

made Aslan Chief of the Sixty and bestowed upon him and his father sumptuous dresses of honor; and they abode in the enjoyment of all joys and joyance of life, till there came to them the Destroyer of delights and the Sunderer of societies.

### *A Man-hating Maiden*

*From the Sanskrit*

THE ever worthy and famous King Vikramáditoya had a painter named Nagarasvámín, who enjoyed the revenues of a hundred villages, and surpassed Viśvakarman. That painter used every two or three days to paint a picture of a girl, and give it as a present to the king, taking care to exemplify different types of beauty.

Now, once on a time, it happened that that painter had, because a feast was going on, forgotten to paint the required girl for the king. And when the day for giving the present arrived, the painter remembered and was bewildered, saying to himself, "Alas! what can I give to the king?" And at that moment a traveler come from afar suddenly approached him and placed a book in his hand, and went off somewhere quickly. The painter out of curiosity opened the book, and saw within a picture of a girl on canvas. Inasmuch as the girl was of wonderful beauty, no sooner did he see her picture than he took it and gave it to the king, rejoicing that, so far from having no picture to present that day, he had obtained such an exceedingly beautiful one. But the king, as soon as he saw it, was astonished, and said to him, "My good fellow, this is not your painting, this is the painting of Viśvakarman; for how could a mere mortal be skillful enough to paint such beauty?" When the painter heard this, he told the king exactly what had taken place.

Then the king kept ever looking at the picture of the girl, and never took his eyes off it, and one night he saw in a

dream a girl exactly like her, but in another land. But as he eagerly rushed to embrace her, who was eager to meet him, the night came to an end, and he was woke up by the watchman. When the king awoke, he was so angry at the interruption of his delightful interview with that maiden, that he banished that watchman from the city. And he said to himself, "To think that a traveler should bring a book, and that in it there should be the painted figure of a girl, and that I should in a dream behold this same girl apparently alive! All this elaborate dispensation of destiny makes me think that she must be a real maiden, but I do not know in what land she lives; how am I to obtain her?"

Full of such reflections, the king took pleasure in nothing, and burned with the fever of love so that his attendants were full of anxiety. And the warder Bhadráyudha asked the afflicted king in private the cause of his grief, whereupon he spoke as follows:

"Listen, I will tell you, my friend. So much at any rate you know, that that painter gave me the picture of a girl. And I fell asleep thinking on her, and I remember that in my dream I crossed the sea, and reached and entered a very beautiful city. There I saw many armed maidens in front of me, and they, as soon as they saw me, raised a tumultuous cry of 'Kill, kill.' Then a certain female ascetic came and with great precipitation made me enter her house, and briefly said to me this, 'My son, here is the man-hating princess Malayavatí come this way, diverting herself as she pleases. And the moment she sees a man, she makes these maidens of hers kill him: so I brought you in here to save your life.'

"When the female ascetic had said this, she immediately made me put on female attire; and I submitted to that, knowing that it was not lawful to slay those maidens. But, when the princess entered into the house with her maidens, I looked at her, and lo! she was the very lady that had been shown me in a picture. And I said to myself, 'Fortunate am I in that, after first seeing this lady in a picture, I now behold her again in flesh and blood, dear as my life.'

"In the meanwhile the princess, at the head of her maidens, said to that female ascetic, 'We saw some male enter here.' The ascetic showed me, and answered, 'I know of no male; here is my sister's daughter, who is with me as a guest.' Then the princess seeing me, although I was disguised as a woman, forgot her dislike of men, and was at once overcome by love. She remained for a moment, with every hair on her body erect, motionless as if in thought, being, so to speak, nailed to the spot at once with arrows by Love, who had spied his opportunity. And in a moment the princess said to the ascetic, 'Then, noble lady, why should not your sister's daughter be my guest also? Let her come to my palace; I will send her back duly honored.' Saying this, she took me by the hand, and led me away to her palace. And I remember, I discerned her intention, and consented, and went there, and that sly old female ascetic gave me leave to depart.

"Then I remained there with that princess, who was diverting herself with the amusement of marrying her maidens to one another, and so forth. Her eyes were fixed on me, and she would not let me out of her sight for an instant, and no occupation pleased her in which I did not take part. Then those maidens, I remember, made the princess a bride, and me her husband, and married us in sport. And when we had been married, we entered at night the bridal chamber, and the princess fearlessly threw her arms round my neck. And then I told her who I was, and embraced her, and delighted at having attained her object, she looked at me and then remained a long time with her eyes bashfully fixed on the ground. And at that moment that villain of a watchman woke me up. So, Bhadráyudha, the upshot of the whole matter is that I can no longer live without that Malayavatí, whom I have seen in a picture and in a dream."

When the king said this, the warder Bhadráyudha perceived that it was a true dream, and he consoled the monarch, and said to him, "If the king remembers it all exactly, let him draw that city on a piece of canvas in order that some expedient may be devised in this matter." The mo-

ment the king heard this suggestion of Bhadráyudha's, he proceeded to draw that splendid city on a piece of canvas, and all the scene that took place there. Then the warder at once took the drawing, and had a new monastery made, and hung it up there on the wall. And he directed that in relief-houses attached to the monastery, a quantity of food, with pairs of garments and gold, should be given to bards coming from distant countries. And he gave this order to the dwellers in the monastery, "If anyone comes here, who knows the city represented here in a picture, let me be informed of it."

In the meanwhile the fierce elephant of the rainy season with irresistible loud deep thunder-roar and long *ketaka* tusks came down upon the forest of the heats, a forest the breezes of which were scented with the perfume of the jasmine, in which travelers sat down on the ground in the shade, and trumpet-flowers bloomed. At that time the forest-fire of separation of that king Vikramáditya began to burn more fiercely, fanned by the eastern breeze. Then the following cries were heard among the ladies of his court, "Háralatá, bring ice! Chitrángí, sprinkle him with sandal-wood juice! Patralekhá, make a bed cool with lotus-leaves! Kandarpasená, fan him with plantain-leaves!" And in course of time the cloudy season terrible with lightning passed away for that king, but the fever of love burning with the sorrow of separation did not pass away.

Then the autumn with her open lotus-face, and smile of unclosed flowers, came, vocal with the cries of swans, seeming to utter this command, "Let travelers advance on their journey; let pleasant tidings be brought about absent dear ones; happy may their merry meetings be!" On a certain day in that season a bard, who had come from a distance, of the name of Sanvarasiddhi, having heard the fame of that monastery, built by the warder, entered it to get food. After he had been fed, and presented with a pair of garments, he saw that painting on the wall of the monastery. When the bard had carefully scanned the city delineated

there he was astonished, and said, "I wonder who can have drawn this city? For I alone have seen it, I am certain, and no other; and here it is drawn by some second person." When the inhabitants of the monastery heard that, they told Bhadráyudha; then he came in person, and took that bard to the king. The king said to Sanvarasiddhi, "Have you really seen that city?" Then Sanvarasiddhi gave him the following answer:

"When I was wandering about the world, I crossed the sea that separates the isles, and beheld that great city Malayapura. In that city there dwells a king of the name of Malayasinha, and he has a matchless daughter, named Malayavatí, who used to abhor males. But one night she somehow or other saw in a dream a great hero in a convent. The moment she saw him, that evil spirit of detestation of the male sex fled from her mind, as if terrified. Then she took him to her palace, and in her dream married him, and entered with him the bridal chamber. And at that moment the night came to an end, and an attendant in her room woke her up. Then she banished that servant in her anger, and thinking upon that dear one, whom she had seen in her dream, seeing no way of escape owing to the blazing fire of separation, utterly overpowered by love, she never rose from her couch except to fall back upon it again with relaxed limbs. She was dumb, as if possessed by a demon, as if stunned by a blow, for when her attendants questioned her, she gave them no answer.

"Then her father and mother came to hear of it, and questioned her; and at last she was, with exceeding difficulty, persuaded to tell them what happened to her in the dream, by the mouth of a confidential female friend. Then her father comforted her, but she made a solemn vow that, if she did not obtain her beloved in six months, she would enter the fire. And already five months are past; who knows what will become of her? This is the story that I heard about her in that city."

When Sanvarasiddhi had told this story, which tallied so well with the king's own dream, the king was pleased at

knowing the certainty of the matter, and Bhadráyudha said to him, "The business is as good as effected, for that king and his country own your paramount supremacy. So let us go there before the sixth month has passed away." When the warder had said this, King Vikramáditya made him inform Sanvarasiddhi of all the circumstances connected with the matter, and honored him with a present of much wealth, and bade him show him the way, and then he seemed to bequeath his own burning heat to the rays of the sun, his paleness to the clouds, and his thinness to the waters of the rivers, and having become free from sorrow, set out at once, escorted by a small force, for the dwelling-place of his beloved.

In course of time, as he advanced, he crossed the sea, and reached that city, and there he saw the people in front of it engaged in loud lamentation, and when he questioned them, he received this answer, "The Princess Malayavatí here, as the period of six months is at an end, and she has not obtained her beloved, is preparing to enter the fire." Then the king went to the place where the pyre had been made ready.

When the people saw him, they made way for him, and then the princess beheld that unexpected nectar-rain to her eyes. And she said to her ladies-in-waiting, "Here is that beloved come who married me in a dream, so tell my father quickly." They went and told this to her father, and then that king, delivered from his grief, and filled with joy, submissively approached the sovereign. At that moment the bard Sanvarasiddhi, who knew his time, lifted up his arm, and chanted aloud this strain, "Hail thou that with the flame of thy valor hast consumed the forest of the army of demons and Mlechchhas! Hail king, lord of the seven-sea-girt earth-bride! Hail thou that hast imposed thy exceedingly heavy yoke on the bowed heads of all kings, conquered by thee! Hail, Vishamaśíla, hail Vikramáditya, ocean of valor!"

When the bard said this, King Malayasinha knew that it was Vikramáditya himself that had come, and embraced his feet. And after he had welcomed him, he entered his palace

with him, and his daughter Malayavatí, thus delivered from death. And that king gave that daughter of his to King Vikramáditya, thinking himself fortunate in having obtained such a son-in-law. And King Vikramáditya, when he saw in his arms, in flesh and blood, that Malayavatí, whom he had previously seen in a picture and in a dream, considered it a wonderful fruit of the wishing-tree of Siva's favor. Then Vikramáditya took with him his wife Malayavatí, like an incarnation of bliss, and crossed the sea resembling his long regretful separation, and being submissively waited upon at every step by kings, with various presents in their hands, returned to his own city Ujjayiní. And on beholding there that might of his, that satisfied freely every kind of curiosity, what people were not astonished, what people did not rejoice, what people did not make high festival?

*Told by the Constable*

*From the Arabic*

YE must know that a company, among whom was a friend of mine, once invited me to an entertainment; so I went with him, and when we came into his house and sat down on his couch, he said to me, "This is a blessed day and a day of gladness, and who is he that liveth to see the like of this day? I desire that thou practice with us and disapprove not our proceedings, for that thou hast been accustomed to fall in with those who offer this." I consented thereto and their talk happened upon the like of this subject. Presently, my friend, who had invited me, arose from among them and said to them, "Listen to me and I will acquaint you with an adventure which happened to me. There was a certain person who used to visit me in my shop, and I knew him not nor he knew me, nor ever in his life had he seen me; but he was wont, whenever he wanted a dirham or two, by way of loan, to come to me and ask me, without ac-

quaintance or introduction between me and him, and I would give him what he required. I told none of him, and matters abode thus between us a long while till he began a-borrowing at a time ten or twenty dirhams, more or less. One day, as I stood in my shop, behold, a woman suddenly came up to me and stopped before me; and she was a presence as she were the full moon rising from among the constellations, and the place was a-light by her light. When I saw her, I fixed my eyes on her and stared in her face; and she fell to bespeaking me with soft voice. When I heard her words and the sweetness of her speech, I was drawn to her; and as soon as she saw that I longed for her, she did her errand and promising me a meeting, went away, leaving my thoughts occupied with her and fire a-flame in my heart. Accordingly I abode, perplexed and pondering my affair, the fire still burning in my heart, till the third day, when she came again and I could hardly credit her coming. When I saw her, I talked with her and cajoled her and courted her and craved her favor with speech and invited her to my house; but, hearing all this, she only answered, "I will not go up into anyone's house." Quoth I, "I will go with thee," and quoth she, "Arise and come with me." So I rose and putting into my sleeve a kerchief, wherein was a fair sum of silver and a considerable, followed the woman, who forewent me and ceased not walking till she brought me to a lane and to a door, which she bade me unlock. I refused and she opened it and led me into the vestibule. As soon as I had entered, she bolted the entrance door from within and said to me, "Sit here till I go in to the slave-girls and cause them enter a place whence they shall not see me." "'Tis well," answered I and sat down: whereupon she entered and was absent from me an eye-twinkling, after which she returned to me, without a veil, and straightway said, "Arise and enter in the name of Allah." So I arose and went in after her and we gave not over going till we reached a saloon. When I examined the place, I found it neither handsome nor pleasant, but desolate and dreadful without symmetry or cleanliness; indeed, it was loathsome