

As for the separation of friends, let it be in the house of your enemies; let villains being drawn away by the god of death meet with destruction day by day; may the people ever be the asylum of prosperity and happiness of every kind; and let young boys always sport in the delightful garden of stories. — 102.

Chapter III.

WAR.

At the time of narrating the stories again, the princes said—
 "Venerable Sir, we are princes. We have, therefore, a curiosity to hear about War. Vishnūśarma said—I will relate just what your honours like. Do you hear about (the subject of) War then, of which this is the first *S'loka*—

In the combat between the swans and the peacocks, in which equal valour was displayed, the swans were deceived, their confidence being gained by the crows, having resided in the enemy's house.

102. The princes asked—How was that? Vishnūśarma related as follows—There is, in Karpuradvīpa, a lake, known as Padmakelī. In it dwelt a royal swan, Hiraṇyagarbha by name. He was installed their king by all the aquatic birds having assembled together. For,

If there be no king to guide the subjects properly, they would sink (in misery) in this world, like a boat without a helmsman in the sea. Moreover,

The king protects the subjects; they enrich the king: protection is better than enrichment: for in its absence, even what is, is not (i.e., no property is secure).

One day that royal swan was sitting at ease on a large lotus-pond surrounded by his retinue, when a crane, Hiraṇyagarbha by name, coming from some country, made his obeisance and sat down. Hiraṇyagarbha, said to the king, you have come from a foreign country. Tell us the news. The crane replied, sire, there is great news and I have hastened here to communicate that. May Your Highness listen. There is a mountain, Vindhya by name, in Jambudvīpa, where lives a peacock, Chitravarna by name, king of birds. While roaming in Dagdhatarāya, I was observed by his attendant birds and asked—Who are you and where have you come from? Whereupon