

I replied—I am a follower of his Imperial Majesty, the royal swan, Hirnyagarbha, king of Karpúradvīpa and have come here out of curiosity to see foreign countries.

On hearing this, the birds asked me—Which of the two countries and kings you think to be the better? I replied—Why is the question necessary? Great is the difference. Karpúradvīpa is heaven itself, while the royal swan is the second lord of heaven. Condemned to this desolate place, what do you do here? Come away; let us go to our country. Then on hearing my words all flew into a passion. For,

To feed serpents on milk is simply to add to their poison : advice given to fools leads to provocation and not to satisfaction.

Moreover,

A learned man only should be advised, and never an illiterate one; for having offered advice to monkeys, the birds had to go away being deprived of their place of abode.

The king asked how it was. Dīrghamukha thus related—

TABLE I.

P. 63. There is a large Śálmali tree on the bank of the Narmadá, in the vicinity of a hill. There, in the interiors of nests built by themselves lived certain birds in happiness even in the monsoons. Once in the rainy season, the sky being overcast with masses of clouds looking like so many dark veils, there fell a heavy shower of rain in large streams. Then the birds seeing some monkeys at the foot of the tree, suffering from cold and shivering, said, through mercy—Ho monkeys, hear—

We have built nests with straws brought by means of nothing else but our bills : why do you (then), who are endowed with hands and feet, experience suffering?

Hearing this, the monkeys being enraged said to themselves—Oh, the birds comfortably lodged in the interior of their nests not exposed to the blast, are reproaching us! Well, let the showers just cease. Thereafter, when the downpour of rain had stopped, the monkeys climbed up the tree, and smashed all the nests, so that the eggs of the birds fell down. Hence I say—A learned man only should be advised &c. What did they do then?—asked the king. The crane replied—Then the birds said, in anger—Who made the royal swan king? Thereupon I too being irritated asked them—By whom was your