

liar to each. Thus produced, furnished, and equipped, and riding on a lion, the goddess gave free exercise to her risible sensibilities. "The whole sky was filled with the sound of her laughter, and the echoe was tremendous. All the worlds were thereby moved, and the seas were agitated. The earth quaked, and so did all the mountains. To her, thus riding on a lion, the gods joyfully said, 'prosper.' The Munis, meekspirited by faith, paid their adorations. The enemies of the gods seeing the three worlds thus agitated, armed themselves, and advanced with their forces in battle array. Mahishásura, crying out in his rage, 'Ah what is this'! ran in the direction of the sound, surrounded by innumerable demons."

The demons soon encountered the Deví, when a terrible conflict took place. On the one side fought the goddess, single-handed, if the phrase may be used in the case of a ten-armed combatant—assisted only by her favourite beast the lion. On the other, were demons whose numbers in men, chariots, horses, elephants, and arms baffled the highest terms in European numeration. But the goddess prevailed to the unspeakable joy of the celestials. The rout of the enemy was as complete as was their destruction terrific. "Some were cut asunder by strokes of sharp swords, others, felled by blows of clubs, were buried in the earth. Some were throwing up blood under repeated strokes of the pestle, others fell pierced in the chest by the javalin, others again sank under showers of darts. Some lost their arms, others their heads, others again were cut asunder in the middle. Some great asuras fell, their legs being carried off, some were split in two by the Deví, each (oblong) part having one hand one eye and one leg."—"Thus did the Deví destroy in a moment the great