

praiseworthy. I, therefore, desire friendship with you. Kindly then favour me with your friendship. On hearing this, Hiranyaka asked from within his hole—who are you? He said—I am a crow, Laghupatanaka by name. Hiranyaka smilingly observed—What friendship can there be with you? For,

Whatever is fit to be united with another, in this world, the same a wise man should unite with that: I am the food and you the feeder: how can love (friendship) exist between us? And again,

Friendship between the food and its eater is simply the cause of misfortune: the deer that was caught in a snare, through (the stratagem of) a jackal was delivered by a crow.

The crow asked—How was that? Hiranyaka related—

FABLE II.

There is, in the country of Magadha, a vast wilderness, called Champakavati. In it there long lived in great friendship a deer and a crow. The deer, plump and sleek in body, was spied by a certain jackal, while roaming at will. On seeing him, the jackal said to himself—Ah, how shall I come by his delicious flesh! Well, let me first create confidence (in him). Having thus reflected, he went up to him and said—Friend, is it all well with you? The deer asked—Who are you? He replied—I am a jackal, Kshudrabuddhi (Little-wit) by name. I live here, like one dead, having lost all my relatives. Now that I have found a friend in you and have (thus) a relative, I have once more entered the world of the living. Now I will, in every way, be your attendant. The deer said—Be it so. Thereafter, when the divine Sun, the wearer of a wreath of rays, had set, the two went to the residence of the deer. There on the branch of a Champaka tree, lived a crow, named Subuddhi (Good-wit), an old friend of the deer. Seeing the two the crow asked—Friend, who is this second? The deer said—This is a jackal who comes here desiring our friendship. The crow said, friend, friendship, all of a sudden, with a stranger, is not advisable. For it is said—

Shelter should not be given to any one whose family and disposition are not known; for the fault of a cat, the vulture, Jaradgava, suffered death.

The two asked how it was, whereupon the crow related—

FABLE III.

There is a large Parkaṭi tree on the hill, named Gridhrakūṭ (the peak of Vultures), on the bank of the Bhágirathi.