THE
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OF
SIR WILLIAM JONES.
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WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.
BY
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IN THIRTEEN VOLUMES.
VOLUME XIII.
AGAM PRAKASHAN
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TO

THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

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HITOPADESA

OF

VISHNU SARMAHAN.

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"We are told by the Grecian writers, that the Indians were the wisest of nations; and in moral wisdom, they were certainly eminent: their Niti Sātra, or System of Ethics, is yet preferred; and the Fables of Vishnuvarman, whom we ridiculously call Pilpay, are the most beautiful, if not the most ancient, collection of apalogues in the world: they were first translated from the Sanscrit, in the sixth century, by the order of Buzerchumihr, or Bright as the Sun, the chief physician and afterwards Vezir of the great Anüshirevān, and are extant under various names in more than twenty languages; but their original title is Hitopadēsa, or Amicable Instruction: and, as the existence of Esop, whom the Arabs believe to have been an Abyssinian, appears rather doubtful, I am not disinclined to suppose, that the first moral fables, which appeared in Europe, were of Indian or Ethiopian origin."—See the Third Discourse on the Hindus, Vol. I.
HITÓPADESÁ*.

THE

INTRODUCTION.

Praise to Ga'nesa.

MAY success attend the actions of good men, by the favour of that mighty God, on whose head a portion of the moon appears written with the froth of the Gangà!

* Hitópadésa is compounded of hita and upadésa. Hita signifies fortune, prosperity, utility; and dear, or beloved: the compound may therefore mean (since upadésa is advice) either salutary, or amicable, instruction. The Pandits say, the word has those two meanings. خیّدپای bīdpāi is the proper word, but has been mistaken for پیل پای pilpāi, by some ignorant copyist. In Persian the word bīdpāi means willow-footed, which is nonsense, and pilpāi, elephant-footed, which is not much better; but Cāshafi says that, in Sanscrit, the word signifies beloved, or favourite physician; and that is certainly the meaning of baidyapriya, from which bidpāi is formed; the author having been, it is supposed, of the baidya, or medical tribe, and a favourite of his Rājā.
This amicable instruction, exquisitely wrought in Sanscrit phrases, exhibits continually, when heard, a prodigy of wisdom and the true knowledge of morals.

The learned man may fix his thoughts on science and wealth, as if he were never to grow old or to die; but when death seizes him by the locks, he must then practise virtue.

Knowledge produces mildness of speech; mildness a good character; a good character wealth; wealth, if virtuous actions attend it, happiness.

Among all possessions knowledge appears eminent; the wise call it supreme riches; because it can never be lost, has no price, and can at no time be destroyed.

Knowledge acquired by a man of low degree places him on a level with the prince, as a small river attains the irremeable ocean; and his fortune is then exalted.

The science of arms, and the science of books, are both causes of celebrity; but the first is ridiculous in an old man, and the second is in all ages respectable.

As a fresh earthen vessel is formed by the potter, and (education is nothing else) thus we may say are children formed here below to morality.
The acquisition of friends, the breach of friendship, war, and lastly peace. These four parts are here written, extracted from the Tantra and other works.
BOOK THE FIRST.

Mitralaba, or the Acquisition of Friends.

There is near the Bhágiráthi, a city named Pátáliputra, in which lived a prince named Sudérśana, adorned with every kingly virtue; one day he heard a person read these couplets:

"Learning dissipates many doubts, causes things, otherwise invisible, to be seen, and is the eye of every one who is not absolutely blind.

"Youth, wealth, dominion, inconsiderate actions, each of them occasions danger: Oh! what must all four of them do where they are united?"

Having heard this, the Rájá being afflicted by the conduct of his sons, who knew no books, and were continually walking in evil ways, thus thought within himself:

"Of what use is it, that a son should be born, who has neither learning nor virtue? Of what use is a blind eye, except to give pain?"

Again:
"A son is born, and the family is increased; but in this revolving world, who dies without having been born?

"Why should the mother of that son, whom the chalk marks not in the first enumeration of the virtues, have complained, had she been childless?

"Of a child unborn, dead, or ignorant, the two first are preferable, since they make us unhappy but once; the last by continual degrees: one virtuous son is a blessing, not a hundred fools; as one moon dissipates the darkness, and not a number of stars. May the man, who performs the duty of devout pilgrimage, a duty in every place difficult, be blessed with an obedient, wealthy, virtuous, and wise son.

"The continual acquisition of wealth; freedom from disease; a beloved wife, with tender speech; an obedient son; and learning, producing riches; these are the six felicities of living creatures.

"A father who contracts debts; a mother who is unchaste; a wife who is too handsome; and an ignorant son; these are dangerous enemies.

"Knowledge not committed to memory, is poison; food is poison to him who cannot
"digest it; a numerous family is poison to an
indigent, and a young wife, to a decrepid old
mate: alas! my child, by not passing the
night wisely in reading, when thou art among
the learned, thou stickest like a calf in the
mud.

"Why then should not these, my sons, be
now made virtuous?

"Since, as the poet says:

"Life, action, property, knowledge, death;
these five were formed for every body that lies
in the womb!

"The future condition of great beings is de-
flined with certainty; both the nakedness of
MAHADEVA, and the bed of VISHNU on a
vaast serpent.

"What is not to be, that will not be; and if an
event be foredoomed, it cannot happen other-
wife. This doctrine is a medicine, which heals
the venom of sorrow; why is it not univer-
sally drunk?

"Prosperity attends the lion-hearted man
who exerts himself; while we say destiny
will ensure it. Laying destiny aside, show
manly fortitude by thy own strength; if thou
endeavour, and thy endeavours fail of success,
what crime is thine in failing?

"This is the language of idleness, used by
men incapable of action: as a chariot runs
not on one wheel, so the acts of man prosper
not without favourable destiny.

Yet:

The potter forms what he pleases with
moulded clay, so a man accomplishes his works
by his own act.

Besides:

A man sees a precious thing before him,
and gains it as rarely as the fruit of the
Tāla falls by a crow shaking it: his own
deftness gives it not, it requires his manly
exertion.

Thus it is said:

Prosperity is acquired by exertion, and
there is no fruit for him who doth not exert
himself: the fawns go not into the mouth of a
sleeping lion.

A child forced to read by his parents, attains
virtue; an infant is not learned when he leaves
his mother's womb. That mother is hostile,
and that father malignant, by whom a child
is not made to read; he cannot appear well
among the learned, but must be like a heron
among the flamans.”

Considering this, the king gave orders for an
assembly of learned men, and said, “Hear, O
ye Pandits! is there any man qualified to give
a new life, by moral counsel, to my sons, who,
unacquainted with books, stray continually
from the right path?

It is said:

By the company of gold, even glass acquires
the brightness of a ruby: thus, by the society
of good men a blockhead attains eminence.

And it is written:

Knowledge, O Father! is destroyed by as-
sociating with the base; with equals equality
is gained; and with the distinguished, dis-
tinction.”

Among the rest was a great philosopher named
Vishnusarman, who knew the principles of
ethicals, and thus, like Vrihaspati, spoke:

O king! the princes, who are sprung from a
great family, may be made to acquire a know-
ledge of morals; but no pains bestowed on
worthless objects can be successful: the heron
cannot by a hundred efforts be made to talk
like a parrot; but in this family, no offspring
without virtuous principles can be born: how
should glass be generated in a mine of lotus-
coloured rubies?

In six months, therefore, I will make your
sons acquainted with morality.”

The king said again, with mildness,

The insect, by associating with a flower,
ascends the head of excellent persons. The
stone when consecrated by holy men, acquires
"divine honour; as in eastern mountains every
"common thing blazes by its vicinity to the sun;
"thus, by the company of the good, a man of
"ignoble condition attains brightness.

"Virtues to those who know their value are
"virtues; yet even these, when they come in
"the way of vicious men, are vices: as rivers
"of sweet water are excellent, but when they
"reach the sea are not fit to be tasted.

"Be you, therefore, the director of my sons in
"true virtue:" saying this, he mildly delivered
his children to Vishnusarman, who while they sat
with pleasure before him on the top of the
palace, thus began: "The time of the wise is
"pasted in the delights of poetry; that of the
"foolish, in vice, in idleness, or in quarrelling.

"Chuse, therefore, to live with true delight;
"and I will tell you the admirable story of the
"crow, the tortoise, and their friends." The
princes said, "Tell it, Sir;" and Vishnusarman
continued his discourse: "Hear then the book
"called Mitralaba, or the Acquisition of Friends;
"of which this is the first verse:

"Without equipage, without wealth, yet,
"wise and united by friendship; the crow, the
"tortoise, the antelope, and the rat, performed
"great actions with celerity." "How was
"that?" said the princes.

Vishnusarman said: "Near the Godaveri
stands a large Salmali-tree, on which birds, coming from all quarters, roosted at night. One day when the gloom had just departed, the moon being still in his mansion unperceived—that moon, who is a friend to the night-flowers worshiping God—a raven named Laghupatanaca, or light-wing, being awakened, saw a fowler approaching, like the genius of death, and alarmed at the sight, said to himself: This morning an enemy appears: I know not what noxious fruit is ripening; so saying, he flew off by degrees; and the fowler, passing by and scattering grains of rice, fixed his net: in this very point of time, a prince of pigeons named Chitragriva, or painted-neck, with many others fluttering in the air perceived the rice. The pigeons, eagerly desiring to pick up the grains, their prince said to them: How, when no persons are here, could grains of rice be collected? Let us deliberate: I like it not. I see no reason for touching them: doubtless from this coveting of rice, the same evil will happen, as when, through coveting a bracelet, the traveller had a fall in the deep mire, and thus perished in the claws of an old tiger. How was that? said the pigeons. One day, answered Chitragriva, in a grove of the Dacan, or South, I saw, as I flew along, an old tiger washing
himself with some Cusa, or holy grass, in his hand. Hola, travellers, cried he, receive this, my golden bracelet: upon this a traveller eagerly desiring it, began to consider, and said, By good fortune has this been offered; yet in seeking it danger appears.

Surely it is no wise thing to covet, what cannot be attained without peril; since, even nectar in heaven, with which poison is mixed, is fatal to life. Nevertheless, in all desires danger may be feared.

A man who meets no peril, sees no good things; he sees them, if he live, who boldly encounters danger: let me consider this fully. Then he cried aloud, Where is thy golden bracelet? The man went upon this to bathe himself in the pool, but fell into deep mire, out of which he could not escape; this the tiger knew, and when the traveller began to apprehend that he was caught, the beast violently seized and devoured him: thus I may admonish you, remembering the fatal desire of gaining the bracelet, that no inconsiderate act ought to be attempted.

Since it is thus said by wise men:
He who restrains his appetite, a dutiful son, a prudent and good wife, a prince who reigns many years, he who speaks advisedly, and he
"who acts considerately, for a long time give
"birth to no misfortune!
"One pigeon hearing this, in great anger ex-
"claimed, Ah! why dost thou talk thus? To
"mind the speeches of the old befalls us in an
"evil hour, not to eat, not to associate with
"females.
"Thus too it is written:
"By disregarding terrors, food, and water,
"all things on earth are attained.
"If a man does nothing because of his fears,
"by what means can he live?
"Hearing this, all the pigeons descended on
"the rice.
"Through covetousness comes anger; through
"covetousness comes lust; through covetousness
"comes fraud and illusion: covetousness is the
"cause of all sins.
"They were all made captives in the meshes
"of the net; and all began abusing him, by
"whose discourse they had fallen into the
"snare.
"Chitragniva hearing their censure of him,
"said, It is no fault of his: danger arising, a
"friend so acts as to encrease it; as a calf is tied
"by a stick to the leg of her mother (when she
"cannot otherwise be milked).
"In a time of disaster, and of dread, a bas-
"man is discerned: here act circumstinctly; de-
"literate; think.
"Thus it is said:
"Circumstpection in calamity; mercy in great-
"ness; in assemblies, good speeches; in adver-
"sity, fortitude; in fame, resolution to preserve
"it; assiduity in studying the Scriptures: these
"are the self-attained perfections of great souls.
"Again:
"Six faults must be abandoned by a man
"seeking prosperity: sleep, drowsiness, fear,
"anger, laziness, loitering.
"Now, do thus, all of you being united, lift
"up the net and fly away, since the union of
"small minds performs great works; as by
"blades of grass twisted together, an elephant
"is tied fast.
"The union even of the small and weak is
"beneficial; as rice stripped of its husk will not
"spring from the ground.
"Thus, having consulted together, all the
"birds took up the net and flew off: the fowler
"seeing from a distance the net caught up by
"them, ran after them, and after some thought,
"Said,
"These birds, by a joint effort, have taken
"away my net; when they fall down, then they
"will be in my power.
"Then the birds disappeared from before his eyes, and the fowler despaired of retaking them; on seeing which, the pigeons exclaimed, "What is now to be done?"

"Chitragriva said:

"A mother, a friend, and a father, are all three dear to themselves; and doing good works for another, their understandings are usefully exercised.

"Again:

"The small birds desert a tree with little fruit; the ibis's a dry pool; the bees desert flowers, gathered yesterday; the antelopes, a burnt thicket; women leave an indigent man, domestics a ruined land; in all affairs men connect themselves with those, from whom some profit may be derived.

"Such a friend, a rat named Hiranyakac, dwells near the Gandaca, in a wood called Chitravan; he will cut our cords afunder.

"Considering this, all of them went towards the dwelling of Hiranyakac; who, always being in fear of death, had made a hundred doors to the hole in which he lived: being astonished at the noise made by the pigeons, he stood silent.

"Friend Hiranyakac, said Chitragriva, why dost thou not speak to us?"
"The rat hearing that extraordinary address, came forth, and said, Ah! what good fortune, my dearest friend Chitragriva!

"Then seeing them tied with cords, he was amazed; and having stopped a little, said, My friend, what is this?

"What else can it be, answered Chitragriva, but the effect of our sins in a former life?

"How canst thou, who art a Pandit, ask such a question?

"From what cause, by what instruments, at what moment, in what manner, by what means, in what space of time, in what place, a man's actions, good or bad, are performed: from that cause, by those instruments, at that moment, in that manner, by those means, in that space of time, in that place, it pleases Brahma, that the man who performs them shall be rewarded, or punished.

"Again:

"Diseases; the death of parents; pains; bonds; and uneasiness; these are the fruits of the trees, which are planted by a man's own sins.

"Hiranyakaca, having heard this discourse, began to gnaw the threads that fastened Chitragriva, and was departing. Not so, my friend, said the chief of the pigeons, cut also the bonds of my comrades. I am but weak, and my teeth are small, said Hiranyakaca, how shall I be

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able to cut all their cords? As long as my teeth remain unbroken, so long will I continue to cut thy strings. It is true, said the chief, but, as long as you can, cut their's also.

"Hiranyaca replied: To abandon our own, which is especially put under our protection, is not the conduct of skilful moralists. Let a man, for the sake of relieving his distresses, preserve his wealth; by his wealth let him preserve his wife; and, by both wife and riches, let him ever preserve himself.

"The souls of such as desire to promote the justice of a state, and to please God, are fit objects of preservation; when such a soul is corrupted, what will it not corrupt? When it is preserved pure, what will it not preserve?

"My friend, said Chitragriva, such indeed is the rule of morality; but I am unable to endure the pain of those who are under my protection.

"A virtuous man should abandon both riches and life for the sake of others: for the sake of the good he should quit his own good, since death will certainly come.

"May the greatness of the noble-minded of my tribe, my state, my countrymen, ever accompany me. You say, that it is the fruit of my own greatness; at what time will it be so?

"Let me be even without life, not having
abandoned those who are dear to me; let that
life be my death, provided my companions
remain alive.

Still more: the body consists of bones, and
substances, provided from the flesh: how can
this be preserved from death? Oh! my friend,
preserve thy good name.

Since that which remains, must be separated
from that which decays; a pure soul from a
filthy carcase; seek fame in preference to
bodily honours: Oh, valuable acquisition!
what will it not acquire?

The interval is immense between corporeal
qualifications and sciences; the body in a mo-
ment is extinct, while knowledge endureth to
the end of time.

The rat on hearing this was delighted; and
with his hair erect with joy, said, Well, well,
my friend, through thy kindness for these
companions, the Creator of the three worlds
will clear thee of evil. Saying this, and
having gnawed the strings of them all, he re-
ceived them as guests; and, altogether, having
performed their adoration, he said, my dear
Chitragrīva, certainly they who have expe-
rienced the pain of captivity in a net, should
not be secure from the fear of committing some
great crime.

It is written by the poet:
"The bird, who from the distance of many hundred leagues, can discern his food; he, only, even in the hour of death, sees no snare.

Observing, that the sun and moon are put to pain by the dragon, that elephants and serpents are confined with cords, and that the most learned men are often the most indigent; I confine my desire of knowledge to the stupendous and all-powerful God.

The birds traverse remote regions of air, and fly together towards distress; the fish are caught by fishers from deep waters, even from the depth of the sea.

What difference is there? What avails a good heart? What skill is there in choosing a fixt station? Death, stretching forth his hand, seizes from the greatest distance.

Having thus instructed and entertained them hospitably, Hiranyaca embraced and dismissed them. Chitravrina, and his companions, then flew to their own country, and the rat retired towards his hole.

When Laghupatanaca had seen all these events, he was amazed, and said, Oh! Hiranyaca, thou art an excellent creature; perceiving which, I desire to cultivate thy friendship: I too am able to assist a friend. The rat hearing this address, ran into his hole, and said, Who art thou? A crow, said the other,
"named Laghupatanaca. How, cried Hiranyaca,
"laughing, can I contract friendship with thee?
"When a man has deserved well of his country,
"a wise person associating with him, partakes his
"merit; but I am fool for thee, and thou my
"devourer, how can intimacy subsist between
"us? The friendship of a devourer is a great
"cause of danger; yet a fawn was saved by a
"crow from being caught by a shakal. How
"was that? said the crow.

"The rat answered: In the country of Mag-
"gadha there is a forest, named Champaca Vati,
"in which an antelope and a crow had long
"dwelt in great friendship. This antelope, hav-
"ing roved at liberty, was grown fat; which
"being observed by a shakal, he said within
"himself, Ah! by what means can I feast on
"yonder delicate flesh? It may be accomplished
"if I gain his confidence. Thus meditating;
"and going towards him he said, Thou art in
"excellent health, my friend. Who art thou?
"said the antelope. I am a shakal, said he,
"named Cshudrabuddhi, and here live friendless,
"like a dead creature; but now having gained
"thy friendship, I shall live again as thy com-
"panion among the living, since I shall ever be
"thy servant. Now, when the many-rayed god
"was setting, the shakal arrived at the mansion
of the antelope: there, under the branches of
a champaca tree, dwelled the crow, named
Subbhudi, the friend of the antelope: Who,
said the crow, is this comrade of thine? He
is a shakāl, said the antelope, my chosen friend.
Oh! my beloved, said the crow, it is not right
to place confidence with too much celerity.
For thus it is written:
To a person of an unknown tribe, or temper,
no one should give his house: by means of a
cat, the vulture Jaradgabah was slain. Both
said, How happened that? The crow an-
swered: There stands near the Gangā, on a
mountain called Gridbracuta, or Vulture-fort,
a large pracati tree; in the hollow of which,
his fight dim with the fear of danger, lived a
vulture, named Jaradgabah; by little and little
he supplied his young with sustenance from
his own prey, and thus the other birds of
his species were supported.
It happened that a cat, named Long-ears,
used to devour the young birds, and then to
depart. The young ones perceived her coming,
and, confounded with fear, made a noise. Ja-
radgabah heard it, and said: Who is coming?
The cat seeing the vulture was alarmed, and
said: Alas! I am destroyed; I cannot now
retreat far from this enemy; therefore, as my
"last resource, let me approach him. Having
"resolved on this, she went near him, and said,
"Great sir, I am thy servant.
"Who art thou? said the vulture. A cat,
"said he. Depart far off, said the other, or thou
"shalt be chastised. Hear me, however, replied
"the cat, and if I deserve chastisement, then
"chastise me.

"Thus it is written:
"Among different sects it is established, who,
"and for what, is at any time to be punished, or
"respected; but he who knows the disposition
"of another, can best determine whether he de-
"serves punishment, or veneration.

"Speak on, said the vulture. I live here, said
"the cat, near the Ganga, in which I daily bathe
"myself; eating neither fish nor flesh, and per-
"forming the difficult tasks of a devout person:
"thou who art well acquainted with justice, art,
"therefore, an object of confidence to me. The
"birds continually pray before me; therefore I
"came hither to hear a discourse on justice from
"thee, who art eminent in age and science. And
"thou who art so learned, why shouldst thou be
"prepared to beat me, who am a stranger?

"Thus says the poet:

"Even, towards an enemy coming to our
"house, the offices of hospitality must be exer-
"cised, as the tree impedes not even the wood-
"cutter, who stands under its shade! Straw,
"earth, water, and pleasing words: these four
"are never absent from the houses of good men.

"A stranger who despairs of reception, de-
"parts from the house; he goes away, leaving
"the crime of inhumanity in its owner, and
"bearing himself the merit of a good action.

"The good are indulgent to ignorant minds,
"as the moon withdraws not her light from the
"mansions of a Chandal (or Hindu of the lowest
"cast).

"Shall cats, answered the vulture, who love
"delicate flesh, dwell here with young birds?
"On that account I forbid thee. Then, the cat,
"stroking her ears, and touching the ground
"with her head, thus spoke: I who have learned
"the Dermáśāstra, am without appetite for
"flesh. I am performing the difficult offices of
"religion; and regardless of the clashing doc-
"trine of the Puránás, am perfect in justice,
"and speak nothing but truth.

"He who bears no depraved passion, but
"suffers all things patiently, and gives equal pro-
"tection to all, that man surely rises to heaven.

"The true, and only real friend, is he who
"follows even in death; all friendship else,
"perishing with the body, soon departs.
"Mark the situations of him who eats, and of his food; see the short friendship of the one, and the total destruction of the other.

"How greatly is a man's pain increased by dying! Confirm thyself by this reflection, in a resolution to preserve all other animals.

"Since man, while the woods abound with delicacies, may be filled with vegetable productions, Who would commit a deadly sin for the sake of his burning appetite?

"Thus being trusted, he abode in the cavern; but some days having elapsed, he assailed the young birds, carried them off, and devoured them: during this cruel repast, on their plaintive cries; a question was asked, What he was doing?

"The cat, perceiving the discovery, left the cavern, and run away. The birds, having examined the place on all sides, took up the scattered bones of their young, and suspecting that the vulture had eaten them, united all their force, and by their first onset the vulture was killed. For this reason I say, of an unknown tribe and temper, &c.

"The shakàl hearing this, said with anger, My friend, on the first sight of this antelope, when you also were of an unknown tribe and temper, I contracted a friendship which continually encreases! Hear another verse that says, Such
"a one is his relation, or a stranger; this is the
"reckoning of a weak minded man: but to a
"man of a noble disposition, the whole earth is
"related; and since this fawn is my friend, be
"you also dear to me. What need is there,
"said the antelope, of this debate, while all of you
"converse with confidence in one place of abode,
"live in the enjoyment of pleasures.
"Be it so, said the crow, since it is thy will.
"The next morning he departed for a different
"part of the country.
"My beloved fawn, said the shakal, one day
"in a soft whisper, at one side of the wood is a
"field full of corn, I will take thee and shew it:
"this was done; and the fawn, going thither
"daily, regaled himself.
"The owner of the field, having perceived
"his loss, spread a net there; and afterwards the
"antelope, venturing further into the field, was
"caught in the snare. Who, thought he, but a
"friend, has power to extricate me from this
"net, which resembles the net of death. In the
"mean while the shakal went to the spot, and,
"as he approached, thought within himself, It has
"befallen as I wished, and my purpose is effected
"by my device: thus shall I glut my appetite,
"and feed on the flesh of the mangled antelope,
"mixt with his blood and bones. As soon as the
"fawn discerned him, he was elate with joy,
“and exclaimed, Oh! my friend, gnaw these
bonds, and quickly deliver me.

“As the poet says:

“In perils we prove a friend; in battle a hero;
in wealth a religious person; a wise man in
contracted fortunes; and in calamity kin-

men.

“The shakâl having looked from time to
time on the net, said to himself, Happily this
fastening is strong. And then spoke aloud:
“My beloved! the net is made of leather, How
can I touch it on the sun’s day? O my friend!
no other advice can be given; but to-morrow
morning what thou desirest shall be done by
me.

“After this, on the morrow, when the crow
perceived that his friend had not returned, he
searched for him; and, having found him
catched in a snare, said: My dear fawn, what is
this? The consequence, answered he, of re-
jecting friendly counsel.

“As it is written:

“The man who listens not to the words of
affectionate friends, will give joy in the mo-
ment of distress to his enemies.

“Where is the shakâl? exclaimed the crow.
“He is at hand, said the fawn, watching for my
flesh: This, replied the crow, I predicted;
such calamity I escape, because I place no such
trust: the wise are continually in dread of the wicked. Then, with a sigh, he added: Oh, base shakal! What, O cruel ruffian, hast thou done!

Thus it is truly said:

What circumvention is this of companions entertained by thee; obliged by thy civilities; expecting thy favours; deceitfully polite!

A friend who mars thy business in thy absence, yet speaks affectionately to thy face, should be shunned as a vase of milk with poison at its brim.

Contract no friendship, or even acquaintance, with a guileful man: he resembles a coal, which when hot burneth the hand, and when cold blacketh it.

Him who injures his benefactor, his depositor, or any well-natured man, O earth! O world! how canst thou support? He is a monster of injustice!

Thus may the character of a treacherous person be described. At first he falls at your feet, and then drinks your blood; he hums a strange tune in your ears with soft murmurs, but meditates mischief; and having found an opening, enters without remorse: thus, the false friend and black gnats practice alike every mode of treachery.

In the morning, when the crow saw the
"farmer advancing with a staff in his hand, he
told to the antelope, My beloved! feign thyself
to be dead, and remain motionless; but as soon
as thou hearest me make a noise, run away
swiftly.

"The owner of the corn, his eyes expanded
with joy, saw the fawn, who pretended to be
dead: Ah! said he, the animal has died of
himself—So saying, he took away the toil, and
was diligent in preserving his nets. Imme-
diately, the antelope hearing the noise agreed
on by the crow, ran off at full speed; when
the countryman aiming at him, threw his staff,
and killed the jackal, who lay concealed in a
bush.

"Thus it is written:

"In three years, in three months, in three
fortnights, in three days, the fruit of great
vices, or great virtues, is reaped even in this
world!

"So much for those two!

"Lagupatanaca answered:

"Besides, it would not be for my advantage
to feed on thee; even as Chitragriva lives,
thus I live in thy life.

"The wisdom of confiding in beasts who
act with probity, is clearly seen; in those
especially, who like Chitragriva and thou, are
good, and have good dispositions.
"The mind of a virtuous being cannot be changed, any more than the water of the ocean can be heated with a fire of straw.

"Thou, said Hiranyaca, art vicious, and with the vicious no friendship should ever be contracted; a cat, a buffalo, a ram, a crow, and a bad man, gain their own advantage by being trusted; it is not prudent, therefore, to confide in them.

"Besides, you crows are naturally enemies of our race.

"And wise writers say:

"Make no league with an avowed enemy, but cleave to an approved friend.

"Water, though well warmed, would quench nevertheless, the fire that warmed it.

"An impossible thing cannot be done, but that which is possible may be attempted: a chariot goes not on the water, nor can a ship sail on dry land.

"Whoever, from solemn treaty, places confidence in enemies, and enraged wives, reduces his life to nothing through his folly.

"All has been overheard by me, said Lagupatanaca, and I promised myself the happiness of your friendship: without obtaining which, I will suffer my body to decay through hunger, and fall dead before thy door: then wilt thou remember too late, that the friendship of the
"bad, like an earthen pot, may easily be broken,
"but cannot with ease be repaired; while that
"of the good, like a vessel of gold, cannot with-
"out difficulty be disunited, but may with little
"pains be restored to its former state.
"By melting, metals are united; for mutual
"benefit, antelopes and birds; through fear of
"danger, and love of gain, ignorant men; but
"the virtuous are attached at first sight.
"If the friendship of the good be interrupted,
"their minds admit of no long change; as when
"the stalks of a lotus are broken, the filaments
"within them are more visibly connected.
"Piety, charity, forbearance, participation of
"pains and pleasures, goodness of heart, reputa-
tion, and truth; these are the sciences of
"friendship: by these arts, what other advantage
"can I acquire?
"The rat then leaving his hole, said: I am
"delighted with thy sweet conversation.
"As it is written:
"To bathe in cool streams, delights not so
"much a man affected by the sun; nor a neck-
"lace of pearls, or veils, perfumed with sandal,
"give so much pleasure to the body which they
"decorate, as the conversation of a virtuous man
"(which almost surpasses all things), with friend-
"ship fixed in his heart; or that of the learned,
"which good advice renders venerable, and to
"which the application of holy sentences, preserved in their memory, adds new graces.

"Not to follow advice; to break a promise; to beg money; cruelty; absence of mind; wrath; untruth; and gaming; these are the vices of a friend: by this discourse, not one of these faults is discerned in thee.

"As the poet says:

"Goodness and truth are discerned by a man's discourse; but cowardice, and a variable mind, are easily discovered by his conduct.

"It is one thing to hear the language of a friend, whose heart is pure as water, and another to hear the words of a base dissembler.

"Be it so then, I comply with thy request.

"This being said, they contracted a mutual friendship. The rat then, having regaled his new friend with a variety of food, and vowed constant amity, re-entered his hole; and the crow flew to his own station.

"Thus, a long time passed in daily entertainments, friendly salutations, and confidential discourse. One morning, my dear friend Hiranyakaca, said the crow, this place is not convenient for the regular acquisition of food; I am therefore desirous of changing it, and removing to another. Whither should we go, my friend? said the rat.

"The poet says:
"A wise man walks on one foot, slowly and circumspectly, and lives in one place; nor, having seen another station, should he desert his former abode.

"There is a place, answered the crow, well constituted for our purpose! What is that? said Hiranyaca. The crow answered: In the wood Dandac is a pool named Carpuragāra, where lives an old friend of mine, a tortoise, named Mentbar, virtuous and just.

"As it is written:

"It is easy for all men to display learning in instructing others; but it is the part of one ended with a great mind, to form himself by the rules of justice. He will favour me with fish, and other food. What, said the rat, will become of me who remain here?

"Let a wise man leave that country where he has neither honour nor friends, nor kinsmen, and in which no learned person resides.

"Again:

"Let no man fix his abode where five advantages are not found; wealth, a divine teacher, a magistrate, a river, and a physician.

"Take me, therefore, with you. Immediately the crow and his beloved friend, amusing themselves with a variety of conversation, went towards the pool.

"When Mentbar, from a distance, perceived
"Lagbupatanaca, he rose, and having greeted him, respectfully saluted the rat.

"As it is written:

"Whether a boy, a youth, or an old man, come to a house, he must be saluted by its owner, with as much reverence as a spiritual preceptor.

"The crow then began: O Mentbar! receive us both with distinguished honour; this guest is Hiranyaca, the prince of rats, virtuous, noble, and in kindness, like the gem-producing ocean; if the king of serpents were able to describe his virtues, he must speak with two thousand tongues!

"He then related the story of Chitragrīva: and the tortoise having paid his respects anew to Hiranyaca, said: You are best able to inform us of your reason for inhabiting the wood.

"I will inform you, said the rat; be attentive. In a town called Champa, is a place full of religious mendicants; one of them called Churacarna, has his abode there, and is used to sleep, having deposited on a beam the remnant of his food given in charity; this food, I having run up the beam, used to devour. One day an intimate friend of his, named Vinacarna, one of the religious fraternity, came to see him, and sat down by him,
"and relating a number of adventures; while
"he, through fear of my voracity, continued
"waving a piece of cane: his guest said, Why
"are you displeased with my conversation, and
"intent on other things? I am not displeased,
"my good friend, said the other, but see what
"a constant enemy yon rat is to me; he never
"fails to devour the food, which I preserve in a
"leaf. When Vinacarna had looked at the
"beam, How, said he, can so feeble an animal
"as a rat leap up so high? This must proceed
"from some cause.

"As it is said:

"When a young wife took her old husband
"by the cheeks, kissing and embracing him, there
"was certainly some reason for her fondness.

"What was it? said the other. And Vinacarna
"said:

"In the province of Goura is a town called
"Canfanti, where lived an opulent banker
"named Chandanasa; when he grew old, rely-
"ing on his wealth, he married a banker's
"daughter named Lilawati; she was a girl like
"the fish on the standard of Câmadevâ.

"And the poet says:

"As those who have caught cold, take no
"pleasure in moon-shine, or those who have a
"fever in the heat of the sun, so the mind of a
"woman delights not a husband, where there is
"great disparity of years.
"The old banker, however, loved her passionately.
"For it is said:
"All who have souls desire wealth and life; but a young wife is dearer to an old man than his very soul.
"Soon after this, Lilawati, elate with youth, losing her dignity, good disposition, and honour, became enamoured of a certain banker's son.
"Thus the moralist says:
"To follow their own inclinations in the house of their father; to join in sports; to mix in assemblies of women before men; to sojourn abroad without end; to associate with harlots; to be always prodigal of their wealth: these cause the ruin of women.
"Drinking with strangers; conversing with bad persons; infidelity to husbands; walking in public; too much sleep; dwelling in the houses of others: these are the constant faults of women.
"A father secures a woman in infancy, a husband in youth, children in old age; but a woman who follows her own inclination, cannot be secured.
"One day Lilawati, sitting in amorous conversation with the banker's son, on a pink bed, shining like a necklace of pearls, perceived not the approach of her husband; but when she
"saw him she rose hastily, took him by the hair, and embraced him, while the lover flipped away. A woman who lived close by, and saw this, repeated in her own mind: When a young wife, and so forth.

"Now, in my opinion, the increased strength of this rat must proceed from some cause. Consider a little, the cause may be important; perhaps a treasure is collected there.

"Since it is written:

"Every rich man, and every bad man, in all places, and at all times, gains pre-eminence, and increase of dominion, by his wealth.

"So saying, the religious mendicant took a spade, and having dug up my hole, seized my long-collected hoard; after which I was destitute of strength, and Chudacárna having weakened me with pleasure to himself, and seeing me unable to obtain food, timidly creeping by little and little,

"Thus said:

"Every man abounding in wealth, becomes by that wealth a man of learning; see, for this reason, how this wicked rat stands on a level with his whole race collectively.

"A man who has no substance, can have but little understanding; all his actions die away like rivulets in the sultry season.

"He who has wealth has friends; he who has
"wealth has relations; he who has wealth is a
"hero among the people; he who has wealth is
"even a sage.

"Empty is the house of a childless man; as
"empty is the mind of a bachelor; empty are
"all quarters of the world to an ignorant man;
"but poverty is total emptiness.

"After all:

"These members are not impaired; this
"name also remains; this voice also continueth;
"this knowledge is not weakened! By the ar-
"rogance, which wealth occasions, a man is
"ruined; so much for him! Another succeeds,
"and has the same end. What wonder is there
"in this?

"All this being heard and considered, a
"longer abode in that place, then appeared
"improper for me; and what this man had said
"to the other on the subject, was equally dis-
"agreeable.

"Therefore, as it is written:

"A prudent person should not discover his
"poverty, his self-torments, the disorders of his
"house, his uneasiness, or his disgrace.

"When the Divine displeasure is incurred,
"and human life is exposed to vain disquiet,
"whence, except from the thickest wood, can
"an indigent man derive comfort.

"The man of virtue may die, yet he becomes
not avaricious; as fire may be extinguished, but cannot be cooled.

A scholar, like a cluster of flowers, must remain in one of two conditions, either at the head of men, or in the desert.

And since a life of beggary, in that place, would have been extremely ridiculous, therefore,

According to the verse:

A mind harassed by indigence, would receive more content from the body being consumed with fire, than from a greedy grasping niggard!

From poverty comes disgrace; from disgrace, want of courage; from imbecility, ruin; from ruin, desertion of the world; from that desertion proceeds anguish; from anguish, loss of understanding; from loss of understanding, loss of all things. Strange that poverty should be the source of all evils!

Silence for the remainder of life, is better than speaking falsely.

To depart from life is better than taking pleasure in the words of an insidious man; and to subsist on alms, than to live luxuriously with another's wealth.

It is better to abandon life, than flatter the base.
Servitude takes away all honour, as moonlight disperses the darkness, and as old age destroys the bloom of beauty; and as piouly naming God removes sin, so beggary extinguishes a multitude of virtues!

How then could I subsist on the gates of another person? Wretched would be that subsistence! And as bad as the gates of death.

Superficial knowledge; pleasure dearly purchased; and subsistence at the will of another; these three are the disgrace of mankind.

Miserable is he who resides in a foreign land, he who eats the food of another, and he who dwells in another's house: whoever lives must die, and whoever dies finds rest in death!

Having remarked this, I again endeavoured, through desire of gain, to acquire new riches!

And repeated the lines of the poet:

Through avarice a man loses his understanding; and by his thirst for wealth, he gives pain to the inhabitants of the other world, and of this.

Then, terrified by the piece of split cane which Venacarna held, I thought within myself; a covetous, discontented man, is always his own enemy; and called to memory this couplet.
"He who possessest a contented mind possessest all things; as the snake who is covered with his skin, has no need of slippers for his feet.

"How can that delight, which the godly-minded feel, who taste the nectar of content, be felt by those who covet wealth, and flutter about from place to place.

"That man has read, has heard, has practised every thing, who, laying expectation aside, seeks refuge in his despair of worldly enjoyment.

"Not to attend at the door of the wealthy, and not to use the voice of petition, these constitute the best life of a man.

"An hundred long leagues is no distance for him who would quench the thirst of covetousness; but a contented man has no solicitude for grasping wealth: the seasonable termination of business, therefore, is always best.

"How great a duty is it to take a tender care of our souls! How great a delight is good health to all creatures!

"How great a satisfaction is friendship!

"How high a gratification to the wife, is the completion of works well begun!

"Let a man desert a single person for the sake of his tribe; his tribe for the sake of his native city; his native city for the sake of his
country; and the whole world for the sake of
his whole soul.

Of two things, water drank without pain,
or sweetmeats eaten with great fear of illness, I
see by certain experience, whether gives the
more satisfactory pleasure.

Having considered this, I repaired to a wil-
derness, where I was supported by a sense of
my own virtue; and having been entertained
by the many favours of this excellent friend,
I now consider the protection of your good
qualities, as an acquisition equal to heaven itself.

As the poet says:

The poisonous tree of this world bears two
fruits of exquisite favour, poetry sweet as
nectar, and the society of the good.

Thy excessive parsimony, said Ment'bara,
was the fault, which caused these misfortunes.

It is written:

A proper neglect of riches is the means of
preservation; as the canal is preserved by hold-
ing water negligently on its bosom.

He who seeks wealth, sacrifices his own
pleasure; and like him who carries burdens
for others, bears the load of anxiety!

Why are not we enriched with that wealth,
which fills the coffers of those who employ it
neither in liberality or food.
The wealth of a covetous man is the same, with respect to others, as money never enjoyed; it is his property, and when lost he becomes miserable.

Liberality attended with mild language; divine learning without pride; valour united with mercy; wealth, accompanied with a generous contempt of it; these four qualities are with difficulty acquired.

Frugality should ever be practised, but not excessive parsimony; for see how a miser was killed by a bow drawn by himself!

How was that? said Hiranyaca.

In the country of Calyánacataca, said Mentbara, lived a mighty hunter, named Bhairaza, or terrible; one day he went in search of game into a forest, on the mountains Vindóya; where having slain a fawn, and taken it up, he perceived a boar of tremendous size; he therefore threw the fawn on the ground, and wounded the boar with an arrow; the beast, horribly roaring, rushed upon him, and wounded him desperately, so that he fell like a tree stricken with an axe.

Thus says the poet:

Water; fire; poison; the sword; hunger; disease; falling from a rock; these are accidents, which whenever a man meets, he is deserted by his vital spirit.
"In the meanwhile a śhakā, named Lougery, was roving in search of food, and having perceived the fawn, the hunter, and the boar, all three dead; he said to himself: What a noble provision is here made for me!

"As the pains of men assail them unexpectedly, so their pleasures come in the same manner; a divine power strongly operates in both.

"Be it so, the flesh of these three animals will sustain me a whole month, or longer.

"A man, suffices for one month; a fawn, and a boar, for two; a snake, for a whole day; and then I will devour the bowstring. When the first impulse of his hunger was allayed, he said: This flesh is not yet tender, let me taste the twisted string, with which the horns of this bow are joined. So saying, he began to gnaw it; but in the instant when he had cut the string, the braced bow leaped forcibly up, and wounded him in the breast, so that he departed in the agonies of death. This I meant when I cited the verse: Frugality should ever be practised, &c.

"Besides:

"What a rich man gives, and what he consumes, that is his real wealth; when he dies other covetous men will sport with his riches, and with his women."
"What thou givest to distinguished men, and
what thou eatest every day, that, in my op-
nion, is thine own wealth. Whose is the
remainder which thou hoardest?
"But let this pass, what use is there in refum-
ing old topics?
"Wise and learned men seek not unattainable
things, grieve not for what is lost, and vex not
themselves in the hour of danger.
"Follow this practice, my friend, and be con-
tent.
"Many who read the scriptures are grossly ig-
norant; but he who acts well is a truly learned
man.
"The recovery of the sick is attained by care-
ful meditation, not by knowing only the names
of the patients.
"A man eminent in learning, has not even
a little virtue, if he fears to practise it. What
precious things can be shown to a blind man
by a lamp, which he holds in his hand.
"My friend, new friendship will be con-
tracted with the helps which a new country
will supply. The rat said: But this must not
be complied with.
"Since it is written:
"A prince, a woman of high rank, a priest,
an obedient servant, a counsellor, never prosper
by leaving their native places; in this respect
men resemble their teeth, their hair, and their nails. *Ment barā* said: This however is the speech of a weak man.

Since others write:

Lions, elephants, and brave men, leave their country, and prosper; while ravens, cowards, and deer, remain in theirs and perish.

Thus, too, it is said:

What is the business of a valiant and wise man? What other country can he know, but that which he has subdued by the strength of his arm?

In the forest of which a lion armed with teeth, claws, and a tremendous tail, becomes possessor; even there he quenches his thirst with the blood of the princely elephant whom he has slain.

Frogs repair to a small pond, fish to a full lake; but all the wealth of others, comes to a man who exerts himself.

I continually am enjoying present pleasure, or feeling present pain: thus pains and pleasures revolve like a wheel!

The goddess of prosperity hastens voluntarily to inhabit the mansion of that brave man, who lives contented, dispatches his business, knows the difference of actions, is able to bear misfortunes, and is firm in friendship!

A hero, even without riches, attains an en-
crease of honour; but a base man, with all his collected wealth, treads the path of infamy.

"How can a dog, by running away with a necklace of gold, obtain the noble spirit of a lion, whose nature leads to the acquisition of eminent virtues?

"What means thy pride, O wealthy man? When thy wealth is gone thou art miserable; and the riches of men are tossed about, like a ball from hand to hand.

"The shadow of summer clouds, the friendship of wicked men, green corn, and women, youth, and wealth, all these are enjoyed but a short time.

"Strive not eagerly to attain provisions, they are provided by God: when the new-born animal falls from the mother, her nipples drop milk for his support.

"Yet more, my friend:

"He, by whom white flamans, green parrots, and richly coloured peacocks, were made, will surely find provision for thee!

"Hear also, my beloved, the wonderful property of riches: they who are acquiring them endure pain; and when they have acquired them, are harassed with perils; whence then can proceed the delights of wealth?

"Still farther:

"Even with the love of virtue, the pursuit of
"wealth is excelled by poverty: it is better to
stand at a distance from mud, than to be defiled
by bathing in it. Therefore, as food is ac-
quired by fowls in the air, by birds and beasts
of prey on earth, and by fish in the water, so
may a man be in all places rich.
"As death is apprehended by all animals, so
the apprehensions of the rich from kings, from
water, from fire, from robbers, from relations,
never cease!
"In many births is pain; and what pain may
not infuse? When will there be no desire of
wealth? A desire which is insatiable.
"Again, O my brother, hear:
"Riches are not easily acquired, and when
acquired, are with extreme care preserved;
when death comes they are gone, be not there-
fore anxious for wealth.
"If thirst of riches be abandoned, who is
poor? But if it continue, and a river of gold
be given to satisfy it, yet mean habits of servil-
ity will remain with it.
"From the attainment of every desired ob-
ject, the desire is satisfied; if conversely the
desire be satisfied, a man, rich in himself, has
obtained his object!
"Still farther:
"What use is there in wealth to him who
neither gives nor enjoys it? What is strength
to him who subdues not his own foes? What signifies a knowledge of the Scripture to him who fails to practise virtue? What is the soul itself to him who keeps not his own body in subjection?

"Why should many words be used? Let the present time be spent in confidential discourse."

"As it is written:

"Friendships, even after death; resentments before it, appeased; and a boundless liberality; these are not the qualities of little souls.

"Thou art kind, friend Ment'bara, said Lagbu-patanaca, and art ever disposed to give a just protection.

"As the poet says:

"By means of the good, are the good extricated from difficulties; as elephants who stick in a quagmire, can be drawn out only by elephants!

"An honest man is delighted with an honest man; but the base take no delight in the just; as the bee approaches the lotus with a soft murmur, not the frog who stays fixed in one spot.

"Again:

"He is the only valuable man, he is the most excellent; he is a man of real worth, from whose presence neither they who ask alms, nor they who seek protection, depart hopelessly or un成功的.
“The three true friends, therefore, feeding
and roving at pleasure, lived with content and
happiness. Sometime after, an antelope, named
Chitrângâ, or painted-hide, shewing great
marks of fear, came to the place where the
friends were assembled; each of them per-
ceiving his approach, looked back with appre-
hension of danger: the tortoise entered the
water, the rat his hole, and the crow flew to
the top of a tree. The crow, however, look-
ing round to a considerable distance, saw no
just ground of dread; and on his report they
all reassembled. When the tortoise perceived
the fawn, he said: Welcome, good antelope,
enjoy here the pleasure of grazing at will; and
honour this forest by making it your abode. I
am terrified by a hunter, said Chitrângâ, and
come to seek your protection. He who re-
jects another, seeking his protection, commits
a crime, say the learned, equal to that of kill-
ing a Brahman. I am desirous of obtaining
your friendship. A contract of amity with
you, answered Hiranyaca, is readily formed
by us.

“As he poet says:

“We may distinguish four sorts of friend-
ship; that contracted by our sons, that by our
kinsmen, that transmitted by our ancestors,
and that which preserves ourselves from
danger.”
"Live here then without any distinction between our abode, and your own home. 

"When the antelope heard this he was delighted, and having grazed and roamed at his ease, drank some water from a pool, and slept by the side of it, under the shade of a tree. 

"According to the couplet: 

"Spring water, the shade of the * Bata-tree, and a house built with bricks; these are warm in the cold season, and cool in the hot. 

"Friend antelope, said Ment'bara when he waked, what can't thou fear in this unfrequented thicket, which hunters seldom or never visit? 

"The antelope answered, In the country of Calinga is a prince, named Rucmangâda, who advancing with preparations to subdue the adjacent regions, has fixed his station near the river Chandrabbâga; and a report has prevailed that he will come with a party of huntsmen early in the morning towards the lake Carpura, so that our stay here this morning appears dangerous; suggest some contrivance for our safety. 

"The tortoise hearing this, said, with marks of fear: I will conceal myself in this pond.

* Ficus of Linnaeus.
"The crow and antelope said: We will seek a different hiding-place.

"Ment'bara, said the rat, laughing, has an advantage in returning to the water: what advantage has an animal who lives only on land?

"Thus it is said:

"Water is the strength of aquatic animals, a moat of those who inhabit it, their own country of those who travel on foot, and of princes' valour: with this admonition, friend Ment'bara, be it as you determine; yet, when the banker's son saw the woman strike her breast, he was unhappy, and such unhappiness will befall you if we are injured. How was that?

"said the company.

"In the country of Canyacuja, said the rat, is a prince named Virasena, and his son, named Furangabala, holds the vice-royalty of a large city called Virapura; the prince was immensely rich, and in the prime of youth. As he was walking in the city, under his command, he saw a most lovely girl named Lavanyavati, or (with a fine complexion) the wife of a banker. When he came to his palace, his mind being distracted with passion, he sent a female messenger to her. Lavanyavati, on her part, was delighted with the sight
"of the prince, and her bosom was rent with the
"arrow of love, so that she fixed her mind on
"him alone.
"As it is written:
"No man is hated by woman, and none is
"truly beloved by them; as cattle in a forest
"seek for pasture fresh and fresh.
"This damsel, therefore, having heard the
"discourse of the female messenger, spoke thus:
"I am wholly at the service of my husband:
"how then can this be complied with?
"It is written:
"She is a wife, who is attentive to her fa-
"mily; she is a wife, who is the life of her
"husband; she is a wife, who faithfully serves
"him; she is not to be named a wife, in whom
"a husband is not happy.
"A husband who has called on the fire to attest
"his faith, is surely the sole asylum of his wife;
"the beauty of a cocil is his song; the beauty
"of a woman is obedience to her husband; the
"beauty of the ugly is learning; meekness is
"the beauty of the pious; but if the lord of my
"life shall tell me to do such things, I am ready to
"commit even this great sin! Is this true? said the
"woman. Perfectly true, answered Lavanyavati.
"The female emissary reported all this con-
"versation to Turangabala; and when the prince
"heard it, he said: the man must be invited,
"and bring his wife here, and then she may
"be gained. But how can this be effected, said
"the woman, think of some contrivance.
"For it is written:
"That may be accomplished by a stratagem,
"which force cannot accomplish: an elephant
"was slain by a shakāl, who led him into a
"quagmire.
"Turangabada asked, How that happened?
"and the old woman answered:
"In the forest of Brahma lives an elephant,
"named Carpūratilica, whom, when the shakāls
"saw, they said among themselves, If this ani-
"mal can, by any stratagem, be killed we shall
"be supplied with food from his carcase for
"four months. An old shakāl upon this boldly
"said: By my sagacity and courage his death
"shall be effected. He accordingly went close
"to the elephant, and saluting him by bending
"his whole body, thus addressed him: Divine
"beast! grant me the favour of an interview.
"Who art thou? said the elephant, and whence
"dost thou come hither? I am, replied he, a
"shakāl, surnamed Little and Wife, and am sent
"into thy presence by the assembled inhabitants
"of these woods. Since the vast forest cannot
"subsist without a king, it is therefore deter-
"mined to perform the ceremony of washing thee, as sovereign of the forest; thee who art possessed of every princely virtue.

"Thus it is said:

"He who is eminent in birth, virtue, and piety, splendid, just, perfect in morals, is fit to be a ruler in this world.

"Again:

"Let a man first choose his king, then his wife, and then acquire his property.

"If there be no king among mortals, whence can riches flow? Besides, a king, like the clouds, is the supporter of all animals: when the clouds produce no rain, or the king is vicious, no being can live.

"Farther:

"A man always intent on gain, is bound to act well in this life, almost wholly by the fear of punishment; and an honest man is hard to be found! Thus a woman is obliged by the dread of punishment to take a husband of her own family, though he be base, or dull, sick, or poor.

"Left, therefore, the fortunate time for thy inauguration should slip away, come quickly; so saying, he rose, and erecting his tail, ran on; while the elephant, conceiving in his mind the desire of royalty, marched in the same road with the shakal, and stuck in a deep bog.
"Friend shakál, said he, what can now be con-
thived for my escape? I am fallen into a quag-
mire, and cannot rise out of it. The shakál
said, laughing: Take hold of my tail, my
lord, and get out by the help of it. Such is
the fruit, said the elephant, of my confidence
in your deceitful speech.

"As the poet says:

"If thou enjoyest the company of the good,
then wilt thou thyself be happy (good); but if
thou fallest into company with the wicked,
then wilt thou fall indeed!

"Therefore, I said: That may be accom-
plished by a stratagem, &c.

"Afterwards, by the old woman's advice, the
prince took into his service the banker's son,
named Čhárudatta, the husband of his be-
loved, and employed him in all confidential
affairs. One day the prince coming fresh from
the bath, adorned with gold and gems, said to
him: I must celebrate the * Gauri Puja for a
whole month; and on each day, beginning
from the present, thou must bring me, in turn,
a young woman of good family, who may
pray for me to the goddess as fervently as she
can. Čhárudatta accordingly brought a young

* Gauri, one of the names of the consort of Siva; also, a
fair young woman.
woman of rank, and delivered to him, and then concealed himself to discover what he would do; but the prince, without even touching the damsel, decorated her with a rich dress, paid his adoration together with her to the goddess, and instantly dismissed her with a guard. The husband having seen this, with an eager desire of gain, next day brought and introduced his own wife to the prince, who knowing Langalavati, whom he tenderly loved, immediately arose, and closely embraced her, and his eyes expanding with joy, led her to a couch adorned with gems; whilst Cha-rutta, having written this on his mind, but ignorant how he should act, stood by afflicted and tormented. Thus, therefore, must thou act and suggest some prudent scheme. The tortoise, however, not regarding this friendly discourse, abandoned the lake and stole away, while the rat, and the other friends, followed him. As they advanced a little farther on, a huntsman, beating the thicket, found the tortoise, and having tied him to his bow, brought him in painful agitation to his house. The fawn, the rat, and the crow, seeing this, were oppressed with grief. The rat mournfully exclaimed: I find no end of misfortunes: like a person who attempts to traverse the ocean,
one calamity is followed by another, and to
this pain many dangers are added.

Yet more:

A friendship arising from nature, grows by
a change of fortune; and a virtuous being
abandons, not even in danger, a friendship
which art has not formed.

Not in a mother, not in wives, not in a
twin brother, not in a son, can men have such
confidence, as in a friend united by confor-
mity of disposition!

Thus am I extremely miserable! Alas, my
unhappy destiny!

It is therefore written:

Happiness and misery are caused by each
man's acts in a former state: thus, in this
life even, I see the bad fruits of a preceding
birth.

The body approaches to decay; and riches
produce danger, in coming and departing: all
things that grow are subject to dissolution.

Then, being yet more anxious, he said:

The preservers from grief, from enemies,
from fear, the seat of affection and confidence
is friendship, a little word of two syllables.
By whom was this precious gem created?

An union producing true affection, the de-
light of both eyes and heart, a precious vase,
"in which to deposit both pleasure and pain, is
hard to be acquired; but such friends, as in
time of prosperity make a buffle through desire
of gain, are every where to be found. Their
sincerity must be tried by the touchstone of
adversity.

"Then the rat, with various emotions of an-
guish, thus addressed the crow and the fawn:
"As long as the hunter shall remain in the
wood, an effort must be made to recover the
tortoise.

"Both of them said: Tell us quickly what
must be done.

"Let the fawn, said Hiranyakaca, go near the
pond, and, lying motionless, make himself ap-
pear as if he was dead, while the crow, sitting
on him, pecks him a little with his beak;
when the greedy hunter sees this, he will cer-
tainly leave the tortoise, and go hastily for the
flesh of the antelope; I, in the mean time,
will gnaw the string which binds our friend!
The fawn and crow both went, and did
immediately as they were directed. The
hunter being fatigued had drank some water,
and was sitting under a tree, when he saw the
antelope fall. Then taking a large knife he
went with great joy towards him, while
Hiranyakaca gnawed in two the string; upon
which the tortoise repaired with all possible speed to the pool, and sunk in the water.

When the antelope saw the hunter approach he rose and ran away, while the crow flew into the air. As soon as the rapacious hunter returned to the tree, he missed the tortoise, and with vexation exclaimed: This is the consequence of having acted unadvisedly.

He who leaves things certain, and pursues things uncertain, loses what he had obtained, and misses what he expects.

The hunter then returned home, while the tortoise and his friends, all free from danger, returned to their stations, and passed their lives with pleasure.

Make friends, both strong and weak, as you see how the tortoise was released from bondage by a rat."

The princes then said with delight: "The happy union of these friends will contribute to our improvement!"

"Let this then be your great object, and more than this," said Vishnuvarman.

"As it is written:

"Attach thyself to a virtuous friend, and bring down the goddess of abundance on thy country. Let kings nourish and protect the world; constantly fixed in the path of justice:
"let virtue be wedded to you, O monarchs! that
"you may give happiness to the hearts of the
"virtuous; and may the God, who decorates
"his brow with a waning moon, grant felicity
"to all mankind!"

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.
BOOK THE SECOND.

Suhridbhed, or the Breach of Friendship.

The princes then said: "Great sir, the acquisition of friends has been heard; it is our desire now to hear a discourse on the breach of friendship."

"Hear then," said Vishnusarman, "the book Suhridbhed, of which this is the first verse."

"The great and encreased friendship of the lion and the bull, in the forest, was broken by an artful and covetous shakal."

"How was that?" said the princes.

Vishnusarman answered: "In the country of Dacshin, or South, is a city named Souvernavat, where lived a very rich banker, named Verddhamana; who, with all his wealth, seeing others very opulent, still resolved to encrease his own riches.

"For:

"Whose greatness is not occasioned by seeing others lower and lower than himself? All men are poor who see others higher and higher than them.

"He who thinks himself well provided for
"by small possessions, will not, in my opinion,
"have them encreased by the Creator of the
"world.

"Laksmi, the goddess of prosperity, desires
"not to dwell with a lazy unemployed man.

"May women be unable to bring forth a
"son, who shall not exert himself, who is dis-
"contented, weak, and giving pleasure to his
"foes.

"Gain all you can, and what you gain, keep
"with care; what you keep, encrease, and what
"you encrease, bestow on good works.

"The man who neither gives in charity, nor
"enjoys his wealth, which every day encreases,
"breathes, indeed, like the bellows of a smith;
"but cannot be said to live.

"He who augments not his substance,
"though he spends little, wastes away like a
"medicine applied to weak eyes. Riches not
"employed, are of no use.

"Let a man, who remarks the speedy waste
"of eye-water, and the quick encrease of a white
"ant's nest, suffer no day to pass unfruitful in
"charity, study, and good works!

"By the fall of water-drops the pot is filled;
"such is the encrease of riches, of knowledge,
"and of virtue!

"Having thus meditated, the banker yoked
"his two bulls, named Sanjivaca and Nandaca;
and having laden a waggon with various articles of trade, repaired towards Cashmir.

Since:

What burden is too great for those who can bear it? What is distance to those who have important affairs? What is residence in a foreign country to the learned? Who is a foreigner to those who speak civilly?

As he was travelling on a mountain, called Sudurga, his bull, named Sanjivaca, fell and broke his knee; which the merchant observing, thus said to himself:

Let a wise moralist transact his business in all parts of the world, his reward will be, that which is fixed in the mind of God!

Farther:

The man who possesses true learning, must act when he is sent on business with dispatch: knowledge certainly prescribes dispatch in the soul of man; but fear, which is the ruin of all actions, must be laid aside on all occasions: by discarding fear, and discharging our duty, success is obtained.

So saying, he left Sanjivaca, and having yoked another bull, packed up his goods and proceeded. Sanjivaca, towards the end of the day, rose up, as well as he could, by the help of his three legs.

For:
"Of an animal plunged in the ocean, fallen
"from a mountain, or bitten by a snake, the
"allotted will of heaven preserves the life.
"Some days having past, Sanjivaca was able
"to traverse the forest, where grazing and sport-
"ing at pleasure, he was delighted, grew plump
"and strong, and lowed with vehemence.
"In the same forest a lion, named Pingalica,
"was enjoying the delight of dominion obtained
"by his own arm.
"As it is written:
"There is no washing in holy water; no
"homage paid by beasts to a lion who gains
"power by his own strength; his empire is
"from himself.
"One day the lion, distracted by thirst, went
"near the Yamundâ with intention to drink of
"its water, and there the lowing of the bull, a
"found before unheard by him, first struck his
"ear, like the roaring of a thunder cloud; upon
"which he retired without tasting the water,
"and returned, intimidated, to his own den,
"standing silent, and considering what it could
"be. In this posture he was perceived by two
"shakâs, sons of his minister, named Carâtacâ
"and Damâncacâ; the second of whom, ob-
"serving it, thus addressed the former: Friend
"Carâtacâ, for what reason did the lion, who
"was thirsty, stay so short a time, that he could "not taste that clear water? My friend, an-
swered Carataca, it is my opinion, that we "have not attended to perform some service; but "why should we strive to guess what he wants, "for we have both been long hated by the king, "and yet great pain is endured by us.
"As it is said:
"See what is done by servants, who seek "wealth by their service; their bodies are un-
der the command of another, and their own "is taken away by fools!
"Again:
"While men, protected by others, bear the "pain of cold, heat, and wind, the learned and "pious are happy in the enjoyment of bodily "ease.
"Yet more:
"That life is good which is not sustained by "another: If they who are dependent on others "be truly alive, who are dead?
"Besides:
"Come, go, fall, stand up, speak, keep silence:
"thus do the rich sport with their wealth, which "swallow up those who are caught by ex-
"pectation.
"For:
"The foolish, through desire of gain, make
themselves like harlots, polishing and improving themselves, and offering presents to other men.

Farther:
Servants, that their master may not be in a passion, strictly obey his very look, which, by its nature, is variable.

And it is added:
He salutes for the sake of gain; for the sake of living he resigns the privileges of life; he is miserable for the sake of pleasure.

Who, if such a one be called wife, deserves the name of fool?

Still farther:
If he be silent, he is called a fool; if eloquent, a madman, or a pratler; at hand, an artful fellow; at a distance, a bad attendant; if patient, a coward; if he cannot endure bad treatment, an errant rascal: the duty of a servant is extremely hard, and not performable even by saints!

This, replied Damàmacà, is not always to be supposed, for why should not the great be served for the sake of their favour? They who are soon pleased, and gratify the wishes of their servants.

Again:
Whence should men out of place have wealth, which makes others give way to the
fan grooms of their horses? Whence should they procure white umbrellas with long sticks, horses, elephants, and a troop of attendants?

"Caratacà rejoined: Yet what is our service? we ought certainly to leave it.

"Mark!

"He who desires to perform what is not his business, falls dead to the ground, like the monkey who took up the timber. How, said Damānacà, happened that?

"There is in Magadhabadā, said Caratacà, near Dhermaranya, a writer named Subhada, and intending to give an entertainment, a new assembly room was begun to be built; a carpenter having sawed through part of a beam it fell on the ground, and a wedge was fixt between the two pieces of wood. In that place a herd of large monkeys, inhabitants of the forest, came playing tricks; and one of them, against whom the staff of death was sent, having taken the beam with both his paws, sat down upon it; when the two pieces of sawed wood caught him, and he was so crushed that he perished: therefore, I said, He who desires to perform what is not his business, &c.

"Yet, said Damānacà, a servant must indubitably perform the task assigned by his master.

"And, said Caratacà, a master being absolute
in the whole extent of his dominion, may ap-
point a chief counsellor; a servant, therefore,
should never talk of business which does not
belong to him. He who talks of what is
not his business, even through a regard for
his master, may be beaten, like the ass, with
clamorous reproof, and die of pain!

How, said Damánacá, did that happen?

In Varanas, replied Carátacá (or Baranási,
not Benares), lived a washerman, named Car-
parapata; one night having amused himself
with his young wife, he fell fast asleep; when
a thief entered his house to steal his clothes.

In the court-yard an ass was tied, and a dog
fat by him.

The ass said to the dog: This is your bu-
iness; What means this? Why dost not thou
bark loud, and wake our master? Why shouldst
thou talk of my business? said the dog; thou
knowest the whole, and as well as I have long
guarded this man's house; for this reason, he
has long, while he had no fear, ceased to think
of my food, and now wholly neglects to give
it: such is the neglect of masters, when they
see nothing alarming.

Hear, thou blockhead, said the ass, the ca-
nine race is by nature impure, and not to be
touched, and see what they become by service;
"for, what sort of a servant, or what sort of a friend is he, who begs for food while he is doing his duty?

"Hear too, said the dog:

"What sort of a master is that, who does not honour his servants while they discharge their duty?

"Since it is written:

"To protect servants, to serve masters, and to discharge moral duties, there is no need of dragging by violence!

"The as, in a passion, said: Thou art an old sinner; but as to what thou sayest of deserting the business of my master, be it so; and let me take such measures as will awaken him!

"Since:

"With the back a man should venerate the sun, with his breast the fire, his master with every circumstance, and those of other worlds with sincerity!

"Thus having spoken, he brayed aloud; upon which the washerman, awakened by the sound, and enraged that his lazy slumber was interrupted, beat the as violently with his washing stick. Therefore, I say: He who talks, &c.

"The business appointed for us both by our
"lord, is the hunting for game, and let us talk
"of what belongs to us: but of this incident
"there is no occasion to talk; we are both fed
"with a quantity of food, and even a remnant
"is left. Damànacà answered, with anger:
"What, dost thou serve the king for food only!
"This was absurdly said.
"
"For:
"To benefit friends and punish enemies, a
"great man seeks the favour of a prince; not
"merely to fill his belly!
"Yet more:
"Such a life many lead; and let such a man
"live: What! does not the crow fill his crop
"by means of his bill?
"See:
"With five pana's of shells any man may
"procure attendance; and any man, by stronger
"reason, with a hundred thousand! But a ser-
"vant, who acts well, is not acquired by ten
"myriads.
"Service is extremely odious in the human
"species, who are all equal: Can he who is not
"the chief in it, be numbered among living
"creatures?
"
"Thus too it is said:
"Between a horse, an elephant, and iron uten-
"sils; between wood, stone, and cloth; between
"man, woman, and water, there is an extreme
diversity; see also the difference between a master and a slave.

The dog belonging to him who gives him a cake of boiled rice, wags his tail, bends his legs, and falls on the ground, shewing his teeth and his belly; while the princely elephant looks steadfastly, and with an hundred soft words, is, at length, only prevailed on to take such food as he likes.

Yet more:

That course which men pursue for a short time, but with lasting renown, never separated from learning, valour, and fame, this the wise truly call living; not that of the crow, or raven, who live, indeed, long, and devour their food!

Again:

What is the distinction between a mere brute, and that man-beast who has no knowledge or thought of wrong, or right, whom the assemblies of the learned in heavenly wisdom drive from their company, and who seeks only the gratification of his appetite.

Both of us now are without authority; what have we then to do with this consideration?

How long a time, replied Damànacà, is a counsellor acquiring reputation, or degradation?
"For:

"Not every person here below becomes great by his nature, or obedient, or wicked, or acquires the rank of spiritual guide, or his deputy; a man's own efforts are what make him a man!

"Yet more:

"As a stone is raised with great labour up a mountain, but is thrown down in an instant; thus are our virtues acquired with difficulty, and our vices with ease.

"What then dost thou purpose? said Caràtacà.

"Of this Pingalaca, our master, said Damànacà, I would know by what fear he was moved to return and lie quiet. What, said Caràtacà, dost thou know of it? What, answered he, may not be known by it?

"A meaning, well explained, is understood by a brute; horses and elephants, when driven, carry burdens; but a skilful person understands what is not spoken; a good understanding certainly reaps the fruit of knowing another's intention. I therefore, by speaking of fear in fit, or unfit discourse, will make this lion my own.

"Since it is written:

"He is truly wise who knows a speech adapted to the occasion; a friend naturally attached
"to him; and resentment proportioned to his strength!

"My friend, said Caratàca, it has long been observed by me, that thou art very learned; why then art thou unfit for service?

"Since it is said:

"He who enters the chamber of his lord without being ordered; who talks much without being asked; who considers himself as a favourite, has a dull understanding.

"My good friend, said Damànacà, why should I be unfit for service?

"Observe:

"What is there in its nature which is fair, or unfair? What is pleasing to any one, that is beauty to him?

"Thus:

"Whatsoever is the nature of any man, by means of knowing that, a wise person enters into his heart, and soon lays him under an obligation.

"Yet more:

"He who says, Here am I, and order me in every thing; and he who performs what is ordered, as well as he is able, attaches his master to him.

"Further:

"He who disobeys the commands of princes, who pays no attention to Brahmans, who
"sleeper with different women, is wounded and
slain without a weapon.
"Still farther:
"A minister, who is sincere, learned, not
covetous, continually attending, like a shadow,
not refusing any task imposed, he dwells in the
palace of a prince.
"If thou goest, said Carataca, at any unse-
sonable time, our master will be displeased with
thee.
"Be it so, said the other, yet a servant ought
certainly to present himself.
"Since:
"To begin no work for fear of doing wrong,
is the way of a bad man: What man, my bro-
ther, would abandon food for fear of indi-
gestion?
"Again:
"A prince favours a man who is nearest to
him, though void of learning, of rank, and of
probity.
"To sum up all:
"A king, a woman, and a creeping plant,
alike twine round him who stands by their
side.
"Let us see, said Carataca, what thou wilt
say first, my friend, when thou hast gone thir-
ther.
"First, said Damànacà, I must know whether
"he is favourably, or unfavourably, disposed.
"What means are there, said Caràtacà, of
"knowing this? Hear, he answered.
"By seeing him smile at a distance; by the
"great regard shewn in questions; by praising
"the absent; by bringing agreeable events to
"remembrance.
"Again:
"Favourable discourse to a servant; presents
"that denote affection; even in blaming faults,
"taking notice of virtues; these are the manners
"of a kind master.
"It is also said:
"By taking up the whole time of a servant;
"by encreasing expectation; by denying reward;
"a sensible man knows this to be the conduct of
"an ill-disposed lord.
"When I have well considered all this, the
"lion will become docile to my purpose; then
"will I speak.
"Since:
"The wise exhibit, as clearly as if it were
"displayed before our eyes, the doctrine be-
"longing to the science of ethicks. That danger
"arises from pointing out evil, and success from
"pointing out a remedy.
"Still, my good friend, said Caràtacà, it is
not proper for thee to use unseasonable discourse.

Since:

If Vrihaspati himself were to speak unseasonably, he would meet not only with loss of reputation for sense, but with disgrace.

Damânacâ having considered this, said: Fear not, friend, I will not speak an unseasonable word.

Since:

In imminent danger, in the pursuit of evil objects, in a season unpropitious for action, a servant who seeks the love of his master, must speak even without being asked! If, therefore, I must not speak on such a proper occasion, my office of counsellor is reduced to nothing.

Since:

Applause is given by good men to him who shews munificence; and that virtue should be preserved and augmented by him who possesses it. Consent, therefore, brother: I go, that I may prosper in my business.

Happiness attend thee, said Carâtacâ, and may what thou desirest be attained!

Damânacâ then went towards the lion with a timid air; and when Pingalaca, from a distance, ordered him, with kindness, to enter the cave, he made a respectful bow with his
whole body, and sit down. Son of my court-
sellor, said the king, it is long since thou haft
appeared before me. Sir, said he, great princes
have no need of a servant like me, yet every
servant, on a proper occasion, must present
himself before his lord: for this reason I come.

But:

They, by whom the earth, abounding with
sweet scents, and lofty elephants, and cut with
an hundred weapons, cast in fields of battle, is
continually delighted, when even they ap-
proach their monarch, their words falter as if
their great fear had cut them in pieces! Here
certainly there is need of such dread, for very
good reason.

As it is said:

Great lords have need of a little instrument
to rub their teeth, and to tickle their ears.

Oh! what need must they have of a man
who has speech and hands?

And if my lord thinks, that by my coming
late I have lost my understanding; that is not
the case.

Since:

A gem is worn on the feet, and glass is
raised on the head: as it is, so let it be; yet
glass is glass, and a gem, a gem.

Again:

Loss of sense is not to be imagined in a firm-
"hearted man, improperly repulsed: fire may fall down, but the flame descends not with it for any considerable time.
"Sir, a master must make distinctions; when a prince, without distinguishing good servants from bad, behaves equally to all, then is the satisfaction of those who worked with content reduced to nothing.
"Three sorts of men, O king! the highest, the middle, and the lowest, let their master exercise alike in three sorts of employment.
"Thus too:
"Men employ servants, and wear ornaments in a proper place; a jewel for the head, is not fixed on the feet: thus is the matter understood.
"Still more:
"If a gem, aptly made for an ear-ring of gold, be set in brass, it neither moves with a pleasing sound, nor makes a beautiful appearance, but brings reproach on the jeweller.
"Observe:
"This man is wise, or well affected; here are both qualities: this is a fool: a prince, thus knowing how to consider his servants, abounds with good ones.
"Yet:
"A horse; a weapon; a book; a lute*;

* Vina.
"speech; a man; and a woman; all these, ac-
"cording to the distinction of the persons in
"whose hands they fall, are useless, or valuable.

"Besides:

"What use is there in a favourite without va-
"lour? What in a hero without good conduct?
"Me, who am both dear to thee, and able to
"serve thee, O king! thou shouldest not despise.

"Since:

"From the prince's disregard, his family of
"attendance become unintelligent; then, on
"this account, not one man of sense remains near
"him: when a prince is deserted by the wife,
"his morals are not virtuous; and when his
"morals are corrupted, the whole nation is en-
"feebled, and receive detriment.

"Yet more:

"All countries constantly respect those who
"are respected by the prince; but he who is
"disgraced by the king, is disgraced by all.

"Farther still:

"Apt words must be taken by the wife even
"from a child: when the light of the sun disap-
"pears, what is not the lustre of a torch? We
"are true servants, favoured by great monarchs,
"and our conduct is not altered.

"My good friend, said Pingalouca, why dost
"thou say this? Thou art the son of my chief
"minister, and yet, from some bad report, haft
"not come to me for so long a time; now, since
"thou art come, speak as thy mind prompts
"thee. Sir, said Damànaca, I ask one question:
"When thou sojournedst the river, why didst thou
"return without drinking water, like an affrighted
"person?
"The lion answered: It is aptly said, my
"good friend; who of my people is there to
"whom my secret should be told? Where is
"there a place to speak with confidence?
"Nevertheless:
"I tell thee; hear: This forest is inhabited
"by large beasts, and should therefore be for-
faken by us. Was not a loud noise heard by
"thee? The animal must be of enormous force,
"if his strength be equal to the sound of his
"voice.
"Sir, said Damànaca, this is certainly a great
"cause of dread, for I have heard the noise;
"but what sort of a counsellor would he be,
"who should immediately advise a desertion of
"the country, or a commencement of hosti-
lities?
"Besides:
"It is the duty, sir, of servants, to find a re-
source; for a man knows the pre-eminence
"and superior goodness of a friend, a woman, a
"set of servants, his own understanding and
"strength, by trying them with the touchstone of danger.

"My friend, said the lion, a great fear made me indisposed. If it were not so, said Damānacā to himself, how wouldst thou, leaving the delight of reigning, converse with me. Then he said aloud: Sir, as long as I am alive, so long there is no ground of fear; but Carātacā, and your other servants, may also be depended upon, since a multitude of men could hardly be found more serviceable in avoiding danger.

"The king said: Go thyself, and bring Carātacā with thee. Damānacā did so; and both of them were honoured by the king with all sorts of precious gifts; and having determined on the means of avoiding an alarm, they departed. Carātacā going along, said to Damānacā, How this danger can be avoided, or whether it can at all, is unknown to me; yet, how else can the great promised favour of the king be attained? For without having done a good act, let no one take a present, especially from a king.

"Observe:

"A prince, whose favour is prosperity, in whose valour is conquest, and in whose anger is death, is all glorious.

"A king, whether a man or a child, must not
"be treated with contempt; in him certainly a
"great divinity appears in human shape.
"My friend, said Damànacà, laughing, take
"the protection of silence, and be still.
"The cause of this alarm was even before
"known to me; it is the lowing of a bull, and
"bulls are food for us; I might say, of a lion
"also.
"If it be so, said Caràtacà, why is our lord
"broken down with fear?
"We must not speak in this manner, said
"Damànacà; if we quiet his fear, how are we
"to acquire this singular kindness?
"Yet more:
"A master must never be allowed to think
"the assistance of his servants unnecessary. A
"servant who allows a king to perceive this,
"would be like Dedtucarna. How, said Ca-
"ràtacà, was that?
"There is, said Damànacà, in the mountain
"called Arbuda, a lion, named Mahavicarna,
"or great in valour; when he was asleep in the
"hollow of that mountain a rat gnawed the ends
"of his hair, which the lion having perceived,
"was enraged, but could not catch the rat, who
"returned to his hole; he therefore said within
"himself, What must be done? Since it is so, be
"it so: it has been heard by me, if an enemy be
little, let him go, he is not an object for valour;
to kill him, let a combatant equal to himself be
appointed.

"Having settled this, he went, at night, to
the village, brought back, with great care, a
cat named White-ear, to whom he gave meat,
and kept with great attention in his den. The
rat, through fear of the cat, never came out;
and the lion, from that time, without having
his hair gnawed, slept comfortably: whenever
he heard the rat cry, he indulged the cat with
excellent meats, and other gifts. One day,
when the rat, perished with hunger, came out
of his hole, he was caught, and killed by
White-ear: some time after, when the lion
had not for a long time heard the voice of the
rat, his indulgence for the cat was at an end,
and he gave him no more food, so that White-
ear became feeble, languid, and like a dead
animal: for this reason I say, A master must
not be independent of his servants.

"The two shakâls then went to Sanjivaca,
and Carâtacâ seated himself in state under a
tree, while Damânacâ went to the bull, and
said: O bull! art thou placed here by king
Pingalaca to guard the forest? The general
requires your attendance, come speedily, or
depart from this wood, otherwise thou wilt
"gather unpleasant fruit. The bull, ignorant how the country was governed, went with fear, and saluted Carutacà.

"Thus the wise man says:

"Wisdom is greater than strength; by not possessing it, the condition of the elephant is such, that even the drum sounds, proclaiming that the elephant is beaten by his driver.

"General, said Sanjivaca, how must I act? Advise. If thou haft any desire, answered Carutacà, to remain here in the forest, go and bow before the lotus of our monarch's foot. The bull replied: Tell me, then there is no danger in doing so, and I go. Your apprehension is vain, said Carutacà.

"For:

"The violent gust tears not from the roots the soft grass which lies low, and bends beneath it; while it shatters lofty trees: great strength is exerted on the great.

"Then, both shakàls, making Sanjivaca stand at a distance, went towards the lion, and saluting him, were treated by him with regard, and sat down. Have you seen him? said the king. We have, sir, answered Damànacà; he is gentle, but, as our lord imagined, excessively strong, and he now desires to see the foot of our sovereign; therefore, adorn thyself, and sit in state.
"Since:
"The bank is worn away by the river-water;
"and a secret not kept, is dispersed; affection is
"overcome by treachery, and a timid mind by
"bold words!
"Thy strength, formerly exerted, is not fit
"for this purpose.
"For:
"A noise only, when the cause of it is un-
"known, must not be dreaded; yet by dis-
"covering the cause of an alarming noise, a
"woman of evil fame acquired reputation.
"How, said the lion, was that?
"In the middle of Sriparvata mountain, said
"Damanacà, is a town called Brabmapura, and
"on one side of its summit, (according to the
"popular story) lived Gualcarana, or Bell-ear, a
"Rac'shafa (or cruel demon). One day a thief,
"escaping from a house in which he had stolen
"a bell, was killed, and eaten by a tiger on the
"top of this mountain; and the bell, which had
"dropped from his hand, was taken up by some
"monkeys, who from time to time made it
"found.
"The people of the town having discovered
"that a man had been killed, and hearing con-
"tinually the noise of the bell, said, that Gual-
"carana had in his rage eaten him, and they all
"fled from the town. It came into the head
of a female pander, that the bell was only founded by monkeys; and she went to the prince, saying, If you will advance me a large sum of money I will make the demon quiet. The king gave her a treasure, and she, having paid adoration to a certain quarter of the globe, made idols, and formed circles, acquired great reputation for sanctity; she then took such fruits as monkeys love, and having entered the forest scattered them about, which the monkeys perceiving, quitted the bell, and eagerly devoured the fruits. The woman took up the bell, and went with it to the palace of the king, where all the people did her reverence. Hence I say: A noise, &c.

Damñacà then introduced the bull to the lion, and for some time he lived there in amity with the other favourites. One day a brother of the king's, named Stabdacarna, or Bentears, came on a visit, and the monarch having desired his guest to sit down for a time, afterwards proposed going out to kill some deer for their food. Sir, said Sanjívaca, where is the flesh of all the deer that were killed this morning?

The king answered: Carñacà and Damñacà know best. Is there any, or is there none? said the bull. There is none left, said
"the lion, laughing. Why, said Sanjivaca, could
"they two have eaten so much flesh? They
"have eaten and given away liberally, and
"wafted the rest: this is their daily practice.
"Why, said the bull, is this done without the
"permission of their lord? It is so, said the
"lion, what of that? Sir, said Sanjivaca, this is
"a great fault.

"For it is written:
"Let not a servant do any act without the
"knowledge of his master, except it be to deliver
"a prince from death!

"Again:
"A king's minister is like a flagon, he receives
"much, and lets out little; if he says another
"time, he is a fool; if, what is a cowry, he must
"be poor.

"Yet more:
"His minister is ever the highest, who en-
"creases his store with twenty croire: wise men
"have called the king's treasure his life, and his
"vital spirit, no life.

"Besides:
"A man of worth acquires service from
"worthy men; a poor man is deserted even by
"his own wife, much more by strangers!

"This too is a great fault in princes:
"He who spends much, not observing it, and
"acquires wealth by iniquity, while he keeps the "treasure in a remote place, is called the trea-
"fury's bane! 
"For:
"He who perceives not the treasure that is 
"quickly amassed, and consumes it at his plea-
"sure, most certainly would reduce it to nothing, 
"if he were as rich as Vaishrava! (Cuvera)
"Plutos.
"Then Stabdacarna spoke: Hear, brother:
"These two shakâls have long been protected 
"by thee; they were appointed for the affairs 
"of peace and war, and stationed for that 
"business, not for the purpose of amassing 
"wealth. On the subject of ministers, I will 
"now repeat whatever I have heard.
"1. A servant, a soldier, a kinsman, are not 
"fit to be at the head of every employment; a 
"priest, even with torture, gives not money to 
"any one.
"2. A soldier employed in pecuniary mat-
"ters, instantly shows his sabre; and a kins-
"man, on that account, swallows up all thy 
"wealth.
"3. A servant, though he hate his master, 
"acts the part of a blameless man; if he has 
"once done good, and continues in his place, he 
"thinks not of his offences.
“4. He who points out the good he has done,
snatches every merit away.
“5. While a minister, O king! is playing with
sand, he, in fact, governs; from his familiarity,
no doubt, aversion is constantly produced.
“6. When a minister, wicked in heart,
is employed, he no doubt causes all sorts of
evils.
“7. A servant, however culpable, is yet void
of fear, if he be long employed. Let every mi-
nister, how rich soever, be himself without
power. This is the advice of great men:
wealth overcomes the mind.
“8. To receive favour, and to alienate the
property of the prince; to obtain friendship,
and then to desert him; to act without wisdom
in his affairs; and to eat his bread; these are
the faults of a minister.
“9. To think of acquiring the employment
of a fellow-servant; to be always watching
the prince, that his wealth may be securely
dissipated; this is wicked conduct.
“10. Bad servants do not, without torture,
vomit up the precious things of their lord,
which they have swallowed; in short, they
are like obstinate tumours, that must be pressed
before they will properly discharge.
“By wrenching a bad servant, the dominion
of kings may yield something, as a cloth that is washed, yields plenty of water when it is wrung.

"When Pingalaca heard these maxims, he said: Be it so; whenever these two servants shall cease on all occasions to obey my word,
"This, said his brother, is always a foolish rule,
"for a king must not pardon even his sons, who disobey his orders: What else is the difference between a living and a painted king?

"And it is added:

"Let a king who has arbitrary power, preserve his people, like a father, from robbers, from his ministers, from enemies, and from the royal family.

"Brother, let all my advice be followed, I have had my food to-day; let this Sanjivaca be employed to provide his own food of grass.

"This being done, they deserted all other connections, and their time passed in cordial friendship; but the other servants, seeing their allotment of food diminished, Caratacà and Damanaçà talked privately with each other.

"My friend, said Damanaçà, what is to be done?
"This is our own fault! And vexation is absurd, on account of evils which ourselves have occasioned.

"As it is said:

"I, having touched Swarnarecha, the bad
woman having tied up herself, and the good man trying to take the jewel, were all three miserable by our own fault. How, said Carà tacà, was that?

In the city called Canchanapura (Golden Town), said Damànacà, was a king named Viravicrama; when he was in his court of justice, a certain barber was taken, by his order, to the place of execution; at that time, a devout man, named Candarpacata, accompanied by a man of worth, cried out: This man must not be put to death; and seizing the skirts of his cloaths, he drew the criminal away. The king's officers said: Why should he not be killed? He answered; Hear, and then repeated this verse. I, having touched Swarnarecha, &c. &c. The officers asked how that happened?

'I am, answered he, Candarpacata, king of the island called Sinbaladwipa; one day standing in a pleasure grove, I heard a man assert, that in the middle of the sea of milk was a damsel, who, on the fourteenth day of the moon, appeared under the Tree of Ages on a couch of a splendid yellowish hue, bedecked like the Goddess of Abundance, with all kinds of ornaments, and playing on the Vina. I therefore embarked in a ship, and went to the place mentioned; where, after a time, I saw the
"sea-nymph rising, half out of the water; and, "allured by her exquisite beauty, I leaped be- "hind her. Then, having in an instant reached "a golden city, and a palace of gold, I saw her "reclining on a couch, cared for by a number of "fairies, and when she perceived me from a dis- "tance, she sent a damsel, who addressed me "courteously; on my enquiry the damsel said: "That is the nymph Ritramayna, or adorned "with gems, the daughter of Candarpacali, "queen of the fairies. After this I was mar- "ried to her, according to the ceremony of the "Gandarwa's (by exchanging necklaces), and "continued a long time delighted with her. One "day she said to me in private: My beloved "husband, all things in this palace may be freely "enjoyed by thee, but beware of touching, even "for a moment, that picture of the fairy Swar- "narecha (or decorated with gold). Neverthe- "less, some time after, my curiosity growing to "a height, I was induced to touch the bosom of "the painted fairy; when the picture, becom- "ing animated, struck me with her foot, like a "lotus flower, and I fell down instantly on the "earth; since which time I have been a mise- "rable wanderer, travelling over the world, and "at length arrived in this city. Last night I "slept in the house of a herdsman, where I saw "this adventure: The herdsman returning at
night from the field where his cattle grazed,
surprized his wife in consultation with a barber's wife, a woman of bad fame; when, hav-
ing beaten her, and tied her to a post, he fell asleep. At midnight the wife of this barber went with deep sighs to her female friend, and said: Thy noble lover, consumed by the fire of thy absence, is now like a dead man.

For:

As in the night darkness is kept at a distance, by the lord of shades, (the moon), thus love by seeing, and being seen, delights the heart of the young.

Let me tie myself, and stay here while you go and console thy lover with thy discourse. This was done: when the husband waking, said: Why, thou wicked wretch, dost not thou now go to thy favourite? The woman making no answer; he said in anger: Doth thou not give an answer to my words? And saying this, he went in a violent rage, and having flit her nose, returned to his bed, and fell asleep.

His wife then came home, and spoke thus to the procuress: My friend, what is the matter? Look, answered she, my face will tell you!
The herdsman's wife then bound herself, and the woman went home. Early in the morn-
ing the barber ordered his wife to bring him a bundle of razors, and she gave only one; on
which he said: Do you, bring me but one razor? and in a passion threw it away. When she, counterfeiting pain, said; You have cut my nose, without my having committed any fault; and immediately ran to demand justice. In the mean time the herdsman's wife was crying out: O cruel man, what a crime hast thou committed! Why hast thou mutilated me, who have ever been thy constant wife; as the eight regions of the world know?

Besides:
The sun and moon, wind and fire, heaven and earth, and water, together with both day and night. All these with certainty know the condition of man. If I am faithful, then by the favour of the genii of these eight regions, and of the god Camadeva, my mangled nose will grow again, and my face will become bright as the pure moon of the cold season. Look at my face: the herdsman took a candle, when seeing her nose restored, fell at her feet, and was highly delighted in his heart, untied her, and seating her on the middle of the bed, said: He who possesses such a wife is chief among men!

Hear now the story of the good man: Having spent twelve years in travelling, came to this city, having brought a number of jewels from the neighbourhood of the Malaya moun-
"tains. Here he slept in the house of an harlot, 
"who kept on the gateway a carved image of 
"a devil, on whose head was placed a beau-
"tiful gem. The devotee, through a culpable 
"desire of possessing this gem, rose in the night, 
"and in order to take it, stretched out his 
"hand; in that instant, a spring being moved, 
"both his arms were caught by the image, 
"and he was pulled to the ground: when he 
"set up a cry of distress. The woman rose, 
"and spoke thus: My son, thou art come from 
"the Malaya mountains: therefore give me all 
"thy jewels, or thou wilt never be loosened by 
"this malignant devil. Then were taken away all 
"the jewels well collected by me. All this being 
"heard, the king's officers did justice according 
"to the merit of each cause. Now I say: I, 
"having touched Swarnarecha, and so forth.

"This fault, therefore, was committed by 
"ourselves; and in this case, vexation would be 
"absurd. Then having been a short time silent, 
"As I formed, continued he, the friendship of 
"these two, I must break it.

"For:

"Good counsellors shew what is false, as well 
"as what is true; as men know an object to be 
"painted, whether they are on a level with it, 
"or below, or above it:

"Besides:
"The man whose understanding is not diminished, when business arises, wards off difficulties like the herdsman's wife, and her two lovers. How, asked Caratacà, was that? Damànacà answered, In the town of Dwara-vati, there is a certain herdsman's wife who is a harlot, and she is connected, at the same time, with an officer of justice, and his son:

"As it is said:

"The fire is never satisfied with wood, nor the ocean with rivers, death with mankind, nor bright-eyed women with lovers.

"Once, as this woman was diverting herself with the son of the officer, the officer himself came to visit her; she hastily put the son into a closet, and then sat sporting in the same manner with the father. Soon after, the herdsman himself came: seeing whom, she said, Now, Sir, what must be done? take up your staff, and go away quickly, seeming to be greatly enraged. This being done, the herdsman asked his wife, on what account the officer of justice had come: He was angry, said she, with his son, I know not why; and he, being pursued, came into our house, and I have hid him in that closet; his father not finding him, is gone away in a rage; saying this, she brought out the young man, and shewed him to her husband.
Thus it is said:

Women have the appetite of two, the understanding of four, the cunning of six, and the desire of eight.

Therefore I said, When business arises, &c.

It is so, said Carataca, but the friendship of these two is great by nature: How canst thou dissolve their intimacy? Some expedient, answered he, must now be contrived:

And it is said:

What cannot be atchieved by force, that, may be performed by stratagem, as the black serpent was slain by the golden thread of the female crow.

How, said Carataca, did that happen? On the top of a certain tree, said Dananaca, lived a male and female crow, whose young ones were devoured by a serpent living in the hollow of it. When the female was again pregnant—Husband, said she, this tree must be quitted by reason of this serpent; or not one of our young ones will live:

Since:

A bad wife, a deceitful friend, a servant giving saucy answers, and dwelling in a house infested by serpents; these without doubt are causes of death.

My beloved, said the male, we must not continue in this fear: from time to time I have
borne with this horrid crime; but now he
must be punished. How, said the female,
canst thou be a punisher of so powerful an
offender? This apprehension, answered he, is
vain:

"Hear:

"He who has knowledge has force! What
strength has a fool? See how a lion intoxi-
cated was killed by a stag!

"How, said she, did that happen? He an-
swered: In the mountain, named Mandara,
dwells a lion called Darganta, who hunts
the other beasts, and kills great numbers of
them for his food. All the beasts being as-
sembled, he was thus addressed by them: Why
are so many beasts killed by thee? We will give
you one every day in our turns for your food:
so many ought not to be slain by thee. Be it
so, said the lion, and all of them, one by one,
for his food, daily gave a beast.

"On a certain day, when the lot fell upon
an old stag, he thus thought within him-
self:

"For the sake of our own souls, and in hope
of life, homage is paid: but if I must meet
this fate, what need have I to respect the lion?
He moved, therefore, slowly, step by step;
and the lion, tormented by hunger, said to
him, angrily, Why dost thou come so late? It
"is not my fault, said he; for in the way I was
forcibly seized by another lion; 'till I swore
to the necessity of my coming to you; and
now I approach thee with supplication. The
lion having heard this, passionately said, Where
is that audacious animal? The stag led him
near a deep well, and said, Let my lord be-
hold. Then the lion seeing his own image in
the water, proudly roared, and throwing him-
self down with rage, perished in the well:
thence, I say, Who has knowledge, &c.
"I have listened attentively, said the female
crow; therefore, now declare what is to be
done. The king's son, said the crow, goes
constantly to bathe in the adjacent pool; do
thou take up his necklace of gold, which he
will pull off, and lay on the bank, and drop it
into the hole of the serpent, who will, in con-
sequence, be destroyed. It happened, accord-
ingly, that the prince went to bathe, and the
female crow did as she was directed; so that
the prince's attendants going after the neck-
lace, saw the black serpent, and killed him:
Hence I said, What cannot be atchieved by
force may be performed by stratagem.
"If it be so, said Caratracat, go, and may
fortunate events be the companions of thy
way.
"Damana cat then approaching the lion, and
"paying homage to him, said: Having formed
"a very unpleasant opinion, my lord, I presume
"thus to address you.
"For:
"In danger from going out of the way, and
"when the time of action is nearly lost, then a
"benevolent friend, though unasked, gives good
"counsel.
"Again:
"A king possesses fortune, but does not possess
"the means of acting wisely: by the ruin of a
"king his minister is criminated. See, therefore,
"what is the business of a counsellor. It is
"better to lose life by decapitation, than to de-
"sert a prince, and criminally seek to gain his
"dominion.
"What, said the lion, mildly, dost thou wish
"to say? Damānacā answered: This Sanjivaca
"is not a fit minister for thee, since, in my pre-
"sence, he treated thy three powers (wealth,
"strength, and wisdom) with contempt, and he
"even aspires to thy throne. Pingalaca, hearing
"this, remained silent with fear and astonish-
"ment. My lord, added Damānacā, thou haft
"forfaken all thy counsellors, and chosen this
"animal to transact all thy affairs; the blame
"therefore falls heavy on thyself.
"Since:
"Fortune stands firm, having fixed herself on two feet, an exalted prince, and a good minister; but as she is a female by nature, she cannot bear the weight on her shoulders, and soon leaves one of her two supports!

"Again:

"When a king appoints one minister to act in his kingdom, pride, from the error of his mind, seizes him; the desire of arbitrary power advances in a high degree in his breast, and through that desire he proceeds to the destruction of the prince.

"Besides;

"It is better to pull up by the roots a loose tooth, an envenomed servant, and a wicked counsellor.

"So:

"A king who makes Fortune his instructress, is as miserable when he falls into calamity, as a blind man without a guide.

"It is also added:

"A vizir, although not a man of probity, is always at least rich: this is the rule of some men.

"Riches are gained differently by reason.

"This bull acts in all affairs by his own arbitrary pleasure; let the king, therefore, be a witness of this truth.
"This I know:
"Among men, he is not a man who does not
"enjoy fortune.
"The lion said, with uneasiness: My good
"friend, if it be so, yet I have a great love for
"the bull.
"Observe:
"He who is beloved, and commits faults, is
"nevertheless beloved; but that body is cloathed
"with many crimes, for which there is no
"regard.
"Besides:
"He who is dear, though he do unpleasant
"things, continues dear.
"Though an excellent house be burnt, yet
"who doth not venerate fire?
"But, sir, said Damànacà, that is a grievous
"fault.
"Since:
"That man whom the king looks upon with
"attention, whether he be a son, a minister, or
"a stranger, is honoured.
"Hear, sir:
"The end of pleasant, or unpleasant advice, is
"full of delight; but wherever a speaker, and a
"hearer of it is, there dangers abide;
"Again:
"Men who speak only, O king! are easily
"found in the world; but he who both speaks
and hears what is pleasant and unpleasant, is
hard to be found!

"Thou hast forfaken thy former advisers,
and appointed him their successor, and thy
vice-gerent; which was improperly done;
for when old servants offend, let not a prince
hastily appoint others; no one is more adverse
than a new one, who will ruin the realm.

"How wonderful, said the lion, is this! He
has given no cause for such dread, but was
brought and raised by me: how should he be
adverse to me?

"Hear, my lord, said Damānacā:

"A bad man, though raised to honour, always
returns to his natural course; as a dog's tail,
though warmed by the fire, and rubbed with
oil, retains its form.

"Besides:

"How should promotion and honour occa-
sion the friendship of wicked men! Although
poisonous trees were watered with nectar, yet
they would bear dangerous fruit.

"Therefore I say:

"A man who desires not the ruin of his
master, will speak what friendship requires,
though unaisked: that is the duty of the vir-
tuous: other conduct is a violation of duty.
"Thus, too, it is written:

"He is a friend, who delivers thee from adversity.

"That is a good action, which is well intended.

"She is a wife, who is an inseparable companion.

"He is wise, who honours the good.

"He is a friend, whom favours have not purchased.

"He is a man, who is not subdued by his senses.

"If my lord, therefore, being apprised of the bull's conduct, shall not cease from employing him, no fault remains in his servants.

"Yet it is true, that a luxurious prince makes no account of good works, or his own advantage; he acts at his own discretion, and moves like a drunken elephant; till, having consumed his honour, and fallen into many miseries, he casts the blame on his servants, and knows not the fault to be his own.

"Pingalaca said, within himself: Let not a prince punish men from the words of others; let him examine into facts himself, and then imprison, or dismiss with respect.

"Thus it is said:

"Without distinguishing virtues, or vices, let neither favour be granted, or severity
"used; as a hand placed with pride on the 
est of a serpent occasions destruction.
"Then, speaking aloud, he said: Let Sanji-
"vaca be brought before me. Damānacā an-
"swered, trembling: No, sir, not so; by that
"step my advice will be broken; it is an im-
"proper measure.
"Since the wise say:
"The seed of good advice must be cherished 
by princes with extreme care; it must not be 
broken ever so little, if it be, it will not grow.
"Again:
"Advice is like a woman, ever in motion;
all parts of the body are guarded, if it cannot 
remain long fixed, there is fear of defeat from 
enemies.
"Besides, if the bull, seeing his fault, should 
amend it, no reconciliation must take place;
that would be extremely absurd.
"Since:
"If a man has once offended, and the prince, 
through affection, desires to be reconciled to 
him, he meets his fate like a female crab, when 
she is pregnant.
"Again:
"A man, completely wicked, employed as a 
counsellor, will certainly be the perpetrator of 
all evils: Sācune and Sācatara remain two 
examples in the world of this truth.
"Be it known to thee, said the lion, after all, "what he is able to effect against us. Sir, said "Damanaçà, how can there be a certain know-
ledge of strength, without knowing the force "of union? See how the sea was reduced by a "mere cock! How, said the lion, did that hap-
pen? Near a certain sea, said Damanaçà, lived "a cock and a hen; when the hen was near "laying, she thus addressed her lord: Let a pro-
per place be procured to deposit my eggs in. "O! said he, there is nothing to fear in this "place. It is often covered, said she, with "the waves. What! said he, my good friend, "am not I superior to the sea? Observe, I will "contend with this ocean, and remain in my "station. The hen smiled, and said: There "is a great disparity between the ocean and "thee.

"Yet:

"He who knows how to subdue his grief, "whether he can relieve it or not, is never tor-
mented by anguish.

"Then, by the persuasion of her lord, she "laid her eggs; which the sea, for the sake "of trying the cock's power, washed away. "Upon this, the hen, afflicted by the loss of her "young, said to her husband: A dreadful evil, "sir, has befallen me; the sea has washed away "my eggs. My beloved, said he, fear not, thou
"wilt at length behold me possessed of power.

"So saying, he assembled multitudes of the feathered race; and with them forming a flock, went to Garuda, the king of birds, to whom he related the whole adventure; adding: Does my king only fall at his feet there! No, by the weakness of the protector, the protected certainly become weak. Garuda, having heard this address, gave information to his lord, Vasudeva, the cause of creation, preservation, and destruction. After which, the ocean raising the mandate of the God on his head, in token of obedience, gave back the eggs.

"Thence, I say, how can there be a certain knowledge of strength, without knowing the force of union?

"How, said the king, is he to be proved of an hostile nature to me? When he shall come before thee, said Damânacà, goring with the point of his horns, and raising his tail, as if he was fearing of harm, then my lord will know. Saying this, Damânacà went near Sanjivaca, stealing along, little by little, put on the appearance of amazement. When the bull saw him, he said with courtesy: My good friend, is it well with thee? How, answered Damânacà, can it be well with servants?

"For:
"The wealth of those who serve princes is dispersed by another; and their minds always discomposed: even their life is insecure.

"Again:

"Who, having acquired wealth is not arrogant? Whose danger, when he is attached to a king, can be reduced to nothing? Whose mind in the world is not tormented by women?

"Or who is really beloved by princes? Who rushes not into the open arms of time? What suppliant attains reverence? Or what man, having fallen into the snares of the wicked, can regain prosperity?

"My friend, said the bull, what means all this? Dāmānacā answered, What do I say, unfortunate as I am!

"Observe:

"When a man fallen into the sea has grasped a support, and finds it a serpent; he cannot leave it, he cannot hold it:

"Thus am I distressed at present; for, on one side, the king's confidence perishes; on the other, my friend: What can I do? Whither can I go, fallen as I am, into a sea of misery? So speaking, and heaving a deep sigh, he sat down. Then Sanjīvaca spake: Yet, my friend, let that which thy mind has conceived, be declared at large: Dāmānacā counterfeiting sorrow, spoke in a low voice: Al-
though the secret of a king is not to be dis-
closed, yet, through confidence in me, thou
camest hither, and here hast remained. There-
fore, I, who am a suppliant to strangers, must
necessarily speak through affection to thee:
Hear then: The mind of this prince is alienated
from thee; he said, secretly, When I have
killed Sanjivaca, I shall satisfy all my family
with food! Upon this, the bull was exces-
sively afflicted, and the shakal again spake:
Thy grief is vain; at a seasonable time
some great act must be atchieved! Sanjivaca
having thought anxiously for a moment, an-
swered, This is kindly said, no doubt! And
then he thought within himself, how the truth
of this business might be ascertained:
For:
Many a bad man receives lustre from the
goodness of his protector, like the black pow-
der rubbed on the eye of a beautiful woman.
Still farther:
A prince attended with great care, insures
not happiness: What wonder is there in that?
He, indeed, is an extraordinary person, who,
being diligently served, becomes an enemy.
Therefore, the duty of a servant is endless.
He who for some cause is angry, becomes
mild when that cause is removed; but he
whose mind is rancorous without cause, how
"can such a man have any reason to be
"pleased?
"Then he said aloud: My friend, what of-
"fence have I given to the prince? Yet princes
"commit injuries without cause! Even so, said
"Damánacà.
"Yet hear:
"Though good is done, by the learned or the
"handsome, yet a little hatred is occasioned
"through envy; and though they injure you
"to your face, yet they meet with friendship
"from the misapprehension of royal minds, who
"are subservient to more than one nature.
"The office of an attendant on them is ex-
"tremely difficult, and not to be performed even
"by saints.
"Again:
"A hundred good works are lost upon the
"wicked; a hundred wise words are lost upon
"fools; a hundred good precepts are lost upon
"the obstinate; a hundred sciences upon those
"who never reflect.
"Yet more:
"In the sandal-tree are serpents; in the wa-
ters, lotus-flowers, but crocodiles also; even
virtues are marred by the vicious; in all
enjoyments there is something which impairs
our happiness."
"This lord of ours, said Damánacà, is known
to me for having honey in his words, and
poison in his bosom.

Since:

He, who stretches out his hand from a di-
tance, whose eyes overflow with tears, who
respectfully sits on half the seat, who em-
braces closely all that approach him, who
shews veneration with gentle words and ques-
tions, who bears poison internally, and carries
sweetness in his exterior, who is good only by
delusion, what wonderful acting is this? He
must have been instructed by a wicked pre-
ceptor.

Yet observe:

A ship is used in passing the dangerous
ocean; a lamp, used in darkness; a fan, in
a perfect calm; and a hook, in humbling the
pride of an elephant. Thus, in this world,
nothing exists for which a remedy has not been
framed by the Creator; but, in my opinion,
the Creator himself would fail in his efforts
to correct the bad thoughts of the wicked.

Miserable, O miserable me! said Sanjivaca;
here am I, who feed on vegetables only, to be
mangled by this lion! Then again he said
within himself; Yes, the lion, alienated from
me, through some wicked calumniator, has
resolved on a breach of friendship. Hence
it is, that a king must ever be dreaded; for
"the mind of a prince is sometimes estranged
by an evil counsellor; and how should the
wrth of a marble statue be repaired, when it
is once broken?
"Again:
"The thunderbolt, and the wrath of a king,
are two objects of great terror; but the former
only falls on one place, the second spreads ruin
on all sides.
"Therefore, by battle must protection from
death be sought; to supplicate him would now
be absurd.
"Since:
"Either by dying bravely, I attain bliss in
heaven; or by slaying my foe, felicity on
earth; both these heroic acts are, no doubt,
hard to be achieved.
"This, too, is the time for battle:
"Since:
"When, by declining a battle, death is inevi-
table; and in battle, life is doubtful; then,
say the wise, is the only moment for entering
the field.
"Besides:
"When a wise man, even without fighting,
perceives not the least affection shewn him,
then he resolves to die together with his
enemy.
"Yet more:

"By victory, a hero acquires abundance; by
death, the daughter of a god for his comfort:
al bodies perish in an instant, what then should
cause fear of death in battle?
"Then he said, aloud, to Damànacà: O!
my friend, inform me how I shall know that
the lion intends to destroy me? When he
shall look at thee, said his false friend, with his
ears erect, with his tail waving, couching low,
with his feet and his mouth wide open; then
shew thy own strength.

"For:

"An inglorious warrior, from whom no re-
pulse is feared, is trampled on by the multi-
tude, without apprehension; see how they set
their feet on a heap of ashes.
"But let all this be done very secretly
by thee; otherwise, neither thou nor I shall
remain alive.
"Damànacà, having said this, went to Caràtacà,
who asked him what he had accomplished. A
complete rupture, answered he, between them.
No doubt, said Caràtacà, for who is a friend
of the wicked? Who that is enraged, is not
implored? Who is not satisfied with abun-
dance? And in what evil art thou not emi-
nently skilful?
"Again:
"A man, though happy and wise, is made wicked by the arts of the wicked.
"What does not the company of the wicked effect?
"It is like fire, which consumes what it receives in its bosom.
"Then, Damànacà going to the lion, said:
"The traitor comes, intending to kill thee; let the king stand on his defence; and continued, as before, to irritate the lion. Sanjivaca then approaching, and seeing the lion with the marks of altered friendship, described to him, exerted his utmost resolution, a terrible conflict ensued between them; but at last the bull was slain. Pingalaca, fatigued with the combat, sat down in sorrow, and exclaimed:
"O, what an atrocious act have I done!
"Since:
"The kingdom is enjoyed by strangers, and the king is a vessel filled with iniquity; a king who abandons justice, is like a lion who slays an elephant.
"Again:
"If one region of the world, and a virtuous wise minister, be destroyed; by the death of a virtuous minister, a king perishes; by the loss of one region of the world, another may be gained; but not another servant.
"My lord, said Damânacà, what is this sudden change of mind, that thou art afflicted by having killed an enemy?

"It is written:

"If a father, or a brother, or a son, or a friend, intend destruction to the king, and aspire to dominion, the king must destroy them.

"Again;

"A prince acquainted with the principle of sound justice, must not be too merciful: a man over mild, cannot hold riches in his grasp.

"Still farther:

"Mercy to a friend, or a foe, is the ornament of religious men; but lenity to all offenders, is a crime in a monarch.

"Besides:

"When a man aims at dominion, and proudly seeks the place of his lord, there can be no expiation for his offence, but loss of life.

"Farther:

"A king over-merciful, a priest over-greedy, and a woman disobedient to her husband an ill-disposed companion, an unruly servant, a negligent counsellor, and he who acknowledges not a benefit received; these seven are to be dismissed.

"Thus may it be known, that a king's duties
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"are two-fold; he must be true and false, harsh
and courteous, seek wealth, and liberally spend
it; always giving to his friends, and always
taking their property; in every respect re-
sembling an harlot. O, sir! since thou hast
destroyed a foe, why art thou sad? Be thou
ever victorious, O great monarch! And may
the felicity of all worlds attend thee! Saying
this, he took his station.

"You have heard," said Vishnusarman, "how
friends are disunited; what will you now
hear: speak."

"We have heard it," said the princes, "with
great delight."

"Let us conclude then," said the sage, "with
an applicable stanza:

"May breach of friendship be in the man-
sion of the enemies; and may every wicked
adviser, detected in time, be dragged contin-
ually to perdition; but may every man of
virtue enjoy all prosperity; and may every
boy delight in pleasing and useful instruc-
tion!"

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.
BOOK THE THIRD.

On War.

At a proper time for resuming the conversation, the princes thus addressed Vishnusarman: "Having heard how friendship is broken, let us, who are sons of a king, be delighted, great sir, with an account of war."

"I will discourse," said the sage, "on what you desire to know: hear, therefore, the narrative of a war, the first stanza of which is this:

"The geese and peacocks warred with equal power of strength; but the geese were slain, having confided in crows, who were in the mansion of their enemies."

"How," said the princes, "did that happen?"

"There is," answered Vishnusarman, "in the island of Carpura a pool, called Pedmaceli, where a royal goose, named Hiranyakarabhā, lived; and having assembled all the water-birds, was anointed king over them, by a solemn bathing."
"Since:
"If there be not a king endued with every
"virtue where there be a people, the nation will
"be like a ship without a rudder, tossed about in
"the ocean.
"Again:
"A monarch preserves the people, and they
"aggrandize the monarch; and by that ag-
"grandizement he preserves them; but if there
"be no one called king, who can be aggran-
"dized?
"One day the imperial bird was reclining at
"ease, on a long and shining bed of lotus-flow-
"ers, encircled by his ministers; when a baca,
"or water-fowl, named Long-bill, coming from
"a distant country, made his salutation, and sat
"down in the circle: O Dirgbanruce! said
"the king, thou comest late from the farthest
"limits of the earth; give an account of thy-
"self. It is a long account, said he, and I am
"desirous of relating it; but, in fact, I am come
"with speed; attend to my narration, it is of
"importance to you.
"In Jambudwipa is a mountain, called
"Vindhyâ, where a peacock, named Chitra-
"verna, rules over nations of birds; while his
"attendants were feeding, they saw me also seek-
"ing food in the middle of a parched wood,
"and one of them said to me: Who art thou?
Whence dost thou come? I am a subject, answered I, of a mighty prince, named Hiranyagarbha, but powerful as Chacraavartia, king of the geese; for my amusement I am come to visit the extremity of regions. The bird having then asked: Which of the two countries had the better climate, and the better sovereign? O! exclaimed I, there is a great difference; for the isle of Carpura is another paradise, and the king of geese is a second Jove: What are you doing in this dry soil? Come, and travel to my country. This discourse irritated the peacocks.

As it is written:

A serpent, by drinking milk only, encreases his venom; thus a fool being admonished, is provoked, but not benefited.

Again:

Let a sensible man be admonished, but not a fool; as the birds, who gave advice to the monkeys, were driven from their nests.

How happened that? said the king.

On the banks of the Nermada, said the water-fowl, at the foot of a mountain, stands a large samula-tree, in the middle of which some birds had built their nests, and lived, with pleasure for years. Once, the sky, resembling an azure mantle, became obscured with thick clouds, and a heavy shower began to fall;
"when these birds saw a herd of monkeys, running under the tree, trembling with the pain of cold, they were moved with compassion, and said: Halo! monkeys, we have raised nests, made of herbs brought in our bills; why do you join your hands and feet together with such affliction? The monkeys hearing this, were displeased, and said among themselves: Oh! these birds who sit happily in the middle of their nests, secured from the wind, are riding our exposed situation: Be it so—the shower must cease. When the rain at last was over, the monkeys climbed up the trees, and broke all the nests on the branches, so that the birds' eggs were thrown to the ground. Hence, I said: Admonish a man of sense, &c.

"What happened afterwards? said the monarch. The birds, answered Long-bill, said, angrily, who made your goose a king? I answered, with equal rage, Who conferred royalty on your peacock? Hearing this, they all fell upon me, intending to kill me: I showed my utmost prowess:

"For:

"Sometimes lenity is the grace of a man; but before victory is gained, violence becomes him.

"The king smiled, and said:

"He who knows not the strength and weak-
ness of himself and others, must be routed by
his enemies.

Again:

The as, who had been fed on good corn;
and ignorantly braying in the hide of a tiger,
was slain for his impertinence. How hap-
pened that? said the birds.

There is, answered the king, in Hastanapur,
a fuller, named Vitasa, whose as, weakened
by carrying excessive burdens, was like an ani-
mal desirous of death. The master, therefore,
carried him in a tiger’s hide, and left him in a
wood, in a field of corn. The owners of the
field, taking him at a distance for a tiger, fled;
but one of them, covering himself with a piece
of cloth of an as’s colour, stooped down to
bend his bow; and the as, perceiving him,
took him for a female of his own race, so that
exulting in his renewed vigour, he began
braying, and running towards the object of
his desire; but the keeper of the corn-field
knowing, by his voice, that he was only an
as, killed him with ease. Thence I say: The
as, &c.

What then? said the king. The birds,
anwered Long-bill, exclaimed, O treason!
O abominable baca! how durst thou ca-
minate our sovereign! No mercy must be
expected from us. With these words they
“all pecked me with their beaks, adding with
“rage: Oh, thou fool! what property has thy
“unwarlike gander in this kingdom? A weak
“man cannot even keep his money in his hands:
“How should this coward keep his realm? Or
“rather, what realm can he have? And thou!
“a frog born in a well! go, and inform thy pro-
tector of this attack.

“Hear, thou idiot:
“A great tree must be honoured which has
“both fruit and shade; if, by heaven’s will it
“has no fruit on it, yet, what can prevent its
“shade?
“Again:
“Let no wise man serve a low master; but let
“him serve a man of dignity.
“Even milk in the hand of a tavern keeper is
called an intoxicating liquor.
“Besides:
“A great man becomes little, and his virtue
“is diminished by a wicked person, like the
“image of an elephant in a mirror.
“It is added:
“By using the great name of a powerful king,
“prosperity is attained: as the fawn found secu-
rity by naming the moon.
“How, said I, happened that?
“In the forest of Dandaca, said one of the
“birds, a herd of elephants, being distressed by
"a scarcity of rain in winter, thus addressed
"their king: O, Sir, what remedy has our dis-
tress! Yonder is a pool used by little quadru-
peds, who are bending their necks to drink it;
"but we, parched with thirst, whither shall we
"go? What can we do? The king of the ele-
phants hearing this, went to a little distance,
"and discovered a pond of clear water, on the
"borders of which were some little antelopes,
"who were trodden, from time to time, by the
"feet of the elephants. One of them, named
"Silamu'che, thus thought within himself: If this
"mighty elephant bring his herd hither every day
"to quench their thirst, our whole race will be
"destroyed! An old antelope, named Vijaya,
"guessing the cause of his melancholy, said: Be
"not sorrowful; I will provide a remedy for
"this evil. With this promise, he departed, and
"considered how he should approach the ele-
phant near enough to address him without
"danger:
"
"For:
"
"By the touch, an elephant destroys; by the
"teeth, a serpent; even by giving food, a king;
"and by smiles, a treacherous man.
"
"I will, therefore, said he, climb up yon
"mountain, and thence discourse with him.
"Having done as he had resolved, he thus
"began: O sovereign of elephants, I come to
"'thee, by the command of that great monarch the Moon. Who art thou? said the elephant; and what is thy business? Hear, said Vijaya; I am an ambassador: Though weapons are raised, yet an ambassador speaks: nay, more; ambassadors, though they declare the plain truth, are not surely to be slain by you. I therefore speak, by order of his lunar majesty. In driving away the antelopes, who are appointed keepers of the pool sacred to Chandra, thou hast acted improperly: we antelopes are its guardians: hence also the God is named Saganca, or fawn-spotted. When the pretended ambassador had said this, the elephant said, with great fear: This has been done by me through ignorance; we will not again come hither. Come then, said Vijaya; and having saluted the god who dwells here, and trembles with rage, appease him. The elephant went, and as it was night, the antelope shewed him the reflection of the moon quivering in the water, and commanded him to make prostration. Great Sir, said the elephant, my offence was through ignorance; therefore, be moved to forgiveness: saying this, and making profound salutation, he went his way. Therefore, I said: Using a great name, &c.

"So, answered I, our monarch has great strength and great power. The birds then
dragged, and struck me, saying: Horrible treason! Doest thou live in our country, and traduce our sovereign? After these words, they carried me before their king Cauvavarna; who looked at me; while they, after due salutation, thus addressed him: Let our lord hear: This evil-minded water-fowl, though living in our land, condemns thy throne, our monarch. Who is he? said the prince; and whence comes he? They answered: He is a subject of Hiranyagarbha, and comes from the isle of Carpura. I was then asked by the prime-minister, a vulture, who was the vizir at my court. A large water-bird, named Servajnya, said I. He is well employed, said the vulture, because he was born in that country:

Since:

A king should, by all means, choose a minister who was born in his realm, who follows the profession of his ancestors, who is perfect in religious and moral duties, void of arrogance, has read the body of laws, firmly principled, esteemed wise, and the author of prudent counsels.

Then a parrot said:

The isle of Carpura, Sir, lies in Jambudwipa; and your majesty has there a just right of dominion! True, said the peacock:

For:
"A proud king, a child, and a man who seeks immense wealth, grasp at what is unattainable:

"What right can they have in it? If, said I, dominion were obtained by words only, then might all Jambudvipa be subject to my king. How, said the peacock, will he maintain his right? By war, answered I. Go, then, said he, smiling, and make preparation for it. Send thy own ambassador, said I. Who, asked the king, will go on this embassy?

"For:

"An ambassador should be thus qualified:

"Faithful, honest, pure, fortunate, mild, laborious, patient, a Brahmen, knowing the hearts of others, and extremely sagacious:

"Again:

"Noble, true, eloquent, prosperous, affable, exact in delivering his message, with a good memory:

"An ambassador should have these seven qualities. There are many such ambassadors; but a Brahmen must be appointed:

"For:

"Let a prince conciliate the Gods to himself, and not long immoderately for wealth; even by the company of Siva, the black hue of the venom is not to be removed.

"The parrot, therefore, must go. Having
"thus spoken, he said to the parrot: Go thou
with him, and declare our pleasure. As the
king commands, be it done, said the parrot;
but with that mischievous baca I cannot
travel.

"Thus it is written:
"A bad companion makes a bad condition;
the fruit is certain; as the ten-mouthed giant
carried Seta away; and as the ocean was
bound in chains.

"Further:
"We must never stand, we must never go,
with a wicked person! By standing with a
crow, the goose was killed; and the vartace,
by moving.
"How was that? said the king.

"In the road to Ujjayani, near the border of
it, is a large pipel-tree, where a wild gander
and a crow had lived a long time. Under this
tree, a traveller, fatigued by the summer heat,
slept in the shade, with his bow lying by him;
and whilst he slept, the shade, for a short time,
left his face; and the wild goose on the tree,
seeing his face enlightened with sunbeams,
was moved with pity, and extending his
wings over, shadowed him. The traveller,
in deep sleep, opened his mouth wide, and
the crow, letting his dung fall into it, flew
away. When he awoke, and found his mouth
defiled, he looked up, and perceiving the wild
goose, shot him. Thence I say: We must
never stand, we must never walk, &c.

Now I will tell you what happened to the
var-tace:

Hear:

On a certain day, all the birds made a fest-
tival in honour of Garuda. On the sea shore,
where they were walking, a crow and a var-
tace flew together; a shepherd, attending the
feast, carried on his head a pot of curds, which
the crow, from time to time, pecked at; upon
this, he set the pot on the ground, and raising
his head, saw both birds, and pursued them;
but the crow, while he stopped to breathe,
flew off, and the small bird who moved slowly
was killed by him. Therefore, I repeat: We
must never stand, we must never move, &c.

I then spoke thus: Brother parrot, why dost
thou speak so unkindly of me? Thou art, in
respect of me, as the feet of my king. Be it
so, answered he:

Nevertheless:

The soft words of the deceitful make me
fearful of mischief; like the smell of flowers
out of season.

And thy wickedness in talking has been
fully known to me; for thy speeches have,
before this, been the cause of a war between
two princes.
"Though a crime be committed even in presence of a fool, he rejoices, like the chariot-maker, who had his wife and her lover over his head.

"How was that? said I. He answered:

"In Srinagarna lived a carpenter, named Mandamati, or little-sense, who knowing his wife to be unchaste, but not having with his own eyes seen her with her lover, told her one day, he was going to another town, and took his leave; yet, without going far, he returned, and concealing himself in his house, lay under the bed. The adulterer, in full confidence that the husband was absent, was sent for in the evening, and sat sporting with her on the bed; when she touching something with her foot, and concluding that it was her husband, began to lament. Her lover asked, what was the reason of this. She answered: He that is the lord of my life is absent; and this town, though full of inhabitants, appears to me like a desert. Why, said he, should this carpenter be an object of such affection? he who calls thee a harlot! Cruel man! said she, what dost thou say? Though sharp things be spoken, and though a wife be seen with a look of anger; yet, when her husband is appeased, she returns to her duty.

"Again:

"A husband is the chief ornament of a wife,
"though she have no other ornament; but
"though adorned, yet, without him, she has no
"ornament.
"Thou, an adulterer, with whom the le-
"vity of my mind caused me to sin, art like a
"tambula-flower, worn a little while, and soon
"thrown aside: but my husband, by his su-
"preme dominion, has power to give or sell
"me to the gods or the Brähmens. What need
"is there of many words; in his life I live,
"and in his death I must die, as I certainly
"will.
"For:
"As many hairs as are in the human body,
"multiplied by a croire, and half a croire, so
"many years will she live in heaven, who dies
"with her husband.
"Again:
"As a charmer draws a serpent from his
"hole, thus a good wife taking her husband
"from a place of torture, enjoys happiness with
"him.
"Yet more:
"When a faithful wife hears her husband is
"dead in a distant country, she abandons life,
"and accompanies him.
"Hear now the fruit of such virtue:
"If he be bound in hell with the strongest
"chains, yet she takes him by the hand, and
leads him to heaven by the force of her piety!

"The carpenter hearing all this, thought within himself: I am a wonderful man, to possess such a wife! a wife who speaks of me so affectionately, whose love is innate. Saying this, he could not restrain himself, but raised on his head the couch, with his wife, and her gallant. Thence, I say: Though a crime, &c.

"After this, having saluted the king as if he had administered justice, I was dismissed. Now, Sir, the parrot is coming after me; knowing all this, thou wilt act as is expedient. Sir, said Chacracvaca, smiling, this Dirgheimuc'he, having travelled to a foreign country, has performed the king's business to the best of his power; but this is a fault in his nature:

"For:

"Give a hundred pieces, rather than go to war. This is the rule in the sacred code:—

"To war without necessity, is the part of a fool!

"After such an affront, said the king, war seems unavoidable. Sir, said the minister, I will speak in private without these hearers.

"For:

"As words form an echo, so the eye, and the motions of the body, are comprehended by the sagacious: let prudent men, therefore, give counsel in secret.
"Besides:
"By winks, by the walk, by action of speech,
"by the motion of the eye, and the lip, a wise
"man discovers the mind.
"When he had said this, the king and his
"vizir remained, while the rest departed, each
"a different way.
"This I know, Sir, said the minister, that this
"business of sending an ambassador, has been
"effected by the baca.
"For:
"A sick man is an advantage to physicians;
"a messenger to the messenger's lord; a fool
"to the learned; a king's subject to a warrior.
"Let this be the cause, said the king; but
"now say what must be done? Sir, said Cha-
"cravaca, let an ambassador be sent: then we
"shall know the whole affair, and the enemies
"strength or weakness.
"Thus, indeed, it is written:
"Let an ambassador be the king's eye, in sur-
"veying his own and every other region; and
"in discerning what is practicable, and what is
"impracticable:—He who has no such eye is
"blind!
"Let him take a second person, a confidential
"assistant; and when any secret business is
"concerted, let him remain himself, and send
"back his assistant.
Thus it is written:

In the place of a foreign king, let a wise man converse with ambassadors, who know the divine books, are devout, and of a sacred character.

A confidential minister should be one who travels by land and water. Let some other (rice-bird) be sent, but not this baca; let him remain in your palace; but let all this be kept secret; for good counsel is betrayed by six ears. This also is the case of a secret; let the king, therefore, consult only with himself and another.

Hear:

By revealing a secret, the faults of a prince cannot be corrected:—this the moralists know.

He said, eagerly, I have an excellent ambassador. Then, said the minister, thou hast obtained victory.

While they were speaking, a chamberlain entered and said; A parrot, from Jambudvipa, is arrived at the palace gate. The king looked at Chacravaca, who said: Let an apartment be prepared for him, and let him repair to it; after that he shall be presented. The chamberlain said: Be it as the king commands; and after that went with the parrot to his station.

War, said the king, is now settled. Yet,

Sir, said the minister, it must not take place.
"For, what is that treasurer, or what is that counsellor, who adviseth his prince to make war without due consideration?

"It is written:

"Let a wise king strive for victory if he be attacked; but let him not make war. Since, if two kings fight, both cannot be victors.

"And:

"Every man is a hero, who has not been in battle: and who, that has not seen the strength of another, is not arrogant?

"Farther:

"A great stone is not raised, by men, without labour: but if a man can attain great success with little efforts, the fruit of his virtue is great.

"Nevertheless, when war is determined on, it must be vigorously conducted:

"For:

"As corn produces its fruit, among men, in due season; thus, good conduct produces fruit, O king! after a long time, and not on a sudden.

"Yet more:

"A great king should fear his enemies at a distance: but when near, act with valour. In the midst of danger, it is a dreadful crime to be inactive.
"Again:
"The destroyer of all successes, is ill-timed apprehension of danger.
"He then added: The king Chitravarna is exceedingly strong. That we should engage with a strong foe, is not adviseable; it would be like a man assailing an elephant on foot.
"Besides:
"He is a fool, who, not having attained a proper time, engages his enemy. A contest with the strong, would be like attempting to fly with the wings of an insect.
"Yet more:
"Let a warrior keep his arms reserved, as a tortoise contracts his limbs; then, when he has an opening, let him rise up like an enraged serpent.
"Hear, O king!
"Against a great prince, a small one may perform much in due season, if he know stratagems; as the inundation of a small river can tear up the roots of trees like grass.
"In this manner let the parrot, having confided in us, be kept, until a necessary fortification can be prepared:
"For:
"One bowman standing on the centre wall,
"may fight an hundred, or even an hundred
thousand; a castle, therefore, is necessary.

"It is added:

"A prince stationed in his enemy's country
without a fortress, unable to repel his foe, ne-
cessarily falls, like a man out of a ship.

"Again:

"A fortress must be built with large battle-
ments, and lofty walls, supplied with vessels,
implements, provisions, and water, with a hill,
a river, a dry plain, and a wood.

"Yet more:

"Of great extent; difficult of access; suffi-
ciency of water, and grain; with store of
wood; a fit place for ingress, and egress; these
are the seven excellencies of a castle.

"Who, said the king, can be employed in
building it?

"Whoever, answered the minister, is emi-
ently skilful in the business, let him be em-
ployed; in such business, whoever is inexpe-
rienced in it is a dunce, though he may know
all the fastrás; let the farás, therefore, be or-
dered to attend.

"The order being issued, and the farás at-
tending, the king thus addressed him: O far-
ás! thou must build a fortress. The farás,
having paid his homage, spoke thus: A for-
tress, O king! has long been provided, name-
"ly, a large pool; but an island in the middle
of it should be supplied with a quantity of
grain; since, of all stores, great monarch! a
store of grain is most useful: a bright gem
taken into the mouth will not preserve life.

"Besides:

"Of all tastes, the taste of salt is most excel-
lent; let salt be used, without which the best
dish would be unsavoury.

"Go, speedily, said the king, and make all ready.

"While the king was speaking the wardour
entered, and, after salutation, said: The sole-
reign of the crows, O king! named Megba-
verna, is arrived from Simbaladwipa, and
solicits the honour of seeing the feet of our
prince! The crow, said the king, is a wise
bird, and has seen much of the world; let him
be graciously received. It is even so, said
Chaeravaca; but, O king! the crow is a land-
bird, and is considered as rejected by our
race, which differs widely from him: how can
he be received?

"It is thus written:

"A fool who leaves his own race, and delights
in another, is destroyed by strangers, like the
blue shakàl.

"How, said the king, did that happen?

"There is, said the minister, in the city of
Ujjayani a shakàl, who going one night, for
his pleasure, beyond the limits of the town, fell
into a pot of indigo; and, unable to rise out of
it, lay in it, as if he were dead. In the morn-
ing the owner of the indigo pulled him out,
and threw him out of the room; when he,
concealing himself, ran away to the forest.
Perceiving that he was of a dark blue colour,
his thus thought within himself: I am now
of a divine colour, the colour of Krishna!

What greatness, therefore, may I not attain?
Having accordingly summoned the rest of the
shakâls, he said to them: The deity of this
wood has himself anointed me sovereign of it,
with the juice of celestial herbs; see my holy
colour: to-day, therefore, I must begin the
discharge of my duty, and by my command
justice shall be administered in the forest.

The beasts, perceiving his distinguishing
colour, fell prostrate, and paid homage, say-
ing: As the king commands! and then was
supreme dominion conferred on him by all the
animals of his race. Soon after, when he had
also assembled a herd of lions, tigers, and other
beasts, deceived by his appearance, he despised
his species, and dismissed all the shakâls, who
were much afflicted with their disgrace;
but an old shakâl arose among them, and said:
Be not grieved, I promise you relief; we, who
know him, are driven from him; but as he
"seeks to ruin us, I must contrive to destroy him. The lions, tigers, and the rest, imagine from his blue hide, that he is a monarch; but be it our care that he may be detected: thus may we effect our purpose; one evening, when you are all collected before him, set up a loud cry; when he hears it, his nature will prompt him to join in it:

"For:

"Whatever is natural to any one, can hardly be discontinued: should a dog be made a king, he will still gnaw leather.

"The tigers, &c. knowing his voice, will destroy him. This being done, the consequence followed.

"As it is written:

"Our natural enemy knows our former crimes, our heart, and our strength; so that he penetrates and destroys, as fire burns a dry tree.

"Thence, I say: A fool who leaves his own flock, &c.

"Though it be so, said the king, yet consider, since he comes from a great distance, what reason can there be for rejecting him?

"O king, said Chaeravaca, an ambassador is dispatched, and a fortress built; let the parrot see this, and depart, since Chanacya, by employing a sagacious messenger, destroyed Nanda; let a king, therefore, encircled with
"warriors, receive an ambassador who comes from a distance.

"Upon this a council was assembled, and the parrot introduced, together with the crow, named Meghaverna.

"The parrot, raising his head a little when he entered the hall of audience, said, aloud:

"Hear, O Hyranyagarbha! the prosperous Chitraverna, king of kings! thus commands thee: If thou value thy life, or fortune, come speedily, and pay homage at our feet; if not, be assured of expulsion from thy territory.

"The king answered, in a rage: Who, among you, is not my subject? Then Meghaverna rose, and said: Give the word, O king! and I will put this base parrot to death. The minister then firmly addressed the king, and the crow, in these words:

"Yet hear:

"That is no council, at which the aged attend not; they are not aged, who speak not with justice; that is not justice, which is unaccompanied with truth; and there is no truth where fear prevails.

"This is clear law. The parrot is a Brahmen; but an ambassador, though a barbarian, must not be slain: a king speaks by the mouth of his ambassador, who, though weapons be raised for war, merely delivers his message.
"Farther:

"Who considers himself debased, because an ambassador reports, that others magnify themselves? They who are respectable, are so in themselves: a messenger speaks only as he is instructed.

"The king, nevertheless, and the crow, expressed their natural warmth of temper; and the parrot, rising from his seat, departed: after which, an officer, sent by the minister, complimented him with an ornament of gold, and then dismissed him.

"The parrot returned to the Vindhya mountains, and paid his respects to Chitraverna, who seeing him, said: Well, my ambassador, what is the state of things? What sort of a country is it? O king! answered the parrot, the state of things is shortly this: A war must be resolved on; the island of Carpura is a terrestrial paradise; how can I paint it in proper colours?

"The king, hearing this, convened an assembly of his most distinguished ministers, and, having taken his seat in council, spoke thus: Now, since war must be waged, advise what is to be done.

"As it is written:

"Discontented priests, and contented princes, are alike ruined; modest harlots and immodest women of rank, are alike.
"A vulture, named Duraderfi, or far-seeing,
then spoke thus: O king! in distress, war is
not to be waged:
"Since:
"Whenever the counsellors of a monarch are
well disposed, and his ministers serve him
steadily, and when the foe is unprepared, then
he may declare war.
"Let an astrologer, said the king, be sum-
moned by this my order; and let him calcu-
late a propitious day for our expedition. O
"king! said the minister, any expedition, at
present, is improper.
"Since:
"Fools only engage on a sudden, without
ascertaining the strength of their enemy; and
most assuredly receive a number of drawn
fabres on their necks.
"Do not, said the king, oppose, on all occa-
sions, my eager desire; but declare, how a
prince, who seeks victory, must invade a
foreign territory. I will declare it, said the
vulture; only hear; yet even this plan pro-
duces dangerous fruit:
"Thus it is written:
"What need has a prince of a counsellor who
acts not, and reasons from books; by me-
memory, prescribing a medicine, no disorder is
cured.
"Is the country, then, said the king, not to be invaded? that so far is settled.

"I will speak, said the minister, what I have heard advised.

"1. Whenever, O king! there is fear of danger with a river, a mountain, a wood, and a castle; then let the chief commander go forth with collected troops, exerted strength.

"2. Then the principal observer of the hostile force, advance firm, encircled by warriors: in the centre, let husbands and wives, with the treasure, be placed; and all who are weak.

"3. In both wings let the cavalry be stationed: by the horses, chariots; by the chariots, elephants; by the elephants, infantry.

"4. Then let the sovereign march, giving confidence gradually to the dispirited, surrounded by valiant counsellors, and with a great force.

"5. Let him advance with elephants, to a station that is watery and mountainous; with horses, to a level and dry station; let him pass water in boats, and every where be attended with foot-soldiers.

"6. The march of elephants is advantageous in the cloudy season; of horses, in the summer; and of infantry, in all seasons.

"7. When armies march over dangerous
roads, they must provide for the safety of the
king; but if he sleep, though guarded by
heroes, he neglects his duty.
8. Let him smite, let him destroy the foe
with hard and sharp strokes; and when he
enters a foreign country, let him look out for
a wood before him.
9. Where the king is, there is the treasure;
where there is no treasure, there is no reign-
ing; but let him impart it to his warriors:
Who would not fight when wealth is bestowed?
10. No man, O king! is the slave of a
man, but of riches: the rank of a spiritual
guide, or the lowness of a beggar, depend on
wealth, or the want of it.
11. They fight to prevent a defeat, and mu-
tually defend each other; but let that part of
an army which is ever so little weak, be sta-
tioned in the midst of the forces.
12. Let the sovereign place the infantry
before him; and take his station. While the
foe is compelled to go round him, let him
lay waste the country.
13. On a level ground, let him engage with
chariots and horses; on the water, with boats
and elephants.
14. In a place covered with trees and creep-
ing shrubs, let him use bows, swords, and
shields, and other weapons.
15. Let him continually molest his enemy; destroying their food, their fields, their water, their wood, and their entrenchments.

16. Among the king's forces, the elephant is the chief, and no other: an elephant, using all his members, is considered as having eight arms.

17. The horse is the strength of armies, for he is a moving wall: a king, therefore, possesed of many horses, is victorious in land-fights.

18. Warriors, mounted on horses, are hard to be conquered, even by gods; their enemies, even at a distance, are subdued by them.

19. The first business of war, is the preservation of the whole army: cleaning the ground, and chusing the aspect, is called the first action.

20. Wise men acknowledge as their elder brother, a man naturally brave, skilful in arms, well-affectted, kind-hearted, difficult to be subdued, famed for heroism, and of great strength.

21. Men do not fight, O king! so boldly for gifts and wealth, as for the honours conferred by their sovereign.

22. A small army, if excellent, is a great one; not a numerous force with their heads.
"thorn (disgraced): the flight of bad troops assuredly causes the route of good ones.

"23. Not to protect, not to be present, to be sparing of gifts, to procrastinate, to have no wardour who may introduce suppliants; these are causes of disaffection.

"24. By harassing the foes, let him who seeks victory overcome them; by delaying to harass them, they prosper, and are gratified.

"25. In defeating the enemy, there is no other object than dividing the spoil: let the prince, therefore, with care divide the booty taken from the foe.

"26. When peace is made by a viceroy, or by a principal counsellor, a firm prince may express anger, and renew the war.

"27. He may even, after having defeated the enemy, destroy them, with troops eager for gain; or seize and carry off their cattle, or even imprison their chief.

"28. Let a prince make his own regions popular, for the sake of possessing that of another: or by bestowing gifts, and conferring honours, with like popularity, let him acquire the odour of fame for generosity.

"Ah! said the king, what need is there for so many words. To be fortunate by nature, and to subdue the foe, these are the two properties of a king: by possessing these qua-
"lities, wise princes extend their glory like "Vâchaśpati! "Another kind of strength, said the minister, "smiling, must be provided; another code of "sciences must be prepared: How can light and "darkness remain equally in one station? "The king then arose, and an astronomer "having marked the propitious time of the sun's "passing through the sign, he marched forth. "Just then a messenger arrived, who, after "making obeisance to Hiranyagharva, thus "spoke: O king! Chitraverna is approaching; "and even now, has taken his ground on the "top of the mountain Malaya: a guard must "be kept continually in the castle, for the vul- "ture is his prime minister. Yet more: It has "been asserted, in conversation upon this sub- ject, that a certain bird was before ordered by "the vulture to make an attempt upon the for- tress. O king, cried Chacravaca, that must "be the crow! By no means, said the king: if it "were so, how would he have begun with pro- posing the death of the parrot? Besides: Our "foes success in this war, must have been since "the arrival of the parrot: the crow has been "a long time constantly here. Yet, said the "minister, when a stranger comes, he should "be treated with caution. What benefactor, "said the king, can be considered as a stranger!
"Hear:
"A stranger, who is kind, is a kinsman.
"An unkind kinsman is a stranger.
"Painful distempers are bred in the body,
"while soothing medicines grow in the forest.
"Again:
"Viravara, servant of the king Sudrac, in a
short time, gave up his own son.
"How, asked the minister, did that happen?
"Once, answered the king, as I was sporting
with a young goose, named Carpuramanjari,
in the pool of Carpuraceti, made for the re-
creation of king Sudrac, a Rajaputra, named
Viravara, who had come from a distant coun-
try, went, at that time, to the wardour of the
palace, and said: I am a Rajaputra, who want
a maintenance, grant me a sight of the king!
The warden went to Sudrac, and perform-
ing due homage, said: O king! a Rajaputra,
named Viravara, is come from a foreign coun-
try, and stands at thy gate.
"The king said: Bring him to me. Viravara
was accordingly introduced to the king's pre-
sence; and saluting him, said: If you ask for
me as thy servant, O king! allow me a stip-
end. What stipend dost thou demand? said
Sudrac. Four hundred pieces of gold a day,
answered Viravara. With what implements,
said the king, canst thou perform service?
"With three, said Viravara: the two first are
my two arms, and the third is my sabre. It
cannot be, said the king; and Viravara,
making his obeisance, departed. The first
minister then addressed the king: Allow him,
Sir, this salary for a few days, that his dis-
position may be known; then you may pro-
portion his pay to the talents he possesses.
Sudrac, persuaded by this advice, called back
the soldier, and giving him betel, ordered him
the stipend he had demanded. And then
keeping a constant watch on his actions, learnt
that Viravara gave one half of his pay to the
gods and the brahmens, one quarter to the
poor, and the remainder he spent on himself.
This was his constant practice. And, with
his sabre in his hand, he kept watch, day and
night at the palace gate; going to the king
only when he was called for.

On the fourteenth of the dark half of the
moon Boudr., at midnight, the king heard the
sound of weeping and lamentation. He said,
aloud: Who is there at the gate? The soldier
answered: O king! I, Viravara, am in wait-
ing. Let an enquiry be made, said the king
concerning that weeping. Be it as the king's
commands, said Viravara, and immediately
departed.

In the mean while, the king, thinking within
"himself, that he had unadvisedly sent a single
soldier, in so dark a night, without a torch, took
his cimeter, and followed him out of the town.
"Viravara had discovered a damsel, very
young, exquisitely beautiful, and elegantly
apparelled, to whom he said: Who art thou?
Wherefore dost thou weep?
"She answered:
"I am Laesbmi, the Fortune of king Sudrac;
under the shadow of whose arm I have long
reposed; but am now forced to depart from
him, and therefore weep. By what means,
said Viravara, can the goddes be again esta-
blished here? If thou, answered Lacsbmi, will
devote to me, the goddes of felicity, thy son
Sacitivare, whose body has sixty marks of ex-
cellence, I will again dwell a long time in this
country.—So saying, she vanished.
"Viravara then went to his own house, and
waked his wife and son, whom he found sleep-
ing. Viravara repeated to them the very
words of Laesbmi; which Sacitivara no sooner
heard, than he said, with rapture: Glorious,
indeed, am I become! who am the instrument
of saving the dominions of my prince! What,
O father, should occasion delay? any day,
surely, must be favourable for offering up my
body in such a cause.
"Since the poet says:
"A good man would resign his wealth, and even his life, for others: since death is inevitable, that death is surely best, which procures most good to the virtuous.

Let this, added his mother, be the business of our family: if it be not, how else can we give an equivalent for the splendid salary which the king allows us?

Having said this, all of them hastened to the goddess of prosperity; to whom Viravara, with pious adoration, said: Be favourable, O goddess! grant victory to the great king Sudrac, and receive thy offered slave. So saying, he struck off the head of his son: and immediately thought thus within himself: I have now made a full return for the king's munificence, but, without my boy, my own life is a fruitless burden. After this short meditation, he stabbed himself: and his wife, seeing him dead, and unable to survive her husband and her son, put an end to her life, with the same weapon.

All this Sudrac heard and saw with astonishment, and said:

Ignoble men live and die like me; but the equal of that Viravara never existed, nor ever will exist among men. Since my kingdom is therefore deprived of him, it is of no more use to me.
"He then unsheathed his sword, and was preparing with pleasure to give himself a mortal wound, when the goddess Laksāmi, appearing in a visible form, took the king by the hand, and said: 'My son, this act will be absurd; thy realm shall not now be broken. Sudrāc, falling prostrate, said: O goddess, I have no occasion for my realm, nor even for my life. If still thou hast any affection for me, let that hero Viravāra, with his wife and son, be restored to life by my death; let me go into that path which becomes me. I am abundantly satisfied, said Laksāmi, with thy fervent piety, and love for thy servant; go, conquer, and let the hero, with his family, rise to life!

"The king, having again prostrated himself before the goddess, returned to his palace, unseen by any mortal. Viravāra, in the mean time, rose from the dead, with his wife and his child:—they went home, and he returned to his station before the royal gate.

"The king then asked him, what he had found to be the cause of the lamentation. He answered: 'O king! a girl was weeping, and when she saw me, she vanished: there was no other cause.

"When the king heard this answer, he was highly pleased; and said within himself: How
"Can this most virtuous man, Viravara, be rewarded?

"It is written:

"A true hero speaks gently, boasts not of himself, is liberal, and no respecter of persons.

"—A great man is benevolent.

"How this whole transaction proves the greatness of Viravara!

"In the morning the king assembled an illustrious council, and, relating the adventure, from the beginning to the end, conferred on Viravara, with great honour, the kingdom of Càrnata.

"How then is a stranger to be censured?

"But among strangers, it is true, are some of the highest, some of the lowest, and some of the middle, classes.

"Chacrabaca then said: What sort of a fellow is he, who gratifies the desire of his prince, when he orders what ought not to be done? It is better that the mind of his master should be grieved, than that he should perish through improper conduct.

"Hear, O king!

"Let me attain what is acquired by virtue; and not resemble the barber, who, through the delusion of a golden vessel, slew the beggar, and was slain himself.

"How, asked the king, did that happen?
"In the city of Ayodhya, said the minister, "lived a soldier, named Chudamani; who, giving himself great pains in search of wealth, "paid particular homage to the god adorned "with a crescent: and having committed very "few sins, had the felicity of seeing the deity in "a dream; who said to him: Shave thyself this "morning, and stand concealed behind the gate, "with a club in thy hand, with which thou "shalt put to death a beggar, who shall come "into the court, and instantly the dead body "shall be changed into a vessel full of gold; "which infallibly shall make thee happy, as long "as thou livest and spendest it freely. The soldier did as he was commanded, and gained the "treasure; but the barber who had come to "shave him, and saw what happened, thus reasoned within himself: Oh! is that the mode "of gaining gold? what then, cannot I too perform? From that time, therefore, he stood "early in the morning, from day to day, with "a club in his hand, waiting for a beggar: and "one morning, a poor man, who came to solicit alms, was attacked and slain by him. The "king's officers, however, seized him, and he "suffered death for the murder. Thence I said: "Let me possess what is gained by virtue, and "so forth.

"How, said the king, can he be proved, by a
multitude of words, to be any other than what he seems? Is any one a friend, without good reason? Why then should my confidence in him cease? let him now come, and in his station be of use to me. If Chitraverna be at this moment in the mountain of Malaya, what can be done?

I have heard, said the minister, from the mouth of a spy, just arrived, that Chitraverna has disregarded the advice of his counsellor, the vulture: the indiscreet prince may, therefore, be subdued.

For:

He who thirsts for wealth; he who abandons honesty; he who rejects advice; he who speaks falsely; a negligent man; a coward; a weak man; all these, if enemies, have no reason to rejoice.

As long, therefore, as he refrains from surrounding the gates of the fort, so long may the sarás's, and the other generals, be employed in destroying his forces in the river, the mountain, the castle, and the roads.

Thence it is written:

When an hostile army is fatigued by a long march, is impeded by a river, a mountain, or a forest, intimidated by a terrible fire, tormented with thirst, deficient in vigilance, weakened with hunger, afflicted with disease,
or pain, not well stationed, molested by storms and showers, obstructed by dust, by mud, and by water, an army in such situations may easily be overpowered by an intelligent king.

Again:

An army, O king! which is exhausted by watching, through fear of a nightly assault, and flumbers through the day, may at once be subdued, as the eye is overcome by sleep.

Thy troops then, advancing against those which he has detached, will destroy them by day, and by night, as occasion serves.

This was accordingly done, and Chitraverna seeing many of his leaders and officers fall around him, thus, with extreme grief, addressed his minister Duradarsan:

O, my father! why do we stay longer here? What disgrace has befallen me!

It is written:

When no progress is made in acquiring dominion, all will prove unsuccessful. Not to advance, as certainly destroys prosperity, as age impairs the most beautiful form.

Besides:

Good actions lead to success, as good medicines to a cure; a healthy man is joyful, and a diligent man attains the end of learning. So
"a just man gains the reward of his virtue;
riches, and fame.

"Be virtuous, just, benevolent, and affectionate, to all creatures that have life; as water naturally descends, thus wealth, and felicity, naturally come to a good man.

"O king! said the vulture, a prince, though unwise, reaches the summit of magnificence by attending to one who encreases his knowledge, like a tree which flourishes by growing near a river.

"Farther:

"The taste of wine; the love of woman;
excessive hunting; gaming; and borrowing of money; listening to false charges; severity in inflicting of punishments; these are the causes of a king's misery.

"Yet more:

"Wealth unjustly collected is not enjoyed by him who indulges in boundless pleasures, but has no resource in his inmost soul; true wealth resides with good morals, and with valour.

"Thou, perceiving the good condition of thy army, and exulting in force alone, hast added harshness of speech to thy neglect of my counsels; this fruit, therefore, of thy bad conduct, is now actually gathered."
"As the poet says:

"What offences against morals are committed by him who listens not to advice!

"What man, who refuses to take medicines, do not disorders torment?

"Whom doth not good fortune fill with pride?

"Whom does not death at length overtake?

"Who is not plagued by wealth, and goods, brought as a portion by his wife?

"Thus, therefore, I reasoned: This prince has no understanding; how he consumest he dictates of sound instruction by the fire of his own words!

"For:

"If a man has no knowledge of his own, of what use is a book to him? Of what service is a mirror to a blind man?

"For this reason I remained speechless. The king, joining his fore-feet in a submissive posture, said: Be it so; it is all my fault: but now advise, how, with this reinforcement of my army, I shall return to the Vindhyce mountains. The vulture thought within himself: We must have recourse to a stratagem; and then said, aloud: O king! anger must ever be appeased towards the gods, a preceptor, cattle, kings, priests, women, and children, towards cows,
"the old, and the sick: then, with a smile, he
added: Be not disheartened, O king! be con-
fident.
"Hear:
"The wisdom of a counsellor is known on a
breach of peace; of a physician, in the three
acute distempers: Who is not wise, that can
shew wisdom in such emergencies?
"Besides:
"When fools begin a trifling act, they hesi-
tate; but when the wise begin an arduous
enterprise, they are firm, and without he-
sitation.
"I, therefore, will conduct thee quickly hence
to the Vindhyas mountains, attended with fame
and strength, having even destroyed by thy
force the castle of the enemy.
"How, said the king, can that be achieved
with so inconsiderable an army? Sir, answered
the vulture, it will all happen.
"He, therefore, who desires conquest, must
avoid procrastination, and hasten to attain
victory.
"This very day let a line be formed around
the fortress.
"While this was doing, a baca (or paddy-
bird), who had been sent as a spy, came to
king Hiranyakarbhā; whom he thus addressed:
"O king, this Chitraverna is now, by the advice of his counsellor, the vulture, surrounding the gates of thy castle. The king, turning to his minister, said: O thou, all-knowing, what now must be done?

"The flamingo said:

"By the strength of thy own mind, O king, make a distinction between good and evil; distribute gold and dressses, as marks of thy favour, to such as deserve them:

"Since it is written:

"Fortune deserts not that lion-prince, who exacts twenty shells from the peasant, yet bestows thousands of weights of gold with a liberal hand.

"Again:

"On eight occasions, O king! there cannot be too much liberality:

"A solemn sacrifice, a royal marriage, in public distress, for the destruction of enemies, on a work which will raise reputation, on the society of friends, for the comfort of beloved wives, and for the relief of indigent relations.

"Yet more:

"A fool, through fear of bestowing too much, assuredly loses all: What wise man dispenses not his whole fortune through fear of a worse misfortune?

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"How, said the king, can excessive prodigality be of use on the present occasion?

"It is written:

"To escape danger, let a man preserve his wealth; to secure his wealth, let him preserve his wife; and by his wife and his wealth, let him even preserve himself.

"How, said the minister, can a fortunate man be exposed to danger? Sometimes, answered the king, Fortune forsakes her favourites. Even accumulated wealth is lost, replied the minister; laying, therefore, aside this avaricious mood, encourage thy warriors with gifts and honours.

"As it is written:

"Soldiers contented with their stations, determined to perish or conquer when they are ennobled, and honoured, infallibly subdue the hostile forces.

"Again:

"Heroes, with good morals, pleased with their service, resolved to act, although there be only five hundred of them, slay an army of foes.

"Yet more:

"A prince who knows not how to make distinctions, who acts with severity, and frustrates good actions, is deserted by all honest men;
how much more by others? Even a wife deserts a husband, who only gratifieth his own hunger.

"Since it is added:

"Truth, valour, liberality, these are the principal virtues of kings; void of these, a ruler of the world is sure to have a blemished character.

"Good counsellors are also necessarily to be honoured.

"Therefore it is written:

"The hero, who, when he is engaged in any great undertaking, pardons offences, disperses treasure, encreases fortunes, he is to be trusted, he is to be served with our hearts, and wealth!

"Farther:

"When a low man, a woman, a child, or a fool, are the advisers of a king; he is tossed by the winds of vice, and drowned in a sea of trouble!

"Again:

"The prince who conceals his joy, and his anger, who spends his revenue with continual moderation, is never forsaken by his servants, and the earth bestows her wealth on him!

"Such ministers as resolve to prosper, or
"perish, with their sovereign, ought never to be
"disgraced by him:
"Since:
"When a king, blind with pride, falls into
"an ocean of perils, the wise exertions of an
"affectionate minister take him by the hand,
"and preserve him from drowning.
"After this conversation Meghaverna entered
"haughtily, and having paid homage, thus ad-
dressed the king: Grant me, O king! the
honour of an interview; the enemy, who
wage this violent war, are in motion at the
castle gate; let me, therefore, by the order of
your majesty, sally forth, and shew my valour,
that I may return, in some degree, the obliga-
tions which you have conferred on me. No,
no, said the flamingo, if we are to sally forth,
it is needless to fortify the castle.
"Therefore it is written:
"Though a crocodile be dangerous as poison,
yet, if he leave the water, he becomes weak:
if a lion depart from the forest; he necessarily
becomes like a shakal.
"O king! go in person, and view the attack:
"For:
"Let a prince lead his army, and engage at
its head: even a dog lions it in sight of his
master.
Nevertheless, all the troops, by the king's command, marched out of the castle, and a dreadful conflict ensued.

On the next morning Chitraverna said to the vulture: Ha, father! what thou hast promised, must be performed.

Hear, O king! said the vulture:

A general, who acts unseasonably, who is weak, indiscreet, ignorant of principles, cannot keep a secret, or fights without courage, is the ruin of a fortress.

To conquer by alliance with the enemy's officers; to continue a blockade obstinately; to attack at night; or to take a castle; and plunder it, by storm; these are the four greatest acts in war.

Then, whispering in his ear, he added: Let us engage, therefore, here as valiantly as we are able.

Before the sun was risen, while a fierce battle was fought before each of the four castle-gates, Megha-verna, with the crows, his companions, set fire, in one day, to the whole fortress, and cried out: The fort is taken! it is taken! When the generals, therefore, of Hi-ranyagarbha, and the other birds of the garrison, heard the clamour, and saw the castle in flames, they speedily entered the pool:

For:
"A good consultation; a good preparation;   
a good engagement; and a good retreat; let   
a wise officer do all this when occasion offers,   
without hesitation.   

The gander, from his natural form and habit,   
moved slowly, accompanied by the sarás; and   
being surrounded by the cock, with the troops   
of Chitraverna, thus addressed his faithful   
general: O sarás! thou shalt not destroy thy-   
self through my fault; thou mayest now de-   
part, enter the lake, and there, with the advice   
of Servajinya, my minister, place on the throne   
my son Chudaretta. Give not, O king! said   
the sarás, this improvident order: thou mayest   
yet be a great monarch, famed as long as   
the sun and moon shall endure. I was com-   
mander of the castle, and the enemy may enter   
it when the gates of it are stained with my   
blood:   

Since it is written:   

A master, patient, generous, abounding   
with good qualities, is to be served for his   
virtue.   

True, said the king; but it is added:   

A servant, pure, honest, and faithful, is I   
know hard to be found. The sarás then said:   
Hear, O king! if, by leaving the field, we lose   
all fear of death, we may then prosperously   
seek another place; but if death be inevitable,
"why should our name be fullied to no good purpose?"

"Again:

"In this world, broken with the motion of waves, violently agitated, life should be virtuously sacrificed for the benefit of others.

"Thou, O king! must in all events be preserved.

"Since:

"The king; the minister; the country; the fortress; the treasure; the army; and our friends; these are, by nature, the bodies of a kingdom, and should continue an assemblage of precious things, long secured: among these, the chief is the king; for nature, though abundant, cannot exist when her lord is gone.

"Though Dhanwanteri be the physician, what can he do when life is departed?

"Besides:

"This mortal race of subjects are miserable, through the misery of the prince; and by his rise they rise, like the lotus, visited by sunbeams.

"The cock then came, and attacked the gander with his talons and beak; but the farás, in haste, covered his prince with his wings and body, till, when all the cocks at once failing him, still securing the king who had
"fallen, pushed him into the water, and flew, "with his sharp bill, the general of the cocks; "but fell himself, overpowered by a multitude "of birds. Chitraverna then entered the "castle, and seizing all the treasures hoarded "in it, was congratulated as victor by the en- "comiaxts, and returned to his own camp."

"We admire," said the young princes, "the "virtue of the farás who commanded the "gander's army, in preserving his lord at the "expense of his own life:

"Since:

"Cows bring forth calves, all with bodies "like themselves; but few of them are bulls, "with horned foreheads, and leaders of the "herd."

"The noble farás," said Vishnusarman, "by "abandoning his mortal frame, ascended to the "immortal gods, and was born again the son of "a goddess, living happily above, for a time "proportionate to his merit.

"Thence it is written:

"They who are valiant in battle, forfaking "even life for the sake of their masters, and "servants devoted to their lords, and intel- "ligent in business, ascend indubitably to "heaven.

"Again:
"When a soldier, who has shown no timidity, falls in battle, surrounded by foes, he reaches the gods, who die no more.

"May you, when you reign, fight not always with elephants, with horsemen, and with infantry! but may your enemies, overthrown by the winds of wise counsels, be driven for protection to the mountains!"

END OF BOOK THE THIRD.
BOOK THE FOURTH.

On Peace.

The princes then addressed their instructor: "Thou hast given an account of war, now let us hear something of peace."—"I will speak," said Vishnusarman, "of peace; since it is your pleasure.

"Attend; the principal verse is this:

"A great war continuing, and the armies of both kings being exhausted, peace was quickly concluded by the vulture and the chacra, who met for that purpose."

"How," said the princes, "did that happen?"

Vishnusarman proceeded with the fable.

"The gander, thus preserved, said to his council: Who set fire to my castle? Was it a stranger, or a subject of mine, inhabiting the fort, and in league with mine enemies?

"O king, answered the chacra, that Meghaverna, whom you made your friend without reason, is now with the enemy; at least he is
"not to be found here; whence I conclude, that
the base work was his.

"The king, after meditating a while, said:
"Even so: this was my fault, or my bad for-
tune.

"Whence it is said:
"It is even the fault of destiny, not of his counsellors: and whatever good he has before
done, is on this account destroyed.

"This, too, is written, subjoined the coun-
fellor:
"When a man has a bad star he accuses de-
tiny; but unwisely perceiveth not his own bad
actions.

"Further:
"He who follows not the advice of his be-
loved friends, falls like the foolish tortoise from
the pole by which he hangs.

"How, said the king, was that?
"In Magadbadesa, or South Behar, answered
the chacra, is a pool, named Pbullo'tpala, or
lotus-blossom; where two geese dwelled, to-
together with a tortoise, their friend. It hap-
pened once, that some fishers came thither, and
said: Why do we wait so long on the bank? In
the morning we will destroy all the fish, and
the tortoises. The tortoise hearing this, said,
with great fear, to the two geese: My friends,
I have heard the dreadful threats of the two
"fishermen; what, therefore, can be done? Let it first be ascertained, answered they, that we are in danger, and then deliberate on the means of escaping. No, no, said the tortoise; what appears expedient must be done immediately:

"As it is written:

"The two fish, Anagata-vidbatri and Pratyutpannamati, both prospered, while Yadba-wisbya perished.

"How, said the geese, did that happen?

"Once, answered the tortoise, three fishermen, who had come to this very pool, were seen by the fish, one of whom, named Anagata-tavidbatri, thus thought within himself: I must not stay here; but, disregarding the maxim, that, what will be, will be, let me sink to the bottom: he sunk accordingly. Another fish, whose name was Pratyutpannamati, said: Whither must I go, since I have no certain knowledge of futurity? I must act with resolution:

"Since it is written:

"He who is in danger, and finds away to escape, is truly wise.

"That, said Yadba-wisbya, which is impossible in nature cannot be done; that which is natural may naturally be performed; since this opinion destroys the venom of care,
"why should we not take so salutary a medicine?"

"When Pratyutpennamati, therefore, was caught in the net, he sprang with all his force into the water, and disappeared; while Yaddhauisbya was taken and killed. Thence I repeated the verse concerning this fish: Let it, therefore, be contrived, that I may go to the bottom of some other lake.

"How, said the geese, canst thou, who creepest on the ground, go safely? Let me go, answered he, with you through the air. But how, replied the wild geese, can that be contrived? If you two, said the tortoise, hold a staff in your beaks, I will grasp the middle of it with mine; and thus you will fly with me through the air. Let this be the contrivance, said the geese: but he who thinks of a measure, must also think of the evil which may ensue: see how the youngest of the foolish baca's were devoured by weasels.

"How, said the tortoise, did that happen?

"In the north, said one of the wild geese, near the mountain, called Gridbracâta, or vulture-cliff, on the bank of the river called Airâvati, stands a vata-tree; in the hollow of which lived a black serpent, who used to devour the young birds, that nestled on the tree. An old baca, hearing the lamentations of the young birds,
"thus addressed them: Have recourse to this expedient: take some fish, and beginning with the hole of the weasel, or ichneumon, scatter them one by one in a line, 'till you come to the black serpent's hole; the ichneumon, eager for food, will then come, and necessarily seeing the snake, to whom they bear a natural enmity, will destroy him. This was done, and the ichneumons tracing the fish to the cavity of the tree in which the serpent dwelled, devoured him: soon after, a cry of the young baca's was heard, and the ichneumons having climbed up the tree, destroyed them all.

"Therefore, I said: He who thinks of any measure, must also think of the evil which may ensue it.

"If thou be taken, therefore, by us in the manner proposed by thee, thou wilt be seen by some of the human race, who will exclaim, how wonderful! and if, on hearing this, thou attemptest to give an answer, thou wilt inevitably perish: by all means, therefore, remain here.

"Am I, then, said the tortoise, a perfect idiot? how so! I will say nothing; have I no regard for myself?

"The wild geese finding him obstinate, raised him on a pole in the air; and the herdsman's boys, perceiving a tortoise in so strange a situa-
tion, ran halloing and exclaiming: When he falls we will dress him, and feast on him!
Another said: We will carry him hence alive!
The tortoise, hearing these ill-natured speeches, was so provoked, that he forgot his former resolution, and said, in a passion: Eat ashes, you young cow-keepers! No sooner had he opened his beak, than he fell, and was killed by them. Therefore, I said: He who follows not the advice of his faithful friends, falls like the foolish tortoise.

Soon after a baca, who had been sent as a scout, came and said: O king! I had before given my advice, that the castle should be evacuated; this is the fruit of neglecting it:—the fortress was burnt by that villain Meghaverna, who was employed for that purpose, by the enemy’s prime minister the vulture.

Oh! interrupted the king, with a deep sigh, he who confides in a foe, who honours or benefits him, resembles a man who sleeps on the top of a tree, and when he falls, is reproved by all.

The baca continued: When Meghaverna, O king! had burnt the fortress, he went to the camp of Chitraverna, who was extremely gracious to him, and said: Meghaverna shall be appointed raja of Carpuradwipa:

Since it is written:
"When a servant has acted well, his good work ought not to perish; but he should be made happy by rewards, by affection, by kind words, and by kind looks.

"Your majesty hears, said the chacra, what the spy says. What followed? said the king. "Sir, answered the baca, the vulture then said: "O king! that would, on every account, be improper; how can he, on whom dominion is conferred, be reduced if he should be ungrateful? excessive favours, to low persons, are like water on sand:—an ignoble person, "O king! ought never to be placed in the station of the great.

"Since it is written:

"A mean person, raised to a high degree, seeks the ruin of his lord: as the mouse, having attained the form and force of a tiger, went to kill the saint.

"How, said Chitraverna, did that happen?

"There is, answered Duradersin, in the sacred grove of the divine philosopher Gautama, a saint, named Māhitapās, eminently pious; who seeing a young mouse fall near his dwelling, from the bill of a crow, benevolently took him up, and fed him with grains of rice.

"One day, when the mouse was preparing to eat, a cat appeared, and the kind saint, by the power of his devotion, changed the mouse
"into a cat. This new animal was, soon after-
wards, terrified by a dog, and was made one of
the same species. At length, being in dread of a
tiger, he became a tiger, through the prayers of
the saint; who then perceived the difference be-
tween a tiger and a rat. All the people said:
See how the piety of the saint has changed yon
rat into a tiger! Then the ungrateful beast
thought within himself: As long as the saint lives,
this defamatory discourse will be held concern-
ing my form: with this thought, he ran to-
wards his benefactor and attempted to kill him,
but was changed, by a short prayer of the
heaven-eyed sage, into his natural shape.
Thence, I said: A mean person, raised to a
high degree, seeks the ruin of his lord!
"Yet more:
"This promotion, O king! Should not easily
be made: immoderate ambition is ever pre-
judicial.
"Hear the poet:
"A baca, who was eagerly devouring fish,
the largest, and the least, and those of a mid-
dling size, was herself caught and killed by
a crab.
"How, said Chitravarna, happened that?
"The vulture answered: In the country of
Malavi, is a pool called Pedmagarbra, or
Lotus-bearing; where an old baca stood la-
"menting his want of strength; and was seen,
"from a distance, by a crab, who said: Why
"dost thou stand sorrowing in the pool without
"food? Fish, answered he, is my sustenance;
"the pool is now almost dry, and the fish will
"be killed by the fishermen;—this resolution I
"heard from all the fishers on one side of the
"town: so that it is decreed, that for want of
"food I must inevitably perish;—this thought,
"even now, takes away my appetite. When
"the crab heard this, all the fish thus thought:
"Is the baca become our benefactor on this oc-
"casion? he then must be consulted how we
"are to act.

"Since it is written:

"Let an union be formed with the foe, who
"benefits, not with a friend who injures thee:
"a view must be duly made of benefits and
"injuries.

"They then said: O baca! what means are
"there of safety? None more certain, answered
"he, than sinking to the bottom of another
"stream, whither I will carry you. They said:
"Be it so. Now the cruel bird, taking
"them up, devoured them one by one. The
"crab seeing the pool without fish, said to the
"baca: Take me too. And the bird, eager to
"taste the delicate flesh of the crab, took him
"up, with great marks of respect, but flew
"down with him to the ground, in order to "feast on him. The crab, seeing the ground "covered with the bones of the fish, thus "thought:
"This base baca, no doubt, has devoured them "all. Alas! I am killed! O me, unfortunate! "Be it so: then let me act according to cir-
cumstances:
"Since:
"We should only fear, when danger is dif-
tant: when it is present, we should fight like "heroes!
"Again:
"When a hero, fortunate in combat, sees no-
thing left that is dear to him; then, if he be "wise, he perishes together with his foe.
"Yet more:
"When, without fighting, death is inevi-
table; and with fighting, life is doubtful; that,"say the wise, is the only moment for battle.
"With this resolution, the crab, as soon as "the greedy bird extended his beak, for the "purpose of destroying him, turned round, and, "with his strong claws, tore the baca's throat "so, that he was killed. Thence, I said: The "baca was destroyed by feasting on fish too "greedily.
"Chitravarna replied: Now hear! my coun-
sellor, listen! This is my object: When
Meghaverna shall be viceroy of Carpuradwipa, whatever precious things the country produces, those he will send to us; and we, in eager expectation of them, will remain in the Vindbya mountain. Duradursin rejoined, with a smile: O king! he who delights himself with the thought of what he does not possess, will be like the brahmen who broke his pot.

How did that happen? said the king.

On the bank of the river Apunarbhavā (or giving exemption from any future birth) to the north of the city Devācotara, lived a Brahmen, whose name is Devesārman. He, at the beginning of the month, when the sun enters the ram, received from a pious man, a little pot full of wheat bread, which he took with him to a potter's house, in part of which he resided. Before he went to rest, he thus said within himself: If I sell this pot, I shall receive ten cowries, with which I shall buy larger pots, and then larger, till my wealth will increase, and I become a seller of areca-nut and cloth: when I am worth a lac of rupees, I will marry four wives; to the youngest and handsomest of whom I shall attach myself, in preference to the rest. This will excite the jealousy of her companions, who will begin to quarrel with her; but I, inflamed with
"wrath, shall strike them with a stick, thus: so saying, he threw his stick, and broke his pot, together with other vessels: the noise of which alarmed the potter; who, entering the room, and seeing the mischief done, turned the dis-appointed Brahmen out of his house. Thence, I said: He who delights, &c. &c.

"The king then spoke thus to the vulture, in private: O my father! advise what is now to be done. The vulture said: The ministers of a king are blamed, when he goes astray, like the drivers of a mad elephant!

"Hear, O king!

"Was the enemies castle destroyed by my contrivance, or by thy strength? By thy stratagem, answered the king. My order, said the vulture, was executed.

"Let us now, therefore, return to our own country; left when the rainy season shall begin, he should attack us again with equal force; at a time when our retreat will be difficult. Now, therefore, for the sake of our happiness and ease, let us make peace and retire. That the castle is destroyed, and fame acquired, is an advantage procured by me.

"Since:

"He who offers his virtuous services, and without regarding what is pleasing or unpleas-ing to his lord, speaks disagreeable truths, is a benefactor to his prince.
"Besides:
"Let a king seek peace for the love of religion; in war, success is doubtful; but in making peace, let no man doubt. So said Vribhaspati.
"Again:
"What wise man, if he stand agitated by doubt in uncertain war, can preserve his friend, his forces, his kingdom, his own life, or his fame?
"Why, said the king, was not this advice given before? In what respect, said the minister, was not my opinion completely known to thee? This war was not begun by my advice. For the king Hiranyakagarbha is of a peaceful, not a warlike disposition.
"Thus the poet says:
"A true-speaking man, a virtuous man, a just man, a vicious man, he who has many brothers, and he who has obtained victory in many wars; with these seven, peace should be made.
"1. He who keeps truth inviolate, will not alter his nature after a peace, even if he lose his life.
"2. A good man most assuredly will not become bad.
"3. For a just man all the world fight. A just prince prevents calamity by love of his subjects, and of virtue,
4. Peace should be made even with a bad man, when ruin is impending; not for the sake of his protection, but from consideration of the time.

5. As dust, when intermixed with thorns, cannot be trampled on, so a king, who has many brethren, cannot be subdued.

6. It is not advisable to fight with a hero: even a cloud cannot go in opposition to the wind.

7. Neither the enmity nor the friendship of those two princes, whose wealth, and whose forces are equal, can be very great, or very little.

8. Like the son of Jamadagni, every king, who in all places, and at all times, obtains victory in battle, enjoys glory.

9. He who makes peace with a prince who has been victorious in many wars, assuredly overcomes his own enemies. This king, therefore, who has been often a conqueror, is he, with whom peace ought to be made.

When the Chacra had heard this conversation repeated by the spy, he said: Now we know the whole, go a second time, and return when you have learnt all that has been done. I go, Sir, said the baca, and when I have informed myself, will speedily return. Hiranya-garbha then said to his minister: I am desirous of knowing from thee, with what sorts
of princes peace ought to be concluded. The
Chacra spoke thus: O king! I will enu-
merate them:

Hear the poet:

A boy, an old man, one long sick, an out-
cast, a coward, a cause of terror, a covetous
man, and one not covetous, an ill-natured
man, and one who abounds in sensual gratifica-
tions, he who has many schemes and different
counsels, a contemner of the gods and of
priests, one who denies providence (or fate),
and one who relies wholly on it, one who
gains a little by beggars, and one who has a mi-
ferable army, one who is in a foreign country,
one who has many foes, and he who takes not
the right time for action, and he who is void of
truth and justice:

With these twenty persons, let not a pru-
dent king make peace, or only with a view
to their destruction; for these, in a short time,
are sure to fall under the power of their
enemy:

Since:

Men seek not to war with a boy, on ac-
count of his weakness; nor with an old man,
or invalid, through want of power in them to
transact business.

An outcast is deprived of happiness; even
they of his own family seek to destroy him
for their own credit. A coward, through
aversion from war, naturally flees away; and
in battle, even a hero is mixed in flight with
cowards. The subjects of a miser will not
fight, because they share not his riches; and
those of him who is not covetous, fight only
through gifts. An ill-natured man is deserted
in battle by better natures; and the sensualist
who abounds in pleasure is overcome by it.
He who has many projects of his own, is a
foe to good counsellors. A contemner of the
gods, and priests, as well as the opposer of pro-
vidence, is constantly tormented with grief by
the force of his own impiety. Providence is
certainly the giver of wealth, and of poverty;
let a man, therefore, meditate first of all on
providence; but not so as to prevent his own
exertions.
A miserable beggar is self tormented; and he
who has a bad army, has no power to fight.
A foreign invader is soon overpowered, even
by a weak foe.
As the shark, monster of the lake, though
small, seizes the king of elephants, he who
trembles among a multitude of foes (like a
pigeon among eagles), in whatsoever path he
treads, is assuredly destroyed, even by him
with whom he travels in the road.
He who engages unseasonably is overcome
by him who fights at a proper time; as the
"crow was reduced to weakness by the owl,
who attacked him by night: never make
peace with a man void of truth and justice,
who, let his treaty be ever so sacred, will soon
be led by his improbity to a violation of it.

"I will repeat yet more:

"There are six qualities; peace, war, halting, moving, asking quarter, and duplicity:
five bodies of counsel; on the promotion of
a work actually begun, on the distinction of
men, things, riches, place, and time: four
remedies; equanimity, punishment, alliance,
gifts: three powers, the power of the council,
the power of the army, and the power of the
sovereign: by considering all which, they who
desire conquest become great.

"Since:

"That fortune which cannot be purchased,
even at the price of life, voluntarily seeks
(though changeable by nature) the palace of
kings, who understand good morals.

"It is therefore said:

"He who always enjoys his wealth equally,
who has, in parts, concealed spies, and coun-
sels perfectly secret, who says nothing unkind
to any living creature, rules the earth for an
infinity of ages.

"But, O king! if peace should be proposed
by the great counsellor, the vulture; yet,
"since it will proceed from the arrogance of "conquest lately obtained, it is not to be ac-
cepted.
"This must be done: The farás, named Mā-
habala, who reigns in Sinhaladwipa, is our "friend; let his resentment henceforth be raised "against Jambudwipa.
"Since the poet says:
"Preserving his secret unrevealed, and his "forces well united, let a hero march and an-
noy his enemy; for hot iron may form an "union with hot iron; so he, by equal fierce-
ness, at a time when his foe is fierce, may "conclude a firm peace.
"The king, having said, Be it so, sent a baca, "named Vichetti, to Sinhaladwipa with a letter, "well conceited. At this time returned the spy, "who had before been sent, and said to Hiranya-
garbha: Hear, O king! what was the dif-
course in the counsel of thy foes,—The vul-
ture said: Megbaverna, who remained there "so long, well knows whether king Hiranya-
garbha have a pacifick disposition, or not, "The crow, being then asked by king Chitra-
verna, what sort of a prince Hiranyagarbha "was, and what was the character of his mi-
nifter the Chacra, thus answered: O king!
"Hiranyagarbha speaks the truth as faithfully
as Yuddisbtira; and a minister equal to the
Chacra is no where to be seen. If it be so,
said the king, how could such a phœnix be
deceived by thee? Sir, said Megboverna,
what skil is required to beguile those inspired
with confidence? What manhood is there in
killing a child, who climbs into the lap, and
sleeps there?

"Hear, O king! at first sight I was detected
by the minister; but the king, who has great
benignity, and confident hopes, was deceived
by me.

"Thence it is said:

"He who thinks a knave as honest as him-
self, is deceived by him, like the Brahmen who
was ruined.

"How, said the king, did that happen?

"In the grove of Gautama, answered Megba-
verna, lived a Brahmen, named Prajputaya-
ajnya, or going-to-sacrifice; who, having
bought a goat in another village, and carry-
ing it home on his shoulder, was seen by three
rogues, who said to one another: If, by some
contrivance, that goat can be taken from him,
it will be great pleasure to us; with this view
they severally sat down in the road under
three trees, at some distance from each other,
by which the Brahmen was to pass. One of
"the scoundrels called out, as he was going by:
"O Brahmen! why dost thou carry that dog on
"thy shoulder?
"It is not a dog, answered the Brahmen; it
"is a goat for a sacrifice. Then, at the distance
"of a crōṣā, the second knave put the same
"question to him; which, when the Brahmen
"heard, he threw the goat down on the ground,
"and looking at it again and again, placed it a
"second time on his shoulder, and walking on
"with, a mind waving like a swing:
"For it is said:
"The minds, even of the virtuous, are agi-
tated by the words of the base; as Chitracarna,
confiding in the three villains, miserably pe-
"rished.
"How was that? said the king.
"A lion, called Madōtcata, answered Megha-
verna, reigned in part of a certain forest, hav-
ing three ministers, a crow, a tiger, and a šha-
"kāl; these three going together through the
"wood, saw a camel, to whom they said: Who
"art thou? whence dost thou come? He gave
"them a full account of his condition, and was
"conducted by them to the lion; who bad him
"fear nothing, and gave him the title of Chit-
"racarna, or wonderful-ears, and kept him in
"his service. One day the lion being sick, by
"reason of the late rains, the šhakāl, and the
"rest, had procured no food, and they said to
one another: It is resolved, that our master
must kill the camel, what have we to do with
that thorn-eater? How, said the tiger, can
this be, since our lord has given him his word,
that he shall be protected? When our prince
is hungry, said the crow, he will not scruple
to commit a crime:

"For:

"A woman, tormented with hunger, forswears
her own son; and a serpent, through the
same torment, devours her own eggs: what
crime will not an hungry animal commit?
Even men, through hunger, become inhuman!

"With these ideas they all approached the
lion, who asked if they had provided his
food. We have used extreme diligence, sir,
said the crow, but have found no prey. How
then, said the lion, shall my life be supported?
Without food, said the crow, all of us must
perish! Is any, then, to be had? said the lion.
The crow whispered in his ear, Chitracarna.
On hearing which, the lion stroked his ears,
and then struck the ground, saying: How is
that practicable, when I have given my word
to protect him?
"It is written:

"No such fruit is gathered, say the wise, from
giving cattle, land, or food; no, not even from
"giving our own lives, as from giving protection to the helpless.

"Besides:

"The sacrifice of a horse, with all the magnificence that could be wished, ensures not so great reward as the preservation of a suppliant who seeks protection.

"He is not, said the crow, to be slain by our sovereign; but we will contrive, that he shall give up his own body to be eaten by thee. When the lion heard this, he remained silent. Then the crow, at a proper time, assembled all the courtiers, and went with them to the lion, saying to him: O king! no food is provided, our sovereign is dying with hunger; let him eat my flesh.

"Since:

"A minister, however opulent, cannot live if he be deserted by his lord. When life is departing, what can a physician do, even if he be Dhanwantari himself? All ministers have their lord for their root; and while trees have roots, men gather fruits, by taking care of them.

"My good friend, said the lion, it were better for me to resign my life, than to do such an act.

"The shakal made the same offer, and the lion said: By no means. Then the tiger said: Let my lord feed on my body. That, said the lion, can never be done. The camel then,
having gained confidence, offered in like manner to make a present of his life; and he had no sooner uttered the words, than the tiger tore open his belly, and the rest devoured him.

"Thence, I say: The mind even of the virtuous is shaken, &c.

"But to proceed. The Brahmen hearing the same question from the third villain, was persuaded that the goat was really a dog, and taking it from his back, threw it down, and having washed himself, returned to his home; while the three scoundrels took the goat to their own house, and feasted on it. Therefore, I said: He who thinks a knave as honest as himself, and so forth.

"O Meghaverna! said the king, how couldst thou remain so long in the midst of enemies? And how didst thou recommend thyself? Sir, answered the crow, what cannot he perform, who desires eagerly to accomplish his master's business, or his own necessary affairs?

"Since it is written:

"What burned wood, O king! doth not the people bear on their heads? As the current of the river, by gradual washing, cuts away the roots of trees.

"It is therefore said:

"Let a wise man, who has engaged in an en-
terprize, carry even his enemy on his shoulder; like the snake who devoured the frog.

The king asked, how that happened; and *Meghaverna* thus answered:

In the territory of *Magadha*, in an uncultivated garden, lived a snake called *Mandaviserpa*, who, through extreme old age, could not, even with great labour, gain his food, and fell down on the border of a pond; where a frog saw him from a distance, and said:

Why dost thou lament thus for want of food?

The serpent, in a desponding mood, said: My good friend, why dost thou enquire into the condition of a malignant animal like me?

Upon this, the frog, highly pleased, said: At least, answer me.

There was, answered he, in *Brabmapur*, a youth, named *Sūsilá*, twenty years old, the son of a Brahmen, named *Caundilya*: this young man was accomplished with every virtue, but through his evil destiny was bitten by my venomous tooth. When *Caundilya* saw his son dead, he fainted through grief, and falling on the ground, lay greatly agitated: soon after his kinsmen, inhabitants of *Brabmapur*, assembled, and sat down by him.

As it is written:

*He who adheres in pleasure, and in*
"misery, in misfortune, and in the conflict of enemies, in the king's gate, and in the cemetery, is truly a kinsman.

"Then a holy man, named Capila, said: Thou art a fool, Caundilya: dost thou lament for this?

"Hear:

"First, the nurse lays the new born child in her lap (there is no stability): and then the mother. What use is there in sorrow?

"2. Whither are the lords of the world gone, with their armies, their valour, and their equipage? The earth itself remains to this day a witness of their separation from it.

"3. The body receives with it the principles of destruction; wealth is the cause of dangers; they who arrive, must certainly return; every thing is by nature unstable.

"4. This body lasts but a moment; it perishes; it is seen no more; as a pot of unbaked clay is broken standing in water.

"5. Youth, beauty, life, collected wealth, dominion, the society of friends, are all uncertain; in this the wise are not deceived.

"6. As wood meets wood in the great ocean, and after the meeting is separated, such is the meeting of animated beings.

"7. The body is composed of five things
“and hastens to death, the dissolution of five
“things; so it obtains (what wonder) its proper
“receptacle.

“8. All beings, O son of Bharet, were in-
“visible in their primary state; became in their
“middle state, visible; and by death are made
“invisible again; what wonder!

“9. As long as a living creature holds his
“kinsmen dear to his soul, so long the iron
“dibbles of affliction are stricken on his bosom.

“10. The company of any being with an-
“other is not permanent; since his own body
“lasts not, what has he to do with other beings
“all different in quality?

“11. Society itself implies, no doubt, the
“existence of separation; like the succession of
“birth, and death, which cannot be doubted.

“12. In the very instant of enjoying the so-
“ciety of friends, it is improper to dress food,
“which cannot be administered, with safety, in
“such a distemper.

“13. Night and day, seizing the lives of mor-
tals, pass on continually, like the current of
“a stream, and return no more.

“14. The society of the good in this world
“is like the pleasure of eating delicate food; it
“is closely connected with the pain of sepa-
“ration.

“15. Thence it is, that the virtuous never seek
"a close connection with the virtuous; because,
"when the root of the mind is torn asunder,
"there is no remedy.
"16. Good actions have been performed by
"Sagar, and other kings; but good as the ac-
tions were, they have been destroyed.
"17. By meditating and meditating on the
severe death of an excellent man, like a
leathern bandage, moistened by the rains, we
see that all our cares are of no avail.
"18. From the first night, in which men of
valour and virtue take their station in the
womb, from that very instant in a continued
series, from day to day, they approach the
mansion of death.
"In the opinion, therefore, of those who un-
derstand this world, excess of grief proceeds
from excess of ignorance.

"Observe:
"If ignorance be not the cause, but bare sepa-
ration, in what respect can it cease.
"Reflect, therefore, here below, on the first
principle; and dismiss all sorrow for worldly
affairs:
"Since:
"When sons uselessly born, and uselessly fall-
ing, rend our bosoms, and cause excess in af-
liction, the sovereign remedy is not to think
of them.
"Caundilya received a ray of divine knowledge from the speech of Capila, whom he thus addressed:

"Holy man, by thy favour my sorrow is diminished; but my impure breast, being washed in the nectarous streams of thy pure counsel, from the bright beams of the lunar circle of thy mouth, is still a little tossed by the waves of sorrow: impart, therefore, a remedy for its internal wound.

"Capila said:

"When a father, a son, or a friend, is overcome by death, they who know how to assuage the pain of their bowels by abstinence, are nevertheless, tormented with grief: but the removal of the wife from this base world, which never ultimately affords pleasure, should strengthen devotion, and multiply the delights of holiness.

"Caundilya, hearing this, rose up, and said:

"What, then, have I to do with the infernal habitation of my vain house? I go instantly to the desert.

"Capila rejoined:

"1. He, whose hands, feet, and mind, are completely subdued; who has knowledge, piety, and reputation, gathers the fruit of a pilgrimage:

"2. Even in a forest, where men are inflamed
with passion, crimes prevail; and in a private
mansion, where the five members are sub-
dued, piety dwells: the house of a man em-
ployed in virtuous actions, and free from pas-
fions, is a desert of devotion.

3. Let even a wretched man practise virtue,
wherever he enjoys one of the three or four
religious degrees; let him be even-minded
with all created beings, and that disposition
will be the source of virtue.

Thus, too, it is said:

1. They, whose food is only to sustain life,
whose voice is only to speak truth, pass with
case through great difficulties.

2. Thyself art a river; the quay of which
is the virtue of subduing thy appetites; the
waters, truth; the bank, good morals; the
waves, general benevolence. Here wash thy
lips, O son of Pandu! for the interior soul is
not purified by water!

Hear, also, what is added:

Great is the joy of him who leaves this
base world; abounding in the pains of birth,
death, old age, and disease! Grief exists; not
true joy: let this be considered. The cure
of an afflicted mind, is truly named joy.

It is so, said Caundilya, it is so.

Then, continued the serpent, I was cursed
by that sorrowful Brahmen, in these words:
"From this day thou shalt be the bearer of frogs!

"After which, Capila said again: Hear:

"Connection with the world should be avoided by every soul; but if it cannot be avoided, let it be formed with the virtuous; for such a connection will remedy the evil.

"Again:

"When divine knowledge, unattended with the qualities of action, dwells in the mind; then is the Great One attained, and the soul is absorbed in him.

"Again:

"Remembering continually, that God, who wears a diadem, ear-rings, bracelets, and a garland of blue lotus flowers, and assuaging thy pain, as with cool water from the river's bed, in the heats of summer; approach the Great One, and enjoy the delight of thy soul.

"Piety, devotion, content, and the other virtues, must be nourished like children.

"On hearing this, Caundilya was relieved from the fire of grief, by the nectar of sage counsel; and, as the holy ordinance directs, took up the staff of a Vairagya: whilst I, through a Brahmen's execration, remain here as the bearer of frogs.

"The frog, who heard this narration, went and repeated the whole to the prince of his
diminutive race; who went and mounted the
serpent's back; and he, having received, won-
derfully moved his concealed feet. Another
day, when the prince of frogs perceived that
his bearer could hardly move, he said: Why
doest thou run so ill to-day? O king! said the
snake, I am weak through want of food. By
my order, said the monarch, go and feed on
my subjects. After this, the serpent feasted
every day, without fear, on delicate frogs;
and at length, seeing none of the race remain-
ing in the pool, devoured the king himself.
Thence, I say: Let a wise man carry even a
frog on his shoulder, &c. &c.

Apply now, said Meghatavera, the moral of
this ancient story.

King Hiranyakarshha must be appeased; let
peace be concluded: this is my opinion. What
a judgment is yours, said the king; is not that
gander conquered by us? If then he live un-
der my command, let him live; if not, war
must reduce him.

After this consultation, a parrot arrived from
Jambudwipa, with intelligence, that the saras,
who reigned over Senhaladwipa, was advancing
to the isle of Iambu, and claiming the so-
vereignty of it. Chitravera exclaimed, with
agitation: What! What! The parrot repeated
the news just before mentioned; and the vul-
“tured said, within himself: O excellent minifter!
“excellent! Let him march, said the king, in
“a rage, I will march too, and pluck him up by
“the roots!

“Oh! said the minifter, smiling, let not an
“idle noise be made, like that of a wintry
“cloud: a great prince takes care not to make
“known the force or weakness of a stranger.

“Besides:

“Let not a prince assemble together a num-
“ber of destroyers: even a proud serpent has
“been destroyed by a multitude of little insects.

“O king! why should thou go without having
“concluded a peace? If I march, the Chacra
“will affail my rear.

“Yet farther:

“He who knows not the first principle, and
“first cause; who is, besides, in subjection to
“wrath; is tormented like a fool: as the Brah-
“men was who killed the ichneumon.

“How, said the peacock, happened that?

“There is, answered Duradursin, in the city
“of Ujjayani, a Brahmen named Madava, who
“had a wife, who having stationed him to
“watch their only daughter, an infant, went to
“bathe herself, in adoration of Shashti (Lucina);
“soon after the raja sent for the Brahmen, to
“perform the ceremonies of the Pārvana
“Sbraddhā (or rites) to all his ancestors; and
"he, spying another Brahmen, thus thought,
"on account of his poverty, within his mind:
"If I go not speedily, some other, having heard
"of this, will procure the Shraddha.
"As it is said:
"If we take not soon, give not soon, perform
not soon, time gives the benefit of it to another.
"What must be done? Yet there is no other
person at home to take care of the child.
"What then can I do? Why should I not de-
part, having committed the care of my child
"to the ichneumon, whom I have so long cher-
ished, and who is not distinguished from my
"own offspring? Having done so, he departed.
"Soon after which, the ichneumon seeing a black
"serpent near the child, killed him, and cut him
"in pieces; and then seeing the Brahmen re-
"turning, went hastily, his mouth and paws
"being smeared with blood, and fell at the feet
"of his master; who, seeing him in that condi-
"tion, and saying to himself: He has devoured
"my child! stamped on him, and killed him.
"Afterwards, going into his house, he saw his
"child asleep, and the dead snake lying by him;
"at looking, therefore, at the ichneumon, his
"benefactor, he was exceedingly afflicted.
"Thence, I say: He who knows not the cause
"and principle of actions, &c.
"Again:
"Lust, wrath, covetousness, extreme joy,
"extreme grief, and ebriety: he who forfakes
"these six, becomes happy by that desertion.
"The king said: This, O my minister! is
"indubitable. Yes, yes, said he.
"For:
"Recollect the uses of others, judgment,
"certain knowledge, firmness, secrecy, are the
"principal qualities of a counsellor.
"Yet more:
"Let not a man perform an act hastily;
"want of circumspection is a great cause of
"danger: wealth pays homage, even volunta-
"rily, to a man who acts with caution.
"Therefore, if my advice be now followed,
"peace must be concluded.
"Since:
"If there be even four remedies for an evil,
"mentioned by the wife, in concluding peace;
"the only fruit of them all, that deserves to
"be reckoned, is: Peace through prosperity,
"grounded on cordial affection.
"How, said the king, can this be speedily
"attained?
"Sir, answered he, it will be soon completed.
"For:
"Like an earthen pot, a bad man is easily
"broken, and cannot easily be restored to his
"former situation: but a virtuous man, like
"a vase of gold, is broken with difficulty, and
easily repaired.
"Yet more:
"A fool enjoys pleasure; but he who distin-
guishes, with judgment, enjoys more delight.
"Even Brahma cannot control a man who has
not even a particle of divine knowledge.
"Now, that Servajnya, the king's minister,
is so called by excellence; as I knew before
from the discourse of Meghavarna; and from
having seen what he has done:
"Since:
"Those who are endued with good qualities,
and are out of sight, are always judged by their
actions: the acts of the virtuous are, therefore,
demonstrated by their fruits.
"The king here said: This dialogue is of
noue; let that which thou judgest best, be
done.
"The great minister, the vulture, having
given this counsel, went to the centre of Hi-
ranyagbarbba's castle; and a messenger carried
the news of his arrival to the king, saying:
"O, sir! the great minister of Chitravarna is
come hither, for the purpose of making peace.
"The gander, hearing this intelligence, said:
"O, my counsellor! is another ill-designing per-
son again come hither?
"There is no cause for fear answered Ser-
"vajnya, smiling, since it is Duradursin, who is worthy of the greatest confidence: and although this is often the business of the ill-intentioned, yet no apprehension should now be raised. Since: In a pool, which reflects the image of many stars, a wise gander was in a moment deceived. Being desirous of feasting on the cumuda plant, in the night season; afterwards, in the day-time, he took a white flower for a star, and attempted not to bite it. Thus, men who have fallen into disappointments, expect it even from reality.

"Therefore, O king! as far as you are able, let a present of jewels, and their accompaniments, he prepared in honour to him. This being determined, the vulture being introduced by the Chacra with great respect, through the door of the palace, was presented to the king, and placed on a magnificent seat.

"The Chacravaca then spoke: O great minister! enjoy this realm according to thy desire; it is at thy service. Even so, said the king. Be it so, said the vulture; but now an abundance of words will be useless.

"Since:

"Let a man purchase a miser with money; a haughty man with joined hand, and reverence; a fool with promises; a wise man with truth.
"Besides:

"With affection win a friend, and a kinsman; thy wife, and servants, with gifts and honours; with great actions, the powerful!

"Therefore, at present, let Chitravenna make peace, and be dismissed. Declare, said the Chacra, on what terms peace is to be concluded.

"The gander asked: How many sorts of peace are there? I will enumerate them, said the vulture:

"Hear:

"1. When a prince is engaged in war with a stronger prince, there is no other remedy.

"2. When he is in danger, let him seek peace, and reserve his exertions for another occasion.

"Capāla, Upabara, Santana, Sangata, Upānyasa, Praticara, Sanyoga, Purvāntara, Adrisṭa-punya, Adishtā, Atmavishā, Upagraha, Pēricraya, Uch'ilanna, Parabhushana, and Scandapanyā; these sixteen kinds of peace are celebrated. Thus have they, who are learned in peace-making, named sixteen sorts of peace.

"Capāla, is simply a cessation of hostilities.

"Upabara, is called that which is concluded by presents.

"Santana, is known by having first given up one of the family.
"Sangata, is named that peace which is
founded on friendship between good men. It
is likewise called Cáncabna, or golden.

"Upanyasa, prosperity through wealth being
given; and thence peace concluded by those
empowered to make it.

"Praticara, through benefits conferred and
received.

"Sanyoga, where the advantages are equal.

"Purshántara, when two monarchs meet
face to face in battle; the wealth of one pro-
cures peace.

"Adriśta-punya, when after peace, thus
bought, the foe joins in a treaty.

"Adishtá, where land is given on one
part.

"Atmanīṣhe, that concluded with a king's
own forces.

"Upagraba, for the preservation of life.

"Pericraya, by a part or the whole of the
treasure.

"Ucb'lanma, by giving the most excellent
lands.

"Parabbushana, by giving up the fruit arising
from the whole territory.

"Scandapanya, where only a part of the pro-
duce of the land is given up.

"Hear now, said the Chacra:

"Whether this person be of my tribe, or of
another, is a consideration of the narrow-minded; but that of the great-minded is to hold all the world related to them.

"Again:

"He is truly wise, who considers another's wife as his mother, another's gold as mere clay, and all other creatures as himself.

"You, said the king, are both eminently wise; advise me, therefore, what is to be done.

"What says the poet? said Duradurfin.

"Who would act unjustly for the sake of a body, which, either to-day, or to-morrow, may be destroyed by anxiety, or disease?

"The life of animals is tremulous, as the reflection of the moon in water; let him then, who, knowing it to be uncertain, perform actions which will hereafter be beneficial to him.

"Having seen this world, which perishes in an instant, resembling the vapour in a desert, let him seek the society of the virtuous; both for the sake of his religious duty, and of his own happiness. By my advice, therefore, let us practise these rules.

"Since:

"If truth be placed in a balance with a thousand sacrifices of horses, truth will outweigh a thousand sacrifices.

"Let both princes, having first sworn in the
"name of truth, conclude that sort of peace
which is named Sangata. Be it so, said Ser-
"vajrīja.

"The minister Duradursin was then honour-
ed with gifts of jewels, vestis, and rich orna-
ments; and, accompanied by the Charavaca,
went in great joy to his king; who, being
persuaded by his discourse, and having first
shewn great respect, and offered many presents
to Hiranyagarbha, consented to the peace, and
sent his representative, and friend, to the castle
of the gander.

"Duradursin then spoke thus: The fruits of
prosperous conclusion are now attained, and
the king Chitavrina will return to his own
realm of the mountain of Vindbyā.

"Each party then retired to his proper station,
and each obtained the object which his heart
chiefly desired.

"Now," said Vishnusarman, "on what else
shall I discourse?"

"We comprehend," answered the princes,
this perfect system of royal duties, through thy
favour, and are made happy, O venerable sage!
by thy knowledge."

"Let us now, then," replied the philosopher,
attend to our religious duties; and this only
shall be added:

"Let all kings make peace when they have

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"gained a victory; and may their joy be perpetual! May the virtuous live without misfortune! and may the celebrity of those who have performed good actions, continue for ever increasing! May Virtue display her beauties, like a beloved mistress, on your bosoms! May the kisses your lips, and live with you long attended by the fame of universal benevolence! And may the burden-bearing earth, attended with fresh seasons, remain for your gratification!"
THE

ENCHANTED FRUIT;

or,

THE HINDU WIFE:

AN ANTEDILUVIAN TALE.

WRITTEN IN THE PROVINCE OF BAHAR.
THE ENCHANTED FRUIT:

OR,

THE HINDU WIFE.

'O LOVELY age*, by Brahmens fam'd
Pure Setye Yung† in Sanscrit nam'd!
Delightful! Not for cups of gold,
Or wives a thousand centuries old;
Or men, degenerate now and small,
Then one and twenty cubits tall:
Not that plump cows full udders bore,
And bowls with holy curd‡ ran o'er;
Not that, by Deities defended
Fish, Boar, Snake, Lion §, heav'n-descended,
Learn'd Pundits, now grown sticks and clods,
Redde fast the Nagry of the Gods||

* A parody on the Ode in Tasso's Aminta, beginning, O bella étá
dell' oro!
† The Golden Age of the Hindus.
‡ Called Jogbrát, the food of Crishna in his infancy and youth.
§ The four first Avatárs, or Incarnations of the Divine Spirit.
|| The Sanscrit, or Sengscrit, is written in letters so named.
And laymen, faithful to Narayn*
Believ'd in Brahma's mystick strain†;
Not that all Subjects spoke plain truth,
While Rajas cherish'd eld and youth,
No—yet delightful times! because
Nature then reign'd, and Nature's Laws;
When females of the softest kind
Were unaffected, unconfin'd;
And this grand rule from none was hidden‡;
What pleaseth, hath no law forbidden.'

Thus, with a lyre in India strung,
Aminta's poet would have sung;
And thus too, in a modest way,
All virtuous males will sing or say:
But swarthy nymphs of Hindustan
Look deeper than short-sighted man,
And thus, in some poetick chime,
Would speak with reason, as with rhyme:
O lovelier age, by Brabmens fam'd,
Gay Dwâpar Yug § in Sanscrit nam'd!
Delightful! though impure with brass
In many a green ill-scented mass;
Though husbands, but see'n cubits high,
Must in a thousand summers die;
Though, in the lives of dwindled men,
Ten parts were Sin; Religion, ten;

* Narayn or Narâyan, the spirit of God.
† The Vayds, or Sacred Writings of Brahma, called Rig, Sâm, and Tejar: doubts have been raised concerning the authority of the fourth, or Aitbareyen, Vayd.
‡ "Se piace, ei lice." Tasso.
§ The Brazen Age, or that in which Vice and Virtue were in equal proportion.
Though cows would rarely fill the pail,
But made th' expected creambowl fail;
Though lazy Pendants ill could read
(No care of ours) their Yejar Veid;
Though Raja's look'd a little proud,
And Ranie's rather spoke too loud;
Though Gods, display'd to mortal view
in mortal forms, were only two;
(Yet Crishna*, sweetest youth, was one,
Crishna, whose cheeks outblaz'd the sun)
Delightful, ne'ertheless! because
Not bound by vile unnatural laws,
Which curse this age from Cáley† nam'd,
By some base woman-hater fram'd.
Prepost'rous! that one biped vain
Should drag ten house-wives in his train,
And stuff them in a gaudy cage,
Slaves to weak lust or potent rage!
Not such the Dwáper Yug! oh then
ONE BUXOM DAME MIGHT WED FIVE MEN.'

True History, in solemn terms,
This Philosophick lore confirms;
For India once, as now cold Tibet‡,
A groupe unusual might exhibit,
Of sev'ral husbands, free from strife,
Link'd fairly to a single wife!
Thus Botanists, with eyes acute
To see prolific dust minute,
Taught by their learned northern Brahmen §
To class by pistil and by stamen,

* The Apollo of India.
† The Earthen Age, or that of Calf or Impurity: this verse alludes to Cález, the Hecate of the Indians.
‡ See the accounts published in the Philosophical Transactions from the papers of Mr. Bogle.
§ Linneus.
Produce from nature's rich dominion
Flow'r's Polyandrian Monogynian,
Where embryo blossoms, fruits, and leaves
Twenty prepare, and one receives.

But, lest my word should nought avail,
Ye Fair, to no unholy tale
Attend. * Five thousand years † ago,
As annals in Benares show,
When Pándu chiefs with Curus fought ‡,
And each the throne imperial sought,
Five brothers of the regal line
Blaz'd high with qualities divine.
The first a prince without his peer,
Just, pious, lib'ral Yudhishtir.§
Then Erjun, to the base a rod,
An Hero favour'd by a God ‖;
Bheima, like mountain-leopard strong,
Unrival'd in th' embattled throng,
Bold Nacul, fir'd by noble shame
To emulate fraternal fame;

* The story is told by the Jesuit Bouclet, in his Letter to Huet, Bishop of Auvanches.
† A round number is chosen; but the Caly Yug, a little before which Krishna disappeared from this world, began four thousand, eight hundred, and eighty-four years ago, that is, according to our Chronologists, seven hundred and forty-seven before the flood; and by the calculation of M. Bailly, but four hundred and fifty-four after the foundation of the Indian empire.
‡ This war, which Krishna fomented in favour of the Pandu Prince, Yudhishtir, supplied Vyās with the subject of his noble Epick Poem, Mahābārāt.
§ This word is commonly pronounced with a strong accent on the last letter, but the preceding vowel is short in Sengscrit. The prince is called on the Coast Dherme Rāj, or Chief Magistrate.
‖ The Geita, containing Instructions to Erjun, was composed by Krishna, who peculiarly distinguished him.
And Schdeo, flush'd with manly grace,
Bright virtue dawning in his face:
To these a dame devoid of care,
Blythe Draupady, the debonair,
Renown'd for beauty, and for wit,
In wedlock's pleasing chain was knit.*

It fortun'd, at an idle hour,
This five-mal'd single-femal'd flow'r
One balmy morn of fruitful May
Through vales and meadows took its way.
A low thatch'd mansion met their eye
In trees umbrageous bosom'd high;
Near it (no sight, young maids, for you)
A temple rose to Mahadew †.
A thorny hedge and reedy gate
Enclos'd the garden's homely state;
Plain in its neatness: thither wend
The princes and their lovely friend.
Light-pinion'd gales, to charm the sense,
Their odoriferous breath dispense;
From Bela's ‡ pearl'd, or pointed, bloom,
And Malty rich, they steal perfume:
There honey-scented Singarbár,
And Jáby, like a rising star,

* Tudbibstir and Draupady, called Drobada by M. Sonnerat, are deified on the Coast; and their feast, of which that writer exhibits an engraving, is named the Procession of Fire, because she passed every year from one of her five husbands to another, after a solemn purification by that element. In the Bbásbá language, her name is written, Dropty.
† The Indian Jupiter.
‡ The varieties of Bela, and the three flowers next mentioned, are beautiful species of Jasmin.
Strong Chempá, darted by Cámdew,
And Mulsery of paler hue,
\textit{Cayora}\textsuperscript{*}, which the Ranies wear
In tangles of their silken hair,
Round \textit{Bábul-flow’rs}, and \textit{Gulachein}
Dyed like the shell of Beauty’s Queen,
Sweet \textit{Mindy}\textsuperscript{†} press’d for crimson stains,
And sacred \textit{Tulsey}\textsuperscript{‡}, pride of plains,
With Séwty, small unblushing rose,
Their odours mix, their tints disclose,
And, as a gemm’d tiara, bright,
Paint the fresh branches with delight.

One tree above all others tower’d
With shrubs and saplings close imbower’d,
For every blooming child of Spring
Paid homage to the verdant King:
Aloft a solitary fruit,
Full sixty cubits from the root,
Kiss’d by the breeze, luxuriant hung,
Soft chrysolite with em’ralds strung.
\textsuperscript{*} 'Try we, said \textit{Ersun} indiscreet,
\textsuperscript{†} 'If yon proud fruit be sharp or sweet;
\textsuperscript{‡} 'My shaft its parent stalk shall wound:
\textsuperscript{§} 'Receive it, ere it reach the ground.'

Swift as his word, an arrow flew:
The dropping prize besprent with dew
The brothers, in contention gay,
Catch, and on gather’d herbage lay.

\textsuperscript{*} The \textit{Indian} Spikenard.
\textsuperscript{†} The \textit{Mimosa}, or true \textit{Acacia}, that produces the \textit{Arabian Gum}.
\textsuperscript{‡} Called \textit{Albhinná} by the \textit{Arabs}.
\textsuperscript{§} Of the kind called \textit{Ocyum}.
That instant scarlet lightnings flash,
And Jemna's waves her borders lash,
Crisbna from Sverga's* height descends,
Observant of his mortal friends:
Not such, as in his earliest years,
Among his wanton cowherd peers,
In Gocul or Brindabon's† glades,
He sported with the dairy-maids;
Or, having pip'd and danc'd enough,
Clos'd the brisk night with blindman's-buff‡;
(List, antiquaries, and record
This pastime of the Gopia's Lord§)
But radiant with ethereal fire:
Nared alone could bards inspire
In lofty Slokes || his mien to trace,
And unimaginable grace.
With human voice, in human form,
He mildly spake, and hush'd the storm:
'O mortals, ever prone to ill!
'Too rashly Erjun prov'd his skill.
'Yon fruit a pious Mung** owns,
'Assistant of our heav'nly thrones.
'The golden pulp, each month renew'd,
'Supplies him with ambrosial food.
'Should he the daring archer curse,
'Not Mentra †† deep, nor magick verse,

* The heaven of Indra; or the Empyreum.
† In the district of Mathura, not far from Agra.
‡ This is told in the Bbégavat.
§ Gopy Nat'h, a title of Crisbua, corresponding with Nymplagetos, an epithet of Neptune.
|| Tetrasticks without rhyme.
** An inspired Writer; twentys are so called.
†† Incantation.
Your gorgeous palaces could save
From flames, your embers, from the wave."

The princes, whom th' immod'rate blaze
Forbids their sightless eyes to raise,
With doubled hands his aid implore,
And vow submission to his lore.

One remedy, and simply one,
Or take, said he, or be undone:
Let each his crimes or faults confess,
The greatest name, omit the less;
Your actions, words, e'en thoughts reveal;
No part must Draupady conceal:
So shall the fruit, as each applies
The faithful charm, ten cubits rise;
Till, if the dame be frank and true,
It join the branch, where late it grew.'

He smil'd, and shed a transient gleam;
Then vanish'd, like a morning dream.

Now, long entranc'd, each waking brother
Star'd with amazement on another,
Their consort's cheek forgot its glow,
And pearly tears began to flow;
When Yudistheir, high-gifted man,
His plain confession thus began.

Inconstant fortune's wreathed smiles,
Duryodhen's rage, Duryodhen's wiles,
Fires rais'd for this devoted head,
E'en poison for my brethren spread,

This will receive illustration from a passage in the Ramayen:
Even he, who cannot be slain by the ponderous arms of Indra, nor
by those of Cāyē, nor by the terrible Chandra (or Dīsuras), of Vishnu,
shall be destroyed, if a Brahman execrate him, as if he were con-
sumed by fire.
My wand'ring through wild scenes of wo,
And persecuted life, you know.
Rude wassailers defil'd my halls,
And riot shook my palace-walls,
My treasures wasted. This and more
With resignation calm I bore;
But, when the late-descending god
Gave all I wish'd with soothing nod,
When, by his counsel and his aid,
Our banners danc'd, our clarions bray'd
(Be this my greatest crime confess'd),
Revenge sate ruler in my breast:
I panted for the tug of arms,
For skirmish hot, for fierce alarms;
Then had my shaft Duryodhen rent,
This heart had glow'd with sweet content."

He ceas'd: the living gold upsprung,
And from the bank ten cubits hung.

Embolden'd by this fair success,
Next Erjun hasten'd to confess:
When I with Arswatthâma fought;
My noose the fell assassin caught;
My spear transfix'd him to the ground:
His giant limbs firm cordage bound:
His holy thread extorted awe
Spar'd by religion and by law;
But, when his murd'rous hands I view'd
In blameless kindred gore imbued,
Fury my boiling bosom sway'd,
And Rage unsheath'd my willing blade:
Then, had not Krishna's arm divine
With gentle touch suspended mine,
This hand a Brabmen had destroy'd,
And vultures with his blood been cloy'd.
The fruit, forgiving Erjun's dart,
Ten cubits rose with eager start.

Flush'd with some tints of honest shame,
Bheima to his confession came:
'Twas at a feast for battles won
From Dhritarashtra's guileful son,
High on the board in vases pil'd
All vegetable nature smil'd:
Proud Anaras* his beauties told,
His verdant crown and studs of gold,
To Dallim†, whose soft rubies laugh'd
Bursting with juice, that gods have quaff'd;
Ripe Kellas‡ here in heaps were seen,
Kellas, the golden and the green,
With Ambas§ priz'd on distant coasts,
Whose birth the fertile Ganga boasts:
(Some gleam like silver, some outshine
Wrought ingots from Besoara's mine):
Corindas there, too sharp alone,
With honey mix'd, impurpled shone;
Talsans|| his liquid crystal spread
Pluck'd from high Tara's tufted head;
Round Jamas** delicate as fair,
Like rose-water perfum'd the air;
Bright salvers high-rais'd Comlas+++ held
Like topazes, which Amrit++++ swell'd;
While some delicious Attas§§ bore,
And Catels||| warm, a sugar'd store;
Others with Béla's grains were heap'd,
And mild Papayas honey-stEEP'd;

* Ananas.
§ Mangos.
+++ Oranges.
||| Jaik-fruit.
† Pomegranate.
|| Palmyra-fruit
†† Oranges.
+++ The Hindu Nectar.
§§ Custard-apples.

††† Plantains.
* Rose-apples.
THE HINDU WIFE.

' Or sweet Ajérs * the red and pale,
' Sweet to the taste and in the gale.
' Here mark'd we purest basons fraught
' With sacred cream and fam'd Yogaút †,
' Nor saw we not rich bowls contain
' The Chawla's ‡ light nutritious grain,
' Some virgin-like in native pride,
' And some with strong Haldea † dyed,
' Some tasteful to dull palates made
' If Merich § lend his fervent aid,
' Or Langa || shap'd like od'rous nails,
' Whose scent o'er groves of spice prevails,
' Or Adda **, breathing gentle heat,
' Or Joutery †† both warm and sweet.
' Supiary †† next (in Pána §§ chew'd),
' And Catba || with strong pow'rs endued,
' Mix'd with Elachy's *** glowing seeds,
' Which some remoter climate breeds),
' Near Jeifel †† sate, like Jeifel fram'd
' Though not for equal fragrance nam'd:
' Last, Náryal †††, whom all ranks esteem,
' Pour'd in full cups his dulcet stream:
' Long I survey'd the doubtful board
' With each high delicacy stor'd;
' Then freely gratified my soul,
' From many a dish, and many a bowl,
' Till health was lavish'd, as my time:
' Intem'rance was my fatal crime.'

Uprose the fruit; and now mid-way
Suspended shone like blazing day.

* Guayavas.
† Rice.
‡ Turmeric.
§ Indian Pepper.
|| Cloves.
** Ginger.
†† Mace.
‡‡ Areca-nut.
§§ Betel-leaf.
||| What we call Japan-earth.
*** Cardamumas.
††† Nutmeg.
†††† Coconut.
Nacal then spoke: (a blush o'erspread
His cheeks, and conscious droop'd his head):

* Before Durvoidal, ruthless king,
* Taught his fierce darts in air to sing,
* With bright-arm'd ranks, by Krishna sent,
* Elate from Indraprest * I went
* Through Eastern realms; and vanquish'd all
* From rough Almora to Nipal.
* Where ev'ry mansion, new or old,
* Flam'd with Barbarick gems and gold.
* Here shone with pride the regal stores
* On iv'ry roofs, and cedrine floors;
* There diadems of price unknown
* Blaz'd with each all-attracting stone;
* Firm diamonds, like fix'd honour true,
* Some pink, and some of yellow hue,
* Some black, yet not the less esteem'd;
* The rest like tranquil Jemna gleam'd,
* When in her bed the Gopia lave
* Betray'd by the pellucid wave.
* Like raging fire the ruby glow'd,
* Or soft, but radiant, water show'd;
* Pure amethysts, in richest ore
* Oft found, a purple vesture wore;
* Sapphirs, like yon etherial plain;
* Em'raids, like Peipel † fresh with rain;
* Gay topazes, translucent gold;
* Pale chrysolites of softer mould;
* Fam'd beryls, like the surge marine,
* Light-azure mix'd with modest green;
* Refracted ev'ry varying dye,
* Bright as yon bow, that girds the sky.
* Here opals, which all hues unite,
* Display'd their many-tinctur'd light,

* Dehly. † A sacred tree like an Aspin.
With turcoises divinely blue
(Though doubts arise, where first they grew,
Whetted chaste elephantine bone
By min'ral's ting'd, or native stone),
And pearls unblemish'd, such as deck
Bhuvâny's wrist or Lecshmy's neck.
Each castle rais'd, each city storm'd,
Vast loads of pillag'd wealth I form'd,
Not for my coffers; though they bore,
As you decreed, my lot and more.
Too pleas'd the brilliant heap I stor'd,
Too charming seem'd the guarded hoard:
An odious vice this heart assail'd;
Base Ar'rice for a time prevail'd.

Th' enchanted orb ten cubits flew,
Strait as the shaft, which Erjun drew.

Seholio, with youthful ardour bold,
Thus, penitent, his failings told:
From clouds, by folly rais'd, these eyes
Experience clear'd, and made me wise;
For, when the crash of battle roar'd,
When death rain'd blood from spear and sword,
When, in the tempest of alarms,
Horse roll'd on horse, arms clash'd with arms,
Such acts I saw by others done,
Such perils brav'd, such trophies won,
That, while my patriot bosom glow'd,
Though some faint skill, some strength I show'd,
And, no dull gazer on the field,
This hero slew, that forc'd to yield,
Yet, meek humility, to thee,
When Erjun fought, low sank my knee:
But, ere the din of war began,
When black'ning cheeks just mark'd the man,
Myself invincible I deem'd,
And great, without a rival, seem'd.
Whene'er I sought the sportful plain,
No youth of all the martial train
With arm so strong or eye so true
The Cheera's * pointed circle threw;
None, when the polish'd cane we bent,
So far the light-wing'd arrow sent;
None from the broad elastick reed,
Like me, gave Agnyastra † speed,
Or spread its flames with nicer art
In many an unextinguish'd dart;
Or, when in imitated fight
We sported till departing light,
None saw me to the ring advance
With falchion keen or quiv'ring lance,
Whose force my rooted seat could shake,
Or on my steed impression make:
No charioteer, no racer fleet
O'ertook my wheels or rapid feet.
Next, when the woody heights we sought,
With madd'ning elephants I fought:
In vain their high-priz'd tusks they gnash'd;
Their trunked heads my Geda ‡ mash'd.
No buffalo, with phrensy strong,
Could bear my clatt'ring thunder long:

* A radiated metalline ring, used as a missile weapon.
† Fire-arms, or rockets, early known in India.
‡ A mace, or club.
No pard or tiger, from the wood
Reluctant brought, this arm withstood.
*Pride* in my heart his mansion fix'd,
And with pure drops black poison mix'd.

S vift rose the fruit, exalted now
Ten cubits from his natal bough.

Fair *Draupady*, with soft delay,
Then spake: *Heav'n's mandate I obey;
Though nought, essential to be known,
Has heav'n to learn, or I to own.
When scarce a damsel, scarce a child,
In early bloom your handmaid smil'd,
*Love of the World* her fancy mov'd,
Vain pageantry her heart approv'd:
Her form, she thought, and lovely mien,
All must admire, when all had seen:
A thirst of pleasure and of praise
(With shame I speak) engross'd my days;
Nor were my night-thoughts, I confess,
Free from solicitude for dress;
How best to bind my flowing hair
With art, yet with an artless air
(My hair, like musk in scent and hue;
Oh! blacker far and sweeter too);
In what nice braid or glossy curl
To fix a diamond or a pearl,
And where to smooth the love-spread toils
With nard or jasmin's fragrant oils;
How to adjust the golden *Teic*;
And most adorn my forehead sleek;

* Properly *Teic*, an ornament of gold, placed above the nose.
While this gay tale my spirits cheer'd,
So keen the Pindus' eyes appear'd,
So sweet his voice—a blameless fire
This bosom could not but inspire.
Bright as a God he seem'd to stand:
The rev'rend volume left his hand,
With mine he press'd—With deep despair
Brothers on brothers wildly stare:
From Erjum a wrathful glance;
Tow'r'd them they saw their dread advance;
Then, trembling, breathless, pale with fear,
Hear, said the matron, calmly hear!
By Tulki's leaf the truth I speak—
The Brahma only kiss'd my cheek.'

Strait its full height the wonder rose,
Glad with its native branch to close.

Now to the walk approach'd the Sage
Exulting in his verdant age:
His hands, that touch'd his front, express'd
Due rev'rencc to each princely guest,
Whom to his rural board he led
In simple delicacy spread,
With curds their palates to regale,
And cream-cups from the Gopia's pail.

Could you, ye Fair, like this black wife,
Restore us to primeval life,
And bid that apple, pluck'd for Eve
By him, who might all wives deceive,
Hang from its parent bough once more
Divine and perfect, as before,
Would you confess your little faults?
(Great ones were never in your thoughts);
Would you the secret wish unfold,
Or in your heart's full casket hold?
Would you disclose your inmost mind,
And speak plain truth, to bless mankind?

'What! said the Guardian of our realm,
With waving crest and fiery helm,
'What! are the fair, whose heav'ly smiles
'Rain glory through my cherish'd isles,
'Are they less virtuous or less true
'Than Indian dames of sooty hue?
'No, by these arms. The cold surmise
'And doubt injurious vainly rise.
'Yet dares a bard, who better knows,
'This point distrustfully propose;
'Vain fabler now! though oft before
'His harp has cheer'd my sounding shore.'

With brow austere the martial maid
Spoke, and majestick trod the glade:
To that fell cave her course she held,
Where Scandal, bane of mortals, dwell'd.
Outstretch'd on filth the pest she found,
Black fetid venom streaming round;
A gloomy light just serv'd to show
The darkness of the den below.
Britannia with resistless might
Soon dragg'd him from his darling night:
The snakes, that o'er his body curl'd,
And flung his poison through the world,
Confounded with the flash of day,
Hiss'd horribly a hellish lay.
His eyes with flames and blood suffus'd,
Long to th' ethereal beam unus'd,
Fierce in their gory sockets roll'd;
And desperation made him bold:
Pleas'd with the thought of human woes,
On scaly dragon feet he rose.
Thus, when Asúrs with impious rage,
Durst horrid war with Dévata's wage,
And darted many a burning mass
E'en on the brow of gemm'd Cailás,
High o'er the rest, on serpents rear'd,
The grisly king of Deits appear'd.

The nymph beheld the fiend advance,
And couch'd her far-extending lance:
Dire drops he threw; th' infernal tide
Her helm and silver hauberk dyed:
Her moonlike shield before her hung;
The monster struck, the monster stung:
Her spear with many a gridding wound
Fast nail'd him to the groaning ground.
The wretch, from juster vengeance free,
Immortal born by heav'n's decree,
With chains of adamant secur'd,
Deep in cold gloom she left immur'd.

Now reign at will, victorious Fair,
In British, or in Indian, a'ir!
Still with each envying show'r adorn
Your tresses radiant as the morn;
Still let each Asiatick dye
Rich tints for your gay robes supply;
Still through the dance's labyrinth float,
And swell the sweetly lengthen'd note;
Still, on proud steeds or glitt'ring cars,
Rise on the course like beamy stars;
And, when charm'd circles round you close
Of rhyming bards and smiling beaux,
Whilst all with eager looks contend
Their wit or worth to recommend,
Still let your mild, yet piercing, eyes
Impartially adjudge the prize.
A HYMN

to

CAMDEO.
THE ARGUMENT.

The Hindu God, to whom the following poem is addressed, appears evidently the same with the Grecian Eros and the Roman Cupido; but the Indian description of his person and arms, his family, attendants, and attributes, has new and peculiar beauties.

According to the mythology of Hindustán, he was the son of Maya, or the general attracting power, and married to Retty or Affection; and his bosom friend is Bessent or Spring: he is represented as a beautiful youth, sometimes conversing with his mother and consort in the midst of his gardens and temples; sometimes riding by moonlight on a parrot or lory, and attended by dancing girls or nymphs, the foremost of whom bears his colours, which are a fub on a red ground. His favourite place of resort is a large tract of country round Agra, and principally the plains of Matra, where Krishen also and the nine Gopias, who are clearly the Apollo and Muses of the Greeks, usually spend the night with music and dance. His bow of sugar-cane or flowers, with a string of bees, and his five arrows, each pointed with an Indian blossom of a heating quality, are allegories equally new and beautiful. He has at least twenty-three names, most of which are introduced in the hymn: that of Cám or Cáma signifies desire, a sense which it also bears in ancient and modern Persian; and it is possible, that the words Dipoc and Cupid, which have the same signification, may have the same origin; since we know, that the old Petruscians, from whom great part of the Roman language and religion was derived, and whose system had a near affinity with that of the Persians and Indians, used to write their lines alternately forwards and backwards, as furrows are made by the plough; and, though the two last letters of Cupido may be only the grammatical termination, as in libido and capede, yet the primary root of cupio is contained in the three first letters. The seventh stanza alludes to the bold attempt of this deity to wound the great God Mabadeo, for which he was punished by a flame consuming his corporeal nature and reducing him to a mental essence; and hence his chief dominion is over the minds of mortals, or such deities as he is permitted to subdue.
THE HYMN.

WHAT potent God from Agras orient bow'rs
Floats thro' the lucid air, whilst living flow'rs
With sunny twine the vocal arbours wreath the
And gales enamour'd heavily fragrance breathe?

Hail, pow'r unknown! for at thy beck
Vales and groves their bosoms deck,
And ev'ry laughing blossom dresses
With gems of dew his musky tresses.

I feel, I feel thy genial flame divine,
And hallow thee and kiss thy shrine.

"Knowst thou not me?" Celestial sounds I hear!
"Knowst thou not me?" Ah, spare a mortal ear!
"Behold"—My swimming eyes entranced I raise,
But oh! they shrink before thy excessive blaze.

Yes, son of Maya, yes, I know
Thy bloomy shafts and cany bow,
Cheeks with youthful glory beaming,
Locks in braids ethereal streaming,

Thy scaly standard, thy mysterious arms,
And all thy pains and all thy charms.

God of each lovely sight, each lovely sound,
Soul-kindling, world-inflaming, star-crown'd,
Eternal Cama! Or doth Smara bright,
Or proud Ananga give thee more delight?
HYMN.

Whate'er thy seat, whate'er thy name,
Seas, earth, and air, thy reign proclaim;
Wreathy smiles and roseate pleasures
Are thy richest, sweetest treasures.
All animals to thee their tribute bring,
And hail thee universal king.

Thy consort mild, Affection ever true,
Graces thy side, her vest of glowing hue,
And in her train twelve blooming girls advance,
Touch golden strings and knit the mirthful dance.

Thy dreaded implements they bear,
And wave them in the scented air,
Each with pearls her neck adorning,
Brighter than the tears of morning.

Thy crimson ensign, which before them flies,
Decks with new stars the sapphire skies.

God of the flow'ry shafts and flow'ry bow,
Delight of all above and all below!
Thy lov'd companion, constant from his birth,
In heav'n clep'd Bessent, and gay Spring on earth,

Weaves thy green robe and flaunting bow'rs,
And from thy clouds draws balmy show'rs,
He with fresh arrows fills thy quiver,
(Sweet the gift and sweet the giver!)

And bids the many-plumed warbling throng
Burst the pent blossoms with their song.

He bends the luscious cane, and twists the string
With bees, how sweet! but ah, how keen their sting!
He with five flow'rets tips thy ruthless darts,
Which thro' five senses pierce enraptur'd hearts:

Strong Chumpa, rich in od'rous gold,
Warm Amer, nurs'd in heav'nly mould,
Dry Nagkeser in silver smiling,
Hot Kiticum our sense beguiling,
And last, to kindle fierce the scorching flame,
Loveshaft, which Gods bright Bela name.

Can men resist thy pow'r, when Krishen yields,
Krishen, who still in Matra's holy fields
Tunes harps immortal, and to strains divine
Dances by moonlight with the Gopia nine?
   But, when thy daring arm untam'd
   At Mahadeo a loveshaft aim'd,
   Heav'n shook, and, smit with stony wonder,
   Told his deep dread in bursts of thunder,
Whilst on thy beanteous limbs an azure fire
Blaz'd forth, which never must expire.

O thou for ages born, yet ever young,
For ages may thy Bramin's lay be sung!
And, when thy lory spreads his em'rald wings,
To waft thee high above the tow'rs of kings,
   Whilst o'er thy throne the moon's pale light
   Pours her soft radiance thro' the night,
   And to each floating cloud discovers
The haunts of blest or joyless lovers,
Thy mildest influence to thy bard impart,
'To warm, but not consume, his heart.
TWO HYMNS

TO

PRACRITI.
THE ARGUMENT.

In all our conversations with learned Hindus we find them enthusiastick admirers of Poetry, which they consider as a divine art, that had been practised for numberless ages in heaven, before it was revealed on earth by Valmíć, whose great Heroick Poem is fortunately preserved: the Bráhmins of course prefer that poetry, which they believe to have been actually inspired; while the Vaidyas, who are in general perfect grammarians and good poets, but are not suffered to read any of the sacred writings except the Ayurvéda, or Body of Medical Tracts, speak with rapture of their innumerable popular poems, Epick, Lyrick, and Dramatick, which were composed by men not literally inspired, but called, metaphorically, the sons of Séréswati, or Mínerva; among whom the Pandits of all sects, nations, and degrees are unanimous in giving the prize of glory to Cálidaśa, who flourished in the court of Vicramaḍītya, fifty-seven years before Christ. He wrote several Dramas, one of which, entitled Sacontala, is in my possession; and the subject of it appears to be as interesting as the composition is beautiful: besides these he published the Meghadūta, or cloud-messenger, and the Nalódvaya, or rise of Nala, both elegant love-tales; the Raghuvansa, an Heroick Poem; and the Cumára Sumbhava, or birth of Cumára, which supplied me with materials for the first of the following Odes. I have not in-
deed yet read it; since it could not be correctly copied for me during the short interval, in which it is in my power to amuse myself with literature; but I have heard the story told both in Sanscrit and Persian, by many Pandits, who had no communication with each other; and their outline of it coincided so perfectly, that I am convinced of its correctness: that outline is here filled up, and exhibited in a lyric form, partly in the Indian, partly in the Grecian, taste; and great will be my pleasure, when I can again find time for such amusements, in reading the whole poem of Calidas, and in comparing my descriptions with the original composition. To anticipate the story in a preface would be to destroy the interest, that may be taken in the poem; a disadvantage attending all prefatory arguments, of which those prefixed to the several books of Tasso, and to the Dramas of Metastasio, are obvious instances; but, that any interest may be taken in the two hymns addressed to Pracriti, under different names, it is necessary to render them intelligible by a previous explanation of the mythological allusions, which could not but occur in them.

Iswara, or Isa, and Isana or Isi, are unquestionably the Osiris and Isis of Egypt; for, though neither a resemblance of names, nor a similarity of character, would separately prove the identity of Indian and Egyptian Deities, yet, when they both concur, with the addition of numberless corroborating circumstances, they form a proof little short
of demonstration. The female divinity, in the mythological systems of the East, represents the active power of the male; and that I'si' means active nature, appears evidently from the word s'acta, which is derived from s'acti, or power, and applied to those Hindus, who direct their adoration principally to that goddess: this feminine character of Pracriti, or created nature, is so familiar in most languages, and even in our own, that the gravest English writers, on the most serious subjects of religion and philosophy, speak of her operations, as if she were actually an animated being; but such personifications are easily misconceived by the multitude, and have a strong tendency to polytheism. The principal operations of nature are, not the absolute annihilation and new creation of what we call material substances, but the temporary extinction and reproduction, or, rather in one word, the transmutation, of forms; whence the epithet Polymorphos is aptly given to nature by European philosophers: hence Iswara, Siva, Hara (for those are his names and near a thousand more), united with I'si', represent the secondary causes, whatever they may be, of natural phenomena, and principally those of temporary destruction and regeneration; but the Indian Isis appears in a variety of characters, especially in those of Parvat'i, Ca'li', Durga', and Bha'van'i, which bear a strong resemblance to the Juno of Homer, to Hecate, to the armed Pallas, and to the Lucetian Venus.

The name Parvat'i took its rise from a wild
poetical fiction. Himalaya, or the Mansion of Snow, is the title given by the Hindus to that vast chain of mountains, which limits India to the north, and embraces it with its eastern and western arms, both extending to the ocean; the former of those arms is called Chandraséc'hara, or the Moon's Rock; and the second, which reaches as far west as the mouths of the Indus, was named by the ancients Montes Parveti. These hills are held sacred by the Indians, who suppose them to be the terrestrial haunt of the God Iswara. The mountain Himalaya, being personified, is represented as a powerful monarch, whose wife was Me'na': their daughter is named Pa'rvati', or Mountain-born, and Durga', or of difficult access; but the Hindus believe her to have been married to Siva in a pre-existent state, when she bore the name of Sati'. The daughter of Himalaya had two sons; Gane's'a, or the Lord of Spirits, adored as the wisest of Deities, and always invoked at the beginning of every literary work, and Cuma'ra, Scanda, or Ca'rtice'ya, commander of the celestial armies.

The pleasing fiction of Ca'ma, the Indian Cupid, and his friend Vasanta, or the Spring, has been the subject of another poem; and here it must be remembered, that the God of Love is named also Smara, Candarpa, and Ananga. One of his arrows is called Mellicò, the Nyctanthes of our Botanists, who very unadvisedly reject the vernacular names of most Asiatick plants: it is beautifully introduced by Ca'lída'śa into this lively couplet:
The intoxicated bee shines and murmurs in the fresh-blown Mellicâ, like him who gives breath to a white conch in the procession of the God with five arrows.

A critick, to whom CA'LI'DA'SA repeated this verse, observed, that the comparison was not exact: since the bee sits on the blossom itself, and does not murmur at the end of the tube, like him who blows a conch: 'I was aware of that, said the poet, and, therefore, described the bee as intoxicated: a drunken musician would blow the shell at the wrong end:' There was more than wit in this answer: it was a just rebuke to a dull critick; for poetry delights in general images, and is so far from being a perfect imitation, that a scrupulous exactness of descriptions and similes, by leaving nothing for the imagination to supply, never fails to diminish or destroy the pleasure of every reader, who has an imagination to be gratified.

It may here be observed, that Nymphæa, not Lotos, is the generick name in Europe of the flower consecrated to Isis: the Persians know by the name of Nilüfer that species of it, which the Botanists ridiculously call Nelumbo, and which is remarkable for its curious pericarpium, where each of the seeds contains in miniature the leaves of a perfect vegetable. The lotos of Homer was probably the sugar-cane, and that of LINNAEUS is a papilionaceous plant; but he gives the same name to another
species of the _Nymphaea_; and the word is so con-
stantly applied among us in _Lūdia_ to the _Nilūfer_,
that any other would be hardly intelligible: the _blue_
lotos grows in _Cashmir_ and in _Persia_, but not
in _Bengal_, where we see only the _red_ and the _white_;
and hence occasion is taken to feign, that the lotos
of _Hindustan_ was dyed crimson by the blood of _Sīva_.

_Cuve'ra_, mentioned in the fourteenth stanza,
is the God of Wealth, supposed to reside in a magni-
ificent city, called _Alacā_; and _Vrihaspati_, or
the Genius of the planet _Jupiter_, is the preceptor
of the gods in _Swerga_ or the firmament: he is
usually represented as their orator, when any mes-
sage is carried from them to one of the three supe-
rior Deities.

The lamentations of _Reeti_, the wife of _Cama_, fill
a whole book in the _Sanskrit_ poem, as I am in-
formed by my teacher, a learned _Vaidya_; who is re-
strained only from reading the book, which con-
tains a description of the nuptials; for the cere-
monies of a marriage where _Brahma_' himself offi-
ciated as the father of the bridegroom, are too holy
to be known by any but _Brāhmans_.

The achievements of _Durgā_ in her martial cha-
acter as the patroness of _Virtue_, and her battle
with a demon in the shape of a buffalo, are the
subject of many episodes in the _Purānas_ and _Cā-
vyas_, or _sacred_ and _popular_ poems; but a full ac-
count of them would have destroyed the unity of
the Ode, and they are barely alluded to in the last
stanza.
It seemed proper to change the measure, when the goddess was to be addressed as Bhavāni, or the power of secundity; but such a change, though very common in Sanscrit, has its inconveniences in European poetry: a distinct Hymn is therefore appropriated to her in that capacity; for the explanation of which we need only premise, that Lacshmi is the Goddess of Abundance; that the Cētaca is a fragrant and beautiful plant of the Dīaucian kind, known to Botanists by the name of Pandanus; and that the Dūrgōtsava, or great festival of Bhavāni at the close of the rains, ends in throwing the image of the goddess into the Ganges or other sacred water.

I am not conscious of having left unexplained any difficult allusion in the two poems; and have only to add (lest European criticks should consider a few of the images as inapplicable to Indian manners), that the ideas of snow and ice are familiar to the Hindus; that the mountains of Himālaya may be clearly discerned from a part of Bengal; that the Grecian Hæmus is the Sanscrit word haimas, meaning snowy; and that funeral urns may be seen perpetually on the banks of the river.

The two Hymns are neither translations from any other poems, nor imitations of any; and have nothing of Pindar in them except the measures, which are nearly the same, syllable for syllable, with those of the first and second Nemean Odes; more musical stanzas might perhaps have been formed; but, in every art, variety and novelty are
considerable sources of pleasure. The style and manner of Pindar have been greatly mistaken; and, that a distinct idea of them may be conceived by such, as have not access to that inimitable poet in his own language, I cannot refrain from subjoining the first Nemean Ode, not only in the same measure as nearly as possible, but almost word for word, with the original; those epithets and phrases only being necessarily added, which are printed in Italick letters.
THE HYMN

to

D U R G A.

I. 1.

From thee begins the solemn air,
Ador'd Gane'sa'; next, thy sire we praise
(Him, from whose red clust'ring hair
A new-born crescent sheds propitious rays,
Fair as Ganga's curling foam),
Dread Is'wara; who lov'd o'er awful mountains,
Rapt in prescience deep, to roam,
But chiefly those, whence holy rivers gush,
Bright from their secret fountains,
And o'er the realms of Brahma' rush.

I. 2.

Rock above rock they ride sublime,
And lose their summits in blue fields of day,
Fashion'd first, when rolling time,
Vast infant, in his golden cradle lay,
Bidding endless ages run
And wreath their giant heads in snows eternal
Gilt by each revolving sun;
Though neither morning beam, nor noontide glare,
In wintry sign or vernal,
Their adamantine strength impair;
I. 3.
Nor e'en the fiercest summer heat
Could thrill the palace, where their Monarch reign'd
On his frost-impearled seat,
(Such height had unremitting virtue gain'd !)
HIMA'LAYA, to whom a lovely child,
Sweet PARVATI', sage ME'NA bore,
Who now, in earliest bloom, saw heav'n adore
Her charms; earth languish, till she smil'd.

II. 1.
But she to love no tribute paid;
Great ISWARA her pious cares engag'd:
Him, who Gods and fiends dismay'd,
She sooth'd with off'rings meek, when most he rag'd.
On a morn, when, edg'd with light,
The lake-born flow'rs their sapphire cups expanded
Laughing at the scatter'd night,
A vale remote and silent pool she sought,
Smooth-footed, lotos-handed,
And braids of sacred blossoms wrought;

II. 2.
Not for her neck, which, unadorn'd,
Bade envying antelopes their beauties hide:
Art she knew not, or she scorn'd;
Nor had her language e'en a name for pride.
To the God, who, fix'd in thought,
Sat in a crystal cave new worlds designing,
Softly sweet her gift she brought,
And spread the garland o'er his shoulders broad,
'Where serpents huge lay twining,
\use hiss the round creation aw'd.
II. 5.

He view'd, half-smiling, half-severe,  
The prostrate maid—That moment through the rocks  
He, who decks the purple year,  
Vasanta, vain of odoriferous locks,  
With Ca'ma, hors'd on infant breezes flew:  
(Who knows not Ca'ma, nature's king?)  
Vasanta barb'd the shaft and fix'd the string;  
The living bow Candarpa drew.

III. 1.

Dire sacrilege! The chosen reed,  
That Smara pointed with transcendent art,  
Glanc'd with unimagin'd speed,  
And ting'd its blooming barb in Siva's heart:  
Glorious flow'r, in heav'n proclaim'd  
Rich Melicola, with balmy breath delicious,  
And on earth Nyctanthes nam'd!  
Some drops divine, that o'er the lotos blue  
Trickled in rills auspicious,  
Still mark it with a crimson hue.

III. 2.

Soon clos'd the wound its hallow'd lips;  
But nature felt the pain: heav'n's blazing eye  
Sank absorb'd in sad eclipse,  
And meteors rare betray'd the trembling sky;  
When a flame, to which compar'd  
The keenest lightnings were but idle flashes,  
From that orb all-piercing glar'd,  
Which in the front of wrathful Hara rolls,  
And soon to silver ashes  
Reduc'd th' inflamer of our souls.
III. 3.

Vasant, for thee a milder doom,
Accomplice rash, a thund’ring voice decreed:

* With’ring live in joyless gloom,
* While ten gay signs the dancing seasons lead.
* Thy flow’rs, perennial once, now annual made,
* The Fish and Ram shall still adorn;
* But, when the Bull has rear’d his golden horn,
* Shall, like yon idling rainbow, fade.

IV. 1.

The thunder ceas’d; the day return’d;
But Siva from terrestrial haunts had fled:
Smit with rapt’rous love he burn’d,
And sigh’d on gemm’d Cailás’s viewless head.
Lonely down the mountain steep,
With flutt’ring heart, soft Parvati descended;
Nor in drops of nectar’d sleep
Drank solace through the night, but lay alarm’d,
Lest her mean gifts offended
The God her pow’rful beauty charm’d.

IV. 2.

All arts her sorr’wing damsels tried,
Her brow, where wrinkled anguish low’r’d, to smoothe,
And, her troubled soul to soothe,
Sagacious Mèná’ mild reproof applied;
But nor art nor counsel sage,
Nor e’en her sacred parent’s tender chiding,
Could her only pain assuage:
The mountain drear she sought, in mantling shade
Her tears and transports hiding,
And oft to her adorer pray’d.
IV. 3.

There on a crag, whose icy rift
Hurl'd night and horror o'er the pool profound,
That with madd'ning eddy swift
Revengeful bark'd his rugged base around,
The beauteous hermit sat; but soon perceiv'd
A Brâhmen old before her stand,
His rude staff'quiv'ring in his wither'd hand,
Who, felt'ring, ask'd for whom she griev'd.

V. 1.

"What graceful youth with accents mild,
"Eyes like twin stars, and lips like early morn,
"Has thy pensive heart beguil'd?"
"No mortal youth," she said with modest scorn,
"E'er beguil'd my guiltless heart:
"Him have I lost, who to these mountains hoary
"Bloom celestial could impart.
"Thee I salute, thee ven'rate, thee deplore,
"Dread Siva, source of glory,
"Which on these rocks must gleam no more!"

V. 2.

"Rare object of a damsel's love,
The wizard bold replied, " who, rude and wild,
"Leaves eternal bliss above,
"And roves o'er wastes where nature never smil'd,
"Mounted on his milkwhite bull!
"Seek Indra with aërial bow victorious,
"Who from vases ever full
"Quaffs love and nectar; seek the festive hall,
"Rich caves, and mansion glorious
"Of young Cuve'ra, lov'd by all;
V. 3.

But spurn that sullen wayward God,
That three-ey'd monster, hideous, fierce, untam'd,
Unattir'd, ill-girt, unshod——
Such fell impiety, the nymph exclaim'd,
Who speaks, must agonize; who hears, must die;
Nor can this vital frame sustain
The pois'rous taint, that runs from vein to vein;
Death may atone the blasphemy."

VI. 1.

She spoke, and o'er the rifted rocks
Her lovely form with pious phrensy threw;
But beneath her floating locks
And waving robes a thousand breezes flew,
Knitting close their silky plumes,
And in mid-air a downy pillow spreading;
Till, in clouds of rich perfumes
Embalm'd, they bore her to a mystick wood;
Where streams of glory shedding,
The well-feign'd Brâhmen, Sîva stood.

VI. 2.

The rest, my song conceal:
Unhallow'd ears the sacrilege might rue.
Gods alone to Gods reveal
In what stupendous notes th' immortals woo.
Straight the sons of light prepar'd
The nuptial feast, heav'n's opal gates unfolding,
Which th' empyreal army shar'd;
And sage Himâḷâya shed blissful tears
With aged eyes beholding
His daughter empress of the sphe res.
VI. 3.

Whilst ev’ry lip with nectar glow’d,
The bridegroom blithe his transformation told:
Round the mirthful goblets flow’d,
And laughter free o’er plains of ether roll’d:
* Thee too, like Vishnu, said the blushing queen,
* Soft Ma’ya’, guileful maid, attends;
* But in delight supreme the phantasm ends;
* Love crowns the visionary scene.

VII. 1.

Then rose Vrihaspati, who reigns
Beyond red Mangala’s terrific sphere,
Wand’ring o’er cerulean plains:
His periods eloquent heav’n loves to hear
Soft as dew on waking flow’rs.
He told, how Taraca with snaky legions,
Envious of supernal pow’rs,
Had menac’d long old Me’ru’s golden head,
And Indra’s beaming regions
With desolation wild had spread:

VII. 2.

How, when the Gods to Brahma flew
In routed squadrons, and his help implor’d;
* “Sons, he said, from vengeance due
* “The fiend must wield secure his fiery sword
* “(Thus th’ unerring Will ordains),
* “Till from the Great Destroyer’s pure embraces,
* “Knit in love’s mysterious chains
* “With her, who, daughter to the mountain-king,
* “Yon snowy mansion graces,
* “Cuma’ra, warrior-child, shall spring;
VII. 3.

"Who, bright in arms of heav'nly proof,
His crest a blazing star, his diamond mail
Colour'd in the rainbow's woof,
The rash invaders fiercely shall assail,
And, on a stately peacock borne, shall rush
Against the dragons of the deep;
Nor shall his thund'ring mace insatiate sleep,
Till their infernal chief it crush."

VIII. 1.

"The splendid host with solemn state
(Still spoke th' ethereal orator unblam'd)
Reason'd high in long debate;
Till, through my counsel provident, they claim'd
Hapless Cāma's potent aid:
At Indra's wish appear'd the soul's inflamer,
And, in vernal arms array'd,
Engag'd (ah, thoughtless!) in the bold emprise
To tame wide nature's tamer,
And soften Him, who shakes the skies.

VIII. 2.

"See now the God, whom all ador'd,
An ashy heap, the jest of ev'ry gale!
Loss by heav'n and earth deplor'd!
For, love extinguish'd, earth and heav'n must fail.
Mark, how Rēti' bears his urn,
And tow'rd her widow'd pile with piercing ditty
Points the flames—ah, see it burn!
How ill the fun'r'al with the feast agrees!
Come, love's pale sister, pity,
Come, and the lover's wrath appease."
VIII. 3.
Tumultuous passions, whilst he spoke,
In heav'ly bosoms mix'd their bursting fire,
Scorning frigid wisdom's yoke,
Disdain, revenge, devotion, hope, desire:
Then grief prevail'd, but pity won the prize.
Not Sīva could the charm resist:
"Rise, holy love!" he said; and kiss'd
The pearls, that gush'd from Durgā's eyes.

IX. 1.
That instant through the blest abode,
His youthful charms renew'd, Anānga came:
High on em'rald plumes he rode
With Rāṭrī' brighten'd by th' elud'd flame;
Nor could young Vasānta mourn
(Officious friend!) his darling lord attending,
Though of annual beauty shorn:
"Love-shafts enow one season shall supply,
'He menac'd unoffending,
'To rule the rulers of the sky.'

IX. 2.
With shouts the boundless mansion rang;
And, in sublime accord, the radiant quire
Strains of bridal rapture sang
With glowing conquest join'd and martial ire:
"Spring to life, triumphant son,
Hell's future dread, and heav'n's eternal wonder!
Helm and flaming habergeon
For thee, behold, immortal artists weave,
And edge with keen blue thunder
'The blade, that shall th' oppressor cleave.'
IX. 3.

O Durga', thou hast deign'd to shield
Man's feeble virtue with celestial might,
Gliding from yon jasper field,
And, on a lion borne, hast brav'd the fight;
For, when the demon Vice thy realms defied,
And arm'd with death each arched horn,
Thy golden lance, O goddess mountain-born,
Touch but the pest—He roar'd and died.
THE HYMN

to

BHAVANI.
THE HYMN

to

BHAVANI.

When time was drown'd in sacred sleep,
And raven darkness brooded o'er the deep,
Reposing on primeval pillows
Of tossing billows,
The forms of animated nature lay;
Till o'er the wild abyss, where love
Sat like a nestling dove,
From heav'n's dun concave shot a golden ray.

Still brighter and more bright it stream'd,
Then, like a thousand suns, resistless gleam'd;
Whilst on the placid waters blooming,
The sky perfuming,
An op'ning Lotos rose, and smiling spread
His azure skirts and vase of gold,
While o'er his foliage roll'd
Drops, that impearl Bhava'ni's orient bed.

Mother of Gods, rich nature's queen,
Thy genial fire emblaz'd the bursting scene;
For, on th' expanded blossom sitting,
With sun-beams knitting
That mystick veil for ever unremov'd,
Thou badst the softly kindling flame
Pervade this peopled frame,
And smiles, with blushes ting'd, the work approv'd.
Goddess, around thy radiant throne
The scaly shoals in spangled vesture shone,
Some slowly through green waves advancing,
Some swiftly glancing,
As each thy mild mysterious pow'r impell'd:
L'en ores and river-dragons felt
Their iron bosoms melt
With scorching heat; for love the mightiest quell'd.

But straight ascending vapours rare
O'ercanopied thy seat with lucid air,
While, through young Indra's new dominions
Unnumber'd pinions
Mix'd with thy beams a thousand varying dyes,
Of birds or insects, who pursued
Their flying loves, or woo'd
Them yielding, and with musick fill'd the skies.

And now bedeck'd with sparkling isles
Like rising stars, the watry desert smiles;
Smooth plains by waving forests bounded,
With hillocks rounded,
Send forth a shaggy brood, who, frisking light
In mingled flocks or faithful pairs,
Impart their tender cares:
All animals to love their kind invite.

Nor they alone: those vivid gems,
'That dance and glitter on their leafy stems,
Thy voice inspires, thy bounty dresses,
Thy rapture blesses,
From yon tall palm, who, like a sunborn king,
His proud tiara spreads elate,
'To those, who throng his gate,
Where purple chieftains vernal tribute bring.
THE HYMN TO BHA'VANI.

A gale so sweet o'er Ganga' breathes,
That in soft smiles her graceful cheek she wreathes.
Mark, where her argent brow she raises,
And blushing gazes
On yon fresh Cétaca, whose am'rous flow'r
Throws fragrance from his flaunting hair,
While with his blooming fair
He blends perfume, and multiplies the bow'r.

Thus, in one vast eternal gyre,
Compact or fluid shapes, instinct with fire,
Lead, as they dance, this gay creation,
Whose mild gradation
Of melting tints illudes the visual ray:
Dense earth in springing herbage lives,
Thence life and nurture gives
To sentient forms, that sink again to clay.

Ye maids and youths on fruitful plains,
Where Lacshmi' revels and Bhava'nī' reigns,
Oh, haste! oh, bring your flow'ry treasures,
To rapid measures
Tripping at eve these hallow'd banks along:
The pow'r, in yon dim shrines ador'd,
To primal waves restor'd,
With many a smiling race shall bless your song.
A HYMN

to

INDRA.
THE ARGUMENT.

So many allusions to Hindu Mythology occur in the following Ode, that it would be scarce intelligible without an explanatory introduction, which, on every account and on all occasions, appears preferable to notes in the margin.

A distinct idea of the God, whom the poem celebrates, may be collected from a passage in the ninth section of the Ṛgveda, where the sudden change of measure has an effect similar to that of the finest modulation:

\[ \text{tē punyamāṇādyā surēndra ṭocam} \]
\[ \text{asana ti divyān dividēvabbōgān,} \]
\[ \text{tē tām bhuktvā svargalocam visālam} \]
\[ \text{cāhā cānē punē mṛtyalocam visant} \]

"These, having through virtue reached the mansion of the king of Sura's, feast on the exquisite heavenly food of the Gods: they, who have enjoyed this lofty region of Swarga, but whose virtue is exhausted, revisit the habitation of mortals."

Indra, therefore, or the King of Immortals, corresponds with one of the ancient Jupiters (for several of that name were worshipped in Europe), and particularly with Jupiter the Conductor, whose attributes are so nobly described by the Platonick Philosophers: one of his numerous titles is Dyu-

\[ \text{peti, or, in the nominative case before certain letters,} \]
\[ \text{Dyupetir; which means the Lord of Heaven, and seems a more probable origin of the Hetruscan word than} \]
\[ \text{Jucans Pater; as Diespiter was, probably, not the} \]
Father, but the Lord, of Day. He may be con-
dered as the Jove of Ennius in his memorable line:

"Aspice hoc sublime candens, quem invocant omnes Jovem,"

where the poet clearly means the firmament, of
which Indra is the personification. He is the God
of thunder and the five elements, with inferior Genii
under his command; and is conceived to govern
the Eastern quarter of the world, but to preside,
like the Genius or Agathodæmon of the Ancients, over
the celestial bands, which are stationed on the sum-
mit of Më'ru, or the North-pole, where he solaces
the Gods with nectar and heavenly musick: hence,
perhaps, the Hindus, who give evidence, and the
magistrates, who hear it, are directed to stand front-
ing the East or the North.

This imaginary mount is here feigned to have
been seen in a vision at Vuránasî, very im-
properly called Banâris, which takes its name
from two rivulets, that embrace the city; and the
bard, who was favoured with the sight, is supposed
to have been Vya'sa, surnamed Dwvipáyana, or
Dwelling in an Island; who, if he really composed
the Gitâ, makes very flattering mention of himself
in the tenth chapter. The plant Latâ, which he
describes weaving a net round the mountain Man-
dara, is transported by a poetical liberty to Sumëru,
which the great author of the Mahabhârat has
richly painted in four beautiful couplets: it is the
generic name for a creeper, though represented
here as a species, of which many elegant varieties are found in Asia.

The Genii named Cinnara's are the male dancers in Swerga, or the Heaven of Indra; and the Apsarà's are his dancing-girls, answering to the fairies of the Persians, and to the damsels called in the Koran hhúru'llúyùn, or with antelopes' eyes. For the story of Chitrarat'ha, the chief musician of the Indian paradise, whose painted car was burned by Arjun, and for that of Chaturdesaretta, or fourteen gems, as they are called, which were produced by churning the ocean, the reader must be referred to Mr. Wilkins's learned annotations on his accurate version of the Bhagavadgîtà. The fable of the pomegranate-flower is borrowed from the popular mythology of Népàl and Tibet.

In this poem the same form of stanza is repeated with variations, on a principle entirely new in modern lyric poetry, which on some future occasion may be fully explained.
THE HYMN.

But ah! what glories yon blue vault emblaze?
What living meteors from the zenith stream?
Or hath a rapt'rous dream
Perplex'd the isle-born bard in fiction's maze?
He wakes; he hears; he views no fancied rays.
'Tis Indra mounted on the sun's bright beam;
And round him revels his empyreal train:
How rich their tints! how sweet their strain!

Like shooting stars around his regal seat
A veil of many-colour'd light they weave,
That eyes unholy would of sense bereave:
Their sparkling hands and lightly-tripping feet
Tir'd gales and panting clouds behind them leave.
With love of song and sacred beauty smit
The mystick dance they knit;
Pursuing, circling, whirling, twining, leading,
Now chasing, now receding;
Till the gay pageant from the sky descends
On charm'd Sumeru, who with homage bends.

Hail, mountain of delight,
Palace of glory, bless'd by glory's king!
With prosp'ring shade embow'r me, whilst I sing
Thy wonders yet unreach'd by mortal flight.
Sky-piercing mountain! In thy bow'rs of love
No tears are seen, save where medicinal stalks
Weep drops balsamick o'er the silver'd walks;
No plaints are heard, save where the restless dove
Of coy repulse and mild reluctance talks;
Mantled in woven gold, with gems enchas'd,
With em'rald hillocks grac'd,
From whose fresh laps in young fantastick mazes
Soft crystal bounds and blazes
Bathing the lithe convolvulus, that winds
Obsequious, and each flaunting arbour binds.

When sapient BRAHMA' this new world approv'd,
On woody wings eight primal mountains mov'd;
But INDRA mark'd Suméru for his own,
And motionless was ev'ry stone.

Dazzling the moon he rears his golden head:
Nor bards inspir'd, nor heav'n's all-perfect speech
Less may unhallow'd rhyme his beauties teach,
Or paint the pavement which th' immortals tread;
Nor thought of man his awful height can reach:
Who sees it, maddens; who approaches, dies;
For, with flame-darting eyes,
Around it roll a thousand sleepless dragons;
While from their diamond flagons
The feasting Gods exhaustless nectar sip,
Which glows and sparkles on each fragrant lip.

This feast, in mem'ry of the churned wave
Great INDRA gave, when Amrit first was won
From impious demons, who to Máyà's eyes
Resign'd the prize, and rued the fight begun.
A HYMN TO INDRA.

Now, while each ardent Cimmara persuades
The soft-ey’d Apsara to break the dance,
And leads her loth, yet with love-beaming glance,
To banks of marjoram and Champac shades,
Celestial Genii tow’rd their king advance
(So call’d by men, in heav’n Gandharva’s nam’d)
For matchless musick fam’d.
Soon, where the bands in lucid rows assemble,
Flutes breathe, and citherns tremble;
Till Chitraratha sings—His painted car,
Yet unconsum’d, gleams like an orient star.

Hush’d was ev’ry breezy pinion,
Ev’ry stream his fall suspended:
Silence reign’d; whose sole dominion
Soon was rais’d, but soon was ended.

He sings, how ‘whilom from the troubled main
‘The sov’reign elephant Airávan sprang;
‘The breathing shell, that peals of conquest rang;
‘The parent cow, whom none implores in vain;
‘The milkwhite steed, the bow with deaf’ning clang;
‘The Goddesses of beauty, wealth, and wine;
‘Flow’rs, that unfading shine,
‘NA’RA’YAN’s gem, the moonlight’s tender languish;
‘Blue venom, source of anguish;
‘The solemn leech, slow-moving o’er the strand,
‘A vase of long-sought Amrit in his hand.

‘To soften human ills dread Síva drank
‘The pois’nous flood, that stain’d his azure neck;
‘The rest thy mansions deck,
‘High Swarga, stor’d in many a blazing rank.

VOL. XI.
A HYMN TO INDRA.

Thou, God of thunder, satst on Mēru thron'd,
Cloud-riding, mountain-piercing, thousand-eyed,
With young Pulo'maja, thy blooming bride,
Whilst air and skyes thy boundless empire own'd;
Hail, Dyupetir, dismay to Bala's pride!
Or speaks Purander best thy martial fame,
Or Sacra, mystick name?
With various praise in odes and hallow'd story
Sweet bards shall hymn thy glory.
Thou, Vasava, from this unmeasur'd height
Shedst pearl, shedst odours o'er the sons of light!

The Genius rested; for his pow'rful art
Had swell'd the monarch's heart with ardour vain,
That threaten'd rash disdain, and seem'd to low'r
On Gods of loftier pow'r and ampler reign.

He smil'd; and, warbling in a softer mode,
Sang, 'the red light'ning, hail, and whelming rain
O'er Gocul green and Vraja's nymph-lov'd plain
By Indra hurl'd, whose altars ne'er had glow'd,
Since infant Krishna rul'd the rustic train
Now thrill'd with terrour—Them the heav'nly child
Call'd, and with looks ambrosial smil'd,
Then with one finger rear'd the vast Govardhan,
Beneath whose rocky burden
On pastures dry the maids and herdsmen trod:
'The Lord of thunder felt a mightier God!

What furies potent modulation soothes!
E'en the dilated heart of Indra shrivks:
His ruffled brow he smoothes,
His lance half-rais'd with listless languor sinks.
A Hymn to Indra.

A sweeter strain the sage musician chose:
He told, how 'Sachi, soft as morning light,
Blythe Sachi, from her Lord Indra'ni' hight,
When through clear skies their car ethereal rose,
Fix'd on a garden trim her wand'ring sight,
Where gay pomegranates, fresh with early dew,
Vaunted their blossoms now:
"Oh! pluck, she said, yon gems, which nature dresses
"To grace my darker tresses."
In form a shepherd's boy, a God in soul,
He hasten'd, and the bloomy treasure stole.

'The reckless peasant, who those glowing flow'rs,
Hopeful of rubied fruit, had foster'd long,
Seiz'd and with cordage strong
Shackled the God, who gave him show'rs.

'Straight from sev'n winds immortal Genii flew,
Green Varuna, whom foamy waves obey,
Bright Vahni flaming like the lamp of day,
Cuvera sought by all, enjoyed by few,
Marut, who bids the winged breezes play,
Stern Yama, ruthless judge, and Isa cold
With Nairrit mildly bold:
They with the ruddy flash, that points his thunder,
Rend his vain bands asunder.
Th' exulting God resumes his thousand eyes,
Four arms divine, and robes of changing dyes,'

Soft memory retrac'd the youthful scene:
The thund'r'er yielded to resistless charms,
Then smil'd enamour'd on his blushing queen,
And melted in her arms.
Such was the vision, which, on Varan's breast
O: Ait pure with ofter'd blossoms fill'd,
Dwaipa'yan slumb'ring saw; (thus Nare'd wii'd)
For waking eye such glory never bless'd,
Nor waking ear such musick ever thrill'd.
It vanish'd with light sleep: he, rising, prais'd
The guarded mount high-raised,
And pray'd the thund'ring pow'r, that sheafy treasures,
Mild show'rs and vernal pleasures,
The lab'ring youth in mead and vale might cheer,
And cherish'd herdsmen bless th' abundant year.

'Thee, darter of the swift blue bolt, he sang;
Sprinkler of genial dews and fruitful rains
O'er hills and thirsty plains!
'When through the waves of war thy charger sprang,
'Each rock rebeillow'd and each forest rang,
'Till vanquish'd Asurs felt avenging pains.
'Send o'er their seats the snake, that never dies,
'But waft the virtuous to thy skies!
A HYMN

to

Sūrya.
THE ARGUMENT.

A plausible opinion has been entertained by learned men, that the principal source of idolatry among the ancients was their enthusiastic admiration of the Sun; and that, when the primitive religion of mankind was lost amid the distractions of establishing regal government, or neglected amid the allurements of vice, they ascribed to the great visible luminary, or to the wonderful fluid, of which it is the general reservoir, those powers of pervading all space and animating all nature, which their wiser ancestors had attributed to one eternal Mind, by whom the substance of fire had been created as an inanimate and secondary cause of natural phenomena. The Mythology of the East confirms this opinion; and it is probable, that the triple Divinity of the Hindus was originally no more than a personification of the Sun, whom they call Tryitenu, or Three-bodied, in his triple capacity of producing forms by his genial heat, preserving them by his light, or destroying them by the concentrated force of his igneous matter: this, with the wilder conception of a female power united with the Godhead, and ruling nature by his authority, will account for nearly the whole system of Egyptian, Indian, and Grecian polytheism, distinguished from the sublime Theology of the Philosophers, whose understandings were too strong to admit the popular belief, but whose influence was too weak to reform it.
Su'rya, the Phæbus of European heathens, has near fifty names or epithets in the Sanscrit language; most of which, or at least the meanings of them, are introduced in the following Ode; and every image, that seemed capable of poetical ornament, has been selected from books of the highest authority among the Hindus: the title Arca is very singular; and it is remarkable, that the Tibetians represent the Sun's car in the form of a boat.

It will be necessary to explain a few other particulars of the Hindu Mythology, to which allusions are made in the poem. Soma, or the Moon, is a male Deity in the Indian system, as Mona was, I believe, among the Saxons, and Lunus among some of the nations, who settled in Italy: his titles also, with one or two of the ancient fables, to which they refer, are exhibited in the second stanza. Most of the Lunar mansions are believed to be the daughters of Casyapa, the first production of Brāhma's head, and from their names are derived those of the twelve months, who are here feigned to have married as many constellations: this primeval Brāhmaṇ and Vinatā are also supposed to have been the parents of Arun, the charioteer of the Sun, and of the bird Garuda, the eagle of the great Indian Jove, one of whose epithets is Mudhava.

After this explanation the Hymn will have few or no difficulties, especially if the reader has perused and studied the Bhagavadvitā, with which our literature has been lately enriched, and the fine episode from the Mahābhārat, on the production
of the *Amrita*, which seems to be almost wholly astronomical, but abounds with poetical beauties. Let the following description of the demon *Rāhu*, decapitated by *Nārāyaṇ*, be compared with similar passages in *Hesiod* and *Milton*:

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tach ch'bailasringapratiman dānavaśya sirò mahaṭ
chacraḥ'hinnam ēhamutpatya nenāditi bhavancaram,
tat caḥandham pepātāsa visp'huṇad dharanītalē
sapravatavaṇadvipāṇ daityaśyācampaṇamahīm.
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THE HYMN.

FOUNTAIN of living light,
That o'er all nature streams,
Of this vast microcosm both nerve and soul;
Whose swift and subtil beams,
Eluding mortal sight,
Pervade, attract, sustain th' effulgent whole,
Unite, impel, dilate, calcine,
Give to gold its weight and blaze,
Dart from the diamond many-tinted rays,
Condense, protrude, transform, concoct, refine
The sparkling daughters of the mine;
Lord of the lotos, father, friend, and king,
O Sun, thy pow'r's I sing:
Thy substance Indra with his heav'nly bands
Nor sings nor understands;
Nor e'en the Védas three to man explain
Thy mystick orb triform, though Brabmá tun'd the strain.

Thou, nectar-beaming Moon,
Regent of dewy night,
From yon black roe, that in thy bosom sleeps,
Fawn-spotted Sasín hight;
Wilt thou desert so soon
Thy night-flow'r's pale, whom liquid odour steeps,
And Osbadi’s transcendent beam
Burning in the darkest glade?
Will no lov’d name thy gentle mind persuade
Yet one short hour to shed thy cooling stream?
But ah! we court a passing dream:
Our pray’r nor Indu nor Himánu hears;
He fades; he disappears—
E’en Caryapa’s gay daughters twinkling die,
And silence lulls the sky,
Till Cháutas twitter from the moving brake,
And sandal-breathing gales on beds of ether wake.

Burst into song, ye spheres;
A greater light proclaim,
And hymn, concentrick orbs, with sev’nfold chime
The God with many a name;
Nor let unhallow’d ears
Drink life and rapture from your charm sublime:
Our bosoms, Aráma, inspire,
Gem of heav’n, and flow’r of day,
Vivásvat, lancer of the golden ray,
Divácura, pure source of holy fire,
Victorious Ráma’s fervid sire,
Dread child of Aditi, Martunda bless’d,
Or Sára be address’d,
Ravi, or Mibira, or Bhánu bold,
Or Arca, title old,
Or Heridaswa drawn by green-hair’d steeds,
Or Carmasacshi keen, attesting secret deeds.

What fiend, what monster fierce
E’er durst thy throne invade?
Malignant Rábu. Him thy wakeful sight,
That could the deepest shade
Of snaky Narac pierce,
Mark’d quaffing nectar; when by magick sleight
A Sura's lovely form he wore,
Rob’d in light, with lotos crown’d,
What time th’ immortals peerless treasures found
On the churn’d Ocean’s gem-bespangled shore,
And Mandar’s load the tortoise bore:
Thy voice reveal’d the daring sacrilege;
Then, by the deathful edge
Of bright Sudersan cleft, his dragon head
Dismay and horror spread
Kicking the skies, and struggling to impair
The radiance of thy robes, and stain thy golden hair.

With smiles of stern disdain
Thou, sov’ reign victor, seest
His impious rage: soon from the mad assault
Thy coursers fly releas’d;
Then toss each verdant mane,
And gallop o’er the smooth aerial vault;
Whilst in charm’d Gócul’s od’rous vale
Blue-ey’d Yamuna descends
Exulting, and her tripping tide suspends,
The triumph of her mighty sire to hail:
So must they fall, who Gods assail!
For now the demon rues his rash emprise,
Yet, bellowing blasphemies
With pois’nous throat, for horrid vengeance thirsts,
And oft with tempest bursts,
As oft repell’d he groans in fiery chains,
And o’er the realms of day unvanquish’d Súrya reigns.

Ye clouds, in wavy wreathes
Your dusky van unfold;
O’er dimpled sands, ye surges, gently flow,
With sapphires edg’d and gold!
Loose-tressed morning breathes,
And spreads her blushes with expansive glow;
But chiefly where heav'n's op'ning eye
Sparkles at her saffron gate,
How rich, how regal in his orient state!
Ere long he shall emblaze th' unbounded sky:
The fiends of darkness yelling fly;
While birds of liveliest note and lightest wing
The rising daystar sing,
Who skirts th' horizon with a blazing line
Of topazes divine;
E'en, in their prelude, brighter and more bright,
Flames the red east, and pours insufferable light.*

First o'er blue hills appear,
With many an agate hoof
And patterns fring'd with pearl, sev'n coursers green;
Nor boasts yon arched woof,
That girds the show'ry sphere,
Such heav'n-spun threads of colour'd light serene,
As tinge the reins, which Arun guides,
Glowing with immortal grace,
Young Arun, loveliest of Vнатian race,
Though younger He, whom Madhava bestrides,
When high on eagle-plumes he rides:
But oh! what pencil of a living star
Could paint that gorgeous car,
In which, as in an ark supremely bright,
The lord of boundless light
Ascending calm o'er th' empyrean sails,
And with ten thousand beams his awful beauty veils.

Behind the glowing wheels
Six jocund seasons dance,
A radiant month in each quick-shifting hand;
Alternate they advance,
While buxom nature feels
The grateful changes of the frolick band:

* See Gray's Letters, p. 382, 4to. and the note.
A HYMN TO SURYA.

Each month a constellation fair
Knit in youthful wedlock holds,
And o'er each bed a varied sun unfolds,
Lest one vast blaze our visual force impair,
A canopy of woven air.
Vasanta blythe with many a laughing flow'r
Decks his Candarpa's bow'r;
The drooping pastures thirsty Grīshma dries,
Till Versā bids them rise;
Then Sarat with full sheaves the champaign fills,
Which Sisira bedews, and stern Hēmanta chills.

Mark, how the all-kindling orb
Meridian glory gains!
Round Mēru's breathing zone he wends oblique
O'er pure cerulean plains:
His jealous flames absorb
All meaner lights, and unresisted strike
The world with rapt'rous joy and dread.
Ocean, smit with melting pain,
Shrinks, and the fiercest monster of the main
Mantles in caves profound his tusky head
With sea-weeds dank and coral spread:
Less can mild earth and her green daughters bear
The noon's wide-wasting glare;
To rocks the panther creeps; to woody night
The vulture steals his flight;
E'en cold cameleons pant in thickets dun,
And o'er the burning grit th' unwinged locusts run!

But when thy foaming steeds
Descend with rapid pace
Thy fervent axle hast'ning to allay,
What majesty, what grace
Dart o'er the western meads
From thy relenting eye their blended ray!
Soon may th' undazzled sense behold
Rich as Viṣhnu's diadem,
Or Amrīt sparkling in an azure gem,
Thy horizontal globe of molten gold,
Which pearl'd and rubied clouds infold.
It sinks; and myriads of diffusive dyes
Stream o'er the tissued skies,
Till Soma smiles, attracted by the song
Of many a plumed throng
In groves, meads, vales; and, whilst he glides above,
Each bush and dancing bough quaffs harmony and love.

Then roves thy poet free,
Who with no borrow'd art
Dares hymn thy pow'r; and durst provoke thy blaze,
But felt thy thrilling dart;
And now, on lowly knee,
From him, who gave the wound, the balsam prays.
Herbs, that assuage the fever's pain,
Scatter from thy rolling car,
Cull'd by sage Arvin and divine Cūmār;
And, if they ask, "What mortal pours the strain?"
Say (for thou seest earth, air, and main)
Say: "From the bosom of yon silver isle,
"Where skies more softly smile,
"He came; and, lisping our celestial tongue,
"Though not from Brāhma sprung,
"Draws orient knowledge from its fountains pure,
"Through caves obstructed long, and paths too long obscure."

Yes; though the Sanscrit song
Be strown with fancy's wreathes,
And emblems rich, beyond low thoughts refin'd,
Yet heav'nly truth it breathes
With attestation strong,
That, loftier than thy sphere, th' Eternal Mind,
Unmov'd, unrival'd, undefil'd,
Reigns with providence benign:
He still'd the rude abyss, and bade it shine
( Whilst Sapience with approving aspect mild
Saw the stupendous work, and smil'd);
Next thee, his flaming minister, bade rise
O'er young and wondering skies.
Since thou, great orb, with all-enlight'ning ray
Rulest the golden day,
How far more glorious He, who said serene,
Be, and thou wait—Himself unform'd, unchang'd, unseen.)
A HYMN

TO

LACSHMI.
THE ARGUMENT.

Most of the allusions to Indian Geography and Mythology, which occur in the following Ode to the Goddess of Abundance, have been explained on former occasions; and the rest are sufficiently clear. LACSHMI', or SRI', the Ceres of India, is the preserving power of nature, or, in the language of allegory, the consort of VISHNU or HERI, a personification of the divine goodness; and her origin is variously deduced in the several Purāṇa's, as we might expect from a system wholly figurative and emblematical. Some represent her as the daughter of BHRI GU, a son of BRAHMA'; but, in the Māra-candēya Purān, the Indian Isis, or Nature, is said to have assumed three transcendent forms, according to her three guna's or qualities, and, in each of them, to have produced a pair of divinities, BRAHMA and LACSHMI', MAHE'SA and SERESWATTI', VISHNU and CA'LIT'; after whose intermarriage, BRAHMA' and SERESWATTI' formed the mundane Egg, which MAHE'SA and CA'LIT' divided into halves; and VISHNU together with LACSHMI' preserved it from destruction: a third story supposes her to have sprung from the Sea of milk, when it was churned on the second incarnation of HERI, who is often painted reclining on the serpent ANANTA, the emblem of eternity; and this fable, whatever may be the meaning of it, has been chosen as the most poetical. The other names of SRI', or Prosperity, are HERIPRIYA', PEDMÂLAVA', or PEDMA', and CAMALA'; the first implying the wife of VISHNU, and the rest derived from the names of the Lotos. As to the tale of SUDA'MAN, whose wealth is proverbial among the Hindus, it is related at considerable length in the Bhā-govat, or great Purān on the Achievements of CRISHNA; the Brāhmans, who read it with me, was frequently stopped by his tears. We may be inclined perhaps to think, that the wild fables of idolaters are not worth knowing, and that we may be satisfied with mispending our time in learning the Pagan Theology of old Greece and Rome; but we must consider, that the allegories contained in the Hymn to LACSHMI' constitute at this moment the prevailing religion of a most extensive and celebrated Empire, and are devoutly believed by many millions, whose industry adds to the revenue of Britain, and whose manners, which are interwoven with their religious opinions, nearly affect all Europeans, who reside among them.
THE HYMN.

DAUGHTER of Ocean and primeval Night,
Who, fed with moonbeams dropping silver dew,
And cradled in a wild wave dancing light,
Saw'st with a smile new shores and creatures new,
Thee, Goddess, I salute; thy gifts I sing,
And, not with idle wing,
Soar from this fragrant bow'r through tepid skies,
Ere yet the steeds of noon's effulgent king
Shake their green manes and blaze with rubied eyes:
Hence, floating o'er the smooth expanse of day,
Thy bounties I survey,
See through man's oval realm thy charms display'd,
See clouds, air, earth, performing thy behest,
Plains by soft show'rs, thy tripping handmaids, dress'd,
And fruitful woods, in gold and gems array'd,
Spangling the mingled shade;
While autumn boon his yellow ensign rears,
And stores the world's true wealth in rip'ning ears.

But most that central tract thy smile adorns,
Which old Himála clips with fost'ring arms,
As with a waxing moon's half-circling horns,
And shields from bandits fell, or worse alarms
Of Tatar horse from Yúnan late subdued,
Or Bactrian bowmen rude;

U 2
Snow-crown'd Himāla, whence, with wavy wings
Far spread, as falcons o'er their nestlings brood,
Fam'd Brahma putra joy and verdure brings,
And Sindhu's five-arm'd flood from Cashghar hastes,

To cheer the rocky wastes,
Through western this and that through orient plains;
While bluish Yamunā between them streams,
And Ganga pure with sunny radiance gleams,
Till Vānī, whom a russet ochre stains,

Their destin'd confluence gains:
Then flows in mazy knot the triple pow'r
O'er laughing Magadh and the vales of Gour.

Not long inswath'd the sacred infant lay
(Celestial forms full soon their prime attain):
Her eyes, oft darted o'er the liquid way,
With golden light emblaz'd the darkling main;
And those firm breasts, whence all our comforts well,
Rose with enchanting swell;
Her loose hair with the bounding billows play'd,
And caught in charming toils each pearly shell,
That idling through the surgy forest stray'd;
When ocean suffer'd a portentous change,
Toss'd with convulsion strange;
For lofty Mandar from his base was torn,
With streams, rocks, woods, by God and Demons whirl'd,
While round his craggy sides the mad spray curl'd,
Huge mountain, by the passive Tortoise borne:

Then sole, but not forlorn,
Shipp'd in a flow'r, that balmy sweets exhal'd,
O'er waves of dulcet cream Pedma'la' sail'd.

So name the Goddess from her Lotos blue,
Or Camala', if more auspicious deem'd:
With many-petal'd wings the blossom flew,
And from the mount a fluttering sea-bird seem'd,
Till on the shore it stopp'd, the heav'n-lov'd shore,
   Bright with unvalued store
Of gems marine by mirthful Indra won;
But she, (what brighter gem had shone before?)
No bride for old Maricha's frolick son,
On azure Heri fix'd her prosp'ring eyes:
   Love bade the bridegroom rise;
Straight o'er the deep, then dimpling smooth, he rush'd;
And tow'rd th' unmeasur'd snake, stupendous bed,
The world's great mother, not reluctant, led:
All nature glow'd, whene'er she smil'd or blush'd;
   The king of serpents hush'd
His thousand heads, where diamond mirrors blaz'd,
That multiplied her image, as he gaz'd.

Thus multiplied, thus wedded, they pervade,
In varying myriads of ethereal forms,
This pendent Egg by dovelike Ma'ya' laid,
And quell Mahe'sa's ire, when most it storms;
Ride on keen lightning and disarm its flash,
   Or bid loud surges lash
Th' impassive rock, and leave the rolling barque
With oars unshatter'd milder seas to dash;
And oft, as man's unnumber'd woes they mark,
They spring to birth in some high-favour'd line,
   Half human, half divine,
And tread life's maze transfigur'd, unimpar'd:
As when, through blest Vrindavan's od'rous grove,
They deign'd with hinds and village girls to rove,
And myrth or toil in field or dairy shar'd,
   As lowly rusticks far'd:
Blythe Râ'dha' she, with speaking eyes, was nam'd,
He Crishna, lov'd in youth, in manhood fam'd,
Though long in Mathurá with milkmaids bred,
Each bush attuning with his past'ral flute,
Ananda's holy steers the Herdsman fed,
His nobler mind aspir'd to nobler fruit:
The fiercest monsters of each brake or wood
  His youthful arm withstood,
And from the rank mire of the stagnant lake
Drew the crush'd serpent with ensanguin'd hood;
Then, worse than rav'ning beast or fenny snake,
A ruthless king his pond'rous mace laid low,
  And heav'n approv'd the blow:
No more in bow'r or wattled cabin pent,
By rills he scorn'd and flow'ry banks to dwell;
His pipe lay tuneless, and his wreathy shell
With martial clangor hills and forests rent;
On crimson wars intent
He sway'd high Dwáracá, that fronts the mouth
Of gulfy Sindhu from the burning south.

A Bráhmen young, who, when the heav'nly boy
In Vraja green and scented Gócul play'd,
Partook each transient care, each flitting joy,
And hand in hand through dale or thicket stray'd,
By fortune sever'd from the blissful seat,
  Had sought a lone retreat;
Where in a costless hut sad hours he pass'd,
Its mean thatch pervious to the daystar's heat,
And fenceless from night's dew or pinching blast:
Firm virtue he possess'd and vig'rous health,
  But they were all his wealth.
Suda'man was he nam'd; and many a year
(If glowing song can life and honour give)
From sun to sun his honour'd name shall live:
Oft strove his consort wise their gloom to cheer,
    And hide the stealing tear;
But all her thrift could scarce each eve afford
The needful sprinkling of their scanty board.

Now Fame, who rides on sunbeams, and conveys
To woods and antres deep her spreading gleam,
Illumin'd earth and heav'n with Crishna's praise:
Each forest echoed loud the joyous theme,
But keener joy Suda'man's bosom thrill'd,
    And tears ecstatick rill'd:
" My friend, he cried, is monarch of the skies!"
Then counsell'd she, who nought unseemly will'd:
" Oh! haste; oh! seek the God with lotos eyes;
" The pow'r, that stoops to soften human pain,
    None e'er implor'd in vain.
To Dwâra'sh's rich tow'rs the pilgrim sped,
Though bashful penury his hope depress'd;
A tatter'd cincture was his only vest,
And o'er his weaker shoulder loosely spread
    Floated the mystick thread:
Secure from scorn the crowded paths he trode
Through yielding ranks, and hail'd the Shepherd God.

" Friend of my childhood, lov'd in riper age,
" A dearer guest these mansions never grac'd:
" O meek in social hours, in council sage!"
So spake the Warrior, and his neck embrac'd;
And e'en the Goddess left her golden seat
    Her lord's compeer to greet:
He charm'd, but prostrate on the hallow'd floor,
Their purred vestment kiss'd and radiant feet;
Then from a small fresh leaf, a borrow'd store
A HYMN TO LACSHMI.

(Such off'ring s e'en to mortal kings are due)
Of modest rice he drew.
Some proffer'd grains the soft-ey'd Hero ate,
And more had eaten, but, with placid mien,
Bright Rucmini' (thus name th' all-bounteous Queen)
Exclaim'd: "Ah, hold! enough for mortal state!"

Then grave on themes elate
Discouraging, or on past adventures gay,
They clos'd with converse mild the rapt'rous day,

At smile of dawn dismiss'd, ungifted, homa
The hermit plodded, till sublimely rais'd
On granite columns many a sumptuous dome
He view'd, and many a spire, that richly blaz'd,
And seem'd, impurpled by the blush of morn,
The lowlier plains to scorn
Imperious: they, with conscious worth serene,
Laugh'd at vain pride, and bade new gems adorn
Each rising shrub, that clad them. Lovely scene
And more than human! His astonish'd sight

Drank deep the strange delight:
He saw brisk fountains dance, crisp riv'lets wind
O'er borders trim, and round inwoven bow'rs,
Where sportive creepers, threading ruby flow'rs
On em'raid stalks, each vernal arch intwin'd,

Luxuriant though confin'd;
And heard sweet-breathing gales in whispers tell
From what young bloom they sipp'd their spicy smell,

Soon from the palace-gate in broad array
A maiden legion, touching tuneful strings;
Descending strow'd with flow'rs the brighten'd way,
And straight, their jocund van in equal wings
Unfolding, in their vacant centre show'd
Their chief, whose vesture glow'd
With carbuncles and smiling pearls atween;
And o'er her head a veil translucent flow'd,
Which, dropping light, disclos'd a beauteous queen,
Who, breathing love, and swift with timid grace,
Sprang to her lord's embrace
With ardent greeting and sweet blandishment;
His were the marble tow'rs, th' officious train,
The gems unequal'd and the large domain:
When bursting joy its rapid stream had spent,
The stores, which heav'n had lent,
He spread unsparing, unattach'd employ'd,
With meekness view'd, with temp'rate bliss enjoy'd.

Such were thy gifts, Pedma'la', such thy pow'r!
For, when thy smile irradiates yon blue fields,
Observant Indra sheds the genial show'r,
And pregnant earth her springing tribute yields
Of spiry blades, that clothe the champaign dank,
Or skirt the verd'rous bank,
That in th' o'erflowing rill allays his thirst:
Then, rising gay in many a waving rank,
The stalks redundant into laughter burst;
The rivers broad, like busy should'ring bands,
Clap their applauding hands;
The marish dances and the forest sings;
The vaunting trees their bloomy banners rear;
And shouting hills proclaim th' abundant year,
'That food to herds, to herdsmen plenty brings,
And wealth to guardian kings.
Shall man unthankful riot on thy stores?
Ah, no! he bends, he blesses, he adores.

But, when his vices rank thy frown excite,
Excessive show's the plains and valleys drench,
Or warping insects heath and coppice blight,
Or drought unceasing, which no streams can quench,
The germin shrivels or contracts the shoot,
Or burns the wasted root:
Then fade the groves with gather'd crust imbrowned,
The hills lie gasping, and the woods are mute,
Low sink the riv'lets from the yawning ground;
Till Famine gaunt her screaming pack lets slip,
And shakes her scorpion whip;
Dire forms of death spread havoc, as she flies,
Pain at her skirts and Mis'ry by her side,
And jabb'ring spectres o'er her traces glide;
The mother clasps her babe, with livid eyes,
Then, faintly shrieking, dies:
He drops expiring, or but lives to feel
The vultures bick'ring for their horrid meal.

From ills, that, painted, harrow up the breast,
(What agonies, if real, must they give!)
Preserve thy vot'ries: be their labours blest!
Oh! bid the patient Hindu rise and live.
His erring mind, that wizard lore beguiles
Clouded by priestly wiles,
To senseless nature bows for nature's God.
Now, stretch'd o'er ocean's vast from happier isles,
He sees the wand of empire, not the rod:
Ah, may those beams, that western skies illumine,
    Disperse th' unholy gloom!
Meanwhile may laws, by myriads long rever'd,
Their strife appease, their gentler claims decide;
So shall their victors, mild with virtuous pride,
To many a cherish'd grateful race endear'd,
    With temper'd love be fear'd:
Though mists profane obscure their narrow ken,
They err, yet feel; though pagans, they are men.
A HYMN

to

NÁRÁYENA.
THE ARGUMENT.

A COMPLETE introduction to the following Ode would be no less than a full comment on the Vayds and Purans of the Hindus, the remains of Egyptian and Persian Theology, and the tenets of the Ionick and Italick Schools; but this is not the place for so vast a disquisition. It will be sufficient here to premise, that the inextricable difficulties attending the vulgar notion of material substances, concerning which

"We know this only, that we nothing know,"

induced many of the wisest among the Ancients, and some of the most enlightened among the Moderns, to believe, that the whole Creation was rather an energy than a work, by which the Infinite Being, who is present at all times in all places, exhibits to the minds of his creatures a set of perceptions, like a wonderful picture or piece of musick, always varied, yet always uniform; so that all bodies and their qualities exist, indeed, to every wise and useful purpose, but exist only as far they are perceived; a theory no less pious than sublime, and as different from any principle of Atheism, as the brightest sunshine differs from the blackest midnight. This illusive operation of the Deity the Hindu philosophers call, Ma'ya', or Deception; and the word occurs in
this sense more than once in the commentary on the *Rig Vayd*, by the great *Vasishta*, of which Mr. *Halhed* has given us an admirable specimen.

The first stanza of the Hymn represents the sublimest attributes of the Supreme Being, and the three forms, in which they most clearly appear to us, *Power*, *Wisdom*, and *Goodness*, or, in the language of *Orpheus* and his disciples, *Love*: the second comprises the *Indian* and *Egyptian* doctrine of the Divine Essence and Archetypal *Ideas*; for a distinct account of which the reader must be referred to a noble description in the sixth book of *Plato’s Republick*; and the fine explanation of that passage in an elegant discourse by the author of *Cyrus*, from whose learned work a hint has been borrowed for the conclusion of this piece. The third and fourth are taken from the Institutes of *Menu*, and the eighteenth *Puran* of *Vyas’a*, entitled *Srey Bhagawat*, part of which has been translated into *Persian*, not without elegance, but rather too paraphrastically. From *Brehme*, or the *Great Being*, in the *neuter* gender, is formed *Brehma’,* in the *masculine*; and the second word is appropriated to the *creative power* of the Divinity.

The spirit of *God*, call’d *Na’ra’yena*, or *moving on the water*, has a multiplicity of other epithets in *Sanskrit*, the principal of which are introduced, expressly or by allusion, in the fifth stanza; and two of them contain the names of the *evil beings,*
who are feigned to have sprung from the ears of Vishnu; for thus the divine spirit is entitled, when considered as the preserving power: the sixth ascribes the perception of secondary qualities by our senses to the immediate influence of Maya; and the seventh imputes to her operation the primary qualities of extension and solidity.
THE HYMN.

SPIRIT of Spirits, who, through ev'ry part
Of space expanded and of endless time,
Beyond the stretch of lab'ring thought sublime,
Badst uproar into beauteous order start,
Before Heav'n was, Thou art;
Ere spheres beneath us roll'd or spheres above,
Ere earth in firmamental ether hung,
Thou satst aloof; till, through thy mystick Love,
Things unexisting to existence sprung,
And grateful descant sung.
What first impell'd thee to exert thy might?
Goodness unlimited. What glorious light
Thy pow'r directed? Wisdom without bound.
What prov'd it first? Oh! guide my fancy right;
Oh! raise from cumbrous ground
My soul in rapture drown'd,
That fearless it may soar on wings of fire;
For Thou, who only knowst, Thou only canst inspire.

Wrapt in eternal solitary shade,
Th' impenetrable gloom of light intense,
Impervious, inaccessible, immense,
Ere spirits were infus'd or forms display'd,
BREHM his own Mind survey'd,

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X
As mortal eyes (thus finite we compare
With infinite) in smoothest mirrors gaze:
Swift, at his look, a shape supremely fair
Leap'd into being with a boundless blaze,
That fifty suns might daze.
Primeval Maya was the Goddess nam'd,
Who to her sire, with Love divine inflam'd,
A casket gave with rich Ideas fill'd,
From which this gorgeous Universe he fram'd;
For, when th' Almighty will'd,
Unnumber'd worlds to build,
From Unity diversified he sprang,
While gay Creation laugh'd, and procreant Nature rang.

First an all-potent all-pervading sound
Bade flow the waters—and the waters flow'd,
Exulting in their measureless abode,
Diffusive, multitudinous, profound,
Above, beneath, around;
Then o'er the vast expanse primordial wind
Breath'd gently, till a lucid bubble rose,
Which grew in perfect shape an Egg refin'd:
Created substance no such lustre shows,
Earth no such beauty knows.
Above the warring waves it danc'd elate,
'Till from its bursting shell with lovely state
A form cerulean flutter'd o'er the deep,
Brightest of beings, greatest of the great:
Who, not as mortals steep,
Their eyes in dewy sleep,
But heav'nly-pensive on the Lotos lay,
'That blossom'd at his touch and shed a golden ray.
A HYMN TO NARAYENA.

Hail, primal blossom! hail empyreal gem!
Kemel, or Pedma, or whate'er high name
Delight thee, say, what four-form'd Godhead came,
With graceful stole and beamy diadem,
Forth from thy verdant stem?

Full-gifted Brahma! Rapt in solemn thought
He stood, and round his eyes fire-darting threw;
But, whilst his viewless origin he sought,
One plain he saw of living waters blue,
Their spring nor saw nor knew.

Then, in his parent stalk again retir'd,
With restless pain for ages he inquir'd
What were his pow'rs, by whom, and why conferr'd:
With doubts perplex'd, with keen impatience fir'd
He rose, and rising heard
Th' unknown all-knowing Word,
"Brahma! no more in vain research persist:
My veil thou canst not move—Go; bid all worlds exist."

Hail, self-existent, in celestial speech
Narayen, from thy watry cradle, nam'd;
Or Venamaly may I sing unblam'd,
With flow'ry braids, that to thy sandals reach,
Whose beauties, who can teach?

Or high Peitamber clad in yellow robes
Than sunbeams brighter in meridian glow,
That weave their heav'n-spun light o'er circling globes?
Unwearied, lotos-eyed, with dreadful bow,
Dire Evil's constant foe!

Great Pedmanabha, o'er thy cherish'd world
The pointed Cheera, by thy fingers whirl'd,
Fierce Kytabh shall destroy and Medhu grim
To black despair and deep destruction hurl'd.

X 2
Such views my senses dim,
My eyes in darkness swim:
What eye can bear thy blaze, what utterance tell
Thy deeds with silver trump or many-wreathed shell?

Omniscient Spirit, whose all-ruling pow'r
Bids from each sense bright emanations beam;
Glows in the rainbow, sparkles in the stream,
Smiles in the bud, and glistens in the flow'r
That crowns each vernal bow'r;
Sighs in the gale, and warbles in the throat
Of ev'ry bird, that hails the bloomy spring,
Or tells his love in many a liquid note,
Whilst envious artists touch the rival string,
Till rocks and forests ring;
Breathes in rich fragrance from the sandal grove,
Or where the precious musk-deer playful rove;
In dulcet juice from clust'ring fruit distills,
And burns salubrious in the tasteful clove:
Soft banks and verd'rous hills
Thy present influence fills;
In air, in floods, in caverns, woods, and plains;
Thy will inspirits all, thy sov'reign Maya reigns.

Blue crystal vault, and elemental fires,
That in th' ethereal fluid blaze and breathe;
Thou, tossing main, whose snaky branches wreathe
This pensile orb with intertwined gyres;
Mountains, whose radiant spires
Presumptuous rear their summits to the skies,
And blend their em'rald hue with sapphire light;
Smooth meads and lawns, that glow with varying dyes
Of dew-bespangled leaves and blossoms bright,
Hence! vanish from my sight:
Delusive Pictures! unsubstantial shows!
My soul absorb'd One only Being knows,
Of all perceptions One abundant source,
Whence ev'ry object ev'ry moment flows:
Suns hence derive their force,
Hence planets learn their course;
But suns and fading worlds I view no more:
God only I perceive; God only I adore.
A HYMN

to

SERESWATY.
THE ARGUMENT.

THE Hindu Goddesses are uniformly represented as the subordinate powers of their respective lords: thus Lacsmy, the consort of Vishnu the Preserver, is the Goddess of abundance and prosperity; Bha-va'ny, the wife of Maha'de'v, is the genial power of secundity; and Se-reswaty, whose husband was the Creator Brahma', possesses the powers of Imagination and Invention, which may justly be termed creative. She is, therefore, adored as the patroness of the fine arts, especially of Musick and Rhetorick, as the inventress of the Sanscrit Language, of the Devanhgy Letters, and of the sciences, which writing perpetuates; so that her attributes correspond with those of Minerva Musica, in Greece and Italy, who invented the flute, and presided over literature. In this character she is addressed in the following ode, and particularly as the Goddess of Harmony; since the Indians usually paint her with a musical instrument in her hand: the seven notes, an artful combination of which constitutes Musick and variously affects the passions, are feigned to be her earliest production; and the greatest part of the Hymn exhibits a correct delineation of the Ra'gma'la', or Necklace of Musical Modes, which may be considered as the most pleasing invention of the ancient Hindus, and the most beautiful union of Painting with poetical Mythology and the genuine theory of Musick.

The different position of the two semitones in the
scale of _seven_ notes gives birth to seven _primary_ modes; and, as the whole series consists of _twelve_ semitones, every one of which may be made a _modal_ note or _tonick_, there are in nature, (though not universally in practice) _seventy-seven_ other modes, which may be called _derivative_: all the _eighty-four_ are distributed by the _Persians_, under the notion of _locality_, into three classes consisting of _twelve_ rooms, _twenty-four_ angles, and _forty-eight_ recesses; but the _Hindu_ arrangement is elegantly formed on the variations of the _Indian_ year, and the association of ideas; a powerful auxiliary to the ordinary effect of modulation. The _Modes_, in this system _a.e.deified_; and, as there are _six_ seasons in _India_, namely, _two_ Springs, Summer, Autumn, and _two_ Winters, an original _Rāg_, or _God of the Mode_, is conceived to preside over a particular season; each principal mode is attended by _five_ _Rā'gnys_, or _Nymphs of Harmony_; each has _eight_ Sons, or _Genii_ of the same divine Art; and each _Rāg_, with his family, is appropriated to a distinct season, in which alone his melody can be sung or played at prescribed hours of the day and night: the mode of _Deipec_, or _Cupid_ the _Inflamer_, is supposed to be lost; and a tradition is current in _Hindustan_, that a musician, who attempted to restore it, was consumed by fire from heaven. The _natural_ distribution of modes would have been _seven_, _thirty-three_, and _forty-four_, according to the number of the _minor_ and _major_ secondary tones; but this order was varied for the sake of the charming
fiction above-mentioned. Naśred, who is described in the third stanza, was one of the first created beings, corresponding with the Mercury of the Italians, inventor of the Vene, a fretted instrument supported by two large gourds, and confessedly the finest used in Asia.

A full discussion of so copious a subject would require a separate dissertation; but here it will be sufficient to say, that almost every allusion and every epithet in the Poem, as well as the names, are selected from approved treatises, either originally Persian or translated from the Sanscrit, which contain as lively a display of genius, as human imagination ever exhibited.

The last couplet alludes to the celebrated place of pilgrimage, at the confluence of the Gangá and Yamná, which the Sereswaty, another sacred river, is supposed to join under ground.
THE HYMN.

SWEET grace of BREHMA’s bed!
Thou, when thy glorious lord
Bade airy nothing breathe and bless his pow’r,
Satst with illumin’d head,
And, in sublime accord,
Sev’n sprightly notes, to hail th’ auspicious hour,
Ledst from their secret bow’r:
They drank the air; they came
With many a sparkling glance,
And knit the mazy dance,
Like yon bright orbs, that gird the solar flame,
Now parted, now combin’d,
Clear as thy speech and various as thy mind.

Young Passions at the sound
In shadowy forms arose,
O’er hearts, yet uncreated, sure to reign;
Joy, that o’erleaps all bound,
Grief, that in silence grows,
Hope, that with honey blends the cup of pain,
Pale Fear, and stern Disdain,
Grim Wrath’s avenging band,
Love, nurs’d in dimple smooth,
That ev’ry pang can soothe;
But, when soft Pity her meek trembling hand
Stretch’d, like a new-born girl,
Each sigh was musick, and each tear a pearl.
A HYMN TO SERESWATY.

Thee her great parent owns
All-ruling Eloquence:
That, like full Ganga, pours her stream divine
   Alarming states and thrones:
To fix the flying sense
Of words, thy daughters, by the varied line
   (Stupendous art!) was Thine;
Thine, with pointed reed
To give primeval Truth
Th’ unfading bloom of youth,
And paint on deathless leaves high Virtue’s meed:
Fair Science, heav’n-born child,
And playful Fancy on thy bosom smil’d.

Who bids the fretted Vene
Start from his deep repose,
And wakes to melody the quiv’ring frame?
What youth with godlike mien
O’er his bright shoulder throws
The verdant gourd, that swells with struggling flame?
Na’red, immortal name!
He, like his potent Sire,
Creative spreads around
The mighty world of sound,
And calls from speaking wood ethereal fire;
   While to th’ accordant strings
Of boundless heav’ns and heav’nly deeds he sings.

But look! the jocund hours
A lovelier scene display,
Young Hindol sportive in his golden swing
High-canopied with flow’rs;
While Rágni’s ever gay
Toss the light cordage, and in cadence sing
The sweet return of Spring;
A HYMN TO SERESWATY.

Here dark Viráwer stands;
There Ráncary divine
And fawn-eyed Lelit shine;
But stern Dáysásha leads her warring bands,
And slow in ebon clouds
Petmenjary her fading beauty shrouds.

Ah! where has Deípec veil'd
His flame-encircled head?
Where flow his lays too sweet for mortal ears?
O loss how long bewail'd!
Is yellow Cáméd fled?
And blythe the Cárnáty vaunting o'er her peers?
Where stream Caydará's tears
Intent on scenes above,
A beauteous anchorite?
No more shall Dáysa bright
With gentle numbers call her tardy love?
Has Netta, martial maid,
Lock'd in sad slumbers her sky-temper'd blade?

Once, when the vernal noon
Blaz'd with resistless glare,
The Sun's eye sparkled, and a God was born:
He smil'd; but vanish'd soon—
Then groan'd the northern air;
The clouds, in thunder muttering sullen scorn,
Delug'd the thirsty corn.
But, earth-born artist, hold!
If e'er thy soaring lyre
To Deípec's notes aspire,
Thy strings, thy bow'r, thy breast with rapture bold,
Red lightning shall consume;
Nor can thy sweetest song avert the doom.
See sky-form’d Maygh descend
In fertilising rain,
Whilst in his hand a falchion gleams unsheath’d!
Soft nymphs his car attend,
And raise the golden grain,
Their tresses dank with dusky spikenard wreath’d:
(A sweeter gale ne’er breath’d)
Tenca with laughing eyes,
And Gujry’s bloomy cheek,
Melár with dimple sleek,
On whose fair front two musky crescents rise:
While Dayscáór his rich neck
And mild Bhópálly with fresh jasmin deck.

Is that the King of Dread
With ashy musing face,
From whose moon-silver’d locks fam’d Ganga springs?
’Tis Bhairán, whose gay bed
Five blushing damsels grace,
And rouse old Autumn with immortal strings,
Till ev’ry forest rings;
Bengály lotos-crown’d,
Vairáty like the morn,
Sindvy with looks of scorn,
And Bhairavyy, her brow with Champa’s bound;
But Medumúdha’s eyes.
Speak love, and from her breast pomegranates rise.

Sing loud, ye lucid spheres;
Ye gales, more briskly play,
And wake with harmony the drooping meads;
The cooler season cheers
Each bird, that panting lay,
And Siry bland his dancing bevy leads
Hymning celestial deeds:
Marva with robes like fire,
Vasant whose hair perfumes
With musk its rich-eyed plumes,
A'sávery, whom list'ning asps admire,
Dhénásry, flow'r of glades,
And Málsry, whom the branching Amra shades.

Malcaus apart reclines
Bedeck'd with heav'n-strung pearls,
Blue-mantled, wanton, drunk with youthful pride;
Nor with vain love repines,
While softly-smiling girls
Melt on his cheek or frolick by his side,
And wintry winds deride;
Shambháwity leads along
Cocabb with kerchief rent,
And Gáry wine-besprent,
Warm Guncary, and Toda sweet in song,
Whom antelopes surround
With smooth tall necks, and quaff the streaming sound.

Nor deem these nuptial joys
With lovely fruit unblest:
No; from each God an equal race proceeds,
From each eight blooming boys;
Who, their high birth confess'd,
With infant lips gave breath to living reeds
In valleys, groves, and meads:
Mark how they bound and glance!
Some climb the vocal trees,
Some catch the sighing breeze,
Some, like new stars, with twinkling sandals dance;
Some the young Shamma snare,
Some warble wild, and some the burden bear.
A HYMN TO SERESWATY.

These are thy wond'rous arts;
Queen of the flowing speech,
Thence SERESWATY nam'd and VA'NY bright!
Oh, joy of mortal hearts,
Thy mystick wisdom teach;
Expand thy leaves, and, with ethereal light,
Spangle the veil of night.
If LEPIT please thee more,
Or BRA'HYM, awful name,
Dread BRA'HYM's aid we claim,
And thirst, VA'CEDVY, for thy balmy lore
'Drawn from that rubied cave,
Where meek-ey'd pilgrims hail the triple wave.
A HYMN

TO

GANGLÁ.
THE ARGUMENT.

This poem would be rather obscure without geographical notes; but a short introductory explanation will supply the place of them, and give less interruption to the reader.

We are obliged to a late illustrious Chinese monarch named Can-hi', who directed an accurate survey to be made of Pótyid or (as it is called by the Arabs) Tebbut, for our knowledge, that a chain of mountains nearly parallel with Imaus, and called Cântesè by the Tartars, forms a line of separation between the sources of two vast rivers; which, as we have abundant reason to believe, run at first in opposite directions, and, having finished a winding circuit of two thousand miles, meet a little below Dhácâ, so as to inclose the richest and most beautiful peninsula on earth, in which the British nation, after a prosperous course of brilliant actions in peace and war, have now the principal sway. These rivers are deified in India; that, which rises on the western edge of the mountain, being considered as the daughter of Mahâ'de'va or Siva, and the other as the son of Brahma%; their loves, wanderings, and nuptials are the chief subject of the following Ode, which is feigned to have been the work of a Bra'h-men, in an early age of Hindu antiquity, who, by a prophetical spirit, discerns the toleration and equity of the British government, and concludes with a prayer for its peaceful duration under good laws well administered.
After a general description of the Ganges, an account is given of her fabulous birth, like that of Pallas, from the forehead of Siva, the Jupiter Tonans and Genitor of the Latins; and the creation of her lover by an act of Brahmà's will is the subject of another stanza, in which his course is delineated through the country of Pótyid, by the name of Sanpò, or Supreme Bliss, where he passes near the fortress of Rimbù, the island of Pálté or Yambrò (known to be the seat of a high priestess almost equally venerated with the Goddess Bhaxúni) and Trashilhumbo (as a Pótya or Tebbutian would pronounce it), or the sacred mansion of the Lama next in dignity to that of Pótala, who resides in a city, to the south of the Sanpò, which the Italian travellers write Sgigatzhè, but which, according to the letters, ought rather to be written in a manner, that would appear still more barbarous in our orthography. The Brahmaputra is not mentioned again till the twelfth stanza, where his progress is traced, by very probable conjecture, through Rangamáti, the ancient Rangamriticà or Rangamar, celebrated for the finest spikenard, and Sríhù or Siret, the Serratio of Elian, whence the fragrant essence extracted from the Malobathrum, called Sádah by the Persians, and Téjapútra by the Indians, was carried by the Persian gulf to Syria, and from that coast into Greece and Italy. It is not, however, positively certain, that the Brahmaputra rises as it is here described: two great geographers are decidedly of opposite opinions on this very point; nor is it im-
possible that the Indian river may be one arm of the Sanpô, and the Nau-cyan, another; diverging from the mountains of Ashâm, after they have been enriched by many rivers from the rocks of China.

The fourth and fifth stanzas represent the Goddess obstructed in her passage to the west by the hills of Emodi, so called from a Sanscrit word signifying snow, from which also are derived both Imaus and Himálaya or Himola. The sixth describes her, after her entrance into Hindústan through the straits of Cúpala, flowing near Sambal, the Sambalaca of Ptolemy, famed for a beautiful plant of the like name, and thence to the once opulent city and royal place of residence, Cânyacucja, erroneously named Calinipara by the Greeks, and Canauj, not very accurately, by the modern Asiaticks: here she is joined by the Calinadi, and pursues her course to Prayâga, whence the people of Bahár were named Prasii, and where the Yamunâ, having received the Seresaat below Indraprest’ha or Dehlî, and watered the poetical ground of Mat’hurâ and Agarâ, mingles her noble stream with the Gangâ close to the modern fort of Ilahâbâd. This place is considered as the confluence of three sacred rivers, and known by the name of Trivôni, or the three plaited locks; from which a number of pilgrims, who there begin the ceremonies to be completed at Gayâ, are continually bringing vases of water, which they preserve with superstitious veneration, and are greeted by all the Hindus, who meet them on their return.
Six of the principal rivers, which bring their tribute to the Ganges, are next enumerated, and are succinctly described from real properties: thus the Gandac, which the Greeks knew by a similar name, abounds, according to Giorgi, with crocodiles of enormous magnitude; and the Mahanadi runs by the plain of Gaura, once a populous district with a magnificent capital, from which the Bengalese were probably called Gangaridae, but now the seat of desolation, and the haunt of wild beasts. From Prayāga she hastens to Clasī, or as the Muslimans name it, Benāres; and here occasion is taken to condemn the cruel and intolerant spirit of the crafty tyrant Aurangzi'bb, whom the Hindus of Cashmīr call Aurangāsūr, or the Demon, not the Ornament, of the Throne. She next bathes the skirts of Pātaliputra, changed into Patna; which, both in situation and name, agrees better on the whole with the ancient Palibothra, than either Prayāga, or Cānyacūja: if Megasthenes and the ambassadors of Seleucus visited the last-named city, and called it Palibothra, they were palpably mistaken. After this are introduced the beautiful hill of Muctigiri, or Mengir, and the wonderful pool of Sītā, which takes its name from the wife of Rāma, whose conquest of Sinhalakāp, or Sīlān, and victory over the giant Rāwan, are celebrated by the immortal Vālmīci, and by other epick poets of India.

The pleasant hills of Cāligrām and Gangā-presād
are then introduced, and give occasion to deplore and extoll the late excellent Augustus Cleveland, Esq. who nearly completed by lenity the glorious work, which severity could not have accomplished, of civilizing a ferocious race of Indians, whose mountains were formerly, perhaps, a rocky island, or washed at least by that sea, from which the fertile champaign of Bengal has been gained in a course of ages. The western arm of the Ganges is called Bhágirathí, from a poetical fable of a demigod or holy man, named Bhágirat'ha, whose devotion had obtained from Siva the privilege of leading after him a great part of the heavenly water, and who drew it accordingly in two branches; which embrace the fine island, now denominated from Kásimbázár, and famed for the defeat of the monster Sirájuddaulah, and, having met near the venerable Hindu seminary of Nawadaip or Nediya, flow in a copious stream by the several European settlements, and reach the Bay at an island which assumes the name of Ságar, either from the Sea or from an ancient Raja of distinguished piety. The Sundarabans or Beautiful Woods, an appellation to which they are justly entitled, are incidentally mentioned, as lying between the Bhágirat'hi and the Great River, or Eastern arm, which, by its junction with the Brahmaputra, forms many considerable islands; one of which, as well as a town near the conflux, derives its name from Lacshmi, the Goddess of Abundance.
It will soon be perceived, that the form of the stanza, which is partly borrowed from Gray, and to which he was probably partial, as he uses it six times in nine, is enlarged in the following Hymn by a line of fourteen syllables, expressing the long and solemn march of the great Asiatick rivers.
THE HYMN.

How sweetly Ganga's miles, and glides
Luxuriant o'er her broad autumnal bed!
Her waves perpetual verdure spread,
Whilst health and plenty deck her golden sides:
As when an eagle, child of light,
On Cambala's unmeasur'd height,
By Potala, the pontiff's throne rever'd,
O'er her eyry proudly rear'd
Sits brooding, and her plumage vast expands,
Thus Ganga o'er her cherish'd lands,
To Brahma's grateful race endear'd,
Throws wide her fost'ring arms, and on her banks divine
Sees temples, groves, and glitt'ring tow'rs, that in her crystal shine.

Above the stretch of mortal ken,
On bless'd Cailasa's top, where ev'ry stem
Glow'd with a vegetable gem,
Mahe'sa stood, the dread and joy of men;
While Parvat, to gain a boon,
Fix'd on his locks a beamy moon,
And hid his frontal eye, in jocund play,
With reluctant sweet delay:
All nature straight was lock'd in dim eclipse
Till Brahmans pure, with hallow'd lips
And warbled pray'rs restor'd the day;
When Ganga' from his brow by heav'ly fingers press'd
Sprang radiant, and descending grac'd the caverns of the west.

The sun's car blaz'd, and laugh'd the morn;
What time near proud Cantésa's eastern bow'rs,
(While Dévatâ's rain'd living flow'rs)
A river-god, so Brahmâ will'd, was born,
And roll'd mature his vivid stream
Impetuous with celestial gleam:
The charms of Ganga', through all worlds proclaim'd,
Soon his youthful breast inflam'd,
But destiny the bridal hour delay'd;
Then, distant from the west'ring maid,
He flow'd, now blissful Sanpô nam'd,
By Pałê crown'd with hills, bold Rimbu's tow'ring state,
And where sage Trasibilbumbo hails her Lama's form renate.

But she, whose mind, at Siva's nod,
The picture of that sov'reign youth had seen,
With graceful port and warlike mien,
In arms and vesture like his parent God,
Smit with the bright idea rush'd,
And from her sacred mansion gush'd,
Yet ah! with erring step--The western hills
Pride, not pious ardour, fills:
In fierce confed'racy the giant bands
Advance with venom-darting hands,
Fed by their own malignant rills;
Nor could her placid grace their savage fury quell:
The madding rifts and should'ring crags her foamy flood repel.

"Confusion wild and anxious wo
"Haunt your waste brow, she said, unholy rocks,
"Far from these nectar-dropping locks!
"But thou, lov'd Father, teach my waves to flow."
Loud thunder her high birth confess'd;
Then from th' inhospitable west
She turn'd, and, gliding o'er a lovelier plain,
Cheer'd the pearled East again:
Through groves of nard she roll'd, o'er spicy reeds,
Through golden vales and em'rald meads;
Till, pleas'd with Indra's fair domain,
She won through yielding marl her heav'n-directed way:
With lengthen'd notes her eddies curl'd, and pour'd a blaze
of day.

Smoothly by Sambal's flaunting bow'rs,
Smoothly she flows, where Calinadi brings
To Cānyacura, seat of kings,
On prostrate waves her tributary flow'rs;
Whilst Yamunā, whose waters clear
Fam'd Indraprastha's vallies cheer,
With Sereswati knit in mystick chain,
Gurgles o'er the vocal plain
Of Mathurā, by sweet Brindāvan's grove,
Where Gopa's love-lorn daughters rove,
And hurls her azure stream amain,
Till blest Prayāga's point beholds three mingling tides,
Where pilgrims on the far-sought bank drink nectar, as it glides.

From Himala's perennial snow,
And southern Palamau's less daring steep,
Sonorous rivers, bright though deep,
O'er thirsty deserts youth and freshness throw.
' A goddess comes,' cried Gumti chaste,
And roll'd her flood with zealous haste:
Her follow'd Sona with pellucid wave
Dancing from her diamond cave,
Broad Gogra, rushing swift from northern hills,
Red Gandac, drawn by crocodiles,
(Herds, drink not there, nor, herdsmen, lave!)
Càma, whose bounteous hand Népálian odour flings,
And Mahánadi laughing wild at cities, thrones, and kings.

Thy temples, Cà’si’, next she sought,
And verd’rous plains by tepid breezes fann’d;
Where health extends her pinions bland,
Thy groves, where pious Válmic sat and thought,
Where Víjsa pour’d the strain sublime,
That laughs at all-consuming time,
And Bráhma rapt the lofty Véda sing.
Cease, oh! cease—a ruffian king,
The demon of his empire, not the grace,
His ruthless bandits bids deface
The shrines, whence gifts ethereal spring:
So shall his frantick sons with discord rend his throne,
And his fair-smiling realms be sway’d by nations yet un-
known.

Less hallow’d scenes her course prolong;
But Cáma, restless pow’r, forbids delay:
To Love all virtues homage pay,
E’en stern religion yields. How full, how strong
Her trembling panting surges run,
Where Pátali’s immortal son
To domes and turrets gives his awful name
Fragrant in the gales of fame!
Nor stop, where Ra’ma, bright from dire alarms,
Sinks in chaste Síthi’s constant arms,
While bards his wars and truth proclaim:
There from a fiery cave the bubbling crystal flows,
And Mucútigir, delightful hill, with mirth and beauty glows.

Oh! rising bow’rs, great Cál’y’s boast,
And thou, from Gangà nam’d, enchanting mount,
What voice your wailings can recount
Borne by shrill echoes o’er each howling coast,
When He, who bade your forests bloom,
Shall seal his eyes iron gloom?
Exalted youth! The godless mountaineer,
Roaming round his thickets drear,
Whom rigour fir'd, nor legions could appall,
I see before thy mildness fall,
Thy wisdom love, thy justice fear:
A race, whom rapine nurs'd, whom gory murder stains,
Thy fair example wins to peace, to gentle virtue trains.

But mark, where old Bhágirath leads
(This boon his pray'rs of Mahádev obtain:
Grace more distinguish'd who could gain?)
Her calmer current o'er his western meads,
Which trips the fertile plains along,
Where vengeance waits th' oppressor's wrong;
Then girds, fair Nawadwíp, thy shaded cells,
Where the Pëndit musing dwells;
Thence by th' abode of arts and commerce glides,
Till Ságar breasts the bitter tides:
While She, whom struggling passion swells,
Beyond the labyrinth green, where pards by moonlight prowl,
With rapture seeks her destin'd lord, and pours her mighty soul.

Meanwhile o'er Pátíd's musky dales,
Gay Rangamar, where sweetest spikenard blooms,
And Síret, fam'd for strong perfumes,
That, flung from shining tresses, lull the gales,
Wild Brábmaputra winding flows,
And murmurs hoarse his am'rous woes;
Then, charming Gangá' seen, the heav'nly boy
Rushes with tumultuous joy:
(Can aught but Love to men or Gods be sweet?)
When she, the long-lost youth to greet,
Darts, not as earth-born lovers toy,
But blending her fierce waves, and teeming verdant isles;
While buxom *Lacshmi* crowns their bed, and sounding ocean
smiles:

What name, sweet bride, will best allure
Thy sacred ear, and give thee honour due?
*Vishnu*pedi? Mild *Bhishma* pedi?
Smooth *Suranima*na? *Trisrutila* pure?
By that I call? Its pow'r confess;
With growing gifts thy suppliants bless,
Who with full sails in many a light-oar'd boat
On thy jasper bosom float;
Nor frown, dread Goddess, on a peerless race
With lib'ral heart and martial grace,
Wafted from colder isles remote:
As they preserve our laws, and bid our terror cease,
So be their darling laws preserv'd in wealth, in joy, in peace!
THE

FIRST NEMEAN ODE

OF

PINDAR.
THE

FIRST NEMEAN ODE

OF

PINDAR.

I. 1.

CALM breathing-place of Alpheus dread,
Ortygia, graceful branch of Syracuse renown'd,
Young Diana's rosy bed,
Sister of Delos, thee, with sweet, yet lofty, sound
Bursting numbers call, to raise
Of tempest-footed steeds the trophies glorious
(Thus Etnean Jove we praise);
While Chromius' car invites, and Nemea's plain,
For noble acts victorious
To weave th' encomiastic strain.

I. 2.

From prosp'ring Gods the song begins;
Next hails that godlike man and virtue's holy meeds:
He the flow'r of greatness wins,
Whom smiling fortune crowns; and vast heroick deeds

VOL. XI.
The First Nemean Ode

Ev'ry muse delights to sing.
Now wake to that fair isle the splendid story,
Which the great Olympian king,
Jove, gave to Prosperpine, and wav'd his locks
Vowing, that, supreme in glory,
Fam'd for sweet fruits and nymph-loc'd rocks,

I. 3.

Sicilia's full nutritious breast
With tow'r'd and wealthy cities he would crown.
Her the son of Saturn bless'd
With suitors brazen-arm'd for war's renown
By lance and fiery steed; yet oft thy leaves,
Olympick olive, bind their hair
In wreathy gold. Great subjects I prepare;
But none th' immortal verse deceives.

II. 1.

Oft in the portals was I plac'd
Of that guest-loving man, and pour'd the dulcet strain,
Where becoming dainties grac'd
His hospitable board; for ne'er with efforts vain
Strangers to his mansion came:
And thus the virtuous, when detraction rages,
Quench with lib'ral streams her flame.
Let each in virtue's path right onward press,
As each his art engages,
And, urg'd by genius, win success.

II. 2.

Laborious action Strength applies,
And wary conduct, Sense: the future to foresee
Nature gives to few, the wise.
Agésidamus' son, she frankly gave to thee
Pow'rful might and wisdom deep.
I seek not in dark cells the hoarded treasure
Grow'ling with low care to keep,
But, as wealth flows, to spread it; and to hear
Loud fame, with ample measure
Cheering my friends, since hope and fear

II. 3.
Assail disastrous men. The praise
Of Hercule with rapture I embrace:
On the heights, which virtues raise,
The rapid legend old his name shall place;
For, when he brook'd no more the cheerless gloom,
And burst into the blaze of day,
The child of Jove with his twin-brother lay,
Refulgent from the sacred womb.

III. 1.
Not unobserv'd the godlike boy
By Juno golden-thron'd the saffron cradle press'd;
Straight heav'n's queen with furious joy
Bade bideous dragons fleet th' unguarded floor infest:
They, the portals op'ning wide,
Roll'd through the chamber's broad recess tremendous,
And in jaws fire-darting tried
The slumb'ring babe to close. He, starting light,
Rear'd his bold head stupendous,
And first in battle prov'd his might.

III. 2.
With both resistless hands he clasp'd
Both struggling horrid pests, and cloth'd their necks with death;
They expiring, as he grasp'd,
Pour'd from their throats compress'd the soul envenom'd breath.
Horror seiz'd the female train,
Who near Alcmene's genial couch attended:
She, from agonizing pain
Yet weak, unsandalled and unmantled rush'd,
And her lov'd charge defended,
Whilst he the fiery monsters crush'd.

III. 3.

Swift the Cadmean leaders ran
In brazen mail precipitately bold:
First Amphitrion, dauntless man,
Bar'd his rais'd falchion from its sheathing gold,
While gridding anguish pierc'd his fluttering breast;
For private woes most keenly bite
Self-loving man; but soon the heart is light,
With sorrow, not its own, oppress'd.

IV. 1.

Standing in deep amazement wild
With rapt'rous pleasure mix'd, he saw th' enormous force,
Saw the valour of his child:
And fated heralds prompt, as heav'n had shap'd their course,
Wafted round the varied tale;
Then call'd he from high Jove's contiguous region,
Him, whose warnings never fail,
Tiresias blind, who told, in diction sage,
The chief and thronging legion
What fortunes must his boy engage;

IV. 2.

What lawless tyrants of the wood,
What serpents he would slay, what monsters of the main,
What proud foe to human good,
The worst of monstrous forms, that holy manhood stain,
His huge arm to death would dash:
How, when heav'n's host, o'er Phlegra's champaign hast'ing,
With embattled giants rash
Vindictive warr'd, his pond'rous mace would storm
With dreadful strokes wide-wasting,
And dust their glitt'ring locks deform,

IV. 3.

He told; and how in blissful peace
Through cycles infinite of gliding time,
When his mortal task should cease,
Sweet prize of perils hard and toil sublime,
In gorgeous mansions he should hold entranc'd
Soft Hebe, fresh with blooming grace,
And crown, exalting his majestick race,
The bridal feast near Jove advanc'd.
AN

EXTRACT

FROM THE

BHÚSHANDÁ RÁMÁYÁN.

THE beautiful and lofty mountain, called Neil, or azure, has a pointed summit of pure gold: the holy trees, Peipel, Ber, and Pacr, flourish on its brow; and its top is crowned with a pool of water shining like diamonds of exquisite brilliancy: clear, fresh, and sweet streams, displaying a rich variety of colours, flow from all sides of it; and thousands of birds warble rapturous lays among the sacred branches. Here the Crow Bhushanda, who had been adorned with many virtues, and disgraced by many vices, who had lived in every part of the universe, and knew all events from the beginning of time, had fixed his abode. Under the Peipel, he meditated on the divinity: under the Pacr he poured forth invocations: under the shade of the Ber he chanted the story of Vishn; to hear which the feathered
inhabitants of woods and of waters assembled around him; and even Mahadayo, in the form of the large white-plumed Mara'l, perched on a bough, was delighted with listening to the adventures of the all-good and all-powerful Ram.

To this mountain the sage Eagle Gerhur, essence of all amiable qualities, who stands near Vishn himself, and is ridden by that stupendous God, hastily took his flight, and was relieved, on beholding it, from the cares, which before oppressed him: he bathed his pinions in the pool, and refreshed his beak with a draught of the hallowed water. Just as Bhushandā was opening his divine history, the king of air appeared in his presence: the winged assembly paid him respectful homage, saluted him with solemn expressions of reverence, and then, addressing him with sweet words of affection, placed him on a seat becoming his high dignity.

"Monarch of birds, began the Crow, the sight of thee transports me with joy, signify to me thy commands; and inform me what inducement has brought thee to the mansion of thy servant."

"Brother, answered Gerhur, the purpose of my visit was in part answered by my first view of thy charming retreat; and the doubts, which thou alone couldst have removed from this
"breathe, are now almost wholly dispersed: but listen to my recital.

"When the son of Rā'wān, the giant, with a thousand arms, had bound Rām with a snake discharged from his bow, Nared commissioned me to disentangle the celestial warrior; and the commission was executed with faithful dispatch: but pride arose in my heart; and considering that even mortals are exempt through devotion, from the shackles of terror, I concluded that, if Rām had in truth been a deity of boundless power, he could never have been made captive by the fold of a reptile.

"All night was I disturbed by these embarrassing reflexions; and my arrogance, as the deliverer of a god, attained such a height, that my reason had nearly forsaken me: I retained, however, sense enough to seek a solution of my doubts; and, hastening to my wise employer Nāred, laid open to him the secret of my bosom.

"Thou art fallen, said the son of Brehma', with a compassionate aspect, into the snares of passion, from which the most virtuous, when they fail to exert their understandings, cannot be secure: that appearance, by which thou hast been caught, was only the Māya', or deception of Vishn, which has often deluded even me. To give thee perfect relief, exceeds my power: go
"to the palace of my father, and implicitly follow
his directions.

"With all imaginable swiftness I flew to the
heaven of Brebmda, giving praises to my lord
and rider Vifbn, and explained to the benign
God, the grounds of my perplexity. The
Creator stood awhile in silence, reflecting on
the glories of Ram, and the force of his illu-
sions; then, leaving his meditation, "It is no
wonder, said he, that thou hast been deceived by
a power, from which I, at the very time of the
creation, was not exempt. Ram has tried thee
by a delusive appearance; and, when thou hast
untwisted the living chain, which entangled him,
thou satst all night elated with pride, and con-
templating thy own prowess. Hasten, there-
fore, to the palace of Mahadoyo, than whom
no deity better knows the supremacy of
Ram: he will dissipate thy sorrows.

"His words were instantly followed by my
flight towards Callas, but I met the destroying
power near the mansion of Cobayr, the
wealthy genius of the north. Having listened
benignantly to my narrative, he thus instructed
me: 'Thou art under the influence of a strong
passion, from which no discourse of mine can
so soon relieve thee, as the conversation of re-
ligious persons, and serious attention to the
history of Vifbn, related by pious Munys in
sweet accents. Without conversing with the religious, the noble deeds of the preserving power cannot be known; without that knowledge, the passions cannot be conquered; without that conquest, true devotion cannot be acquired; and without that acquisition, whatever sacrifices may be performed, or ceremonies observed, God will never be seen by man. Fly, O Gerúr, to the regions of the west, and piously attend, with birds of inferior wing, to the achievements of Rám; as they will be related by the wise habitant of the azure mountain, the virtuous Bhúsandá: the relation will subdue thy passion, and wholly dispel thy sorrows. Expect not a remedy from me; since thou haft entertained proud thoughts concerning Rám, by whom I have been highly favoured: besides, one bird will convey instruction more effectually to another bird in their common dialect.

Not a moment was lost by me in seeking thy delightful abode; and the sight of it almost entirely destroyed my pride with its bitter, but certain, fruit, affliction. Complete my recovery, beloved brother, by reciting the sacred story of Rám."

The devout Bhúsandá complied immediately with his request; and having pronounced an eulogium on the incarnate God, began with
an account of his Avatar, or Descent; and then related the adventures of his childhood, the actions of his youth, and the circumstances of his marriage with Sei’ta’. He next informed the attentive eagle, how the machinations of B’hart, the half-brother of Rám, and of Caycai, his step-mother, induced king Jesret, his father, to send him into the woods, while the whole nation in agony mourned his loss; how Lech’hmen, his affectionate brother, insisted on accompanying him in exile; how they meditated on Providence in a great forest, and afterwards passed the Ganga to preach lessons of devotion in populous towns: he proceeded to the death of the old Rája, the penitence of B’hart, and his journey in pursuit of Rám, who, after long and earnest solicitation, returned to Ayodhya, where he lived with the splendour of a divinity: he told, how Rám again retired among the thickets, and there gave instructions to hermits and reverend Munys; how Lech’hmen was provoked to disfigure a giantess, and slay two giants, the sister and kinsmen of Ráwan; how that imperious demon violently seized the incomparable Seiédá, and bore her captive to the place of his tyrannous empire, the isle of Lancia; how Rám, afflicted to excess, passed the whole rainy season upon a mountain, having contracted a friendship with the race of
Apes, and appointed their chief, Henu'man, son of the wind, to the command of his newly-raised army; how they discovered the bower of Ajoca's*, in which Settá was confined; how a vast bridge was erected by them over the sea, from which Henúman leaped into the island, consoled the faithful Settá, and set fire to the gardens of Rawan; who, in a desperate engagement, was routed and slain by Rám; lastly, how the divine conqueror revisited his country, restored to joy its disconsolate inhabitants, conferred high honours on the learned Bráhmens, treated his preceptor Bà'sisht with such reverence, that he drank the water in which he had washed the feet of the Muny, and instructed the humble B'hart in celestial knowledge; how the Ráyys and high-born damsels, having bathed the lovely Setta, decorated her with inestimable jewels, and offered her holy curds in golden basons, crowned with branches of Tufsy; how the princes of the apes, and other warlike beasts, assumed the most beautiful human forms; how men of all ranks, who flocked to the palace, forgetting their homes, as the pious forget their enemies, concurred in singing the praises of their king, while the gods rained flowerets from heaven on the delighted assembly.

"The festivals and entertainments," added

* Jonesia of Doctor Roxburgh.
the crow, on his receiving the sacred mark of vermilion, and ascending the throne with Seiśā, "thou sawst, O monarch of the air, and waft "enraptured with devout joy; for Brabna, "Mabádaya, Náred, and other deities, attended "them; nor wouldst thou be absent on so signal "an occasion. During this reign, no terrors "alarmed, or forrows rent, the bosoms of his "votaries; all was love, piety, concord; the "name of vice was unknown or unheard; none "were then infirm, none ignorant, none dis-
tressed; sweet and salutary liquors flowed from "every tree; perpetual blossoms laughed on the "stalks, and perpetual fruit hung glittering from "the branches; a cool placid gale blew without "ceasing; the birds charmed each forest with "aëreal melody; and animals, the most oppo-
site in their kinds, lived together, like the ve-
nerable cow with her own calf, in perfect "amity, and even tenderness. Such were the "blessings derived by mankind from Rám, "whose presence rendered the silver age equal "in virtue and happiness to that of gold."

As soon as Bujunda had concluded his nar-
ration: "O adorable Rám," exclaimed the eagle, "I revere thee for thy power, and love thee for "thy goodnes! Hadst thou not been pleased to "raise doubts in my mind, and, by thy divine "Máyá, to beguile me into the sin of pride, "how should I have been directed to this noble
"mountain? How should I have heard the
recital of thy glorious actions? How should
the ardent love of thee have been kindled in
my bosom?"

"Me too," said the crow, "has Rām exalted,
by procuring me the honour of being thus
consulted by the sovereign of birds. To thee
his affection has been signally manifested; and
thou mayest now cease to wonder, that the
most eminent among the deities, and the most
virtuous Rīṣhys, have fallen under the domi-
nion of the passions. What being exists, but
God, who was never seduced by the love of
wealth; whom nothing has provoked to wrath,
or stimulated to vengeance; whom the plea-
sures of youth have not allured, nor female
beauty smitten with the shafts of large and
languishing eyes? Who can boast of a constant
exemption from groundless terrors and unavail-
ing grief? Whose fame has never been blemish-
ed by pride? Whom has ambition never cap-
tivated with false views of greatness? All these
temptations and blandishments are the daugh-
ters of Māyā, with whose fascinations, diffused
over the world, Viṣṇu deludes all creatures for
their ultimate advantage. He is the being of
beings, one substance in three forms; without
mode, without quality, without passion; im-
"mense, incomprehensible, infinite, indivisible,
"immutable, incorporeal, irresistible: His operations no mind can conceive; and his will moves all the inhabitants of the universe, as puppets are moved by strings. The pious, whom he loves, as a mother loves her only infant, rejoice in his government, and exult in his glory; while the irreligious, who are proud, ignorant, captious, and madly impute to Rám the consequences of their own stupidity, vainly afflict themselves, and view all objects in false colours; as they, whose eyes are inflamed, suppose the moon also to be red: their folly would make them believe, that the sun rises in the west, and their fears agitate them, like small barques tossed by the waves. Were the firmament illumined by sixteen moons, yet, if no sun rose, the stars would not disappear: thus, without religion and humility, vice and error cannot be dispersed. As an illustration of these truths, hear, O Gerúr, the story of my life; and mark the sad effects of my sin.

"When Rám was born in Audh, I repaired eagerly to his birthplace, attended him five years with affluity, contemplating his beautiful features, and receiving happiness from the sparkles of his eye. He used to laugh when I approached him, and when I departed, to weep: sometimes he tried to seize me by
the feet, and shed tears if I flew out of his reach. *Can this, I thought, can this be the ruler of the universe? Thus was I entangled by his illusion, and my mind was perplexed with doubts; I became sad and pensive; but the divine infant laughed at my distress. One day, he ran suddenly to catch me; but seeing his body black and his feet ruddy, I took my flight aloft with inexpressible agitation: he stretched out his arm, and how high soever I flew, the same arm pursued me at an equal distance. As soon as I reached the heaven of Brabma, I looked back, and still saw behind me the arm of Vishn; amazed and stupefied, I closed my eyes in a trance, and found myself, when I opened them, near the city of Ayodhya.

On my return to the palace of Jesret, I renewed my homage to Rám; but he made a sport of my confusion, which was so great, that, as he laughed, I flew into his mouth: there I saw myriads of heavens infinitely spendid, myriads of Brabma's and Mahádayo's, myriads of suns, moons, and stars, gods and goddesses, Rája's and Rány's, and gazed beneath me on this vast earth, girt with multitudinous seas, veined with rivers, clothed with forests, and peopled with numberless animals. An hundred complete years I dwelled in each heaven;
and traversing them all, was dazzled with their endless and unutterable glories; but, whithersoever I shaped my course, I beheld one only, Ram, the same lovely infant, whose idea was impressed indelibly on my mind.

Having spent a wonderful period of revolving ages in this ethereal jaunt, I returned to my own habitation; where I heard, that Ram was become incarnate, and, hastening to the place of his birth, I enjoyed the rapture of beholding him: yet was my heart still agitated by a storm of passions, and a thousand cares arose in my breast. Ram, knowing what anxiety his deceptions had produced, again laughed, and I flew out of his mouth into open air. On finding that I had rambled over so many worlds, and seen so many wonders in so few minutes, and on considering the power of the divine spirit, I fell breathless to the ground: at length: 'Have pity, said I, have pity on me; and cease, O thou, who rewardest the devout! cease to delude and grieve thy humiliated votary.' The deity then perceiving my unfeigned anguish, suspended the influence of his Maia, placed his hands with gentleness on my head, relieved at once my solicitude; and, having mildly heard a fervent effusion, which I pronounced with weeping eyes, commanded me to ask for whatever I
"most desired: I asked for true piety towards
him; and he gave it with gracious praise, added
"to heavenly benedictions. Adore, therefore,
"and invoke perpetually that invisible being,
"who, having no shape, is described in the
"Vayds by a similitude, and compared to a
"bottomless ocean of innumerable virtues."

"How salutary," said Gerûr, "are the lessons
"of a spiritual instructor! If a hundred Brahmas"
"and a hundred Mahadayos had assifted me,
"I should not have been so effectually re-
"lieved."

After a long conversation between Busund and
his penitent visitor, in which they reciprocally
told their most interesting adventures, the crow
discoursed more at large on the grandeur of
Râm, and the blessings of the age, in which he
appeared on earth. "Very different," con-
tinued he, "will be the Cal Yugas, or age of
"impurity! Then shall priests, kings, and sub-
jects, be wholly abandoned to vice; neglecting
"holy rites, and the due observance of ranks;
"not considering genuine piety, as the true and
"invaluable gem, which all ought to seek: such
"as babble fastest will be dignified with the title
"of Pendits; and such as relate most untruths,
"with the epithet of virtuous; they who wear
"necklaces of beads, and the dress of Gosains,
"will be reverenced as observers of inspired
"scripture; and they who suffer their nails to
grow unpared, and their hair uncut, or stand
longest on one leg, holding the other in their
hand, as devout Senniyáfs: the low cast of
Shudra will have Bráhmens for their disciples,
and presume to wear the same cord; while
the Bráhmens will be distinguished only by
that mark, which they will be sure to display
uncovered: they will be illiterate, covetous,
luxurious, inobservant of rites, and resembling
bulls without their tails; dissipating the pro-
erty, not the ignorance, or uneasiness, of
their pupils; and even parents will instruct
their children in gluttony, not in religion.
Then will Rájas be merciless, and profligate,
putting Bráhmens to death, and continually
racking or a mercing their subjects numbers of
whom will die through want, since famine will
from time to time desolate whole provinces;
the clouds will shed no rain; and the ground
will yield no return for the grains it has re-
ceived: yet, even in this debased age, the mi-
serable race of men may be saved by affection-
ate devotion towards Rám, not appearing in
external acts, but glowing in the recelles of
the heart."
"The disorders of that age," said the eagle,
will, indeed, be as terrible, as the remedy is
delightful, and certain."
"Happy," said Bhusunda, "will be they, who faithfully apply it; but the domination of pride is more or less absolute in every human breast: this abominable sin caused the many changes of my form, and my condemnation to a lonely residence among the rocks.

"In a temple of Mahádaya I stood invoking his name, when the guide of my youth, my instructor in religious duties, entered it with true humility; yet such was my arrogance, from a vain conceit of my own piety and knowledge, that I made him no salutation, and showed him no respect. He opened not his lips, nor was he moved to anger by my presumption; but the God, whom we adored, bore it not so mildly, and in a tremendous voice from above, thundered against me a sentence of perpetual misery. This dreadful judgement threw my indulgent preceptor into an agony of grief; his limbs trembled, his tongue faultered; and casting himself on the earth, with clasped hands, he supplicated for a mitigation of my doom. Such benignity, and zeal, could not but appease the wrathful divinity, who spoke thus from the summit of Cáiilás: 'Justice requires the chastisement of this proud mortal, but thy piety has procured a remission of its greatest pains. He shall suffer a thousand transformations, and in all of them shall exist without pleasure, but
not without wisdom; he shall be a constant
adorer of Vishn, and again shall assiduously
invoke my name. This blessing, too, shall
attend him: he shall be loved by all. On
leaving my human shape by death, I was re-
born in that of a serpent; and in all my
metamorphoses, continued to worship Mahá-
dayo, by whose grace I left each body, as a
man puts off his old vesture.
After many changes I became a Bráhmen,
but the seeds of pride still germinating in my
heart, I disliked the instructions of my father,
and retiring to the woods and mountains, me-
ditated incessantly on the attributes of God;
there I heard the discourses of a venerable
Rishby, with whom I had the boldness to con-
tend in argument, and to maintain the prefer-
ence of devotion towards the visible, or incor-
nate, over that towards the invisible deity. The
sage, irritated by my obstinate presumption,
lost for a while the command of his temper,
and uttered an imprecation, in consequence of
which I thus exist as a bird of the lowest race;
but Mahádayo, having calmed his disturbed
intellect, he repented of his anger, and when
I assumed my present figure, consoled me with
tender expressions, gave me the Mentr, or
Incantation of Rám, advised me to attend the
God in his infancy, and afterwards to seek this
retirement, in which I have spent myriads of
years; he concluded with a benizone, confirmed
by a voice from heaven, saying: 'Granted
be the wishes of the pious!'

Here has my opinion been more and more
deeply fixed, that the ignorant who neglect
the cow Cà'md'ren, source of all true felicity,
and aspire only to sensual gratifications, re-
semble those who go searching for the herb
acun, but only desire its milk; that men with-
out religion, are like those who try to pass the
ocean without a ship; and that, although the
human soul be an immortal emanation from
the divinity, they who are swayed by their
passions, become like parrots in a cage, or apes
confined by a chain. Not so the religious,
who study the Vayds, and perform good ac-
tions; they resemble cows depasturing green
plains, whose udders are distended with milk,
with which the herdsman fills his bowl; then,
having boiled it, he lets it cool in the fresh air,
turns it into curd, and beats it into delicious
butter. Piety is the fire, which increases the
goodness of the milk, burning away the stains
of vice; and repentance constitutes the butter,
which being converted into oil, supplies the
lamp of the understanding, by which divine
books are perused, and luminous truths disco-
vered. Then the propitious gods delight to co-
operate with mortals; in each of whose corporeal
"senses are many lattices, where the deities continually keep watch; and, if the soul warily leaves them open to the hot envenomed wind of temptation, a sincere invocation of those heavenly guardians will preserve the precious light from total extinction."

"The transported eagle attentively heard the sublime doctrines of Bhusundá, and requested him to complete the lesson, by defining the most excellent of natural forms, the highest good, the chief pain and pleasure, the greatest wickedness, and the severest punishment.

"I will then describe them," answered the crow, "with precision. In the three worlds, empyreal, terrestrial, and infernal, no form excels the human; supreme felicity on earth, consists in genuine piety, and contempt of worldly advantages; the highest enjoyment is the conversation of the devout, and virtuous; the keener pain is inflicted by extreme poverty; the worst of sins is uncharitableness, and the uncharitable, who never fail to blaspheme the deities, and contemn the Vayds, shall be punished in the profoundest hell; while the despisers of their spiritual guides, shall eternally live as frogs; of the Brähmens, as crows; of the pious, as night-ravens; of other men, as bats: such miseries are the fruit of ungoverned passion!"
"How should he," continued Busundé, "who loves all men, and whom all men love, be torn by affliction; or he be necessitous, who possesses the stone Paras? How can they who hate their neighbours, be free from terror; or how can the voluptuous be ultimately free from pain? How can that country prosper, in which Brâhmens are injuriously treated? or how shall that kingdom stand, in which justice is not administered? How can he fail of success, who acts with circumspection? How shall they be tormented with gloomy apprehensions, who despise not the virtuous? How shall he be rescued from perdition, who seduces the wife of another? or he live happily, who murmurs at Providence? Who can be glorified without merit? and who can be dishonoured without blame? How, lastly, can sin dwell in him, who listens to the story, and pours forth the praises of Râ'm? No happiness can equal the pure devotion of his adorers."
EXTRACTS

FROM

THE VEDAS.
THE following fragments were submitted to the perusal of a friend*, and are now published at his recommendation, communicated to the Editor in the following terms:

"The fragments submitted to my perusal, consist of translations of passages in the Vedas, and appear to be materials selected by Sir William Jones for the elucidation of a Dissertation 'On the Primitive Religion of the Hindus.' This Dissertation was professedly intended, 'to remove the veil from the supposed mysteries of the primeval Indian Religion;' and it is much to be regretted, that it was never completed, and that the fragments, which are extremely curious and interesting, cannot be published with that elucidation which they would have received from the pen of the translator. I recommend, however, the publication of them, as well as of the following extract."

* Lord Teignmouth.
Extract from a Dissertation on the primitive Religion of the Hindus.

* * * * * * but that I may not seem to appropriate the merit of discoveries which others have previously made, I think it necessary to say, that the original Gayatri, or holiest verse in the Veda, has already been published, though very incorrectly, by Fra Manuel da Assomcaon, a successful missionary from Portugal, who may have received it, as his countrymen assert, from a converted Brāhman; that the same venerable text was seen in the hand of Mr. Wilkins, who no doubt well understood it, by two Pandits of my acquaintance; and that a paraphrase of it in Persian may be found in the curious work of Darashucuh, which deserves to be mentioned very particularly. That amiable, but impolitic prince, who sacrificed his throne, and his life, to a premature declaration of his religious opinions, had employed six months, as he tells us, at Banaras, in translating, and explaining, fifty-one Upanishads, or secrets of the old Indian scripture; but he translated only the verbal interpretation of his Pandits, and blended the text of the Veda, with
different glosses, and even with the conversation, I believe, of his living Hindu expositors, who are naturally so loquacious, that when they have begun talking, they hardly know how to close their lips.

Of this book I procured, with the assistance of Colonel Polier, a complete copy, collected by a learned Rájá, named Anandaram, with whom the Colonel was very intimate: but though sublime, and majestic, features of the original were discernible, in parts, through folds of the Persian drapery; yet the Sanscrit names were so barbarously written, and the additions of the translator has made the work so deformed, that I resolved to postpone a regular perusal of it till I could compare it with the Sanscrit original.

* * * * * * * * * * * *
THE GAYATRI OR HOLIEST VERSE
OF THE VEDAS.

LET us adore the supremacy of that divine sun *, the godhead † who illuminates all, who recreates all, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return, whom we invoke to direct our understandings aright in our progress toward his holy seat.

* * * * * *

WHAT the sun and light are to this visible world, that, are the supreme good, and truth, to the intellectual and invisible univerfe; and, as our corporeal eyes have a distinct perception of objects enlightened by the sun, thus our souls acquire certain knowledge, by meditating on the light of truth, which emanates from the Being of beings: that is the light by which alone our minds can be directed in the path to beatitude.

* Opposed to the visible luminary.
† Bhargas, a word consisting of three consonants, derived from bhū, to shine; ram, to delight; gam, to move.
apánipádó javanó grīhitá,
páṣyatyachacshah sa śrīnó tyacarnah:
śa vētti vedyam na che tasya vēttā*
tamāhuragryam perutham mahāritam.

Without hand or foot he runs rapidly, and
grasps firmly; without eyes he sees, without
cars he hears all; he knows whatever can be
known, but there is none who knows him:
Him the wise call the great, supreme, pervad-
ing spirit.

Of this text, and a few others, RADHAČÄNT
has given a paraphrase:

"Perfect truth; perfect happiness; without
"equal; immortal; absolute unity; whom nei-
"ther speech can describe, nor mind compre-
"hend; all-pervading; all-transcending; de-
"lighted with his own boundless intelligence,
"not limited by space, or time; without feet,

* Instead of Vēttā some copies of the text have chētiā for
chētiyitā, or director of the mind. Tē ḷyevomēv.
"moving swiftly; without hands, grasping all worlds; without eyes, all-surveying; without ears, all-hearing; without an intelligent guide, understanding all; without cause, the first of all causes; all-ruling; all-powerful; the creator, preserver, transformer, of all things; such is the Great One: this the Vedas declare."
1. WHAT relish can there be for enjoyments in this un sound body, filled with bad odours, composed of bones, skin, tendons, membranes, muscles, blood, saliva, tears, ordure and urine, bile and mucus?

2. What relish can there be for enjoyment in this body; assailed by desire and wrath, by avarice and illusion, fear and sorrow, envy and hate, by absence from those whom we love, and by union with those whom we dislike, by hunger and thirst, by disease and emaciation, by growth and decline, by old age and death?

3. Surely we see this universe tending to decay, even as these biting gnats and other insects; even as the grass of the field, and the trees of the forest, which spring up and then perish.

4. But what are they? Others, far greater, have been archers mighty in battle, and some have been kings of the whole earth.


6. Marutta likewise, and Bharata, who enjoyed all corporeal delights, yet left their
boundless prosperity, and passed from this world to the next.

7. But what are they? Others yet greater, Gandawas, Asuras, Rakshasas, companies of spirits, Pisachas, Uragas, and Grābas, have we seen been destroyed.

8. But what are they? Others, greater still, have been changed; vast rivers dried; mountains torn up; the pole itself moved from its place; the cords of the stars rent asunder; the whole earth itself deluged with water; even the sufes or angels hurled from their stations.

9. In such a world, then, what relish can there be for enjoyment? Thou alone art able to raise up.

I am in this world like a frog in a dry well: Thou only, O Lord, art my refuge: thou only art my refuge.
1. MAY that soul of mine, which mounts aloft in my waking hours, as an ethereal spark, and which, even in my slumber, has a like ascent, soaring to a great distance, as an emanation from the light of lights, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest, and supremely intelligent!

2. May that soul of mine, by an agent similar to which the low-born perform their menial works, and the wise, deeply versed in sciences, duly solemnize their sacrificial rite; that soul, which was itself the primeval oblation placed within all creatures, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest, and supremely intelligent!

3. May that soul of mine, which is a ray of perfect wisdom, pure intellect and permanent existence, which is the unextinguishable light fixed within created bodies, without which no good act is performed, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest, and supremely intelligent!

4. May that soul of mine, in which, as an immortal essence, may be comprised whatever has past, is present, or will be hereafter; by which the sacrifice, where seven ministers officiate, is properly solemnized; be united by devout me-
ditation with the Spirit supremely blest, and supremely intelligent!

5. May that soul of mine, into which are inserted, like the spokes of a wheel in the axle of a car, the holy texts of the Rigveda, the Sáman, and the Yajush; into which is interwoven all that belongs to created forms, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest, and supremely intelligent!

6. May that soul of mine, which, distributed in other bodies, guides mankind, as a skilful charioteer guides his rapid horses with reins; that soul which is fixed in my breast, exempt from old age, and extremely swift in its course, be united, by divine meditation, with the Spirit supremely blest, and supremely intelligent!

Veda, and 1st Article of our Church.

"There is one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts, or passion, of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness; the maker and preserver of all things, both visible, &c. &c."
I'SA'VASYAM;

OR,

AN UPAISHAD FROM THE YAJUR VEDA.

1. BY one Supreme Ruler is this universe pervaded; even every world in the whole circle of nature. Enjoy pure delight, O man! by abandoning all thoughts of this perishable world; and covet not the wealth of any creature existing.

2. He who, in this life, continually performs his religious duties, may desire to live a hundred years; but even to the end of that period thou shouldst have no other occupation here below.

3. To those regions, where evil spirits dwell, and which utter darkness involves, will such men surely go after death, as destroy the purity of their own souls.

4. There is one supreme Spirit, which nothing can shake, more swift than the thought of man. That primeval Mover, even divine intelligences cannot reach: that Spirit, though unmoved, infinitely transcends others, how rapid soever their course.

5. That supreme Spirit moves at pleasure,
but in itself is immoveable; it is distant from us, yet very near us; it pervades this whole system of worlds, yet is infinitely beyond it.

6. The man who considers all beings as existing even in the supreme spirit, and the supreme spirit as pervading all beings, henceforth views no creature with contempt.

7. In him who knows that all spiritual beings are the same in kind with the supreme spirit, what room can there be for delusion of mind, or what room for sorrow when he reflects on the identity of spirit?

8. The pure enlightened soul assumes a luminous form with no gross body, with no perforation, with no veins, or tendons, unblemished, untainted by sin, itself being a ray from the infinite spirit, which knows the past and the future, which pervades all, which existed with no cause but itself, which created all things as they are in ages very remote.

9. They who are ignorantly devoted to the mere ceremonies of religion are fallen into thick darkness, but they surely have a thicker gloom around them who are solely attached to speculative science.

10. A distinct reward, they say, is reserved for ceremonies, and a distinct reward, they say, for divine knowledge; adding, "This we have heard from sages who declared it to us."
11. He alone is acquainted with the nature of ceremonies, and with that of speculative science, who is acquainted with both at once: by religious ceremonies he passes the gulph of death, and by divine knowledge he attains immortality.

12. They who adore only the appearances and forms of the deity are fallen into thick darkness, but they surely have a thicker gloom around them who are solely devoted to the abstract essence of the divine essence.

13. A distinct reward, they say, is obtained by adoring the forms and attributes, and a distinct reward, they say, by adoring the abstract essence; adding: "This we have heard from sages who declare it to us."

14. He only knows the forms and the essence of the deity who adores both at once; by adoring the appearances of the deity, he passes the gulph of death, and by adoring his abstract essence he attains immortality.

15. Unveil, O Thou who givest sustenance to the world, that face of the true sun, which is now hidden by a vase of golden light! So that we may see the truth, and know our whole duty!

16 O Thou who givest sustenance to the world, thou, sole mover of all, thou who restraineft sinners, who pervadest yon great luminary, who appearest as the Son of the Creator;
hide thy dazzling beams, and expand thy spiritual brightness, that I may view thy most auspicious, most glorious, real form.

"OM, Remember me, divine spirit!"

"OM, Remember my deeds."

17. That all-pervading spirit, that spirit which gives light to the visible sun, even the same \textit{in kind} am I, \textit{though infinitely distant in degree}. Let my soul return to the immortal spirit of God, and then let my body, which ends in ashes, return to dust!

18. O spirit, who pervadest fire, lead us in a straight path to the riches of beatitude! Thou, O God, possessest all the treasures of knowledge: remove each foul taint from our souls; we continually approach thee with the highest praise, and the most fervid adoration.
FROM THE YAJURVEDA.

1. As a tree, the lord of the forest, even so, without fiction, is man: his hairs are as leaves; his skin, as exterior bark.

2. Through the skin flows blood; through the rind, sap: from a wounded man, therefore, blood gushes, as the vegetable fluid from a tree that is cut.

3. His muscles are as interwoven fibres; the membrane round his bones as interior bark, which is closely fixed: his bones are as the hard pieces of wood within: their marrow is composed of pith.

4. Since the tree, when felled, springs again, still fresher, from the root, from what root springs mortal man when felled by the hand of death?

5. Say not, he springs from seed: seed surely comes from the living. A tree, no doubt, rises from seed, and after death has a visible renewal.

6. But a tree which they have plucked up by the root, flourishes individually no more. From what root then springs mortal man when felled by the hand of death?
7. Say not he was born before; he is born: who can make him spring again to birth?

8. God, who is perfect wisdom, perfect happiness, He is the final refuge of the man, who has liberally bestowed his wealth, who has been firm in virtue, who knows and adores that Great One.
A HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

NIGHT approaches illumined with stars and planets, and looking on all sides with numberless eyes, overpowers all meaner lights. The immortal goddess pervades the firmament covering the low valleys and shrubs and the lofty mountains and trees, but soon she disturbs the gloom with celestial effulgence. Advancing with brightness, at length she recalls her sister Morning; and the nightly shade gradually melts away.

May she, at this time, be propitious! She, in whose early watch, we may calmly recline in our mansion, as birds repose on the tree.

Mankind now sleep in their towns; now herds and flocks peacefully slumber, and winged creatures, even swift falcons and vultures.

O Night, avert from us the she-wolf and the wolf; and oh! suffer us to pass thee in soothing rest!

O Morn, remove, in due time, this black, yet visible, overwhelming darkness which at present infolds me, as thou enablest me to remove the cloud of their debts.
Daughter of heaven, I approach thee with praise, as the cow approaches her milker; accept, O Night, not the hymn only, but the oblation of thy suppliant, who prays that his foes may be subdued.
The following Fragment is a Translation from a Sanscrit Work, entitled,

THE IGNORANT INSTRUCTED.

1. RESTRAIN, O ignorant man, thy desire of wealth, and become a hater of it in body, understanding, and mind: let the riches thou possessest be acquired by thy own good actions, with those gratify thy soul.

2. The boy so long delights in his play, the youth so long pursues his beloved, the old so long brood over melancholy thoughts, that no man meditates on the supreme being.

3. Who is thy wife, and who thy son? How great and wonderful is this world: whose thou art, and whence thou comest? Meditate on this, my brother, and again on this.

4. Be not proud of wealth and attendants, and youth; since time destroys all of them in the twinkling of an eye: check thy attachment to all these illusions, like Maya; fix thy heart on the foot of Brabma, and thou wilt soon know him.
5. As a drop of water moves on the leaf of the lotus; thus, or more slippery, is human life: the company of the virtuous endures here but for a moment; that is the vehicle to bear thee over land and ocean.

6. To dwell in the mansion of Gods at the foot of a tree; to have the ground for a bed, and a hide for vesture; to renounce all ties of family or connections; who would not receive delight from this devout abhorrence of the world.

7. Set not thy affections on foe, or friend; on a son, or a relation; in war, or in peace; bear an equal mind towards all; if thou desirest it, thou wilt soon be like Vishnu.

8. Day and night, evening and morn, winter, and spring, depart and return! Time sports, age passes on, desire and the wind continue unrestrained.

9. When the body is tottering, the head grey, and the mouth toothless; when the smooth stick trembles in the hand, which it supports, yet the vessel of covetousness remains unemptied.

10. So soon born, so soon dead! so long lying in thy mother’s womb! so great crimes are committed in the world! How then, O man, canst thou live here below with complacency?

11. There are eight original mountains, and seven seas—Brahma, Indra, the Sun, and Kudra.
These are permanent, not thou, not I, not this, or that people: what, therefore, should occasion our sorrow?

12. In thee, in me, in every other, Vishnu resides: in vain art thou angry with me, not bearing my approach: this is perfectly true, all must be esteemed equal: be not, therefore, proud of a magnificent palace.

This is the instruction of learners, delivered in twelve measures: what more can be done with those, whom this work doth fill with devotion?

Thus ends the book, named Môbadmudgara, or the Ignorant Instructed, (properly the Mallet of the Ignorant,) composed by the holy, devout, and prosperous Sancar Acharya.
THE

SEASONS;

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

BY CA'LIDA'S.

FROM THE ORIGINAL SANSKRIT.

VOL. XI.  C C
ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS book is the first ever printed in Sanscrit; and it is by the press alone, that the ancient literature of India can long be preserved: a learner of that most interesting language who had carefully perused one of the popular grammars, could hardly begin his course of study with an easier or more elegant work, than the Ritusanbāra, or Assemblage of Seasons. Every line composed by Ca'lidā's is exquisitely polished; and every couplet in the poem exhibits an Indian landscape, always beautiful, sometimes highly coloured, but never beyond nature: four copies of it have been diligently collated; and where they differed, the clearest and most natural reading has constantly had the preference.

W. J.
LAILÍ MAJNÚN,

A

PERSIAN POEM

OF

HÁTIFI.
AMONG eleven or twelve Persian poems on
the story of Lailī and Majnuʿ, that of Haʿ-
tifiʿ seems universally esteemed the simplest
and most pathetic. The tale itself is extremely
simple; and the more affecting, because it is
true; for Kaịs, who became frantick from dis-
appointed love, and thence had the surname of
Majnūn, was a most accomplished and amiable
youth, the only son of an Arabian chieftain in
the first age of the Mohammedan empire: frag-
ments of his beautiful poetry are still repeated
with rapture by the Arabs of Hejāz; and the
best works of the Persians abound in allusions
to his unfortunate passion. Lailī', or Laila,
as her name is pronounced in Arabia, was the
daughter of a neighbouring chief, and was also
eminently accomplished; yet she had no tran-
scendant beauty, it seems, in any eyes but those
of her lover: Sadi', who represents her with a
swarthy complexion and of low stature, tells a
long, but agreeable, story on the same subject, which the Maulavi of Rûm has comprised in two couplets—“The Khalifâb said to Lâlî, art “thou the damself, for whom the loft Majnu'n is “become a wanderer in the desert? Thou surpaßest “not other girls in beauty. She said: Be silent; “for thou art not Majnûn.”

For the short account of our Poet exhibited in the Persian preface, we are obliged to the kindness of Ali' Ibra'hîm Khâ'n, one of the best bred, most learned, and most virtuous Muselmâns in the British territories. Abdullah, surnamed Ha'tifi', who died in the year 1520 of our era, was a nephew, we find, of Nûrûdi'n, usually called Ja'mi' from the village of Jâm in Khorásân, with whom he lived on more amicable terms, than could naturally have been expected between rival poets; and, if he was inferior to his uncle in learning or in art, he certainly surpassed him in genius. His principal ambition was to enter the lists with Ni-zâ'mî', by composing five poems on the same or similar subjects with the Khamsâb of that illustrious author; and how far he succeeded in his competition, every reader must decide for himself: for my opinion is, that he has not even approached the splendour and sublimity of his master's diction, but that he has excelled him in tenderness and simplicity; and, most probably,
Nizā'mi valued himself solely on his rich and elevated composition, whilst Ḥātifī' aimed only at sweetness and pathos, each attaining the summit of excellence in the style which he professed. The fate of the two poets has been very different; for, while the five poems of Nizā'mi have a place in most Asiatick libraries and in general are beautifully copied, those of Ḥātifī are extremely scarce and negligently transcribed: his Haft Paicar, or the Seven Images, is barely named by D'Herbelot, who mentions also his Zafar Nāmah, an Heroick Poem on the actions of Taimūr, which was designed to emulate that of Nizā'mi on the victories of Alexander; but I have never been able to procure any of his works except his Lailī' Majnu'n, the scarcity of which was my chief inducement for publishing it. The reader must not expect a complete edition of the poem, which I have neither materials nor leisure to exhibit, but merely an impression of my manuscript, which unhappily is far from being correct. A Muselmān of high rank, who first named the work to me, promised to send me in Bengal a well-collated copy of it; but he forgot his promise; and the imperfection of this edition must partly be ascribed to his forgetfulness; partly to my own haste, inadvertence, or ignorance. Since the book has been printed, I have
read it four or five times with great attention; and, having procured two other manuscripts, when the last sheet was in the press, I perused them also with as much attention as they deserved, but with very trifling advantage: I then formed a table of corrections, while two learned natives were severally engaged in the same labour; but, finding their tables to differ considerably from each other, I have reduced them to a short compass by omitting every doubtful emendation, and every grammatical error, by which no Persian scholar could be misled. In many places the common orthographical marks are omitted (as they are, indeed, in the best manuscripts), and in some places they are added, where the sense or the metre necessarily requires their omission: between some few words the copulative is erroneously inserted, and between others it is inaccurately omitted, having probably dropped out in the press-work: lastly, some couplets are evidently transposed, especially in the dialogue between Majnu'n and Laili's mother, where I suspected on the first perusal of it, that near thirty distichs were out of their place; but I had not the courage to depart from the authority of my manuscript in a most pathetic episode, where it might have been the poet's design to break the usual connexion of ideas in minds distracted with anguish; as the
great Italian composers often violate every rule of harmony in expressing tumultuous passions. On the whole, the book is by no means perfect; but, since it is far more correct than any Persian or Arabick book of the same length, that I ever perused, I am fully convinced that it will afford the reader as much delight, as I have myself received, and shall continue to receive, from it.

The best guide in amending all poetical works is an accurate knowledge of the measures, in which they are composed; yet a want of that knowledge in editors of Greek and Arabian poems, has been the occasion of so many mistakes, that a collection of them would fill a volume: in Persian few poems have been printed; but, if Gentius had only been able to distinguish prose from verse, as it is manifest that he was not able, he would have done more justice to the beautiful Gulistan, which he had the merit of selecting for publication. The measure of the poem before us, which has enabled me to correct a number of lines in it, is exactly in this form:

Lex omnibus imperare debet,

with a strong accent on the second, seventh, and tenth syllables; and it is very remarkable, that almost every couplet in that measure may be
transposed, by an easy change of the accent, into common English verse: thus Hā'ṭIFI' says,

ān t'orfasj sabi kadā gulendām  
az kais robūd s'abru ārām,  
būdī birokbi nicūyi ̀u šbād,  
vaz kbwāb ̀u kboresb nayāmadī yād,  
ìšbīk āmad ī ̀der du sināb já card,  
khodrā bidu yār āshnā card,  
bāz āmadī ī ̀bibem nisbāštī,  
vaz goft ī ̀ʃbenīd leb nabaʃtī,  
ʃbān ghami dīl bicas nagoʃtend,  
rāzi īl az 'in ī ān naboʃtend.

These five distichs may be thus translated in the measure of the original:

With cheeks, where eternal paradise bloomed,
Sweet Lalī the soul of Kāis had consurn'd;
Transported her heav'ly graces he view'd,
Of slumber no more he thought, nor of food:
Love rais'd in their glowing bosoms his throne,
Adopting the chosen pair as his own,
Together on flow'ry seats they repos'd;
Their lips not one idle moment were clos'd:
To mortals they gave no hint of their smart;
Love only the secret drew from each heart.

And a bare transposition of the accents gives us five English couplets in the form, which some call heroick, and others, elegiack:
With cheeks, where paradise eternal bloom'd,
Sweet Laïli had the soul of Katis consum'd;
Her heav'nyly graces he transported view'd;
No more he thought of slumber or of food.
Love in their glowing bosoms rais'd his throne,
The chosen pair adopting as his own.
On flow'ry seats together they repos'd;
Their lips one idle moment were not clos'd;
No hint they gave to mortals of their smart;
Love only drew the secret from each heart.

Nevertheless, if the whole poem should ever be translated into English (by me it certainly never will), I would recommend a version in modulated, but unaffected, prose in preference to rhymed couplets; and, though not a single image or thought should be added by the translator, yet it would be allowable to omit several conceits, which would appear unbecoming in an European dress; for the poem, with all its beauties, has conceits in it, like the black spots on some very beautiful flowers; but they are neither so numerous nor so unpleasing, as those in the poem of Venus and Adonis, and we cannot with justice show less indulgence to a poet of Iran, than we all show to our immortal countryman, Shakespeare.

I wish I could conceal the principal object of this publication, without impeding or delaying the object itself; but, since I am conscious, that
what I am going to add has the appearance only of ostentation, and that my purpose cannot be answered, unless it be speedily and generally known, I think it necessary to declare, that the property of the whole impression belongs from this moment to the attorney for the poor in the Supreme Court, in trust for the miserable persons under execution for debt in the prison of Calcutta: should all the copies be sold, there will be near twelve thousand Sicca Rupees in the hands of the trustee, who will immediately apply them, without any distinction of religion or country, to the effectual relief, as far as they will extend, of such prisoners as have been longest confined, and are not relievable by the rules of the Court. This assistance, I fear, will set at liberty but few of the unhappy men, who now suffer the worst of human misfortunes; but it is possible, that the liberality of the publick may, in some mode or another, extend itself to those who remain in prison; for, even if the legislature should ultimately relieve them, yet multitudes of them will perish, and all must wish to perish, before any relief can arrive from Europe.

The incorrectness of modern Arabian and Persian books is truly deplorable: nothing can preserve them in any degree of accuracy but the art of printing; and, if Asiatick literature should
ever be general, it must diffuse itself, as Greek learning was diffused in Italy after the taking of Constantinople, by mere impressions of the best manuscripts without versions or comments, which future scholars would add at their leisure to future editions; but no printer could engage in so expensive a business without the patronage and the purse of monarchs or states or societies of wealthy individuals, or at least without a large publick subscription: there are printers in Bengal, who, if they were duly encouraged, would give us editions of Ha'fiz and Sadi, or, perhaps, of Nizami and Firdausi; and there are indigent natives of eminent learning, who would gladly correct the press for a small monthly salary. I shall ever be ready to promote such undertakings as a subscriber, but shall never more appear as an editor or a translator of any Persian book whatever.

W. Jones.
A Catalogue of Sanscrit, and other Oriental Manuscripts, presented to the Royal Society by Sir William and Lady Jones.

The following letter will shew the motives which induced the Editor to complete Sir William Jones's gift, by presenting the remainder of his valuable collection of Eastern Manuscripts to the Royal Society, in the hopes of their becoming a general accommodation to the learned.

Gardens, near Calcutta, Jan. 29, 1792.

My dear Sir Joseph,

I annex a bill of lading, which will explain itself. Should I live to have the pleasure of seeing you again, you will have the goodness to let me take the manuscripts, with the care of which I now trouble you; should I die, you will deposit them in the Royal Society, so that they may be lent out, without difficulty, to any studious men who may apply for them. I am so busy at this season, that I can only bid you farewell, from,

Dear Sir Joseph,

Your ever-faithful,
And obedient servant,

W. Jones.

Sir Joseph Banks, Bart.
A CATALOGUE, &c. taken by C. Wilkins, Esq. F.R.S. part of which (as far as No. 56) was read before the Royal Society, June 28, 1798.

All the notes at the bottom of the page, are copied from the Manuscript of Sir William Jones, in each of the books referred to.

1. a. MAHA'-BHARATA.

A poem in eighteen books, exclusive of the part called Raghuvaṇa; the whole attributed to Cṛṣṇa Dwaipāyana Vyāsa; with copious notes by Nila-canta. This stupendous work, when perfect, contains upwards of one hundred thousand metrical verses. The main subject is the history of the race of Bbārata, one of the ancient kings of India, from whom that country is said to have derived the name of Bbārata-varśa; and more particularly that of two of its collateral branches, distinguished by the patronymics, the Curavas and the Puravas (so denominated from two of their ancestors, Curu and Puru), and of their bloody contentions for the sovereignty of Bbārata-varśa, the only general name by which the aborigines know the country we call India.

1. Maha-Bharati. The great story from Bharati speech.
and the Arabs and Persians Hind and Hindostan. But, besides the main story, a great variety of other subjects is treated of, by way of introduction and episode. The part entitled Raghu-vansa contains a distinct history of the race of Krishna. The Mokây-âârata is so very popular throughout the East, that it has been translated into most of its numerous dialects; and there is an abridgment of it in the Persian language, several copies of which are to be found in our publick libraries. The Gita, which has appeared in an English dress, forms part of this work; but, as it contains doctrines thought too sublime for the vulgar, it is often left out of the text, as happens to be the case in this copy. Its place is in the 6th book, called Bhishma-parva. This copy is written in the character which, by way of pre-eminence, is called Deva-nâgari. Ly J.

1. b. Ditto.

Another copy, without notes, written in the character peculiar to the province of Bengal, in which the Brahmans of that country are wont to transcribe all their Sanscrit books. Most of the alphabets of India, though they differ very much in the shape of their letters, agree in their number and powers, and are capable of expressing the Sanscrit, as well as their own particular language. This copy contains the Gita, in its proper place. Ly J.
2. a. Rámáyana.

The adventures of Ráma, a poem in seven books, with notes, in the Dévanágari character. There are several works with the same title, but this, written by Válmic, is the most esteemed. The subject of all the Rámáyan’s is the same: the popular story of Ráma, surnamed Desarathí, supposed to be an incarnation of the god Viśhnu, and his wonderful exploits, to recover his beloved Sítá out of the hands of Rávana, the gigantic tyrant of Lánca. Ly J.

2. b. Ditto.

Another copy, in the Bengal character, without notes, by Válmic. Ly J.

2. c. Ditto.

A very fine copy, in the Dévanágari character, without notes; but unfortunately not finished, the writer having been reduced to a state of insanity, by habitual intoxication. Sir W. J.

3. a. Sri Bhágavat.

A poem in twelve books, attributed to Críshna Dwāripáyana Vyāśa, the reputed author of the Mahá-bhárat, and many other works; with notes by Sridhara Swámi. Dévanágari character. It is to be found in most of the vulgar dialects of India, and in the Persian language. It has also appeared, in a very imperfect and abridged form, in French, under the title of Bágavadam, translated from the Támul version. The
chief subject of the Bhagavat is the life of
Crisbna; but, being one of that species of com-
position which is called Purâna, it necessarily
comprises five subjects, including that, which
may be considered the chief. The Brâhmans
in their book, define a Purâna to be "a poem
"treating of five subjects: primary creation, or
"creation of matter in the abstract; secondary
"creation, or the production of the subordinate be-
"ings, both spiritual and material; chronological
"account of their grand periods of time, called
"Manwantaras; genealogical rise of families,
"particularly of those who have reigned in
"India; and, lastly, a history of the lives of
"particular families." Ly J.

3 b. Ditto.

Another copy, in the Bengal character, with-
out notes. Ly J.

3 c. Ditto.

Another copy, on palm leaves, in the Bengal
character. Sir W. J.

4. Agni Purâna.

This work, feigned to have been delivered by
Agni, the god of fire, contains a variety of sub-
jects, and seems to have been intended as an
epitome of Hindu learning. The poem opens
with a short account of the several incarnations
of Vishnu; particularly in the persons of Râma,
whose exploits are the theme of the Râmâyan,
and of Krishna, the maternal offspring of Vasudeva. Then follow a history of the creation; a tedious dissertation on the worship of the gods, with a description of their images, and directions for constructing and setting them up; a concise description of the earth, and of those places which are esteemed holy, with the forms of worship to be observed at them; a treatise on astronomy, or rather astrology; a variety of incantations, charms, and spells, for every occasion; computation of the periods called Manwantaras; a description of the several religious modes of life, called Asrama, and the duties to be performed in each of them respectively; rules for doing penance; feasts and fasts to be observed throughout the year; rules for bestowing charity; a dissertation on the great advantages to be derived from the mystic word OM! with an hymn to Vasishtha. The next subject relates to the office and duties of princes; under which head are given rules for knowing the qualities of men and women; for choosing arms and ensigns of royalty; for the choice of precious stones; which are followed by a treatise on the art of war, the greatest part of which is wanting in this copy. The next head treats of worldly transactions between man and man, in buying and selling, borrowing and lending, giving and receiving, &c. &c. and the laws respecting them. Then follow certain ordinances, according to the
Vēda, respecting means of security from misfortunes, &c. and for the worship of the gods. Lifts of the two races of kings, called the Suryavānśa, and the Chandravānśa; of the family of Yadu, and of Čiśna; with a short history of the twelve-years’ war, described in the Mahā-bhārat. A treatise on the art of healing, as applicable to man and beast, with rules for the management of elephants, horses, and cows; charms and spells for curing various disorders; and the mode of worshipping certain divinities. On the letters of the Sanscrit alphabet; on the ornaments of speech, as applicable to prose, verse, and the drama; on the mystic signification of the single letters of the Sanscrit alphabet; a grammar of the Sanscrit language, and a short vocabulary. The work is divided into 353 short chapters, and is written in the Bengal character. Ly J.

5. Cálica Purána.

A mythological history of the goddess Cáli, in verse, and her adventures under various names and characters; a very curious and entertaining work, including, by way of episode, several beautiful allegories, particularly one founded upon the motions of the moon. There seems to be something wanting at the end. Bengal character, without notes. Ly J.


This work, attributed to Vāyu the god of wind, contains, among a variety of other curious sub-
jects, a very circumstantial detail of the creation of all things celestial and terrestrial, with the genealogy of the first inhabitants; a chronological account of the grand periods called Manvantaras, Calpas, &c.; a description of the earth, as divided into Dewipas, Varshas, &c., with its dimensions in Yojanas; and also of the other planets, and fixed stars, and their relative distances, circumferences of orbits, &c. &c. Written in the Devanāgari character. Ly J.

6. b. Ditto.

A duplicate in the Devanāgari character. Ly J.


This poem, feigned to have been delivered to Sanatkumāra, by the inspired Nārada, like others of the Purānas, opens with chaos and creation; but it treats principally of the unity of God, under the title of Mahā Viṣṇu; arguing, that all other gods are but emblems of his works, and the goddesses, of his powers; and that the worshipping of either of the triad, creator, preserver, or destroyer, is, in effect, the worshipping of him. The book concludes with rules for the several tribes, in their spiritual and temporal conduct through life. It is a new copy, in the Bengal character, and, for a new copy, remarkably correct. Ly J.


This poem treats principally on the worship
of Visñu, as practised by Rukmángada, one of their ancient kings. Dévanágari character.

Sir W. J.

The second and only remaining part. The subject is confined to religious ceremonies. Dévanágari character. Sir W. J.

With an Index. Dévanágari character.

Ly J.

A beautiful and very popular poem, by Jayadéva, upon Crishna, and his youthful adventures. Bengal character. Ly J.

11. a. Cumá a Sambhava.
An epick poem on the birth of Cártica, with notes, by Calidása. Dévanágari character. The notes are separate. Ly J.

11. b. Ditto.
A duplicate of the text only, in the Bengal character. Ly J.

The adventures of Nala; a poem, with notes. Bengal character. Ly J.

A popular heroick poem, in the Bengal character. Ly J.


11. Read six times.
The race of *Cris̄hna*, a poem by *Calidas*, with notes. *Dévanāgari* character. Ly J.

15. *Vribatcatbā*.

Indian Tales in verse, by *Somadēva*. *Dévanāgari* character. Ly J.

16. *Singhāsāna*.

The throne of Rājā *Vicramāditya*; a series of instructive tales, supposed to have been related by thirty-two images which ornamented it. *Dévanāgari* character. It has been translated into Persian. Ly J.

17. *Cat'hā Saritśāgara*.

A collection of tales by *Somadēva*. *Dévanāgari* character. Two books in Russia. Ly J.

18. *Suca Saptati*.

The seventy tales of a parrot. *Dévanāgari* character. Sir W. J. The Persians seem to have borrowed their *Tuti-nāma* from this work.


The analysis of love, a poem, by *Bhānudatta Misra*. *Dévanāgari* character. Ly J.

15. This poet resembles Ariosto, but even surpasses him in eloquence.—“We do homage to the poets who composed the Rāmāyan, the Mahābārat, and the Vribatcatbā—Vālūnc, Vyāsa and Somadeva; by whom delightful eloquence blazes forth, divided like the river with three streams, Goverdhanachārīya.

19. I have read this delightful book four times at least.
20. Sántisataca.
A poem, in the Bengal character. Ly J.
A dialogue, something in the manner of the Bhagavat Gitá. Dévanágari character. Ly J.
22. Hitópadéśa.
Part of the fables translated by C. W. Written in the Bengal character. Ly J.
23. Brahmá Nirupana.
On the nature of Brahmá. Dévanágari character. Imperfect. Ly J.
24. Méghaduta.
A poem. Bengal character. Ly J.
25. Tantra Sára.
On religious ceremonies, by Crifhnánonda Battáchárya. Bengal character. Sir W. J.
The thousand names of Viśnu. Dévanágari character. Sir W. J.
27. Cirátrjuniya.
A poem, in the Bengal character. Ly J.
28. Siddhánta Sirómani.
A treatise on geography and astronomy, by Bháscaráchárya. Dévanágari character.
Sir W. J.
29. Sangita Náráyana.
A treatise on musick and dancing. Dévanágari character. Sir W. J.
30. Vribadaranyaca.
OF ORIENTAL MANUSCRIPTS.

Part of the Yajur Veda, with a gloss, by Sancara. Devanagari character. Ly J.
31. Niraichi, or Nairueta.
A gloss on the Veda. Devanagari character. Ly J.

32. Aitaréya.
A discourse on part of the Veda. Devanagari character. Ly J.

33. Chandañi.
From the Sáma Veda. Devanagari character. Ly J.

34. Mágha Ticá.
A comment on some other work. Devanagari character. Ly J.

35. Rájaballabha.
De materia Indorum medicá; by Náráyana-dáśa. Bengal character. Ly J.

36. Hatha Pradipaca.
Instructions for the performance of the religious discipline called Yóga; by Swátmáráma.
Bengal character. Ly J.

37. a. Mánava Dharma Sástra.
The institutes of Menu, translated into English by Sir W. J. under the title of "Institutes of Hindu Law, or the Ordinances of Menu." Devanagari character. Ly J.

37. b. Ditto.
Duplicate in the Devanagari character. Ly J.

38. Múdha-bódha-ticá.
A commentary on the *Mugdha-bódha*, which is a *Sanskrit* grammar, peculiar to the province of Bengal, by *Durgá Dásā*. *Bengal* character. Four vols. Ly J.


The *Sanskrit* grammar called *Sāraśvatī*. (That part only which treats of the verb.) *Devanágari* character. Ly J.

40. *Sārāvalī*.

A grammar of the *Sanskrit* language. Incomplete. *Bengal* character. Sir W. J.

41. *Siddhánta Caumudi*.

A grammar of the *Sanskrit* language, by *Pāṇini*, *Cātāyana*, and *Pātanjali*; with a duplicate of the first part, as far as compounds. *Devanágari* character. Ly J.

42. *a. Amara Caça*.

A vocabulary of the *Sanskrit* language, with a grammatical comment. Not perfect. *Devanágari* character. Ly J.

42. *b. Ditto*.

The botanical chapter only, with a comment. *Devanágari* character. Ly J.

41. *The Great Siddhánta Caumudi*—Part I. Collected by *Bhattaja Dusārīta*, from the grammatick explanations of *Chatyana*.

I finished the attentive reading of this grammar by Panani, Chatyana, and Patanjali, 18 Aug. 1792.

42. A grammatical comment on the botanical chapter of *Amarcosha*.

Finished reading, September 18, 1792, *Crishna-nagar*. 
42. c. Ditto.
The whole complete. *Bengal character.

Sir W. J.

43. Medini Cōṣā.
A dictionary of the *Sanskrit* language. *Dēvanāgari character.* Ly J.

44. Viśvapracāsa Cōṣā.
A dictionary of the *Sanskrit* language; by Mabēśiwār. *Dēvanāgari character.* Ly J.

45. Sabda Sandarbha Sindu.
A dictionary of the *Sanskrit* language; by Cāsināth Sarman. It appears from the introduction, that it was compiled expressly for the use of Sir W. J. The learned author is, at present, head professor in the newly-established college at Varanāsī. *Dēvanāgari character.* Two vols. folio. Ly J.

46. Venisanbāra.
A drama, *Sanskrit and Prācrit*, in the *Bengal character.* Ly J.

47. Mabā Nātaca.
A drama, *Sanskrit and Prācrit*, in the *Bengal character.* Ly J.

48. Sacontalā.
A drama, *Sanskrit and Prācrit*, in the *Bengal character.* This is the beautiful play which was translated into English by Sir W. J. but not the copy he used for that purpose. Ly J.

49. Mālatī and Mādhava.
A drama, Sanscrit and Prácrit, in the Bengal character. Ly J.

50. Hasyarnava.
A farce, Sanscrit and Prácrit, in the Bengal character. Ly J.

51. Cautuca Sarvaswam.
A farce, Sanscrit and Prácrit, in the Bengal character. Ly J.

52. Chandraabhiséca.
A drama, Sanscrit and Prácrit. Bengal character. Ly J.

53. Ratnávali.
A drama, Sanscrit and Prácrit. Bengal character. Ly J.

54. Vicramórvasi.
A drama, Sanscrit and Prácrit. Bengal character. Ly J.

55. Manavicágnimitra.
A drama, Sanscrit and Prácrit. Bengal character. Ly J.

56. A catalogue of Sanscrit books, on various subjects. Dévanágarí character. Ly J.

It is a bitter satire on kings, and their servants, who are described as profligate scoundrels; and on priests, who are represented as vicious hypocrites.
51. Cautuca Servaswam; a Farce. *King, Cattivatrali; five Councillors, Sishmantaca, Dhermanala, Anitaserra, Pánditapira, Abbhavýasee hava.
57. Gita and Dharmánsásana.
Two extracts from the Mábabhárata, with beautiful drawings, written in the Dévanágarí character. Sir W. J.

58. Raghuvansá.
The Children of the Sun, a poem by Cálidás, in Bengal character. Sir W. J.

59. Prábadha Chandródaya.
The Rising Moon of Knowledge, a drama by Césava Misra. Bengal character. Sir W. J.

CHINESE.

60. Con Fu Tfu. The works of Confucius, Vol. II. III. IV. V. VI. Sir W. J.

61. Tabia Su Shuw. A commentary.
Sir W. J.

Sir W. J.

63. Hor Lon Su Shuw. A commentary.
Sir W. J.

64. Shung Morng Su Shuw. A commentary.
Sir W. J.

65. Hor Morng Su Shuw. A commentary.
Sir W. J.

Ly J.

68. *A dictionary.* Chinese and Latin. Ly J.

**PERSIAN.**

69. *Zafar Nāmeh.* A most elegant history of *Tāmūr,* written in the *Nīshāb* character.

   Ly J.

70. *Towārikh i Gujarāt.* A History of the Province of Guzerat. Ly J.


72. *Tārikh i Jēbāncushā.* The History of *Nādir Shāb,* by Mirza Mahādi Khan. Ly J.

73. *Narrative of the Proceedings of Sūndia,* and the Confederates. Ly J.

74. *Jēbāngir Nameh.* The History of *Jēbāngir Shāb.* Ly J.

75. *Mujmel ut Tarikb i Nādiri.* An Abridgment of the History of *Nādir Shāb.* Ly J.

76. *History of Hindoostan,* by Gholam Huṣāin. Sir W. J.

77. *Bebar i Danišb.* The Tales of Ināyetulla. Ly J.

78. *Bošlān i Khyāl.* The Garden of Imagination, an historical romance, in eight vols.

   Ly J.

68. The letters A and B must be procured from China. If the letters A and B can be supplied, the work will be inestimable. Mr. Jitsingh says, no Chinese words begin with *A* or *B.*

Sir W. J.

80. a. Shāh Nāmeh. The heroick poem of Firdōsī. Ly J.

80. b. Ditto. In four volumes. Sir W. J.


81. b. Ditto. Six volumes. Sir W. J.

81. c. Ditto. First book only. Ly J.


81. e. Ditto. A commentary on the first book. Ly J.


80. a. I finished the reading of this book a second time, November 3, 1787, Calcutta. W. J.

81. a. By Mahommed: Je'lalu'ddin of Būkhār; called Rumi, because he settled in the lower Asia. W. J.

So extraordinary a book as the Mesnavi was never, perhaps, composed by man. It abounds with beauties, and blemishes, equally great; with gross obscenity, and pure ethicke; with exquisite strains of poetry, and flat puerilities; with wit, and pleasantry, mixed with dull jests; with ridicule on all established religions, and a vein of sublime piety: it is like a wild country in a fine climate overspread with rich flowers, and with the odour of beasts. I know of no writer, to whom the Maulavi can justly be compared, except Chaucer or Shakespeare. W. J.
82. a. Culyát i Žámi. The works of the poet Žámi. Sir W. J.
82. b. Ditto. The miscellaneous poems of Žámi. Ly J.
84. a. Culyát i Nizámi. The works of the poet Nizámi. Sir W. J.
84. b. Ditto. The five poems of Nizámi. Ly J.
85. Culyát i Anwári. The works of the poet Anwári. Sir W. J.
86. Dewán i Khosru. The odes of Khosru. Sir W. J.
87. Dewán i Saib. The odes of Saib. Sir W. J.
88. Dewán i Arfi. The odes of Arfi. Sir W. J.
89. Dewán i Cásm. The odes of Cásm. Ly J.
90. Dewán i Žámi. The odes of Žámi.
91. Afrár; or, Ishak Námeb. Secrets; or, the History of Love, a Poem. Ly J.
94. Mekbzen i Afrár. The Treasury of Secrets, a poem by Nizámi. Ly J.

83. Master-piece of Jami.
96. A Poem, by ḡámi. (Imperfect.) Ly J.
97. Miscellaneous, prose and verse. Ay Arfí, and others. Sir W. J.
98. Sharab i Khújáb Háfíz. A commentary on the odes of Háfíz. Ly J.
100. Pand Námah. Moral sentences, in verse, by Faríd ud Din Attar. Ly J.
101. Baharám and Gulandám. A love tale, by Cátíbi. Ly J.
103. The Grammatical Introduction to the Farbang i ḡebángiri. Ly J.
105. A dictionary of the Persian language. (No title). Ly J.
106. Tóhsít ul Hind. A miscellaneous treat-

102. Many corrections of this valuable work, and many additions to it, may be found in the Sirajú’illoghab, by Sirajú’din arzu; and in the Majmú’illoghab.
106. By Mirza Khan.

The book consists of an introduction, seven chapters, and a conclusion; the subject of which are: The Hindu alphabet, prosody, rhyme, rhetoric, love, music, women, physiognomy, and a Hindu vocabulary.
tise on the literature, &c. of the Hindus. En-
riched with marginal notes by Sir W. J.

    Ly J.

107. b. *Ditto*. With drawings. Ly J.

    Ly J.

109. *Anwārī Soheili*. A Persian version of
    the *Hitopadēśa*, by Husain Vaiz, surnamed
    Cašfī.

    Ly J.

111. *Siva Purāṇa*. Translation from the
    Sanscrit. Ly J.

112. *Rāga Darpana*. A treatise on Hindu
    music. Translated from the Sanscrit. Ly J.

113. *Pārijātaka*. A treatise on Hindu mu-
    sic. Translated from the Sanscrit, by Roshin
    Zamir, in the reign of Aurungzeb. Ly J.

114. *Hazār Dharpad*. A treatise on vocal
    music according to the Hindus. Ly J.

    A treatise on Hindu music. Ly J.

116. *Cefayet ut Talim*. A treatise on astron-
    omy, by Mahommed, son of Masawad Mahommed.
    Ly J.

109. Anwari Soheili; by Husain Vaiz, surnamed Cushia.
    Nizami, Firdausi, Maulavi, Hasiz, Khakani, Sādi, Saib, An-
    wari, Sohaili, Zafar Namah, Anwari, Khosrau, Jāmī.
    All but Khakani are in my possession.
117. Lowaib ul Kamar. A treatise on astronomy. Ly J.

118. Resalab Sharifab. A treatise on astronomy. Ly J.

119. A treatise on astronomy, with tables, in the Nishsh character. Ly J.

120. Sharab i Zij i Merza Ulagh Beg. A commentary on the tables of Ulagh Beg. Ly J.

121. Sharab i Elm i Hayat. A commentary on the science of astronomy. Ly J.

122. Miscellaneous loose sheets on astronomy. Ly J.

123. Talba Námeh & Sharab Talá. Two treatises on fortune-telling. Ly J.

124. Five tracts on geometry. Ly J.

125. Feráyez i Mahommedi.

126. Sharab i Burdab. A commentary on the poems called Burdab. Ly J.

127. Mirát ul Misáyeb i Mahommed Shábi. Expositions of matters of faith and jurisprudence, compiled for the use of Mahommed Sháb. Ly J.

128. Mirát ul Hakáyak. Ly J.

129. Sharifiyab. A comment on the Sirájiyab of Alsfayad, translated from the Arabick, by Mahommed Kasim. Ly J.

129. Read four times with great attention, February 29, 1793. W. J.
130. *Forms of oaths held binding by the Hindus,* by *Ali Ibraham Khán,* chief magistrate at *Benarís.*

Ly J.


Ly J.


133. *Tarjama i Feráyez i Sirajiyyah bá Fowáyed a Sharifiyah.* A translation of two works in Arabick on Mahommedan duties.

Ly J.


135. *Kitáb ul Biyua.* A law tract translated from the Arabick. Ly J.

136. *Miscellaneous Fragments.*

**ARABICK.**

137. *a.* *Al Kudúri.* Institutes of Mahommedan law, by *Abul Hasan Ahmed,* of Bagdad, surnamed *Al Kudúri,* of which the *Hadáyah* is a comment. Ly J.

137. *b.* *Ditto.* Ly J.


The Hedayah, by Burhanuddin Al Marghiani, who died Y. H. 591. Y. C. 1194, is a commentary on this book.

Marghinan is in the district of Firghana.


Ly J.


Ly J.

141. Mux̣beb'ul Imám ul Aazem Abu Hanifeb. The religious doctrines and opinions of Abu Hanifeb. Ly J.

142. Casbeul. An Asiatick Miscellany, by Bubá ud Din al Aamili. Ly J.

143. Sa'ard-e-n us Sultán. A treatise on various mystical subjects, in seven chapters, by Shékh Ibn i Hajalab. Ly J.

144. Al Câfiyab. A grammar of the Arabick language, by Ibn ul Hujib, with a commentary by Mulá Jâmi. Ly J.


145. b. Ditto. Ly J.

146. Al Khulâfet. A grammar of the Arabick language. Ly J.

147. Two treatises on Arabick grammar.

Ly J.

140. Finished the third careful reading of this book, August 30, 1792. W. J.
148. *A treatise* on Arabick grammar. Ly J.

149. *A dictionary* of the Arabick language Ly J.


151. *A treatise* on geometry, with tables.

152. *Al Mutālab ul Hasani*. Propositions in theology. Ly J.


153. This book was copied by Abdullāb of Mecca, from a manuscript on transparent paper traced at Oxford, from an estimable copy of the Hamaṣab, which Pocock had brought from Aleppo, and on which he set a high value. I gave ten guineas to the boy who traced it, and I value this book, at least, at twenty guineas. W. J. November 26, 1788.

154. I received this valuable manuscript by the hands of Mr. Howard, to whose care it was intrusted in June, 1774, at Venice, by Mr. Wortley Montague. It was a present from Abdurrahman Beg, who wrote the Arabick verses in this page, which are so flattering to me, that I can hardly translate them without blushing. W. J. October 2, 1794.

* On in the original.

158. Sharab ul Moalakát. A commentary on the Moalakát. Ly J.

159. Sharab ul Mobáarak. Another commentary on the Moalakát. Ly J.

160. Kasáyed sabab moalakah. The poems of Almustálammis, most elegantly written. Ly J.


162. Addábul Malúk. The manners of princes. Ly J.

163. Bebr ul Basit. Ly J.

164. Taif ul Kbiyal. Sir W. J.

165. Moruj uz zebeb wa maaden ul Jóber. An historical and geographical work, by Abul Hassan, surnamed Mafsudi. Sir W. J.

166. Hariri. The moral discourses of Hariri. Sir W. J.

167. An Arabick manuscript traced on oil-paper. (Probably that mentioned in note to 153.) Ly J.

168. A new copy of a manuscript, in sheets (no name). Ly J.

HINDOSTANI.

169. Gulistan. Translated from the Persian. Sir W. J.

169. Busteram Shahzadah, the assistant of the college of Sichs at Calcutta, was produced as a witness to ground a
170. A commentary on the *Grun't'ha*, the religious institution of the *Sic'hs*, in the *Nāgāri* character. Ly J.

motion for commission to examine a woman of high rank. The *Grun't'ha* was not in court, but he read this book with ease, and said it was a religious work, containing extracts from the *Grun't'ha*. November 15.

The *Grun't'ha*, a very thick 4to volume in this hand, was produced, and the *Sic'hs* sworn by it.

THE END.
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