Legends and Miracles of Buddha, Sakya Sinha.

"निन्दासि यश-विवेरहस्त युति-जातम्।
सदय हृदय दर्शितपम्पातम्॥
केक्रत्र धृत-युद्ध-गरीरः जय जगदीश फरे॥"

चीत्रोगीतगङ्गविन्दः।

Robin Chandra Das, M. A.
LEGENDS AND MIRACLES OF BUDDHA,

SAKYA SINHA

PART I.

Translated from the Avadan Kalpalata of Bodhi-Sattwas,
Of the great Sanskrit Poet
KSHEMENDRA.

BY

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OF THE BENGAL PROVINCIAL SERVICE, TRANSLATOR OF RAGHU-VAMSA.

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To

H. C. Cooke Esq., I.C.S.

Who has taken a most generous interest

in

The Author's Humble Works,

This Book is Respectfully

DEDICATED

by

His most Loyal Servant

Nobin Chandra Das.

KRISHNAGHAR,

4, September, 1895.
PREFACE.

In offering these pages to the public, my object has been to bring to their notice and specially to that of European scholars, some of the sublime sentiments and noble precepts which hitherto lay hidden in the undiscovered Sanskrit Buddhist works of India.

The high principles propounded by Buddha, Gautama or Sākya Sinha, which shaped the religion of most of the Asiatic nations, emanated from the doctrines and philosophy of the Indian Aryans. *

* Mr. R. C. Dutt, the translator of the Rig-Vedas, observed, “The cardinal tenets of Buddhism, the doctrine of Nirvāṇa, and the doctrine of Karma were directly derived from Hindu ideas and Hindu practices, and Buddhism was the offspring of Hinduism.” Buddhist Text Society’s Journal Vol. I. Pt. II.
Buddhism flourished in India as a religion, and as a system of ethics, or philosophy, under the powerful kings of Magadha, and owing to its similarity with the religion and ethics of the Vedas and the Upanishads, became in the lapse of time assimilated and merged in the latter. It lost its character as a separate religion and regained its original niche in the many-sided and all-comprehensive structure of Aryan or Brāhmanical philosophy, just as its great teacher, Buddha, himself was admitted into the Hindu Pantheon as an incarnation of the Deity, the highest position to which a man can aspire.*

Naturally enough, the same doctrine, propagated in the countries beyond Arjyávarta or India,

* "It may, I think, be confidently affirmed that Vaishnavas and Saivas crept up softly to their rival and drew the vitality out of its body by close and friendly embraces, and that instead of the Buddhists being expelled from India, Buddhism gradually and quietly lost itself in Vaishnavism and Saivism."

Sir M. Williams' Buddhism p 170.

"Though the profession of Buddhism has for the most part passed away from the land of its birth, the mark of Gautama's sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brāhmanism and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindus are clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha's precepts" Preface to Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia."
where the people had no definite religion of their own, took deep root, as a religion pure and simple, grew and flourished extending its wide branches and soothing shade to the farthest limits of Asia.

It is a pity that most of the Buddhistic works on religion and philosophy did not survive the ravages of time and the bigotry of foreign conquerors in India. The colossal Buddhist-Sanskrit work Bodhi-Sattva Avadán Kalpalatá written by Kshemendra, the great Sanskrit poet of Káshmir, narrowly escaped a similar fate. It was lost in India, but has been recovered from "a monastery in Tibet by the enterprising scholar and traveller, Mr. Sarat Chandra Das. Kshemendra wrote 107 legends of the Bodhi-Sattvas in graceful Sanskrit verse, and his son Somendra wrote another tale to complete the auspicious number 108." *

* Mr. R. C. Dutt, B. T. S. Journal Vol. I. Pt. II.

My brother, Sri Sarat Chandra Das, c.i.E., gives the following account of the work, which is now being published by the Asiatic Society of Bengal, in the Bibliotheca Indica Series:—

"I visited the ancient libraries of Sakya, Samye and Lhassa, which were filled with original Sanskrit works taken from India. The library of Sakya is a lofty four-storeyed stone building of great size, erected about the 12th century, A.D. It was here that the monumental work of Kshemendra, called "Avadán Kalpalatá," was translated into Tibetan verse by the order of
Kshemendra, known for his learning, as “Vyāsa-Dāsa” (follower of Vyāsa) was born on mount Tripura, in Kashmir. His father’s name was Prakāshhendra. He studied under such teachers as Abhinava Gupta and Bhāgavatāchāryya Soma-Pāda. He was the author of numerous works on history, philosophy, religion, romance, and a variety of other subjects. The names of 36 of these have been discovered. *

Though born and brought up as a Hindu, he held in veneration all that was sublime in the tenets of the different sects of the Vedic and Brahmancial religions, and of Buddhism as well, as Phags-pa, the grand hierarch who converted the Emperor Khublai to Buddhism....... As regards the Dalai Lama’s library at Lhassa, it is considered the largest of all the libraries in Tibet. It was here that I obtained Kshemendra’s Avadan Kalpalatā.” Ibid.

* These are:—अश्वत-तरण, भवमय-सार, श्रीमचविचार चंद्रक, कनकज्ञानी, कला-विज्ञानकार्य, कविकृताभिन्न, चेतन-प्रकाश, चुदंबसंग्रह, चाहचत्यो, चित्र भारत नाटक, दर्पणजन, दर्शावतार-चरित्र, द्राम-पारिजात, देशीपन्नेश, नीतिकांतक, नीतिलत्ता, प्रथु काव्यश्री, पश्चात्परम परागि, वुद्धचरित Life of Buddha, लहू महास्थानी, बोधिशतुव्युधान-कल्पिता (Bodhisattvavādān Kalpa Latā), सुनिश्चित शैलोत्तर, राजवल्ली, रामायणकथासार, लवलत रवानाला, लावणवती काव्य, बालसाहित्य सूत्र, विषय-वक्री, वेताल-पवित्रशिल्पि (Vetāl Panchavinsati), वीराग वन, श्री-वंश, समवमालका, सुरव-विलक, संस्कृतकोपदेश, संहारारत मन्जरी.
appears from his works, "Dasávatár Charita" (The Ten Incarnations), "Muni-Mata-Mimánsá," and the present, "Avadán Kalpalatá."

He was undoubtedly a devout admirer of Buddha, whom he believed to be an incarnation of Vishnu and accorded a rank, superior to Brahmá and Indra:

"Him followed Brahmá and the gods,
Whom all the worlds adore."

Sri-Gupta, St. 15 p. 48.

He effectually brought about a reconciliation between Bráhmanical religion and Buddhism, which, though not antagonistic in the main doctrine, shewed divergencies in external form, and ran counter to each other, during the ascendency of the Mágadha kings.

The "Ráj-Tarangini" of Kalhan Pandit, makes mention of Kshemendra's historical work "Rájávali." Kshemendra wrote his "Samaya Mátriká" in the reign of king Ananta (25 Local Era) and his "Dasávatár Charita" in 41 L. E. when king Kalasha ruled in Káshmir.*

* "एकाधिकृतम् बिभिन्नत्वारिषें स कारिकः।
राजे कलशा-मुम्भसं: काग्मीरिव चतुर्वत:।"

The above account has been taken from the "Viswa Kosha."
I undertook to translate into English verse 4 out of the 108 cantos of this colossal work, for the Journal of the Buddhist Text Society of India, edited by Sri Sarat Chandra Das and my object will be fulfilled if, in spite of the imperfect garb in which they have been put by me, the intrinsic beauty and sublimity of the sentiments contained in them, receive the attention they deserve, at the hands of indulgent readers, and induce abler scholars to take up the work of translating the whole of the book and thereby throw a flood of light on the religion and doctrines of Buddha.

The story of Eka-Sringa is based on the legend of Risyasringa of Vālmiki-Rámáyana, and romantically describes how a young man brought up by his father in the solitude of a forest from his birth, and ignorant of the fair sex, could not resist the impulse of love, owing to innate desires and

* This legend has been translated into Japanese, by Mrs. Fujiye, a distinguished lady of Kioto, Japan, and published in the Journal of the Temperance Society of Kioto. The lady writes thus in the preface of her translation:—“I am very much interested to read this sweet and beautiful poem which is translated by Nobin Chandra Das M.A., from an ancient Sanskrit Scripture and appeared in the Journal of the Buddhist Text Society of India. I translate this into Japanese poetry and let readers taste how sweet it is.”
habits of former lives. It strikingly illustrates the principle of transmigration of the soul, which is the key-note of the Buddhistic faith.

The legend of *Rukmavati* illustrates the principle of self-sacrifice with a view to relieve the distress and save the life of others.

The story of *Jyotishka* describes how he was saved from the womb of his dead mother by the miraculous power of Buddha, and how he renounced the world under the oppressive rule of *Ajat-Satru*, king of Magadha. It teaches the efficacy of true faith and devotion.

The legend of *Sri-Gupta* inculcates the sublime lesson of Forgiveness, and *ahinsā* (अहिंसा) which Sir Edwin Arnold puts as follows:

“Kill not—for pity’s sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.”

*Light of Asia, B. viii.*

It narrates how Sri-Gupta, at the instigation of an anti-Buddhist, made a plot to poison Buddha by inviting him to a feast, and how the calm forgiveness and mercy of that Enlightened Being converted him into a devout follower!

“The Lord saved Sri-Gupta from spite and crime
And shewed how mercy conquers e’en a foe;
And thus he taught Forgiveness’ rule sublime,
To free his followers from the world and woe.” p. 59.
I offer my grateful thanks to the Revd. A. Tomory, M.A., of the Free Church Institution, Calcutta, who most generously revised my translation of the first two legends, and thereby encouraged me in the arduous task, which I had so rashly imposed upon myself.

Krishnaghar,  
17th February, 1895.  }   Nobin Chandra Das.
## CONTENTS.

**Eka-Sringa.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jasodharā's love for Buddha (st. 3-5)</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buddha's reply to the Bhikshus (6 and 7)</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Story of Nalini, princess of Benares and her visit to Eka-Sringa's hermitage (11-24)</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eka-Sringa and Nalini meet (25-35)</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eka-Sringa innocently tells his father Kāsyapa about the change in his mind (47-54)</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kāsyapa's anxiety for his son and his denunciation of the fair sex (58-62)</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nalini's second visit and success in winning over Eka-Sringa (64-69)</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eka-Sringa's marriage and ignorance of wedded life (70-74)</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He becomes king of Benares and appears as Buddha at a future birth (78-80)</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Rukmavati.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rukmavati's compassion for a woman at child-birth (st. 6 to 11)</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She offers her flesh to save her (12-15)</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She was born again as Satyavara and felt anxiety to feed hungry birds (20-27)</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Satyavrata sacrifices his life to save a tigress and her newborn cubs (28-46)</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His birth again as Buddha (48-50)</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS.

Jyotishka.

Buddha’s prophesy about Subhadra’s son (st. 4 to 8) . . . . . 26
A kshapanak’s attempt to falsify it (9-16) . . . . . 27
Subhadra causes his wife’s death (17-22) . . . . . 28
Buddha saves the child born of the dead mother and names him Jyotishka (23-33) . . . . . 29
King Bimbisāra took the boy and brought him up (34-37) . . . . . 31
Subhadra took Jyotishka to his home (38-43) . . . . . 32
Jyotishka’s prosperity (44-52) . . . . . 33
Oppression of King Ajat-Satru (53-60) . . . . . 33
The effects of good rule and evils of tyranny (61-72) . . . . . 36
Worthlessness of worldly prosperity (73-78) . . . . . 39
Jyotishka renounced the world and followed Buddha (79-84) . . . . . 40
Efficacy of true faith and devotion (85-96) . . . . . 41

Sri-Gupta.

A kshapanak’s denunciation of Buddha (st. 6-10) . . . . . 46
Sri-Gupta’s plot to poison Buddha (11-17) . . . . . 47
A Bhikshu’s anxiety, hearing the plot (18-21) . . . . . 48
Buddha allays their fears (22-25) . . . . . 49
Miraculous power of Bodhi-Sattvas (26-36) . . . . . 49
Sri-Gupta sees Buddha and becomes his devout follower (37-41) . . . . . 52
Story of Anupama, queen of Benares and the peacock (43-58) . . . . . 53
The queen fell into temptation (60-65) . . . . . 56
Her attempt to poison the peacock fails and she dies of remorse and shame (66-71) . . . . . 57
Spite, folly and passions are the direst poisons (72-74) . . . . . 58
Doctrine of mercy and forgiveness (76-78) . . . . . 59
EKA-SRINGA*

A BIRTH STORY OF BUDDHA, SÁKYA SINHA.

In the mind that's free from fear,
Ardent desire has oft-times grown
Out from habits of former births
Luring the senses, to pleasure prone:
The lotus flower thus burgeons forth
From roots deep sunk in fertile mire,
Attracting by her fragrance sweet
The busy bees in humming quire.

In days of yore the blessed one
Resided in “the Banyan Grove”
Of Sákya’s city. Him around,
The Bhikshus came and spoke in love:

* Translated from the 65th canto of Kshemendra’s Avadán Kalpalatá.
Now thou from earthly pleasures safe
Art changed in mien and freed from care,
Ev'n Yasodhará, in palace rich,
Entranced stands at sight so fair.

Her beauteous limbs, with jewels decked,
Tremble like ripples in the brook;
Holding in hand a dish of sweets
E'er lovingly she courts thy look.

With downcast mind she knows no cheer
But sighs for a glance of thy face;
She droops, as fades the lily flower
When waning moon withdraws her grace.'

So spoke the monks; great Buddha heard
And thus bespake them with a smile;
His crimson lips and pearly teeth
Adorned a face all free from guile:

Yasodhará not first to-day
With charms doth captivate my heart;
So did she in her former life
Lure me with cakes and Love's sweet art.

Good king Kásya in Kási town
In olden times held royal sway,
As with a goad subdued his foe,
With fame as fair as lunar ray.
Vows he performed to get a son
Only a girl to him was born,
Her name Nalini: She alone
Became the fruit of Plenty's horn.

So year by year the maid grew up,
No brother or sister her youth did share;
At last the king sought council wise
And to his friends told his despair:—

"My sovereignty, without an heir
Is like a lofty widespread tree,
Affording shelter unto all
Yet worn and cankered inwardly.

"Nalini, my sole darling child,
Is on the threshold of her youth:
To wed her to a husband meet
Would free me from my care and ruth.

"For, who can keep his daughter long
Or unburned hold a burning wick?
She causes her dear father care:
'Tis better she be married quick.

"But she, born princess of this realm,
A noble of it may not wed,
And so unto some foreign land
When Hymen bids she 'll turn her head;—
“Unless a kindly Fate decree
That foreign prince shall hither come,
And of my throne shall partner be
And of my girl the mate become.”

There lives on Ganga's sacred bank
Sage Kasyapa of royal blood,
Lone in a peaceful hermitage
Built just beside the rolling flood.

A thirsty hind drank in the stream
And she became the mother proud,
Of Kasyapa's saintly son,
Renowned by the admiring crowd.

From day to day she gave him suck;
The hermit-father owned his son,
Who from the one horn on his brow
His name of Eka-sringa won.

The child grew up religiously
To piety he was devote;
Little he cared for earth's affairs
His soul was free from every mote.

Him did king Kasya wish to gain
As husband for his daughter dear,
For such a union would prevent
Of his realm's fall the dire fear.
The ministers conferred a while
Then to the king their counsel told;
It was to let his daughter roam
At will, beside the hermit's wold.

The king agreed, and with his leave
The maid went to the wood to roam:
It was a brave exploit for her
To seek the youth near to his home.

The black-eyed maiden in the wood
Looked beautiful in frolic gay,
Her lithesome form and grace excelled
The creepers moved by Zephyr's sway.

She culled the flowers and chased the flies
Her presence sweet did rouse the deer,
The hermit's son their flight did see
And to discover the cause drew near.

He paused when first his eyes did rest
Upon the black-eyed maiden there,
For in his woodland home till now
He ne'er had seen a maiden fair.

And through him then her eyes did flash
A current of celestial fire;
The poor boy did not understand
The rushing feeling of desire.
But on her face he gazed and gazed
And wondered what the fair might be,
Was it a god or vision rare,
That with these eyes he now did see?

And she in turn at him but glanced,
Then sank her head upon her chest,
A rising blush crimsoned her cheek
And shamed the necklace on her breast.

With love she quivered in every nerve
And love-sweat moistened her blue-black hair,
And her amorous bosom heaved and sank;
Then her bespake the hermit fair:

"O, hermit blest, if hermit thou be,
Thrice-blest are those wood-roaming deer,
That in thy favour live and bask
And in thy presence know no fear.

"Thy beauty doth mankind refresh
Even as a draught of nectar rare;
Compared to thee, ascetic looks
Of other hermits dull appear.

"The smooth dark cluster of thy locks
Set off with ferns and flowers gay,
Looks like the peacock's varied plumes
Displayed at sight of cloud's array.
33 "The white beads* hanging o'er thy breasts
Which round appear like fruit of *bael
Enchant the leaping fawns: to charm
The pure in heart they never fail.

34 "A leafy zone of *munja, † bright
As sparks of sacrificial fire,
Girdles thy waist and clings to thee,
And with its clinging joy inspires.

35 "Oh, tell me, pray, where thou dost dwell?
There surely must be found great bliss,
The lotus in thy foot-print springs
Yellow and white for sunbeams to kiss."

36 And as she heard, the maid perceived,
Of love how witless the youth appeared;
So maiden's shame she put aside
And sweetly glanced at him, nor feared.

37 Then gently to the enraptured sage
The princess spoke in accents coy:
"My hermitage is over there
Come there with me and see my joy."

38 So said the maiden with a smile
Tempting the youth to go her way;
Offered him cakes with camphor mixed
Soothing as music at cool of day.

* String of pearls thought to be a rosary. † A kind of grass.
39
With honeyed cakes and amorous talk
And lover's lore which charms the ear,
The princess by her wiles allured
The hermit, artless as the deer.

40
"Show me thy grove," the hermit cried
And closed his eyes in ecstasy,
Feeling her arms around his neck,
Enraptured with love's rhapsody.

41
She led the way, he followed her
Drawn by magnetic cords of Love:
Into her chariot grand she climbed
Inviting him with her to rove.

42
Seeing the horses he held back,
For hornless stags they seemed to him;
And 'twere a crime for him, he thought,
Hind-born, to whip and drive his kin.

43
He would not mount, so all alone
The maiden homewards drove her pair.
The loving youth in mind she bore
And told her sire his story rare.

44
The king in council him bethought
Of means to win the hermit young
By guile, but not by force, for fear
The hermit father's wrath be stung.
45
So he devised a floating stage
Of boats decked like a hermitage,
On which the lovely princess fair
Might carry off her lover sage.

46
The while Eka-sringa's father wise
Observing his dear son neglect
His sacred duties to perform,
Thought Love to blame for this defect.

47
And asked him, "Son! what ails thee, then?"
The youth replied with deep drawn sigh,
Which gently shook like Zephyr's breath
The quivering twigs of plants close by:

48
"Father, I saw in yonder grove
By Ganga's side, a hermit sure;
Whose face was like the spotless moon
Whose eyes became my cynosure.

49
"His neck, and hands, and waist were girt
With beads reflecting rainbow-hues.
Why, father, is it that I lack
Such ornaments that grace infuse?

50
"The music of his loving voice
Still vibrates in my inmost heart;
The hum of bees or cuckoo-note
Compares not with his artless art."
“The bark that round his graceful form*
He wore, was white as Ganga’s foam;
My barky covering now doth seem
Compared with it as black as loam.

“He pressed my cheek to his lotus-face
And in his arms he me embraced;
His tender lips spoke passioned prayers,
As I in his sweet clasp was laced.

“And ever since I’ve had no peace
Nor shall, till I see him again;
Sweet balmy sleep from me repelled
By thoughts of him I seek in vain.

“For day and night nought else I see,
But the outline of his face divine;
Nor can I think of sacred rites
While for his absent form I pine.”

The wise old hermit understood
That Love had claimed his only son,
His round of meditation left
And thought on what could now be done—

* The hermit-boy, used to wear bark, took the silk dress of the princess to be fine bark.
"Alas, this youth born of a hind
Has fall’n wounded by woman’s eye!
Innocent he of snares and wiles,
Has been trapped by a woman sly."

His love-struck son he then addressed,
And told the cause without alloy,
That he had been oppressed in heart
With love and lover’s seeming joy.

"It was no hermit-boy," he said,
"But maiden fair that thee allured;
In her there lies the fang of love,
Whose poisoned sting cannot be cured.

"They who are struck by woman’s glance,
And captured by her painted eye,*
And thrilled with pleasure at her touch,
Shall in this world’s dire prison die.

"For woman’s beauty, lightning-like,
Corruscates with a dangerous play,
Over man’s miseries and pains
Sheds fitful flash, then dies away!

* Refers to the custom of painting the eye with black dye (anjan).
“Woe unto him who cannot flee
From woman, child of vanity,
Mysterious elf of Ignorance,
Bringer of ruin and insanity!

Happy are they who live in peace,
In solitude, and suffer nought
From darting glance of woman’s eye,
With pain and peril ever fraught.”

In such a strain the father spake
To free his son from Love’s strong chain;
But his fiery soul was kindled now
With Beauty’s flame: so words were vain.

And when, as was his wont, next day
His sire to gather sticks was gone,
The love-sick youth beheld the maid,
Returning to her quest half-won.

The princess, with her train of maids
Shining as creepers with blossoms gay,
Beheld with joy the youthful sage
Fair as cupid, on Love’s hey-day!

With sweet red lips she then did speak,
“Come to my hermitage’s shade,
Where Kalp trees with mellow fruit
Do bend.” He followed, as she bade.
He saw the floating hermitage
Of boats, o'er-hung with jewels bright,
And golden foliage and flower,
And entered in with great delight.

The floating grove him meanwhile bore
To holy Kási down the stream,
As man, unknowing, is borne away
By earthly thoughts that come in dream.

Thus to the Royal Court he came
Adorned with jewels of wondrous size;
He fancied Heaven, by sages sung,
Had come before his mortal eyes.

The monarch then, rejoiced in heart,
Bestowed the princess on the youth;
Her necklace trembled as she walked
Round fire, plighting her bridal troth.

The nuptial fire with off'rings burnt;
And with her gentle hand in his,
The bridegroom thought he yet did stand
Beside the sacred fire in bliss.

* Practised his vows as an ascetic, still ignorant of wedded life.
The king with height of festive joy
Honoured the son, who lingered still
With him intent on vows, then took
His bride back to his forest rill.*

The Mother Hind beheld her son
Roam with his wife in wooded glade;
Endowed with speech by her hermit-mate,
She asked him "whence did'st get this maid?"

He bowed to her and fondly said:—
"This beauteous person is my friend,
Whose friendship and sweet company
Before the sacred fire I gained."

The mother found the simple youth
Still ignorant of wedded life;
To where the hermit-matrons lived,
She led her son and his fair wife.

The matrons thus addressed the youth:
"This is the partner of thy life,
The sharer of thy pious vows."
And so he knew her for his wife.

The hermit old then told his son
The duties of the married life;
Advised by him the youth repaired
To the king's palace with his wife.
78
The old king placed him on the throne,
And sought for peace in solitude;
The youthful sovereign ruled the land,
Receiving tithes from chiefs subdued.

79
The pomp of regal power and wealth
Stirred not the tenor of his mind;
But in old age he left the world,
Leaving his family-cares behind.*

80
This Eka-sringa (the one-horned) am I,
Yasodhara is Nalini, my wife;
Her charms surviving from former birth
Grace even now my peaceful life.

81
Thus Jina did his former life recite;
The Bhikshus heard in wonder and delight.

* Became a hermit in old age.
MY halting tongue fails to declare
Heroic deeds both great and fair,
Of those whose lives relieve Earth's woe,
Whose wounds, like lotus, glory wear.†

In times of yore Lord Budh proclaimed
How men with him true peace might share;
He wandered' mongst Kaivarta tribes,
Thence did to solitude repair.

* Translated from the 51st Pallava of Kshemendra's Avadán Kalpalatá.

† Wounds resemble red lotus. The Goddess of prosperity is said to dwell on lotus flower. Martyr's bloody wounds are glorious,
To adore and pay him homage due,
Great Indra came, lord of the sky;
A radiant smile played o'er his face;
What secret doth beneath it lie!

To wond'ring Indra, Budh declared
The reason of that heavenly look:
"'Twas memory of former life,
That of my face possession took.

"The sudden joy which flushed my mind
Was due to reminiscence old,"
So said the Lord, and then began
The story of his life to unfold:—

"Rukmavati, a noble dame,
Lived in Utpalávati town;
Her poorer neighbours shared her wealth,
For Mercy claimed her as her own.

"She saw one day a wretched hag,
Through hunger desperate and wild,
Glare eager, like a monster dire
To tear and eat her new-born child.

"The dame was moved by pity sweet
To stop the crime, and thus did speak:
'Alas! the love of self doth lead
Man into sin when will is weak."
9

'This frantic woman may not be
E'en for a moment left alone;
Or else the infant will be killed
And torn asunder skin from bone.

10

'And if I take the child with me,
While home I swift for food do fly,
The mother, half-dead even now,
Will from starvation surely die.'

11

One moment stood she in suspense,
Uncertain still which way to go;
She fell into a trance, and found
The way, to save the world from woe!

12

Then swift as thought, with glistening knife,
She cut for food her rounded breast;
Unmoved she offered it to the hag
Who lay by hunger still oppressed.

13

'The wretch ate it, and spared the child;
The fame of this devoted act
Spread o'er the earth, and Indra came
In Brâhman's guise to ask the fact:

14

'Fair lady! when thou gav'st thy breast,
Was aught unwilling then thy mind?'
To him replied the noble dame,
Who to weak flesh was wondrous kind:

* In the principle of self-sacrifice.
"'When I cut off my mature breast,  
My mind was then all free from doubt;  
Now for this virtue let me be  
A man, and womanhood hence scout.'

"So spake the lady sweet and good,  
And in a moment ceased to be  
A woman mere, and was transformed  
Into a man, right fair to see!

"Just at that time by Fate's decree,  
The great king Utpalákshyá died  
Without a son to fill his place:  
To choose a king the ministers tried.

"As Rukmaván, the new-formed youth,  
Possessed both gifts and graces great:  
And so on him did they bestow  
The rank and power of royal state.

"This virtuous youth long ruled the state  
With power and great prosperity;  
Time came at last for him to die,  
For no man lives to eternity.

"His next life was as merchant's son:  
Now Satyavara was his name;  
Who for his inborn guilelessness  
And charity, was known to fame.
"His pensive mind e'er dwelt upon
Creation's miserable lot;
E'en sufferings of helpless birds
Did not escape his anxious thought.

"In penance then he cut himself,
And on the burning ground he lay;
Around his bleeding frame did fly
The carrion birds, on him to prey.

A savage bird flew down and perched
Upon his head, and with bill stout
Pecked at his right eye, and then tried
To dig the ball completely out.

"The youth unflinching lay in pain,
In mind still resolute and firm,
And calmly to the bird he said,
' Eat, from me thou wilt get no harm.

"'The frame of clay devoid of worth,
Destined to perish when life is run,
Is only worthy when it leaves
Something of good for others done.

"'This body vile which works but ill
Is scarce for preservation fit,
Attains its end, if sacrificed
For wretched mortal's benefit.'
"E'en as he spake, a flock of birds
Rapacious settled on the corse,
Completed quick their loathsome work
And picked his bones without remorse.

"In his next birth a Bráhman's son
Was he, Satyavrata by name;
Learned, and celibate, and kind,
Lived in the wood with spotless fame.

"Like saintly souls, did he possess
Wisdom and noble birth and love;
So he through thought and solitude
In time his passions rose above.

"He dwelt within a hermitage,
Clear and sublime his soul did grow.
Until at last a test supreme
Unto his mind his faith did show.—

"A tigress lay and moaned in pain
Expecting soon the birth of young:
The saint resolved to give his life
To save the cubs from being wrung.

"To give their mother timely food,
The holy man quite fit to die,
Prepared to be the tigress' prey
By love of creatures lifted high.
35
“In seven days her cubs were born,
The pain set up a thirst severe:
To quench the same she thought to kill
Her offspring young that lay quite near.

36
“The saint perceived the struggle keen
Between the love of cubs and self
Proceeding in the tigress’ mind,
And said, holding his life as pelf:—

37
‘Alas! that this poor thirsty beast
Should wish her new born cubs to slay,
Thus selfishly to save herself
And with their blood her thirst allay!

38
‘For pain does breed such selfishness
As otherwise we should eschew,
And even bonds of motherhood
Are snapped by anguish sharp and new.

39
‘But ’t were a sin that she should eat
Her offspring young; so I betime
Will offer my body, to slake
Her thirst and save her soul from crime.

40
‘For fame immortal them awaits
Who freely give their bodies up
For others, and despise the flesh,
Which drops like dew from lotus-cup.’
"Of pointed wood a dirk he made
And pierced his sacred throat and thence
The blood did rush, while he himself
Fell prone the tigress' thirst to quench.

"The mind of one who is truly great,
Made soft and pure by mercy's flow,
Still graceful by relieving pain,
Stands not aloof at sight of woe.

"And so he was the tigress' prey—
For soon she tore his body bare;
Her claws' gashes blazoned, as it were,
The noble victim's glory rare! *

"Like Mercy incarnate, unmoved
He bore the tigress' wounds severe,
As Love and Forbearance endure
Faults; or Faith, practices austere. †

"Under the tigress' weight and claws
His body soon faded away,
And with the hair that stood erect
Looked like the moon with shooting ray!

* The bloody gashes on his body are likened to heraldic emblazonsments or inscriptions, or record of the great exploit.
† Practice of austerities is possible when one's faith is strong.
46
"He calmly viewed the tigress, mad
With drink of blood from out his breast;
His soul then mused on next sojourn,
And took at throat, a moment's rest. *

47
"The tigress then moved him around
Bashfully glanced as in carouse,
And thrilled delight into his heart
As if she wished to be his spouse.†

48
"Self-possession unflinching e'er,
A mind bent on relieving woe,
And fame which flows like virtue's stream,
Mark out the pious here below.

49
"Soon all of him had disappeared,
But not until the earth had quaked
As if in fear, when this great soul
Passed into sleep, a while unwaked.

50
"And then he came again as Jin
For merit of his former strife,
And cruel death which he endured;
Thus Satyavrat received new life."
And thus the sage concluded then
"This was the reason of my smile,
For I remembered former lives;"
And Indra admiring gazed the while.

* It is believed that the soul passes by the throat into the brain before its final exit from the body.
† The movements of the tigress after she was satiated with his blood, delighted him, by consciousness of his having done his duty.
THE STORY OF

JYOTISHKA.*

HE evil which o'ertakes the pious,
    Brings blessings in its train;
And bliss forebodes to wicked folk's
    The sure approach of pain.—
The midnight gloom displays the ray
    Of light-emitting bowers, †
And day which gladdens Nature's face,
    The owl's eye-sight o'erpowers.

2

In Rájgriha, the famous town,
    Where Bimbisára reigned, ‡
One Subhadra lived, and by thrift
    A happy living gained.

* Translated from Kshemendra's Avadán Kalpalatá, Canto IX.
† Luminiferous creepers, known to Sanskrit poets as Osadhi or Jyotirlátá, shine to better advantage when the night is dark.
‡ Vidmisára is called Bimbisára in the Váyu Purán, and is the same king of Rájgriha (in Magadha) in whose reign Gautama Buddha was born in Kapilavástu, and his son Ajátsátra is the powerful king, in the eighth year of whose reign, Gautama died.

R. C. Dutt's Ancient India.
3
To all philosophy a foe,
   He loved, by folly led,
The Kshapans, who with priestly craft
   The country had o'erspread.

4
His wife, Satyavati by name,
   In time did pregnant grow,
And looked as flush as orient sky
   With rising moon a-glow.

5
Lord Buddha, then in Kalandak
   Lived in a lonely wood,
One day to Subhadra he came
   To ask for mouthful food.

6
Subhadra and his goodly wife
   With reverence him adored;
To tell the future of the child
   Unborn, they him implored.

7
"Your son," he said, "will prosper here,
   And gain heavenly power,
And follow in my path to attain
   Salvation's happy hour."

* Kshapan or Kshapanak is a term applied to Brāhman priests by Buddhists.
8
So said the Lord and went his way
Towards his lonely wood;
Just then Bhurik, a Kshapanak,
Walked to the door and stood.

9
Subhadra then expressed to him
All that the Lord had said,
The Kshapan heard with feigned distrust,
And grew with envy mad.

10
Versed in astrology, he viewed
The starry spheres o'erhead,
And in his mind he found as true
What Lord, the Budh had said.

11
Then thus he thought within himself
"All that Budh said was true;
What else of truth can I divine
His wisdom to undo?"

12
"Should I by word of mine confirm
His power and teachings wise,
The Kshapans will lose people's love
And Sramanas will rise." *

13
Reflecting thus in mind he spoke
Through jealousy and spite;
"What the arch-pretender said
Is myth and false outright.

* Buddhist monks.
"How can a man attain on earth
Power and bliss divine?
It may be, he will wander forth
A wretched life to pine.

One who is struck by penury,
To help whom none would care,
Becomes a beggar all his life,
A Sraman's lot to share.

"O master of the house, I see
If thou hast faith in me,
The child, if born, will surely be
A source of woe to thee."

The Kshapanak then went away;
Subhadra, left in gloom
Be-thought of ways to kill the child
Still in its mother's womb.

When drugs used for the end desired,
Were found to be in vain,
To person pressure was applied,—
The mother died in pain.

The wretched husband took the corpse
To Sitávan to burn;
The Kshapanaks were greatly pleased
The evil news to learn.
"Ah," they cried, "what the sage foretold
Has truly come to pass;
The quick'ning of the ill-starred child
Has killed the dame, alas!

"Is this the child's power divine,
And this, his bliss on earth?
A wanderer's life ended here
In death, before his birth!"

Thus they spoke in jest and glee,
The rumour spread like fire;
A mighty crowd assembled round
The dame's funeral pyre.

Buddha, by all the world adored,
To all creation kind,
Saw with a smile all that had passed,
And thus thought in his mind—

"Ah, how the guile of wicked men
Puts out the inward ray
In simple folks and makes them blind,
As clouds o'ercast the day.

"The Kshapans with pretensions bold
To shun all ills betime,
Have led the foolish man astray
And plunged him into crime."
So thought the Lord, by pity moved,
   And with his Bhikshu-train,*
Hastened to where on dismal pile
   The lady’s corpse was lain.

The great king Bimbisāra heard
   The Lord’s arrival there,
And followed by his ministers
   Did to the place repair.

When lo, a child on lotus borne
   Bright as the orient sun
Came bursting forth the corpse’s womb,
   With blazing fire o’errun.

When none did dare to take the babe
   From out the rising flame,
There rose from all the crowd around
   A doleful cry of shame.

One Jivaka, a valiant knight
   By Sugata’s command †
Sprang forth, and rushed into the flame
   And held the child in hand.

* Crowd of ascetics who followed Buddha.
† Sugata, Thathágata, Jina are appellations of Buddha.
A MIRACLE OF BUDDHA

31
At the calm and all-soothing sight
Of Jīna, for the while,*
The fire had cooled like sandal-paste
E'en on the horrid pile.

32
At sight of child alive and fresh
Amid the burning flame,
The Kshapanaks were mute as death
And stood aloof in shame.

33
To Subhadra who still remained
Lost in amazement wild,
The Lord who brings relief to all
Thus spake, "Take this, your child."

34
Subhadra still stood in suspense
Uncertain what to do,
Looked at the face of the Kshapans
To know their biddings too.

35
"This child, of funeral fire born,
Thou take not home", they cried,
"That house is doomed to utter ruin
Where this elf shall reside."

* Ruddy flame is compared with red sandal-paste.
The foolish man thus led astray
Declined to take the boy;
The king obeyed the Lord's command
And took the child with joy.

Bright as a star the child came forth
From out the fiery light;
The Lord himself gave him the name
Of Jyotishka, "the Bright."

In the king's palace he grew up;
And in the course of time,
His uncle on maternal side
Came home from foreign clime,

His sister's fate and nephew's birth
He learnt with grief profound;
To Subhadra in rage he turned,
With crime he charged him round.

"By faith in Kshapanaks," he cried,
"O knave, what hast thou done?
Hast murdered thy dear loving wife,
And hast forsook thy son!

"A fool with no sense of his own
Like goblin, laughing though,
By others' incantations led,
Does mischief as a foe.
42
"If thou, from palace takest not
Forthwith the child that's thine,
For murder dost thou run the risk
Of forfeiture and fine."*

43
By rebuke taken thus aback,
And brought to sense by fear,
Subhadra took his boy straight home;
The king rejoiced to hear.

44
Subhadra died in course of time;
And Jyotishka, his son
Grew rich in wealth and rose in power
Like as the noon-tide sun.

45
He spent his wealth in charity,
Devoted all his mind
To Buddha, Dharma and Sangha, †
So dear to human kind.

* It would appear that under the Buddhistic rule, capital sentence was not resorted to, in cases of murder, under the well-known principle of अर्धित्तम. The original sloka stands thus:

"अर्धित्तम न गस्तांसि यदि राजश्रावः स्वतम्
तम् स्वीवदसुगुष्य कार्यामये निग्रहम्॥ ४२"

† The Buddhistic triad. Buddha is supreme enlightenment, Dharma is practice of virtue and Sangha is the congregation of ecclesiastics. Some scholars are of opinion that Sangha represents actual creative power deriving its origin from the union of the essence of Buddha and Dharma.
46
His aim of life was to attain
Piety and virtue pure;
He gave rich stores of precious things
To Bhikshus, ever poor.

47
Prosperity from gods on high
Unto his home did flow,
As streams descend from snowy peaks
Into the sea below.

48
And e’en the Lord before whose eye
Both grass and gold are one,
Deigned from him presents to accept
By his devotion won.

49
By virtue and piety he gained
Of cloth divine, a pair.*
Which for its milk-white purity†
Might with his fame compare.

50
The cloth wet after bath, one day
To dry in sun was spread,
When it was wafted by the wind
Just o’er the monarch’s head.

* He got a pair of cloth of celestial make.
† In Sanscrit poetry, fame is described as white and pure (Vide st. 8, p. 2, & 69, p. 38).
The king admiring stood at sight
Of cloth so nicely made;
Its heavenly splendour served to throw
His wardrobe into shade.

The monarch with his presence, graced
Jyotishka's stately home;
It looked like heaven, here below
With glitt'ring spire and dome.

The virtuous king in after time
Was murdered by his son,
Ajat-satru, who mad with greed,
Usurped his father's crown.*

His tragic death untimely closed
His blessed golden reign,
The prince now ruled and brought around
Impiety's evil train.

The matchless wealth of Jyotishka
He viewed with jealousy,
And thus addressed that worthy man,—
"My father fostered thee:

* We get a historical fact here that Ajat-satru caused the death of his father, Bimbisāra, and ascended the throne of Magadha.
"Thou art my brother thus by law
So share thy wealth with me;
Or else to get my lawful rights
To fight I challenge thee."

Jyotishka thus addressed by him,
With guile and mischief fraught,
Gave up to him his house and all,
And elsewhere refuge sought.

Prosperity, so blest and bright,
Chose after him to run,
With all her bounteous store and train,
As light doth follow sun.

She shunned the king and followed still
Jyotishka's humble life,
Though thrice forsaken, in her love
Like a devoted wife.

The king's rapacity and crime
O'erspread the country round;
Jyotishka thus thought in his mind
With pain and grief profound:

"A gracious king, as father kind,
To all his people dear,
Now dwells in memory alone,
On sinful earth so rare!"
"Oh, for the king whose rule benign
Makes nightly sleep secure,
On whom the people may rely
As on their father, sure!

"The rich abound as rank as reeds,
Like gems, the wise are few;
Rarer than nectar is the man
Whose heart is pure and true.

"How few are they whose noble souls
Are free from vanity,
Untouched by guile, sincere and just,
From earthly folly free.

"The prince by greed and malice led,
Does revel now in crime;
Wicked Kali, through people's sin,
Has come before his time!*

"That glorious king is now no more,
The friendly sun is set!
His son now reigns in gloom supreme,
With all its ills beset.

* Kali is the fourth period or Juga of world's age, when people become wicked.
The wicked, oft-times, serve as friends,
To good men, dead and gone,
By setting off their pious deeds,
Against acts of their own.

So must I leave this world for good,
In such a monarch's reign,
Where he and evil times combine,
Life is a source of pain.

When virtuous king rules on the earth,
Men live a blameless life;
Then merit thrives; and faith and love
Ennoble household, wife;
Then wealth and fortune fairly earned,
And fame like moon-beam pure,
Make people happy and content
From peril e'er secure.

And then Religion's glorious tree
Grows and o'erspreads the land.
Unshaken by oppression's blast,
Untouched by tyrants' hand;
'Tis nourished by a nation's wealth
And faith without alloy;
Yields virtue, piety, as its fruits
For people to enjoy.
"Kali, as youthful tyrant dire,
Let loose his evil train;
Revolt, unrest and funeral fire
Have marked his wicked reign.

"Man's mind is dull, and love is faint,
Happiness, past her youth;
For me no pleasures of the earth
Have relish aught in soothe.

"Riches and land, house and attire,
And servants, children, wife,
Like maladies which know no cure
Do cling to man through life.

"Wherever Riches sheds on man,
Her fitful summer-ray,
There burns the fire of quenchless thirst
Consuming life away!

"The life-long flow of earthly wealth,
Like ocean's briny store,
Can scarce assuage the thirst of man—
Ambition knows no shore.

"Could plenty stop the discontent
Which haunts the rich on earth,
Man would not come to life again
Through pain of frequent birth.
"Away with wealth, the fertile cause
Of discord, fight and woe!
Farewell, false pride and favour low
Which princes can bestow!
Away enjoyment and its want,
That are with perils rife!
'Tis best for man, in evil times,
To lead a recluse life.

"Good company's ray does scarcely gleam,
In gloomy times of sin,
The pious then seek rest and peace
In solitude unseen."

Jyotishka then renounced the world,
Reflecting thus in mind;
Misfortunes open wisdom's eye
While they confound the hind.

He gave up all, and followed Budh
Salvation to attain,
For one who's tied by Lucre's chains
Seeks happiness in vain.

So when a drake in Mánas' lake*
Longs for to live and swim,
The nether earth, with muddy pools,
Has charms no more for him.

* Lake Mansarowara, north of the Himalayas, the abode of the gods.
When pleasure's fiery thirst is choked
With folly's blinding smoke,
And when contentment's nectar soothes
The souls of peaceful folk;
Then Fortune with her drink and mirth
And fair one's flitting charm,
To those retired and happy few
Can do nor good nor harm.

Unwearied, with the Lord as guide,
He walked life's journey through,
And so he led a wanderer's life
In quest of quietude true.

Enlightenment he thus obtained
As Bodhisattwa * wise
The Bhikshus saw and asked the Lord,
Who thus to them replies:—

"Man reaps the inevitable fruits
Of actions of his own,—
The deeds which in his former births
As potent seeds were sown.
"When Bandhumán held royal sway
In Bandhumati town,
There lived a man named Anangan
Of great wealth and renown.

A preacher of enlightened mind
Once to that city came
For sake of virtuous people there,
Bipasyi was his name.

"The sage was followed by Bhikshus
Thousands, three score and two,
Anangan welcomed him with joy
And bowed with reverence due.

"Three months he entertained the sage
With all his means and might;
The king invited him as well
With reverence and delight.

"The worthy citizen and the king
Each with the other vied
In honouring the guest with treat
To suit their wealth and pride.

"With jewelled umbrella and flags
And elephants arrayed
The king adored the saintly guest,
Anangan saw dismayed."
Great Indra saw and pitied him
And from his heavenly store,
Bestowed on him enormous wealth,
The Blessed to adore.

Anangan then adored the Lord
With riches thus obtained,
Eclipsed the bounty of the king,
And lasting fame attained.

With flowers, perfumes, and precious gems
Resplendent as the sun
And moon in full, and kalpa fruits,*
He adored the Blessed one,
Whom Indra's queen devoutly fanned
With chámars gently swayed. †
He put, by such devotion rare,
The king's display to shade.

By faith unflinching in the saint
He purity did gain,
And in Jyotishka, bright as sun,
Has come to life again.
And so from earthly turmoils free
He moves at last in peace with me.”

* Kalpa-tree of Paradise which yields fruits according to the desire of the gods or the pious.
† The hair of the tail of chamari deer (Yâk) is used in fanning kings and great personages.
So said Jina, whose wisdom pure
    Has lit the world, all through,
And thus he taught his followers
    Devotion's value, true.
SRI-GUPTA*

A MIRACLE OF BUDDHA, SAKYA SINHA.

I

The pious with compassion melt
E'en for one that has wrought them harm;
Their coolness soothes the heat of spite,
Their calm doth cruelty disarm.

2

There lived in Ráj-gír glorious town
Sri-Gupt' in times of yore,
Whose hoard of treasure justly vied
With Mammon's† boundless store.

3

For virtue little would he care
By riches puffed, and vain,
Oppressed the pious and viewed the good
With rancour and disdain.

* Translated from Kshemendra's Avadán Kalpalatá, canto 8th.
† The wealth-god Kuvera is the Indian Mammon.
For Fortune showers her smiles on men
Who are crooked, hard and fell
And hollow, sounding like conch-shells,
Wherein she loves to dwell.*

A wicked Kshapanak, his kin
A libertine at best,
Once came to him and recklessly
In secret him addrest:—

"Budh, claiming worship from the world,
As omniscient renowned,
Now dwells on Gridhra-kuta hill †
With Bhikshu-host around.

"No power nor merit, aught for good,
Can one discern in him;
The mob has raised him to the skies
And praised as lord supreme!

* This refers to the legend that Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth, arose out of the ocean, which abounds in shells and pearls. Conch-shells are used as trumpets.
† Gridhra-kuta (Vulture Peak) is one of the 5 hills, which surrounded Rāj-griha in Magadh (Behār). The Chinese traveller Fa-Hian states that "the 5 hills formed a girdle like the walls of a town." According to Turnour, the Pāli annals of Ceylon describe them as Gijjha-kuto, Isigili, Webhāro (Bāibhār), Pāndāwo and Wepullo (Vipula Giri of the Mahā Bhārat). Cunningham's Ancient Geo. India. p. 463.
8

"He e'er repeats what others said,
   And judgment he doth lack,
As one who treads the public road
   Afraid to miss the track!

9

"His penances and vows are traps
   To draw the good astray:—
The crane stands silent on one leg
   To assure his finny prey!

10

"So let us now expose his wile
   That charms and leads away
A foe-man ev'n, unused to guile,
   The dupe of earth and clay."

11

Sri-Gupt' by fate and karma led,*
   His evil counsel heard;
And to commit a dreadful crime,
   His reckless heart was stirred.

12

A secret pit he dug and filled
   With burning coal and wood;
And to invite the lord he went,
   To a treat of poisoned food.

* The act-law of previous births, which regulates man's affairs in his present life (Vide Jyotishka, st. 85 p. 41.)
13
The Lord, whose omniscient eye
Saw through the deepest guile,
Accepts the invitation false,
And pities with a smile.

14
The fire and poison sorely grieved
Sri-Gupta's goodly spouse;
The husband feared she might betray,
And shut her in the house.

15
Great Budh who knew all that was meant
Left for Sri-Gupta's door;
Him followed Brahmā and the gods,
Whom all the worlds adore.

16
Meanwhile Sri-Gupta's fiendish plan
Soon spread all o'er the town—
For crime will out, despite one's care
To hide and keep it down.

17
A follower then approached the Lord,
Fell prostrate at his feet,
Sore frightened at the murd'rous plot,
And spoke in accents sweet:

18
"Do thou, O Blessed, shun this man
So falsely meek, and dire,
Who deeply plots against thy life
With poisoned food and fire."
A MIRACLE OF BUDDHA

19
"For who can trust a wicked man
   Though looking fair and true?—
A razor fine with shining blade
   Still cuts the entrails through!

20
"The wicked hardly bear to hear,
   The praise of pious folks;
What charms the good, doth pain the vile,
   Whose malice it provokes.

21
"If thou, whose effluent rays have oped
   Creation's lotus-eyes, *
Dost fall, to this Ráhu, a prey, †
   Eternal gloom will arise!"

The Lord heard this with least concern
   And thus replied with smile,
Its ray serene dispelled the fear
   Of murder, dark and vile:—

23
"In burning flame, or poisoned food
   Is aught for me to fear?
E'en crime can do no harm to those
   Whose minds no malice bear.

* Buddha is compared to the sun, whose rays light the world, and open the petals of the lotus flower.
† Sri-Gupta who plotted against Buddha's life is compared to Ráhu (the shadow) which is said to swallow up the sun and cause an eclipse.
"Can fire, or venom injure him
Whose calm dispassionate mind,
By meditation mollified,
Is e'er to creation kind?

"On spiteful folks ambrosia sweet
May work as venom dire,
And flower on them as thunder act
Or sandal-paste, as fire!

"And e'en a Bodhi-sattva true
Though born in bestial frame,
To save by love, and kind to all,
Is e'er secure from flame.

"Kalinga's king in olden time
Impelled by hunter's greed
Set fire to woods in Khanda-Dvip
To catch the antelope breed.

"A partridge young was grieved to see
The burning of the wood;
And gaining "Bodhi" through pity great
Unhurt, the flames withstood.*

* He attained the virtue of Bodhi-sattva (enlightened). The fire ceased near him, after burning the rest of the forest. Bodh is the attribute or essence of Bodhi-sattva.
29
"So one whose soul is free from spite
   Has nought in earth to fear;
The wond'rous power of "Sattva" wise
   Be pleased once more to hear:—

30
"In season of a dreadful drought
   Which scorched a hermit's wold,
There lived a hare, Bodhisat-born
   Generous, wise and old.

31
"He found the hermit, about to die
   With hunger sore opprest,
And in his mind as firm as rock,
   In pity him addrest:—

32
"'Do thou, O Sire, feed on my flesh
   And save thy body pure,
For then it will enable thee
   To practise virtue sure.'

33
"So said the hare and threw himself
   Into the glowing fire
Despite the hermit's anxious care
   To stop the venture dire!

34
"His wondrous power of "sàttvic" will
   The spreading fire did stay,
And turned the wood into a lake
   With smiling lilies gay.
"He rested on a lotus blue,
    His form refulgent grew;
Adored by sages, all around,
    He taught Budh's tenets true.

"No fire can burn nor venom touch
    The Sattv of Bodhi pure."—
So said the Lord and walked his way
    Unto Sri-Gupta's door.

Soon as he stepped the threshold o'er,
    The scene all changed, and lo,
The fire-pit turned into a pool,
    With lotus red a-glow!

Sri-Gupta saw the Lord enthroned
    On lotus-blossoms gay;
His mind cleared at the sight, he knelt
    And thus began to pray:—

"Forgive, O lord, this wretch, whose life
    Ev'n now with sin runs o'er,
He that is lost in folly's gloom
    Doth need thy pity more.

"By evil nature drawn astray
    No hope is there for me;
Salvation ne'er can I attain
    Except by grace of thee.
“A dainty dish with poison mixed
I did design for thee;
That poison in repentance' shape
Now turns and tortures me.”

With heart so sad, and tearful eyes
He wept, and suppliant prayed;
Kind Budh, with Bhikshus him around,
Thus pitied him and said:—

“Weep not, good friend, nor think that we
Are hostile e'er to thee;
No poison injures pious men
From malice-poison free.*

“King Brahma Dutt in olden time
Ruled in Benares town;
His queen, Anupama, for grace
Obtained a wide renown.

“Once in the royal park, there crowed
A peacock in his pride;
The queen from palace heard his voice
That echoed far and wide.

“The sound like that of woodland reed
Did fill her heart with glee;
And curious, she asked her lord,
What music it might be.

* Poison of ill-feeling.
"‘A pretty peacock’, said the king,
There sings in yonder grove;
His clear resounding voice, you hear
From o’er a league, my love.’

"To shew to her the pretty bird
The queen entreats her lord;
The king yields to her pressure sweet,
With many a loving word.

"‘This bird of varied plumes’, he said,
’Tis hard to catch and see,
Still for thy sake, I’ll try my best
To bring it home to thee.’

"The king’s command spread o’er the land;
Unnumbered hunters hied
With traps and rods; to catch the bird
Alive or dead, they tried.

"One, held in thralldom by his wife
Enchained with strong love-ties,
Doth oft commit the grossest wrong,
And hardly trust his eyes.

"Uxorious men by wives held low
As footstools, oft resign
Their honor, fame, and common sense,
At blind-fold Cupid’s shrine."
53
"The nets and traps, by hunters spread
At every step were torn
Or shunned by that proud peacock-chief,
With wondrous powers born.

54
"The hunters tried with all their might
But failed to catch the bird;
The peacock saw their wretched plight,
And was by pity stirred.

55
"'Ah, these poor hunters that have failed,
To seize and capture me,
Are sore afraid of their king's wrath,'—
So thought the bird, still free.

56
"The peacock then consoled his foe,*
And flew to palace gate,
And followed slow the anxious king
Into the harem straight.

57
"The gentle bird lived there for long
Loved by the royal pair,
And as a beauteous faithful pet,
Was served and fed with care.

58
"Oft in the emerald-tower he danced
In pride of cloud-like blue,
His charming variegated plumes,
Displayed the rain-bow-hue!

* The hunters, who wanted to seize him dead or alive,
And when the king in greed of power
Marched out to foreign lands,
He placed the bird—his favourite charge
In fair Anupam's hands.

The queen in absence of her lord,
In youth and beauty's pride
Forgot her virtue, faith and self,
O'erpowered by passion's tide.

In Cupid's fight with Faith, she fell
To youthful Love a prey;
Fair Modesty, a woman's pride,
Took fright and fled away.

How fickle, full of mischief, wild
Is fair-eyed maiden's glance!
Her dark long eyes which reach the ear,
Look guilefully askance.

The world, like ocean full of sharks,
Is play-ground to the fair,
Her charms infatuate the man
And poison unaware.

Her mind more tender than a bud,
More crooked than a saw,—
Its nature, who can understand?
It strikes the good with awe.
“Whoe’er resigns himself in love
   To erring faithless wife,
Doth swallow, witless, as it were
   A cold fine-bladed knife!

“The faithful bird, endowed with speech
   In palace used to stay;
He proved an eye-sore to the Queen,
   An obstacle in her way,

“‘This bird will tell the king my tale
   And then I’m doomed for e’er;
O! what a fall is this in me!’—
   She thought in dire despair.

“So thought the queen, and poisoned food
   She mixed to kill the bird;
Is aught which women cannot do
   By evil passions stirred?

“The bird ate it; the poison dire
   Caused him no harm nor ill;
It raised the splendour of his plumes,
   The hues grew deeper still!"
"The bird was safe; remorse, and fear
Lest he disclose her crime
Preyed on her mind; and so she drooped,
And died before her time.

"The deadly venom wrought no harm
To the honest bird so good;
The purity of pious souls
Unpoisons pois’rous food!

"True poisons causing death and ill
Are passion, folly, spite;
Buddha, and Sangh, Dharma and truth *
Yield nectar, life and light.

"True poisons arise from folly’s sea. †
The passion-snakes beget them too; ‡
The wild of spite yields poisons dire; §
Whence else arise such poisons true?

* Vide foot notes to st. 74.
† Poison is said to have arisen from the Ocean, when it was ex-
cessively churned by the Devas (gods) and Asuras at the mandate of Siva. The direst poison is that which arises from the ocean of folly (moha) or worldliness with its ignorance.
‡ The direst poison is also that which emanates from the passions, compared to venomous serpents.
§ The direst poisonous drugs are those which grow in the wilderness of spite or ill feelings.
75

“Sri-Gupta had made a fiery pit
   E’en so in former life,
On mischief bent; that pit was born
   To punish him as wife.” *

76

So said the Blest by mercy moved
And looked Sri-Gupta in the face;
The glance lit up his inmost soul
Diffusing unspeakable grace!

77

Sri-Gupta saw the happy light
By this communion with *Jin*,
And thought of three-fold refuge pure; †
The sight of saints saves man from sin.

78

The Lord saved Sri-Gupta from spite and crime
And shewed how mercy conquers ev’n a foe,
And thus he taught Forgiveness’ rule sublime,
To free his followers from the world and woe.

* Living beings are born as inanimate things by the law of Karma and vice versa.
† Buddha, Dharma and Sangha, Vide st. 73 above.
IMPORTANT TO ALL LOVERS OF BENGALI LITERATURE.

রঘুবংশ।
(শ্রীনবীনচন্দ্র দাস, এম, এ, কর্তৃক বাঙালি পদে অবিকল অববাদ।)
প্রথম ভাগ (১—৮ সর্গ) দিলীপ, রঘু ও অজের উপাধ্যায়।
মূলা ১০০ আনা।
দ্বিতীয় ভাগ (৯—১৫ সর্গ) দশরথ ও রাম। মূলা ২০ টাকা।
তৃতীয় ভাগ (১৬—১৯ সর্গ) এই সমাপ্ত, কুশ হইতে অগ্রিবর্ণ
পর্যন্ত রাজগণের বিবরণ। মূলা ১০০ আনা।
৩ খণ্ড একত্রে, কাপড়ের বাঙালি, ব্র্যাকেট। ২০ টাকা।
কালিদাসের অমৃতস্যায়ী লেখনী-প্রস্নে সীতার বনবাস ও রামের
সর্গারোহণ পাঠে অর্থায়ন সাধারণ নাত্তেরই হৃদয় শোকে অভিভূত হইবে।

RAGHU VAMSA.
(IN BENGALI VERSE.)
COMPLETE IN 3 PARTS.

BY
NOBIN CHANDRA DAS, M.A.

OF THE BENGAL PROVINCIAL SERVICE.

Opinions of Eminent Persons.

R. T. Griffith, Esq., M.A., C.I.E., translator of Rámáyana, Rig
and Sam Vedas, late Principal of the Benares College, writes:—
"I am sure that your work will be welcomed by all who read it
as a most valuable addition to Bengali poetic literature."
Kotágiri, Nilgiri, 21-1-95.

The Hon’ble Gooroo Das Banerjee, Judge of High Court, observed:
".... I find that the translation is as faithful to the original
as it is elegant and mellifluous."—Calcutta, 17th January, 1895.

The Hon’ble Mr. R. C. Dutt, C.S., C.I.E., writes:—"I recog-
nized with pleasure the beauty of your style and the success of your
undertaking. Your style is not only graceful and poetic but at
the same time simple and easy, and herein lies the great merit of
your performance......I hope your translations will be considered
standard works."
Professor Krishna Kamal Bhattacharje, writes:—"I fully agree with the very favourable and eulogistic criticism that has been justly and deservedly elicited by your translation in every quarter. Your attempt to exhibit Kali Das in the garb of Bengali verse does credit to you, and must be pronounced successful. Translations in Bengali verse are generally unreadable: they are either unfaithful or crabbed in language. You have steered clear of both the dangers and have presented to the Bengali literature an excellent book of verse—of good, choice, readable and pleasing verse. This is a feat worthy of praise."—13th April, 1895.

The Hon'ble Dr. Rash Behary Ghose, Member of the Viceroy's Council, remarked:—"The translation has been well done and I have no hesitation in saying that you have rendered permanent service to the cause of Bengali literature."—27th May, 1892.

Mr. Satyendra Nath Tagore, C.S., Judge of Sholapur, Bombay, observed:—"The translation is excellent, the verses are sweet and easy, and the sense and beauty of the original are well preserved. Some of the stanzas are extremely pretty."

Babu Radha Nath Rai, Inspector of Schools, Orissa Division, remarked:—"The language is easy, graceful and flowing;...the translator has brought to the task not only a thorough mastery of the Bengali tongue but also poetical gifts of a high order."—15th June, 1892.

Babu Akhil Chandra Sen, M.A., B.L., Vakil, Calcutta High Court, writes:—"I was really charmed with the book. It reads like an original and the sweet flow of the metre and the splendour of language will, I have no doubt, secure it a very high place in the literature of our country."

Babu Satis Chandra Vidyabhusan, M.A., Professor of Sanskrit, Krishnagar College, writes:—"Nobin Babu has presented the literary public with a very exquisite translation of Kali Das's Raghuvansa. While he has translated the slokas literally into Bengali verse, the beauty of the original has been fully preserved. The style is simple and elegant. The work may be selected as a suitable text-book for those candidates in the F.A. and Entrance Examinations who take up Bengali as their second language."—12th January, 1895.

Babu Nilkantha Mazumdar, Offg. Principal, Krishnagar College, writes:—"It gives me great pleasure to bear a willing
testimony to the success with which your efforts have been crowned. Yours was a most difficult task. All good poets are untranslatable. But you have achieved an amount of success which has agreeably surprised me. Your translation is both literal and free, and what is more, you have to a great extent preserved the spirit of the original.” 15th August, 1895.

Babu Nabin Chandra Sen, author of the “Battle of Plassey” “Kuru Kshetra,” &c., writes:—“The translation per se is superb. You have by it laid the whole Bengali non-Sanskrit-knowing public, under deep obligation. The translation is so literal and at the same time so good, that in places it is nearly as good as the original. The imageries and the poetry of that great master of Sanskrit poetry have been wonderfully preserved. Indeed, it is impossible to speak of the translation too highly, displaying as it does, not only the mechanical hand of a translator, but that of a poet also.”—Calcutta, 13th May, 1895.

Opinions of the Press.

“It is an excellent production and reflects great credit on the author, who has admirably succeeded in maintaining the beauty of the original in a true and literal translation of the great work of Káli Dása. The style is at once chaste, easy and graceful. The high sense of duty under which King Dilipa was ready to offer himself as a victim to the lion to save the life of Nandini, the divine cow, entrusted to his charge by the sage, Basistha, the munificence and heroism of Raghu and the civil virtues of Aja, and his love and sorrows for his fair consort, Indumati, whom he lost in the very bloom of her youth, depicted in such vivid colours by the inimitable pen of Káli Dása, have been faithfully reproduced in Bengali, in the book before us. The 4th canto, describing the conquests of Raghu, and the 6th canto, with a charming account of the princes, assembled at the Swayamvara Sabhá of Indumati, in the capital of Bhoje Rájá, though rich in imagery, are full of interest to the reader as giving an idea of the geography and history of the times as known to Káli Dása and his contemporaries. The work, when completed, will undoubtedly be a valuable addition to Bengali literature.”—“The Statesman,” 7th and 22nd June, 1892.

“……The translator, while literally rendering the Slokas has preserved, as far as can be, the beauty of the original, and the language is easy and elegant.”—“The Englishman,” 23rd February, 1892.

Nobin Babu’s book is a literal translation in Bengali verse of the greatest work of our immortal bard in a style which is at once easy, lucid and flowing. It has been freely urged by the anti-Bengali party that there are very few readable books in the field of Bengali literature. Nobin Babu’s book, we are assured, will to a certain extent, remove the want……It is a source of pleasure to
find that in a translation, which is at once so easy and literal, the beauty of the original has been so well kept up......we strongly draw the attention of the Education authorities to the book, which is undoubtedly fit to be a text-book in University Examinations.”—“Amrita Bazar Patrika,” 26-1-92.

“In our review of the first part we observed that Nobin Babu had a strong command over the Bengali language and possessed poetical gifts of a high order. It was qualities such as those which enabled him in preserving the thought, sentiment and beauty of description of the original in his translations in the present or in the first part. Indeed, in some respects the second part is an improvement over the first. Nobin Babu has inserted fuller notes in part second, explaining all the allusions and difficult ideas in the text, and has also given extracts from Mr. Griffith’s translations in cantos xii, xiv and xv, thereby making easier for the ordinary reader, the immortal writings of our greatest Sanskrit bard. The style is simple, elegant and flowing.”—“Amrita Bazar Patrika,” 6th April, 1895.

A Bengali translation in verse of the first eight cantos of Raghu Vansa, by Babu Nobin Chandra Das, reflects great credit upon the writer......There is no doubt that he has succeeded to a great extent in giving us not only a metrical version of Raghu Vansa, but also a fair idea of the thought, sentiment and beauty of description that are to be found in the works of Káli Dása. The book will form an excellent addition to the text-books for the higher examinations in Bengali.”—“Hope,” 28th February, 1892.

The translation of Raghu Vansa into Bengali verse by Babu Nobin Chandra Das, M.A., of the Subordinate Executive service, is a new departure in Bengali literature and one that deserves to be encouraged. The translation is really well done, and we commend it to all lovers of Bengali literature.”—“Indian Nation,” 25th January, 1892.

This is an admirable translation of the great work of Káli Dása and supplies what was hitherto a real want in Bengali literature. We are glad to find the author in his attempt to popularise the works of the great Sanskrit poet, has not only succeeded in preserving the beauty of the original as far as it could be, but has made the translation easy and intelligible to the ordinary Bengali reader. The language is at once simple, elegant and forcible. We want to see the second part of the work published as soon as possible.”—The “Indian Mirror,” 5th August, 1892.

“The translation is being made with admirable fidelity to the original, and in language quite in keeping with its dignity. Babu Nobin Chandra Das’s translation, when completed, will take its place in the forefront of the vernacular literature of Bengal.”—The “Indian Mirror,” March 30th, 1895.
Mahámahopádhya Mahesh Chandra Nyáratna, C. I. E., writes:—আপনার এই লালিত, সরলতা অনুভূতি কয়েকটী গুণ বিলক্ষণ দৃষ্ট হয়, ইহা পাঠ করিলে, অনুবাদ বলিল। বোধ হয় না, যেন একটি মুভ্য পদার কায় রচনা করিয়াছেন, অথচ রাধুঘর্ণের ভাব আর সমুদায়ই ইহাতে রক্ষিত হইয়াছে। ... দুইতৃতীয় খণ্ডে টিকা দিয়া সাধারণের পাঠিয়ার বিশেষ সুবিধা করিয়া দিয়াছেন। সংস্কৃতানুভূতি বাক্যের মূল রাধুঘর্ণের অভিপ্রায় জ্ঞানিবাদ এবং অপসংকৃতত্ব বাক্যের রাধুঘর্ণ পাঠের একটি উৎকৃষ্ট উপায় করিয়া দিয়াছেন। আপনাকে আশীর্বাদ করি, আপনি এই রূপ কায় রচনা করিয়া বঙ্গভাবের উন্নতি সাধন করুন। (মহামহোপাধ্যায় শ্রীযুক্ত মহেশচন্দ্র নায়রদত্ত সি, আই, ই। কাশিকাম প্রতি মে, ১৮৯৫।)

মহামহোপাধ্যায় শ্রীর্যুক্ত মূলসুরস্ন স্বতেরত্ন লিখিতাছেন—“আপনি মহাকাব্য রাধুঘর্ণের পাদে অনুবাদ কাজে বহুল সাহিত্যের শ্রীরদ্ধি সাধন করিয়াছেন সন্দেহ নাই। এ রূপ প্রাপ্তল অথচ মূল-লিম সর্বাঙ্গ-সন্দর্ভে অনুবাদের বিশেষ সৌন্দর্যবর্ধন করতে। অনুবাদে মূল-এষ্ঠের ভাব যথাযথ রক্ষিত হইয়াছে।” কলিকাতা সংস্কৃত কালেজ, ওরা জীঠ, ১২০২।

সংক্ষেপ কলেজের অধ্যাপক শ্রীযুক্ত বীরেন্দ্র চট্টোপাধ্যায় লিখিতাছেন;—“আপনার অনুবাদ এই খণ্ডে আদোপাদ্র পাঠিয়া, তৃতীয় খণ্ড পাঠিয়ার জন্য উৎসুক রহিলাম, আপনার অনুবাদ কি সন্দর্ভই হইয়াছে! পাঠিয়া যে কত আনন্দ লাভ করিয়াছি লিখিয়া একাধারে করিতে পারি না। আপনার ভাষা প্রসাদ-গুণ-সম্পন্ন ও সুলিলত; আপনি কলাবিদের ভাবে আর অবিকল একাধারে করিয়াছেন দেখিযা বাস্তবিকই বিনিময় হইয়াছি। মহোবির হাতে না হইলে কারের এ রূপ অনুবাদ কখনই সম্ভব না। আপনি কলাবিদের রাধুঘর্ণ বাঙালির অনুবাদ কাজে আমাদের সাহিত্যের পুনর্তুলি সাধন করিয়াছেন, সন্দেহ নাই।” কলিকাতা, ২৬ শে নভেম্বর, ১৮৯৫।

মহামহোপাধ্যায় শ্রীযুক্ত চন্দ্রকান্ত তর্কালঙ্কার লিখিতাছেন;

“নৃকৃষ্ণের বিষয়, আপনি বাঙালা ভাষায় মহাকাব্য ভাব একাধারে বিষয়ে অনেক দূর অগ্রসর হইয়াছেন। আপনি বাঙালা ভাষায় অনেকে উজ্জ্বল অলঙ্কার পরাইলেন, তত্ত্বাদিনী আপনার
নিকট কৃত্তিকে ধারিকে।” কলিকাতা, সংস্কৃত কলেজ । ৩২১৭৯৫।
কবিতা রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর লিখিয়াছেন,—সংস্কৃত কাব্যের এ রূপ প্রাঙ্গল এবং স্নান অনুবাদ দূর্লভ, আপনার অনুবাদে মূল গ্রন্থের ভার সৌন্দর্যা যথাসাধ্য রক্ষিত হইয়াছে।”
কবিতা রাজকুমার রায়—“আপনি বাঙালি ভাষায় যত্ন করিয়া একটি অনুপ্রাণিত অনুবাদ রচনা প্রদান করিলেন, অতএব আপনি আমাদের সকলেরই বিশেষ ধন্যবাদার্থ। আমি আশা করি আপনি এই রূপ সরল স্নান বাঙালি পাঠে সমস্ত রহস্যময় খানি অনুবাদ করিবেন ।” ৬ই আগস্ট, ১২৯৩।
ঔসিডেন্সি কলেজের সহকারী সংস্কৃত ভাষাপঞ্জি শ্রীহীরুচন্দ্র কবির্দু লিখিয়াছেন—“স্যা আপনার এই পদ্যাঙ্ক কলের যাতা। আমি পরম সূত্র লাভ করিলাম, ঈহার ভাষা অতি প্রাঙ্গল এবং রচনা প্রচলিত ও কবিতা-বোধিনী হইয়াছে। কলিকাতার ভাষার অ্যাল অলং করিতে আপনি বিশেষ প্রভাষ পাইয়াছেন, এবং অনেক স্কলের কৃত-কার্য্য হইয়াছেন, ফলতঃ কোন ভাষা ভাষার পরিবর্তিত করিলে, পুরুষস্যায় ভাষার পর ভাষায় সম্পূর্ণ প্রকাশ করা নির্ভর করিতে, স্কল বিশেষে অন্যথার বলিলেও চলে, কিন্তু স্কেচের বিষয় আপনি অনেক স্কলেই মূল ভাষার স্কল অবিকল কবিতাকাণ্ড করিতে সমর্থ হইয়াছেন।”
কলিকাতা, ১৮ ই এপ্রিল, ১৮৯৫।
শ্রীঘন্ট অনাথন্তরু ওহে, বি, এল, (Vakil, Mymensing,) লিখিয়াছেন—“আপনি বাংলাকিন ওষ্ঠ ভাষায় একটি এড়ান রচনা রচিত করিয়াছেন। আমাদের পরবর্তিত এই রচনা মূল বুদ্ধিবেতে এবং সময়ের সঙ্গে সঙ্গে তাহার উজ্জ্বলতা রক্ষিত হইবে। আপনার অনুবাদের কোন কোন অংশ আমি মূলের সহিত মিলাইয়াছি; মূল অকৃত রাখিয়া অনুবাদে এই একাক সৌন্দর্যা বিকাশ করা সামান্য কামতার কথা নহে।” ১৮ই জুলাই, ১২৯৩।
“আপনার অনুবাদ যে অতি উৎকৃষ্ট হইয়াছে তাহা বলা নিশ্চিত-যোজন। পাঠে এইরূপ অবিকল ও সৌন্দর্যা রক্ষা করিয়া অনুবাদ অতি অপ্রত্যক্ষ হইয়াছে।” শ্রীরাজেশর ওহে (চট্টগ্রাম নর্থাল স্কুলের চেয়েম মাস্টার)।
ভূতপূর্ব “বাঙ্গাল” সম্পাদক শ্রীমুক্ত কালীপ্রসন্ন ঘোষ লিখিয়াছেন এক—“আমার রয়েব শংসারের এই পদার্থবাদ প্রকাশ করিতে বাঙ্গালা সাহিত্যের অক্ষত করিয়াছেন। অস্বাদ সরল হইলে সাধারণতঃ স্বাদ হয় না। অর্থ রক্ষার অনুরোধে অক্ষরিক হইলে, অন্যটা অথবা প্রায় কখনও উপাদের হয় না। কিন্তু আপনার এ অস্বাদ সরল অথবা স্বাদ, অক্ষরিক অথবা উপাদের। বলতঃ কাব্যের এই রূপ মনোনিত যা পর নাই প্রশংসনীয় এবং ভাষার উপর অসাধারণ ক্ষমতার পরিচালক। এ পুষ্টক ছাত্রর বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ের প্রথম পর্যায় “পাঠা” রূপে ব্যবহৃত না হইলে, তাহার বড়ই কষ্ট ও পরিষ্কারের কারণ হইবে।” ঢাকা, ৫ই আউলিয়া, ১৩৫২।

সমাধ্য পত্রাদির মত।

“নবীন বাবু পদ্ধে রয়েবের অস্বাদ করিতে বাঙ্গালার ভাষার শৌর্য্য সম্পাদন করিয়াছেন। অতি শ্রুতিত হইল নবীন বাবু মহাকবির ভাষা সম্পূর্ণত বজ্রি রাখিয়া। নিজে অস্বাদ করিয়াছেন, ইহাই অপে গৌরবর বিষয় নহে। আমাদের ভাব জ্ঞান, অস্বাদ খানি সম্পূর্ণ হইলে উহা বাঙ্গালার ভাষায় এক খানি উজ্জ্বল অলঘাত ব্যবহার হইবে।” সহচর’ ১৭ই ফেব্রুয়ারি, ১৮৮২।

“নবীন বাবু এ বিষয়ে যে রূপ কৃতকায় হইয়াছেন, তাহাতে আমার ক্ষমতার প্রশংসা না করিয়া। বিশেষত পারি না, এমনং বিশেষত হইয়াছে, ইহাই সম্পূর্ণতার প্রকাশিত দেখিতে প্রতীক্ষায় রহিলাম।”

“বামবাধিনীর পত্রিকা,” ফেব্রুয়ারি, ১৮৮২।

“আমরা ইতিপূর্বে ইহার প্রথম ভাগের সমালোচনা করিয়া গৃহস্কারকে যে অনর্ধের ধন্যবাদ দিয়াছি, এ বারে তাহা আরও অধুতি মেয়ে দিয়া। তাহাতে পারি না, মহাকবির কালিদাসের অনুরূপতে উন্মুক্ত অর্থে পরিচ্ছেদ শোভাভূক্ত হয় নাই এ কথা আমরা মুক্তকথা বলিতে পারি। যে রূপ শ্রুতিত কবিতায় অস্বাদ সম্পূর্ণ হইয়াছে, তাহাতে এই অস্বাদ বলিয়াই বোধ হয় না, আমাদের প্রিয় কবির কবিতার ইহাই সামাজিক প্রয়োগের উচ্চতা কবিতার সংযোগে শ্রুত্যশানি আরও উপাদেয় হইয়াছে।” “বামবাধিনীর পত্রিকা,” মার্চ, ১৮৯৫।

“অস্বাদ শ্রুতিত ও অবিকল হইয়াছে, অমর কবি কালিদাসের উক্তকথা মহাকাব্য রয়েবের এই রূপ সর্বাঙ্গ−স্বচ্ছ অস্বাদ আমাদের ভিন্নে আদের ভিন্নে ।” ১৩ই ফেব্রুয়ারি, ১৮৯২।
“এই খণ্ডে রাখচরিত মাত্র আছে। কালিদাসের ভাব রক্ষা করিয়া
অনুবাদ করা যেতে কঠিন, এবং সেই কঠিন বিষয়ে যিনি কৃত্তিকায় হইতে
পারেন, তিনিই প্রশংসার যোগ্য, নবীন বাবু এই দুর্বল অনুবাদ কার্যে
কৃত্তিকায় হইয়াছেন, ইহাই তাহার প্রশংসা।” “বিত্তবানী,” ১৫২৯৫।

নবীন বাবু মাতু-ভাষার সে অভাব দূরীকূর্ত্ত হইয়া
দেশীয় বন্দুবাহ্য ও প্রধান ভাষার কৃত্তিকা-ভাষাতে হইয়াছেন। সমস্ত
ভাব চিত্র রাখিয়া। ভাষার অনুবাদ করা যেতে দুর্বল ব্যাপার। কিন্তু
দুর্বল ব্যাপার হইলেও নবীন বাবু অকৃত্তিকায় হয়েন নাই, আশচর্যের
বিষয় এই যে, প্রথম শঙ্কা দূর অনুবাদ করিতে গিয়াও নবীন বাবুর
রসভঙ্গ ও মাধুর্যাচার্য ঘটে নাই। আমাদের মতে পুস্তক খানি পাঠ
লিখিত্ত্ব হওয়া আবশ্যক, বাঙ্গালা ছাত্রদের পাঠারূপে নির্ধারিত
হইলে ভাল হয়।” “সংশোধনী,” ৪ ঠা. ডিসেম্বর, ১৮৯১।

“এই পুস্তকের...অনুবাদ মনেন হইয়াছে। এক্ষণে অতি স্নাতক
ভাষায় সহায়িব কালিদাসের কবিতা। অনুবাদ করিয়াছেন, সংক্তানভিত্তিগুলি
পাঠকের নিকট এ পুস্তক আদৃত হইবে।” “সময়” ১৬৪৯২।

অনুবাদ সরল, সহুল ও ব্যাপার হইয়াছে...নবীন বাবু সক্ষুকবি, তাহার
নিকট আমার বঙ্গভাষার অনেক উল্লেখ্য আশা করি।” “প্রকৃতি।”

“এ গ্রন্থে নবীন কবি অনেকাংশে কৃত্তিকায় হইয়াছেন। অনেক স্থান
পড়িয়া দেখিয়াছি, অনুবাদ যথাযথ ও প্রাণপ্রায় হইয়াছে। সংক্তানভিত্তি
পাঠকের পক্ষে ইহা বেশ স্ববিধাজনক।” “নব—ভারত” পোষ্য, ১২৯৮।

আমারা নবীন বাবুর রঘোন্তের পদাতিকাদের দ্বিতীয় ভাগ পাঠ
করিয়া। পরস্পর স্থির হইয়াছি। ইহার প্রথম ভাগ খানি অতি স্নাতক
হইয়াছিল। আদৃত পাঠ করিয়া দেখিলাম দ্বিতীয় ভাগ খানি আরও
স্নাত হইয়াছে। নবীন বাবু অতি স্নাতক ভাষায় মনেহর চূড়ে
মহাকাবির ভাব বজায় রাখিয়া বাঙ্গালা ভাষায় যে রঘোন্তের শেষাংশের
অনুবাদ করিয়াছেন ইহ। অপেক্ষা করিয়া নহে। ফলতঃ নবীন
বাবু একজন প্রস্তাব স্নেকবি, নিঃশ্ববিদ্যালয়ে এক, এ, পরিক্ষায় বাঙ্গালা
ভাষা। এচইলিট করিয়া প্রস্তাব হইতেছে। অনেকে বলিয়া থাকেন
এক, এ, পরিক্ষায় বাঙ্গালা পরিক্ষা। এচইলিট হইলে পরিক্ষাতের পাঠারূপে
পুস্তকের অভাব হইবে, যাহারা। নবীন বাবুর রঘোন্তের অনুবাদ পাঠঃ
Pandit Ajit Nath Nyayratna of Navadwipa, Commentator of "Nātya Parisista Vyākarana," writes:—

"कालिदासकविताभ-गंगा-नीतिनिर्णय-नवीन-पद्या ।
वज्रसागर-सुभद्राधिवर्या
गम्भीरः सह वज्रभाष्यः॥"
Pandit Sitikantha Váchaspati of Navadwipa, writes:—

“अऽ मा रघुवन्तभावसुपलं यथ वालिदान-द्रमान
सज्जानं सुचिंतं तथापि ततुं भाष्यपूर्णं रघम्।
स्येवचारिणि वामकतामसुलं यदुग्मनमलादभूतः
तन्नामाय नवीनपद्विमयं वधानादृदहोभवत्।॥१॥”

नवदीपपिलासेनो वापसयुपाधिकाय श्रीसिद्धिनारङ्ग-श्रम्भेष।

Pandit Siva Narayan Siromani, Professor, Sanskrit College, Calcutta, writes:—

“………… महाकवि: कालिदासस्य युधामय-संक्षितार्चितं स्वरूपायम् कविकुलहस्तयतं ततु रघुवंश नवीननकिन। श्रीपुज्ञ नवीनचलर्त्राभ-भाषानिर्मितमपि ग्रन्थवादकस्य कारापि ग्रन्थवादांप्राप्तेन, काव्यापि प्रतिभया, कैरिचित कवित्र-सत्तुभलालितं-सम्पूर्णविवेश्ये नवीनरिचितं वालभाषा-यौवनोचित-श्रीमतमणिभूतं रघुवंशसिद्धं स्येव चापालां हृदय-प्राकारित।

भाषानिर्मितेऽथ पुस्तकेऽथ पुर्वभागार्थार्थे न ब्राह्मी घटते। किंतु प्राकृतत्रांत्यवन्धस्य रघुभाषार्थात्विराहिते विन्दभित्तिभ्रमं: निसर्ग चालक-कारालिथाय विधिते। यतोस्मयं प्रार्थनीयेनेतर:—

“नवीनभावापिश्वितान्य-श्रोम्य
महाकविस्तं रघुवंशसिद्धम्।
कर्मप्रस्तर्णस्य-वज्रभाभा

नवीनमूलस्व समस्तं यस्मादेऽरोधु।॥ १० आधार।

भ्रूमन्त्युपाधिक-श्रीसिद्धिवानायाय-श्रम्भेष।

Pandit Sivanath Váchaspati of Krishnaghar, Maharajah’s Tol, writes:—

“ब्रह्मतरुपकायं नौयम्यं रसां च
मधु-चरण-वाचस्य वञ्जावावः।
Pandit Akshaya Chandra Smritiratna, Krishnaghar Maharájáh’s spiritual guide, writes:—

“নবীন-নীতি নিজবন্ধনায়।
নবীন-নিয়ন্ত্রণ তারকে।
নবীনকারুণ রঘুবন্ধুবীর্যঃ
নবীন পরম মধুরে বস্তু ছ।
মূলাতুল্য রসভাবপুরীঃ
মুকুটবর্ষণীমিত্র কায়ঃ।
নবীননেত্রে বিকাশসামঃ
দূত্র মনোমিত্রসূক্ষ ধমাম।”

(Ashvini Adhi Charcharachan—Srutiradhanabhas:)

নবদিয়েরাজগুরু:।

“জনমতূমির” সমালোচনা।

(উক্তী)

“রঘুবংশ” অমর কবি কালিদাসের উৎকৃষ্ট মহাকাব্য। নবীন বাঙাল সেই মহাকাব্য বংশভাষায় অনুবাদ করিয়া, বংশবাসিকে এক উজ্জল রন্ধ উপহার দিয়াছেন। সংকৃত কাব্যের এমন মনোহর অথচ অবিকল অনুবাদ পৃথিবী যাহার দেখা যায় না। যাহারা সংকৃত জানেন না, মহাকবির সে মহাকাব্য সম্বন্ধু উপলব্ধি করিয়া, তাহার মধুর রস আনন্দে তাহারা বিন্ধিত। তাহারা জানেন না, সংকৃত সাহিত্য-ভাষায় কি উদ্ভূত রন্ধরাজি বিরাজ করিতেছে। এই অনুবাদ পাঠ করিলে, তাহারা সে অমূল্য মণি-মাণিকের আভাস পাইবেন। বংশভাষায় কবিধ
রজ্জুরাজিতে সানাইতে যাহার ওয়ান, তিনি চিরদিনই অাযাদের ধনাবাদের পাত। নবীন বাবু শিক্ষিত ও কৃতী; বড় স্ন্যাদ বিশ্বেই তিনি হস্তক্ষেপ করিয়াছেন এবং তাহার হস্তে সহাকরির সে মহাকাবের মন্ত্রাদ। রক্ষিত হইয়াছে।

সংস্কৃত সাহিত্যের অনেক অনুক্রান্তি পরিচিত হইয়াছে। অনেক অনুক্রান্তি পাঠ করিয়া মনে হইয়াছে, অনুক্রান্তির পরিশ্রম রথায় গিয়াছে। যাহারা সংস্কৃত জানেন না, সে অনুক্রান্তি পাঠে, অথবা স্ন্যাদ জানের পরিবর্তে স্ন্যাদের পাণ্ডের প্রাচীন প্রাচীন এবং পাণ্ডের ন্যায়, তাহারা কাব্যের সমাক্ষোদয় হস্তে উপভোগে রক্ষিত হইয়াছেন। কিন্তু নবীন বাবু কৃতী রোগবংশের এই বঞ্চানূদ্রাকে সে শ্রেণীর অনুক্রান্তি নহে। হৃদই একটির পরিচয় দিতেছে।

প্রথম সর্গে, মহারাজ দিল্লী, রানী শ্যামকৃষ্ণার সহিত বিশিষ্ট আশ্রমে গমন করিয়েছেন। সে পথের বর্ণনা অভি স্থদর;—

"রথের অবর্তে ভাবি মেয়ে শ্রদ্ধা উৎক্ষেপ কেন রথে গায় শ্যামকৃষ্ণান
পুলক স্ন্যাদ রাগে, করিয়া শ্রবণ
শ্যামকৃষ্ণার সহ রাজ। আনন্দে মগন।

সারদারো দাঁড়ায় পথে হরিণ হরিণী,
নির্ভরে নেহারের রথ বিশাল নয়নে,
কৌতুকে সে মেয়ে সহ-শোভা দেখে রাজ। রানী পরম্পরে আকৃতিসহ তুলনে দুঃখন।"

ষষ্ঠ সর্গে, অজ রাজের সহিত ইন্দ্রমতীর মিলন বর্ণিত হইয়াছে।
স্বয়ং-তাড়াতাড়ি বহুদেশ হইতে বহু রাজ। সম্পাদিত হইয়াছে। স্নন্দ্র একে একে সকলের পরিচয় দিতেছে, কিন্তু

"ভোজের ভূগিরী ইন্দ্রমতীর জুড়ের, না পাতিল স্ননদার বচন মধ্যর; পশু কি স্নান অন্তল নিজীব-সময়ে মুদিত কমলে, রবি-বিরহ-বিধুর।"
যে যে রাজগণে ছাড়ি চলিল। যুবতী
তুবিল তাদের মুখ দৃঢ়ত্র অাছারে;
রাজ-পথে দীপ-শিরা নিশ্চিন্তে যেমনি
গেলে চলি, হর্ষারাজি তুবে অন্ধকারে।”

অজের সহিত ঈশ্বরতীর মিলন হইল;—

“এক দিন বর-পশ্চ এক অন্য সভয়,
অন্য দিনে রাজ-রুদ্ধ বিষ্ণু-রূপন মঙ্গল করিলে কেমন মথা সরসে উথায়
বিষাদে মুদিত আঁখি ক্ষুদ-নিষ্ঠা।”

অষ্টম সর্গে, মহারাজ রথু, পুত্রের প্রতি রাজার অপর্ণ করিয়া
বান্ধবস্ত্র ব্রত অবলম্বন করিলেন। সে কেনন ?—

“স্বর্যকুলাকাশে আহা কি শোভা উদয় !
শাসনাদি অত রথু পূর্ণ-শশ্বধর,
অন্য দিনে স্বর্গাল দ্যুরার উপর
উদিত অর্জুনরূপে রথুর তনয় !”

এক দিন মহারাজ অজ, রাণী ঈশ্বরতীকে লইল। উপবনে বিহার
করিতেছিলেন, সেই সময় মুনিবর নারদ বিদান পথে যাইতেছিলেন।
তাহার বীণায় পারিজাতমালা শোভা পাইতেছিল। সহস্র বীণালুচিত
হইয়া সেই পারিজাত, রাণী ঈশ্বরতীর হস্তে পতিত হইল। সেই
কৃষ্ণমূল শ্রীমতি ঈশ্বরতীর ওপার বিলাগ হইল। অজের করণ বিলাগে
উপবন পূর্ণ হইল ;—

“স্বর্ষুমার পারিজাত-কৃষ্ণম ওহারে
পার হে বহিতে, বিধি, যদি অবলারে,
কোন হৃদে ইচ্ছা তব না হয় সাধন,
সংহার করিতে তব বাসনা যখন ?”

এমন আকুল ক্রমে এই অষ্টম সর্গ পূর্ণ। “অজ-বিলাগ” অতি
স্ন্দীর ও স্ন্দুর। উদ্নীত অংশ তুলু অনুবাদ বলিয়া ননে হই কি ?
ইন্দুমতীর বিরহে শোকাতুর রাজা চারি দিকেই প্রিয়তাকে দেখিতে-ছেন। মৃত পত্নীকে বলিতেছেন,—

“বায়ু-কোলে দোলে লতা, নিকুঞ্জ ভিতর,
বিলাস-বিভূষন সে কি হরিল তোমার?
কোঁকিলা হরিয়া। তব কলকণ্ঠ স্বর
dিতেছে দ্বিগুণ ব্যথা চিতে অভাগার;
হরিণী হরিল চারু চঞ্চল দর্শন,
কলহসী হরিয়াছে মন্ত্র গমন!”

হুঁখ রহিল, সকল স্থান উদ্ভুত করিতে পারিলাম না।
রাবণ বিনাশের পর, রামচন্দ্র সীতাকে লইয়া অযোধ্যায় ফিরিতে-ছেন। ত্রয়োদশ সর্গে তাহাই বর্ণিত হইয়াছে। পথে আসিতে আসিতে রামচন্দ্র একে একে সীতাকে নানা শোভা দেখাইতেছেন। সে বর্ণনার সৌন্দর্যে রঘুবংশের ত্রয়োদশ সর্গ অতি অপূর্ব হইয়াছে। ইংরাজিতে সমুদ্রের বর্ণালী পাড়িয়াছি, কিন্তু এমন মনোহরিত কোথাও আছে কি?—

“অপূর্ব শেখরের খোলা খেলন সাগর,—
শত মুখে নদীকূল চুরিছে তাহারে,
এদানি তাদের মুখে তরঙ্গ-অধর
চতুর সরিত-পতি তোবেন সবারে।”

রথ সেধের পথ দিয়া আসিতেছিল। সীতা কোণুকে রথের ভিতর হইতে মন্ত্র স্পর্শ করিতে হস্ত প্রসারণ করিতেছেন, সহসা বিদ্যুৎ আসিয়া সীতার কর্মপর্শ করিতেছে। রামচন্দ্র বলিতেছেন,—

“যবে তুমি কুতুহলে রথ-বাহারে প্রসারিত হইলে, দেবি, পরিশিতে যেন, বারিদ আনিয়া নিজে বিজলী-বলবে পরাইয়ে করে যেন, কণ-তেজোময়! ”

তার পর নানা স্থান দেখাইতে দেখাইতে, রামচন্দ্র মগন-মহূর্ত অপূর্ব সঙ্গম স্থলে উপনিবিত হইলেন। সীতাকে সেই মগন-মহূর্ত অপূর্ব মিলন-শোভা দেখাইতেছেন;—
“শ্রীনীল যমুনা-জলে মিলি কুঠুহলে
বহিছেন ওই স্খেত স্ন্য-বর্ষন্তী—
মুক্তাহারে গায়া যেন ইস্কনলক্ষনঃ,
স্খেত-পল্লবমালা কিয়া নীল-উত্পলে।

মানসের হংসরাজি ধবল-রত্নে
নীল-হংসদলে যেন হ'য়েছে মিলিত,
ভুতলে চিহ্নিত ধ্বংসন-রচনা——
শোভে যেন কৃষ্ণগতে অঙ্গুর-অক্ষিত!

কোথাও জোড়নাজলে যেন রে চিহ্নিত
স্থানে স্থানে ছায়া-লীলা ভিতর-পঞ্চনে,
কোথাও বা শরদের শুভ অভ দলে
ভেদি, যেন নীলাকাশ হ'তেছে লক্ষিত!

ধবল ভবেশ-অঙ্গ বিভূতি-ভূষিত
রহিয়াছে যেন কৃষ্ণ ভূজঙ্গে বেষ্টিত——
এ রূপে কতই রূপ হের, বরাননে,
ধরনে জাঙ্কী মিলি যমুনার সনে।

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