit, makes mention of Kshemendra's historical work "Rájávali." Kshemendra wrote his "Samaya Mátriká" in the reign of king Ananta (25 Local Era) and his "Dasávatár Charita" in 41 L. E. when king Kalasha ruled in Káshmir.*

* "एकार्थसिद्धां विद्वानितृतानि स कार्तिकि। राजीकलसमुत्तरः कामसुरवस्थावः।"
The above account has been taken from the "Viswa Kosha."
I undertook to translate into English verse 4 out of the 108 cantos of this colossal work, for the Journal of the Buddhist Text Society of India, edited by Sri Sarat Chandra Das and my object will be fulfilled if, in spite of the imperfect garb in which they have been put by me, the intrinsic beauty and sublimity of the sentiments contained in them, receive the attention they deserve, at the hands of indulgent readers, and induce abler scholars to take up the work of translating the whole of the book and thereby throw a flood of light on the religion and doctrines of Buddha.

The story of *Eka-Sringa* is based on the legend of Risyasringa of Vālmiki-Rāmāyana, and romantically describes how a young man brought up by his father in the solitude of a forest from his birth, and ignorant of the fair sex, could not resist the impulse of love, owing to innate desires and

* This legend has been translated into Japanese, by Mrs. Fujiye, a distinguished lady of Kioto, Japan, and published in the Journal of the Temperance Society of Kioto. The lady writes thus in the preface of her translation:—"I am very much interested to read this sweet and beautiful poem which is translated by Nobin Chandra Das M.A., from an ancient Sanskrit Scripture and appeared in the Journal of the Buddhist Text Society of India. I translate this into Japanese poetry and let readers taste how sweet it is."
habits of former lives. It strikingly illustrates the principle of transmigration of the soul, which is the key-note of the Buddhistic faith.

The legend of Rukmavati illustrates the principle of self-sacrifice with a view to relieve the distress and save the life of others.

The story of Jyotishka describes how he was saved from the womb of his dead mother by the miraculous power of Buddha, and how he renounced the world under the oppressive rule of Ajat-Satru, king of Magadha. It teaches the efficacy of true faith and devotion.

The legend of Sri-Gupta inculcates the sublime lesson of Forgiveness, and ahinsa (अहिंसा) which Sir Edwin Arnold puts as follows:

"Kill not—for pity's sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way."

Light of Asia, B. viii.

It narrates how Sri-Gupta, at the instigation of an anti-Buddhist, made a plot to poison Buddha by inviting him to a feast, and how the calm forgiveness and mercy of that Enlightened Being converted him into a devout follower!

"The Lord saved Sri-Gupta from spite and crime
And shewed how mercy conquers e'en a foe;
And thus he taught Forgiveness' rule sublime,
To free his followers from the world and woe." p. 59.
I offer my grateful thanks to the Revd. A. Tomory, M.A., of the Free Church Institution, Calcutta, who most generously revised my translation of the first two legends, and thereby encouraged me in the arduous task, which I had so rashly imposed upon myself.

Krishnaghar,  
17th February, 1895.  
Nobin Chandra Das.
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EKA-SRINGA*

A BIRTH STORY OF BUDDHA, SÁKYA SINHA.

L'V'N in the mind that's free from fear,
Ardent desire has oft-times grown
Out from habits of former births
Luring the senses, to pleasure prone:
The lotus flower thus burgeons forth
From roots deep sunk in fertile mire,
Attracting by her fragrance sweet
The busy bees in humming quire.

In days of yore the blessed one
Resided in “the Banyan Grove”
Of Sákya's city. Him around,
The Bhikshus came and spoke in love:

* Translated from the 65th canto of Kshemendra's Avadán Kalpalatá.
'Now thou from earthly pleasures safe
Art changed in mien and freed from care,
Ev'n Yasodhará, in palace rich,
Entranced stands at sight so fair.

Her beauteous limbs, with jewels decked,
Tremble like ripples in the brook;
Holding in hand a dish of sweets
E'er lovingly she courts thy look.

With downcast mind she knows no cheer
But sighs for a glance of thy face;
She droops, as fades the lily flower
When waning moon withdraws her grace.'

So spoke the monks; great Buddha heard
And thus bespake them with a smile;
His crimson lips and pearly teeth
Adorned a face all free from guile:

Yasodhara not first to-day
With charms doth captivate my heart;
So did she in her former life
Lure me with cakes and Love's sweet art.

Good king Kásyà in Kási town
In olden times held royal sway,
As with a goad subdued his foe,
With fame as fair as lunar ray.
Vows he performed to get a son
Only a girl to him was born,
Her name Nalini: She alone
Became the fruit of Plenty's horn.

So year by year the maid grew up,
No brother or sister her youth did share;
At last the king sought council wise
And to his friends told his despair:

"My sovereignty, without an heir
Is like a lofty widespread tree,
Affording shelter unto all
Yet worn and cankered inwardly.

"Nalini, my sole darling child,
Is on the threshold of her youth:
To wed her to a husband meet
Would free me from my care and ruth.

"For, who can keep his daughter long
Or unburned hold a burning wick?
She causes her dear father care:
'Tis better she be married quick.

"But she, born princess of this realm,
A noble of it may not wed,
And so unto some foreign land
When Hymen bids she 'll turn her head;—
"Unless a kindly Fate decree
That foreign prince shall hither come,
And of my throne shall partner be
And of my girl the mate become."

There lives on Gangá's sacred bank
Sage Kásyapa of royal blood,
Lone in a peaceful hermitage
Built just beside the rolling flood.

A thirsty hind drank in the stream
And she became the mother proud,
Of Kásyapa's saintly son,
Renowned by the admiring crowd.

From day to day she gave him suck;
The hermit-father owned his son,
Who from the one horn on his brow
His name of Eka-sringa won.

The child grew up religiously
To piety he was devote;
Little he cared for earth's affairs
His soul was free from every mote.

Him did king Kásyaya wish to gain
As husband for his daughter dear,
For such a union would prevent
Of his realm's fall the dire fear.
The ministers conferred a while
Then to the king their counsel told;
It was to let his daughter roam
At will, beside the hermit's wold.

The king agreed, and with his leave
The maid went to the wood to roam:
It was a brave exploit for her
To seek the youth near to his home.

The black-eyed maiden in the wood
Looked beautiful in frolic gay,
Her litesome form and grace excelled
The creepers moved by Zephyr's sway.

She culled the flowers and chased the flies
Her presence sweet did rouse the deer,
The hermit's son their flight did see
And to discover the cause drew near.

He paused when first his eyes did rest
Upon the black-eyed maiden there,
For in his woodland home till now
He ne'er had seen a maiden fair.

And through him then her eyes did flash
A current of celestial fire;
The poor boy did not understand
The rushing feeling of desire.
But on her face he gazed and gazed
And wondered what the fair might be,
Was it a god or vision rare,
That with these eyes he now did see?

And she in turn at him but glanced,
Then sank her head upon her chest,
A rising blush crimsoned her cheek
And shamed the necklace on her breast.

With love she quivered in every nerve
And love-sweat moistened her blue-black hair,
And her amorous bosom heaved and sank;
Then her bespake the hermit fair:—

"O, hermit blest, if hermit thou be,
Thrice-blest are those wood-roaming deer,
That in thy favour live and bask
And in thy presence know no fear.

"Thy beauty doth mankind refresh
Even as a draught of nectar rare;
Compared to thee, ascetic looks
Of other hermits dull appear.

"The smooth dark cluster of thy locks
Set off with ferns and flowers gay,
Looks like the peacock's varied plumes
Displayed at sight of cloud's array.
"The white beads* hanging o'er thy breasts
Which round appear like fruit of bael
Enchant the leaping fawns: to charm
The pure in heart they never fail.

"A leafy zone of munja, † bright
As sparks of sacrificial fire,
Girdles thy waist and clings to thee,
And with its clinging joy inspires.

"Oh, tell me, pray, where thou dost dwell?
There surely must be found great bliss,
The lotus in thy foot-print springs
Yellow and white for sunbeams to kiss."

And as she heard, the maid perceived,
Of love how witless the youth appeared:
So maiden's shame she put aside
And sweetly glanced at him, nor feared.

Then gently to the enraptured sage
The princess spoke in accents coy:
"My hermitage is over there
Come there with me and see my joy."

So said the maiden with a smile
Tempting the youth to go her way;
Offered him cakes with camphor mixed
Soothing as music at cool of day.

* String of pearls thought to be a rosary. † A kind of grass.
With honeyed cakes and amorous talk
And lover’s lore which charms the ear,
The princess by her wiles allured
The hermit, artless as the deer.

“Show me thy grove,” the hermit cried
And closed his eyes in ecstacy,
Feeling her arms around his neck,
Enraptured with love’s rhapsody.

She led the way, he followed her
Drawn by magnetic cords of Love:
Into her chariot grand she climbed
Inviting him with her to rove.

Seeing the horses he held back,
For hornless stags they seemed to him;
And ’twere a crime for him, he thought,
Hind-born, to whip and drive his kin.

He would not mount, so all alone
The maiden homewards drove her pair.
The loving youth in mind she bore
And told her sire his story rare.

The king in council him bethought
Of means to win the hermit young
By guile, but not by force, for fear
The hermit father’s wrath be stung.
45
So he devised a floating stage
Of boats decked like a hermitage,
On which the lovely princess fair
Might carry off her lover sage.

46
The while Eka-sringa's father wise
Observing his dear son neglect
His sacred duties to perform,
Thought Love to blame for this defect.

47
And asked him, "Son! what ails thee, then?"
The youth replied with deep drawn sigh,
Which gently shook like Zephyr's breath
The quivering twigs of plants close by:

48
"Father, I saw in yonder grove
By Gangá's side, a hermit sure;
Whose face was like the spotless moon
Whose eyes became my cynosure.

49
"His neck, and hands, and waist were girt
With beads reflecting rainbow-hues.
Why, father, is it that I lack
Such ornaments that grace infuse?

50
"The music of his loving voice
Still vibrates in my inmost heart;
The hum of bees or cuckoo-note
Compares not with his artless art,
51
"The bark that round his graceful form*
He wore, was white as Ganga's foam;
My barky covering now doth seem
Compared with it as black as loam.

52
"He pressed my cheek to his lotus-face
And in his arms he me embraced;
His tender lips spoke passioned prayers,
As I in his sweet clasp was laced.

53
"And ever since I've had no peace
Nor shall, till I see him again;
Sweet balmy sleep from me repelled
By thoughts of him I seek in vain.

54
"For day and night nought else I see,
But the outline of his face divine;
Nor can I think of sacred rites
While for his absent form I pine."

55
The wise old hermit understood
That Love had claimed his only son,
His round of meditation left
And thought on what could now be done—

* The hermit-boy, used to wear bark, took the silk dress of the princess to be fine bark.
56
"Alas, this youth born of a hind
Has fall'n wounded by woman's eye!
Innocent he of snares and wiles,
Has been trapped by a woman sly."

57
His love-struck son he then addressed,
And told the cause without alloy,
That he had been oppressed in heart
With love and lover's seeming joy.

58
"It was no hermit-boy," he said,
"But maiden fair that thee allured;
In her there lies the fang of love,
Whose poisoned sting cannot be cured.

59
"They who are struck by woman's glance,
And captured by her painted eye,*
And thrilled with pleasure at her touch,
Shall in this world's dire prison die.

60
"For woman's beauty, lightning-like,
Corruscates with a dangerous play,
Over man's miseries and pains
Sheds fitful flash, then dies away!

* Refers to the custom of painting the eye with black dye (anjan).
61
"Woe unto him who cannot flee
From woman, child of vanity,
Mysterious elf of Ignorance,
Bringer of ruin and insanity!

62
"Happy are they who live in peace,
In solitude, and suffer nought
From darting glance of woman’s eye,
With pain and peril ever fraught."

63
In such a strain the father spake
To free his son from Love’s strong chain;
But his fiery soul was kindled now
With Beauty’s flame: so words were vain.

64
And when, as was his wont, next day
His sire to gather sticks was gone,
The love-sick youth beheld the maid,
Returning to her quest half-won.

65
The princess, with her train of maids
Shining as creepers with blossoms gay,
Beheld with joy the youthful sage
Fair as cupid, on Love’s hey-day!

66
With sweet red lips she then did speak,
“Come to my hermitage’s shade,
Where Kalpa trees with mellow fruit
Do bend.” He followed, as she bade.
67
He saw the floating hermitage
Of boats, o'er-hung with jewels bright,
And golden foliage and flower,
And entered in with great delight.

68
The floating grove him meanwhile bore
To holy Kási down the stream,
As man, unknowing, is borne away
By earthly thoughts that come in dream.

69
Thus to the Royal Court he came
Adorned with jewels of wondrous size;
He fancied Heaven, by sages sung,
Had come before his mortal eyes.

70
The monarch then, rejoiced in heart,
Bestowed the princess on the youth;
Her necklace trembled as she walked
Round fire, plighting her bridal troth.

71
The nuptial fire with off'rings burnt;
And with her gentle hand in his,
The bridegroom thought he yet did stand
Beside the sacred fire in bliss.

* Practised his vows as an ascetic, still ignorant of wedded life.
72
The king with height of festive joy
Honoured the son, who lingered still
With him intent on vows, then took
His bride back to his forest rill.*

73
The Mother Hind beheld her son
Roam with his wife in wooded glade;
Endowed with speech by her hermit-mate,
She asked him "whence did'st get this maid?"

74
He bowed to her and fondly said:—
"This beauteous person is my friend,
Whose friendship and sweet company
Before the sacred fire I gained."

75
The mother found the simple youth
Still ignorant of wedded life;
To where the hermit-matrons lived,
She led her son and his fair wife.

76
The matrons thus addressed the youth:
"This is the partner of thy life,
The sharer of thy pious vows."
And so he knew her for his wife.

77
The hermit old then told his son
The duties of the married life;
Advised by him the youth repaired
To the king's palace with his wife.
The old king placed him on the throne,  
And sought for peace in solitude;  
The youthful sovereign ruled the land,  
Receiving tithes from chiefs subdued.

The pomp of regal power and wealth  
Stirred not the tenor of his mind;  
But in old age he left the world,  
Leaving his family-cares behind.*

This Eka-sringa (the one-horned) am I,  
Yasodhará is Nalini, my wife;  
Her charms surviving from former birth  
Grace even now my peaceful life.

Thus Jína did his former life recite;  
The Bhikshus heard in wonder and delight.

* Became a hermit in old age.
MY halting tongue fails to declare
Heroic deeds both great and fair,
Of those whose lives relieve Earth's woe,
Whose wounds, like *lotus*, glory wear.†

In times of yore Lord Budh proclaimed
How men with him true peace might share;
He wandered' mongst Kaivarta tribes,
Thence did to solitude repair.

* Translated from the 51st Pallava of Kshemendra's Avadán Kalpalatá.
† Wounds resemble red lotus. The Goddess of prosperity is said to dwell on lotus flower. Martyr's bloody wounds are glorious.
3
To adore and pay him homage due,
Great Indra came, lord of the sky;
A radiant smile played o'er his face;
What secret doth beneath it lie!

4
To wond'ring Indra, Budh declared
The reason of that heavenly look:
"'Twas memory of former life,
That of my face possession took.

5
"The sudden joy which flushed my mind
Was due to reminiscence old,"
So said the Lord, and then began
The story of his life to unfold:—

6
"Rukmavati, a noble dame,
Lived in Utpalāvati town;
Her poorer neighbours shared her wealth,
For Mercy claimed her as her own.

7
"She saw one day a wretched hag,
Through hunger desperate and wild,
Glare eager, like a monster dire
To tear and eat her new-born child.

8
"The dame was moved by pity sweet
To stop the crime, and thus did speak:
'Alas! the love of self doth lead
Man into sin when will is weak.
"This frantic woman may not be
E’en for a moment left alone;
Or else the infant will be killed
And torn asunder skin from bone.

And if I take the child with me,
While home I swift for food do fly,
The mother, half-dead even now,
Will from starvation surely die.'

One moment stood she in suspense,
Uncertain still which way to go;
She fell into a trance, and found
The way, to save the world from woe!

Then swift as thought, with glistening knife,
She cut for food her rounded breast;
Unmoved she offered it to the hag
Who lay by hunger still oppressed.

The wretch ate it, and spared the child;
The fame of this devoted act
Spread o’er the earth, and Indra came
In Brähman’s guise to ask the fact:

‘Fair lady! when thou gav’st thy breast,
Was aught unwilling then thy mind?’
To him replied the noble dame,
Who to weak flesh was wondrous kind:

* In the principle of self-sacrifice.
"When I cut off my mature breast,  
My mind was then all free from doubt;  
Now for this virtue let me be  
A man, and womanhood hence scout."

"So spake the lady sweet and good,  
And in a moment ceased to be  
A woman mere, and was transformed  
Into a man, right fair to see!

"Just at that time by Fate's decree,  
The great king Utpalákshya died  
Without a son to fill his place:  
To choose a king the ministers tried.

"As Rukmaván, the new-formed youth,  
Possessed both gifts and graces great:  
And so on him did they bestow  
The rank and power of royal state.

"This virtuous youth long ruled the state  
With power and great prosperity;  
Time came at last for him to die,  
For no man lives to eternity.

"His next life was as merchant's son:  
Now Satyavara was his name;  
Who for his inborn guilelessness  
And charity, was known to fame.
"His pensive mind e'er dwelt upon
Creation's miserable lot;
E'en sufferings of helpless birds
Did not escape his anxious thought.

"In penance then he cut himself,
And on the burning ground he lay;
Around his bleeding frame did fly
The carrion birds, on him to prey.

A savage bird flew down and perched
Upon his head, and with bill stout
Pecked at his right eye, and then tried
To dig the ball completely out.

"The youth unflinching lay in pain,
In mind still resolute and firm,
And calmly to the bird he said,
'Eat, from me thou wilt get no harm.

"The frame of clay devoid of worth,
Destined to perish when life is run,
Is only worthy when it leaves
Something of good for others done.

"This body vile which works but ill
Is scarce for preservation fit,
Attains its end, if sacrificed
For wretched mortal's benefit.'
"E'en as he spake, a flock of birds
Rapacious settled on the corse,
Completed quick their loathsome work
And picked his bones without remorse.

"In his next birth a Bráhman's son
Was he, Satyavrata by name;
Learned, and celibate, and kind,
Lived in the wood with spotless fame.

"Like saintly souls, did he possess
Wisdom and noble birth and love;
So he through thought and solitude
In time his passions rose above.

"He dwelt within a hermitage,
Clear and sublime his soul did grow,
Until at last a test supreme
Unto his mind his faith did show.—

"A tigress lay and moaned in pain
Expecting soon the birth of young:
The saint resolved to give his life
To save the cubs from being wrung.

"To give their mother timely food,
The holy man quite fit to die,
Prepared to be the tigress' prey
By love of creatures lifted high.
35
"In seven days her cubs were born,
The pain set up a thirst severe:
To quench the same she thought to kill
Her offspring young that lay quite near.

36
"The saint perceived the struggle keen
Between the love of cubs and self
Proceeding in the tigress' mind,
And said, holding his life as pelf:—

37
"'Alas! that this poor thirsty beast
Should wish her new born cubs to slay,
Thus selfishly to save herself
And with their blood her thirst allay!

38
"'For pain does breed such selfishness
As otherwise we should eschew,
And even bonds of motherhood
Are snapped by anguish sharp and new.

39
"'But 't were a sin that she should eat
Her offspring young; so I betime
Will offer my body, to slake
Her thirst and save her soul from crime.

40
"'For fame immortal them awaits
Who freely give their bodies up
For others, and despise the flesh,
Which drops like dew from lotus-cup.'
"Of pointed wood a dirk he made
And pierced his sacred throat and thence
The blood did rush, while he himself
Fell prone the tigress' thirst to quench.

"The mind of one who is truly great,
Made soft and pure by mercy's flow,
Still graceful by relieving pain,
Stands not aloof at sight of woe.

"And so he was the tigress' prey—
For soon she tore his body bare;
Her claws' gashes blazoned, as it were,
The noble victim's glory rare! *

"Like Mercy incarnate, unmoved
He bore the tigress' wounds severe,
As Love and Forbearance endure
Faults; or Faith, practices austere. †

"Under the tigress' weight and claws
His body soon faded away,
And with the hair that stood erect
Looked like the moon with shooting ray!

* The bloody gashes on his body are likened to heraldic emblazonments or inscriptions, or record of the great exploit.
† Practice of austerities is possible when one's faith is strong.
46
"He calmly viewed the tigress, mad
With drink of blood from out his breast;
His soul then mused on next sojourn,
And took at throat, a moment's rest. *

47
"The tigress then moved him around
Bashfully glanced as in carouse,
And thrilled delight into his heart
As if she wished to be his spouse.†

48
"Self-possession unflinching e'er,
A mind bent on relieving woe,
And fame which flows like virtue's stream,
Mark out the pious here below.

49
"Soon all of him had disappeared,
But not until the earth had quaked
As if in fear, when this great soul
Passed into sleep, a while unwaked.

50
"And then he came again as Jīn'
For merit of his former strife,
And cruel death which he endured;
Thus Satyavrat received new life."
And thus the sage concluded then
"This was the reason of my smile,
For I remembered former lives;"
And Indra admiring gazed the while.

* It is believed that the soul passes by the throat into the brain
before its final exit from the body.
† The movements of the tigress after she was satiated with his
blood, delighted him, by consciousness of his having done his duty.
THE STORY OF

JYOTISHKA.*

THE evil which o’ertakes the pious,
Brings blessings in its train;
And bliss forebodes to wicked folks
The sure approach of pain.—
The midnight gloom displays the ray
Of light-emitting bowers,  
And day which gladdens Nature’s face,
The owl’s eye-sight o’erpowers.

2

In Rájgriha, the famous town,
Where Bimbisára reigned, †
One Subhadra lived, and by thrift
A happy living gained.

* Translated from Kshemendra’s Avadán Kalpalatá, Canto IX.
† Luminiferous creepers, known to Sanskrit poets as Osadhí or Jyotírlatá, shine to better advantage when the night is dark.
‡ Vidmisára is called Bimbisára in the Váyu Purán, and is the same king of Rájgriha (in Magadha) in whose reign Gautama Buddha was born in Kapilavástu, and his son Ajátsatru is the powerful king, in the eighth year of whose reign, Gautama died.
R. C. Dutt’s Ancient India.
To all philosophy a foe,
    He loved, by folly led,
The Kshapans, who with priestly craft
    The country had o'erspread.

His wife, Satyavati by name,
    In time did pregnant grow,
And looked as flush as orient sky
    With rising moon a-glow.

Lord Buddha, then in Kalandak
    Lived in a lonely wood,
One day to Subhadra he came
    To ask for mouthful food.

Subhadra and his goodly wife
    With reverence him adored;
To tell the future of the child
    Unborn, they him implored.

"Your son," he said, "will prosper here,
    And gain heavenly power,
And follow in my path to attain
    Salvation's happy hour."

* Kshapan or Kshapanak is a term applied to Bráhman priests by Buddhists.
So said the Lord and went his way  
Towards his lonely wood;  
Just then Bhurik, a Kshapanak,  
Walked to the door and stood.

Subhadra then expressed to him  
All that the Lord had said,  
The Kshapan heard with feigned distrust,  
And grew with envy mad.

Versed in astrology, he viewed  
The starry spheres o'erhead,  
And in his mind he found as true  
What Lord, the Budh had said.

Then thus he thought within himself  
"All that Budh said was true;  
What else of truth can I divine  
His wisdom to undo?"

"Should I by word of mine confirm  
His power and teachings wise,  
The Kshapans will lose people's love  
And Sramanas will rise." *

Reflecting thus in mind he spoke  
Through jealousy and spite;  
"What the arch-pretender said  
Is myth and false outright.

* Buddhist monks.
14
"How can a man attain on earth
Power and bliss divine?
It may be, he will wander forth
A wretched life to pine.

15
"One who is struck by penury,
To help whom none would care,
Becomes a beggar all his life,
A Sraman's lot to share.

16
"O master of the house, I see
If thou hast faith in me,
The child, if born, will surely be
A source of woe to thee."

17
The Kshapanak then went away;
Subhadra, left in gloom
Be-thought of ways to kill the child
Still in its mother's womb.

18
When drugs used for the end desired,
Were found to be in vain,
To person pressure was applied,—
The mother died in pain.

19
The wretched husband took the corpse
To Sitavan to burn;
The Kshapanaks were greatly pleased
The evil news to learn.
"Ah," they cried, "what the sage foretold:
Has truly come to pass;
The quick'ning of the ill-starred child
Has killed the dame, alas!

"Is this the child's power divine,
And this, his bliss on earth?
A wanderer's life ended here
In death, before his birth!"

Thus they spoke in jest and glee,
The rumour spread like fire;
A mighty crowd assembled round
The dame's funeral pyre.

Buddha, by all the world adored,
To all creation kind,
Saw with a smile all that had passed,
And thus thought in his mind—

"Ah, how the guile of wicked men
Puts out the inward ray
In simple folks and makes them blind,
As clouds o'ercast the day.

"The Kshapans with pretensions bold
To shun all ills betime,
Have led the foolish man astray
And plunged him into crime."
26
So thought the Lord, by pity moved,
    And with his Bhikshu-train,*
Hastened to where on dismal pile
    The lady's corpse was lain.

27
The great king Bimbisára heard
    The Lord's arrival there,
And followed by his ministers
    Did to the place repair.

28
When lo, a child on lotus borne
    Bright as the orient sun
Came bursting forth the corpse's womb,
    With blazing fire o'errun.

29
When none did dare to take the babe
    From out the rising flame,
There rose from all the crowd around
    A doleful cry of shame.

30
One Jivaka, a valiant knight
    By Sugata's command †
Sprang forth, and rushed into the flame
    And held the child in hand.

* Crowd of ascetics who followed Buddha.
† Sugata, Thathágata, Jina are appellations of Buddha.
At the calm and all-soothing sight
Of *Jina*, for the while,*
The fire had cooled like sandal-paste
E'en on the horrid pile.

At sight of child alive and fresh
Amid the burning flame,
The Kshapanaks were mute as death
And stood aloof in shame.

To Subhadra who still remained
Lost in amazement wild,
The Lord who brings relief to all
Thus spake, "Take this, your child."

Subhadra still stood in suspense
Uncertain what to do,
Looked at the face of the Kshapans
To know their biddings too.

"This child, of funeral fire born,
Thou take not home", they cried,
"That house is doomed to utter ruin
Where this elf shall reside."

* Ruddy flame is compared with red sandal-paste.
36
The foolish man thus led astray
   Declined to take the boy;
The king obeyed the Lord's command
   And took the child with joy.

37
Bright as a star the child came forth
   From out the fiery light;
The Lord himself gave him the name
   Of Jyotishka, "the Bright."

38
In the king's palace he grew up;
   And in the course of time,
His uncle on maternal side
   Came home from foreign clime.

39
His sister's fate and nephew's birth
   He learnt with grief profound;
To Subhadra in rage he turned,
   With crime he charged him round.

40
"By faith in Kshapanaks," he cried,
   "O knave, what hast thou done?
Hast murdered thy dear loving wife,
   And hast forsook thy son!"

41
"A fool with no sense of his own
   Like goblin, laughing though,
By others' incantations led,
   Does mischief as a foe."
42
"If thou, from palace takest not
Forthwith the child that's thine;
For murder dost thou run the risk
Of forfeiture and fine."

43
By rebuke taken thus aback,
And brought to sense by fear,
Subhadra took his boy straight home;
The king rejoiced to hear.

44
Subhadra died in course of time;
And Jyotishka, his son
Grew rich in wealth and rose in power
Like as the noon-tide sun.

45
He spent his wealth in charity,
Devoted all his mind
To Buddha, Dharma and Sangha,
So dear to human kind.

* It would appear that under the Buddhistic rule, capital sentence was not resorted to, in cases of murder, under the well-known principle of विधिस. The original sloka stands thus:

"अभिनव न यज्ञासि यदि राजयज्ञानु सूर्यम्
तस्मिन स्त्रीवश्मद्य कार्यायणम् निग्रहम् ॥ ४२"

† The Buddhistic triad. Buddha is supreme enlightenment, Dharma is practice of virtue and Sangha is the congregation of ecclesiastics. Some scholars are of opinion that Sangha represents actual creative power deriving its origin from the union of the essence of Buddha and Dharma.
46

His aim of life was to attain
Piety and virtue pure;
He gave rich stores of precious things
To Bhikshus, ever poor.

47

Prosperity from gods on high
Unto his home did flow,
As streams descend from snowy peaks
Into the sea below.

48

And e'en the Lord before whose eye
Both grass and gold are one,
Deignèd from him presents to accept
By his devotion won.

49

By virtue and piety he gained
Of cloth divine, a pair.*
Which for its milk-white purity†
Might with his fame compare.

50

The cloth wet after bath, one day
To dry in sun was spread,
When it was wafted by the wind
Just o'er the monarch's head.

* He got a pair of cloth of celestial make.
† In Sanscrit poetry, fame is described as white and pure (Vide st. 8, p. 2, & 69, p. 38).
The king admiring stood at sight
Of cloth so nicely made;
Its heavenly splendour served to throw
His wardrobe into shade.

The monarch with his presence, graced
Jyotishka's stately home;
It looked like heaven, here below
With glitt'ring spire and dome.

The virtuous king in after time
Was murdered by his son,
*Ajat-satru*, who mad with greed,
Usurped his father's crown.

His tragic death untimely closed
His blessed golden reign,
The prince now ruled and brought around
Impiety's evil train.

The matchless wealth of Jyotishka
He viewed with jealousy,
And thus addressed that worthy man,—
"My father fostered thee:

* We get a historical fact here that *Ajat-satru* caused the death of his father, Bimbisāra, and ascended the throne of Magadha.
“Thou art my brother thus by law
So share thy wealth with me;
Or else to get my lawful rights
To fight I challenge thee.”

Jyotishka thus addressed by him,
With guile and mischief fraught,
Gave up to him his house and all,
And elsewhere refuge sought.

Prosperity, so blest and bright,
Chose after him to run,
With all her bounteous store and train,
As light doth follow sun.

She shunned the king and followed still
Jyotishka’s humble life,
Though thrice forsaken, in her love
Like a devoted wife.

The king’s rapacity and crime
O’erspread the country round;
Jyotishka thus thought in his mind
With pain and grief profound:

“A gracious king, as father kind,
To all his people dear,
Now dwells in memory alone,
On sinful earth so rare!”
"Oh, for the king whose rule benign
Makes nightly sleep secure,
On whom the people may rely
As on their father, sure!

"The rich abound as rank as reeds,
Like gems, the wise are few;
Rarer than nectar is the man
Whose heart is pure and true.

"How few are they whose noble souls
Are free from vanity,
Untouched by guile, sincere and just,
From earthly folly free.

"The prince by greed and malice led,
Does revel now in crime;
Wicked Kali, through people's sin,
Has come before his time!*

"That glorious king is now no more,
The friendly sun is set!
His son now reigns in gloom supreme,
With all its ills beset.

* Kali is the fourth period or Yuga of world's age, when people become wicked.
67
"The wicked, oft-times, serve as friends,
To good men, dead and gone,
By setting off their pious deeds,
Against acts of their own.

68
"So must I leave this world for good,
In such a monarch's reign,
Where he and evil times combine,
Life is a source of pain.

69
"When virtuous king rules on the earth,
Men live a blameless life;
Then merit thrives; and faith and love
Ennoble household, wife;
Then wealth and fortune fairly earned,
And fame like moon-beam pure,
Make people happy and content
From peril e'er secure.

70
"And then Religion's glorious tree
Grows and o'erspreads the land.
Unshaken by oppression's blast,
Untouched by tyrants' hand;
'Tis nourished by a nation's wealth
And faith without alloy;
Yields virtue, piety, as its fruits
For people to enjoy."
71

"Kali, as youthful tyrant dire,
Let loose his evil train;
Revolt, unrest and funeral fire
Have marked his wicked reign.

72

"Man's mind is dull, and love is faint,
Happiness, past her youth;
For me no pleasures of the earth
Have relish aught in sooth.

73

"Riches and land, house and attire,
And servants, children, wife,
Like maladies which know no cure
Do cling to man through life.

74

"Wherever Riches sheds on man,
Her fitful summer-ray,
There burns the fire of quenchless thirst
Consuming life away!

75

"The life-long flow of earthly wealth,
Like ocean's briny store,
Can scarce assuage the thirst of man—
Ambition knows no shore.

76

"Could plenty stop the discontent
Which haunts the rich on earth,
Man would not come to life again
Through pain of frequent birth.
77

"Away with wealth, the fertile cause
   Of discord, fight and woe!
Farewell, false pride and favour low
   Which princes can bestow!
Away enjoyment and its want,
   That are with perils rise!
'Tis best for man, in evil times,
   To lead a recluse life.

78

"Good company's ray does scarcely gleam,
   In gloomy times of sin,
The pious then seek rest and peace
   In solitude unseen."

79

Jyotishka then renounced the world,
   Reflecting thus in mind;
Misfortunes open wisdom's eye
   While they confound the hind.

80

He gave up all, and followed Budh
   Salvation to attain,
For one who's tied by Lucre's chains
   Seeks happiness in vain.

81

So when a drake in Mánas' lake*
   Longs for to live and swim,
The nether earth, with muddy pools.
   Has charms no more for him.

* Lake Mansarowara, north of the Himalayas, the abode of the gods.
82
When pleasure's fiery thirst is choked
With folly's blinding smoke,
And when contentment's nectar soothes
The souls of peaceful folk;
Then Fortune with her drink and mirth
And fair one's flitting charm,
To those retired and happy few
Can do nor good nor harm.

83
Unwearied, with the Lord as guide,
He walked life's journey through,
And so he led a wanderer's life
In quest of quietude true.

84
Enlightenment he thus obtained
As Bodhisattwa wise
The Bhikshus saw and asked the Lord,
Who thus to them replies:—

85
"Man reaps the inevitable fruits
Of actions of his own,—
The deeds which in his former births
As potent seeds were sown.

--

* One, whose soul has become enlightened and purified by practice of virtue. Buddha-hood is the last stage of enlightened existence.
"When Bandhumán held royal sway
   In Bandhumati town,
There lived a man named Anangan
   Of great wealth and renown.

A preacher of enlightened mind
   Once to that city came
For sake of virtuous people there,
   Bipasyi was his name.

"The sage was followed by Bhikshus
   Thousands, three score and two,
Anangan welcomed him with joy
   And bowed with reverence due.

"Three months he entertained the sage
   With all his means and might;
The king invited him as well
   With reverence and delight.

"The worthy citizen and the king
   Each with the other vied
In honouring the guest with treat
   To suit their wealth and pride.

"With jewelled umbrella and flags
   And elephants arrayed
The king adored the saintly guest,
   Anangan saw dismayed."
Great Indra saw and pitied him
And from his heavenly store,
Bestowed on him enormous wealth,
The Blessed to adore.

Anangan then adored the Lord
With riches thus obtained,
Eclipsed the bounty of the king,
And lasting fame attained.

With flowers, perfumes, and precious gems
Resplendent as the sun
And moon in full, and kalpa fruits,*
He adored the Blessed one,
Whom Indra's queen devoutly fanned
With chámars gently swayed.†
He put, by such devotion rare,
The king's display to shade.

By faith unflinching in the saint
He purity did gain,
And in Jyotishka, bright as sun,
Has come to life again.
And so from earthly turmoils free
He moves at last in peace with me."

* Kalpa-tree of Paradise which yields fruits according to the desire of the gods or the pious.
† The hair of the tail of chamari deer (Yāk) is used in fanning kings and great personages.
So said Jīna, whose wisdom pure
Has lit the world, all through,
And thus he taught his followers
Devotion's value, true.
SRI-GUPTA*

A MIRACLE OF BUDDHA, SAKYA SINHA.

1

The pious with compassion melt
E'en for one that has wrought them harm;
Their coolness soothes the heat of spite,
Their calm doth cruelty disarm.

2

There lived in Ráj-gir glorious town
Sri-Gupt' in times of yore,
Whose hoard of treasure justly vied
With Mammon's † boundless store.

3

For virtue little would he care
By riches puffed, and vain,
Oppressed the pious and viewed the good
With rancour and disdain.

* Translated from Kshemendra's Avadān Kalpalatā, canto 8th.
† The wealth-god Kuvera is the Indian Mammon.
4
For Fortune showers her smiles on men
    Who are crooked, hard and fell
And hollow, sounding like conch-shells,
    Wherein she loves to dwell.*

5
A wicked Kshapanak, his kin
    A libertine at best,
Once came to him and recklessly
    In secret him addrest:—

6
"Budh, claiming worship from the world,
    As omniscient renowned,
Now dwells on Gridhra-kuta hill †
    With Bhikshu-host around.

7
"No power nor merit, aught for good,
    Can one discern in him;
The mob has raised him to the skies
    And praised as lord supreme!

* This refers to the legend that Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth, arose out of the ocean, which abounds in shells and pearls. Conch-shells are used as trumpets.
† Gridhra-kuta (Vulture Peak) is one of the 5 hills, which surrounded Rāj-griha in Magadh (Behār). The Chinese traveller Fa-Hian states that "the 5 hills formed a girdle like the walls of a town." According to Turnour, the Pāli annals of Ceylon describe them as Gijjha-kuto, Isigili, Wabhāro (Baibhār), Pândawo and Wepuluo (Vipula Giri of the Mahā Bhārat). Cunningham's Ancient Geo. India, p. 463.
"He e'er repeats what others said,
    And judgment he doth lack,
As one who treads the public road
    Afraid to miss the track!

"His penances and vows are traps
    To draw the good astray:—
The crane stands silent on one leg
    To assure his finny prey!

"So let us now expose his wile
    That charms and leads away
A foe-man ev'n, unused to guile,
    The dupe of earth and clay."

Sri-Gupt' by fate and *karma* led,*
    His evil counsel heard;
And to commit a dreadful crime,
    His reckless heart was stirred.

A secret pit he dug and filled
    With burning coal and wood;
And to invite the lord he went,
    To a treat of poisoned food.

* The act-law of previous births, which regulates man's affairs in his present life (Vide Jyotishka, st. 85 p. 41.)
The Lord, whose omniscient eye
Saw through the deepest guile,
Accepts the invitation false,
And pities with a smile.

The fire and poison sorely grieved
Sri-Gupta's goodly spouse;
The husband feared she might betray,
And shut her in the house.

Great Budh who knew all that was meant
Left for Sri-Gupta's door;
Him followed Brahma and the gods,
Whom all the worlds adore.

Meanwhile Sri-Gupta's fiendish plan
Soon spread all o'er the town—
For crime will out, despite one's care
To hide and keep it down.

A follower then approached the Lord,
Fell prostrate at his feet,
Sore frightened at the murd'rous plot,
And spoke in accents sweet:

"Do thou, O Blessed, shun this man
So falsely meek, and dire,
Who deeply plots against thy life
With poisoned food and fire."
"For who can trust a wicked man
Though looking fair and true?—
A razor fine with shining blade
Still cuts the entrails through!

"The wicked hardly bear to hear,
The praise of pious folks;
What charms the good, doth pain the vile,
Whose malice it provokes.

"If thou, whose effluent rays have oped
Creation's lotus-eyes,*
Dost fall, to this Rāhu, a prey, †
Eternal gloom will arise!"

The Lord heard this with least concern
And thus replied with smile,
Its ray serene dispelled the fear
Of murder, dark and vile:—

"In burning flame, or poisoned food
Is aught for me to fear?
E'en crime can do no harm to those
Whose minds no malice bear.

* Buddha is compared to the sun, whose rays light the world, and open the petals of the lotus flower.
† Sri-Gupta who plotted against Buddha's life is compared to Rāhu (the shadow) which is said to swallow up the sun and cause an eclipse.
"Can fire, or venom injure him
Whose calm dispassionate mind,
By meditation mollified,
Is e'er to creation kind?

"On spiteful folks ambrosia sweet
May work as venom dire,
And flower on them as thunder act
Or sandal-paste, as fire!

"And e'en a Bodhi-sattva true
Though born in bestial frame,
To save by love, and kind to all,
Is e'er secure from flame.

"Kalinga's king in olden time
Impelled by hunter's greed
Set fire to woods in Khanda-Dvip
To catch the antelope breed.

"A partridge young was grieved to see
The burning of the wood;
And gaining "Bodh" through pity great
Unhurt, the flames withstood.*

* He attained the virtue of Bodhi-sattva (enlightened). The fire ceased near him, after burning the rest of the forest. Bodh is the attribute or essence of Bodhi-sattva.
"So one whose soul is free from spite
Has nought in earth to fear;
The wond’rous power of “Sattva” wise
Be pleased once more to hear:—

"In season of a dreadful drought
Which scorched a hermit’s wold,
There lived a hare, Bodhisat-born
Generous, wise and old.

"He found the hermit, about to die
With hunger sore oppress,
And in his mind as firm as rock,
In pity him address:—

"‘Do thou, O Sire, feed on my flesh
And save thy body pure,
For then it will enable thee
To practise virtue sure.’

"So said the hare and threw himself
Into the glowing fire
Despite the hermit’s anxious care
To stop the venture dire!

"His wondrous power of “sattvic” will
The spreading fire did stay,
And turned the wood into a lake
With smiling lilies gay.

19637
35
"He rested on a lotus blue,
His form refulgent grew;
Adored by sages, all around,
He taught Budh's tenets true.

36
"No fire can burn nor venom touch
The Sattv' of Bodhi pure."—
So said the Lord and walked his way
Unto Sri-Gupta's door.

37
Soon as he stepped the threshold o'er,
The scene all changed, and lo,
The fire-pit turned into a pool,
With lotus red a-glow!

38
Sri-Gupta saw the Lord enthroned
On lotus-blossoms gay;
His mind cleared at the sight, he knelt
And thus began to pray:—

39
"Forgive, O lord, this wretch, whose life
Ev'n now with sin runs o'er,
He that is lost in folly's gloom
Doth need thy pity more.

40
"By evil nature drawn astray
No hope is there for me;
Salvation ne'er can I attain
Except by grace of thee.
41
“A dainty dish with poison mixed
I did design for thee;
That poison in repentence’ shape
Now turns and tortures me.”

42
With heart so sad, and tearful eyes
He wept, and suppliant prayed;
Kind Budh, with Bhikshus him around,
Thus pitied him and said:—

43
“Weep not, good friend, nor think that we
Are hostile e’er to thee;
No poison injures pious men
From malice-poison free.*

44
“King Brahma Dutt in olden time
Ruled in Benares town;
His queen, Anupamá, for grace
Obtained a wide renown.

45
“Once in the royal park, there crowed
A peacock in his pride;
The queen from palace heard his voice
That echoed far and wide.

46
“The sound like that of woodland reed
Did fill her heart with glee;
And curious, she asked her lord,
What music it might be.

* Poison of ill-feeling.
47
"‘A pretty peacock’, said the king,
‘There sings in yonder grove;
His clear resounding voice, you hear
From o’er a league, my love.’

48
"To shew to her the pretty bird
The queen entreats her lord;
The king yields to her pressure sweet,
With many a loving word.

49
"‘This bird of varied plumes’, he said,
‘Tis hard to catch and see,
Still for thy sake, I’ll try my best
To bring it home to thee.’

50
"The king’s command spread o’er the land;
Unnumbered hunters hied
With traps and rods; to catch the bird
Alive or dead, they tried.

51
"One, held in thralldom by his wife
Enchained with strong love-ties,
Doth oft commit the grossest wrong,
And hardly trust his eyes.

52
"Uxorious men by wives held low
As footstools, oft resign
Their honor, fame, and common sense,
At blind-fold Cupid’s shrine.
"The nets and traps, by hunters spread
At every step were torn
Or shunned by that proud peacock-chief,
With wondrous powers born.

"The hunters tried with all their might
But failed to catch the bird;
The peacock saw their wretched plight,
And was by pity stirred.

"'Ah, these poor hunters that have failed,
To seize and capture me,
Are sore afraid of their king's wrath,'—
So thought the bird, still free.

"The peacock then consoled his foe, *
And flew to palace gate,
And followed slow the anxious king
Into the harem straight.

"The gentle bird lived there for long
Loved by the royal pair,
And as a beauteous faithful pet,
Was served and fed with care.

"Oft in the emerald-tower he danced
In pride of cloud-like blue,
His charming variegated plumes,
Displayed the rain-bow-hue!

* The hunters, who wanted to seize him dead or alive,
"And when the king in greed of power
   Marched out to foreign lands,
He placed the bird—his favourite charge
   In fair Anupam's hands.

"The queen in absence of her lord,
   In youth and beauty's pride
Forgot her virtue, faith and self,
   O'erpowered by passion's tide.

"In Cupid's fight with Faith, she fell
   To youthful Love a prey;
Fair Modesty, a woman's pride,
   Took fright and fled away.

"How fickle, full of mischief, wild
   Is fair-eyed maiden's glance!
Her dark long eyes which reach the ear,
   Look guilefully askance.

"The world, like ocean full of sharks,
   Is play-ground to the fair,
Her charms infatuate the man
   And poison unaware.

"Her mind more tender than a bud,
   More crooked than a saw,—
Its nature, who can understand?
   It strikes the good with awe."
"Whoe'er resigns himself in love
To erring faithless wife,
Doth swallow, witless, as it were
A cold fine-bladed knife!

The faithful bird, endowed with speech
In palace used to stay;
He proved an eye-sore to the Queen,
An obstacle in her way,

'This bird will tell the king my tale
And then I'm doomed for e'er;
O! what a fall is this in me!'—
She thought in dire despair.

'The peacock full of sense, and wise
Knows all that happened here;
Now that I've sinned, e'en life-less things
O'erpower me with fear!'—

So thought the queen, and poisoned food
She mixed to kill the bird;
Is aught which women cannot do
By evil passions stirred?

'The bird ate it; the poison dire
Caused him no harm nor ill;
It raised the splendour of his plumes,
The hues grew deeper still!
“The bird was safe; remorse, and fear
Lest he disclose her crime
Preyed on her mind; and so she drooped,
And died before her time.

“The deadly venom wrought no harm
To the honest bird so good;
The purity of pious souls
Unpoisons pois’rous food!

“True poisons causing death and ill
Are passion, folly, spite;
Buddha, and Sangh, Dharma and truth *
Yield nectar, life and light.

“True poisons arise from folly’s sea, †
The passion-snakes beget them too; ‡
The wild of spite yields poisons dire; §
Whence else arise such poisons true?

* Vide foot notes to st. 74.
† Poison is said to have arisen from the Ocean, when it was ex-
cessively churned by the Devas (gods) and Asuras at the mandate of Siva. The direst poison is that which arises from the ocean of folly (moha) or worldliness with its ignorance.
‡ The direst poison is also that which emanates from the passions, compared to venomous serpents.
§ The direst poisonous drugs are those which grow in the wilderness of spite or ill feelings.
75
"Sri-Gupta had made a fiery pit
E'en so in former life,
On mischief bent; that pit was born
To punish him as wife." *

76
So said the Blest by mercy moved
And looked Sri-Gupta in the face;
The glance lit up his inmost soul
Diffusing unspeakable grace!

77
Sri-Gupta saw the happy light
By this communion with fin',
And thought of three-fold refuge pure;†
The sight of saints saves man from sin.

78
The Lord saved Sri-Gupta from spite and crime
And shewed how mercy conquers ev'n a foe,
And thus he taught Forgiveness' rule sublime,
To free his followers from the world and woe.

* Living beings are born as inanimate things by the law of Karma and vice versa.
† Buddha, Dharma and Sangha, Vide st. 73 above.
RAGHU VAMSA.

(IN BENGALI VERSE.)

COMPLETE IN 3 PARTS.

BY

NOBIN CHANDRA DAS, M.A.

OF THE BENGAL PROVINCIAL SERVICE.

Opinions of Eminent Persons.

R. T. Griffith, Esq., M.A., C.I.E., translator of Rámâyana, Rig and Sam Vedas, late Principal of the Benares College, writes:—

"I am sure that your work will be welcomed by all who read it as a most valuable addition to Bengali poetic literature."

Kotágiri, Nilgiri, 21-1-95.

The Hon'ble Gooroo Das Banerjee, Judge of High Court, observed:—"..... I find that the translation is as faithful to the original as it is elegant and mellifluous."—Calcutta, 17th January, 1895.

The Hon'ble Mr. R. C. Dutt, C.S., C.I.E., writes:—"I recognised with pleasure the beauty of your style and the success of your undertaking. Your style is not only graceful and poetic but at the same time simple and easy, and herein lies the great merit of your performance......I hope your translations will be considered standard works."
Professor Krishna Kamal Bhattacharje, writes:—"I fully agree with the very favourable and eulogistic criticism that has been justly and deservedly elicited by your translation in every quarter. Your attempt to exhibit Kali Das in the garb of Bengali verse does credit to you, and must be pronounced successful. Translations in Bengali verse are generally unreadable: they are either unfaithful or crabbed in language. You have steered clear of both the dangers and have presented to the Bengali literature an excellent book of verse—of good, choice, readable and pleasing verse. This is a feat worthy of praise."—13th April, 1895.

The Hon'ble Dr. Rash Behary Ghose, Member of the Viceroy's Council, remarked:—"The translation has been well done and I have no hesitation in saying that you have rendered permanent service to the cause of Bengali literature."—27th May, 1892.

Mr. Satyendra Nath Tagore, C.S., Judge of Sholapur, Bombay, observed:—"The translation is excellent, the verses are sweet and easy, and the sense and beauty of the original are well preserved."—4th June, 1892.

Mr. Barada Charan Mitter, M.A., C.S., writes:—"It will be a permanent addition to Bengali literature. Your rendering is as chaste as it is accurate, and will be very welcome to readers ignorant of Sanskrit, but desirous of enjoying the beauties of Kali Das's poetry..... Aja Bilap (canto 8) has really been very well rendered. Some of the stanzas are extremely pretty."

Babu Radha Nath Rai, Inspector of Schools, Orissa Division, remarked:—"The language is easy, graceful and flowing.....the translator has brought to the task not only a thorough mastery of the Bengali tongue but also poetical gifts of a high order."—15th June, 1892.

Babu Akhil Chandra Sen, M.A., B.L., vakil, Calcutta High Court, writes:—"I was really charmed with the book. It reads like an original and the sweet flow of the metre and the splendour of language will, I have no doubt, secure it a very high place in the literature of our country."

Babu Satis Chandra Vidyabhusan, M.A., Professor of Sanskrit, Krishnagar College, writes:—"Nobin Babu has presented the literary public with a very exquisite translation of Kali Dasa's Raghuvanssa. While he has translated the slokas literally into Bengali verse, the beauty of the original has been fully preserved. The style is simple and elegant. The work may be selected as a suitable text-book for those candidates in the F. A. and Entrance Examinations who take up Bengali as their second language."—12th January, 1895.

Babu Nilkantha Mazumdar, Offg. Principal, Krishnagar College, writes:—"It gives me great pleasure to bear a willing
testimony to the success with which your efforts have been crowned. Yours was a most difficult task. All good poets are untranslatable. But you have achieved an amount of success which has agreeably surprised me. Your translation is both literal and free, and what is more, you have to a great extent preserved the spirit of the original.” 15th August, 1895.

Babu Nabin Chandra Sen, author of the “Battle of Plassey” “Kuru Kshetra,” &c., writes:—“The translation per se is superb. You have by it laid the whole Bengali non-Sanskrit-knowing public, under deep obligation. The translation is so literal and at the same time so good, that in places it is nearly as good as the original. The imageries and the poetry of that great master of Sanskrit poetry have been wonderfully preserved. Indeed, it is impossible to speak of the translation too highly, displaying as it does, not only the mechanical hand of a translator, but that of a poet also.”—Calcutta, 13th May, 1895.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

“It is an excellent production and reflects great credit on the author, who has admirably succeeded in maintaining the beauty of the original in a true and literal translation of the great work of Káli Dása. The style is at once chaste, easy and graceful. The high sense of duty under which King Dilipa was ready to offer himself as a victim to the lion to save the life of Nandini, the divine cow, entrusted to his charge by the sage, Basistha, the munificence and heroism of Raghu and the civil virtues of Aja, and his love and sorrows for his fair consort, Indumati, whom he lost in the very bloom of her youth, depicted in such vivid colours by the inimitable pen of Káli Dása, have been faithfully reproduced in Bengali, in the book before us. The 4th canto, describing the conquests of Raghu, and the 6th canto, with a charming account of the princes, assembled at the Swayamvara Sabbá of Indumati, in the capital of Bhoje Rájá, though rich in imagery, are full of interest to the reader as giving an idea of the geography and history of the times as known to Káli Dása and his contemporaries. The work, when completed, will undoubtedly be a valuable addition to Bengali literature.”—“The Statesman,” 7th and 22nd June, 1892.

“......The translator, while literally rendering the Slokas has preserved, as far as can be, the beauty of the original, and the language is easy and elegant.”—“The Englishman,” 23rd February, 1892.

Nobin Babu’s book is a literal translation in Bengali verse of the greatest work of our immortal bard in a style which is at once easy, lucid and flowing. It has been freely urged by the anti-Bengali party that there are very few readable books in the field of Bengali literature. Nobin Babu’s book, we are assured, will to a certain extent, remove the want......It is a source of pleasure to
find that in a translation, which is at once so easy and literal, the beauty of the original has been so well kept up......we strongly draw the attention of the Education authorities to the book, which is undoubtedly fit to be a text-book in University Examinations.”—

“In our review of the first part we observed that Nobin Babu had a strong command over the Bengali language and possessed poetical gifts of a high order. It was qualities such as those which enabled him in preserving the thought, sentiment and beauty of description of the original in his translations in the present or in the first part. Indeed, in some respects the second part is an improvement over the first. Nobin Babu has inserted fuller notes in part second, explaining all the allusions and difficult ideas in the text, and has also given extracts from Mr. Griffith’s translations in cantos xii, xiv and xv, thereby making easier for the ordinary reader, the immortal writings of our greatest Sanskrit bard. The style is simple, elegant and flowing.”—“Amrita Bazar Patrika,” 6th April, 1895.

A Bengali translation in verse of the first eight cantos of Raghu Vansa, by Babu Nobin Chandra Das, reflects great credit upon the writer......There is no doubt that he has succeeded to a great extent in giving us not only a metrical version of Raghu Vansa, but also a fair idea of the thought, sentiment and beauty of description that are to be found in the works of Káli Dása. The book will form an excellent addition to the text-books for the higher examinations in Bengali.”—“Hope,” 28th February, 1892.

The translation of Raghu Vansa into Bengali verse by Babu Nobin Chandra Das, M.A., of the Subordinate Executive service, is a new departure in Bengali literature and one that deserves to be encouraged. The translation is really well done, and we commend it to all lovers of Bengali literature.”—“Indian Nation,” 25th January, 1892.

This is an admirable translation of the great work of Káli Dása and supplies what was hitherto a real want in Bengali literature. We are glad to find the author in his attempt to popularise the works of the great Sanskrit poet, has not only succeeded in preserving the beauty of the original as far as it could be, but has made the translation easy and intelligible to the ordinary Bengali reader. The language is at once simple, elegant and forcible. We want to see the second part of the work published as soon as possible.”—The “Indian Mirror,” 5th August, 1892.

“The translation is being made with admirable fidelity to the original, and in language quite in keeping with its dignity. Babu Nobin Chandra Das’s translation, when completed, will take its place in the forefront of the vernacular literature of Bengal.”—The “Indian Mirror,” March 30th, 1895.
Mahámahopádhya Mahesh Chandra Nyáratna, C. I. E., writes:—আপনার এখেল লালিত্য, সরলতা ওত্তীর্ণি
কয়েকটি গুণ বিকল্পন দৃষ্ট হয়, ইহা পাঠ করিতে, অনুবাদ বলিয়া
বোধ হয় না, যেন একটি শৃঙ্খল পদ্য কাব্য রচনা করিয়াছেন, অথচ
রগুবংশের ভাব প্রায় সমুদায়ই ইহাতে রক্ষিত হইয়াছে। ... দ্বিতীয়
থেকে তীকা দিয়া সাধকের প্রতি বিশেষ প্রিয়তা করিয়া দিয়াছেন।
সংস্কৃতানিলে যাকের মূল রথুবংশের অভিপ্রায় জানিবার এবং
অপূর্বায় ব্যক্তির রথুবংশ পাঠের একটি উৎকৃষ্ট উপায় করিয়া
দিয়াছেন। আপনাকে আশীর্বাদ করি, আপনি এই রূপ কাব্য রচনা
করিয়া বন্ধভাবার উত্তর সাধন করুন। (সহামহোপাধ্যায শ্রীযুক্ত
নেহেশচন্দ্র নায়ারস্ব সি, আই, ই)। কাশীধাম ৫ই নভেল, ১৮৯৫।)
সহামহোপাধ্যায শ্রীযুক্ত সন্তোষ প্রতীতির্গত লিখিয়াছেন—“আ-
পনি সহাকাব্য রথুবংশের পাদে অনুবাদ করিয়া বঙ্গীয় সাহিত্যের
শ্রীরক্ষা সাধন করিয়াছেন সন্দেহ নাই। এ রূপ প্রাঙ্গল অথচ স্বল-
লিত সর্বাধিক সমর্থন অনুবাদ বিশেষ গৌরবের বস্তু। অনুবাদে মূল-
গল্পের ভাব যথাযথ রক্ষিত হইয়াছে।” কলিকাতা সংস্কৃত কলেজে,
৩৫ জৈত্র, ১৩০২।
সংস্কৃত কলেজের অধ্যাপক শ্রীযুক্ত বীরেশ্বর চটোপাধ্যায় লিখি-
য়াছেন;—“আপনার অনুবাদ দৃষ্ট হওয়াই আদোপাদ্ম প্রভুর, বৃহত্তীয়
খোদ প্রভুর জন্য উৎকৃষ্ট রহিলাম, আপনার অনুবাদ কি সন্দর্ভে
হইয়াছে! প্রভুর যে কত আনন্দ লাভ করিয়াছি লিখিয়া প্রকাশ
করিতে পারি না। আপনার ভাষা প্রসাদ-পূণসম্পদ ও সুলিত; অর
কালিদাসের ভাব ও প্রায় অবিকল প্রকাশ করিয়াছেন দীর্ঘ।
বাস্তবিকই বিশ্বাস হইয়াছি। ব্যক্তির হাতে না হইলে কাব্যের এ রূপ
অনুবাদ কখনই সম্ভব না। আপনি কালিদাসের রথুবংশ বাঙ্গালায়
অনুবাদ করিয়া আমাদের সাহিত্যের পুষ্টি সাধন করিয়াছেন, সন্দেহ
নাই।” কলিকাতা, ২৬ শে নব্রু, ১৮৯৫।
সহামহোপাধ্যায় শ্রীযুক্ত চন্দ্রকান্ত তর্কালঙ্কার লিখিয়াছেন;
“প্রথের বিষয়, আপনি বঙ্গাল। ভাষায় শাক্তরি ভাব প্রকাশ
করার বিষয়ে অনেক দূর অগ্রসর হইয়াছেন। আপনি বঙ্গাল।
ভাষায় অনেক উজ্জ্বল অলঙ্কার পরাইলেন, তজ্জন্য বন্ধবানী আপনার
নিকট কৃতজ্ঞ থাকিবে।” কলিকাতা, সংস্কৃত কলেজ। ৩১৭৯৫।
কবিবর রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর লিখিয়াছেন,—সংস্কৃত কাব্যের এ রূপ প্রাঙ্গণ এবং গুরুদের অনুবাদ ছাড়াই আমাদের অনুবাদে মূল আস্ত্রের ভাব সৌন্দর্য্য যথাসাধ্য রক্ষিত হইয়াছে।

কবিবর রাজকুমার রায়—“আপনি বঙ্গবালা ভাষায় যজ্ঞ করিয়া একটি অতুলনীয় অনুবাদ রচনা করিলেন, অতএব আপনি আমাদের সকলেরই বিশেষ ধন্যবাদই। আমি আশা করি আপনি এই রূপ সরল স্নায় বঙ্গবালা পদ্যে সমস্ত রহস্যধ্বং শান্তি অনুবাদ করিবেন।” ৬ই আষাঢ়, ১২৯৯।

গোসিডেস্সি কলেজের সহকারী সংস্কৃতবিদ্যাপত শ্রীহরিরাচরণ কবিবর লিখিয়াছেন;—“অদ্য আপনার এই পদার্থবিদ্যা দেখিযা। আমি পরম আত্মার প্রতি লাভ করিলাম, এই ভাষায় অতুলনীয় এবং রচনা প্রাঙ্গণ ও কবিবরের ব্যাখ্যা হইয়াছে। কালিদাসের ভাব গুলি প্রকাশ করিতে আপনি বিশেষ প্রয়াস পাইয়াছেন, এবং অনেক হ্রদেও কৃত-কার্য হইয়াছেন, ফলতঃ কোন ভাবাত্মক পরিবর্তন করিলে, পূর্বতাত্ত্বিক ভাব গুলি পর ভাষায় সম্পূর্ণ প্রকাশ করা নিতে কঠিন, স্বল্প বিশেষে অসংক্রান্ত বলিলেও চলে, কিন্তু স্বত্বের বিষয় আপনি অনেক স্বল্পেই মূল ভাব গুলি অবিকল কবিতার্থ করিতে সমৃদ্ধ হইয়াছে।”
কলিকাতা, ১৮ই এপ্রেল, ১৮৯৫।

শ্রীযুক্ত অনান্ধকৃষ্ণ গুহ, বি.এ, (Vakil, Mymensing,) লিখিয়াছেন—“আপনি বাঙালিকে বঙ্গ ভাষায় একটি সূচনার রচনা সংযোগ করিয়াছেন। আমাদের পরবর্তিতে এই রচনার মূল বুঝিবে এবং সময়ের সঙ্গে সঙ্গে ভার্তার উল্লাস ছাড়াই হইবে। আপনার অনুবাদের কোন কোন অংশ আমি মূলের শতি মিলাইয়াছি; মূল অক্ষর রাখিয়া অনুবাদ এই একার সৌন্দর্য্য বিকীর্ণ করা সামান্য কঠিন কথা নহে।” ১৮ই জুলাই, ১২৯৯।

“আপনার অনুবাদ যে অতি উৎকৃষ্ট হইয়াছে তাহার বলা নিশ্চয়। পদ্যে এইরূপ অবিকল ও সৌন্দর্য্য রক্ষা করিয়া অনুবাদ অতি অস্পুত করিয়াই হইয়াছে।” শ্রীরাজেশ্বর গুপ্ত (চট্টগ্রাম নর্থল স্কুলের হেডমাস্টার)।
ভূতপূর্ব “বাঙ্গাল” সম্পাদক শ্রীযুক্ত কালীপ্রসন্ন ঘোষ লিখিয়াছেন;—“আপনি রবীন্দ্রনাথ তেজ করিয়া বাঙালী সাহিত্যকে অলঙ্কৃত করিয়াছেন। অনুবাদ সরল হইলে সাধারণতঃ সুন্দর হয় না। অর্থ রক্ষা অনুরোধে অন্তর্ভুক্ত হইলে, অন্যান্য অংশে এই কথাটা কখনও উপাদায় হয় না। কিন্তু আপনার এ অনুবাদ সরল অথচ সুন্দর, অন্তর্ভুক্ত অথচ উপাদায়। বন্দুক কাবোর এই রূপে অনুবাদ যার পর নাই প্রশ্নসন্নিহ এবং ভাষার উপর অসাধারণ ক্ষমতার পরিচালক। এ পুনরায় দ্বিতীয় বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ের এগুলো পরীক্ষায় “পাঠ” রূপে ব্যবহৃত না হইলে, তাহা বড়ই লজ্জা ও পরিদৃশ্যের কারণ হইবে।” ঢাকা, ৫ই আষাঢ়, ১৩০২।

সমাধি পত্রিকার মত।

“নবীন বায়া পদ্ম রবীন্দ্রনাথ অনুবাদ করিয়া বাঙালী ভাষার শ্রীতি সম্পাদন করিয়াছেন। অতি প্রলীলিত ছদ্মে নবীন বায়া সহায়ক ভূমি সম্পূর্ণরূপে বজায় রাখিয়া। নিজে অনুবাদ করিয়াছেন, ইহা অপেক্ষ বিশেষ নহে। আমাদের এক আয়ম শ্যাম শ্যাম অনুবাদ চামান সম্পূর্ণ হইলে উহা বাঙালী ভাষায় এক চামান উজ্জ্বল অলঙ্কৃত কর্ণ হইবে।” “সহচর” ১৭ই ফেব্রুয়ারি, ১৮৯২।

“নবীন বায়া এ বিষয়ে যে রূপ মূলকার্য হইয়াছে, তাহাতে তাহার ক্ষমতার প্রশ্নসন্নিহ না করিয়া খাকিতে পারি না, এই কথা স্থান হইয়াছে, ইহা সম্পূর্ণরূপে প্রকাশিত দেখিয়া প্রতীকায় রহিলাম।” “বামোভূর্ণী পত্রিকা,” ফেব্রুয়ারি, ১৮৯২।

“আমার ইতিপূর্বে ইহার প্রথম ভাগের সমালোচনা কার্য করিয়া এভাবে বলিয়া যে অনুরাের ধনী দিয়াছি, এ বারে তাহা আরও শত গুরু না দিয়া খাকিতে পারি না, মহাকর্ম কালিদাসের অতুলনীয় এমন বন্ধী পরিচ্ছদে শোভাহীন হয় নাই এ কথা আমার মুলকার্য বলিয়া পারি। যে রূপ প্রলীলিত কবিতায় অনুবাদ সম্পন্ন হইয়াছে, তাহাতে ইহা অনূর্বাদ বলিয়াই বোধ হয় না, আমাদের প্রণয় কবির কবিতার ইহ। সামান্য প্রস্তাৱ নহে, উচ্চত কবিতাদি সংগীতে এক স্থানীয় আরও উপাদায় হইয়াছে।” “বামোভূর্ণী পত্রিকা,” মার্চ, ১৮৯৫।

“অনুবাদ প্রলীলিত ও অবিকল হইয়াছে, অনএ কবি কালিদাসের উৎকৃষ্ট সহায় রন্ধনের এ কবি সর্বজ্ঞ-সুন্দর অনুবাদ আমাদের বিশেষ আদের জিনিত।” “হিতৰ্বাদী,” ১৩ই ফেব্রুয়ারি, ১৮৯২।
"এই খণ্ডে রামচরিত মাত্র আছে। কালিদাসের ভাব রক্ষা করিয়া অনুবাদ করা বড়ই কঠিন, এবং সেই কঠিন বিষয়ে যিনি কৃতকার্য্য হইতে পারেন, তিনিই প্রশংসার যোগ্য, নবীন বাবু এই দুর্বল অনুবাদ কর্মে কৃতকার্য্য হইয়াছেন, ইহাই তাহার প্রশংসা।" "হিতবাদী," ১৫২১৯৫।

"নবীন বাবু সাধু-ভাবার সে অভাব দূরীকরণে কৃতসংগঠন হইয়া দেশীয় ব্যবস্থানী ও পণ্ডিতমণ্ডলীর কৃতজ্ঞতারকাজ হইয়াছেন। সমন্ত ভাব ঠিক রাখিয়া ভাবান্তরে অনুবাদ করা বড় দুর্বল বাপের। কিন্তু দুর্বল বাপের হইলেও নবীন বাবু অকৃতকার্য্য হইয়ে নাই, অশচরোর বিষয় এই যে, প্রতি শঙ্কা শঙ্কে অনুবাদ করিতে গিয়াও নবীন বাবুর রসনাত্মক ও সামাজিক যত্ন নাই। আমাদের মতে পুনর্ভ খানি পাঠ নিষ্ক্রিয় হইয়া আবার, বাংলায় জাতন্ত্রের পাঠারূপে নির্ধারিত হইল ভাল হয়।" "সংশোধিনী," ৪ ঠাঁই অক্টোবর, ১৮৯১।

"এই পুস্তকের...অনুবাদ সমোহর হইয়াছে। এস্থকার অতি সমর্পিত ভাবায় মহাকবি কালিদাসের কবিতা অনুবাদ করিয়াছেন, সংক্ষিপ্তচিত্র বঙ্গীয় পাঠকের নিকট এ পুস্তক আকাশ হইবে।" "সময়" ১৫২১৯২।

"অনুবাদ সরল, মধুর ও যথাযথ হইয়াছে...নবীন বাবু স্বকীয়, তাহার নিকট আমরা বংশভাবার অনেক উষ্ণতর আশা করি।" "প্রকৃতি।"

"এ গ্রন্থে নবীন কবি অনেকাংশে কৃতকার্য্য হইয়াছেন। অনেক স্থান পাঠিয়া দেখিয়াছি, অনুবাদ যথাযথ ও প্রাঙ্গণ হইয়াছে। সংক্ষিপ্তচিত্র পাঠকের পক্ষে ইহার বেশ প্রধানচন্ত।" "নব-ভারত" পোষ, ১২৯৮।

"আমরা নবীন বাবুর রথিবংশের পদাঙ্গুলিতের দ্বিতীয় ভাগ পাঠ করিয়া পরম সুখী হইয়াছি। ইহার প্রথম ভাগ খানি অতি স্নেহ হইয়াছিল। আদান পাঠ করিয়া দেখিলাম দ্বিতীয় ভাগ খানি আরও স্নেহ হইয়াছে। নবীন বাবু অতি সমর্পিত ভাবায় মনোহর ছলে মহাকবির ভাব বক্তায় রাখিয়া বাঙ্গালা। ভাবায় যে রথিবংশের শেষাংশের অনুবাদ করিয়াছেন ইহা অপে ক্ষমতার কার্য্য নহে। ফলতঃ নবীন বাবু একত্র প্রস্তাবে স্নেহ বিশ্বাসিত এক এও, পৌরীকায় বাঙ্গালা ভাস্ক। প্রচলিত করিবার প্রস্তাব হইতেছে। অনেকে বিলম্বা থাকেন এফ এও, পৌরীকায় বাঙ্গালা পৌরীকা প্রচলিত হইলে পৌরীকায় পাঠার পুস্তকের অভাব হইবে, যাহারা নবীন বাবুর রথিবংশের অনুবাদ পাঠ।
করিয়াছেন, তাহাদের এই সংক্ষেপ দুরূহভূত হইবে। এরূপ স্নায় উপত পদা কায় বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ের এরিশিকা ও এফ, এ, পরীক্ষার্থ
নির্দিষ্ট না হইলে আমরা বড়ই দুঃখিত হইব, সংক্ষেপ পুনর্নির্দিষ্টি সভা আগায়া বৎসরের এরিশিকা পরীক্ষার পুনর্নির্দিষ্টির সময়
যেন নবীন বাবুর পুনর্নির্দিষ্টির কায়জ্ঞং পাঠা রূপে নির্দিষ্ট করেন, অর্থাৎ
ঢাকা, কলিকাতা, হাঙ্গারী প্রভৃতি টিনিং স্কুল কলেজগতে পড়াইবার জন্য
ইহা অপেক্ষা উপযুক্ততর অধিক দেখা যায় না, আমরা অর্থে করি,
নবীন বাবু দীর্ঘজীবী হইয়া নির্দিষ্ট নাতুঃভাবার শোভা প্রদ করিতে
ধাক্কা।” “সহচর” ৯ই জানুয়ারি, ১৮৯৫।

“বাঙ্গালী ভাষায় সংক্ষেপ কাব্যগ্রহের অনুবাদ করা নিরস্তির কথিত কাজ; কারণ, সংক্ষেপ কবিতার ক্লোক গুলী ধাটুময় কার্কার্য্যের
নায় অভ্যন্ত সংক্ষেপ বান্ধা গঠিত, বাঙ্গালী অনুবাদ তাহা লিখিত এবং
বিশেষ হইয়া পড়ে। কিন্তু নবীন বাবুর রচয়িতা অনুবাদ খানি পাঠ
করিয়া। আমরা বিশেষ প্রতিলিপি করিয়াছি, মূল এইখানি পড়া না
থাকিলেও এই অনুবাদের মাধ্যমে পাঠকদের দুঃখ আকৃষ্ট হইবে
সনেহ নাই। অনুবাদ সংক্ষেপ কাব্যের লাভ বাঙ্গালী ভাষায়
অনেকট। পরিমাণে সংক্ষিপ্ত করিয়া দিয়াছেন হইতে তাহার যথেষ্ট
ক্ষমতার পরিচয় পাওয়া যায়।” “সাধনা” বৈশাখ, ১৩০২।

সংক্ষিপ্ত মত।

Pandit Ajit Nath Nyayratna of Navadwipa, Commentator of
“Nātya Parisista Vyākarana,” writes:—

“কালিদাসকবিতাভে-গ্রন্থ-।
নীতিসংক্ষেপ-নবীন-পাঞ্জাব।
বল্লভগীর্থ-মধুমুখীবিষয়।
গম্ভীরের মহ বল্লভায় প।”

নবধীয়নিবাসিন: ন্যায়বিদ্যাকবিখ্যাতনাথ নাথাঙ্কিমী॥
Pandit Sitikantha Váchaspati of Navadwipa, writes:—

"श्रास्यं रघुवंशभावसुवकल्य चतुर्भुजित्रस-सुभासान्
भवानिन्त्य च सुप्रस्तावसुवपादस-प्रतिबन्धान्तर
मदुयं प्रस्तावादिरसस्य वक्षावादावेभि ॥ २ ॥

नवद्वीपपिनातिस्य वाचस्पतिपादस-श्रीसिद्धां-श्रीमः।

Pandit Siva Narayan Siromani, Professor, Sanskrit College, Calcutta, writes:—

"............. महाकाव्यात्कालिकस्य सुधामय-संक्षेपरसीतिं संचितात्यस्य कविकुलज्ञात्यस्य सदा रघुवंशान्ति
ववीनकवित्वादभूप श्रीरुपें अग्निवाचकाव्यकारिकमिथवात श्रीवाचकाव्यकारिकमिथवात
कथावियाने, कथावियात्कविक-सुलभमालिकाय-सम्बांकुशाकाव्यस्यश्रीस्यादिकमिथवात ववीनरकाव्य
ववीनमाहात्म्य-यौवनोवर-श्रीमंतपरिवाूं रघुवंशविं सर्वस्यां पाठ्यां भवाय-भाषाय।

भाषान्तिरत्येव पुस्तकेऽथ पुर्वभागारसाधारी न कापि घटते। किंतु
प्रकृतिभूतसंयतस्य रघुवंशविविक्लरोक्षक्यस्य संयतिसवित्यस्य: नियमपि चमत-कारातित्यां विवधे। अतोदस्तत् प्रार्थनीमेततः—

"नवीनभाववैविविविक्तताय-प्रोमं
महाकाव्यायं रघुवंशरामम्।
कमप्रकृतीमनुष्ठ-नविकमाया
नवीनमूर्तिः समालक्षरोतु।" ॥ इति १० वाकादः।
श्रीमोक्षिपादकस-श्रीविवारायगम-श्रीमः।

Pandit Sivanath Váchaspati of Krishnaghar, Maharajah's Tol, writes:—

"बच्छत्रश्वकायं नैतितिपरव रसायं
मधुर-सर्व-वाचस्पत्य वक्षावादः।"
প্রাচীন স্বামীর শ্রীগোবিন্দের জ্ঞাতিসন্ত্রাস ছিল সোক্ত বাচ্চা মমীয়া।

শ্রীমৃন্মাধ্যায়স্বাস্তিগুল্মকে।

পাদ্ধেত্র অন্ত বিভবাম্বায়

নবীন-নখাদৃদৃত দূত বাক্য পয়েন্ত

নবীনকাচ রহবল রহবল

নব্বীন পত্ত মহুজ বহুত ছ প

সূলাস্থীধর রসালাপুরী

সুকীর্ভারাক্ষমিন্তঃ কাথাঃ

নবীনচরীতি বিকাঞ্ছামান

বৃহৎ মনোভাসে সুখু সমান

"জন্মভূমির” সমালোচনা।

(উক্তি ।)

“রথনঘন” অমর কবি কালিদাসের উৎকৃষ্ট মহাকাব্য। নবীন বাবু সেই মহাকাব্য বঙ্গভাষায় অনুবাদ করিয়া, বঙ্গবাসীকে এক উঘা রঘুম উপহার দিয়াছেন। সংকৃত কাব্যের এমন মনোহর অভ্যন্তর অবিকল অভ্যস্ত অনুবাদ প্রায় দেখা যায় না। যাহারা সংকৃত জানেন না, মহাকবির সে মহাকাব্য সম্পূর্ণ উপলব্ধি করিয়া, তাহার মধুর রস আরো তাহার বক্ষঃ। তাহার জানেন না, সংকৃত সাহিত্য-ভাবের কি উজ্জ্বল রস্তারাজি বিস্তার করিতেছে। এই অনুবাদ পাঠ করিলে, তাহার সে অনুশীল মনো-মানিকের অভাস পাইবেন। বঙ্গভাষায় বিবিধ
রসরাজীতে সাজাইতে যাঁহার ওয়াস, তিনি চিরদিনই আমাদের ধনবাদের পাত। নবীন বাবু শিক্ষিত ও কৃতী; বড় সন্দর বিষয়েই তিনি হস্তক্ষেপ করিয়াছেন এবং তাহার হস্তে সহাকরির সে সহাকরিরের সৰ্ব্বাধিক রক্ষিত হইয়াছে।

সংস্কৃত সাহিত্যের অনেক অনুবাদ প্রকাশিত হইয়াছে। অনেক অনুবাদ পাঠ করিয়া নন হইয়াছে, অনুবাদকের পরিশ্রম রথায় গিয়াছে। যাঁহার সংস্কৃত জানেন না, সে অনুবাদ পাঠে, অনেক মাত্র রচনার পরিবর্তে দ্বারক্ত পাণ্ডিত্য গ্রহণের নায়, তাহারা কাব্যের সমাক্ক সোন্দর্যা উপভোগে বক্তিত হইয়াছে। কিন্তু নবীন বাবু কৃত রচনাবশের এই বঙ্গভাষায় সে শোণীর অনুবাদ নহে। দুই একটির পরিচয় দিতেছি।

প্রথম সর্গে, মহারাজ শিলিঙ্গ, রাণী শ্রীনক্ষিপ্তার সহিত বিষ্ণুর অন্শে গন্য করিতেছেন। সে পথের বর্ণনা অতি স্নদ্র;—

"রথের ধর্ষরে ভাবি নেহ্রের গর্জন
উজ্জ্বল কেকা রোব গায় শিরিগণ
পুলকে ষড়জ রাগে, করিয়া আর্জন
শ্রীনক্ষিপ্তার সহ রাজার আনন্দে মগন।

অধুনার দীঘায়ে পথে হরিণ হরিণী,
নিবৃত্তে নেহ্রার রথ বিশাল নয়নে,
কৈফকে সে আঁখি-শোভা দেখে রাজা রাণী
পরম্পর আঁখিসহ তুলনে চুর্ণন।"

ষষ্ঠ সর্গে, অজ রাজের সহিত ইন্দুসতীর মিলন বর্ণিত হইয়াছে। অযোধ্য-সভায় বজ্রেশ হইতে বহ রাজা সম্প্রিষিত হইয়াছেন। পন্না একে একে সকলের পরিচয় দিতেছে, কিন্তু

"ভাজের ভদ্রবী ইন্দুসতীর হস্তে,
না পশিল পন্নার বচন মপ্র;
পাশে কি প্রধানে অংশু নিশ্চিত-সময়ে
মুদিত কমলে, রবি-বিরহ-বিধার র।"
যে যে রাজাগণে ছাড়ি চলিলা যুবতী
ভবিষ্যতে তাঁদের মুখ দুঃখের অঞ্চারে;
রাজার পথে দীপ-শিখা বিষ-খদানে যেমন গেলে চলি, হর্ষারাজি তুমি অনন্যকারে !
অজের সহিত ইন্দুমতীর মিলন হইল ; —

"এক দিনে বর-পক্ষ পূজ্য ধরিল সভায়,
অন্য দিনে রাজ-মায় ধরিল বিষ-খদায়,
ফুটিল কমল যথা সরসে উঠিয়া বিষাদে মুদিত অঞ্চি কুম্ভ-নিচায় !"

অষ্টম সর্গে, মহারাজ রঙ্গ, পুত্রের প্রতি রাজাভার অপরাধ করিয়া বৃথা প্রশ্ন ত্রুটি অবলম্বন করিলেন। সে কেমন ? —

"সুর্যাকুলাকাশে আহা কি শোভা উদয় !
শমাপ্রদে অন্ত র্যাণ পূর্ণ-শত্রুতার,
অন্য দিকে স্নায় স্নেমুর উপর
উদিত অলঙ্কুপে রঙ্গুল তনয় !"

এক দিন মহারাজ অজ, রাণী ইন্দুমতীকে দাইয়া। উপবনে বিহার করিতেছিলেন, সেই সময় মুহুর্ব নামনী বিমান পথে যাইতেছিলেন ।
উহার বীণায় পারিজাতমালা। শোভা পাইতেছিল। সহসা বীণার হইয়া সেই পারিজাত, রাণী ইন্দুমতীর হৃদয়ে পতিত হইল। সেই কুম্ভমাপ্রলে ইন্দুমতীর প্রাণ বিয়োগ হইল। অজের করুণ বিলাপে উপবন পূর্ণ হইল ; —

"সমুদ্রার পারিজাত-কুম্ভ প্রহরে
পার হু বিদ্য, বিদ্য, যদি অবলম্বর,
কোন দ্বন্দ্বে ইচ্ছা তব না হয় সাধন,
সংহার করিতে তব বাসনা যখন ?"

এমন আকুল কুম্ভ এই অষ্টম সর্গ পূর্ণ। "অজ-বিলাপ" অতি স্ন্যান ও মধুর। উদ্ভূত অংশ তুলে আন্ত্রকাদ বলিয়া মনে হইয়া কি ?
ইন্দুমতীর বিরহে শোকভূমি রাজা চারি দিকেই প্রিয়তাকে দেখিতেছেন। মৃতৃ পদ্মীকে বলিতেছেন,—

“বালু-কোলে দোলে লতা, নিখুঁজ ভিতর,
বিলাস-বিভূষন সে কি হরিল ভোজার?
কালিতলা হরিয়া তব কলকণ্ঠ স্রোত
দিতেছে স্বপ্ন রাখা চিত্তে অভাগার;
হরিণী হরিল চারু চঞ্চল দর্শন,
কলহসঙ্গী হরিয়াছে মন্দর গমন!”

চুঞ্চুর রহিল, সকল স্থান উদ্ভূত করিতে পারিলাম না।
রাবণ বিনাশের পর, রামচন্দ্র সীতাকে লইয়া অযোধ্যায় ফিরিতেছে। অযোধ্য সর্গে তাহাই বর্তিত হইয়াছে। পথে আসিতে আসিতে রামচন্দ্র এক এক সীতাকে নানা শোভা দেখাইতেছেন। সে বর্ণনার সৌন্দর্যে রূপরত্নের অযোধ্য সর্গ অতি অপূর্ব হইয়াছে। ইত্র সিদ্ধে সমুদ্রের বর্ণা পত্তিত্ব কিস্ত এমন মনোহারিত কোথাও আছে কী?

“অপূর্ব ওমের খেলা থেলেন সাগর,—
শত মুখে নদীকুল চুম্বিয়ে তাহারে,
প্রদানি তাদের মুখে তরঙ্গ-অধর
চতুর সরিত-পতি ভোজন সবারে।”

রক্ত মেঘের পথ দিয়া আসিতেছিল। সীতা কোলাকে রথের ভিতর হইতে মেঘ স্পর্শ করিতে হস্ত প্রসারণ করিতেছেন, সহসা বিছানী আনিয়া সীতার করস্পর্শ করিতেছে। রামচন্দ্র বলিতেছেন,—

“মতে তুমি কুতুহলে রথ-বায়নে
প্রসারিছ কর, দেবি, পরিশিতে ঘনে,
বারী আনিয় নিজ বিজলি-বলয়
পরাইছে কর মেন, ক্ষণ-ভেজোয়ায়।”

তাহ পর নানা স্থান দেখাইতে দেখাইতে, রামচন্দ্র গলা-মুখুনার
অপূর্ব সঙ্গম ঘুলে উপস্থিত হইলেন। সীতাকে সেই গলা-মুখুনার
অপূর্ব মিলন-শোভা দেখাইতেছেন;—
“পুনরূল যদিও মিলি কুষ্ঠহৃদে
বহিতেন ওই স্পষ্ট প্রবর্তিতী—
যুক্তিহীন গাঞ্জ যেন ইত্যনীলমণি,
ক্ষেতঃপত্রমালা কিয়া নীল-উুক্তল।
মানসের হংসরাজ ধবল-বর্ণা
নীল-হংসদলে যেন হঠকো মিলিত,
জ্বলে চিত্ত শ্রেতচন্দন-রচনা—
শোভে যেন কৃষ্ণপাত্র অক্ষর-অক্ষর।
কোথাও কৃষ্ণনারায়ণ যেন চিত্ত তন্মধ্যে স্বাতন্ত্র্য ছায়া-ধারন তৈলমণিপটলে,
কোথাও বা শরদের গুজ অজ্ঞ দলে
ভদি যেন নীলকাশ হ’তেছে লক্ষিত।
ধবল ভবেশ-অঙ্গ বিত্ত্বিত-ভূষিত
রহিয়াছে যেন রূপ ভুজঙ্গে বেষ্টিত—
এ রূপে কতই রূপ হের, বরানে
ধরেত অজ্ঞ মিলি যুনুনার সনে।
এ হেন সুখচন্দোল গন্ধ-যুনুনার,
তপ্রভাবান্ত ও সুদূর কোন জন
অবগাহিদৈহ, হয় সুপরিকীর, 
মরণে না হয় তার জন্ম পুনর্জন।”

অমর কবির সর্বভেদিনি প্রতিভা সকল তই এমন সৌন্দর্যা চালিয়া গিয়াছে! নবেন বাদুর বক্ষঃস্বাদেও সেই সৌন্দর্যা ফুটিয়াছে। অমরা
ভাল অন্নবাদ পদ্মিয়া মূঢ হইয়াছ। এখনও ভাল অন্নবাদ সম্পূর্ণ হয় নাই, অমরা সাথে তাহার প্রতিষ্ঠা করিতেছি।” “জগন্নাথ”
আষাঢ়, ১৩০২।
NOTICE.

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