ART. IX.—*The Stories of Jîmûtavâhana, and of Hariśarman.*

Translated by the Rev. B. HALE WORTHAM, M.R.A.S.

THE Buddhist legend of Jîmûtavâhana is related twice in the Kathâ Sarit Sâgara, in the 22nd Tarânga, from which the following translation is made, as well as in the 90th Tarânga. The two versions of the legend differ somewhat in their treatment of the story, the latter version giving a fuller account of Jîmûtavâhana's courtship and home-life, at the same time omitting all account of his actions in a former birth, and their results. The legend has also been dramatised in the Nâgânanda, or Joy of the Snake World, a highly sensational drama, remarkable as being the only known existing drama commencing with an invocation to Buddha. The drama follows the lines of the legend as laid down in Tarânga 90.

THE STORY OF JÎMÛTAVÂHANA (*Kathâ Sarit Sâgara*, Tarânga 22, Śloka 16).

A mountain called the Snowclad on this earth
 Uprears its mighty form, the chief of hills,
 Father of Parvatî,—of Gaurî's spouse
 The spiritual head. In that great mount,
 The home of the Vidyâdharas, once dwelt
 Their lord, Jîmûtaketu. To his house
 Belonged a "wishing tree," the legacy
 Of his forefathers, from its nature called
 "The giver of desires." Then the king
 One day approached that heaven-sent tree and said,
 In supplicating tones : "O deity !

Who ever grantest all we ask or seek,
Give me, I pray thee, now, a virtuous son,
For I am childless." "King," replied the tree,
"Thy prayer is granted, thou shalt have a son ;
Within his mind shall dwell the memory
Of former births ; he shall be liberal,
The lover of all creatures." Then the king,
Filled with delight, in adoration bowed
Before the tree, and straightway to his Queen
Bore the glad tidings. Soon a son was born,
And to the boy the father gave the name
Jîmûtavâhana. As time went on
The youth increased in stature, while the love
Which filled his inmost nature, step by step,
Grew with his outward form. At last, the prince,
Proclaimed Successor to his father's crown,
Filled with compassion for all living things
That move upon this earth, in secret spoke,
And thus addressed his father, who with joy
Heard his son's words. "Surely I know full well
That all things perish : nothing on the earth
Has an abiding place ; one thing alone,—
The glory of the virtuous, replete
With purity,—though countless ages pass,
Shall never fail. If men of noble mind
Have gained renown by showering kindnesses
On others, more than life, far more than wealth,
They value that fair glory. As for us—
If our good fortune—our prosperity—
Be for ourselves alone, nor overflow
On the less fortunate, then like a flash
Of lightning shall our fortune pass away,
And vanish into air. This 'Wishing tree'
Grants all that we desire ; if, then, we pray
The tree to pour its blessings o'er the world,
Nor keep them selfishly,—then shall its fruit
Be ours indeed. So let me supplicate
The wishing tree that by its boundless wealth

The multitudes of men, who pass their lives
 In poverty, may be relieved." Thus spoke
 Jîmûtavâhana : gladly his sire
 Assented, and the youth invoked the tree.
 "O Bounteous tree ! The giver of all good
 To us ; fulfil this day our earnest prayer ;
 Banish from earth all want and poverty.
 Hail to thee ! friendly one ! Thou hast been sent
 To bless the world with wealth, therefore I pray
 Bestow on men the wealth that they desire."

In answer to Jîmûtavâhana
 The self-denying one, the tree sent down
 Gold in abundant showers on the earth,
 While all mankind rejoiced. Who could have bent
 The wishing tree to carry out his will
 And rain down plenty, even though he were
 Incarnate Wisdom, but the glorious
 Jîmûtavâhana ? Therefore to him
 Were all the regions of the earth fast bound
 By ties of gratitude, and o'er the heav'n
 His spotless fame extended far and wide.
 Then the relations of the King uprose,—
 Even of King Jîmûtaketu,—full
 Of hatred, since the throne was firmly fixed
 By his son's glory ; and their minds they set
 To overcome that place wherein the tree,
 The giver of all blessings, grew,—a place
 Unfortified, easy to be o'ercome.
 Therefore they met together, fully bent
 On war. Then said Jîmûtavâhana,
 Calm and composed, "Father ! this life of ours
 Is even as a bubble on the stream.
 Why should we then desire prosperity ?
 For even as a lamp, whose tongue of flame
 Flickers before the wind, so among men
 Is fortune. Who could ever hope to gain
 (If he were wise at least) prosperity
 From other's harm or death ? I will not fight

With kinsmen ; I will rather leave my realm
 And dwell within the forest. Let them be !
 We will not slay these miserable men,
 Our brothers and our kin." His father said,
 Firmly resolved in mind : " I, too, my son !
 Will go with you, for I am old and grey,
 And how should love for power abide in me
 Since thou, all young and vigorous, hast cast
 Thy realm aside, as though it were but straw,
 Through love and pity ? " Thus the King approved
 Jîmûtavâhana's advice, and left

His realm, departing with his wife and son
 To Mount Malaya. There the youth abode
 Within a grove, the Siddha's dwelling-place,
 Where trees of sandal shadowed o'er the brooks,
 Making his father's life his chiefest care.
 And while he sojourned there, the Siddha prince,
 One Mitrâvasu, took him as a friend,
 Whose maiden sister in a former birth
 Had loved Jîmûtavâhana. He saw,
 And filled with perfect wisdom knew again
 The damsel he had loved. Their mutual glance,
 Like the frail meshes of the net which holds
 The captive deer, ensnared each other's souls.

One day the Siddha prince, his countenance
 Beaming with joy, in sudden thought addressed
 Jîmûtavâhana, whom the three worlds
 Adored : " A younger sister dwells with me,
 Called Malayavatî : to thee I give
 The maiden ; O ! do not refuse my gift ! "
 Then spoke Jîmûtavâhana, and said :
 " Prince ! in a former birth she was my wife,
 Thou too my friend, even as dear to me
 As my own heart ; to me is given the power
 Of calling back to mind births past and gone."
 Then Mitrâvasu said : " Tell me, I pray,
 The story of thy former births, I long
 To hear it." And Jîmûtavâhana,

Loving towards all creatures, answered :
 " Hear then my tale : Once in a former birth
 As a Vidyâdhara, flying through space,
 I passed Himâlaya, whose lofty peaks
 Shone forth beneath me, and I was beheld
 By Śiva, sporting with his spouse. The god
 Enraged, because my towering flight
 Bore me above him, with a curse pronounced
 This sentence on me : ' In the world of men
 In mortal guise thou shalt be born : a wife
 From the Vidyâdharas thou shalt obtain.
 Thou shalt appoint thy son to occupy
 Thy room, and then once more remembering
 Thy former birth, thou shalt again be born
 As a Vidyâdhara.' Thus Śiva spoke,
 Yet while he cursed, foretelling too the end
 Of his Anathema, and disappeared.
 Soon after, in a merchant's family
 I entered human form, and lived the son
 Of a rich trader in a city named
 Vallabhî : Vasudatta was the name
 Bestowed on me. Time passed ; to manhood grown,
 My father sent me forth, a retinue
 Of servants following, to some far land
 To traffic. On my journey, I was seized
 By robbers in a forest ; stripped of all
 My merchandise, they loaded me with chains
 And dragged me to their village, to the shrine
 Of Durgâ, where a silken banner waved,
 Crimson and long, like as it were the tongue
 Of Death, all eagerness to lick the blood
 Of living things. Then to Pulindaka,
 Their chief, they brought me, who was worshipping
 Before the goddess, that within her shrine
 I might be offered as a sacrifice.
 He saw me, and although a Savara,
 At once he felt his heart within him melt
 In pity for my fate ; a causeless love

Which seems to spring unbidden in the heart
Tells us of friendship in a former birth.
Thus was I saved from slaughter by the King,
Who, still intent upon the sacrifice,
Prepared to make the offering of himself,
And so complete the rite. But while he thought
Thereon, a voice from heaven said: 'O king!
Hurt not thyself! Ask of me what thou wilt,
It shall be granted thee, for thou hast been
Approved of me.' Then filled with joy the king
Replied: 'Since thou, O goddess, hast approved
My deeds, what should I further need? but yet—
One thing I ask of thee: in births to come,
May love between me and the merchant's son
Ever remain unchanged.' 'It shall be so,'
Answered the goddess. Then the Savara
Restored me to my home loaded with wealth.
My father, seeing that I had returned
From a far-distant land, the jaws of death
Barely escaped, held a great festival
To do me honour. Then I saw again
After some time had passed the Savara chief
Led in a prisoner before the king
For sentence and for punishment: his crime
The plunder of a caravan. Straightway
I told my father, and I prayed the king
To spare the Savara. My prayer was heard
And with a mighty sum of gold I saved
The Savara chief from death. Thus I repaid
His benefits, and to my own abode
I brought him home, and long I tended him
With loving care. After a time he turned
Departing to his village, while his heart
Tender with love was fixed upon me still.
And then he roamed the earth, seeking a gift
Worthy the kindnesses which I had showed
Towards him. As he wandered here and there,
He saw a lake before him, on its banks

A woman riding on a lion, young
And beautiful. The Savara, amazed,
Thought thus within himself. 'Who may this be?
Is she a mortal? How then does she ride
Upon a lion? Can she be divine?
But if a goddess, how should such as I
Behold her? Surely clad in human form
I see her as the merit which I gained
In former births. Oh! could I only win
Her for my friend in marriage,—then indeed
I should bestow on him a just reward
For all his benefits.' The Savara,
Thus thinking in himself, respectfully
Advanced to greet the maiden, who returned
His salutation. 'Who art thou?' she said
'Why hast thou come to this far-distant land?'
'I am a Savara prince,' he made reply,
'Lo! I am seeking treasure in this wood,
And at the sight of thee I called to mind
The friend who saved my life, the merchant's son.
Matchless is he in youth and comeliness,
A very fount of nectar to the world,
Even as thou art. Fortunate the lot
Of that fair maid who shall bestow her hand
On one so full of generosity,
So full of love, of patience, of compassion.
If this surpassing lovely form of thine
Should fail of such a destiny, Alas!
Then Kâma bears indeed his bow in vain.'
The maiden's mind by these enticing words
Was borne away, as though the spells of love
Bewildered her. 'Where is this friend of thine?'
She said, under love's prompting. 'Bring him here!
That I may see him.' 'Even so,' replied
The Savara, and full of joy returned
To seek his friend, thinking his object gained.
Then bringing with him treasures—pearls and musk,
He came to our abode, and entering in,

While all our house saluted him, he gave
My sire the present, worth a mighty sum
Of gold. After the day and following night
Had passed in feasting, then the Savara
Took me aside, and told me privately
The story of the maiden ; and to me,
Full of excitement at the tale, he said,
'Come there with me, my friend!' When nightfall came,
The Savara departed, bearing me
Along with him. And when the morning light
Shone forth, my father knew that I had gone
Together with the Savara prince ; but yet,
Confiding in the prince's love for me,
He felt no grief. And I, as time went on,
Journeyed towards Himâlaya ; the prince
Tending me on the way with loving care.
At length, one evening, we beheld the lake
Before our eyes, and in the forest bounds
We tarried all that night, eating the fruits
Which grew within the wood,—that lovely wood
Wherein the ground was strewn with creeper flowers,
While all the air resounded with the hum
Of bees : sweet gentle breezes blew,—the herbs
Sent forth a gleaming light even like lamps.
And then all night we rested in that wood—
The chamber of delight. Next day the maid,
Riding upon the lion, like the moon
Resting upon an autumn cloud, drew near.
As she approached, my mind at every step
Flew as it were to meet her, and the prince,
Advancing tow'rds her, said in courteous tones :—
'Goddess ! I offer thee my dearest friend,
Accept him as thy bridegroom.' 'Bring thy friend
Hither,' she answered, and with eyes of love
She glanced at me approaching her, and said,
'This friend of thine must surely be a god !
No mortal has so beautiful a form.'
'Fair one ! I am a mortal,' I replied.

'A merchant's son, who dwells in Vallabhî.
 My father by the favour of the god
 Who wears upon his head the crescent moon
 Received me as his son.' Then said the maid,
 Her eyes cast down through modesty, 'The god
 Hath now fulfilled his promise; for he deigned
 To tell me in a dream, "To-morrow's sun
 Shall show thy spouse to thee." Lo! here I find
 In thee my husband.' Thus she charmed my mind
 With speech of nectar sweetness. Then the wood
 We quitted, journeying homewards that the rites
 Of marriage might be duly solemnized;
 And mounted on the lion, in my arms
 Holding the maiden, we reached Vallabhî.
 Then lo! with wonder filled the people ran
 To tell my father; marvelling, he came
 To greet me. When he saw the gracefulness
 And beauty of the maiden, and perceived
 How fitly I had chosen her, his heart
 Rejoiced, and to our marriage feast he called
 Her friends and relatives. Thus she became
 My spouse, and all my life was filled with peace
 And happiness, blessed with a virtuous wife.
 At length, as time went by, old age crept on,
 And I, feeling disgust for earthly things
 And weariness of life, I made my son
 The ruler of my kingdom. Then I turned,
 Casting aside my royal state, and went
 Into the forest. There intense desire
 To leave this mortal frame possessed my mind.
 Therefore I meditated on the deity
 And from the mountain side I threw myself
 Down headlong. So I quitted life. Now born
 Again into the world, thou seest me
 Jîmûtavâhana. To me belongs
 The recollection of my former births.
 Thou Mitrâvasu art the Savara prince,
 And this thy sister, Malayavatî,

Is that same damsel born again, whom I,
 The merchant's son, chose in my former birth
 To be my bride. Therefore 'tis right and good
 That I should marry her. First do thou go
 And tell my parents: truly shalt thou gain
 Thy whole desire." When Mitrâvasu heard
 The story of Jîmûtavâhana,
 He told his parents, who were filled with joy,
 And gave their daughter Malayavatî
 In marriage to Jîmûtavâhana,
 And the pair dwelt in great prosperity
 And happiness upon Malaya's mount.
 Once on a time Jîmûtavâhana
 Was wandering amid the woods that gird
 The shore; and in that place he saw a man
 Fearful and trembling; and with loud lament
 His mother followed, while the man would turn
 And bid his mother leave him; but with tears
 She never ceased to follow him. Behind
 The pair there followed one in soldier's garb,
 Who led the man up to a lofty rock
 And left him. Then Jîmûtavâhana
 Spoke to the man and said, "Tell me, I pray,
 Who art thou? Why does this thy mother weep
 For thee." Then said the man, "In bygone times
 Kadrû and Vinatâ, Kâsyapa's wives,
 Held a dispute. The horses of the sun
 Were black," so one declared,—the other said
 That they were white. The one who erred should serve
 The other as a slave. Thus each agreed.
 The subtle-minded Kadrû, fully bent
 On victory, induced her sons the snakes
 To send forth showers of venom o'er the steeds;
 And then she showed them all defiled and black
 To Vinatâ. So by an artifice
 Was Vinatâ o'ercome and made a slave.
 How terrible is woman's spite which wreaks
 Vengeance upon its kind. Then came the son

Of Vinatâ, Garuḍa, and he begged
 His mother. Then the sons of Kadrû said,
 ‘Garuḍa ! lo ! the gods have now begun
 To churn the sea of milk. If thou wilt bring
 The nectar from that sea, O mighty chief,
 And give it us, thou shalt indeed redeem
 Thy mother from her bonds of slavery.’
 Then to the sea of milk Garuḍa went,
 And showed his mighty power, if by that means
 He might obtain the nectar. Vishṇu, pleased
 With that display of might, exclaimed, ‘Indeed
 Thou hast delighted me ! Ask what thou wilt,
 And I will give it thee.’ Garuḍa, wroth,
 Because his mother had been made a slave,
 Replied, ‘I pray thee may the snakes become
 My food.’ The god assented. So he gained
 The nectar by his valour, and a boon
 From Vishṇu. As Garuḍa turned to go,
 There met him Indra. ‘King of birds !’ he said,
 ‘I know thine errand ; may thy power and might
 Restrain these foolish snakes lest they consume
 The nectar ; and enable me to take
 It from them.’ When Garuḍa heard these words,
 He willingly complied, and to the snakes
 Bearing the nectar in his hand he went,
 Rejoicing in the thought of Vishṇu’s boon ;
 Then standing at a distance, he addressed
 The snakes, filled with alarm at Vishṇu’s gift :—
 ‘Here is the nectar, lo ! I bring it you,
 Take it,—release my mother ; if you fear
 My power, I will place it on a bed
 Of Darbha grass ; and when you have restored
 My mother I will go, and you can take
 The nectar thence.’ All willingly the snakes
 Assented, and upon a sacred bed
 Of Kuśa grass, Garuḍa placed the bowl
 Of nectar, and departed, having freed
 His mother. Then the snakes approached to taste

The nectar, but with sudden swoop from heaven
 The mighty Indra fell, and bore away
 The nectar from its bed of Darbha grass.
 Then in despair the serpents licked the grass,
 One single drop of nectar may remain
 (They thought) upon the grass; and thus their tongues
 Were split, and they became all double-tongued,
 Nor gained aught. What can the greedy hope
 To gain but ridicule? And so the snakes
 Failed to obtain the nectar, while their foe,
 Garuḍa, fell upon them, and began,
 Strong in the gift of Viṣṇu, to devour
 Them up. And all the snakes in Pâtâla
 Were dead with fear, the females cast their young,
 Over the serpent race destruction seemed
 To hang. Then Vâsuki, the serpent King,
 Seeing his enemy come day by day,
 Foresaw the ruin of the serpent world,
 And as a suppliant to Garuḍa said :
 ‘O mighty one ! whose power and majesty
 Are past resisting, as each day goes by
 One serpent will I send thee, king of birds,
 And on that sandy hill, hard by the sea,
 My offering shalt thou find : nor enter thou
 Pâtâla day by day, destroying all
 The serpent race ; for then thy life
 Will lose its object.’ Thus spoke Vâsuki.
 Garuḍa to his words assented. In this place
 Each day he eats the snake Vâsuki sends.
 So have innumerable serpents met
 Their death. I am a serpent too. My name
 Is Śankachûḍa, and my time is come
 To furnish forth a meal. The serpent King
 Has therefore sent me to this rock of death,
 Whither my mother follows me with tears
 And lamentations sore.” Then grief possessed
 Jîmûtavâhana, and thus he spoke :
 “ Ah ! but a coward is that king of thine !

He offers to his enemy as food
 The people of his realm ! Why did he not
 First offer up himself ? Oh, base thy King !
 Since he the overthrow of all his race
 Unmoved can witness. Ah ! how great a sin !
 Garuḍa too commits. Lo ! mighty sins
 Do even mighty men commit, impelled
 By selfish greediness. Cheer up, my friend !
 I will deliver thee, surrendering
 My body to Garuḍa." "Mighty one !"
 Responded Śankachūḍa ; "This be far
 From thee ! Thou wouldest not destroy a gem
 To save a bit of glass. Never will I
 Endure that foul disgrace through me should fall
 Upon my race." Thus tried he to dissuade
 Jîmûtavâhana, and to the shrine
 Of Śiva went, thinking his time was come,
 To offer adoration to the god.
 And then indeed Jîmûtavâhana,
 Of pity and compassion, as it were,
 The very treasure house—thought that the chance
 Had come, by offering of himself, to save
 The serpent's life. Therefore he quickly sent
 Mitrâvasu away, on some pretence.
 Then came Garuḍa, and immediately
 The earth began to tremble at the wind
 Of his advancing wings, as though it shook
 In wonder at the steadfast bravery
 Of the great-minded one. Then rose in haste
 Jîmûtavâhana, and filled with love
 For living things, mounted upon the rock
 Of death, knowing the quaking earth foretold
 The advent of Garuḍa. Then swooped down
 The serpent's enemy—the heavens grew dark
 At his dread shadow, and he bore away
 Jîmûtavâhana, while drops of blood
 Flowed from the hero, and his jewelled crest
 Fell to the ground, torn by Garuḍa's beak.

And flying to the topmost mountain peak,
 The king of birds began to eat his prey.
 Then instantly there fell from heaven a rain
 Of flowers, while Garuḍa at the sight
 Was filled with wonder. Soon this snake returned
 Fresh from Gokarṇa's shrine, and when he saw
 The rock of death wet with the drops of blood,
 "Surely the mighty-minded one, (he thought)
 Has offered up his life to ransom mine.
 Oh, whither has Garuḍa borne him hence?
 Lo! I will search for him, it may so chance
 That I may find him." Following the track
 Left by the drops of blood, the serpent went.
 Meanwhile Garuḍa with amazement saw
 That gladness filled Jîmûtavâhana.
 He ceased to eat him, and within himself
 He thought :—"Who can this be? This must be one
 To whom I have no right; for misery
 Has no abode within his constant mind.
 Lo! he rejoices in his fate!" Then said
 Jîmûtavâhana, upon his aim
 Intent :—"O King of birds! there still remains
 Within my body flesh and blood: I pray
 Why hast thou ceased to feed upon my form,
 Seeing thy hunger is not satisfied?"
 Filled with astonishment, the King of birds
 Ceased from his meal, and said, "O! mighty one!
 Surely thou art no snake; I pray thee, say,
 Who art thou?" Then Jîmûtavâhana
 (His answer just begun, "I am a snake!
 Eat me, I pray, for men of constant mind
 With perseverance carry through the task
 They have in hand,") heard from afar the voice
 Of Śankachûḍa, "King of birds! desist!
 I am the snake prepared for thee! Alas!
 How camest thou in recklessness and haste
 To err so grievously?" Confusion seized
 Garuḍa, and Jîmûtavâhana

Was overcome with grief, for his desire—
 Had fled, all unfulfilled. At last the truth
 Was clear before Garuḍa, and he knew
 His prey was not a serpent, but the king
 Of the Vidyādhara. Then deepest pain
 Possessed his mind. “Alas! my cruelty!”
 He said; “What sin has that brought forth in me!
 How easily does sin lay hold on those
 Who follow after sin! This noble one
 Who for another’s good has sacrificed
 Himself, despising this illusive world,
 Nor fears my power—all honour be to him,
 And praise unceasing!” Then the king of birds,
 To purify himself, into the flames
 Was rushing headlong. “King of birds,” exclaimed
 Jîmûtavâhana, “Do not despair!
 If thou wouldst truly turn from guilt—repent!
 Slay no more serpents for thy food—repent
 Of those which thou didst eat in times gone by;
 So shalt thou find a remedy for guilt,
 None other may avail.” The king of birds
 Heard and rejoiced, determined to repent,
 Obedient to Jîmûtavâhana
 As to a ghostly father. Then to heaven
 He went to bring down nectar, to revive
 The wounded prince, and to restore to life
 The serpents who had perished, and whose bones
 Alone were left. Then Gaurî came from heaven
 In human form, and on the mighty one
 She poured forth showers of nectar: and his limbs,
 Renewed in greater beauty than before,
 Were given back to him, while through the sky
 The heavenly music rang, and all the gods
 Rejoiced. Garuḍa, too, returned from heaven,
 Bearing the nectar; and along the shore
 He sprinkled the life-giving drops. And lo!
 The serpents that had perished, once again
 Rose up, clothed with the forms that they had worn

In life, and filled that forest by the shore—
 Crowds upon crowds of serpents pressing on ;—
 It seemed even as though the serpent world,
 Forgetting their dread enemy, had come
 To see and honour their deliverer.
 And round Jîmûtavâhana his friends,
 His wife, his parents, clustered, and they praised
 Him for his glory, and undying fame.
 Could aught but triumph reign in word or thought
 Since joy had banished pain. Then to his home,
 Together with his wife, and friend, and son,
 Jîmûtavâhana, compassionate
 Towards all living things, departing, reigned
 The sovereign lord of the Vidyâdharas.

THE STORY OF HARISARMAN (*Kathâ Sarit Sâgara*, Tarânga
 30, Śloka 92).

Once on a time within a certain town
 There lived a Brâhman ; he was very poor,
 And foolish too. Moreover, he had naught
 Wherewith to earn a livelihood ; his case
 Was altogether very bad. Besides he had
 No end of children ; thus the deity
 Would punish him for all the wicked deeds
 Committed in some former life. So then
 The Brâhman (Harisarman was his name)
 Wandered about, with all his family,
 To beg for alms : and in his wanderings
 He chanced upon a village. There he stayed,
 And in a rich householder's family
 He entered into service. While his sons
 Tended the cows, and kept their master's goods,
 His wife served him, and in a dwelling near
 He lived himself, performing day by day
 The tasks appointed in his master's house.

One day the daughter of the householder
Was married, and a mighty feast was made,
And friends from far and near invited came.
Then was the Brâhman pleased, because he thought
That he would cram himself up to the throat
With dainties ; but no one remembered him
Nor asked him to the feast. When night had come,
Filled with distress because his hopes had failed,
He called his wife to him :—"Stupid," he said,
"And poor am I: men therefore with disdain
Put me aside: now by an artifice
Will I deceive them, and I shall appear
Wise and discerning. This must be your part
To tell my master, when you have the chance,
That I am learned in magic art. Respect
Shall then be paid me." So a plan he formed
And secretly by night he stole the horse
On which the bridegroom rode. When morning came,
The bridegroom's men searched far and near, but found
Him not, for Hariśarman had concealed
The horse in some far-distant place. Then came
The Brâhman's wife and said, "Why not consult
My husband? for he knows astrology
And all the sciences. Lo! he will find
The horse for you." Therefore the householder
Sent messengers to ask the Brâhman's help.
Then Hariśarman said, "To-day the horse
Is stolen, and you call me to your house,
'Twas only yesterday, I was ignored."
"I pray thee pardon," said the householder,
"Indeed we did forget:"—with such like words
He turned aside the Brâhman's wrath, and said,
"Tell me, where is the horse?" The Brâhman drew
Elaborate diagrams, and feigned to make
Deep calculations. "You will find the horse
(At last he said) in such and such a place,
Be quick and fetch him home, before the thieves
Convey him further." Then they went and found

The horse and brought him back, praising the skill
 Of Hariśarman. All men honoured him
 And took him for a sage. It came to pass
 After some time the palace of the king
 Was entered by a thief, who carried off
 Jewels and gold. Now Hariśarman's fame
 Had reached the royal ears, therefore the king
 Sent for the Brâhman. He, when, summoned came,
 But gave no answer, trying to evade
 The question. "When to-morrow comes," he said,
 "An answer I will give you." Then the king
 Locked Hariśarman up within a room
 And placed a watch. Filled with despondency,
 The Brâhman thought but little would avail
 All his pretended wisdom. In that place
 There was a maid called Jihvâ ; it so chanced
 That she, helped by her brother, was the thief.
 This maid, o'ercome with terror at the skill
 Of Hariśarman, listened at the door
 By night, intent on finding out, if possible,
 What he might be about. Just at that time
 The Brâhman, who was in the room alone,
 Taking to task his tongue, which had assumed
 To know that which it knew not, said :—" Alas !
 O Jihvâ !¹ What is this that thou hast done
 Through lust of pleasure ? Evil one ! Endure
 Thy punishment." The servant, terrified,
 Thought that her crime was known, and entering in,
 Fell at the Brâhman's feet, whom she supposed
 To have all knowledge, and she said :—" O Sir !
 'Tis true ! I am the thief ! I Jihvâ stole
 The gold and jewels, and I buried them
 Under the roots of a pomegranate tree
 Behind the palace. Take the gold I pray
 Which I have left, and spare me, I confess
 My crime." When Hariśarman heard these words,

¹ Jihvâ means ' tongue,' as well as being a proper name.

He said with haughtiness : " I know all this !
 Depart ! The future, past, and present lie
 Within my ken ; but I will not denounce
 You as the thief, because you are a wretch
 Who have implored my mercy. Bring to me
 Whatever gold you have." Without delay
 The maid departed. Then the Brāhman thought
 In wonder : " That which seemed impossible
 Fate has accomplished, as it were in sport,—
 Fate well disposed to me. Calamity
 Seemed close at hand, but yet I have attained
 Success beyond my hopes. I blamed my tongue,
 The cause of all my ills, when suddenly
 Before my very feet Jihvâ the thief
 Falls prostrate. Secret crimes are brought to light
 (This I perceive) by fear." With thoughts like these
 He passed the night rejoicing. Morning dawned,
 And then, he led the king, with much pretence
 Of wisdom, to the garden where the gold
 Had been concealed. Showing him what remained,
 He said the thief had carried part away.
 Then was the king delighted, and he gave
 To Hariśarman honours and rewards.
 But Devajnânin, the chief minister,
 Said to the king in private, whispering
 Into his ear : " How should a man possess
 Knowledge like this, which ordinary men
 May not attain, seeing his ignorance.
 He knows naught of the Śāstras,—of the books
 Treating of science. So you may be sure
 He has a secret partnership with thieves,
 And makes his living by dishonest means.
 Try him again by some new artifice—
 And test his wisdom." To this scheme the king
 Gladly assented, and he placed a frog
 Within a covered pitcher, newly bought,
 And said to Hariśarman, " Tell me now,
 What is within this pitcher ? If you guess

Arigh, then will I honour you indeed.”
The Brâhman heard these words, and thought his end
Had come at length : then rose within his mind
The name of “ frog,” by which in sportiveness
His father used to call him ; suddenly,
Impelled by some divinity, he spoke,
Lamenting his untimely fate, and said,
Addressing thus himself, “ Poor little frog !
Surely this pitcher is the overthrow
Of all your hopes, for on you in this place
Destruction swiftly falls.” Then all who heard
The Brâhman’s words, with loud applause exclaimed,
“ Indeed, a mighty sage ! he even saw
Within the pitcher.” Then, indeed, the king,
Thinking that Hariśarman’s skill was due
To magic art, gave to him villages
And wealth, and outward marks of royal state.
The humble Brâhman thus became a prince.