

In this direction I will make an effort to the best of my ability. He whispers into his ear—Thus, thus. Then, as the battle raged at (all) the four gates of the fort, even before the sun had risen, the crows set fire to the houses in the interior of the fort all at once. Thereafter, hearing the tumultuous cries—‘The fort is taken, the fort is taken,’—and seeing the fire actually spreading through several houses, the soldiers of the royal Swan, as well as the other residents of the fortress, quickly entered the pond. For,

At the proper time and to the best of one’s ability one should hold a good consultation, display good valour, fight bravely or effect an honourable (or, orderly) retreat, but should not (pause to) think (i.e., should not hesitate, but promptly act).—140.

The royal Swan, who, being habituated to ease, was moving slowly, accompanied by Sārāsa, was attacked by the Cock, Chitravarna’s general, and surrounded. Hiranyagarbha said to Sārāsa—General Sārāsa, you should not destroy yourself out of regard for me. You can still make good your escape. Go, then, and save yourself by plunging into the water. Make my son, Ohādāmaṇi by name, king, with the consent of Sarvajña. Sārāsa said—My lord, please utter not such unbearable words. May Your Majesty be triumphant as long as the sun and moon endure in heaven. My lord, I am the commanding officer of the castle. So the enemy shall enter by the gate-way smeared with my flesh and blood. Moreover, my lord—

P. 85. A master who is forbearing, munificent and an appreciator of merits, is obtained with difficulty.

The king observed—This is true, indeed, but—

Even a servant who is honest, diligent and devoted (to his master) is, I think, difficult to be found.

Sārāsa said—My lord, hear me again.

If after having avoided a fight there could be no fear of death, then it would be proper to go away from here: but if death be the inevitable lot of a creature, why should reputation be tarnished in vain? Again,

In this wordly existence, which is as evanescent as the curling up (or, sportive motion) of a wave raised by the wind, the sacrificing of one’s life for another’s sake happens by virtue of merit.