peacock made king? Hearing this they all became ready to kill me, whereupon I also displayed my valour. For,

On other occasions forbearance is an ornament to men as modesty is to women; but on the occasion of an insult a heroic action is an ornament as boldness (absence of modesty) is to s woman at the time of sexual enjoyment.

The king smiled and observed-

He, who having well considered his own strength or weakness as well as that of his enemies is not at all able to mark the difference, is despised by the enemies. Again,

A stupid ass, that daily fed upon corn in a field for a long time, being covered with a tiger's skin, suffered death for the fault of his voice.

The crane asked how it was. The king related-

FABLE II.

There lived, in Hastinapura, a washerman, Vilasa oy name.

His a had become feeble on account of carrying burdens toe heavy for him and was almost at the point of death. Thereapon the washerman, having wrappel him up in a tiger's skin, let him loose in a corn-field near a forest. Now the master of the field seeing him from a distance used quickly to run away P.64 taking him for a tiger. Then, one day, one of the men setting guard over the corn having protected his body with a dusky blanket and got a bow and arrow ready, remained waiting in a corner with his body bent down (in a bent posture) Seeing him from a distance the donkey who had grown stone and gained strength by eating corn at pleasure thought him se be a female ass and setting up a loud bray ran towards her. The corn-keeper knowing for certain from his braying that he was an ass killed him easily. Hence I say-A stupid ass, that daily fed on corn &c. What next? Di'rghamukha replied-Tien the birds said-Ah villain, vile orane, treading on our ground. thou revilest our lord ! This cannot be borne now. With these words all of them pecked at me with their bills and said wrathfully-Look here, thou blockhead, that swan, thy king, is extremely mild. He has no claim at all to severeignty.

For he who is all mildness is not able to save even the thing on the palm of his hand. How can he govern the earth then, or what is a kingdom to him? You too are a freg in a well