

&c. Upon this king Chitravarṇa said again :—Just hear me, minister. I have thought thus of the matter. That Meghavarna, if left king here, will send us all the best things that are to be found in Karpūradvīpa, so that I might live in great luxury on mount Vindhya. Dāradarśī, having smiled, said—My lord,

He who rejoices over things which have not come to pass suffers contempt like the Brāhmaṇa who broke the pots. -20.

P. 91. The king asked how it was, the minister went on—

#### TABLE VII.

There was a Brāhmaṇa, called Devaśarmā, in the city of Devakoṭa. On the great equinox day he got (as present) an earthen pot full of barley. With it, he, being oppressed with the heat of the sultry sun, slept in a part of a potter's shed filled with earthenware. Then having taken a stick in his hand to protect the Saktus (from mice) he fell into a reverie—If by selling this barley-pot I can get ten cowries, I will buy with them pitchers, Śarāvas and the like, just here. Selling these (at an advantage), and with the money thus increased manifold, I will buy, over and over again, betel-nuts, cloth and other articles, and will raise my fortune till it could be reckoned by lacs, and then marry four wives. I will then show greater love to her among the fellow-wives who is endowed with beauty and youth. Then when her co-wives, their jealousy being excited, will quarrel with her, I being overpowered by rage, will strike them with a stick thus—With these words he hurled forth the stick (he had in his hand), so that his pot containing the barley was broken into pieces and many other pots destroyed. Now the noise brought in the potter who discovering the pots in that condition reproved the Brāhmaṇa and drove him out of the interior of the shed. I say therefore—He who rejoices over things &c.

On hearing this the king said to the Vulture—Friend, tell me what is proper to be done. The Vulture said—

Of a king swollen with pride as of an elephant in rut (infuriated, ungovernable), and therefore going astray, the leaders (advisers, drivers), indeed, meet with censure (incur blame).

I solicit your attention, my lord. Did we conquer the fort by the pride of our strength (or, army, i.e., by sheer force) or rather by a stratagem, suggested by your glory? The king