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Vol. V

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OR

THE LIVES OF SIXTY-THREE ILLUSTRIOUS
PERSONS

BY

ĀCĀRYA ŚRĪ HEMACANDRA

Vol. V

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY

HELEN M. JOHNSON, Ph.D.



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TO
THE MEMORY
OF
G.D.
WHO DIED ALONE
BECAUSE OF THIS VOLUME

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PREFACE

Volume V of the translation of the Triṣaṣṭiśalākāpuruṣa-caritra has been completed under a Fulbright grant.

I am under obligation to Muni Śrī Puṇyavijayajī, disciple of Muni Caturvijayajī, for assistance on Book VIII given some years ago; and for the loans of MSS from the Lalbhai Dalpatbhai Bharatiya Sanskriti Vidya-Mandir in Ahmedabad. I am under especial obligation to Nyāyatīrtha Nyāyavijaya Mahārāj, disciple of the late Vijaya Dharma Sūri, now at Mandal, Gujarat, for suggestions on some difficult points and one brilliant emendation.

As always, I am indebted to Pandit L. B. Gandhi, now retired from the Oriental Institute, for much assistance on doctrinal points; and to Mr. H. M. Shah, B.A., of Ahmedabad for his help in many ways, especially as interpreter.

There have been many changes in the staff of the Oriental Institute since my last stay in Baroda; but under the new Director, Dr. B. J. Sandesara I have had the same facilities, and special assistance from Mr. J. S. Pade, M.A., Research Officer, and Mr. M. R. Nambiar, Assistant Editor of the Rāmāyaṇa Department.

In addition to the Poona MS that I have used throughout, I had loans of two MSS from the Jñāna Mandir in Baroda; of one from Chāṇī; and of three from the Lalbhai Dalpatbhai Bharatiya Sanskriti Vidya-Mandir. Any corrections that I have made in the text have MS authority, except an occasional one from the same passage in the Yogaśāstra. Hemacandra is not consistent in his spelling of proper names and I have kept his spellings. Though uniform spelling would be desirable, I did not feel justified in changing Hemacandra's spelling. The Sanskrit words that have been retained in the translation are included in the English Index with an explanation for the reader who does not know Sanskrit.

BARODA

January 6, 1962.

ABBREVIATIONS

- ABayA = Abhandlungen der Bayerischen Akademie der
Wissenschaften, Phil. Klasse.
Abhi. = Abhidhānacintāmaṇi, Bhav. ed.
Ācār. = Ācārāṅgasūtra.
AKM = Abhandlungen für die Kunde des Morgenlandes.
ĀnSS = Ānanda Sanskrit Series.
Anuyog = Anuyogadvāra.
Apte = Sanskrit-English Dictionary.
ĀS = Āgamodayasamiti Series.
Aup. = Aupapātikasūtra.
Auśadhi = Bṛhannighaṇṭu.
Āva. = Āvaśyakasūtra, Malayagiri's com.
Āvacūrṇi. = Āvaśyakacūrṇi.
ĀvaH = Āvaśyakasūtra, Hariḥhadra's com.
ĀvaHH = Hāriḥhadriyāvaśyakavṛttitippanaka.
B. = Barnett's ed. of Antagaḍadasāo and Anuttarovavaiya-
dasāo.
Balfour = Cyclopaedia of India.
Bate = Bate's Hindi Dictionary.
Bhag. = Bhagavatisūtra.
BORI = Bhandarkar Oriental Institute.
Bṛhat. = Bṛhatsaṅgrahani.
Chand. = Chandonuśāsana.
Clements = Introduction to the Study of Indian Music.
Crooke = Religion and Folklore of Northern India.
DeśiH = Deśināmamālā.
DH = Daśavaikālikasūtra, Hariḥhadra's com.
DLF = Devchand Lalbhai Jain Pustakodhar Fund.
Dutt = Materia Medica.
Fox-Strangways = Music of Hindostan.
G. = Der Jainismus.
GOS = Gaekwad's Oriental Series.

- Guj. =Gujarāti.
 Guṇa. =Guṇasthānakramāroha.
 H =Hindi.
 Haim. =Haimaśabdānuśāsana.
 Hindu Holidays =Hindu Holidays and Ceremonials.
 H. I. =Elements of Hindu Iconography.
 H. of J. =The Heart of Jainism.
 HOS =Harvard Oriental Series.
 H. P. =Fallon's Hindustāni Proverbs.
 IHQ =Indian Historical Quarterly.
 IS =Indische Sprüche.
 Jamb. =Jambūdvīpaprajñapti.
 JAOS =Journal of the American Oriental Society.
 JBBRAS =Journal of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society.
 J. G. =The Jaina Gazette.
 J. G. D. =Jaina Gem Dictionary.
 Jiv. =Jivājivābhigama.
 Jñātā. =Jñātādharma-kathā.
 JOI =Journal of the Oriental Institute. Baroda, India.
 K. =Die Kosmographie der Inder.
 Kirfel =do.
 Kan. =The Study of Jainism.
 Kāvya. =Kāvyaṇuśāsana by Hemcandra.
 Kāvya. V. =Kāvyaṇuśāsana by Vāgbhaṭṭa.
 KG =Karma Granthas.
 Km =Kāvya-mīmāṃsā.
 KS =Kalpasūtra.
 KSK =Kalpasūtra, with Kiraṇāvalī com.
 LAI =Life in Ancient India as depicted in the Jain Canons.
 Lp. =Lokaparakāśa.
 M =Marāṭhī.
 Martin =The Gods of India.
 M. C. =Marāṭhī-English Dictionary.
 MDJG =Manikchand Digambara Jaina Granthamālā.
 Meyer =Hindu Tales.

- MW = Monier-Williams, Sanskrit-English Dictionary.
 Nś. = Nāṭyaśāstra.
 O. of J. = Outlines of Jainism.
 Oppert = On the Weapons, Army Organisation and Political
 Maxims of the Ancient Hindus.
 Pañca. = Pañcapratikramaṇasūtra.
 Pañcaprati. = do.
 Pañcā. = Pañcāśakagrantha.
 Pārśva. = Life and Stories of the Jaina Savior Pārçvanātha.
 PE = Ardha-Māgadhī Koṣa.
 Penzer = Ocean of Story, trans. of Kathāsaritsāgara.
 PH = Pāiasaddamaḥaṇṇavo.
 PJP. = First Principles of Jain Philosophy.
 Pk. = Prakrit.
 Popley = Music of India.
 Pra. = Prajñāpanā.
 Praś. = Praśnavyākaraṇa.
 Pravac. = Pravacanasāroddhāra.
 Rāja. = Rājapraśnīyaśūtra.
 Rājendra. = Abhidhānarājendra.
 Roxb. = Flora Indica.
 Śabda. = Śabdasāgara.
 Sam. = Samavāyāṅgasūtra.
 SBE = Sacred Books of the East.
 SBJ = Sacred Books of the Jainas (Arrah).
 Sth. = Sthānāṅgasūtra.
 T. = Tattvārthādhigamasūtra, Jacobi's ed.
 Tapāvalī = Taporatnamahodadhi.
 Tri. = Triṣaṣṭīśalākāpuruṣacaritra.
 Uttar. = Uttarādhyayana, SBE XLV.
 Uttar. B. = Uttarādhyayana with Bhāvavijaya's com.
 Uttar. K. = Uttarādhyāyana with Kamalasaṃyama's com.
 Uv. = Uvāsagadasāo, Hoernle's ed.
 VH = Vasudevahiṇḍi.
 Viśeṣ. = Viśeṣāvaśyakabhāṣya.
 Vogel = Indian Serpent Lore.

Watt = The Commercial Products of India.

Watt Dict. = Dictionary of the Economic Products of India.

Wilkins = Hindu Mythology.

YJG = Yashovijaya Jaina Granthamālā, Benares.

Yog. = Yogaśāstra.

ZDMG = Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft.

I = Vol. I, Triṣaṣṭiśalākāpuruṣacaritra. Vol. LI, GOS.

II = Vol. II, ————. Vol. LXXVII, GOS.

III = Vol. III, ————. Vol. CVIII, GOS.

IV = Vol. IV, ————. Vol. CXXV, GOS.

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INTRODUCTION

Book VIII of the *Triṣaṣṭīśalākāpuruṣacaritra*, the *Nemināthacaritra*, includes also the lives of Kṛṣṇa, the ninth Vāsudeva, Balarāma, the ninth Balabhadra, and Jarāsandha, the ninth Prativāsudeva. It gives more space to Kṛṣṇa than to Neminātha himself and is, in fact, a Jain *Harivaṅśa*. The origin of the *Harivaṅśa* is told in 6. 7. 12-110 of the *Triṣaṣṭī*. The first chapter of Book VIII narrates the previous incarnations of Neminātha and then he is practically forgotten until Chapter IX. Chapters II-IV are a long wearisome account of Vasudeva's many marriages. Chapters V-VIII concern Kṛṣṇa's affairs, with much repetitious detail of battles, especially the one in which Jarāsandha is killed. However, Hemacandra manages as usual to introduce interesting episodes which redeem the tiresome narrative of unromantic marriages and fighting. The founding and destruction of *Dvārakā* are interesting and offer data for the much-discussed site of Kṛṣṇa's *Dvārakā*.

Book IX includes the lives of *Brahmadatta*, the twelfth *cakravartin*, and of *Pārśvanātha*. The life of *Brahmadatta* is best known to Europeans from *Jacobi's Ausgewählte Erzählungen in Mâhârâshṭri*, translated in *Meyer's Hindu Tales*. *Hemachandra's* account agree in general with that one, but not in all details. There is a *Brahmadattakathā* also in the *Yogaśāstra* commentary, pp. 75-90, *Bhavnagar* edition.

The rest of Book IX gives a detailed account of *Pārśvanātha's* life, into which much doctrinal and didactic material is introduced. There are many *Pārśvanāthacaritras*, but the one most available is *Bhavadevasūri's*, which has been summarized and treated by *M. Bloomfield* in *The Life and Stories of the Jaina Savior Parçvanātha*. *Hemacandra's* version is much briefer, but contains many of the subordinate incidents of the longer work.

BOOK VIII

NEMINĀTHACARITRA

CHAPTER I

PREVIOUS INCARNATIONS OF ARIṢṬANEMI

Reverence to the Lord of the Universe, celibate from birth, the edge of a disc (nemi) for cutting the mass of creepers of karma, Ariṣṭanemi. The biographies of the Arhat, Śrī Nemi; of the Viṣṇu, Kṛṣṇa; of the Śirin, Rāma; and of the Pratihara, Jarāsandha, will be celebrated.

First incarnation as Dhana (3-134)

In this same continent, Jambūdvīpa, in this same zone, Bhārata, there is a city, Acalapura by name, the crest-jewel of the earth. Its king was named Vikramadhana, suitably named because his enemies had been subdued by his strength in battle. He was difficult for his enemies to look upon, like Kṛtānta; but he produced joy to the eyes of his friends, like the moon. Of him endowed with cruel splendor, the arm-staff shone just like a wishing-tree for his favorites, like a diamond-staff (of punishment) for his enemies. Glories¹ came to him from the quarters of the heavens, like rivers to the ocean; and Fames appeared like cascades of a mountain.

His wife was named Dhāriṇī, always steady as the earth, wearing the ornament of pure conduct. Fair with beauty of the body, endowed with virtue and grace, she looked like the king's Śrī embodied. Like a swan in gait and voice, the abode of Śrī like a lotus, she made her dwelling in her husband's heart, like a bee in a flower.

One day in the last part of the night² she saw in a dream a mango tree with excited bees and cuckoos, with clusters of

¹ 7. Sampad for the more usual Śrī. See I, n. 1.

² 11. There is a belief that dreams at this time come true. Cf. Kathākośa, p. 72, n.; Kathā Sarit Sāgara, Vol. I, p. 441; Vol. II, p. 482.

blossoms out, bearing fruit. A handsome man, holding this in his hand, said: "This very same mango tree is being planted today in your court-yard. When some time has passed, it will be set in different places up to nine times, bearing better fruit each time."

She told her husband the dream and he had it interpreted by experts. They, joyful, explained: "You will have a distinguished son. But we do not know the meaning of the planting of the mango nine times in different places. Only an omniscient knows its interpretation."

After hearing their speech, the delighted queen carried her embryo from that time, like the earth carrying the best treasure. At the right time Dhāriṇī bore a son with a pure form, like the east bearing the sun, a source of joy to the world. The king held his son's birth-festival accompanied by large gifts on an auspicious day, and he was named Dhana.

Dhana grew up to his father's and mother's delight and he was passed from lap to lap by kings like nurses. He acquired gradually the entire collection of arts and he reached youth, the pleasure-garden of Ananḡa (Love).

Now, in the city Kusumapura there was a king, Siṅha, powerful as a lion, glorious in deeds of battle. His chief-queen was named Vimalā, spotless as a digit of the moon, dear as life, like a goddess roaming on earth. A daughter, Dhanavati, of surpassing beauty was borne by her to King Siṅha, after many sons. She grew up in course of time with a wealth of beauty surpassing the beauty of beautiful women, Rati and others; and she comprehended all the arts.

One day when the time giving joy to the night-blooming white³ lotus was at hand, attended by friends she went to see a garden. Like a goddess she wandered freely in the garden charming with the buzzing of bees flying about the blooming

³ 25. Kumuda. The season described must be spring. But the kumuda does not bloom especially in spring. Its best blooming season is the rainy one, according to Roxburgh,

saptacchada,⁴ with young buds of the bāṇa tree⁵ turned into arrows of the Five-armed One (Kāmadeva), vocal with the cries of excited pairs of blue cranes,⁶ crowded with flocks of kalahaṅsas⁷ playing in the pools of clear water, lovely with fields of sugar-cane charming with singing women-gardeners.

As she wandered about, she saw under an aśoka a painter holding a picture. Kamalini, a friend of Dhanavati, took the painting from him by force and saw a man's figure in it. Astonished by the figure, she said to the painter:

“To whom among gods, demons, or men does this wonderful form belong? Or rather, this form does not exist at any time among them. Surely you painted it just from your own idea to show your skill. How will there be skill for such a creation on the part of an old Creator worn out by the creation of many persons?”

The painter smiled and said: “There is no skill at all on my part in this picture to be painted just as it was seen. This is a young man with an unsurpassed form, Dhana, son of Śrī Vikramadhana, King of Acalapura, whom I painted. Whoever looks at him in the picture, after seeing him in person, blames me again and again with the words, ‘He is a false painter.’ Because you have not seen him, you, like a frog in a well,⁸ are astonished at seeing his picture by me, fair lady. Even goddesses become confused at seeing his wonderful form, but I painted it to the best of my judgment to amuse my own eyes.”

As Dhanavati stood there, she saw and heard; and became a target for the arrows of Makaradhvaja. Kamalini said: “This is a good thing to amuse the eye. You have painted a

⁴ 26. The *Alstonia Scholaris*. It has a strong scent.

⁵ 26. A blue-flowering *Barleria*, according to MW. Roxburgh gives 3 kinds of *Barleria* with blue flowers, all of which he says bloom in the cold season. I have not been able to find out any more about bāṇa.

⁶ 27. *Sārasa*. Proverbial as inseparable. See I, n. 130.

⁷ 27. A kind of goose or swan with dark gray wings. Abhi. 4.393.

⁸ 37. A symbol of ignorance and contemptibility. Cf. IV, pp. 20, 125, 281.

wonderful figure. You are skilful; you are discerning." With these words Kamalini started to go on and Dhanavati also with difficulty, absent-minded from that time. Looking backward, her face like a lotus with a twisted stalk, stumbling at every step, Dhanavati went home.

Then Dhanavati, overcome by Dhana's figure in the picture, did not take pleasure in anything, like a marāli⁹ in the desert. Emaciated, she knew neither hunger nor thirst. Even at night she did not rest, like a cow-elephant brought from the forest. Recalling constantly Dhana's figure, the painted one and the described one, she frequently shook her head, twisted her fingers, and raised her eye-brows. Absorbed in meditation on Dhana, whatever she did, she did not remember it even at the time, like something done in a former birth. Massage, baths, ointment, and ornaments were abandoned. She thought of Dhana day and night, like a devotée thinking of a favorite deity.

One day Kamalini asked her, "Lotus-eyed maiden, from what anxiety or ailment do you suffer that you are like this?" Pretending to be angry, Dhanavati said to her: "Why do you ask just like a stranger? Do you not know? You are my second heart, or my life. You are not merely a friend. I am embarrassed by your questions."

Kamalini said: "I have been properly rebuked, proud lady. I know your strong desire, the arrow in your heart. You are surely in love with Dhana from seeing his picture. I asked, as if I did not know that, just for fun. Knowing your infatuation on the spot, anxious from that time, I asked an astrologer whether my friend would have the husband she desired. Always showing confidence, he replied, 'She will have.' So be of good courage. Your desire will certainly be quickly accomplished."

Consoled by her with this speech, Dhanavati became composed then. Wearing divine ornaments, she went to pay her respects to her father. After dismissing her, her father thought,

⁹ 43. A water-fowl. Marālas are included among the haṁsas. Abhi. p. 534, line 2.

“ This daughter of mine is ready for a husband. Who on earth will be a suitable husband for her? ”

While the king was considering this for a long time, a messenger of his who had been sent earlier returned from King Vikramadhana. He remained after he had reported the king’s business and King Siṅha asked him, “ Did you see anything remarkable there? ”

He replied: “ I saw that which does not exist even among the Vidyādharaś nor the gods—the fascinating beauty of Dhana, Vikramadhana’s son. I thought at once, ‘ He is a suitable husband for Dhanavati. May the Creator’s effort of creation be fruitful in their union. ’ ”

Delighted, the king said: “ Looking after my business well yourself, you have rescued me submerged in an ocean of anxiety about my daughter’s husband. Go today to offer Dhanavati to Dhana, clever man. Ask Vikramadhana at my command. ”

Just then Candravati, Dhanavati’s younger sister, went to pay her respects to her father and heard all their conversation. The messenger went home. Candravati, delighted, went and reported it to Dhanavati together with remarks about her good fortune. Dhanavati said: “ I am not convinced by her speech. She talks from ignorance. She does not know the real facts. The messenger, I think, has been sent on some other business; but she, stupid, has become aware of my business. ”

Kamalinī said: “ The messenger stays here today. Find out from his lips. Who looks at a fire when there is a lamp? ”¹⁰ With these words, knowing (Dhanavati’s) inclination, she had the messenger brought there. Dhanavati herself, delighted, heard everything from his lips. Dhanavati herself wrote a letter and gave it to him, saying, “ This letter of mine must be delivered to Dhana. ”

Then the messenger went quickly to the city Acalapura and approached Vikrama seated in the assembly-hall. Vikrama

¹⁰ 67. I.e., fires have been superseded by lamps as a source of light.

said to him: "I hope everything is well with King Siṅha. My mind is overwhelmed by doubts at your quick return."

He said: "Greetings! Siṅha sent me here again to offer his daughter Dhanavati to your son Dhana. Just as Prince Dhana is extremely handsome, so is she. Let their suitable union, like that of gold and a gem, take place now. Let their affection in the beginning thrive by this union, like a tree by watering."

The king agreed, entertained him, and dismissed him. Announced by the door-keeper, he went to Dhana. He bowed, went near, announced the reason for his coming, and delivered the letter saying, "Dhanavati sent this." Prince Dhana broke the seal with his own hand and read the letter that was like a command of Madana. "The lotus whose beauty is increased by autumn like youth, its face downcast, wishes the touch of the sun's rays."¹¹

Dhana thought: "This wonderful double meaning of hers shows a pre-eminent affection in her heart towards me." With this reflection he wrote a letter to Dhanavati with his own hand and put it together with a necklace into his (the messenger's) hand.

Dismissed by Dhana, the messenger went quickly and reported Vikrama's agreement in the matter to the king. After going and bowing to Dhanavati, he delivered the letter and necklace to her and said: "These were written and delivered by his own hand for you by Dhana." Taking the necklace, which was spotless as the moon's rays, with her lotus-hand, Dhanavati broke the seal and read the letter. "As the sun rejoices at touching the lotus with his rays, the matter, accomplished by its own nature, does not wait for a request."

¹¹ 78. There is a double meaning throughout this śloka which it is impossible to bring out in one sentence. "The day-blooming lotus whose beauty is increased by autumn, its face faded, wishes the touch of the sun's rays."

"A woman of the best kind, whose beauty is increased by youth, her face languid, desires the touch of Āditya's hand."

After reading that, delighted, wreathed with hair erect from joy, she thought: "From the meaning of that verse, he has surely consented to my affair. This pearl necklace, white as nectar, was sent to me to put around my neck as a security for the embrace of his arm." With this reflection she put the necklace around her neck, quickly gave the messenger a gratuity, and dismissed him.

On an auspicious day the king sent her accompanied by elderly ministers, escorted with great magnificence, to Acalapura. As she left, her mother Vimalā, pure-hearted, instructed her: "Always be devoted to your husband's parents and to your husband like a god. Be friendly with your co-wives and polite to your attendants. Do not be haughty when in your husband's favor; and be unchanged when in disfavor."

After giving her other such advice, weeping, she let her go with difficulty, embracing her repeatedly. Dhanavati bowed to her, entered a fine palanquin, and set forth with her retinue, adorned with an umbrella and chauris. She went gradually to Acalapura, gazed at by the citizens with astonishment, like Prince Dhana's Śrī in person who came choosing her husband. She had the palanquin set down and stopped in a garden outside (the city). The wedding took place with great magnificence on an auspicious day. In his fresh youth Dhana with his bride looked like the areca nut tree with the betel vine, like a new cloud with lightning. Sporting at will with Dhanavati, like Smara with Rati, Dhana passed some time like a moment.

One day he went to a garden, exercising a horse. Wearing dangling gold ear-rings, he looked like Revanta¹² in person. He saw there Muni Vasundhara, by whom the earth was purified, who had four kinds of knowledge, engaged in preaching. After bowing and seating himself in the proper place, he listened with devotion to his sermon, nectar to the ears. Vikramadhana, Dhāriṇī, Dhanavati, all came, bowed to the muni, and listened to his sermon.

¹² 97. The horseman, par excellence.

At the end of the sermon, King Vikramadhana explained to him: "While Dhana was in her womb, his mother saw a mango tree in a dream. Some man explained to her, 'It will be planted nine times in a different place, each time with better and better fruit.' Please tell us the meaning of the planting nine times. I knew the other fruit of the dream by the birth of the prince."

Completely concentrated, employing right-knowledge, he asks mentally an omniscient somewhere at a distance. The omniscient knew the question from his wealth of omniscience and related the life of Ariṣṭanemi which consisted of nine births. The muni understood it by telepathy and clairvoyance and said:

"He who is your son Dhana in this birth will experience nine better and better births. In the ninth birth he will be the twenty-second Arhat, Ariṣṭanemi, belonging to the Yadu family, here in Bhārata."

On hearing this speech of the muni, they all rejoiced exceedingly; and the nature of them all became tinged with belief¹³ in the Jina's religion at that time. Vikrama bowed to him and went home with Dhana and the others; and the sūri went elsewhere, engaged in the course of his itinerary. Dhana experienced pleasure of the senses with Dhanavati in sports suited to the season, like a god devoted to sense-objects.

One day he went to play at water-sports in the pleasure-pool with his wife Dhanavati who was like a co-wife of Śrī in beauty. There Dhanavati pointed out to her husband a muni falling in a faint under an aśoka, who was like the emotion of tranquillity embodied, overcome by heat, fatigue, and thirst, the buds of his palate and lips dried up, the ground sprinkled with blood from his cracked lotus-feet. Both quickly approached the muni and attended him and restored consciousness by cool applications. Dhana bowed to him when he had recovered and said: "I am entirely blessed now that I have found you like

¹³ 108. A bhadraka has the slightest degree of right-belief.

a wishing-tree on earth. A meeting with persons like you is hard for us living in a nearby place to attain, like one with shade trees for men in a desert. However, Blessed One, we ask you how this condition arose. If it would not distress you or if it is not a secret, tell us. ”

He replied: “ I have pain in the highest degree from dwelling in worldly existence. But the pain which originates in the course of wandering has good consequences. I am named Municandra and, joined to a large caravan, I set out formerly on the vihāra. Sādhus can not remain in one place. One day I became separated from the caravan in a forest and then roaming about, confused about directions, I came here. Worn out by hunger and thirst, I fell to the ground in a faint. After that, I had consciousness restored by what you did, illustrious sir. Dharmalābha¹⁴ to you, good sir. Just as I lost consciousness in a moment, so is everything in existence. Then just such dharma must be practised by one seeking happiness. ”

After telling this, the best of munis, Municandra, explained to him the lay-dharma, suited to him, taught by the Jinas, the root of right-belief. Then he and Dhanavati adopted lay-dharma, the chief part of right-belief, under Municandra. He led the sage to his house and provided him with food and drink. The muni was persuaded to live in that same place for some time to instruct them in dharma. The muni took leave of Dhana and joined his group again. Dhana and Dhanavati became entirely devoted to lay-dharma. Dhana and Dhanavati shared affection even before; they did so especially from enjoyment of one dharma. Dhana himself was installed on the throne by his father at the time of his death and governed the earth properly in accordance with lay-dharma.

One day a gardener told him that Muni Vasundhara, who had come before, had come to an arbor in the garden. Dhana and Dhanavati went at once, paid homage to him, and listened

¹⁴ 121. “ May you acquire dharma. ” The customary blessing from a sādhu.

to a sermon by him, a great boat for the ocean of existence. Immediately after that, Dhana, depressed by existence, installed on the throne his son Jayanta, born of Dhanavati, on an auspicious day. Dhana and Dhanavati took initiation from Vasundhara, and Dhana's brother, Dhanadatta, and Dhanadeva finally.

The sage Dhana practiced very severe penance at his guru's feet and, after finishing his studies with the guru, in course of time he was installed in the rank of ācārya. After enlightening many kings and favoring them by initiation, at the end he, wise, observed a fast together with Dhanavati.

Second incarnation as a god (135-136)

At the end of a month they died and became very powerful gods, Sāmānikas of Śakra¹⁵ in the heaven Saudharma. Dhana's brothers, Dhanadeva and Dhanadatta, and also others, whose vows were unbroken, died, and became gods in Saudharma.

Third incarnation as Citragati (137-258)

Now here in Bharata in the city Sūrtejas, the ornament of the north row on Vaitāḍhya, there was a cakrin of Khecaras, named Sūra. Of him there was a wife, Vidyunmatī by name, like lightning of a cloud, a receptacle of affection beyond measure.

After completing his life, Dhana's jīva fell from Saudharma and descended into the womb of Vidyunmatī, Sūra's wife. When the time was full, queen Vidyunmatī bore a son full of auspicious marks, like the night of full moon bearing a full moon. On an auspicious day the father gave his son the name Citragati with a great festival bestowing delight. As he grew up in the course of time he absorbed all the arts under a teacher and reached youth like another Puṣpacāpa (Kāmādeva).

¹⁵ 135. See II, p. 125 for the Sāmānikas.

Dhanavati's birth as Ratnavati (144-151)

And now, there was a king, Anaṅgasiṅha, in the city Śivamandira in the south row on this very Vaitāḍhya. He had a moon-faced wife, Śaśiprabhā. Dhanavati's jīva fell and descended into her womb. At the right time Śaśiprabhā bore a daughter with a pure body. Because she was born after many sons, she was extremely dear. On an auspicious day her father named her Ratnavati and she grew up in course of time, like a creeper in wet ground. Soon she acquired the arts suitable for women and attained youth, auspicious, a formless ornament of the body.

One day her father asked an astrologer, "Who will be a suitable husband for her?" After some reflection, he replied: "The man who takes from you your jewel of a sword and on whom the gods rain flowers as he worships in a temple of the eternal Arhats, the crest-jewel of the human world, will marry your daughter Ratnavati in a suitable union."

Saying, "Whoever takes from me my jewel of a sword, he, the sole field of miracles, may be my son-in-law," the king, delighted, dismissed the astrologer.

Episode of Sumitra and Padma (152-194)

Now in this same Bharata in the city Cakrapura there was a king, Sugrīva, who was not stiff-necked (with pride) because of his virtues. He had a son, Sumitra, by his wife, Yaśasvati, and one named Padma by Bhadrā, elder and younger respectively. Sumitra was dignified, well-bred, devoted to the law, knowing what was right, adhering to the doctrine of the Arhats. Padma was the opposite.

Thinking, "The kingdom cannot belong to my son while he is alive," Bhadrā, evil-minded, gave Sumitra strong poison. Dazed by the poison, Sumitra fell to the ground. The effects of the poison spread like waves of the ocean. Sugrīva came there in haste with the ministers and had many remedies applied

with charms and spells. But the effects of the poison did not subside at all and the report arose in the city, "Bhadrā gave him poison."

Bhadrā fled somewhere, terrified by her crime; and the king worshipped the Jinas and performed propitiatory rites to avert evil, et cetera for the sake of his son. He talked unceasingly, recalling his son's virtues again and again. The vassals and other ministers were also without any devices (for a cure).

Origin of friendship of Sumitra and Citragati (161-196)

Just then Citragati came there in his aerial car, as he was wandering through the air for amusement, and saw the city miserable from grief. When he learned about the criminal poisoning, he got out of his aerial car and sprinkled the prince with water charmed by a magic art. The prince, his eyes opened, got up, asking, "What's this?" his heart uninjured. There is no limit to the power of a charm. The king told him, "Your mother Bhadrā¹⁶, hostile, gave you poison. This man, at once a brother for no reason, allayed it, son."

His hands placed together respectfully, Sumitra said to Citragati: "Indeed, I know your family just from your idea of assistance to strangers. Nevertheless, favor me now by telling me about your family. Whose mind is not eager to hear about the relatives of the great?"

Then an attendant of Citragati, a minister's son, told everything, the family-line, et cetera, delighting the ears of all. Sumitra, delighted, said to him: "Really the poisoner and the poison did me a favor today. How otherwise would the meeting with you have taken place? You did not give mere life to me; but furthermore I have been saved from a low birth resulting from death without complete renunciation and the formula of homage.¹⁷ What can I do in return for you

¹⁶ 164. Really his step-mother, of course.

¹⁷ 169. Pratyākhyāna and namaskāra.

bestowing unequaled benefits, like a rainy season cloud, on the world of living creatures, thou ocean of compassion?"

Citragati asked permission of Sumitra, who continued talking like this and had entered into friendship, to go to his own city. Sumitra said: "Brother, a kevalin, named Suyaśas, is now wandering in places near here. You may go after paying homage to him when he has come here in course of time. Pass the time until his arrival right here."

Citragati agreed and spent several days, amusing himself pleasantly with him, as if they were twins. Both went to a garden one day and the kevalin, Muni Suyaśas, came there like a living wishing-tree. They circumambulated and paid homage to him who was standing on golden lotuses and surrounded by gods, his arrival long desired, and sat down.

King Sugrīva heard about it, and came and paid homage to the muni. He delivered a sermon that was daylight for the sleep of delusion. At the end of the sermon Citragati bowed to the muni and said: "I have been well enlightened about dharma by you devoted to compassion. For a long time I have not known laymanship even though it is hereditary in the family, like one not sharing a treasure before him, Lord. Sumitra here has been an unequaled benefactor by whom Your Reverence, the teacher of such dharma, was pointed out to me."

With these words, Citragati, wise, adopted lay-dharma completely along with right-belief under the muni.

Fate of Bhadrā (182-189)

Sugrīva bowed to the muni and asked, "Blessed One, where has she, who gave the poison to my noble son, gone?" The muni replied: "She ran away into a forest and was handed over to a village-chief by robbers who had seized her ornaments, et cetera. Then she was sold by the village-chief to a merchant and, running away, she was burned in a great forest-fire. As she died absorbed in cruel meditation,¹⁸ she went to the first

¹⁸ 185. Raudradhyāna. See I, n. 8.

hell. Ascending (from that), she will be the wife of an outcaste. Killed by a co-wife cutting her throat, because she was pregnant, she will enter an animal-birth, after she has gone to the third hell. She will experience endless pain of existence of this sort from the crime of giving poison to your son who had right-belief.”

The king said: “Blessed One, the one for whose sake she did this, her son, remains here. She alone has gone to hell. Shame on that! This worldly existence is cruel with love, hate, et cetera. I shall undertake mendicancy, a means for abandoning it.”

Sumitra bowed to the king: “Shame on me, the cause of the acquisition of such karma¹⁹ by my mother. Master, permit me to become a mendicant now. Who would wish to dwell in such exceedingly cruel worldly existence?” The king restrained by his command his son speaking so, installed him in the kingdom, and took the vow himself. Then R̥ṣi Sugriva went away with the omniscient; and Sumitra went with Citragati to his own city. He gave some villages to Padma, Bhadrā’s son, but he, evil-minded, was not satisfied with these and slipped off somewhere.

One day Citragati, eagerly desired by his father, took leave of Sumitra with difficulty and went to his own city. Always occupied with pūjās to the gods,²⁰ attendance on gurus, penance, study, and self-restraint, he delighted his father exceedingly.

Now, Kamala, brother of Ratnavati, son of Anaṅgasiṅha, abducted Sumitra’s sister, the wife of the King of Kaliṅga. Then his friend Citragati learned from the lips of a Khecara that Sumitra was afflicted by grief over his sister’s abduction. “I shall search for your sister and bring her back soon.” Consoling him thus, Citragati started with Khecaras to rescue the sister. He received the report, “She was abducted by

¹⁹ 190. Bandhakarma. See I, p. 450.

²⁰ 196. Cf. III, n. 28 for these duties, which are really six. Liberality (dāna) is omitted here.

Kamala," and he went to the city Śivamandira with a complete army. The hero, King Sūra's son, uprooted Kamala easily, like an elephant a lotus plant, in a moment.

Angered by the defeat of his son, Anaṅgasiṅha, roaring like a lion, attacked with his army. A great battle, terrible even to the gods from the power of magic arts, of soldiers, and of arms, commenced. Anaṅga realized that the enemy was hard to conquer and, intending to conquer him, recalled his inherited jewel of a sword which had been given by a god.²¹ Immediately the jewel of a sword fell into his hand, hard to look at because of its hundred flames, resembling death to enemies.

Holding the sword, he said, "You there! Go away, boy! If you remain in my presence, I shall cut off your head like a lotus-stalk." Citragati said: "It is a strange thing that you seem like another person because of the power of a piece of iron. Shame on you boasting of your strength." Saying this, he created darkness on all sides by means of a magic art and the enemy stood as if painted, not seeing him, though he was standing before them. Then Citragati seized quickly the sword from his hand, took Sumitra's sister immediately, and went away. After a moment, when light had been produced, Anaṅga looked around and did not see the sword in his hand nor the enemy before him. For a moment he was in despair but, recalling the astrologer's words, "The one who takes my sword will be my son-in-law," he rejoiced.

"How will he be recognized? Or rather, he will be known by the rain of flowers at worship in a temple of the eternal Arhats." With these reflections, he went home. Citragati himself, his object accomplished, delivered King Sumitra's sister, whose good conduct was unbroken, to him.

Sumitra, terrified of existence even before from his own discernment, became completely so from despair at his sister's abduction, et cetera. Having settled the kingdom on his son, King Sumitra went to Muni Suyaśas and took the vow in

²¹ 204. This does not occur in this account.

Citragati's presence. Citragati went to his own city; and Sumitra, intelligent, learned nine pūrvas,²² lacking a little, under his guru. Sumitra wandering alone after he had received his guru's permission,²³ went to the Magadhas and stood in kāyotsarga²⁴ outside a village. Padma, his half-brother, came there as he roamed about and saw him benefiting all living creatures, engaged in meditation, firm as a mountain. Evil-minded Padma shot him in the heart with an arrow drawn to his ear, facing hell as if for a meeting with his mother.

"He has not caused me any loss of dharma by killing me, but on the other hand has conferred a benefit by the friendly act of destroying karma. I wronged him, since the kingdom was not given (to him) then. May he pardon me and may all other creatures pardon me, also."

Meditating thus, final renunciation having been made and the formula of homage recalled, Sumitra died and became a Sāmānika in Brahmāloka. Padma fled, was bitten by a cobra in the night, died, and became an inhabitant of the seventh hell.

When Citragati had grieved over Sumitra's death for a long time, he, noble, made a pilgrimage to a temple of the eternal Arhats.²⁵ Many lords of the Khecaras met there on the pilgrimage and Anaṅgasiṅha came with his daughter Ratnavatī. Citragati performed various kinds of worship to the eternal Arhats and, his body horripilated, recited a hymn of praise in a voice beautiful with devotion. Knowing this by clairvoyance, the god Sumitra came there with gods and rained flowers on him. All the Khecaras, delighted, praised Citragati and Anaṅgasiṅha recognized that he was the very one who was to

²² 216. Of the original fourteen. As time went on, fewer and fewer were learned. They were all lost eventually.

²³ 217. Sādhus do not travel alone normally.

²⁴ 217. Indifference to the body by one standing or sitting, with the arms hanging down, is called kāyotsarga. Yog. 4.133. It differs from pratimā in that standing is necessary in pratimā.

²⁵ 224. See III, n. 314; I, n. 404.

be his daughter's husband. The god Sumitra became visible and said to Citragati with great joy, "Do you recognize me?" When Citragati replied, "You are a powerful god," he assumed Sumitra's form to identify himself. Citragati embraced him and said, "This dharma that I professed through your favor is beyond criticism, noble sir!" Sumitra replied: "This magnificence that I have attained is through your favor by saving my life. If I had died then without final renunciation and the namaskāra, I would not have been born even as a human, if you had not saved my life."

The lords of the Khecaras, Cakrin Śrī Sūra and others were delighted with them grateful to each other and reciting each other's good deeds. Ratnavatī looked at Citragati superior in beauty and conduct and was pierced by Manmatha's arrows. Seeing his daughter distracted (by love), Anaṅgasiṅha reflected: "This agrees with the earlier words of the astrologer. He seized my jewel of a sword, a rain of flowers took place here, and my daughter's love developed here immediately. He is the husband described by the astrologer as suitable for Ratnavatī. I am to be congratulated in the world on my daughter and son-in-law. It is not fitting to speak about marriage, et cetera here in the temple."

With these reflections he went home with his attendants. Then Citragati honored the god Sumitra, dismissed the Khecaras, and went to his own house with his father.

A minister, sent by Anaṅgasiṅha, bowed to Cakrin Sūra, and said in a sincere and polite manner: "Master, your prince, Citragati, resembling Māra, unequalled in beauty and grace—whom does he not astonish? Anaṅgasiṅha's daughter, Ratnavatī, is a jewel, lord. Let her be joined with the jewel Citragati by your command. You are the lord of both. Agree with Anaṅgasiṅha about their wedding. Dismiss me now, lion among man." Sūra agreed to that speech, as he desired a suitable union, and celebrated their wedding with a great festival. Citragati shared sensuous pleasure with her and also practiced dharma, pūjās to the gods, et cetera, with her.

The souls of Dhanadeva and Dhanadatta had fallen and become his younger brothers, Manogati and Capalagati. Citragati made a pilgrimage, unusually magnificent, to Nandiśvara, et cetera with them and Ratnavati, like Indra. Accompanied by his wife and brothers, eager for service to sādhus, he listened attentively to dharma in the presence of the Ārhats.

One day Cakrin Sūra installed him in the kingdom; but he himself became a mendicant and attained the highest abode (emancipation). He (Citragati) subdued many magic arts like a new Cakrin Sūra and ruled the Khecara-lords, reducing them to footmen many times.

One day a vassal of his, Manicuḍa, died, and his sons, Śaśin and Sūra, fought over the kingdom. Cakrin Citragati divided the realm and gave it to them; and set them on the right path with suitable speeches on dharma. Nevertheless, they fought one day like forest-elephants and died. When high-minded Citragati heard that, he reflected: "These people, stupid, fight, die, and fall into a low condition of existence for the sake of transient glory, alas! If they would fight for emancipation, as they fight for glory, indifferent to the body, then what would be lacking?"

So reflecting, Citragati, terrified of existence, installed his eldest son, born of Ratnavati, named Purandara, on the throne. Then Citragati took the vow under Ācārya Damadhara along with Ratnavati and the two younger brothers.

Fourth incarnation as a god (259-260)

After he had practiced penance for a long time, he observed the fast pādapopagama²⁶ at the end, died, and became a powerful god in the heaven Mahendra. Ratnavati also and the two younger brothers became chief-gods in the same place, sharing friendship with each other.

²⁶ 259. See I, n. 126 and II, p. 349.

Fifth incarnation as Aparājita (261-450)

Now in West Videha in the province Padma there is a city Siṅhapura which resembles a city of the gods. Hariṅandin was king there, delighting the world, dulling others' brilliance like the overlord of brilliance (the sun). His chief-queen was named Priyadarśanā, dripping nectar with her glance, like moonlight.

Citragati's soul fell from Māhendrakalpa and descended into her womb, indicated by the great dreams. When the time was complete, Queen Priyadarśanā bore a son pleasing in appearance, like the ground of Pāṇḍuka²⁷ bearing a wishing-tree. The king named him Aparājita and he grew up gradually, tended by nurses. He grasped the arts in due course and reached youth in due course, a Mīnadhvaja (Kāmadeva) in form, an ocean with water of merit and grace.

He had a friend, a minister's son, Vimalabodha, dear (to him) because he had played in the sandpile with him and had been a fellow-student. One day they went outside (the city), riding horseback, for amusement; and the horses ran away with them and took them into a large forest at a great distance. When the horses were tired out, they got down from them at the foot of a tree and Prince Aparājita said to Vimalabodha:

"Thank heaven we were carried away by these horses! How otherwise was this earth full of many wonders to be seen? If we had asked our fathers for permission to go, unable to bear separation, they would certainly not have let us go. Now this is a good thing that has happened. This is a grief to our fathers—that we were carried away by the horses. For that very reason we shall roam about to overcome this calamity."

Just as the minister's son agreed to this, a man came there, crying "Save me! Save me!" The prince said to him who had come for protection with trembling body and unsteady eyes, "Do not be afraid." The minister's son said to the

²⁷ 265. A garden on the peak of Meru. II, p. 110. Either spelling, Pāṇḍaka or Pāṇḍuka, is used.

prince: "You spoke without reflection. If he should be a criminal, then that would not be a good thing."

Aparājita said firmly: "This is always the ethics of the warrior caste. One who has sought protection must be protected, whether he is a law-breaker or law-abiding."

As the prince was saying this, policemen ran up with sharp swords drawn, crying, "Kill him! Kill him!" While still at a distance, the policemen said: "Go away, travelers. We are going to kill this man by whom the whole city has been robbed." The prince said with a smile, "One who has come to me for protection can not be killed by Śakra even, to say nothing of others."

When the angry policemen attacked, then the prince ran up with a drawn sword, striking them down like a tiger deer. They fled and reported to their master, the King of Kośala; and the king sent an army, wishing to kill the protectors of the thief. Aparājita defeated the soldiers speedily and the king himself came, surrounded by horsemen and elephant-riders. Aparājita turned the robber over to the minister's son, tightened his belt, and faced his enemy in battle.

Setting his foot on an elephant's tusk, like a lion, he climbed on the boss and killed the elephant-rider seated on the shoulder. Aparājita fought, mounted on the same elephant; and he was described to the king by a minister who had observed him. The King of Kośala ordered his soldiers to stop fighting and said to him: "You are the son of my friend Hariṇandin. Surely you are my friend's son because of that strength. Who, indeed, is equal to an elephant except the young of a lion? By good fortune you, powerful, have come from your house to your house,"²⁸ and, seated on an elephant, he embraced him seated on an elephant. The king, affectionate, had him, whose lotus-face was bowed in embarrassment, mount his own elephant and conducted him, like a son, to his own house. The minister's son let the robber go and followed Aparājita;

²⁸ 289. I.e., to the house of a friend.

and they both remained comfortably in Kośala's house.

One day the King of Kośala joyfully gave his daughter Kanakamālā to Hariṇandin's son. After he had remained several days, one day, with the idea, "May there be no obstacle to (my) leaving," he left in the night with his friend without saying anything about it. As he was going along, not far from the temple of the goddess Kālikā, he heard a cry in the night, "Oh ! Oh ! The earth is lacking in men."

Thinking, "A woman is crying," the hero, an ocean of compassion, followed the sound like an arrow that strikes merely from sound.²⁹ He saw a woman riding an elephant near a blazing fire and a man with a sharp sword drawn. "Some one, who is a man, protect me from this base Vidyādhara," she cried again, like a goat in the presence of a butcher.

The prince reviled him, saying, "Stand up for battle, villain. Is this courage of yours (only) against a woman, basest of men?" The Khecara advanced for battle with a drawn sword, saying, "Shall I not hurl my courage against you?" After they had fought sword against sword for a long time, both, expert, escaping each other's blows, they fought hand-to-hand eagerly. Realizing that Aparājita could not be conquered in a hand-to-hand fight, the elephant of Vidyādhara bound him with a magic noose.³⁰ Prince Aparājita broke the noose, like a rogue-elephant the rope of the tying-post, with great anger. By the power of magic arts the Vidyādhara attacked the prince with many weapons, angry like an Asurakumāra.³¹ By the power of the prince's former merit and the strength of his body, his blows had no effect at all on the prince.

Just then the sun rose on the eastern peak and the prince struck the Khecara on his head with a sword. Unconscious

²⁹ 295. The target is located merely by sound.

³⁰ 301. Nāgapāśa, here with a play on the meaning 'elephant' of nāga. Usually the play is on its meaning 'serpent.'

³¹ 303. For the Asurakumāras, see II, p. 106.

from the blow, the Khecara fell on the ground, and Smara struck the woman with arrows as if in rivalry with the prince. After the prince had restored the Nabhaścara (Vidyādhara) to consciousness again by remedies, he said, "Fight, if you are able now."

The Vidyādhara replied: "I have been defeated by you completely. I have been saved from a woman's murder, fortunately, and from hell resulting from that. In the knot at the end of my garment³² there are a pearl and a root. Put the root on my wound, after rubbing it with water from the pearl." The prince did so and the Khecara was cured. Questioned by the prince he related his own experience:

"This is the daughter, Ratnamālā, of Amṛtasena, a king of Vidyādhara's, lord of Rathanūpura. Her husband was said by an astrologer to be the son of Hariṇandin, young Aparājita, the sole ocean of the jewels of good qualities. She fell in love with him and did not think about any one else.

One day I saw her and asked for her in marriage. She replied, 'Aparājita may take my hand, or fire may burn my body. There is no other course than these.' I, son of Śriṣeṇa, named Sūrakānta, persistent in marriage with her, was angered by her speech. Leaving the city, I subdued magic arts hard to subdue and again asked for her with many devices. When she did not want me—not through any device, I seized her and brought her here. What will those blind from love not do?

'Let the fire cling to her body; let her vow be fulfilled.' With this thought, I was eager to crush her and throw her in the fire. You saved her from me and you saved me from a low condition of existence. You are a benefactor of us both. Tell who you are, powerful sir."

The minister's son told him the prince's family, et cetera; and Ratnamālā rejoiced at once at the longed-for meeting. At that time Ratnamālā's parents, Kirtimatī and Amṛtasena,

³² 309. The Indian upper garment serves as a purse among its many uses.

came there, following her. The minister's son, questioned, told them what had happened. They both rejoiced, "Her protector was her husband, no one else." Aparājita married Ratnamālā given by them; and relief from fear was given to Sūrakānta by *their* words.

Sūrakānta gave the pearl and the root to the prince free from desire and gave the minister's son pills that would produce a different appearance. Announcing to Amṛtasena, "Your daughter must be conducted to my house when I have gone (there)," Aparājita departed. Amṛtasena with his daughter and the Khecara Sūrakānta went to their respective homes, recalling Aparājita.

The prince, going ahead in a forest, suffering from thirst, sat down under a mango tree and the minister's son went for water. When the minister's son returned after he had gone far and obtained water, he did not see Aparājita under the mango tree. He thought: "Is this not the place? Have I come to the wrong place by mistake, or did the prince himself go for water because of great thirst?"

With these reflections he went to every tree, searching for the prince, and, when he did not see him, fell to the ground in a faint. When he had recovered consciousness and got up, he cried pitifully: "Prince, show yourself. Why do you torment me needlessly? No human is able to carry you off or hurt you. There can be no inauspicious reason for not seeing you, friend."

Thus lamenting many times, wandering in villages, et cetera to search for him again, he went to the city Nandipura. While the minister's son remained in a garden outside in low spirits, two Vidyādhara's approached him and said: "A Vidyādhara-lord, Bhuvanabhānu, very magnificent and very powerful, lives in a great forest, having created a palace. He has two daughters, Kamalini and Kaumudini, and your dear friend was described as their husband by an astrologer. We were appointed by the master to bring him and when we came to this forest, we saw you too. You went to get water and

we seized Prince Aparājita and took him into the presence of our master, Bhuvanabhānu.

Bhuvanabhānu rose to greet him like the risen sun and hastily seated him on the best jeweled throne. The Khecaralord made Aparājita blush by the truthful praise of his merits and asked him about marriage with his two daughters. Grieved by separation from you, the prince gave no answer and has remained silent, like a muni, thinking of you alone. Then we were instructed by the master to bring you. Searching here and there, we came here and now by good fortune you were seen. So get up, illustrious sir, and start to go there quickly. The wedding of the prince with the princesses depends on you."

Delighted; the minister's son, like joy embodied, went with them at once into the prince's presence. The prince married the princesses on an auspicious day, remained for a while, and went away as before. They reached the city Śrimandira and stopped there, their wishes being fulfilled always by the pearl given by Sūrakānta.

One day an unusual noise of a tumult arose in this city and soldiers, wearing armor and with raised weapons, were seen roaming about. The minister's son, questioned by the prince, "What's this?" found out from the people and reported: "Suprabha is king here. He has been struck with a knife by some man who gained admittance by a trick. The king has no support of the kingdom—no son, et cetera. For this reason the people, becoming a body-guard, confused, roam about the whole city. This great tumult is theirs."

"Alas! He has been struck by some evil warrior, an enemy." Aparājita remained with his face downcast from compassion. The king's injury grew worse even with treatment and the chief-courtesan, Kāmalatā, said to the king's ministers:

"There is a foreigner in town, a second self, noble, pious, truthful, like some god in form. Since he has all his wishes accomplished, devoid of occupation, very powerful, there must be here some magic herb."

The ministers investigated and conducted the prince to

the king. The king considered himself well just at the sight of him. The prince, compassionate, looked at the wound first and, feeling great pity, took the pearl and the root from his friend. He had the king drink the water from the washing of the pearl, rubbed the root with the water, and put it on the king's wound. The king was cured and said to the prince, "Whence did you, a brother for no reason, come here, ocean of compassion?"

The minister's son narrated everything and the king spoke again: "He is the son of my friend, King Hariṇandin. Shame on negligence that I did not know him, though the son of my brother; however, this wound of mine was the fruit of negligence."

After this speech the king, won by his merits, insisted on giving him his daughter Rambhā, like another Rambhā³³ in beauty. After he had passed some time sporting with her, the prince left as before, accompanied by the minister's son.

He went to the city Kuṇḍapura and saw a muni, an omniscient, seated on divine golden lotuses there. After circumambulating him three times, bowing to him, and seating himself, he listened to a sermon from him that was like a rain of nectar for the ears. At the end of the sermon Aparājita bowed to him and asked him, "Am I capable of emancipation or not?"³⁴ The omniscient told him:

"You are capable of emancipation. You will be the twenty-second Arhat in the fifth birth.³⁵ Your friend will be a gaṇabhṛt in Bhārata of Jambūdvīpa."

They both rejoiced at hearing this and they remained there comfortably for several days, serving the muni and practicing dharma. The muni went elsewhere to wander and they also went from place to place, worshipping shrines.

³³ 361. The most beautiful heavenly nymph.

³⁴ 365. Bhavya. See I, n. 3.

³⁵ 366. Fifth birth from this one, but the present birth is included. This incarnation is the fifth of nine.

Now Jitaśatru was king in the city Janānanda and his chief-queen was Dhāriṇī, wearing good conduct. Ratnavatī fell from heaven and descended into her womb. When the time was completed, she bore a daughter, named Pritimatī. She grew up gradually and acquired all the arts, and reached full youth, the life-restorer of Smara. Even a learned man became ignorant before her exceedingly learned in the arts. So her eye did not become at all enamored of any one. Her father thought, "If I marry her, learned as she is, to just any husband whatever, she will die."

After these reflections, he asked her privately, "Daughter, whom have you considered as a husband?" She replied, "Whoever surpasses me in the arts, let him be my husband." The king agreed to this and the promise became widely known. Kings and princes practiced the arts assiduously.

One day King Jitaśatru had platforms built outside and summoned kings and princes to a svayamvara. Kings, earth-dwellers and sky-dwellers, came with princes, with the sole exception of Hariṇandin grieved by the separation from his son. They seated themselves on the platforms like gods in palaces. By chance Aparājita came there in his roaming. He said to Vimalabodha: "We have come at the right time. We shall see the examination in arts of the experts and we shall see the girl. We must see that no acquaintance recognizes us."

Along with him (Vimalabodha), he assumed a very commonplace appearance by means of a pill. They both went to the svayamvara-pavilion, like gods assuming fictitious figures for amusement. Pritimatī came there like another goddess Lakṣmī, wearing priceless clothing like a goddess come to earth, fanned by chauris, surrounded by friends and slave-girls, the people in front being driven back by the body-guards and door-keepers.

A friend of hers, Mālatī, pointed with her finger and said: "These men, earth-dwellers and sky-dwellers, have come here, thinking themselves superior. That is the King of

Kadamba, famed throughout the world, a hero named Bhuvanacandra, the face-ornament of the eastern quarter. This man, courteous by nature, the tilaka of the southern quarter, is Samaraketu, a Minaketu (Kāmadeva) in beauty of the body. This Kubera of the northern quarter, named Kubera, unwearied of his enemies' wives, is a cluster of flourishing creepers of fame. This is King Somaprabha, by whose fame the brilliance of the moon is surpassed. The others also, Dhavala, Śūra, Bhīma, et cetera, are kings. This lord of Khecaras is powerful Maṇicūḍa; that is Ratnacūḍa; and that is powerful Maṇiprabha. These, Sumanas, Soma, Śūra, et cetera, are lords of Khecaras. Look at them and examine them. They all know the arts."

At whomever Pṛitimati, schooled by her, glanced, Anaṅga, as if instructed by her, struck with arrows. She assumed the voice of the female cuckoo excited by spring and held the debate, taking the pūrvapakṣa,³⁶ debating like the goddess Vāc. Their intelligence confounded, all earth-dwellers and sky-dwellers were unable to answer, as if seized by the throat.

"The goddess Vāc has taken her side from connection with women. Hence we, who had never been defeated by any one before, were defeated by her."

Ashamed, the kings and princes said many things of this sort to each other, with faces burned in embarrassment.

Jitaśatru thought: "After the Creator had made her, did he not make a suitable husband for her because he was worn out by all his exertion? Here are so many kings. If there is no suitable husband for my daughter among them, some other inferior man will not be suitable. Then what to do?"

His minister, knowing his mood, said: "Enough of despair, lord. There are distinguished men among the distinguished. The earth has many jewels. Issue a proclamation: 'A king or prince or anyone, who can defeat her, shall be her husband.'"

Saying, "Very well! Very well!" the king had it done.

³⁶ 392. I.e., she would state the question and take the affirmative.

After hearing the proclamation, Aparājita thought: "There would be no glory in a debate with a woman, even in a victory; but in the absence of a debate the whole men's side is defeated. So, glory or no glory, she must be defeated by all means."

After these reflections, the prince quickly appeared before Pṛitimati. When she saw him, though he was poorly dressed like the sun obscured by a cloud, Pṛitimati felt friendship from association with the affection of former birth. Pṛitimati took the pūrvapakṣa as before. Aparājita quickly silenced her and was victorious. At once she threw a svayamvara-wreath on Aparājita; the kings—earth-dwellers and sky-dwellers—became angry with him.

Saying, "Who is this man? Shall he, crazy in speech, an abode of lightness like cotton, a beggar, marry her, while we are here?" The kings put on their armor and began a battle ardently with horsemen and elephant-riders, their weapons raised. The prince leaped up and killed an elephant-rider and, standing on his elephant, fought with missiles that were in the elephant's housing. In a moment he killed a charioteer and, using his chariot, attacked. Now on the ground, now again on an elephant, he fought. Like just one man who has become many, like a thunderbolt that has burst, Aparājita, excited, killed the enemy-soldiers.

Saying: "We were defeated before by a woman with manuals (śāstra); now we are defeated by a single man with weapons (śastra)," the kings, ashamed, advanced together to fight. Then Aparājita mounted Somaprabha's elephant and Soma noted his marks and tilaka carefully. Checking his arm, Soma embraced him, powerful, and said, "By good fortune you have been recognized, nephew with immeasurable strength." He told all the kings and they all ceased fighting; and the marriage-pavilion was occupied by these same ones who had become his attendants.

On an auspicious day, King Jitaśatru celebrated the marriage of Aparājita and Pṛitimati who were infatuated with each other. Aparājita assumed his natural beautiful form and all the people

admired him because of his strength and beauty. Jitaśatru entertained and dismissed all the kings; and Aparājita remained there, sporting with Pṛitimati. King Jitaśatru's minister gave his daughter Rūpavatī to Vimalabodha and he sported with her.

One day a messenger from Śrī Hariṇandin came there. The prince saw him and embraced him ardently. Questioned, "Is it well with my honored father and mother?" The messenger, his eyes filled with tears, said: "It is well with them only in the mere preservation of the body. From the very day of your departure, their eyes have not been dry. Hearing repeatedly about your new adventures from popular report, they rejoice for a moment and they swoon from separation from you. Hearing this report about you, I was sent today to find out the facts. You should not distress your parents."

His eyes filled with tears, the prince said in a choking voice: "Shame on me, a base son, causing such pain to my parents." Then taking leave of Jitaśatru, Aparājita set out; and Bhuvanabhānu came with his two daughters, and other kings brought their daughters whom he had married before. Sūrakānta, who had acquired fearlessness, came there. Aparājita with Pritimati and his other wives also, attended by kings—earth-dwellers and sky-dwellers, covering the sky and earth with sky-dwelling and earth-dwelling soldiers—eager, arrived at Siṅhapura in a few days.

Hariṇandin went to meet him and embraced him falling to the ground, set him on his lap, and kissed his head again and again. His mother, her eyes wet with tears, touched him on the back as he was bowing, and kissed the top of his head. The daughters-in-law, Pritimati and the others, introduced by Vimalabodha pronouncing their names, bowed at the feet of their father and mother-in-law. Then Aparājita dismissed the earth-dwellers and the sky-dwellers and he continued amusing himself as he liked, making a festival for his parents' eyes.

Manogati and Capalagati fell from Mahendra and became his younger brothers, Sūra and Soma. Then one day

Hariṇandin settled the kingdom on Aparājita, became a mendicant, practiced penance, and attained emancipation. Pritimatī was King Aparājita's chief-queen; Vimalabodha his minister; and his brothers were governors of provinces. King Aparājita, by whom the kings had been subdued before, governed the earth happily and enjoyed pleasures without any obstacles. Building various shrines and making pilgrimages by the lac, he passed the time, undeceived by the objects of existence.

Incident causing Aparājita's enlightenment (438-450)

One day he went to a garden and saw a caravan-leader's son, Anaṅgadeva, very magnificent, like Anaṅga with a body. Noticing him surrounded by friends wearing divine garments, sporting with many beautiful young women, giving money to beggars, being praised by bards, occupied in singing, the king asked his attendants, "Who is he?" They told the king, "He is Anaṅgadeva, very rich, the son of the caravan-leader, Samudrapāla." Saying graciously, "I am fortunate, whose merchants even are so noble and prosperous," Aparājita went home again.

On the next day, going outside (the city), he saw a corpse moving along, carried by four men, with a drum reverberating dismally, followed by women beating their breasts, their hair disheveled, wailing, fainting at every step.

The king asked his attendants, "Who is this dead man?" and they replied, "This is the same Anaṅgadeva, who died suddenly from cholera." "Oh! This worldly existence is worthless. Alas! Alas! The creator destroys the confident. Oh! The negligence of living creatures whose minds have the sleep of delusion."

Thus acquiring great desire for emancipation, Aparājita went home and, troubled, remained several days.

One day the omniscient, whom he had seen before in Kuṇḍapura, came there to help him, knowing from his (omniscient) knowledge that he was a suitable person. After

listening to dharma from him, Aparājita installed his son by Pṛīmatī, Padma, on the throne and became a mendicant. At that time his wife, Pṛīmatī, his brothers, Sūra and Soma, and his minister Vimalabodha, all followed him into mendicancy.

Sixth incarnation as a god (451)

They all practiced austerities, died, and went to the heaven Āraṇa. They became Indrasāmānikas, friends of each other.

Seventh incarnation as Śaṅkha (452-533)

Now in this Jambūdvīpa in Bharatavarṣa, there is a city, Hāstinapura, the ornament of the Kuru-country. Śriṣeṇa was its king, resembling the moon. His chief-queen was named Śrīmatī, who was like Śrī.

In the last part of the night she saw in a dream, a full moon, white as a conch, entering her lotus-mouth; and she told her husband at dawn. The king was assured by experts: "According to the dream the queen will have a son, like the moon, by whom the darkness of all enemies will be destroyed."

Now Aparājita fell and descended into her womb. At the right time she bore a son pure with all the favorable marks. His father named him Śaṅkha with a name that had been caused previously;³⁷ and he grew up, tended by five nurses. He acquired all the arts with ease, making his teacher a mere witness, for they were innate in him, acquired in a former birth.

Vimalabodha's jīva fell from Āraṇa and became Śriṣeṇa's minister's son, Matiprabha by name, a depository of good qualities. He became attached to Prince Śaṅkha, like Mādhava to Manmatha, from playing in the sandpile with him and studying with him. Playing with this friend and with other princes in many various games, he (Śaṅkha) attained youth.

³⁷ 457. By the moon white as a conch that his mother had seen. It was quite customary for a child to be named after something seen in a dream by his mother.

One day people living in the country at a distance came to Śriṣeṇa with loud lamentations and declared:

“On the border of your territory there is a very rugged lofty mountain, Viśālaśṛṅga, marked with the river Candraśīrā. A village-chief, Samaraketu, lives in a fortress on it and he robs us fearlessly. Protect us from him, lord.”

Intending to depart to kill him, the king had the drum sounded. Prince Śaṅkha bowed to him and spoke with confidence:

“What is this disregard of yourself in the matter of a mere village-chief? An elephant would never kill a fly, nor a lion a hare. With your permission I shall capture him and bring him here, father. Give your commands. You yourself desist from marching, for that is a source of shame to you.”

Prince Śaṅkha was at once dismissed by the king after hearing this speech, and he went with an army to the vicinity of the village. The village-chief, best of schemers, left the fortress empty and went into hiding somewhere, when he heard that the prince was coming. Prince Śaṅkha, very shrewd, had one vassal enter the fortress-town with selected soldiers. He himself remained in hiding in a thicket with soldiers. The village-chief, always tricky, besieged the fortress. As he shouted, “Where are you going, sir prince?” the prince surrounded him with many soldiers.

The village-chief was attacked now by the king’s soldiers on the walls of the fortress and now by the prince’s soldiers, as he was placed between. Tying an axe on his neck,³⁸ he went to the prince for protection and said: “You alone are a recompenser to me for deceitful counsels. Master, I will be your slave, like an evil spirit that has been subdued. Take everything of mine and receive me with favor.” Then the prince annexed all the loot that he had taken from any one whatever and took it himself as a fine from him.

The prince took the village-chief and turned back home.

³⁸ 474. A sign of submission.

At night he stopped on the road and made camp. In the middle of the night while he was on his couch, he heard a pitiful sound and went to follow that same sound, with his sword as a companion. He saw before him a middle-aged woman crying and he said, "Do not cry. Tell me the cause of your sorrow."

Her confidence won by his appearance and speech, she said: "There is a king, Jitāri, in Campā in Aṅgadeśa. A daughter, Yaśomatī, the crest-jewel of women, was borne by his wife, Kīrtimatī, after many sons. As she, very fastidious, did not see any one at all who was a suitable husband, her eye did not take pleasure in any man. Śaṅkha, son of Śriṣeṇa, fell in her range of hearing once and Manmatha took an abode in her heart at the same time.

Yaśomatī declared, 'Śaṅkha alone shall marry me,' and her father was delighted, thinking, 'She has fallen in love suitably.' When the king had sent messengers to Śriṣeṇa on her account, a Vidyādhara-king, Maṇiśekhara, asked for her. King Jitāri replied, 'She wishes no one except Śaṅkha.' Then one day the basest of Vidyādharas kidnaped her. I am her nurse and, clinging to her arm, I came with her, and was forcibly abandoned here by the villain of a Khecara. He took the girl, the cream of worldly existence, away somewhere. Therefore I lament in this way. How will she keep alive?"

The prince said, "Be of good courage. I shall defeat him and bring the princess here," and he began to search, roaming through the great forest. Just as the sun rose on the eastern mountain, the prince reached Mt. Viśālaśṛṅga. In a wood on it he saw Yaśomatī talking to the Khecara who was begging her to marry him.

"Śaṅkha, whose merits are as brilliant as a conch, shall be my husband and no one else. Villain, why do you trouble me uselessly, seeker of the unsought?"

The prince was seen by them and the Khecara, delighted, said: "Your friend has come into my power, drawn by death, silly woman. Destroying him at the same time with your hope, girl, I shall marry you by force and take you to my house."

Śaṅkha said to him talking in this way: "Get up, villain, kidnaper of another's wife. I shall take off your head with a sword." Then both fought, powerful, with swords raised, dancing with beautiful dance-steps, shaking the mountain, as it were. When he was not able to defeat the prince by strength of arm, then he fought with weapons made by magic art, balls of hot iron, et cetera. Because of the prince's pre-eminent merit, some had no power and the prince broke some missiles with his sword. Then the prince took his bow from the Khecara, who was worn out and distressed, and pierced his breast with its own arrow. He fell to the ground in a faint like a tree whose root has been cut. Śaṅkha summoned him to fight again, after he had restored him by wind,³⁹ et cetera.

The Khecara-lord said to him: "I, the chief of the undefeated, have been defeated by you, powerful sir. Certainly you are not an ordinary man. As Yaśomatī was gained by your merits, hero, I have been gained by your strength. Pardon my fault."

The prince said: "I am charmed by your strength of arm and politeness, illustrious sir. Tell me, what can I do for you?" He said: "If you are graciously disposed, let us go to Vaitāḍhya. That would be a pilgrimage to the temple of the eternal Arhats for you and a favor to me." Śaṅkha agreed to his suggestion and Yaśomatī, of whom a good understanding had developed, rejoiced at the thought, "I chose a husband of this kind."

Khecaras who were soldiers of Maṇisekhara approached and, informed of events, bowed to their benefactor, the prince. The prince sent two Khecaras and had his adventures made known to the army; and he despatched the army to Hastināpura quickly. He had Yaśomatī's nurse brought there by Nabhaścaras; and Śaṅkha went with the nurse and Yaśomatī to Vaitāḍhya. There he worshipped the eternal Arhats in

³⁹ 500. I.e., by fanning.

their temples and made many pūjās with Yaśomatī.

Maṇisekhara conducted the prince to Kamakapura, seated him in his house, and worshipped him like a deity. All the inhabitants of Vaitādhya came and looked at Śaṅkha and Yaśomatī again and again as if they were something marvelous that had come. Other Khecaras there, delighted by the reward of victory over enemies, et cetera, became magnificent soldiers of the prince. They gave their daughters to him, but he answered, "I shall marry these after I have married Yaśomatī." Then they, Maṇisekhara and others, took their daughters and conducted Śaṅkha to Campā with Yaśomatī. It was announced to Jitāri that a bridegroom, surrounded by Khecara-lords, had come with his daughter and he went to meet them, exceedingly rejoiced. After embracing Śaṅkha ardently, the king had him enter the city and married him to his daughter with a great festival. Then Śaṅkha married the daughters of the Vidyādhara, and made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Śrī Vāsupūjya with devotion. After dismissing the Khecaras, Śaṅkha remained there with his wives, Yaśomatī and others, and then went to Hastināpura.

Sūra and Soma fell from Āraṇa and became his younger brothers, Yaśodhara and Gaṇadhara, as in a former birth. One day King Śriṣeṇa gave the earth to Śaṅkha and took the vow at the feet of Gaṇadhara Gaṇadhara. As Śriṣeṇa observed penance hard to perform, so Śaṅkha, with glory as brilliant as a conch, governed the earth for a long time.

One day the great muni, Śriṣeṇa, whose omniscience had arisen, came there in his wandering, resplendent with the attendance of gods. King Śaṅkha came and paid homage to him with great devotion and then listened to a sermon resembling a boat for crossing the ocean of worldly existence. At the end of the sermon, Śaṅkha said: "I know from your teaching that in worldly existence no one belongs to any one, but is isolated. Nevertheless, why this extreme affection for Yaśomatī on my part? Please explain, All-knowing. Instruct me ignorant."

The omniscient explained: "In your birth as Dhana, she was your wife Dhanavati; in Saudharma she was your friend; she was the wife Ratnavati of Citragati; your friend in Māhendra; your wife Prītimati in your birth as Aparājita; a god-friend in Āraṇa; in this seventh birth she became again your wife Yaśomati. So your affection for her originated in other births. Now after going to Aparājita⁴⁰ and falling, you will be the twenty-second Tirthanātha, Neminātha, here in Bhāratavarṣa. She, named Rājimati, devoted to you without being married to you, will adopt mendicancy at your side and will attain emancipation. Yaśodhara and Guṇadhara, your brothers in former births, and your minister, Matiprabha, will become emancipated, after having attained the rank of gaṇadharas."

Śaṅkha installed his son Puṇḍarika on the throne and took the vow at his (Śriṣeṇa's) side with his brothers, Yaśomati, and the minister. In course of time Śaṅkha finished his studies, practiced severe penance, and acquired Tirthakṛtkarma by the sthānas,⁴¹ devotion to the Arhats, et cetera.

Eight incarnation as a god (534)

At the end Muni Śaṅkha observed the pādapopagamana and went to Aparājita. They, Yaśomati and others, went to the same Aparājita by the same procedure.

⁴⁰ 529. A palace in the highest heaven, the Pañcānuttara.

⁴¹ 533. For the sthānas, see I, pp. 80 ff.

CHAPTER II

MARRIAGES OF VASUDEVA WITH MAIDENS BEGINNING WITH ŚYĀMĀ AND ENDING WITH SUKOŚALĀ

Now there is in this Bharata an excellent city Mathurā, adorned by the river Yamunā like a dark garment. In this city Yadu was king, many kings having passed away since Bṛhaddhvaja, son of Vasu, of the line of Hari. Yadu had a son, Śūra, whose splendor was equal to the sun, and Śūra had two sons, Śauri and Suvira, eminent heroes. King Śūra placed Śauri on the throne and Suvira in the rank of heir-apparent and became a mendicant, as disgust with worldly existence had developed.

Śauri gave the kingdom of Mathurā to his younger brother, Suvira, and went to the country of Kuśārta. There he founded Śaurypura.⁴² Sons, Andhakavṛṣṇi and others, were born to King Śauri; Bhojavṛṣṇi and others to Suvira, whose strength was boundless. Suvira gave the kingdom of Mathurā to Bhojakavṛṣṇi and, after founding the city Sauvira in the Sindhus, remained there, powerful. Powerful Śauri installed Andhakavṛṣṇi on his throne, became a mendicant under Muni Supraṭiṣṭha and attained emancipation. While Bhojavṛṣṇi directed the realm at Mathurā, he had a son, Ugrasena, who had enormous strength of arm.

Ten sons were born to Andhakavṛṣṇi from Subhadrā: Samudravijaya, Akṣobhya, Śtimita, Sāgara, Himavat, Acala, Dharāṇa, Pūraṇa, Abhicandra, and Vasudeva were the ten, called Daśārhas. They had two younger sisters, Kuntī and Mādri. Their father gave Kuntī to Pāṇḍu and the other to Damaghoṣa.

⁴² 5. Śaurypura was on the Yamunā, below Mathurā.

Previous birth of Vasudeva (13-50)

One day Andhakavṛṣṇi bowed to Muni Supraṭiṣṭha who had clairvoyant knowledge and asked, his hands joined together respectfully: "Master, why does my tenth son, named Vasudeva, have exceeding beauty and charm, know the arts, and have good strength?" The sage Supraṭiṣṭha related:

"In the province Magadha in Nandigrāma there was a poor⁴³ Brāhman, and his wife, Somilā. They had a son, Nandiṣeṇa, and while he, the crest-jewel of misfortune, was a boy, his parents died. Pot-bellied, jagged-toothed, blear-eyed, square-headed, and misshapen in the other limbs, he was abandoned even by his relatives. While yet alive, one day he was bought by his maternal uncle. Now his uncle had seven marriageable daughters. 'I shall give you one of my daughters,' his uncle said to him; and he did all his uncle's house-work from desire for her. When the eldest grown daughter knew about it, she said, 'If my father gives me to him, I will certainly die.' Nandiṣeṇa was depressed at hearing that and his uncle said to him, 'I shall give you the second daughter. Do not worry.' The same vow was made by the second daughter when she heard that and in the same way he was rejected in turn by the other daughters.

Then his uncle said to him, 'Son, I shall ask for the daughter of some one else and give her to you. Do not be agitated.' Then Nandiṣeṇa thought: 'His own daughters do not want me. How then will other maidens want me, deformed as I am?' With this thought, he departed because of disgust with existence and went to Ratnapūra. Seeing husbands and wives playing there, he blamed himself. Wishing to die because of disgust with existence, he went to a garden, saw there a sage, Susthita by name, and bowed to him. The sādhu knew by (clairvoyant) knowledge his inclination and said to him: 'Do not be eager for death. Verily, that is the fruit of

⁴³ 15. Pārśva., p. 108 takes 'rora' as a proper name, but the text, both there and here, favors an adjective.

non-dharma. Dharma must be practiced by the seeker of happiness. Certainly happiness is not from self-destruction; but dharma is the source of happiness in birth after birth through mendicancy.'

Enlightened by hearing that, he took the vow at his feet and, after he had finished his studies, took a vow of service to sādhus. In his assembly Purandara described him as performing service to sādhus, the young, the sick and others,⁴⁴ free from disgust with existence. One of the gods did not believe Śakra's speech and, assuming the form of a sick sādhu, went to a forest near Ratnapura. After assuming the dress of a second sādhu, he went to his (Nandiṣeṇa's) dwelling and, a morsel having been taken to break fast, he said to Nandiṣeṇa:

'How, sir, can you eat now when there is a muni outside, who is exhausted by hunger and thirst, suffering from dysentery, when you have vowed service to sādhus?' Leaving his food, Nandiṣeṇa went to search for water and the god began to make it impure⁴⁵ by his power. It did not become apparent because of the power of the muni, who possessed magic arts; and then he found pure water some place.

Nandiṣeṇa went to the sick sage and was scolded harshly by the false muni. 'I am in such a condition, but you, greedy for food, did not come quickly! Shame upon your vow of service.' Nandiṣeṇa said: 'Pardon this fault of mine. I shall cure you. This water is suitable for you.' After giving him water to drink, he said, 'Stand up,' and the sick muni said, 'Shame, stupid! Do you not see that I am not able?'

Then Nandiṣeṇa put the false muni on his shoulder and was abused by him at every step as he went along: 'Villain, why do you hurt me severely by jolting because you are going very fast? Go slowly, slowly, if you are performing true service.' So instructed, he went very slowly. The god defecated on him and said, 'Why do you interrupt your speed?'

⁴⁴ 30. Vaiyāvṛtṭya. See I, n. 123.

⁴⁵ 34. Aneṣaṇīya; technically impure for a sādhu.

Nandiṣeṇa reflected, 'How can the great sage be cured?' and paid no attention to the bitter words. He (the god) in his divine form removed the filth and joyfully showered flowers on the muni, circumambulated him three times, and bowed to him. The god told him about the praise given by Śakra, begged his forgiveness, and said, 'What may I give you?' The muni said: 'I have acquired dharma which is very hard to acquire. Hence there is nothing of value here that I can ask of you.' So answered, the god went to heaven and the muni to his own shelter. Questioned by the sādhus, he related everything without pride.

For twelve thousand years he practiced penance hard to endure and at the end, when he had observed a fast, he remembered his own hard fate. 'Because of that penance, may I be dear to women.' After making that nidāna,⁴⁶ he became a god in Mahāśukra. Then Nandiṣeṇa fell and became your son, this Vasudeva, attractive to women because of his nidāna."

Then Andhakavṛṣṇi installed Samudravijaya on the throne and he himself became a mendicant under Supraṭiṣṭha and attained emancipation.

Previous birth of Kaiṣa (52-61)

Bhojavṛṣṇi became a mendicant and then Ugrasena was king in Mathurā and his chief-queen was Dhāriṇī. One day Ugrasena was going along outside (the city) and saw an ascetic standing in a secluded spot, observing a month's fast. He had made a vow,⁴⁷ "I shall break fast after a month's fast with alms taken from one house, not otherwise." Month after month he broke his fast with alms from one house and went to the secluded place, but not to another house. Ugrasena invited him for fast-breaking and went home. The ascetic followed him but the king had forgotten him. Without eating

⁴⁶ 50. See II, n. 29.

⁴⁷ 54. Abhigraha. See I, n. 102.

at all, the muni went to his own shelter and again commenced a month's fast in the same way.

The king went there again by chance and again saw him. Remembering his invitation, he apologized cleverly. Again he invited him and again he forgot in the same way. Again he (the ascetic) went back to his own place without eating at all. Again the king, remembering, apologized as before. The ascetic was invited again and now became angry. "As a result of this penance may I be able to kill him in another birth." After making this nidāna, he died from fasting.

Early life of Kaṁsa (62-104)

He then became (an embryo) in the womb of Ugrasena's wife, Dhāriṇī, and she had a pregnancy-whim⁴⁸ to eat her husband's flesh. Day by day Dhāriṇī grew thinner, ashamed. Finally she told her husband her base pregnancy-whim. His ministers put hare's flesh on the stomach of the king, who remained in the dark, and cut it off again and again and gave it to the queen who looked on. When her pregnancy-whim was gratified and she returned to her original nature, she said, "What is the use of life, what is the use of the embryo without a husband?" The ministers said to her wishing to die, "In a week we will show you the master restored to life." When she had been cured in this way, on the seventh day they showed her Ugrasena; and she held a great festival.

On the auspicious fourteenth⁴⁹ day of the dark half of Pauṣa, the moon being in Mūla, during the night Ugrasena's chief-queen bore a son. Afraid of the embryo because of the pregnancy-whim, as soon as he was born she cast him into a brass chest she had had made in advance. She had a slave-girl throw the chest, which was full of jewels together with a letter fastened to two rings marked with her own and the king's names, into the Yamunā. The queen told the king, "A son was born and is dead."

⁴⁸ 62. For dohada, a pregnancy-whim, see Pārśva., p. 204.

⁴⁹ 68. For the fourteenth, see I, n. 301.

The chest was carried by the river to the gate of Śauryapura. At dawn Subhadra, a rasa-dealer,⁵⁰ went there to bathe, saw the brass chest, and pulled it from the water. With astonishment he saw in it the boy, like a new moon, together with the letter, the jewels, and the rings. The merchant took the boy with the chest, et cetera home and, delighted, handed him over to his wife, Indu, as a son. The husband and wife gave him the name Kaṁsa and made him grow with honey, milk, ghī, et cetera. As he grew up, he was quarrelsome and abused the boys. Daily complaints came to the merchant and his wife from the people.

When he was ten years old, he was sent by them to attend Prince Vasudeva and he became very dear to him. He studied all the arts with Vasudeva and played with him and reached manhood with him. Prince Vasudeva and Kaṁsa, being together, looked like Mercury and Mars in one sign of the zodiac.

Now in the city Śuktimatī the ninth son of Vasu escaped and went to Nāgapura.⁵¹ His son was Bṛhadratha. He went to Rājagrha and among his descendants was a king, named Jayadratha, and his son was Jarāsandha. He, the Pratiṣṇu, having cruel commands, was lord of three parts of Bharata; and thus commanded King Samudravijaya through a messenger: "Capture and bring King Siṁharatha, who lives in Siṁhapura, a city near Mt. Vaitāḍhya, who is irresistible like a lion. To the one bringing him, I will give my own daughter, Jivayaśas, and any one city of first rank in wealth which he desires."

Vasudeva bowed to Samudravijaya and asked permission to execute Jārasandha's order, though difficult. Samudravijaya said, "Fighting is not appropriate for you, a delicate boy,

⁵⁰ 72. Rasavāṇija. Rasa seems to include a wide range, such as honey, milk, ghī, sugar-cane juice, wine. I can think of no English term to include them all.

⁵¹ 80. For this incident, see IV, p. 147:

prince. No more of that request." Vasudeva persevered in asking the king again and finally he sent him forth with many soldiers.

Vasudeva went rapidly and King Siṅharatha went to meet him and a great battle between the two took place. Siṅharatha put to flight Vasudeva's army; and Vasudeva himself with Kaṅsa as a charioteer advanced to fight. Then the two fought for a long time with various weapons, like a god and demon, longing for victory over each other from anger.

Then Kaṅsa ceased being a charioteer and, powerful, soon broke Siṅharatha's strong chariot with a very large club. Blazing with anger, Siṅharatha drew his sword to kill Kaṅsa and Vasudeva cut it at the hilt with a sharp-edged arrow. Kaṅsa, arrogant from tricks and strength, tossed up Siṅharatha, like a wolf tossing a goat, bound him, and threw him in Vasudeva's chariot. Siṅharatha's army having been broken, then Vārṣṇeya, victorious, took Siṅharatha along and gradually returned to his own city.

King Samudravijaya said to Vasudeva secretly: "What the astrologer Kroṣṭuki told me is certainly useful. 'This daughter of Jarāsandha, Jivayaśas by name, inauspicious, will certainly cause the destruction of her husband's and father's family.'⁵² Jarāsandha will give her to you as a reward for bringing Siṅharatha. Some means must be devised for not accepting her."

Vasudeva replied: "Kaṅsa captured Siṅharatha in battle and brought him. So Jivayaśas must be given to him." The king said: "He will not want to take her, because he is a merchant's son, but he appears to be of the warrior caste from his strength." The rasa-merchant, questioned by the king after he had administered an oath (of secrecy), told the story about Kaṅsa from the beginning, Kaṅsa listening. Subhadra delivered the rings of Ugrasena and Dhāriṇī and also the letter to the king, who had the letter read. "The son, dearer

⁵² 95. When this prediction was made is not told in our account.

than life, is abandoned by Dhāriṇī, wife of Ugrasena, terrified because of a pregnancy-whim, to protect her husband. After putting him together with the name-rings, adorned with all the ornaments, into a brass chest, she had him carried away by the Yamunā.”

After hearing this read, the king said: “ He is a powerful Yādava, son of Ugrasena. Otherwise, how could such heroism be ? ”

*Marriage of Kaṁsa with Jivayaśas and capture of
his father, Ugrasena (105-113)*

The king went with Kaṁsa to Ardhaçakrin Jarāsandha, delivered Siṅharatha, and described the strength of Kaṁsa. Jarāsandha gave his daughter Jivayaśas to Kaṁsa and the city Mathurā, which he demanded from anger with his father. With an army furnished by Jarāsandha, Kaṁsa went to Mathurā and, cruel, captured his father and threw him into a cage. Ugrasena had sons, Atimukta and others. Atimukta became a mendicant at that time because of grief for his father. Kaṁsa brought Subhadra, the rasa-merchant, from Śauryanagara and rewarded him with gifts of gold, et cetera, considering himself to acknowledge former favors.

One day Dhāriṇī talked to Kaṁsa for her husband's release; but he did not release his father at all even from her talk. “ I had him put in the brass chest and carried away by the river. Ugrasena did not know it. He is entirely blameless. I alone am guilty in this matter. My husband should be released.” She said this daily to men respected by Kaṁsa, going to their houses. Even at their request, Kaṁsa did not release Ugrasena. Verily, a nidāna from a former birth does not turn out otherwise.

Vasudeva leaves home (114-138)

Dismissed by Jarāsandha after entertaining him, King Samudravijaya went to his city, attended by his brothers. The

women of the city always followed Vasudeva when he went around Śauryapura, as if powerfully drawn by a charm, bewildered by his beauty. Samudravijaya's younger brother spent some time going here and there for amusement, his beauty like magic for women.

One day the leading men of the town went to the king and told him confidentially: "The women have become out of bounds from Vasudeva's beauty. Any woman who sees Vasudeva even once becomes quite helpless, to say nothing of those who see him constantly as he goes about." Saying, "We shall do what you wish," the king dismissed them. "You must not tell this to Vasudeva," he said to his retinue.

The next day Samudravijaya took Vasudeva on his lap, when he came to pay his respects, and said: "You have become thin from roaming about for amusement. So you must not go out in the daytime. You must stay in my house, nowhere else. Learn new arts; refresh the ones learned earlier. You will have recreation from the circle of artists, son." Vasudeva said: "Very well," courteously and stayed at home in that way. He passed the days with amusements, singing, dancing, et cetera.

One day he saw a hunchbacked girl who happened to come there bringing perfume. He asked, "For whom is this perfume?" and she replied, "Prince, this perfume has been ordered now by Queen Śivā herself for Śrīmat Samudravijaya." Saying, "This is useful to me," Prince Vasudeva took the perfume for a joke. Angry, she said, "Because of just such behavior, you are kept here." He said, "How is that?" Very much frightened, she told him the incident of the townsmen from the beginning. Truly, a secret is not fixed long in the heart of a woman.

"The king thinks me to be such a person, 'Vasudeva roams about to ingratiate himself with women of the town.' Enough of my living here." With these thoughts he dismissed the slave-girl. In the evening he assumed another appearance by means of a pill and left the city. He went outside, built a

funeral pyre from wood near the cemetery and had an unclaimed corpse burnt on it. Vasudeva wrote a note with his own hand, to ask forgiveness of his parents, and hung it on a post.⁵³

“Since virtues are reported by the people to the parents as a fault, Vasudeva, considering himself dead though alive, entered the fire. Then may you all, parents and townspeople, pardon completely my fault, whether it exists or not, conjectured by yourselves.”

A woman in a chariot, going to her father's house, saw Vasudeva dressed like a Brāhman, after he had done this and had wandered off the road, going on the right road, and said to her nurse, “Take this tired Brāhman into the chariot.” After doing this, she reached the village.

After bathing and eating there, Vasudeva went in the evening to a Yakṣa's temple. “The Yādavas have learned that Vasudeva has entered the fire. They and their attendants performed funeral rites with lamentations.” After hearing that news, Vasudeva, free from anxiety, went to the city Vijayakheṭa.

Marriage with Śyāmā and Vijayasenā (139–141)

There Sugrīva was king and he had two very beautiful, accomplished daughters, Śyāmā and Vijayasenā. Vasudeva married them as a reward for winning a contest in the arts and remained there comfortably, sporting with them. A son, named Akrūra, was borne by his wife Vijayasenā to Vasudeva, and he was like a second Vasudeva.

Marriage with Vidyādhari Śyāmā (142–158)

Then he set out and reached a terrible forest and Vārṣṇeya,

⁵³ 132. Dr. Sandesara (Cultural Data in the Vasudeva-Hiṇḍi, JOI X, p. 15) thinks the pillar in the cremation-ground was probably there to help strangers identify the place.

seeking water in it, went to a pool Jalāvarta. An elephant there, like a living Mt. Vindhya, ran at him and the prince, like a lion, tamed it and mounted it. Two Khecaras, Arcimālin and Pavanañjaya, saw him mounted on the elephant, took him to the garden Kuñjarāvarta and released him.

There the Vidyādhara-lord Aśanivega, gave him his daughter, Śyāmā, and he sported with her. Pleased with her playing of the lute, Vārṣṇeya gave her a boon. She asked, "May you never be separated from me." He asked the reason for the boon and she related:

"Arcimālin was king in the city Kinnaragīta on Vaitāḍhya. He had two sons, Jvalanavega and Aśanivega. Arcimālin installed Jvalana on the throne and took the vow. Aṅgaraka, Jvalana's son, was borne by Vimalā and I am Aśanivega's daughter by Suprabhā. Jvalana installed Aśanivega on the throne and went to heaven. Aṅgaraka banished him (Aśanivega) by the power of magic arts and seized the kingdom.

My father went to Aṣṭāpada and there he asked a flying-ascetic, Aṅgiras by name, 'Will the kingdom be mine or not?' The muni said, 'The kingdom will be yours by the power of your daughter Śyāmā's husband. He can be recognized by his taming of the elephant of Jalāvartā.' From confidence in the muni's speech my father founded a city here and sent two Khecaras to be always at Jalāvarta. You were brought here by them when they had seen you tame and mount the elephant and you were married to me by my father, Aśanivega, lord.

In the past this agreement was made between noble Indra Dharāṇa, Indra of the Nāgas, and the Vidyādharas:

'Whoever kills a man near an Arhat's shrine, or one with a woman, or an attendant on a sādhu, even if he has good magic arts, shall be deprived of his magic arts.'

For this reason, master, no-separation was chosen by me as a boon. May the wicked Aṅgāraka not kill you alone. "The tenth son of Andhakavṛṣṇi said, "Very well," and passed the time with her in amusements from practicing the arts.

Marriage with Gandharvasenā, daughter of Cārudatta (159-302)

One day Aṅgāraka seized him with her during the night when he was asleep. Awakened, Vasudeva thought, "Who has kidnaped me?" He saw Aṅgāraka, with a face like Śyāmā's face, and Śyāmā carrying a sword, saying "Halt! Halt!" Aṅgāra cut her in two and Vasudeva, troubled, saw two Śyāmās fighting on both sides of Aṅgāra.

Thinking, "This is sorcery," Vasudeva struck Aṅgāra on the head with his fist, like Hari striking a mountain with a thunderbolt. Released by him injured by the blow, Vārṣṇeya fell from the sky into a broad pool outside the city Campā. Vasudeva swam across the pool like a haṅsa and wisely entered a shrine to Vāsupūjya situated in a garden on the pool's bank. He worshipped Vāsupūjya, spent the rest of the night, and went to Campā with a Brāhman whom he had met. There he saw young men here and there carrying lutes and he asked the reason for it.

The Brāhman explained: "There is a sheth here, Cārudatta, who has a very beautiful daughter, named Gandharvasenā, the sole abode of the arts. She has promised, 'Whoever can surpass me in music shall be my husband.' For that reason every one here is devoted to music. Every month an examination takes place before two teachers of music, Sugrīva and Yaśogrīva."

Vṛṣṇi's son, disguised as a Brāhman, went to Sugrīva, who was pre-eminent there, and said: "I am Skandīla, a Brāhman of the Gautamagoṭra. I wish to study music with you on account of Gandharvasenā. Accept me, a foreigner, as a pupil." Sugrīva, slow-witted like one who does not recognize a jewel when it is covered with dust, called him approaching, "Fool!" contemptuously. Vārṣṇeya remained near Sugrīva under the pretext of studying music, making the people laugh and hiding his identity by his village-speech.

On the day of the contest Sugrīva's wife gave a pair of garments of conspicuous beauty to Śāuri because of affection

for him like a son. Vasudeva put on the two new garments and the ornaments given earlier by Śyāmā, arousing the people's curiosity. "Come! I think you will surpass Gandharvasenā today in knowledge. You are exceedingly skilled in music," he was ridiculed by the townspeople in this way. Enjoying their jokes, he went to the assembly and was seated on a high seat by men laughing at him.

Gandharvasenā went there like a goddess moving on earth and she defeated many musicians from her own and foreign countries. When his time in the contest had come, Samudra-vijaya's younger brother assumed his own form, changing his form at will like a god.

As soon as Gandharvasenā saw his beauty, she trembled; all the people were astonished, discussing, "Who is he?" He cleverly spoiled every lute that was given him by the people and then Gandharvasenā gave him her own lute. Making ready the lute, he said, "Fair lady, what must I sing with this lute?" She replied: "Expert in singing, play the song connected with the three steps of Muni Viṣṇukumāra, elder brother of Cakrin Padma."⁵⁴ Like Sarasvatī in male attire, Vārṣṇeya sang it in such a way that he defeated Gandharvasenā together with the assembly.

Then Sheth Cārudatta dismissed all the musicians and himself conducted Vasudeva to his house with respect. At the time of the marriage the sheth said, "Son, with reference to what gotra shall I give you my daughter? Speak, fair sir." Vasudeva smiled and said, "Tell what your family is considered." The sheth said: "The fact that she is a merchant's daughter is the reason for your smile. At the proper time, I shall tell you the whole story of my daughter." With these words the sheth had the marriage of the bride and groom celebrated. Sugriva and Yaśogrīva, charmed by his virtues, bestowed their daughters, named Śyāmā and Vijayā, on Vasudeva.

⁵⁴ 183. See IV, pp. 90 ff. (6, 8, 14-203).

Cārudatta's adventures (190-301)

One day Cārudatta said to Vasudeva: "Hear today the whole story, the family, et cetera, of Gandharvasenā. In this same city there was a wealthy sheth, named Bhānu. His wife was Subhadrā; and they were much grieved because they had no son. One day a flying ascetic was asked by them, unhappy, about the birth of a son. He said, 'There will be,' and went away. In course of time I, the son, was born.

Story of Amitagati (193-204)

One day as I was playing with friends on the bank of a river I saw the beautiful footprints of a Khecara. I knew that his wife was with him from a woman's footprints and I saw in front of me a plantain-house, a couch of flowers, and a sword and shield. Not far from there I saw a Khecara nailed to a tree with iron nails and in the scabbard of his sword three rings of herbs. With one herb from them I released him by my own knowledge; with the second I healed his wounds; and with the third I restored consciousness.

He said to me: 'I am Amitagati, son of King Mahendravikrama, in the city Śivamandira on Mt. Vaitāḍhya. One day I went to the best mountain, Hrimat, with a friend Dhūmaśikha and with Gauramuṇḍa for amusement. There I saw the beautiful daughter, Sukumālikā, of my maternal uncle, Hiranyaroman, who is an ascetic. Wounded by love, I went to my home and was married to her by my father, who brought her at once, as he had learned of my state (of infatuation) from a friend.

I remained dallying with her and one day I knew by his behavior that Dhūmaśikha was enamored of her. Nevertheless, I went about with him and came here. I, careless, was nailed (to a tree) by him and Sukumālikā was kidnaped. You released me. Friend, tell me why you have done this, that I may be free from debt to you, a friend for no reason.'

‘I have done what I should just from seeing you, sir.’ So assured by me, the Khecara flew up and went away.

Cārudatta's adventures resumed (205–302)

I went home and in course of time attained youth, amusing myself as I liked with friends, making a feast for my parents' eyes. At my parents' command I married the daughter, Mitravatī, of my maternal uncle, Sarvārtha, on an auspicious day. Devoted to the arts, I did not become devoted to pleasure with her.⁵⁵ My parents noticed that and I was judged, ‘He is inexperienced.’

Then I was urged by my parents into frivolous society for the sake of social experience and I frequented gardens, et cetera, at will. For twelve years I stayed, amusing myself, in the house of the courtesan, Vasantasenā, daughter of Kaliṅgasenā. There sixteen crores of gold were spent without my realizing it and (then) I was driven out by Kaliṅgasenā because ‘He has no money.’

After learning of my parents' death, miserable, I took courage and took my wife's ornaments to engage in business. One day I started out with my maternal uncle and with the ornaments I bought cotton in Uśīravartinagara. As I was going to Tāmraliptī, the cotton was burned in a forest-fire. My uncle abandoned me, saying, ‘He is unlucky.’ Then I went alone horseback toward the west. My horse died and then I went on foot. Worn out by a very long road, terrified by hunger and thirst, I went to Priyaṅgunagara which was full of merchants. There I was seen by Surendradatta, a friend of my father. Welcomed like a son with clothes, food, et cetera, I stayed comfortably.

Having borrowed at interest a lac, though he opposed me, I embarked on the ocean in a boat with merchandise bought

⁵⁵ 207. Carudatta's adventures start out very similarly to those of Dhammila in the Dhammilakathā. His adventures are narrated in the VH, pp. 133 ff., which the Triṣaṣṭī° does not follow exactly.

with the money. I reached Yamunādvīpa and by making trips back and forth to Antadvīpa and other cities, I made eight crores of gold. Then I started by water toward my own country. The boat went to pieces and I reached one plank. By means of it I swam across the ocean for seven days and came to a shore called Udumbarāvativela. I finally reached a city on it, named Rājapura, and outside of it I went to a hermitage, Uddāmapādapa.⁵⁶ There I saw a wandering mendicant with the triple staves named Dinakaraprabha, and I told him about my family, et cetera. He, well-disposed, treated me like a son. One day he said to me: 'You seem to want money. Therefore come, son. We shall go to a mountain and there I shall give you a liquid by which you can have crores of gold as you like.'

With this promise I set out with him joyfully and in the late afternoon reached a large forest with many magicians. Going on the mountain-slope, we came to a large cave closed with many stones worked by machinery, resembling the mouth of Yama. The Tridaṇḍin opened the door by a charm and we entered the large cave named Durgapātāla. After wandering over much ground, we reached a well, the site of the liquid, four cubits wide, terrifying as a door to hell. 'Go inside the well and take the liquid with a gourd,' he told me and I descended into the well by means of a chair with a rope which he held.

At twenty-four feet down, I saw the liquid surrounded by a wall and I was stopped there by a man. I said to him: 'I am a merchant, Cārudatta. A holy man had me enter for the liquid. Why do you prevent me?' He replied: 'I am a merchant. Desiring money, I was hurled by that Tridaṇḍin into the well of liquid like a piece of meat into an enclosure. He, wicked, went away. The lower part of my body is eaten away by the liquid. Do not enter here. I will hand you the liquid in the gourd.' Then I handed him the gourd and he filled it with the liquid and tied it beneath the chair and I shook the rope.

⁵⁶ 221. Or perhaps uddāmapādapa is an adjective, 'with large trees.'

The holy man pulled the rope and, when I had come near the top (of the well), asked me for the vessel of liquid and did not lift me up and put me down (outside the well). As I had found out that he was greedy and threatening, I threw the liquid into the well; and he threw me down with the chair and I fell on the wall. The merchant, a brother for no reason, said to me: 'Do not despair. You have not fallen into the liquid. You are comfortably placed on the wall. When the iguana comes here, hang on to its tail. You must go to the door. Watch for its coming.' I remained for some time, comforted by his words, repeating the namaskāra again and again. The man died.

One day I heard a terrifying noise, but, trembling, I remembered what he said and knew that an iguana was certainly coming. It came to drink the liquid and when it, very powerful, had turned around, I held to its tail with both hands. Clinging to its tail I left the well, like a cowherd getting out of a river by holding to a cow's tail. Outside, I turned loose the tail. I fell to the ground in a faint and, when I became conscious, I wandered on and reached a forest and had to climb up on a rock because of a buffalo. As the buffalo was striking the rock with a long horn, he was seized quickly by a python like an arm of Kināśa (Yama). While they were busy fighting, I climbed down and fled. Speedily I came to a village on the edge of a forest. There I was seen by Rudradatta, a friend of my uncle, and, cared for by him, I became rejuvenated, as it were.

Then I took a small amount of mercandise worth a lac and started quickly for Svarṇabhūmi with him. After crossing a river, named Iṣuvegavati, on the road, we came to a mountain and then in turn to a cane-plantation. We reached the country of the Ṭaṅkaṇas and got two goats. Mounted on them, then we went by a goat-path. Then Rudra said: 'From now on this is no country for pedestrians. We shall kill the goats and make skins with the hair inside and the flesh outside. We shall put them on here and we shall go to Svarṇamedinī, carried by bhāraṇḍas with the idea that we are meat.'

I said: 'How can we kill these goats, like our brothers, who, poor things, have carried us over difficult ground?' 'Since they are not yours, how are you going to stop me?' Angry, he killed his own goat first quickly. The second goat looked at me with a long, timid glance.

I said to him: 'I am not able to protect you. What can I do? Nevertheless, may the religion of the Jinas, which bears great fruit, be a refuge for you. It alone is brother, father, mother, and lord to a person in distress.'

Then after accepting the religion, which I described, by nodding its head, he listened attentively to the namaskāra which I recited. He was killed by Rudradatta and became a god.

Carrying knives, we entered their skins. We were lifted up by two bhāraṇḍas; and while they fought on the way from desire for all the meat, I fell into a pool. I cut the skin with the knife and swam out. Going on, I saw a large mountain in a forest. After I had climbed it, I saw a muni standing there in kāyotsarga. After I had paid homage to him and he had given 'Dharmalābha,' he said to me:

Story of Amitagati resumed (261-291)

'How have you come here to this inaccessible place, Cārudatta, since there is a path for no one except gods, Vidyā-dharas, and birds! I am that Amitagati who was set free by you earlier. Then I flew up and found my enemy near Aṣṭāpada. Abandoning my wife, he escaped to Mt. Aṣṭāpada. I caught her as she fell and returned to my own home. My father installed me on the throne and took the vow under two flying-ascetics, Hirāṇyakumbha and Svarṇakumbha. By my wife Manoramā I had a son Siṅhayaśas, and a second one, Varāhagrīva, equal to me in strength and power. By my wife Vijayasenā I had a daughter, Gandharvasenā, expert in all branches of music, beautiful. After installing my sons as king and heir-apparent and bestowing magic arts on them, I took the vow under my father and teacher. This is the island,

Kumbhakaṅṭhaka, in the Lavaṇa Ocean and this mountain is Karkoṭaka, where I have practiced penance.'

At his question, 'How did you come here?' I related in turn the whole story of my misfortunes. Just then two Vidyādharas, equal to him in beauty, came through the air and bowed to him. From their resemblance to him I knew they were his sons. The muni said to them, 'Bow to Cārudatta.' After bowing to me, saying, 'Father, father,' they sat down. Just then a god's aerial car descended from the sky. Then a very magnificent god got out of the car and bowed to me and then circumambulated the muni and paid homage to him. Questioned by the Khecaras about the inverted order of homage,⁵⁷ the god said, 'Cārudatta is my teacher of religion. The story is:

Story of the goat (275-289)

In Kāśipurī there were two women ascetics, Subhadrā and Sulasā, sisters, who were expert in the Vedas and Vedāṅgas. At that time many disputants had been defeated by them and one day an ascetic, Yājñavalkya, came for the purpose of debate. "The one who is defeated shall become the servant of the winner." Sulasā made this promise, was defeated by him, and was made a slave. Yājñavalkya had his youth renewed by Sulasā, youthful, who served him, and he became submissive to Kāma. Living not far from the city he sported with her daily and she bore a son to the Tridaṇḍin Yājñavalkya. Fearing the people's ridicule, Sulasā and Yājñavalkya abandoned their son under a pippal and fled.

When Subhadrā learned that, she went and got the infant who was eating a fruit of the pippal which had fallen into his mouth of its own accord. For that reason she named him 'Pippalāda'; reared him carefully, and taught him the Vedās, et cetera. Being very intelligent, very learned, he became intolerant of the pride of disputants.

⁵⁷ 274. Normally, he would have paid homage to the muni first.

Sulasā and Yājñavalkya came to debate with him. He defeated them both in debate and, when he learned that they were his own parents, he became exceedingly angry at the thought, "I was abandoned by them." He established firmly sacrifices, the mātṛmedha, pitṛmedha,⁵⁸ et cetera and killed his parents in the pitṛmedha and mātṛmedha.

At that time I was a disciple of Pippalāda, Vāgbali by name, and I went to a terrible hell, because I had sacrificed animals, et cetera. After getting out of hell, I was born an animal five times and was killed by cruel Brāhmans in a sacrifice again and again. Then I was born as a goat in Ṭaṅkaṇa and, after having religion taught me by this Cārudatta and being killed by Rudra, I went to Saudharma. Hence Cārudatta, an ocean of compassion, is my teacher of religion and homage was paid to him first. I did not transgress the proper order.'

Thus informed by the god, they said, 'He saved our father's life as well as helped you.' The god then said to me, 'Speak, blameless Cārudatta. What earthly reward can I make you?' I told the god, 'Come at the right time,' and he departed.

I was brought to Śivamandira by the two Khecaras. I remained there, treated with respect by them and their mother; and honored to a very high degree by Khecaras, their relatives. They showed me this Gandharvasenā, their sister, and said, 'When our father took the vow, he instructed us: "An astrologer predicted that Prince Vasudeva would marry your sister, after defeating her in the arts. Hence, entrust her to my brother, Cārudatta, an earth-dweller, that Vasudeva, an earth-dweller, may marry her happily." Take her as your own daughter and go.'

Just as I was leaving, after these instructions from them, the god came. The god, the two Khecaras and other Khecaras, their adherents, brought me here easily in the aerial car without delay. After giving me crores and crores of gold, rubies, and

⁵⁸ 285. I have still found no explanation for Hemacandra's accusation of killing in the mātṛmedha and pitṛmedha. See IV, p. 149, n. 121; Appendix I.

pearls, the god and the chiefs of the Vidyādhara went to their own places.

The next morning I saw my maternal uncle, Sarvārtha, my wife, Mitravatī and the courtesan Vasantasenā, whose hair was arranged in a braid down her back.⁵⁹ Now that Gandharvasenā's lineage has been narrated to you, Vasudeva, do not scorn her with the idea, 'She is a merchant's daughter.' "

Marriage with the Mātāṅgī, Nīlayāsas (303-338)

After hearing her story from Cārudatta, Vṛṣṇi's son, very delighted, sported with Gandharvasenā. In Caitra, as he was going with her in a chariot to a garden, he saw a girl in a Mātāṅga-dress, surrounded by Mātāṅgas.⁶⁰ When Gandharvasenā saw that they were becoming interested in each other, red-eyed (from anger), she said to the charioteer, "Speed up the horses."

After Vasudeva had gone quickly to the garden and had played with her, he went again to the city Campā. Then an old Mātāṅga-woman came from the group of Mātāṅgas; approached Vasudeva, gave him her blessing, and said:

Story of Nīlayāsas (307-338)

"When Ṛṣabhadhvaja divided his realm and gave it to his followers in the past, it happened that Nami and Vinami were not there.⁶¹ Seeking a kingdom, they served the Lord even though he had taken the vow. The Indra Dharaṇa gave them the sovereignty of the two rows (of Vidyādhara), one to each.

In course of time they gave the realm to their sons, became mendicants near the Master and attained emancipation as if, emancipated, to see the Lord. Nami's son, Mātāṅga, became a mendicant and went to heaven. In his line there is a Khecara

⁵⁹ 300. I.e., she wore her hair as if she were a widow.

⁶⁰ 303. Mātāṅga here is the name of a Vidyādhara-line. See I, p. 176. For Nami, see I, p. 170.

⁶¹ 307. See I, pp. 170 ff.

lord, Prahasita by name. I am his wife, Hiranyavatī, and I have a son, Siṅhadaṅṣṭra. His daughter is Nīlayaśas, whom you have seen. Marry her, prince. She was afflicted with love at the sight of you. This is an auspicious moment. She can not endure delay."

Śauri replied, "I shall say after consideration. Do you come again." She said, "Who knows whether you go there or I come here?" With these words she went away somewhere.

One day in the hot weather Śauri had played in the water with Gandharvasenā and had gone to sleep. A ghoulish being seized him firmly by the hand, saying repeatedly, "Get up," and carried him off quickly, though struck with his fist (by Vasudeva). Taken near a funeral pyre, he saw a blazing fire and the Khecari Hiranyavatī with a terrible appearance in front of it. The ghoulish being, addressed cordially by her, "Welcome, Candravādāna," delivered Vārṣṇeya to her and instantly departed. She smiled and said to Vārṣṇeya: "Have you considered, prince? Consider *now*, sir, at our insistence."

At that time Nīlayaśas, who had been seen before, came there attended by friends, like the goddess Śrī attended by Apsarases. Instructed by her grandmother, "Take your husband," Nīlayaśas accepted Vasudeva and went through the air. In the morning Hiranyavatī said to Vasudeva:

"This is a large mountain, Hṛimat, covered with a forest, Meghaprabha. On it, which is ruled over by flying ascetics, Aṅgāraka, a Khecara-lord, the son of Jvalana, who has lost his magic arts, is again subduing magic arts. The magic arts will submit after a long time, but at sight of you they will submit quickly. Hence you should go to assist him." Told by Vṛṣṇi's son, "No more about him whom I have seen (before)," ⁶³ she conducted him to Śivamandira on Mt. Vaitāḍhya. At the request of King Siṅhadaṅṣṭra, who took him to his own house, Daśārha married the maiden Nīlayaśas.

⁶² 317. Preta is here used interchangeably with bhūta in 315.

⁶³ 324. See above, p. 47 f.

At that time Śauri heard a tumult and asked its cause. The door-keeper related:

“There is a town here named Śakaṭamukha. Its king is named Nilavat and his wife Nilavatī. They have a daughter, Nilāñjanā, and a son, Nila. There was an arrangement in the past between brother and sister that the marriage-festival of a son with a daughter must be celebrated. Nilāñjanā had a daughter, who is your wife Nilayaśas, and there is a son of Prince Nila, Nilakaṅṭha by name. Nila asked her in marriage for his son in accordance with the agreement. Questioned by her father about it, Muni Bṛhaspati said, ‘The father of Viṣṇu, lord of half of Bharatavarṣa, the best of the Yadus, Vasudeva, Manmatha in beauty, will be her husband.’ Brought here by a magic art, you have been married to her by the king. Nila has come on that account and then the tumult arose.”

Śauri was delighted at hearing that. Playing with her, he saw the Khecaras going to Hrīmat in the autumn for magic arts and herbs. He said to her, “I shall be your pupil in acquiring magic arts,” and she agreed. She went to Mt. Hrīmat, taking him along. Knowing that Śauri desired dalliance there, she created a plantain-house and dallied with him. And she saw a peacock. “Look! this peacock has a full tail,” she said, astonished, and the lovely-eyed woman herself ran to catch it. But when she got near the peacock, the rogue of a peacock mounted her on his back and kidnaped her, flying up in the air like Garuḍa.

Running after him, Śauri came to a herder’s station. Entertained with respect by milkmaids, he stayed there for the night and started south in the morning. He came to the village Giritāṭa and heard a teacher reciting the Vedas. He asked a Brāhman the reason for his recital. The Brāhman said:

Marriage with Somaśrī (340-345)

“In Daśagriva’s time the Khecara Divākara gave his very

beautiful daughter to the Ṛṣi Nārada.⁶⁴ From his line there is a Brāhman in this village, the village-head, Suradeva. By his wife Kṣatriyā he has a daughter, Somaśrī, learned in the Vedas. Questioned by her father about a husband for her, the astrologer Karāla said, 'Whoever defeats her in the Vedas will marry her.' In order to defeat her, these people are constantly engaged in the study of the Vedas and Brahmadata is the teacher of the Vedas here." Yādava became a Brāhman in appearance and said to the teacher of the Vedas, "I am a Brāhman, Skandila, of the Gautama gotra. I wish to study the Vedas under you." He agreed and Yādava studied the Vedas under him, defeated Somaśrī in the Vedas, and married her.

Tricked by a sorcerer (346-352)

One day while amusing himself with her he went to a garden and he saw there a sorcerer, Indraśarman. When he had seen his magic art performing miracles, Śauri asked for it. He said: "Take this magic art which deludes the mind. This magic art, undertaken in the evening, is successful; but at sunrise it causes many calamities. Procure some friend."

"A foreigner, I have no friend."

"Brother, I am the friend of you, a brother, and (so is) my wife, Vanamālikā."

Being told this, Śauri took the magic charm, whispering it properly, and was taken away by the magician Indraśarman in a litter. Reflecting on the calamity, Śauri whispered the magic charm at dawn and, having recognized the trick, got out of the litter. Yādava outstripped Indraśarman and the others running after him and at the end of the day reached a hamlet, Tṛṇaśoṣaka.

⁶⁴ 340. This contradicts the description of Nārada as a celibate. Cf. IV, p. 151. Perhaps this Ṛṣi Nārada is an entirely different person from the well-known Nārada who is so prominent in the Triṣaṣṭi.^o Or perhaps the prāyeṇa in 7.2.514 means that generally Nārada was an ascetic, but not always. There were 9 Nāradas.

Story of Sodāsa (353-365)

Asleep in a temple there, Vasudeva was aroused by a Rākṣasa, who had come quickly, and was beaten severely by his fists. After fighting the Rākṣasa hand-to-hand for a long time, Śauri tied him with a cloth like a goat that had been bought. Beating him on the ground, like a washerman clothes on a stone, he killed the Rākṣasa.

At daybreak the people saw him. Delighted, the people put Śauri in a chariot and conducted him inside a home with a drum being played, as if he were an eminent bridegroom. Promptly the people offered him five hundred maidens. Preventing that, Śauri said, "Who is this Rākṣasa?" One of them explained:

"In the city Śrī Kāñcanapura in the Kaliṅgas, there was a powerful king, Jitaśatru. This was his son, Sodāsa, greedy for flesh by nature,⁶⁵ but the king had given freedom from fear to living creatures in his country. But the king, asked by his son for the meat of one peacock every day, agreed, though against his wishes. Daily the cooks brought a peacock from Mt. Vaṅśa. One day when it had been killed for cooking, it was stolen by a cat.

So at that time they cooked and gave him the flesh of a dead boy. After eating it, he asked them, 'What is this unusually sweet meat?' They told him the truth and Sodāsa ordered: 'In future a man must be cooked in the place of the peacock every day.' With these orders, he himself constantly seized boys from the people. When the king found it out, he expelled him from his country from anger. Terrified of his father, he lived here in an inaccessible place and killed five or six men every day. The villain was killed by you. Well done! Well done! "

When they had told him this, Śauri gladly married the maidens. He stayed for the night and went to excellent

⁶⁵ 359. Cf. IV, pp. 187 ff., for a slightly different version of a cannibal Sodāsa.

Acalagrama. There Yādava married Mitraśrī, the daughter of a caravan-leader, because he had been described earlier by an astrologer as her husband.

Marriage with Kapilā (368–374)

Going to the city Vedasāma, he was escorted by Vanamālā to her own house, after saying, “Come, come, brother-in-law.” She announced, “Here is Vasudeva,” and her father, after asking, “How are you?” explained:

“Kapila is king here. He has a daughter, Kapilā. You, noble sir, living in the village Giritāṭa, were described formerly as her husband by an astrologer. ‘He will subdue the horse, named Sphullīṅgavahana,’ was said by the astrologer to be the means of recognizing you. My son-in-law, the sorcerer, Indraśarman, was sent by the king to bring you here; but he reported here that in the meantime you had gone. By good luck you have come. Subdue the horse.” Vṛṣṇi’s son, when he had been told this, subdued the king’s horse and married Kapilā. Honored by the king and by his brother-in-law, Añśumat, he begot a son, Kapila, by Kapilā.

One day he went to capture an elephant and he mounted the elephant, after capturing it, and struck it with his fist as it was jumping up in the air. Falling on the bank of a pool, it became the Khecara, Nīlakaṇṭha, who had come to fight at the marriage with Nīlayāśas.

Marriage with Padmāvati and Aśvasenā (377–380)

Then wandering about, Śauri went to the city named Sālaguhā and there he taught archery to King Bhāgyasena. Powerful Vasudeva defeated Meghasena, the (king’s) elder brother, who had come there to fight with Bhāgyasena. King Bhāgyasena then gave his daughter, Padmāvati, who resembled Padmā, to Vārṣṇeya and Meghasena gave Aśvasenā. After Vṛṣṇi’s son had enjoyed himself there for a long time with Padmāvati and Aśvasenā, he went to Bhaddilapura.

Marriage with Puṇḍrā (381-382)

There he saw Puṇḍrā, the daughter of King Puṇḍra who had died without a son, who had the appearance of a man by means of an herb, ruling the kingdom. Vārṣṇeya perceived that she was a woman and married her infatuated (with him). She had a son, named Puṇḍra, and he became king.

Marriage with Ratnavatī (383-386)

The Khecara Aṅgāraka in the guise of a haṅsa seized Samudravijaya's younger brother at night and threw him in the Gaṅgā. At daybreak Śāuri saw the city Ilāvardhana and sat down in the shop of a caravan-leader at his invitation. From his power he (the merchant) made a profit of a lac of gold and, recognizing his power, spoke to him respectfully. The caravan-leader seated him in a golden chariot, conducted him to his house, and married him to his daughter, Ratnavatī.

Marriage with Somaśrī (387-411)

One day when the Śakra-festival ⁶⁶ was taking place, seated in a divine chariot, he went with his father-in-law to the city Mahāpura. Outside the city Yādava saw new palaces and asked his father-in-law, "What is this second city?" The caravan-leader said: "The king here is Somadatta. He has a daughter, Somaśrī, whose beauty surpasses that of the moon. These palaces were ordered built for her svayaṁvara and the kings, who had been summoned, were dismissed again because of their lack of cleverness."

After hearing this, Yādava went and bowed to the Śakra-pillar. The women of the king's household, who had come earlier, were leaving, after bowing to the pillar. Just then the king's elephant came there, after pulling up the tying-post, and caused the princess to fall from the chariot to the ground. When Śāuri saw her, miserable, unprotected, seeking protection,

⁶⁶ 387. The same as the Indrotsava. See I, p. 342 f., n. 386.

he stood in front of her, scolded the elephant, as if he were the elephant-driver himself.

Leaving her, the elephant, unrestrainable from anger, ran at Yādava; and Yādava, very strong, tamed the elephant. The elephant being bewildered, Yādava picked her up, took her into a house, and restored her by fanning with his upper garment, et cetera. She was taken home by nurses; and Śāuri with his father-in-law was taken to his house by a caravan-leader Kubera, with great respect.

After he had bathed and eaten, Śāuri remained there, until the king's female door-keeper came with blessings for the victory and said:

“King Somadatta has a superior daughter, Somaśrī. In the past it was said, ‘Her husband certainly should be chosen in a svayaṁvara.’ But when she saw the gods who had come to the omniscience-festival of Yatin Sarvāṇa,⁶⁷ the recollection of her former births took place. From that time the gazelle-eyed maiden resorted to silence. Questioned by me in secret one day she told as follows:

‘There was a god in Mahāśukra. In that birth he enjoyed pleasures with me, very dear to him, for a long time. With this same me he made a pilgrimage one time to Nandiśvara, et cetera, held a birth-festival of the Arhat, and returned to his own place. When he had reached Brahmāloka, the god fell⁶⁸ and I, grieved, went to the Kurus in this Bharata, searching for him. I saw there two omniscients and asked them, “Where has my husband, who fell from heaven, been born?” They told me: “Your husband has appeared in a royal house in the Hari-line. You also will be a king's daughter, when you have fallen from heaven. When he rescues you from an elephant at the Śakra-festival then he will become your husband again.” After honoring them devotedly, I went to my own place. In

⁶⁷ 399. The typography here is not quite right and it is impossible to be sure whether the name is Savārṇa or Sarvāṇa.

⁶⁸ 403. Brahmāloka is a lower heaven than Mahāśukra. He got only so far.

course of time, I fell and was born as the daughter of Somadatta. When I saw the gods at Sarvāṇa's omniscience-festival, I experienced recollection of former births, I knew these facts and for that reason I observed silence.'

I made known this entire story of hers to the king and the king dismissed the kings who had come to the svayamvara. There was proof when she was saved by you from the elephant and I have been sent to escort you. Hence come, marry her, hero."

Then Vasudeva went with her to the palace, married Somaśrī and sported there with her.

Marriage with Vegavati (412-423)

One day Śauri had been asleep and when he woke up he did not see the gazelle-eyed maiden and, crying pathetically, he remained distracted for three days. Vārṣṇeya saw her standing in a grove and said to her: "Because of what fault have you disappeared so long? Tell me, proud lady." She said: "For your sake I made a particular vow. I have been in a vow of silence for three days, lord of my life. After worshipping this deity, celebrate the marriage again. For that is the rule in this (vow)." Śauri did so. She made Yādava drink wine by saying, "This was left from the sacrifice to the goddess," and he experienced very great sensual pleasure like a Kāndarpika god.⁶⁹ He went to sleep with her at night and when he woke up he saw a different woman. He said, "Who are you, fair lady?"

She said: "In the city Suvarṇābha in the southern row there was a king, Citrāṅga, whose wife was Aṅgāravatī. They had a son, Mānasavega, and a daughter, Vegavati, who I am. After installing his son on the throne, Citrāṅga became a mendicant. Your wife,⁷⁰ master, was kidnaped by my brother, shameless, for dalliance and she was addressed with various

⁶⁹ 416. Kāndarpika. A class of gods devoted to amorous sport. PE,

⁷⁰ 420. I.e., Somaśrī.

pleasing words through my mouth. But your wife is very virtuous. She did not consent to that. She honored me with friendship and she instructed me to bring you. When I had come and had seen you, I did such a thing,⁷¹ wounded by love. You are my lawfully married husband and I am a maiden of good family. ”

When the people saw Vegavati at daybreak, they were all astonished. With her husband's permission she told the people about Somaśrī's kidnaping.

Kidnaped by Mānasavega (424-428)

One time Vasudeva went to sleep, tired from pleasure with her, and was carried off in the night by Mānasavega, who surpassed Garuḍa in speed. When Vasudeva knew it, he beat the Khecara with his fist and, injured by the blows, he dropped Vasudeva suddenly into the water of the Bhāgirathī. He fell on the shoulder of a Khecara, Caṇḍavega, standing there, engaged in subduing a magic art, and was the cause of the magic art's submission. Vṛṣṇi's son was addressed by him: "Noble sir, the magic art was subdued by your power. What can I give you?" and he asked for the magic art 'going-through-the-air.' The Khecara gave him the magic art and Vasudeva began to subdue it at the gate of Kanakhala with deep concentration.

Marriage with Madanavegā (429-451)

When Caṇḍavega had gone, a Khecarī, Madanavegā, the daughter of King Vidyudvega, came there and saw him. Wounded by love, she seized Śauri, took him to Mt. Vaitāḍhya, and released him resembling Puṣpacāpa (Kāma) in the garden Puṣpaśayana. She herself went to the city Amṛtadhāra; at dawn three brothers of hers came and bowed to Śauri. The first brother was Dadhimukha, the second Daṇḍavega, and the third Caṇḍavega who had given him the magic art. They

⁷¹ 422. I.e., tricked him into marriage.

conducted Śauri to the city and married him properly to Madanavegā; and he sported with her happily.

Killing of Triśikhara (434-449)

One day Madanavegā, who had satisfied him, asked Śauri for a boon and the chief of strong men granted her a boon. One day Dadhimukha bowed to Śauri and said:

“Triśikhara is king in the city Divastilaka. On behalf of his son, Sūrpaka, he asked my father for this maiden in marriage but my father, Vidyudvega, did not give her. A flying-sage, questioned by my father about a husband for his best of daughters, said: ‘Vasudeva of the Hari-line, will be your daughter’s husband. He will fall at night on Caṇḍavega’s shoulder as he is subduing magic arts in the Gaṅgā and the magic arts will submit immediately.’

After hearing this, my father did not give him his daughter, more than ever; and he was taken away by King Triśikhara, who had captured him with an army. Remembering the boon given by yourself to your wife Madanavegā, release your father-in-law now and show honor to me, your brother-in-law. Nami was the first bulb of our line. He had a son, Pulastya. In his line there was Meghanāda, lord of Ariṅjayapura. His son-in-law, Cakrin Śubhūma, gave him the sovereignty of the two rows (of Vidyādharas) and divine missiles—Brahma’s missile, missile of fire, et cetera.⁷² In his line there was a king, Rāvaṇa, and also Bibhiṣaṇa. Among Bibhiṣaṇa’s descendants was my father Vidyudvega. Take these weapons which have come by inheritance. They will be fruitful for you who have good fortune, but useless for persons without good fortune.”

Vṛṣṇi’s descendant took the missiles offered with this explanation and obtained control over them by the proper practice. What is not accomplished by merit?

⁷² 442. These weapons are not mentioned in the Subhūmacaritra, Triṣaṣṭi° 6.4.

When he heard that Madanavegā had been given to a mortal, Triśikhara came himself to fight, inflamed with anger. Śauri fought, mounted in a magic chariot with a golden beak which had been given him by the Khecaras, surrounded by Dadhimukha and others. Vārṣṇeya cut off Triśikhara's head with Indra's weapon,⁷³ released his father-in-law, and went to Divastilaka. A son, Anādhrṣṭi, was borne by his wife Madanavegā to Śauri, amusing himself, after he had come to his father-in-law's city.

One day he made a pilgrimage to the temples of eternal Arhats with the Khecaras and was gazed at by enamored Khecaris again and again. Śauri returned from the pilgrimage and called Madanavegā, "Come, Vegavatī," and she went to the couch angrily.

Jarāsāndha's hostility (455-458)

At that time Vṛṣṇi's son was kidnaped by Triśikhara's wife, Sūrpaṅakhī, in Madanavegā's form, after she had burned his house. Wishing to kill him, she dropped him from the air near Rājagṛha and the scion of the Yadus fell on a pile of straw.

Learning that the city was Rājagṛha from the fact that Jarāsāndha was being hymned,⁷⁴ Śauri went (there), won a crore of gold at dice and gave it to beggars. Then Śauri was taken to the palace by guards who had arrested him. He asked the soldiers, "Why am I arrested when I have committed no crime?" They replied: "Jarāsāndha was told by an astrologer, 'Whoever wins a crore of gold and gives it to beggars at dawn, his son will be your slayer.' You are he. At the king's command you, though innocent, are to be killed." With these words, they threw Vasudeva in a bag. From fear of censure they wished to kill Vārṣṇeya secretly and they threw him from a mountain.

⁷³ 448. A thunderbolt.

⁷⁴ 454. Cf. IV, 290; Rās Mālā, p. 190; Prabandhacintāmaṇi, pp. 48, 49.

Reunion with Vegavatī (458-474)

Vegavatī's nurse caught him. As he was carried by her, Śauri thought, "I think, indeed, that I am being taken through the air by bhāruṇḍas, like Cārudatta." Released on a mountain, he saw Vegavatī's feet and the chief of the Yadus came out of the bag, after observing them. Yādava embraced the fair-toothed girl who was crying, "Lord! Lord!" and asked her, "How did you find me?" Wiping away tears, she said:

"At that time because of a reversal of fortune, I did not see you on the couch, master, when I had risen from bed. As I was crying pitifully with the women of the household, the magic art Prajñāpti told me about your kidnaping and fall. Knowing nothing further, I reflected, 'My husband, at the side of some sage, is calling a magic art by his power.'

After I had grieved over the separation from you for some time, with the king's permission I wandered over the earth in search of you, master. I saw you in the temple of the eternal Arhats with Madanavegā and I followed you quickly when you reached the city from the shrine. Hidden there, I heard you call my name and because of your affection, I relinquished grief arising from the long separation.

From anger Madanavegā went to the interior of the house quickly and then Sūrpaṇakhi made a fire from the power of an herb. Then she in the form of Madanavegā seized you and I followed quickly to rescue you being carried by her. As I was standing below in the assumed form of Mānasavega, she, powerful from magic arts and herbs, saw me and reviled me.

As I fled from her to a shrine, I offended a muni. Then my magic arts were lost and at that time I met my nurse. Considering, 'Where is my husband,' I ordered my nurse (to search) and, as she wandered about, she saw you as you fell from the mountain. You, inside the bag, were seized by her speedily, lord, brought to the tīrtha, Pañcanada, on Hrimat and released."

After hearing that, he stayed there with her in a hermitage.

Bālacandrā (474-490)

One day he saw a maiden held by a noose in the river. Told (to do so) by Vegavatī and compassionate himself, Śauri freed the maiden from the noose. She was in a faint and Śauri restored her by sprinkling water. Then she circumambulated Vasudeva and said: "Today magic arts of mine have been subdued by your power. Moreover, hear:

There is a city Gaganavallabha on Mt. Vaitādhya. Vidyuddaṅṣtra of Nami's line was king there. One day he saw a muni standing in statuesque posture in West Videha. 'Look! This is some portent of calamity.' Vidyuddaṅṣtra took him to Mt. Varuṇa and had him beaten by Khecaras, saying, 'Kill him.'

The muni being engaged in pure meditation, his omniscience arose; and the Indra Dharāṇa came for the omniscience-festival. When he saw them (the Vidyādharas) hostile to the sage, Dharāṇa quickly destroyed their magic arts from anger. They, miserable, said: 'We do not know who he is. We were ordered to do this act against the muni by Vidyuddaṅṣtra only, who incited us, saying, "He is a portent of calamity.'" Indra Dharāṇa said: 'I have come on account of his omniscience-festival. O villains, what shall I do to you, ignorant as you are! Because of your grief, the magic arts will submit again to you, (if you are) devout laymen. They will destroy instantly the hostility to sādhus and to those who have taken refuge with them. The great magic arts, Rohiṇī and others,⁷⁵ will not submit to any man or woman in the line of Vidyuddaṅṣtra, evil-minded. But they will submit at the sight of a sādhu or a great man.'

After saying this, the Indra Dharāṇa went to his own house.

In former times a maiden in his line, Ketumatī, who was

⁷⁵ 485. See I, n. 218; Abhi. 2. 153-4; III, p. 41.

subduing magic arts here, was married by Viṣṇu Puṇḍarīka.⁷⁶ I, a maiden of his line, named Bālacandrā, have the magic arts subdued by your power. Marry me submissive (to you), moon-faced one."

Asked by her, "What shall I give you in return for the submission of the magic arts?" Vṛṣṇi's son said, "Give a magic art to Vegavatī." She took Vegavatī and went to Gaganavallabha and Vasudeva went to the same hermitage.⁷⁷

Marriage with Priyaṅgusundarī (491-559)

Suddenly two kings, who had taken the vow, blaming their (lack of) courage came there. Seeing them, Śauri asked the reason for their distress. They said: "In Śrāvastī there is a long-armed king, Eṇīputra, pure-minded, with spotless conduct. He summoned kings to the svayamvāra of his daughter Priyaṅgusundarī, but not one was chosen by his daughter for her husband. Then a fight was started by the angry kings all together and they all were defeated and put to flight by her father alone. Some went to the mountains, some to the forest, and some to the rivers; but we became ascetics. Shame on us, cowards with useless arms."

After hearing this, the scion of the Yādus enlightened them about the religion of the Jinas. They became mendicants; and Śauri himself went to Śrāvastī.

Story of the three-footed buffalo (497-515)

There in a garden he saw a temple with three doors and entrance at the chief door, which had thirty-two bars, was difficult. He entered by a side door and saw statues of a sage, a householder, and a three-footed buffalo. He asked a Brāhman, "What is this?" and he said:

⁷⁶ 487. This is not mentioned in Puṇḍarīka's biography, Triṣaṣṭi° 6.3. In the Vasudevahinḍī, p. 265, she is said to be the wife of Vāsudeva Puruṣottama. She is not mentioned in his biography, Triṣaṣṭi° 5.4, either.

⁷⁷ 490. Where he had been staying with Vegavatī.

“ There was a king here, Jitaśatru, and he had a son, Mṛgadhvaja. There was a sheth, Kāmadeva, who went one day to his cattle-station and was told by his herdsman, Daṇḍaka: ‘ I have killed five calves of this cow-buffalo in the past. But this sixth calf, which has a very fine appearance, has been born. As soon as born, he bowed at my feet with tremulous eyes and I have protected him trembling from fear from compassion. Do you, too, give him freedom from fear. For he is some one who remembers former births.’

On being told this, the sheth took the buffalo to Śrāvastī from compassion. At the sheth’s request, the king granted him freedom from fear. ‘ He may wander anywhere in Śrāvastī without fear.’ One of his feet was cut off by Prince Mṛgadhvaja; and he (the prince) was exiled by the king and became a mendicant. The buffalo died on the eighteenth day and on the twentieth day Mṛgadhvaja’s omniscience took place. Gods, asuras, kings, and ministers came and paid homage to him. King Jitaśatru said, ‘ What was the reason for your enmity toward the buffalo?’ The omniscient related:

‘ In the past there was an Ardhacakrin, Aśvagrīva. His minister, Hariśmaśru, a Kaula,⁷⁸ criticized religion. The king always approved religion and he was a believer. Thus the dissension between the king and the minister increased. They were both killed by Tripṛṣṭha and Acala, and went to the seventh hell. Rising from it, they wandered through many births. Then Aśvagrīva became I, your son, and Hariśmaśru became the buffalo and was killed by me because of their enmity. After he died, he became Lohitākṣa, chief of the Asuras, and has come to pay homage to me. Such is the drama of birth.’

Lohitākṣa bowed to the sage and made jeweled statues here of the sage, the sheth, and the three-footed buffalo.

Marriage with Bandhumatī (514–516)

Now in the line of sheth Kāmadeva there is a sheth

⁷⁸ 508. A left-hand Śākta.

Kāmadatta and he has a daughter, Bandhumatī. An astrologer questioned by the sheth about a husband for her, said, 'Whoever opens the main door will be your daughter's husband.' "

After hearing that, Vasudeva opened the door. The sheth went there and gave him his daughter immediately.

Marriage with Priyaṅgusundarī (517-559)

The princess, Priyaṅgusundarī, went with her father to see him from curiosity. As soon as she had seen him, she fell in love. A door-keeper related to Vṛṣṇi's son the circumstances of Priyaṅgusundarī and the history of Eṇīputra, his palms placed together respectfully. "You must go by all means to Priyaṅgusundarī's house at dawn." With these words the door-keeper went away and Śauri watched a play. In it he heard that there was a Khecara, Vāsava, the son of Nami. In his line there were other Vāsavas and Puruhūta, springing from it. One time as Puruhūta was wandering about, mounted on his elephant, he saw Ahalyā, the wife of Gautama, and he dallied with her in the hermitage.⁷⁹ Then Gautama made him, whose magic arts were gone, a eunuch. After hearing that, Yādava was terrified and did not go to Priyaṅgusundarī.

Śauri went to sleep with Bandhumatī and at the end of his sleep during the night he saw a goddess and thought, "Who is she?" Saying, "Why do you reflect, my dear?" the goddess took him by the hand and led him to an aśoka-grove. She said:

Eṇīputra's history (525-556)

"Here in Bharata in the city Śricandanapura there was a king Amogharetas. He had a wife, Cārumatī, a son, Cārucandra, and a courtesan, Anaṅgasenā. She had a fair-eyed daughter, Kāmapatākā. Ascetics came to the king's sacrifice and among them Kauśika and Tṛṇabindu, teachers. They

⁷⁹ 57. This is quite different from the account in the Rāmāyaṇa, 1.48,

both offered fruit. The king asked, 'Where did such fruit come from?' They told the story from the beginning of the kalpa-tree brought at the originating of the Hari-line.⁸⁰

At that time Kāmapatārikā, dancing with a knife, stole the minds of Prince Cārucandra and of the sage Kauśika. When the sacrifice was ended, the prince made her his quickly; but the ascetic Kauśika asked the king for her. The king said: 'She has been taken by the prince. Moreover she is a laywoman and, one husband having been acknowledged, she would not take a second.' Thus restrained by the king, Kauśika pronounced a curse in a rage: 'If you enjoy a woman, you shall die at that very moment.' The king gave his kingdom to his son, Cārucandra, became an ascetic and, noble-minded, lived in the forest. His queen went to the forest with him, not knowing that she was pregnant. In the course of time, to destroy doubt she told her husband about the embryo that had appeared. One day a daughter was borne by her, named Rṣidattā. She (the queen) became eventually a laywoman under a flying-ascetic. She (the daughter) grew up; and her mother and nurse died.

One day King Śilāyudha came there to hunt. Infatuated at the sight of her, he obtained hospitality from her, led her to a secluded place, and enjoyed her in divers ways. She said: 'I have had a purifying bath. If by chance there should be conception, tell me, what is the proper course for me, a maiden of good family?' He said: 'I am Śilāyudha, of the Ikṣvāku-line, king in Śrāvastī, son of King Śatāyudha. If you should bear a son, you must bring him to me in Śrāvastī. Then he, and no one else, must be made king by me.' His soldiers came and he, taking leave of her, went away. She told her father this and in time she bore a son.

Rṣidattā died in child-birth and became the chief-queen of Jvalanaprabha, the Nāga. Her father, Amogharetas, taking the boy by the hand, wept very much from grief—he,

⁸⁰ 528. See IV, pp. 77 f.

an ascetic, like other people.⁸¹ I am the wife of Jvalanaprabha and, knowing this from clairvoyance, went there myself in the form of a doe and reared my son by the breast. For that reason he was called 'Eṇīputra.'⁸² After he died Kauśika became a serpent, poisoning by its glance, in my father's hermitage. Cruel, he bit my father and I extracted the poison. The snake, enlightened, died and became a god, Bala.

Assuming the appearance of Ṛṣidattā, I came to Śrāvastī and took the boy to the king. But he did not remember and did not accept him. Leaving the boy in his presence, I stood in the air and said: 'I am the maiden, named Ṛṣidattā, whom you enjoyed in the forest. This son of yours was born; but I died when he was born. I became a deity and reared him by becoming a doe. He is your son, Eṇīputra.' Thus informed, Śilāyudha installed his son on the throne, became a mendicant, and went to heaven.

Pleased by a three-day fast by Eṇīputra for the sake of a child, I granted a daughter and thus Priyaṅgusundarī was born. The king summoned kings to her svayaṁvara, but none was chosen by her and the kings commenced to fight. All the kings were defeated by Eṇīputra because of my presence. However, Priyaṅgusundarī wishes to choose you, after seeing you today. On your account, I have been worshipped by her with a three-day fast, blameless one, and the door-keeper, Gandharakṣita, spoke to you on my instructions. From ignorance you showed contempt. But now, summoned by him at my command, you should marry Eṇīputra's daughter. Ask for some boon." Yādava said, "You should come, recalled by me," and she promised to do so.

The goddess went away, leaving Śauri in Bandhumatī's house, and at the dawn Śauri, accompanied by the door-keeper, went to the temple. There Yādava joyfully married

⁸¹ 543. As an ascetic, he should have been immune to grief.

⁸² 545. 'Son of a doe.'

Priyaṅgusundarī, who had come before, with a gāndharva-marriage. On the eighteenth day the door-keeper announced to the king that Śauri was the bridegroom given by the goddess and the king conducted him to his own house.

Marriage with Prabhāvati (560-587)

Now, on Mt. Vaitāḍhya in the city Gandhasamṛddhaka Gandhārapiṅgala was king and he had a daughter Prabhāvati. She went in her wandering to the town Suvarṇābha and saw Somaśrī⁸³ and at once a friendship started. Knowing her separation from her husband, Prabhāvati said: "Do not grieve, friend. I will bring your husband now." Somaśrī sighed and said, "You will bring my husband, Manmatha in beauty, in the same way that Vegavati brought him." Prabhāvati said, "I am not Vegavati," and went to Śrāvastī, seized Vārṣneya, and brought him there.

Śauri, assuming another appearance, stayed there with Somaśrī. One day he was recognized and captured by Mānasavega, who had come there. An uproar arose and Śauri was freed by the elder Khecaras and dissension with Mānasavega continued. Then in the city Vaijayantī in the presence of King Balasiṅha the two engaged in a dispute and Sūrpaka and others came there. Mānasavega said: "First Somaśrī was intended for me. He married her by a trick and my sister⁸⁴ without my permission." Śauri said, "I married Somaśrī by her father's plan. He kidnaped her. The people know all that from Vegavati."

Being refuted thus, Mānasavega got up to fight and Nīlakaṅṭha, Aṅgāraka, Sūrpaka, and other Khecaras. Vegavati's mother, Aṅgāravati, gave Śauri a divine bow and quivers and Prabhāvati gave him Prajñapti. Yādava, his strength increased by the magic art and divine weapons, like Bidaujas, alone defeated all the Khecaras easily. Capturing

⁸³ 561. See above, p. 65.

⁸⁴ 568. Vegavati. See above, p. 65.

Mānasavega, Śauri threw him down before Somaśrī, but released him at the word of his mother-in-law, Aṅgāravati. Attended by Mānasavega and other Khecaras who had become servants, accompanied by Somaśrī, he went to Mahāpura in an aerial car. There the scion of the Yadus amused himself with Somaśrī.

One day he was kidnaped by the magician Sūrpaka, who had turned into a horse. Perceiving that, Śauri beat Sūrpaka with his fist and, dropped by Sūrpaka, fell into Jāhnavi's water. He swam out of the Gaṅgā and went to a hermitage. There he saw a woman with a necklace of bones on her neck. The ascetics whom he questioned, related:

Rescue of Nandiṣeṇā (578-588)

“She is the wife of King Jitaśatru and daughter of Jarāsandha, named Nandiṣeṇā. She was bewitched by a mendicant and he was killed by the king. Even now she, strongly bewitched, wears his bones.” Then by the power of a charm Śauri made her free from the witchcraft. Jitaśatru gave him his own daughter Ketumati.

Dimbha, Jarāsandha's door-keeper, went to the king and said, “This benefactor, who saved Nandiṣeṇā's life, should be summoned.” The king said, “That is fitting.” Śauri, put in a chariot by the door-keeper, went with him himself to the city of the lord of Magadha. There he was made a prisoner by guards and when he asked the reason for his arrest, they said:

“An astrologer predicted to Jarāsandha: ‘Whoever shall cure your daughter, Nandiṣeṇā, his son will surely be your slayer.’ You are recognized. For that reason you are to be killed.”

With these words they led Yādava like an animal to the place of execution and the Muṣṭikas⁸⁵ and others prepared to

⁸⁵ 585. Muṣṭikās are defined by MW as ‘a despised race (=Ḍombās)’; and Ḍomba is defined as ‘a man of low caste (living by singing and music).’ But here a Muṣṭika is obviously of a caste that acts as executioners.

execute Daśārha. At that time Gandhārapīṅgala, lord of Gandhasamṛddha, asked a magic art about a husband for Prabhāvātī and she said, "Vasudeva." He sent a nurse, Bhagīrathī, to lead him there. She snatched Śauri from them (the executioners) and took him to Gandhasamṛddhaka. There Śauri married Prabhāvātī who was given by her father. He remained there happily, enjoying himself with her.

Śauri went away and married other Vidyādhara-women and also Sukośalā. Living in Sukośalā's house, he experienced pleasures of the senses without any obstacles.

CHAPTER III

VASUDEVA'S MARRIAGE WITH KANAKAVATĪ AND HER FORMER INCARNATIONS

Now in this same Bharata there is a city, Pedhālapura, which resembles a city of the Vidyādhara, a depository of all marvels. In this city the breeze from the blooming house-gardens is a source of delight, a perfumer for scenting the young men's garments day and night. There the girls threw up their hands from fear for their ivory ear-ornaments because of the constellations reflected in the jeweled pavements of their houses at night. Waving banners, like serpents⁸⁶ guardians of the houses, are seen on its houses containing treasure with raised flags.⁸⁷ All of its inhabitants are thoroughly imbued with firm belief in the religion of the Jina, like cloth with indigo-dye.

Kanakavati's parents (6-13)

Hariścandra was king in this city, spotless as the moon with good qualities, like a younger brother of Biḍaujas because of his wonderful magnificence. The Śris continually submitted to slavery to the arched eyebrow of him who was firmly established in victory over the senses, who possessed wisdom and power. His glory, as if in rivalry with unlimited wealth, became boundless and spread unhindered over the earth. His name was hymned by goddesses and Vidyādhari on the plateaux of Vaitāḍhya because of his spotless glory.

His chief-queen, dearer than life, beautiful, was named Lakṣmivati, like Viṣṇu's Lakṣmī. Because of her good conduct, modesty, affection, cleverness, and good breeding she was moonlight for the delight of the night-bloomig lotus of her husband's mind. Speaking to her husband in a voice gentle

⁸⁶ 4. Proverbial guardians of treasure.

⁸⁷ 4. I.e., flags indicated the number of crores the owner possessed.

from affection, she poured a stream of nectar, as it were, into the canals of his ears. She was like a living creeper with shoots in the form of arts, with flowers in the form of modesty and other virtues with fruit in the form of devotion to her husband.

Birth and childhood of Kanakavati (14-30)

In the course of time Lakṣmīvati bore a daughter who by her own splendor was like an auspicious lamp in the lying-in-house. Possessing all the favorable marks from her very birth, like Śrī who had come to the house, she delighted her parents. Immediately Dhanada, her husband in a former birth, deluded by former affection, came there and rained a shower of gold on her. Delighted by the shower of gold, Lakṣmīvati's husband gave his daughter the name of Kanakavati.

Going from lap to lap, nursing at the breasts of nurses, in course of time she became able to walk, like a haṅsī. When they saw her approaching on her feet, the nurses, their hands held out, sang to her with ever new coaxings. When she was speaking very slowly in an indistinct, whispering voice, the nurses made her, like a maina, speak often from curiosity. With her hair bound, earrings dangling, anklets tinkling, she amused herself with jeweled balls, like Ramā (Śrī) in another form. Playing with dolls constantly, she shed the highest degree of joy on her mother with wide-open eyes.

Leaving sweet and simple childhood gradually, Kanakavati became suitable for learning all the arts. On an auspicious day the king took Kanakavati to a suitable teacher of the arts to learn the arts. She learned the eighteen alphabets, like the creator of alphabets, and learned grammar by heart like her own name. She became able to challenge her teacher from study of dialectics; she was conversant with the ocean of texts on meter and rhetoric. She attained facility in poetry in six dialects; she was distinguished in painting; she was confident in sculpture; she knew sentences whose verbs and subjects are hidden; she was versed in enigmas; she was expert in all kinds

of gambling; she was skilled in the art of the charioteer. She was competent in massage; she knew how to cook; she acquired dexterity in exhibiting magic, sorcery, et cetera. She was qualified to be a teacher in comprehension of the three divisions of music.⁸⁸ Indeed, there was no art which she did not know thoroughly.

With a form beyond criticism, immersed in the water of grace, she arrived at youth which makes all the arts bear fruit. Observing that, her parents engaged in the search for a husband for her and, not finding a suitable bridegroom, planned a svayamvara.

Episode of the swan (33-61)

One day as the gazelle-eyed maiden was sitting comfortably in her house, she saw a rājahaṅsa⁸⁹ that had come suddenly. She noticed that his bill, feet, and eyes were red as the shoots of the aśoka; that he was white as balls of new sea-foam; that his neck was wreathed with little golden bells; that his voice was beautiful and that he danced, as it were, in his gait. She reflected:

“Surely he is the source of amusement for some one of much merit. Why is this ornament of birds outside his master’s jurisdiction? Let the swan belong to any master whatever, he shall be for my amusement. My soul longs for him intensely.”

Then the maiden with a swanlike gait herself seized the swan that was clinging to the window, resembling an auspicious chaurī of Śrī. The lotus-eyed maiden caressed the swan slowly with her lotus-hand with a gentle touch, as if he were a toy-lotus. With her hand soft as a śirīṣa she stroked his spotless tail like a child’s bunch of hair.

Kanakavati said to her companion: “Bring me a wooden cage that I may put him in it. Birds do not remain in one place.” When the companion had gone to get a wooden

⁸⁸ 30. Song, dance, and instrumental music. Abhi. 2.193.

⁸⁹ 33. A kind of haṅsa with red bill and feet. Abhi. 4. 392.

cage, the swan began to speak in human language. "Princess, you are discerning. Do not put me in a cage. I shall tell you something about your husband. Release me." Astonished at seeing the swan speaking in a human voice, she said to him respectfully as if he were a favored guest who had come: "On the contrary, you are worthy of favor, swan. Name my husband. News, being half-told, is sweeter than sugar."

The swan related: "In the city Kośalā there is a daughter of Kośala, a lord of Khecaras, named Sukośalā, who resembles a goddess. Sukośalā's husband is a young man, the abode of the very essence of beauty. The delineation of all beautiful persons is suspended by anyone who has seen him. Sukośalā's husband has an extraordinary beauty, fair lady. There is beauty equal to his, if in a mirror, not otherwise. As this young man is the crest-jewel of men because of his wealth of beauty, likewise you are the crest-jewel of women, proud lady. Seeing the beauty of you both, with the desire for you two to meet I have described him to you, after describing you fully to him. You have been depicted to him so that, when he has heard of your svayaṁvara, he will come to it himself, fair lady. You should recognize him in the midst of many in the svayaṁvara, like the lord of the constellations (moon) among the constellations, by his great splendor. So free me. Good fortune will be yours; but blame, if I am held captive. The venerable Creator, as it were, exerts himself for a husband for you."

Kanakavati thought: "This is no ordinary man taking the form of a swan for amusement. Through him I shall find a husband." She released him from her hand. Flying up through the air, he dropped in her lap a picture and said: "Here is a painting of the young man as he is, fair lady. After seeing a picture of him, you can recognize him, when he has come here." Kanakavati, delighted, joined her hands in supplication and said to him: "Who are you? Favor me a little by telling your name."

The Khecara, who had the gait of a swan, dangling golden earrings, divine unguents, and ornaments, said, speaking

truthfully: "I am a Khecara, named Candrātapa, beautiful lady, eager for service to your future husband. By the power of a magic art, I shall tell you something else, innocent lady. On the day of the svayamvara he will come to you as a messenger of another."

She, having received a blessing, dismissed the Khecara saying this and reflected, "By good fortune this speech of the god suits me." The picture, like an eye, was made the place of the opening and shutting of the eyes by her, unsatiated with the sight of her husband in the picture. Now the girl, grieved by the pain of separation, put the picture on her head, now on her throat, now on her heart, like a piece of plantain.⁹⁰

At that time Candrātapa, eager for their meeting went to the Vidyādhara-city, adorned with Vidyādharas. By the very great power of magic arts, unstumbling like the wind, he entered at night the bed-chamber occupied by Vasudeva. He saw Vasudeva and his wife lying on a couch ornamented with swansdown, with white covers. He approached to serve Śauri, who was lying comfortably on the pillow of a Vidyādhari's arm, by rubbing his feet. Śauri, even though enjoying the comfort of sleep arising from weariness from pleasure, awoke immediately. For the best men arouse easily. When Yādava saw him, unexpected and at night too, he was not terrified nor angered, but he reflected:

"As this man was not hindered from service to me, he is either seeking protection or concerned about my affairs. If I should speak to him as he is tending my feet, even in a low voice, the queen, sleeping comfortably from fatigue from pleasure, would awaken. I can not disregard this person as he is occupied with service. Even if I were indifferent, I could not sleep, while he is here. So, I shall get up carefully without waking the queen and shall deal with this zealous man at a distance from the bed."

Then Daśārha left the couch without shaking the bed by

⁹⁰ 63. Plantain is considered cooling.

making his body light and sat down in another place. Candrātapa, his body adorned with jeweled ornaments, bowed to the tenth Daśārha with devotion, like a mere footman. Śauri regarded him saying: "I am Candrātapa, the Vidyādhara, who described Kanakavati." Daśārha embraced the Khecara, who deserved confidence, and asked him the reason for his welcome arrival.

Then Candrātapa, chief of the prudent, began to speak in a firm voice cool as moonlight. "After describing Kanakavati as she is to you, scion of the Yadus, I have described you to her with a truthful account. By the power of magic art, I have painted you on canvas, lord, and delivered the canvas, sun to her lotus-face, to her. After looking at you on the canvas like a full moon, her eyes shed water from joy like moonstones. At once she put the canvas containing your image on her heart as if to share the pain of separation from you. With streaming eyes, like a mechanical doll, her palms put together in supplication, the end of her garment being waved from respect, she begged me: 'Do not be indifferent to wretched me. I have no other friend but you. By all means bring this man to my svayamvara.' Lord, today is the tenth day of the dark fortnight. On the fifth day of the bright fortnight after this her svayamvara will take place in the forenoon. You should go to the svayamvara-festival. She, for whom the hope of meeting you is a life-saving drug, must certainly be favored by you."

Vasudeva said: "Candrātapa, at dawn I shall do so, after taking leave of my own household. You should be delighted. Stay in the garden of the harem with the intention of going with me. You should see the fruit of your own efforts at her svayamvara, certainly."

At these words the young Vidyādhara went away; but Vasudeva, experiencing great joy, went to sleep on the couch. At dawn Vasudeva took leave of his household, got permission of his women-folk to go, and went at dawn to Peḍhālapura. There King Hariścandra met the scion of the Yadus and lodged him in the garden Lakṣmīramaṇa. In that garden which

was red from the shoots of the aśoka, fragrant with the trumpet-flower, smiling with the blossoms of the pandanus, perfumed with the saptacchada, rich with purple sugar-cane and orange trees, full of jasmine-buds, Śauri rested and diverted his eyes.

Then Kanakavati's father paid the honor suitable for his rank to Ānakadundubhi (Vasudeva) entitled to honor. Lofty palaces and houses having been built first, Śauri remained in the garden and heard this legend: "In the past there was a samavasaraṇa of Śrī Nami Svāmin, which was attended by gods, asuras, and kings in this garden. Lakṣmī, together with other goddesses, sported here in a dance before the Arhat. From that time it has been called 'Lakṣmīramaṇa.'" In the temple there the scion of the Yadus worshipped, and paid homage to the lofty statues of the holy Arhats with divine gifts.

Then Śauri, calm, saw descending there an aerial car rich with jewels in all parts like a moving Sumeru; marked with a lac of banners like a tree with shoots; with a multitude of various elephants, makaras and horses like the ocean; with a splendor as if it sipped the brilliance of the sun; filled with the tumult of bards like the sky with thunder; with the roaring of clouds threatened by the noise of auspicious musical instruments; with all the Vidyādhara with heads erect.

Vasudeva asked a god who was standing in front, "To what god does this car, suitable for Śakra, as it were, belong? Speak." He said: "This belongs to Dhanada. He has got into it and now he descends among these mortals for a very strong reason. After he has worshipped the images of the Arhats in this shrine, he will go soon with the intention of seeing Kanakavati's svayamvara." Then Śauri reflected: "Oh! Kanakavati is fortunate, since even gods come to her svayamvara when it is undertaken." Then Dhanada descended, worshipped, and paid homage to the images of the holy Arhats and had a concert performed.

"Oh! This god is noble and has merit, an advanced layman. Oh! the doctrine of the holy Arhats has a person fit for its promulgation. Oh! I am fortunate in whose range

of vision this marvel took place." Śauri reflected thus for a long time, his mind concentrated.

Vasudeva's embassy for Kubera (110-177)

Vaiśravaṇa completed a pūjā there to the holy Arhats, started on at pleasure, and saw Ānakadundubhi. He thought, "That man has an extraordinary appearance which is *not* that of gods, asuras, or Khecaras." After observing the incomparable beauty of his appearance, Dhanaka, staying in his car, summoned Yādava quickly by a gesture of his finger. Thinking, "I am a mortal; he is a powerful god, an advanced layman," Vasudeva went to him, unafraid and because he was curious.

Desirous of his own object, Dhanada favored Vṛṣṇi's son with friendly conversation, et cetera as if he were a friend. Respectful naturally and favored in this way, Vṛṣṇi's son, his hands together respectfully, said, "Tell me what I am to do." Vaiśravaṇa said in a voice pleasing to the ear: "Execute a commission for me that can not be executed by anyone else, noble sir. In this city there is a maiden, Kanakavati, the daughter of King Hariścandra. Tell her this from me: 'Vaiśravaṇa, lord of the north quarter for Śakra, lord of the gods, wishes to marry you. Though a mortal, become an immortal.' By means of my unerring command you, un-stumbling like the wind, will reach the place ornamented by Kanakavati."

Then Śauri went to his own house, took off his divine ornaments, et cetera and put on soiled clothing suitable for a servant. But Dhanada said to Yādava as he was going in the soiled clothing: "Why did you take off your fine clothes? Everywhere outward show is of value." Śauri replied: "What has soiled or fine clothes to do with it? In the case of an embassy, speech is the ornament. That I have." "Good luck to you. Go on," Dhanada replied.

Vasudeva went without hesitation to the court of Hariścandra's house. Though the gate was obstructed by elephants,

horses, chariots, soldiers, et cetera, Vasudeva entered King Hariścandra's house. Unnoticed by anyone, Vṛṣṇi's son went ahead with unstumbling gait, like a yogi with magic ointment.⁹¹

Śauri entered the first apartment of the palace which was blocked by guards with girded loins and holding maces. Śauri saw at once the paving of sapphire, with moving waves of beauty like a tank with water. He saw there a group of women, like Apsarases, wearing divine ornaments, beautiful, of the same age. The scion of the Yadus then saw a second apartment with golden pillars, jeweled puppets, and waving banners. Then he entered a third apartment with waves of milk⁹² like moonlight, like an elephant of the quarters entering the ocean of milk. There he saw women adorned with divine ornaments together with Apsarases, not to be equaled in the city of the gods. Reaching the fourth apartment, he saw a mosaic floor that looked like water,⁹³ with surging waves, filled with swans, ospreys, et cetera. The scion of the Yadus watched women beautifying themselves by looking at themselves in it without mirrors. He heard auspicious sounds being made by cranes and parrots and saw servant-girls engaged in singing and dancing.

Śauri went to the fifth apartment and saw a beautiful inlaid floor of emerald, resembling a house in heaven. He saw multitudes of wreaths of pearls and coral and suspended chauris reflected in it as if made by magicians. He saw slave-girls everywhere, beautifully dressed, wearing quantities of jeweled ornaments, leaning against pillars, like dolls. When he arrived at the sixth apartment he saw a mosaic floor of lotuses like the best heavenly pool adorned everywhere with lotuses. Vārṣṇeya saw in front of it jeweled vessels filled with divine ointments and in it he saw divine garments.

⁹¹ 125. Which made him invisible.

⁹² 130. I.e., it was paved with something that gave the effect of waves of milk, as the sapphire gave the effect of water. Probably the floor was of crystal.

⁹³ 132. For a similar effect, see Prabandhacintāmaṇi, p. 49.

Vṛṣṇi's son cast his glance on the group of fair-eyed women, who were wearing red garments, like twilight embodied. In the seventh apartment Śauri saw an inlaid floor made of quartz with pillars of lohītākṣa. In it he saw kalpa-trees laden with blossoms and rows of water-pots and ewers full of water. He saw female door-keepers, knowing the arts, expert in the dialects of all countries, fair-eyed, whose cheeks were grazed by earrings.

He reflected: "In this house completely surrounded by these door-keepers there is no opportunity for anyone." As Śauri was so considering, a slave-girl, holding a golden toy-lotus, wearing divine garments, approached by a side door. The door-keepers asked her hastily, "Where is the mistress Kanakavatī and what is she doing?" She replied: "In the palace of the harem-garden, the mistress sits alone, wearing divine garments, with divinities in the vicinity."

When Vasudeva heard that and knew that she was there, he departed by the side door that had been shown by the slave-girl. Having reached the harem-garden, he saw a seven-storied palace with lofty walls and gradually ascended it. Approaching, the scion of the Yadus saw Kanakavatī wearing divine ornaments and finery, like a wishing-creeper, adorned with flowers of all the seasons, like the Śrī of the forest in person, with a wealth of beauty from the creator, like the wealth of creation from the beginning, seated on a throne, as if she had companions, though alone, looking at the figure of a man painted on canvas, as if absorbed in it.

Kanakavatī saw Daśārha like another form in the picture and bloomed from the knowledge of his wished-for coming, like a lotus at dawn. When she had seen Yādava to be the picture and the picture to be Yādava, she looked at him wearied, her eye unwearied and her body expanding from joy. Worshiping Daśārha with eyes like blue lotuses, she rose quickly from the throne, her hands put together respectfully, and said:

"You have been drawn here by my merit. I am your

slave, sir," and, she started to bow to Vasudeva. Daśārha prevented her from bowing and said: "I am your servant. Do not you bow. You are mistress, noble lady. You are correct in bowing to one who would be suitable for you. Do not do a thing unsuitable for me, a servant of unknown family."

She replied: "Everything about you is known. You, and no one else, are my husband. You are he who was announced by a deity and who was meditated on in the picture." Vasudeva said: "Fair lady, I am not your husband. I am the servant of him who was announced as your husband by the divinity. Let Śakra's lord of the north quarter be known as your husband, namely Dhanada, sun to the lotus-faces of goddesses, famous throughout the world. I am his servant, a messenger, and ask you at his command: Be his chief-queen, attended by goddesses."

She answered: "At the mention of Dhanada's name, homage is made. He is a Sāmānika of Śakra on the one hand; I am a worm of a human on the other hand. Surely this improper embassy to me is merely for his amusement. Certainly there has been no previous marriage of mortal women with gods."

Vasudeva said: "Fair lady, if you violate a god's command, you will suffer calamity, like Davadantī."

Kanakavati said: "Because of some connection in a former birth, my mind is eager at hearing the syllables 'Dhanada.' Gods can not endure even the odor of the evil-scented audārika body.⁹⁴ Such are the words of the Arhats. You, and no one else, are my husband, disguised by the trick of an embassy for him. Go and tell the god, lord of the north quarter, my message. 'I am not worthy even to see you. I am a mere mortal. You are entitled to be worshipped by me who have a body of seven elements,⁹⁵ when I have made an image.'"

⁹⁴ 167. The ordinary human body. See I, n. 157.

⁹⁵ 169. See I, n. 74.

Then the best of the Yadus, unseen by any one, went back to Dhanada's presence the same way by which he had come. When the scion of the Yadus began to tell him the news, then Dhanada said, "I already know all." In the presence of the Sāmānikas Dhanada praised him, "Of this noble man there is unchangeable conduct."

Praising him in these words, Dhanada gave Vasudeva at that very time a pair of garments of devadūṣya imbued with divine perfume, named Surapatipriya (Pleasing to Indra), a crest-jewel, Sūrāprabha (Bright as the sun), a pair of earrings, Dakāgarbha (Clouds), a necklace,⁹⁶ Śāśimayukha (Moonbeam), two armlets, Lalitāprabha (Bright as lightning), a necklace of twenty-seven pearls named Ardhaśāradā (Half-moon),⁹⁷ a pair of bracelets adorned with various gems, Sudarśana (Beautiful), a girdle of various jewels, Smaradāruṇa (Cruel to Love), and divine wreaths and divine ointment. He, feeling gratified, put them on and resembled Dhanada.

After seeing Vasudeva looking like this and favored by Dhanada, the brother-in-law and the others, who had come with him, all rejoiced greatly. At that time Hariścandra came there from curiosity, bowed to Dhanada with hands folded respectfully, and declared, "The country of Bhārata is favored today, o god, by you, since you have come here wishing to see the svayamvara." Saying this, he prepared the pavilion for the svayamvara and had platforms, beautiful with many kinds of seats, made.

Warding off heat from the earth by the shadow of his car, with a series of moons shown by the row of erect white lotuses, fanned by gods who were caressed by the fingers of goddesses, making dance, as it were, the rays of light thrown out by lightning, being hymned by bards like the sun by the

⁹⁶ 174. Hāra is a very elaborate necklace with many strings of pearls, 108 according to Abhi. 3. 323.

⁹⁷ 175. Ardhaśāradā. A surmise, but surely analogous to śāradī, 'the night of full moon in Kārttika or Āśvina.' MW.

Vālikhilyas,⁹⁸ the lord of the north quarter set out to see the svayamvara.

He entered the svayamvara-pavilion which had a canopy of divine white cloth like the sky covered with moonlight, with a festoon fastened up which resembled a bow strung by Smara, marked by jeweled mirrors everywhere as if provided with numerous suns, with a door-area adorned with the eight auspicious objects⁹⁹ made of jewels, adorned with white banners like cranes in the sky, with a floor paved with various jewels, like a younger brother of Sudharmā,¹⁰⁰ and with shows begun to amuse the eyes of the suitors.

Dhanada, whose vehicle is a haṅsa, sat down on a high platform on a comfortable lion-throne, surrounded by goddesses. Not far from Dhanada, like his heir-apparent, sat Vasudeva, whose face was pleasant and handsome. In turn other magnificent kings and Vidyādharas were seated on the platforms, like rivals in splendor. Dhanada gave a ring marked with his own name, made of pure gold, to Śauri and he put it on his little finger. Then by the power of the ring all the people present there saw the son of the Yadus with the appearance of Kubera. "Oh! the blessed Kubera has come in two figures." There was a unanimous assertion to this effect from the people in the svayamvara.

Wearing a white garment with fringe, like the night anointed with moonlight, shining with pearl earrings like the ground of Meru with two moons, her lips red with the juice of lac like a bimba-creeper with ripe bimbis, her breast adorned with a necklace like a mountain with cascades, carrying in her hands a garland of flowers like a swing for Smara, Kanakavati went there indolently, like a swan, at that time.

The svayamvara-pavilion looked with her, when she had come there, like the interior of a house with an auspicious

⁹⁸ 184. A class of ṛṣis the size of a thumb, 60,000 of whom surround the chariot of the sun. MW.

⁹⁹ 186. See I, n. 153.

¹⁰⁰ 187. The assembly-hall in Saudharmakalpa. II, p. 45.

lamp. She greeted all the suitors with a glance which was the essence of pride, like a digit of the moon greeting the night-blooming lotuses with its light. Depressed in heart at not seeing there Vasudeva who had been seen in the picture and seen as messenger, she faded like a day-blooming lotus at evening. The burden (of the wreath) having been put in the hand of a childhood-playmate, she stood motionless for a long time like a doll, feeling ill.

When she did not choose any one, the kings examined themselves, thinking anxiously, "Is something wrong with my appearance, clothes, conduct, et cetera?" Her companion said to Kanakavati: "Why do you hesitate now? Place the svayamvara-wreath around the neck of some one." Hariścandra's daughter replied: "Surely a bridegroom is chosen who is pleasing. I, unfortunate, do not see him who pleases me." She reflected: "What stratagem or what course will there be for me? I do not see the desired bridegroom. O heart, break in two."

Suffering from anxiety, she saw Dhanada, bowed to him and, miserable and weeping, her hands placed together in supplication, said: "O god, do not make me ridiculous in this way because I was your wife in a former birth. The husband whom I wished to choose has been sent away by you." Dhanada smiled and said to Śauri, "Take off the ring, named Kubera-kānta, which I gave you, illustrious sir." At Dhanada's command Śauri took the ring off his hand and assumed his own form again, like an actor in a play.

When she saw Daśārha in his own form, she, bright-eyed, became horripilated as if her joy had become external. Stepping near, her anklets tinkling, she placed the svayamvara-wreath around his neck, as if it were her own arm. Then drums sounded in the sky at Dhanada's order and eager Apsarases sang tasteful auspicious songs. A loud penetrating voice said, "Listen! Hariścandra is fortunate, whose daughter has chosen a husband, the leader of the world." Instructed by Dhanada the gods rained unceasing treasure at

once, as well as the women of the family the customary parched rice. Then the wedding-festival of Vasudeva and Kanakavati took place, opening out the one umbrella of joy.

Kanakavati's birth as Viramati (216-243)

The scion of the Yadus bowed to Śrīda and announced: "I am curious to know why you came here." Śrīda replied joyfully to Śauri wearing the wedding-ribbon:¹⁰¹ "Prince, hear the reason for my coming. In the country Bharata of this same Jambūdvīpa there is a city, named Saṅgara, in the vicinity of Aṣṭāpada. The king was Mammaṇa and his wife was Viramati. One day he went outside the city with his wife to hunt. He, cruel-hearted like a Rakṣas, saw an ascetic, who was very dirty, who had come with a caravan. Thinking, 'This is a bad omen, hindering my hunting entertainment,' he had the sādhu carried away from the caravan, like an elephant from the herd. The king and his wife went back to the palace and he spent twelve ghaṭikās¹⁰² talking to the sage. Then the husband and wife in whom compassion was born, asked the muni, 'Whence have you come and where are you going? Tell.'

The muni related: 'I started from Rohitakapura with a caravan to worship the images of the Arhats on Aṣṭāpada. I was separated from the caravan by you, honored sir and lady. I did not go to Aṣṭāpada. There are many obstacles to pious actions.' Because of light karma the husband and wife talked with the muni and quickly forgot their anger like a bad dream. Knowing that they were tender-hearted, the muni with the idea of service to others told them about the Arhats' religion which is pre-eminent in compassion to living creatures. The husband and wife, whose ears had not been penetrated by the words of religion from birth, little by little became acquainted with religion from that time. They presented him with food, drink,

¹⁰¹ 217. Cf. I, p. 145 and n. 188.

¹⁰² 222. Twenty-four minutes.

et cetera with devotion and kept him near like an honored guest. But they sent away other people because of their passionate nature ¹⁰³ and they themselves attended to the refreshment of the sage. When he had given the herb of the knowledge of religion to them suffering from the disease of karma, with their consent after a long time the muni went to Aṣṭāpada.

They adopted layman's vows from contact with the muni for a long time and guarded them zealously, like poor people guarding money. One day Viramatī was conducted by a messenger-deity to Aṣṭāpada in order to make her religion firm. What is not possible for those devoted to dharma? Seeing the images of the Arhats being worshipped there by gods and asuras, she attained joy like one emancipated in this birth. After she had paid homage to the twenty-four statues of the Arhats on Mt. Aṣṭāpada she went again to her own city, like a Khecari.

She ate twenty dry meals ¹⁰⁴ for each Jina, concentrating her thought very firmly on religion from sight of the sacred place. Devoted, she had golden tilakas overlaid with jewels made for the twenty-four Arhats. One day she went to the top of Aṣṭāpada with her retinue and worshipped the twenty-four Arhats together with bathing. On the foreheads of the Arhats' statues she set golden tilakas like flowers of the śrīvalli.¹⁰⁵ By giving suitable gifts to the flying-ascetics and others who had come to the holy place, she created penance. Then like one who has done her duty, like one dancing in her mind, Viramatī, intelligent, returned to her own town.

Then husband and wife, with separate bodies but one mind, as it were, passed some time, zealous in pious works. When their time was completed, discerning, they died in concentrated meditation and became a god and goddess, husband and wife, in heaven.

¹⁰³ 230. I.e., they had rajoguṇa.

¹⁰⁴ 236. Ācāmla. See I, n. 324.

¹⁰⁵ 239. Acacia (or Mimosa) concinna.

Birth as Dhūsari, wife of Dhanya (244-274)

Mammaṇa's jīva fell and became the son, named Dhanya, -the receptacle of much merit—of a cowherd Dhammilāsa by Reṇukā in the town Potana in the district Bahali in Bhārata in this Jambūdvīpa. Vīramatī's jīva fell from heaven and became the wife, named Dhūsari, of this same Dhanya.

Every day Dhanya grazed the cow-buffaloes in the forest. For the grazing of the cow-buffaloes is the most important household business of cowherds. One day the rainy season, which is the enemy of people away from home, started, making nights of the new moon appear,¹⁰⁶ as it were, by the ill-fated rainy days, with the sky turned into a bath-room with showers by the violent downpours, with resounding flutes and drums, as it were, in the rising croaks of the frogs, making the earth seem to have a mass of hair with the green vegetation, with the ground slippery with the thick duckweed pushed up by the rain, with the knee-deep mud creaking from the feet of moving travelers, making the sky appear to have firebrands by the whirls of lightning. Even during the rainy season Dhanya went to graze his cow-buffaloes lowing from the joy of rolling in mud. Carrying an umbrella over his head to keep off the heavy rain, Dhanya wandered over the forest, following the herd of buffaloes.

As he wandered, Dhanya saw an ascetic standing on one foot in pratimā, motionless, emaciated by fasting, enduring the rain like a forest-elephant, his body trembling from cold like a tree shaken by the wind. When he saw the best of munis enduring trials¹⁰⁷ in this way, he felt compassionate and held his umbrella over his head. The umbrella being held by Dhanya with unequalled devotion, the discomfort from the rain being eliminated, the sage was in a house, as it were.

The cloud did not cease from raining, like a drunkard from drinking wine, but neither did Dhanya stop holding the

¹⁰⁶ 248. Āmāvāsyā, which is entirely dark.

¹⁰⁷ 256. Parīṣaha. See I, n. 55.

umbrella. In time the mass of clouds stopped raining and the great muni stopped the vow for meditation made for the duration of the rain. Then the cowherd bowed to the muni together with rubbing his feet and, his hands folded submissively, said: 'Great sage, the season is disagreeable; the earth is dangerous from mud. Whence have you come today, as if not knowing weariness?'

The sage said to him 'I came here from Pāṇḍudeśa and I intend to go to the city Laṅkā which has been purified by my guru's feet. As I was going, the rainy season intervened as an obstacle and the cloud began to rain in an unbroken stream. Traveling during the rainy season is not fitting for sages. Making a vow (to meditate) until the end of the rain, I have stopped here. The rain has stopped today, sir, on the seventh day. My vow fulfilled, I am going now to some house.'

Dhanya said joyfully, 'Great sage, mount a buffalo of mine as a conveyance, for the muddy ground makes walking difficult.' The muni replied: 'Sages do not mount living creatures. For they certainly do not commit actions causing pain to others. Sages go on foot, no other way.' Saying this the muni went with him toward the town. With folded hands the cowherd bowed to the sage and said, 'Please wait here while I milk the cow-buffaloes.' He went to his own house and milked the cow-buffaloes quickly, took a pitcher of milk, and went to the muni. Considering himself extremely fortunate, joyfully Dhanya had the muni break his fast, the cause of merit.¹⁰⁸ After passing the rainy season in Potana, the great ascetic went to an agreeable place by a road suitable for pure observation of care in walking.¹⁰⁹

Dhanya and Dhūsari kept the lay vows for a long time, keeping right-belief as firm as engraving on a stone. Dhūsari and Dhanya, fortunate took the vow at the proper time, kept it for seven years, and died in concentrated meditation. Both

¹⁰⁸ 271. Dhanya acquired merit by providing the milk.

¹⁰⁹ 272. Iryasamiti. See I, n. 37.

had acquired merit by the gift of milk to a suitable person and they were born as twins in Haimavata with no difference in soul-color.¹¹⁰ They died free from painful and evil meditation¹¹¹ and were born as gods, Kṣīraṇḍīra and Kṣīraṇḍīrā, husband and wife.

Nala and Davadantī (277-1077)

The god fell and became the son, Nala by name, by his wife, Sundarā, of King Niṣadha, belonging to the Ikṣvāku-family, in the city Kośalā in the country Kośala in this Bharata. He had a younger brother, Kūbara. Now, there is in the Vidarbhas a city named Kuṇḍina and its king was Bhīmaratha, whose strength was terrible. He had a wife Puṣpadantī, devoid of deceit, by whose great beauty the beauty of goddesses was threatened. Without obstructing wealth and religion, cherishing love unhindered, the king enjoyed pleasures with her.

One day Kṣīraṇḍīrā fell from the abode of the gods and descended into her womb as a daughter on an auspicious day. Then comfortably asleep on a beautiful couch, she had a pleasant dream and related it to the king at daybreak: 'Master, asleep I know that a white elephant entered your house, impelled by a forest-fire, like a heap of glory made visible.' The king, learned in all the sciences, declared, 'Some embryo of exceeding merit has developed in your womb today.'

While the king and queen were talking so, a white elephant came, as if Abhramupriya (Airāvata) had fallen (from heaven). The elephant mounted the king and his wife immediately on his shoulder, for he was impelled by their merit. Being worshipped by the townsmen accompanied with throwing wreaths of flowers, after wandering through the city he returned to the palace and set them down. The best of elephants went

¹¹⁰ 275. Leśya. See II, n. 267.

¹¹¹ 276. For the kinds of dhyāna, see I, n. 8.

of his own accord to the elephant-post and the gods rained flowers and jewels. After anointing his body with fragrant ointments and worshipping him with the choicest flowers, the king waved a light before him.

At the proper time the queen bore a daughter, like a bank of clouds bearing lightning, on a day unspoiled by the fault of evil portents, et cetera. A tilaka on her forehead, a rival of the sun, was present at birth, like the śrīvatsa on the breast of a great man. She herself, shining especially with the tilaka, looked like a golden ring set with a jewel. By the power of her birth Bhīma's strength became unlimited and his powerful commands were carried on their heads by kings. Because the queen had seen the best of elephants coming terrified by a forest-fire in a dream while she was in her womb, when a month had passed the king of Kuṇḍina gave his daughter the name Davadantī, a depository for the wealth of joy.

With a row of bees buzzing around her fragrant breath, she grew day by day and became able to crawl. She, whose pleasant face was like a lotus, went from hand to hand even of her mother's co-wives, like a bee from flower to flower. The nurses, keeping time by snapping the thumb and middle finger at every step, amused her by playing a musical instrument, a vaktratimilā.¹¹² Gradually, accompanied by the tinkling of her anklets, she began to take steps. Like Ramā in person she played, decorating the court-yard of the house. Verily by her power the king's treasures became visible.

When she had reached her eighth year, the king entrusted the girl to the best teacher of the arts for her to learn them. The teacher was only a witness for her, intelligent. For the arts were reflected in her like an image in a mirror. She, intelligent, became proficient in the Karmaprakṛti,¹¹³ et cetera,

¹¹² 299. Timilā is a 'musical instrument,' but I have been able to find nothing more. Could vaktratimilā be 'a mouth-organ'?

¹¹³ 304. The Nature of Karma. Pandit L. B. Gandhi takes this to refer to a specific work by that name, which is widely studied, rather than the subject in general.

and no one could cast scorn on (the doctrine of) *Syādvāda*¹¹⁴ in her presence. Then the teacher led the girl, thoroughly versed in the ocean of all the arts, like *Sarasvatī*, into her father's presence. At her teacher's command she showed fully her skill in all the arts, she—the sole canal in the garden of virtues. She displayed her learning in the interpretation of sacred knowledge to her father so that he became evidence of right belief, et cetera. The king rewarded his daughter's teacher with a lac and one thousand dinars and dismissed him.

Because of her exceeding merit, a messenger-deity materialized and gave *Davadantī* a golden statue of the *Arhat*. The goddess said, 'O daughter, this is an image of a future *Arhat*, *Śrī Śāntinātha* and it must be worshipped constantly by you.' With these words the goddess disappeared and *Davadantī*, wide-eyed, worshipped the statue and took it to her house.

Playing with her friends, pretty-toothed *Davadantī* attained purifying youth, the well for the water of loveliness. When the king and queen saw that she was fully grown, they became eager to see the festival of her marriage. Her parents suffered, as if wounded internally, from anxiety about a bridegroom suitable for the multitude of her various virtues. In time *Davadantī* became eighteen years old, but the king had not found a pre-eminent bridegroom suitable for her.

Saying, 'A *svayamvara* is fitting for very proud unmarried young women,' the king instructed messengers to invite kings. Kings and princes, young, magnificent, came there quickly, competing with each other in splendor. Then the borders of *Kuṇḍina* were like the ground adjacent to *Mt. Vindhya* because of the innumerable elephants belonging to the kings that were in evidence. King *Niṣadha*, lord of *Kośala*, came there accompanied by his sons, *Nala* and *Kūbara*. The lord of *Kuṇḍina* approached and gave a greeting to all the kings. For that is fitting for guests.

Then *Bhīma* had a *svayamvara*-pavilion made, which was

¹¹⁴ 304. The distinctive feature of Jain logic. See I, n. 4.

like a younger brother of the aerial car Pālaka in magnificence. He had platforms made, which resembled aerial cars, inside the pavilion and each one was beautified by a golden lion-throne placed on it. The kings came there, rivals in magnificence, wearing divine ornaments and garments, like Śakra's Sāmānikas. All sat down on the platforms, their bodily splendor diffused, charming with cleverness displayed by varied and numerous actions.

One, a paryaṅka ¹¹⁵ being made from his upper garment, played with a toy-lotus in his hand, charming with waving leaves. Another smelled the fragrant jasmine flowers, like a bee, as if they were the spotless orb of Manmatha's heap of glory. One threw up in his hand a ball of flowers, as if wishing to make another moon in the sky. One stroked his beard, which was wet with oily musk, gracefully, with the tips of his finger-nails every moment. One made a dagger, whose ivory hilt was held in his fist, dance in his hand bejeweled with a blazing ring and with a firm fist. One clever one, haughty-minded, tore up pandanus leaves repeatedly and fashioned a lotus which resembled Kamalā's lotus. One touched frequently a necklace hanging around his neck formed of pearls as large as myrobalans.

At her father's command Davadantī came there, decorating the marriage-pavilion, like a deity a temple. When the kings had seen Davadantī whose body was adorned with sets of ornaments made of pearls and gems, like a blossoming jasmine; her hair curled like waves of running canal-water; having a tilaka on her forehead like a crown-prince of the sun; her hair black as collyrium; the breast-circles uninterrupted; wearing clothes that resembled the skin on the inside of the plantain; anointed with clear sandal-paste; long-eyed; they cast their eyes on her alone.

Then the door-keeper of the harem at the king's command

¹¹⁵ 325. Paryaṅka is an ascetic posture and also means, 'a cloth wound round the back and loins and knees while so sitting.' Apparently, the king used his uttariya for that effect.

began to announce the kings to her by name. 'This is king Ṛtuparna, son of King Jitaśatru, who has come from Śiśumārapura. Let him be honored with a glance, princess. This is King Candra, son of Candra, the ornament of the Ikṣvāku-line, ground for the deposit of the jewels of virtues. Why do you not choose him? Here is Subāhu, lord of Campā, belonging to the Bhoga-line, son of Dharāṇa the Indra. Choose him and you will be served by the mists and winds of Jāhnavī. This king is lord of Rohitaka, Candrasēkhara, son of Pavana, lord of thirty-two lacs of villages. Does he please you? This is King Śāśalakṣman, son of Jayakeśarin, equal to Śrī's son ¹¹⁶ in beauty. Does he attract your heart? This is Yajñadeva, son of Jahnu, ornament of the Solar family, lord of Bhṛgukaccha. Do you wish him, ambitious lady? Here is King Mānavardhana, ornament of the lord of Bharata's family. Choose him, well-known to everyone, for a husband, O husband-chooser. This is King Mukuṭeśvara, son of Kusumāyudha. Do you deserve to be his wife, like Rohiṇī of the Moon? This is Niṣadha, lord of the Kośalas, the restrainer of enemies, sprung from the family of Ṛṣabha Svāmin. Let him be acknowledged your king. This is the son of that very man, Nala by name, long-armed. Let him be dear to you, or Kūbara here, Nala's younger brother.'

Then Davadantī placed the svayaṁvara-wreath around Nala's neck, like Lakṣmī placing it around Viṣṇu's neck. Voices of Khecaras were heard in the sky, saying, 'It was well-chosen! Well-chosen!' when Nala was chosen by her. Prince Kṛṣṇarāja rose quickly, drawing his sword like another meteor, and reviled Nala. 'In vain did Davadantī throw this svayaṁvara-wreath on you! While I live, no one else is able to marry her. Therefore, release Bhīma's daughter to us or take up a weapon. How will you be satisfied without conquering Kṛṣṇarāja?'

Astonished, Nala said: 'Villain, basest of warriors, why

do you resent it uselessly because you were not chosen by Davadanti? I have been chosen by Davadanti. So you desire another's wife, regardless of the sin. Nevertheless, you die, villain.' With these words, Nala drew his sword and whirled it in his hand, his brilliance unbearable like a fire, his lip trembling with anger. At once the armies of both Nala and Kṛṣṇarāja put on their armor and took up weapons that penetrated vulnerable places.

Davadanti thought: 'Alas! I am the cause of the strife that has arisen. Why is my merit lost? If I am worthy, mother messenger-deity, let Nala be victorious. Let there be peace between the two armies.' After these words, Davadanti picked up a pitcher of water and threw three jets of water (on them) in order to stop the evil. Kṛṣṇarāja, his head struck by the mass of water, became at once deprived of brilliance like charcoal that has been extinguished. Then through the power of the messenger-deity the sword fell from King Kṛṣṇa's hand, like a ripe leaf from a tree. His power destroyed, like a snake without poison, Kṛṣṇa thought:

'Nala is no ordinary man. I reviled him without reflection. He is entitled to obeisance.' With these reflections, Kṛṣṇa bowed at Nala's feet like a messenger who had come on a mission. His hands placed to his forehead, humble, he said, 'This transgression of a fool was committed without reflection. Pardon me, master.' Nala honored Kṛṣṇa and dismissed him submissive. Bhīma considered that his daughter had merit because of his son-in-law's virtues.

After Bhīma had entertained and dismissed each of the other kings, he arranged the marriage-festival of Nala and Davadanti. When the marriage-festival had taken place, King Bhīma gave Nala horses, elephants, et cetera suitable to his own position at the releasing of their hands. The newly-married bride and groom, wearing marriage-ribbons (on the wrist),¹¹⁷ auspicious songs being sung by old women of the

¹¹⁷ 368. See above, n. 101.

family, worshipped the shrine in the house. The kings Bhima and Niṣadha had their ribbons untied with a great ceremony. Then Bhima entertained Niṣadha and his son devotedly and dismissed them; and followed some distance. For that is the custom.

When Davadantī was leaving to follow her husband, her mother instructed her: 'Do not abandon your husband even in calamity, as if you were his shadow, daughter.' When Davadantī had taken leave of her parents and had come, Nala had her get into the chariot and seated her in his lap. Then as the Lord of Kośalā travels to Kośalā, the earth is sprinkled with the elephants' ichor like oily musk. The earth, trampled by the horses and donkeys, sounded like a cymbal; and the roads were streaked everywhere by the tracks of the carts. The earth was made invisible by the foot-soldiers marching in a solid array; and the trees on the roads were stripped of their leaves by the camels. The ponds became nothing but mud, their water drunk by the soldiers; and a second earth, as it were, was made in the air by the dust stirred up by the army.

While Niṣadha was going along, the sun set and the universe was filled with darkness like an ant-hill with water. Niṣadha did not stop, eager for a sight of his city. Who does not have a very strong desire to go to his own place? Neither dry land nor water, neither hollow nor tree, nor anything could be seen in the darkness which was like one umbrella.

When Nala had seen the army reduced to a state of having four senses, their vision obstructed by darkness, he said to Davadantī who was lying in his lap: 'Wake up for a moment, queen. The army is oppressed by darkness. Display the sun of your tilaka, glorious lady.' Davadantī arose and uncovered her forehead and her tilaka shone very bright, a garuḍa to the serpent of darkness. Then the whole army began to advance unhindered. Verily people, though alive, are like corpses, if they are without vision.

Nala saw ahead a muni standing in pratimā, sipped by bees like a lotus-bed. He said to his father: 'Master, let us

see and pay homage to the great sage and gather the opportune fruit of the road. This man, standing in kāyotsarga, was rubbed by some rutting elephant that wished to scratch its cheek, as if he were a tree. Now he endures a great trial, stung by bees because of the fragrance of the ichor impregnated by the rubbing of the cheek. He was not shaken from meditation even by the rutting elephant, firm-footed like a mountain. He has been seen on the way because of merit.'

Niṣadha, with manifest faith, and his son and retinue at once waited on the sage like a most sacred person who had been found. When Nala and his wife, Niṣadha, and Kūbara and the others had bowed to him, praised him in verses, and made him free from affliction,¹¹⁸ they went on.

When they had reached the environs of Kośalā, Nala said, 'This is our city, queen, adorned with temples of the Jinas.' Then Davadantī, her head erect, felt great eagerness for a sight of the shrines, like a peahen for the sight of a rain-cloud. She said, 'I am fortunate, by whom Nala was secured as a husband. I shall worship these shrines daily.' The king entered his own city, which was engaged in auspicious practices, with arches, et cetera everywhere, on an auspicious day.

Nala and Davadantī, occupying themselves as they liked, sometimes engaged in water-sports, like swans. Sometimes they experienced the pleasure of swinging in swings, their chests with arms that were separate but moved together. Sometimes they filled each other's braids of hair arranged in various ways with very fragrant flowers gathered by themselves. Sometimes they played at a gambling game calmly, skilful at checking (the other's men), releasing (his own), at gama and cara,¹¹⁹ with invincible spirit. Sometimes they

¹¹⁸ 390. I.e., from the torment of the bees.

¹¹⁹ 398. Gama and cara must be moves in a game played with dice and men. Bandha must be something like 'check' and mokṣa escape from it. See III, n. 139 and JAOS 66 (1946), 260-262.

played musical instruments, stringed instruments,¹²⁰ et cetera, in turn; and sometimes Nala had Davadantī dance in private. Thus Nala and Davadantī, inseparable day and night, passed some time with ever new amusements.

Nala as king (401-435)

One day King Niṣadha established Nala on the throne, Kūbara as heir-apparent, and took the vow himself. Nala guarded the people like his own family, happy at their happiness; unhappy at their unhappiness, always. No other king was able to conquer Nala endowed with intelligence and power, unrivaled in strength of arm.

One day Nala asked his hereditary vassals and others, 'Do I rule just the territory handed over by my father or more?' They said: 'Niṣadha enjoyed half of Bharata, less three parts. All of it is enjoyed by you. It is fitting for the son to be superior to the father. However, two hundred yojanas from here in the city Takṣaśilā, Kadamba is king there and he does not acknowledge your command. He alone, ill-disposed, attains the glory of a spot on you, the moon of the wonderful glory of victory over half of Bharata. Disregarded like a trifling ailment by you from carelessness, having reached prosperity at will, he has reached a stage of being hard to subdue. If your mind has been made harsh with anger, long-armed one, doubtless he will be crushed by you like a water-jar dropped from a mountain. First, having instructed a messenger, let him, arrogant, be enlightened in regard to submission and tribute; and after that he can do as he likes.'

After this advice, Naiṣadhi sent a messenger with instructions, who was a mountain of firmness, accompanied by a numerous retinue of soldiers. The messenger went quickly, haughty like Garutmat, and, not putting to shame his own master, declared to King Kadamba:

¹²⁰ 399. See I, n. 77.

‘Serve my master, Nala, a forest-fire to a forest of enemies. (By so doing) prosper very much. Do not destroy your own splendor. I tell you what is to your own advantage, just as if I were supervised by your family-gods. Serve Nala. Reflect. Do not make a mistake.’

Biting his lower lip with his teeth, like Rāhu a digit of the moon, Kadamba, not knowing his own advantage like a child, said: ‘Is Nala a fool or insane, or asleep from wind?¹²¹ For who does not know me, a boar for the grass¹²² of enemies? Are there no family-ministers at your court by whom Naiṣadhi, stupid, was prevented from insulting me? Therefore go, messenger! If your lord is weary of his kingdom, let him be prepared. For I am his battle-guest.’

The messenger went and reported Kadamba’s speech, which was harsh from arrogance, to Nala, powerful. Then Naiṣadhi marched against the lord of Takṣaśilā, a mountain of arrogance, with full equipment. Nala invested all Takṣaśilā with an army, making a second wall, as it were, with elephants in close array. Kadamba put on armor and went outside with his army. For a lion can not endure for another one to approach the entrance of his den. The soldiers, their eyes red with anger, fought with each other, with pavilions made in the air by arrow against arrow, with cruel brilliance.

Nala said to Kadamba: ‘Why should the elephants, et cetera be killed? Let us, who are enemies, fight in single combat.’ Then Nala and Kadamba, like living mountains, fought in the best single combats, wrestling, et cetera. Kadamba, blind with arrogance, was defeated by Nala, victorious, in every kind of fight that he demanded from Nala.

‘The warrior’s conduct has been possessed in equal degree by me, but I have been brought to the point of death by powerful Nala. So, let me not die like a moth. I shall flee from him

¹²¹ 416. I.e., from an excess of the windy humor.

¹²² 416 ‘Grass-eater’ (mustāḍa) is one of the words for ‘hog,’ ‘wild boar.’

and take the vow. Even flight is better, the result of which is spotless.'

Reflecting thus, Kadamba fled. Disgusted with existence, he took the vow and stood in statuesque posture. When Nala saw that Kadamba had taken the vow, he said: 'I am defeated. Devoted to another world, do not abandon (this) world. You have the appearance of a conqueror.'

The great muni, Kadamba, observing the great vows, resolute, made no reply to Nala. For what is a king to a man without desires? Nala, having praised Kadamba, shaking his head at his strength of character, installed his (Kadamba's) son, Jayaśakti, on the throne. Then the induction of King Nala, victorious like Viṣṇu, into the lordship of half of Bharata was made by all the kings. All the kings, skilled in devotion, gave presents to the lord of Kośala who wished to go to Kośalā. His power celebrated in song by the Khecaris also, sporting with Bhaimī, Nala ruled the earth for a long time.

Loss of the kingdom (436-469)

Kūbara, the firebrand of his family, desiring the kingdom, searched for a trick against Nala, like a female demon against a good man. Nala had always been devoted to gambling, although well-behaved. Even the moon has a spot. Where is the jewel without a flaw? With the thought, 'I shall win this country,' hard-hearted Kūbara enticed Nala into playing with dice all the time. They played a great deal of time at gambling with dice and the winnings of both advanced like the knot of a ḍamaru.¹²³

One day Nala, though expert in gama, cara, bandha, mokṣa, bewildered by fate, was not able to defeat Kūbara. The dice, even though wishing to do so, did not fall favorably to Nala and cruel Kūbara took his men again and again.

¹²³ 439. The ḍamaruka is a small drum shaped like an hour-glass, with a string at the center with a knot in its end. When the drum is shaken, the knot strikes the ends of the drum alternately.

Nala lost villages, poor towns, towns with earthen walls, et cetera gradually and he was being deprived of his wealth like a pool of its water in summer.

All the people were depressed when Nala did not stop gambling but Kūbara rejoiced exceedingly at his wish being fulfilled. Devoted to Nala, the people began to say 'Ha! Ha!' and Davadantī, hearing this lamentation, went there. She said: 'Lord, I beg you, favor me. Stop gambling. The dice are hostile to you, like enemies. Wise men make use of gambling like visiting a courtesan, merely for sport, lord, but not to blind themselves in this way. Give a choice kingdom to Kūbara, your younger brother, yourself. Do not cause criticism of yourself by people saying, "(His) wealth was taken away by force." For your land, which was won by hundreds of battles, to be lost by gambling grieves me exceedingly, Your Majesty, like a needle that has entered my ear.'

Nala did not hear her speech nor even see her, like an elephant that has reached the tenth stage of rutting.¹²⁴ Scorned completely by her husband, weeping, Davadantī said to the family-ministers and others: 'Stop Nala from gambling.' Their speech, also, did not have the slightest effect on Nala, just like an herb on one struck by lightning. Nala became a fire, no less. His kingdom having been lost in gambling, he lost his harem, even including Davadantī. When all his property had been lost, Nala took all his ornaments, et cetera, from his person, like one who intends to become a mendicant.

Then Kūbara said to Nala: 'Do not stay here. Leave my country. The kingdom was given to you by our father; it has been given to me by dice.' Saying to him, 'Wealth is not far away for the powerful. Do not be arrogant,' Nala then set forth, taking no property except an upper garment.

To Bhaimī clinging to Nala, Kūbara said in a terrible voice: 'I won you at gambling. Do not go. Ornament my

¹²⁴ 449. I can find nothing on 10 stages of rutting. Seven stages are frequently described. See I, n. 359 and Edgerton, *The Elephant-Lore of the Hindus*, pp. 32, 82-85.

harem.' Then the ministers and others said to hard-hearted Kūbara: 'Bhaimī, a virtuous wife, does not touch even the shadow of another man. Do not put her in the harem. For the wife of an elder brother is like a mother. Even the children recite: "The elder brother is the same as a father." If you do so by force, then Bhīma's daughter, a virtuous woman, will reduce you to ashes. Nothing is difficult for virtuous women. Do not consent to such an unworthy thing by angering this good wife, but on the contrary encourage her to follow her husband. There is no question of your giving villages, walled towns, et cetera to Nala. So give him a chariot with a charioteer and provisions.¹²⁵ Thus addressed, Kūbara dismissed Bhaimī with Nala and gave them a chariot with provisions and a charioteer.

Nala said: 'What desire for a chariot have I, by whom the wealth gained by conquest of half of Bharata was abandoned in play?' The ministers, servitors for a long time, said to Nala: 'We would follow you, but Kūbara prevents. Your younger brother has received the kingdom from you. He must not be abandoned by us. He, who in this family is king, must be served by us. For that is the custom. Since we are not able to go with you, long-armed one, Davadantī alone is now your wife, minister, friend, and footman. How will you lead Bhīma's daughter, whose body is as delicate as the śirīṣa, by whom a good wife's conduct is promised, on the road on foot? How will she touch the road, with grains of sand blazing with heat of the sun, with her feet resembling the inside of a lotus? So, take the chariot, lord. Please favor us. Get into it with the queen. The road is safe. Good luck to you.'

Begged by the ministers again and again in this way, Nala got into the chariot with Davadantī and departed. When the women of the town saw Davadantī with one garment, as if ready for a bath, they wept, their bodices soiled by their tears. Going through the city Nala saw a pillar five hundred

¹²⁵ 461. Cf. IV, p. 219 and n. 153.

cubits high, resembling the post of the elephants of the quarters. As if he did not know any pain from the loss of the kingdom, Nala lifted it up easily from curiosity, like an elephant lifting a plantain tree. Again Nala set the pillar in the same place, as if teaching a kingly practice named, 'Digging up and resetting.'¹²⁶

When the townspeople saw that, they said: 'Oh! Nala has great strength. Even though he is strong, he has troubles. Surely fate is the reason. In the past when he was playing with Kūbara in the garden Naga, a great sage came, a depository of the jewels of knowledge.

He declared: "Nala will be lord of the southern half of Bharata from the power of a gift of milk to a muni in a former birth. Whoever shall move a pillar five hundred cubits high in the center of the city, will certainly be lord of half of Bharata." The two things agree—that Nala became lord of Bharata and that he moved the pillar, which was seen by our own eyes. But what he said, "While Nala lives, no one else will be king of Kośalā," has turned out to be a contradiction. Or rather, his speech will be true with proof (already) seen. Who knows whether or not Kūbara will rejoice or whether Nala will be king here again sometime? May the merit of Nala of good fame increase in every way.'

Hearing the people talk to this effect, Nala abandoned the city Kośalā, his chariot bathed in tears by Davadanti weeping. Naiṣadhi said to his wife, 'Where are we going now, queen? For the course of intelligent persons is not without reference to some place.'

Vaidarbhī said, her mind sharp as the tip of darbha-grass: 'Majesty, go to Kuṇḍina. There favor my father by becoming his guest.' Instructed accordingly by Nala, the charioteer, a receptacle of devotion, urging the horses, entered the country adorned by Kuṇḍina. Nala arrived at a forest with mountain-caves terrible with the roars of tigers, cruel with serpents,

¹²⁶ 474. I have not located this elsewhere.

crowded with hundreds of wild animals, filled with Bhillas who were hunters, its surface uneven with tusks of forest-elephants killed by lions, the play-ground of Yama, as it were.

Going ahead he saw Bhillas with bows drawn to their ears, cruel, resembling messengers of Yama, approaching. Some of the Bhillas danced, as if engaged in a drinking-party; some played a horn, resembling elephants with one tusk; some made a confused noise, like dancers on a stage, et cetera; some rained arrows, like clouds streams of water; others slapped their hands, like wrestlers in combat;¹²⁷ all together surrounded Nala, like dogs an elephant. Quickly Naiṣadhi descended from the chariot, drew his sword from its scabbard, and made its blade dance in his fist like a dancer on a stage. Bhīma's daughter also left the chariot, took Nala by the arm, and said: 'What is this challenge on your part to these people, like that of a lion to hares? Naiṣadhi's sword, the abode of the Śrī of victory over half of Bharata, will be shamed by being employed against these cattle.'

After saying this, Bhīma's daughter gave menacing shouts repeatedly, like a sorceress in a circle,¹²⁸ to accomplish her wishes. These menacing shouts given by Bhaimī became sharp iron needles, when they entered the Bhillas' ears, by her power. All the Bhillas fled in every direction and they (Nala and Davadanti) went far from their chariot, while pursuing them.

Now their chariot was seized by other Bhillas. What can heroism do when fate follows a crooked course? Nala took Bhaimī by the hand, recalling the handtaking festival (at the marriage-ceremony), and wandered in this terrible forest. Vaidarbhī made the ground of the forest marked with cochineal, as it were, by the drops of blood dripping from her feet pierced by darbha grass. Formerly Bhaimī's head was

¹²⁷ 492. A form of challenge still in use. Cf. I, p. 125 and n. 164.

¹²⁸ 496. Cf. I, n. 186.

bound by a tiara;¹²⁹ but then Nala bound her feet by tearing up his own garment. Nala fanned Bhīma's daughter, who sat exhausted under a tree, with a fan made from the end of his garment. Nala made quickly a cup from leaves of the palāśa and gave a drink of water to her, like a thirsty maina in a cage.

Bhīma's daughter asked him: 'How big, now, is this forest? My heart trembles as if to break in two here.' Nala replied: 'This forest lasts for a hundred yojanas, dear. We have covered just five yojanas. Take courage.' While they were proceeding in the forest, talking to this effect, the sun set, as if emphasizing the impermanence of prosperity.

Nala gathered aśoka blossoms, stripped them of stalks and, intelligent, made a couch for Davadantī. He said to his wife: 'Lie down and adorn the couch. Give a chance to sleep. It is a friend for forgetting pain.' Bhaimī said: 'King, I think there is a village not far from here to the west. Listen to the lowing of the cows. Going on a little, we shall go to this village and pass the night comfortably asleep there.' Nala said: 'Timid lady, that is a hermitage of ascetics. They, wrong-believers, are always associated with unfavorable consequences. For right belief is spoiled just by meeting (Brāhman) ascetics, like good milk by vinegar, slender-waisted lady. Sleep comfortably here. Do not think of them. I shall be your guard like the chamberlain himself.'

Remembering his wife's cotton covering, Nala threw half of his upper garment on the couch of blossoms. After homage to the god, the Arhat, and recalling the formula to the five,¹³⁰ Vaidarbhī lay there like a hañsī on the bank of the Gaṅgā. When Vaidarbhī's eyes were sealed in sleep, Kośalā's lord felt anxiety like a whirlpool in the ocean of calamity.

¹²⁹ 502. With a double meaning of paṭṭabandha as 'tiara' and a 'bandage of cloth.'

¹³⁰ 516. The 5 Parameṣṭhins. See I, n. 71. It is usually called simply 'namaskāra.'

'They are the basest of men who take refuge with their father-in-law. How can Nala go to the house of Davadantī's father? Therefore, making my heart adamant, deserting my wife, assuming firmness, I shall go elsewhere at random like a poor man. From the power of her virtue no calamity will happen to Bhaimī. For the virtue of good women is an eternal charm for the protection of their bodies.'

With these thoughts the king drew his knife and cut off half his upper garment and wrote on Bhaimī's garment words in his blood: 'The road marked by a banyan tree goes in the direction of the Vidarbhas. The road to the left of it goes to the Kośālas. By one or the other go to the house of your father or father-in-law, lady pure in heart. But I can not endure to stay anywhere, discerning lady.'

After writing these words, weeping soundlessly, Nala began to go forward with a secret step like a thief. Nala went ahead, with his head turned, looking at his wife asleep, until he could not see her. He thought: 'If a tiger or a lion, thin from hunger, should eat her, young, unprotected, lying in the forest, what to do? Keeping her in sight, I shall guard her during the night. At dawn she can go on the road she prefers of the two roads I described.'

Retracing his steps like a man who has dropped something, after seeing his wife resting on the ground, Nala again considered: 'Davadantī, with one garment alone, sleeps on the road. Alas for Nala's harem that never sees the sun in such a state! Alas! as the evil result of my actions this well-born woman has reached such an unfortunate state. What shall I, hopeless, do? Even with me present as a companion, she lies on the ground like a crazed person, like an unprotected person, she who had the best couch. Still Nala lives. Deserted by me, alone, when awakened, the fair-eyed woman will die as if in rivalry with me, though I am (in fact) alive. I can not endure going elsewhere after deceiving her, devoted (to me). Let there be either life or death with her. Or rather, I, like a hell-inhabitant, shall be a vessel of many woes

in this forest which resembles hell. So let me be alone. The fair-eyed woman, following the instructions I wrote on her garment, going herself to the house of her own people, will live comfortably.'

With this determination Naiṣadhi passed the night and at daybreak withdrew from his wife with hasty step.

In the last part of the night with a gentle dawn-breeze fragrant from blooming lotuses, Davadanti saw a dream as follows: 'After climbing a mango tree with fruit, flowers, leaves, I ate its fruit, listening to the humming of bees. Suddenly the tree was uprooted by a forest-elephant and I fell to the ground like a bird's-egg.' Bhaimī awoke then and, not seeing Nala before her, looked everywhere, like a doe lost from the herd.

She thought: 'An unavoidable calamity has happened since my husband has left me unprotected in the forest. Or has my husband gone to some lake at dawn to bring water for washing the face? Or has Nala been led away for dalliance by some Khecarī who importuned him constantly, eager at sight of his beauty? I think he, playing for some time, has remained, defeated by her in a wager made on his staying, since he does not come now. The trees, the mountains, the forest, the earth—only lotus-eyed Nala I do not see.' So exhausted by anxiety, she looked and looked in all directions and, not seeing her husband, she thought about her dream: 'The mango was King Nala; the fruit, flowers, et cetera, were the kingdom; the enjoyment of the fruit was the pleasures of the kingdom; the bees were my attendants; the uprooting of the mango tree by the forest-elephant—my husband was banished from his kingdom by fate, having uprooted him; my falling from the tree—I have been separated from Nala. Indeed, according to the dream, the sight of Nala will be hard to attain.'

After she had decided on the meaning of the dream, she, intelligent, thought: 'Two things have happened to me. I have neither kingdom nor husband.' The starry-eyed woman

lamented very loud at the top of her voice. Whence is there any fortitude of women who have fallen upon an evil fate? 'Oh! Husband, why have you deserted me? Was I a burden to you? For a snake's own skin surely is not a burden to the snake. Or have you hidden somewhere in a thicket of creepers for a joke? Show yourself. For a joke does not give pleasure for a long time. I beg you—be gracious to me, goddesses of the forest. Show me my husband or the road purified by him. Earth, open in two like a ripe melon. I shall enter the chasm given by you and attain rest.'

With these lamentations Bhaimī, weeping, watered the forest-trees with her tears like a canal with its water. She did not have a moment's rest without Nala on water or on dry land, in shade or in the sun, as if suffering from fever. As she was roaming in the forest, she saw and read the words on the border of her garment, her lotus-eyes blooming with joy. She thought: 'I surely am the haṁsī to the full pool of his heart. Otherwise, how could I be the abode of the favor of his commands? I think a husband's command is superior to a guru's command. The people here (will be) entirely harmless to me executing his command. So I shall go to my father's house, the source of comfortable living. Without the husband his house is only a source of humiliation to women. Even with my husband I would like to go to my father's house. Now especially, I shall go to it, obedient to my husband's command.'

With these thoughts Bhaimī began to advance on the road with the banyan tree, seeing Nala's words like Nala standing at her side. Tigers with open mouths, even though they had got up to eat her, were not able to go near her like a fire. Serpents could not approach her like a snake-charm embodied, not even rising from the ant-hill as she went along hastily. Elephants, though attacking their own shadows with their tusks with the idea they were other elephants, though rutting, went far from her like a lioness. No other calamities happened to her on the road. Everywhere there is good fortune of women

who are devoted to their husbands.

With her hair disheveled like a Pulinda woman;¹³¹ stained with the water of perspiration, as if she had recently bathed her whole body; with blood dripping from contacts with thorny trees such as the acacia and jujube, like an olibanum wet with its running resin; having another skin, as it were, of dust acquired from the road; going fast, fast, like a cow-elephant terrified by a forest-fire, she saw a caravan camped on the road, crowded with carts, et cetera, magnificent as a king's camp.

She thought: 'If I meet a caravan, it would be a boat on the sea of the forest because of my wealth of merit.' Just as she was feeling safe, bandits surrounded the caravan on all sides, like asuras an army of gods. When the members of the caravan saw the army of thieves approaching like a plague consisting of thieves, they were terrified. For fear is easily experienced by the wealthy.

Nala's wife, like a household-deity said: 'Listen, people of the caravan! Do not be afraid! Do not be afraid!' She addressed the thieves: 'Evil-minded villains, go! This caravan is under my protection. You will experience a calamity.' The robbers paid no attention to Davadantī saying this, as if she were crazy or possessed by a demon. Then the daughter of the king of Kuṇḍina uttered menacing shouts destroying the insolence of the thieves for the sake of the caravan. The bandits fled when shouts, by which the forest was deafened, were heard, like crows at the sound of a bow.

'She is some goddess, surely, attracted by our merit. She protected us from the robbers,' the people of the caravan said. The leader of the caravan bowed to her like a mother with devotion and asked, 'Why do you wander here in the forest? Who are you?' Bhaimī tearfully told her whole story beginning with Nala's gambling to the caravan-leader like a brother. The caravan-leader said, 'You are deserving of honor from me because you are the wife of long-armed King Nala. Today

¹³¹ 568. Pulinda is the name of a barbarous tribe.

I am happy. We have been won by your aid in protection from the robbers. So purify my camp, that a little may be done for you.' With these words the caravan-leader led Bhaimī to his own tent and made her rest, worshipping her like a goddess.

Then the cloud rained an unbroken stream, spreading a loud thunder like a prologue to the play of the rainy season. The earth became everywhere like a garden with canals because of the streams of water flowing without interruptions here and there. The earth nearby seemed to be made of playing flutes and drums from the croaks of the frogs from the natural pools filled with water. Everywhere in the forest the mud, fulfilling the pregnancy-whims of the sows, created boots on the feet of travelers. For three nights there was heavy rain without interruption. Bhaimī stayed there comfortably as if she had reached her father's house.

When the cloud had stopped raining, Davadanti, virtuous, left the caravan and again went on alone as before. As Bhīma's daughter, a faithful wife, had engaged in fasts of one day, et cetera from the day of Nala's banishment, she traveled the road slowly, slowly. She saw a Rakṣas with tawny hair like a peak with a forest-fire burning, his mouth terrible with the flame of his tongue like a cruel snake, with hands cruel as knives, with emaciated feet as long as palm trees, black as the darkness of amāvāsyā as if made of collyrium, wearing a tiger-skin as a garment, terrible even to the terrible, like a son of Yama (Pitrpati).

The Rākṣasa said: 'After a long time food is at hand for me lean-bellied from hunger. I shall eat you quickly.' Though terrified, Nala's wife gathered resolution and said: 'Hear my story and do as you please. Certainly every one born must die. Let the one whose purpose is unaccomplished be afraid of death. But there is no fear of death on my part, a devout Jain from birth, my purpose accomplished. Do not touch another man's wife. Even if you touch me, you will have no pleasure in it because of my curse, fool. I am such a person. Consider for a moment.'

Delighted by Vaidarbhī's courage the Rākṣasa said, 'Fair lady, I am satisfied. What can I do to help you?' She said, 'If you are satisfied, demon Rākṣasa, I ask you, tell me when I shall join my husband.' Knowing by clairvoyance, the Rākṣasa told her: 'At the end of twelve years from the day of banishment, illustrious lady, King Nala will come himself and meet you living in your father's house. Now take courage. Fair lady, if you say so, I shall take you in half a second to your father's house. Do not exhaust yourself on the road.' She said: 'I am satisfied by the prediction of Nala's coming. I can not go with another man. Good luck to you. Go!' After showing his own brilliant form, he flew up in the air instantly like a mass of lightning.

After she knew that her husband's banishment would last for twelve years, she made various vows, shoots of the tree of virtuous wifehood, such as: 'Until Nala is united with me, I will not use red garments, betel, ornaments, ointment, and luxurious food.'¹³² Bhaimī reached a cave in the mountain and, devoid of fear, prepared to spend the rainy season right there. She herself made a clay image of Śāntinātha and set it up in a corner of the cave as well as in her own spotless mind. Bhīma's daughter brought flowers she had gathered herself and worshipped the statue of the sixteenth Arhat three times a day. At the end of the fasts, the one-day fast, et cetera, a devout laywoman, she broke her fast with pure fruit without seeds, knowing (what was permissible).

The caravan-leader, not seeing Nala's wife in the caravan, went after her, thinking, 'I hope she is safe.' The caravan-leader reached the cave and saw Davadanti worshipping the Arhat's image with concentration. When he saw that Bhaimī was safe, the caravan-leader bowed joyfully and sat down on the ground, his eyes wide open from astonishment. Bhaimī completed the Arhat's pūjā and conversed with the

¹³² 608. Vikṛti—wine, meat, honey, and butter. Pravac. p. 58, com. to 246.

caravan-leader and made inquiries about his welfare in a nectar-sweet voice.

Some ascetics, who lived near and had heard her words, went there in haste and stood with ears pricked up, like deer. The cloud began to rain, beating the earth everywhere with streams of water like spades, hard to bear. They cried out, 'We are being killed by these streams of water like arrows. Where can we go? Where can this water be avoided?'

Seeing these ascetics running away like wild animals, Bhaimī said, 'Do not fear! Do not fear!' in a loud voice. After making a trench in a circle around them, the daughter of Kuṇḍina's king, the best of virtuous wives, declared firmly in a charming voice: 'If I am a virtuous wife; if I am devoted to the Arhat; if I am honest, may the clouds rain elsewhere than inside this trench.' At that very time by the power of virtue of Bhaimī's daughter the water did not fall inside the trench, as if an umbrella were held over it. Soon the mountain shone everywhere washed by the water, spotless, like a dark-bodied elephant bathed in a river. The mountain-caves became entirely filled with water, while the cloud was raining, like works of merit¹³³ of the Śrī of water. Seeing that, they all thought, 'She is surely some goddess. No human has such a form, nor such power.'

Pure-minded Vasanta, the caravan-leader, asked her, 'Mistress, tell who is this god you worship?' Bhaimī explained: 'O caravan-leader, this god is the Arhat, Supreme Lord, Lord of Three Worlds, a wishing-tree for the prayers of living beings. Worshipping him, I stay here without fear. By his power tigers, et cetera here have no power over me.'

After explaining the true nature of the Arhat, Vaidarbhi taught the Arhats' dharma, non-injury et cetera, to Vasanta, the caravan-leader. Vasanta accepted the dharma taught by her and said joyfully, 'By good fortune you, a cow of plenty

¹³³ 625. Such as digging a well.

for dharma, have been seen.' The ascetics also accepted that dharma, consisting of knowledge of what is to be rejected, what is to be accepted, as if it were sewn in their minds, because of her speech. Imbued with her dharma, they blamed their own (Brāhman) ascetic-dharma. Whom does vinegar please when he has obtained a drink of milk?

The caravan-leader Vasanta founded a city on that very place, resembling the city of Purandara, which is not abandoned by the wealthy. Because five hundred ascetics were enlightened here the city was called everywhere Tāpasapura. Knowing his own advantage, making his own wealth fruitful, the caravan-leader built a shrine to Śrī Śāntinātha in that city. The caravan-leader, all the ascetics, the whole people, passed the time, devoted to the Arhats' dharma.

One day at night Nala's wife saw on the mountain-peak a light compared with which the sun was like a spark. Bhaimī saw gods, asuras, and Vidyādharas flying up and down like birds. Awakened by the noise of their cries, 'Hail! Hail!' the merchants and ascetics watched, their faces upturned from astonishment. Vaidarbhī with the merchants and ascetics climbed the mountain which had the form of a staff between heaven and earth. They saw the omniscience-festival, undertaken by the gods, of Muni Siṅhakeśarin whose omniscience had taken place there. After paying homage to the great muni together with the twelvefold āvarta,¹³⁴ they sat down at his feet, like travelers at the foot of a tree.

The muni's guru, Yaśobhadra Sūri, came there then and, knowing that he was a kevalin, paid homage to him, and sat down before him. Svāmin Siṅhakeśarin, an ocean with the water of compassion, delivered a sermon which penetrated the vulnerable spots of non-dharma.

¹³⁴ 643. Āvarta is a form of homage in which the devoté recites a sūtra, at six points in which he touches the feet of the guru if present. The sūtra is repeated, so making twelve āvartas. It must be done daily by sādhus, but the "guru" need not be an individual, present in person. In that case the devoté touches the ground. Pañcaprati., Suguruvandanasūtra, pp. 72 ff.

Sermon (646-647)

‘ Look you! A human birth is very hard to attain for living beings wandering in existence. After obtaining it, action must be fruitful, like a self-sown tree. You, intelligent, should take the fruit of a human birth, the dharma of the Arhats, whose fundamental principle is compassion to living beings and which offers emancipation. ’

After he had described the pure dharma, nectar to the ears of the listeners, the sage said to the (Brāhman) abbot, to destroy his doubt: ‘ The dharma which was taught you by Davadanti, it is the same as this. She speaks as a traveler on the road of the Arhats’ dharma, not otherwise. Virtuous, a follower of the Arhats from birth, she showed you proof. At that time when the cloud was raining, it was kept away from the trench-line by her. Because of her virtue and devotion to the Arhats, even gods were always near her and she had good fortune even in the forest. In the past the caravan of the caravan-leader was protected from thieves by her merely by a shout. What power in the future? ’

At that time a god came there, very magnificent. He paid homage to the kevalin and said to Bhaimī, his voice not terrifying: ‘ Mistress, I was a disciple, Karpara, of the abbot in this hermitage and I was unequalled in sharpness of penance. The ascetics in the hermitage did not honor me even when I accomplished the penance of five fires and did not even commend me in words. Then I left the hermitage from pride and quickly went elsewhere, possessed by the demon of anger. Walking fast at night in dense darkness I fell into a mountain-cave like an elephant into a pit.

Then as I fell on mountain-crags, all my teeth were broken into a thousand pieces, like old oyster-shells. I stayed in that condition for seven days, injured by the fall on the crags. The ascetics did not even talk about me, like a bad dream. On the contrary, when I had left the place, like a snake a house, there was great happiness on the part of the ascetics. On my part,

there appeared anger connected with pain, resembling a blazing fire, against these ascetics. I died, blazing with anger, evil-minded.

I became a poisonous serpent in this same forest of the ascetics. One day I approached you to bite, expanding my hood, and you recited the namaskāra which was an obstacle to my course. I was held by the syllables of the namaskāra, which fell within my hearing suddenly, like a pair of tongs and I was not able to go near (you). I entered a cave again, my power destroyed, and, staying there, kept alive by eating living creatures, frogs, et cetera.

One day when it was raining, I heard this dharma being taught by you, O advanced laywoman, to these ascetics: "Whoever injures living creatures incurs pain, wandering unceasingly in this worldly existence, like a traveler in a desert." Hearing that, I reflected, "I am a serpent, wicked, always engaged in injury to living creatures. What will be my fate?" Again I reflected, "It is known to me by ūha and apoha¹³⁵ that these ascetics have been seen by me somewhere." Then this spotless memory of my former births arose and I remembered past births like something that happened yesterday. Then imperishable disgust with existence, like canal-water with high waves, rose in me and I observed a fast unto death by myself.

Then after death I became a god in Saudharma. For emancipation is not far away for those who have endured bodily austerities. I am a god, Kusumaprabha by name, enjoying the bliss of heaven in the palace, Kusumasamṛddha, by your favor. If your teaching of dharma had not fallen on my ears then, what would have been the fate of me, a boar in the mud of sin? Recognizing you, (my) benefactor, by clairvoyance, fair lady, I have come here to see you. Henceforth I am like a son of yours.'

After making himself known to Vaidarbhi, the god spoke

¹³⁵ 669. Two divisions of sense-knowledge. Ūha is the desire to know more about something; apoha (=avāya) is finding out the facts. See I, n. 248 and III, p. 339.

to the ascetics, like brothers who had come from the village, in a gentle voice: 'Sir ascetics, pardon my angry behavior in a former birth and guard the laymanship which you have assumed.' With these words, Kusumaprabha drew the snake's body from the mountain-cave, hung it on a toon tree, and said, 'O people, whoever practices anger will become such a serpent as I, Karpara, was formerly, as a result of this anger.'

First the abbot, possessing right-belief, attained extreme disgust with existence from the maturing of good fortune. Bowing to the kevalin, the head of the ascetics asked for the vow, the best fruit of the tree of disgust with existence. The kevalin said: 'Yaśobhadra Sūri will give the vow. For he, rich in indifference, is my guru.' Astonished, the abbot asked the muni again, 'Tell us, Blessed One, how you have taken the vow.' The kevalin said:

Sinhakeśarin (684-694)

'In the city Kośalā, Kūbara, very powerful, King Nala's younger brother, rules. I am his son. King Keśarin, lord of the city Saṅgā, gave me his daughter, named Bandhumatī. Commanded by my father, I went there, married her, and set out for my own city with the bride. As I went on the road, I saw this guru and several disciples stopped, like good fortune embodied. With great devotion I paid homage to the muni and listened to a sermon of his, a fountain of nectar to the ears. Questioned by me at the end of the sermon, 'How long shall I live?' he employed upayoga¹³⁶ and said, "Just five days."

Knowing death was near, then I was afraid and trembled. Fear of life is a great fear on the part of all creatures. The sūri said to me, "Do not be afraid, son. Undertake mendicancy. For being a mendicant for even one day surely offers a path to heaven." After becoming a mendicant, I came here at his command and engaged in pure meditation.

¹³⁶ 689. Knowledge and perception. See I, n. 78.

I reached omniscience by destruction of the destructive karmas.' ¹³⁷ After telling this, Siñhakeśarin made obstruction of activity, destroyed the karma that prolongs existence,¹³⁸ and attained emancipation. Then the kevalin's body was made the recipient of cremation by the gods, pure in heart, who had taken it to a holy place.

The pure-minded abbot, named Yathārtha, adopted mendicancy at the feet of Śrī Yaśobhadra Sūri. Davadanti, her soul subdued, said to the sage, 'Blessed One, give me mendicancy, the mother of emancipation.' Yaśobhadra Sūri said, 'Davadanti, now you must enjoy pleasures with Nala. You are not ready for the vow.'

When day had dawned, the sūri descended from the mountain and purified the city Tāpasapura with his feet. After bowing to the shrine there, a teacher of the Arhats' dharma, an ocean of compassion, he caused the citizens to acquire right-belief.

Bhaimī remained there, like a begging nun, in a cave for a house for seven years, engaged in pious meditation, her body and clothes soiled. One day a traveler told her, 'Today I saw your husband in such and such a place, Davadanti.' When the nectar of that speech was drunk, Davadanti's body expanded then with hair erect from joy. For that is a sign of affection. Thinking, 'Who is this that makes me expand?' Bhīma's virtuous daughter ran after the sound like an arrow that strikes by sound. He, like a guarantee for drawing Bhīma's daughter from the cave, went away after he had drawn her from the cave. She did not see the traveler; she abandoned the cave. In this way she lost both. For fate destroys the weak.

She happened upon a large forest and walked, stood, sat down, rested on the ground, lamented again and again, and cried from weariness. Considering, 'What shall I do? Where

¹³⁷ 692. Ghātikarma.

¹³⁸ 693. Upagrāhikarma.

shall I go?' She, knowing consideration, began to go to that same cave carefully. She was seen on the road by a Rākṣasī whose cavernous mouth was wide open, like a goat by a wolf, and was addressed by the words, 'I shall eat you.' Bhaimī said: 'If my husband Nala, and no one else, is in my mind, by the power of that virtue, be hopeless, Rākṣasī. If the omniscient, the Blessed One, free from the eighteen faults,¹³⁹ the Arhat alone is my god, be hopeless, Rākṣasī. If the sādhus devoted to the eighteen kinds of chastity,¹⁴⁰ free from desire, devoted to compassion, are my gurus, be hopeless, Rākṣasī. If the dharma of the Arhats is clinging to my heart from birth, like cement, be hopeless, Rākṣasī.'

Hearing that, the Rākṣasa-woman gave up her intention to eat her. For the words of virtuous wives are unerring like those of the very powerful. Thinking, 'She is no ordinary person, as her power is *not* deficient,' the Rākṣasī bowed to her and disappeared instantly like one that has come in a dream.

Going ahead, Nala's wife saw a mountain-stream without water, full of sand in waves resembling water. As this was waterless like an empty garden-canal, and Davadanti was very thirsty, her palate dry, she said: 'If my mind is filled with right-belief, let pure water with high waves be in this (stream) like the Gaṅgā.' With these words she struck the surface of the ground with her heel and at once the river was provided with water, like a magic river. Bhaimī drank the water white as milk and sweet, as if it had come from a vein of the Ocean of Milk, as she liked, like a cow-elephant.

Then Vaidarbhī became wearied, walking, and sat down under a banyan, like a female Yakṣa.¹⁴¹ Travelers from a caravan saw her seated thus, approached, and said, 'Who are you, lady? You look like a goddess to us.' She replied: 'I am a mortal and I live in the forest, lost from a caravan, I wish to go to Tāpasapura. Direct me on the road to it.'

¹³⁹ 710. See IV. n. 12; Abhi. 1.72-73 and com.

¹⁴⁰ 711. See I, p. 206 and n. 266.

¹⁴¹ 720. The banyan is especially favored by the Yakṣas as a dwelling.

They said: 'Take the direction toward the setting sun. We are in a hurry and are not able to show you the road. After getting water, we shall go to our own caravan. It is here. If you go in it, we shall conduct you to some inhabited town.'

She went with them to the caravan and the caravan-leader, Dhanadeva, compassionate, questioned her, 'Who are you? And why are you here?' Bhaimī said: 'I am a merchant's daughter. I left my father's house with my husband and during the night, while I was asleep, he abandoned me on the road. I was brought here by these men of yours like brothers. Take me, good sir, to some inhabited place.' The caravan-leader said, 'I am going to Acalapura. You come, too, daughter. I shall take you like a flower.' With these words the caravan-leader, affectionate, seated her in the best carriage, like a daughter, and started quickly.

Then the crest-jewel of caravan-leaders camped the caravan in a mountain-arbor with a cascade with murmuring water. During the night Vaidarbhī, comfortable, happily sleeping, heard the namaskāra recited by some one in the caravan. She said to the leader: 'This man reciting the namaskāra is a co-religionist of mine. So I wish to see him with your permission.'

To fulfil her wish the caravan-leader, like a father, took her to the shelter of the layman of the namaskāra. Bhaimī saw the layman, like a brother, performing caityavandanā,¹⁴² inside a tent, like tranquillity embodied. During the caityavandana, Bhaimī remained seated, her eyes full of tears, showing approval of the devout layman. Nala's wife saw the Arhat's image painted on canvas, dark as a cloud, being worshipped, and she paid homage to it. At the end of the caityavandana Bhaimī asked him who had given an auspicious greeting, 'Brother, of which Arhat is this the image?'

¹⁴² 734. Caityavandanā (or° a) is a ritualistic performance. The worshipper must be in a proper spiritual state of mind, sit in a prescribed manner, and recite certain sūtras, during which, at certain places, he makes añjali and other gestures of worship. For a detailed account, see the Lalita-vistārā.

The layman said: 'Sister in religion, listen. This is the image of Malli, the future nineteenth Arhat. Now hear, good lady, the reason why I worship the image of a future Arhat, the cause of good fortune to me.

I am a merchant in Kāñcipura, the crest-jewel of the girdle of the ocean. One day a muni came there, Dharmagupta, possessing omniscience. The muni stopped in the garden Rativallabha. After paying homage to him, I asked him, "In what congregation will my emancipation take place?" He told me: "In the congregation of the Arhat Mallinātha, you will be King Prasannacandra in Mithilā, after falling from heaven. After obtaining the sight of Malli, the nineteenth Arhat, omniscience having arisen, you will attain emancipation." From that time I have had great devotion to Mallinātha. After painting her image on canvas, I worship it, pious lady.'

After he had told his own story the layman asked her, 'Tell me, a brother in religion, who you are, fair lady.' Dhanadeva, tearful, told the excellent layman the whole story told by her, the separation from her husband, et cetera. The layman, his cheek rested on his hand, his eyes moist with tears, penetrated by grief which, as it were, was not contained in ¹⁴³ Vaidarbhī, said: 'Do not grieve. Such actions being told are a source of pain to you. This caravan-leader is your father; I am your brother. Be at ease.'

At dawn the caravan-leader reached Acalapura and set down Vaidarbhī. He himself went elsewhere. Thirsty, she entered a tank at the city-gate quickly and was noticed by water-carriers like a water-goddess in person. On the edge of the water her left foot was seized by a lizard. Of the unfortunate trouble follows trouble as if from friendship with them. She recited the namaskāra three times and by its power her foot was released by the lizard, like an object kept in the throat by a sorceress. After she had washed her face, hands, and feet and had drunk the charming water, she left the tank

¹⁴³ 747. This requires *asammāṭṭ* to be taken as an adjective.

slowly, slowly, like a marālī. She, depressed, a jewel-box for the jewel of good conduct, sat on the bank of the tank, miserable, purifying the city by her glance.

Rtuparṇa was king there, like Garuḍa in strength and Candrayaśas, whose glory was brilliant as the moon, was his wife. The slave-girls of Candrayaśas went there to get water and engaged in sport with each other, their pitchers placed on their heads. The slave-girls saw her like a goddess that had fallen into misfortune. For a lotus, though mired in mud, is still a lotus. Astonished, seeing Bhaimi's beauty, they entered the tank slowly, slowly and left it slowly, slowly. They went and described her, how beautiful she was, to their mistress Candrayaśas, like a treasure that had been found.

Candrayaśas said to them, 'Bring her here. She will be like a sister to my daughter Candravatī.' They went quickly to the same vicinity of the tank and saw her facing the city, like Lakṣmī. They said: 'In that city King Rtuparṇa's queen, Candrayaśas, summons you respectfully. She says, "You are my daughter, like Candravatī." So come, lady. Make an offering of a handful of water to your troubles.¹⁴⁴ If you remain here, distracted, you will experience misfortune, possessed by evil Vyantarās, et cetera who have used trickery.' So Davadantī, her heart softened by the speech of Candrayaśas, won over by affection for the state of being a daughter, set out. She was conducted to the palace by them bowed with respect, saying, 'Mistress, you are the adopted daughter of our mistress.'

Candrayaśas was a full sister of Puṣpadantī, Bhaimi's mother, but Bhīma's daughter did not know, 'She is my mother's sister.' On the other hand, Candrayaśas knew, 'Davadantī is my niece,' but did not recognize her seen (only) as a child. However, the queen saw her even at a distance with the affection for a daughter. Surely the heart is the authority for deciding on what is loved or not loved:

¹⁴⁴ 763. As if at their funeral rites.

Candrayaśas embraced Nala's wife closely, as if to remove by solicitude her physical exhaustion arising from fatigue. Shedding tears, Vaidarbhī paid homage to the queen's feet, as if offering a price for her affection by cleansing her feet.

Questioned by Candrayaśas, 'Who are you? Bhīma's daughter told the same story as she had told before to the caravan-leader. Candrayaśas said to Vaidarbhī, 'Good lady, do you thrive in my house with happiness, just like Candravatī.'

One day Queen Candrayaśas said to her daughter Candravatī: 'This sister of yours resembles my niece Davadantī. (But) such an arrival any place is not possible for her. For she is the wife of Nala, who is the lord of us even. She (lives) at a distance of one hundred and forty-four yojanas. How could she come and whence would there be such misfortune to her?'

Daily Queen Candrayaśas gave gifts to suitable persons, the poor, the protectorless, et cetera, according to their pleasure, outside the city. One day Vaidarbhī said to her, 'I shall distribute charity here in case my husband should return in the guise of a beggar.' From that time Davadantī distributed charity together with Candrayaśas according to custom, enduring bodily austerities with hope for her husband. Daily Bhaimī questioned the beggars one by one, 'Have you seen a man of such an appearance?'

One day while she was in the dispensary, she saw a thief being led by guards who had bound him, with a drum being played in front. Bhīma's daughter asked the guards, 'What crime was committed by him that it has such a punishment as the death-penalty?' 'He stole the jewel-case of Queen Candravatī. For that deed he must die,' the guards replied. The thief bowed to Vaidarbhī and said: 'I have been seen by your eye. How can I experience death? Be a protection for me, lady.' Davadantī had the guards come near and said to the thief, 'Do not fear. Doubtless you will have good fortune with your life.'

With these words, Bhīma's daughter made a declaration

of virtue, 'If I am a virtuous woman, let his bonds fall completely apart.' After she had made such a declaration of virtue, she splashed the thief three times with the water from a pitcher and his bonds fell apart quickly.

As a tumult arose, King R̥tuparṇa and his attendants came there, thinking, 'What's this?' Astonished, wide-eyed, the petals of his lips shining with the beauty of his teeth, he said to Davadantī, moonlight to the night-lotus of his eye: 'Prevention of the law of fishes ¹⁴⁵ is the duty of kings everywhere, so there is repression of the wicked and protection of the well-behaved, noble lady. A king, taking taxes from the earth, should protect it from the misdeeds of thieves, et cetera. Otherwise, he himself would be contaminated by the crime of the thieves, et cetera. So, daughter, if I do not punish that jewel-thief the people would strive fearlessly for stealing other people's property.'

Bhaimī said: 'If a person dies, while I took on, what kind of compassion is there on my part, a laywoman, father? Let his crime be pardoned. He sought protection from me. Let his pain (punishment) be transferred to me, like a severe disease, father.' Then King R̥tuparṇa released the robber at the importunity of his virtuous adopted daughter. As soon as he was released, the thief went to Bhīma's daughter, saying, 'You are my mother,' making tilakas on his forehead with the dust on the ground. Recalling her, day and night, who had conferred the benefit of the gift of life, the released robber paid homage to Bhaimī daily.

One day Nala's wife asked the best of thieves: 'Who are you? Where have you come from? Tell me fearlessly.' He told: 'In the city Tāpasapura I was a slave, named Piṅgala, of a very wealthy caravan-leader, Vasanta. Overcome by evil passions, I dug a tunnel into Vasanta's very house and stole the best part of his treasure. I escaped carrying the plunder, intent on saving my life; and I was robbed on the road by robbers.

¹⁴⁵ 790. That the strong devour the weak.

How much enjoyment is there of the wicked? Coming here, I served King Ṛtuparṇa. What proud man would do service? Or (if he does), he should do it to the king.

As I was going into the palace with evil ideas, I saw Queen Candravatī's jewel-case. At the sight of it my mind leaped with the desire to steal it like that of an evil-minded adulterer at the sight of another man's wife. Like a kite stealing a necklace,¹⁴⁶ I stole the jewel-case. Arranging my upper garment, so it reached to the front of my feet, I went away. I was observed by King Ṛtuparṇa, very clever, because of some thief-gestures. Nothing can escape detection on the part of the clever. I was bound instantly by the guards at the king's command and, as I was being led to execution, I saw you, noble lady. Crying out very loud, even from a distance, I attained you as a protection and was set free by you, like a goat that has come to be slaughtered.

Besides, when you, mistress, left Tāpasapura, Vasanta, like an elephant taken away from the Vindhya, ceased to eat. Enlightened by Yaśobhadra Sūri and other people, he fasted for seven nights and ate on the eighth day. One day Vasanta, equal to Śrīda in wealth, took much money as a present and went to see King Kūbara. Satisfied with the present, King Kūbara bestowed on him the kingdom of Tāpasapura, characterized by an umbrella, et cetera. After placing him in the rank of a vassal, the king, Nala's younger brother, gave him another name, Vasantaśrīśekhara. Dismissed by Kūbara, Vasanta went to Tāpasapura with a drum being beaten and ruled the kingdom.'

Bhaimī said: 'Friend, a bad deed has been committed. Become a mendicant. Expiate (it).' 'The mother's command is authority,' Piṅgala said. Two ascetics came there in their wandering and were given alms free from fault by Vaidarbhī. Bhaimī said to the sages, 'Blessed Ones, if this man is suitable, favor him by giving him the vow.' They said, 'He is suitable.'

¹⁴⁶ 805. Kites are great thieves and will snatch things out of a person's hands.

Piṅgala asked for the vow and he was initiated at once by them, after conducting him to the temple.

One day the lord of Vidarbha heard that Nala had lost the glory of his kingdom in gambling and had been exiled by his younger brother, Kūbara; that he had taken Davadanti and entered the great forest and no one knew where he had gone and whether he was dead or alive. Puṣpadanti wept very loud on hearing that from the king. For in misfortune tears are never far away from women.

Then a young Brāhman at court, Harimitra by name, clever in his master's orders, was deputed by the king to search for them. The boy, searching everywhere for Nala and Davadanti, went to Acalapura and entered the king's assembly. Candrayaśas asked him as he was seated before the king, 'How do Puṣpadanti and her people fare?' He replied, 'Always good fortune of Puṣpadanti is reported. The prosperity of Nala and Davadanti is questionable, mistress.' The boy, asked 'What do you say?' told the queen the story of Nala and Bhaimī, beginning with the gambling, very painful to hear. Then as Candrayaśas was weeping, all the court wept, refraining from any happy conversation.

Seeing everyone miserable from grief, the boy, hungry, went to the alms-house with the intention of eating. For the alms-house is the wishing-gem for food. As he is seated there to eat, he recognizes Davadanti, the daughter of his mistress, superintending the dispensary. His hair erect from joy, pain from hunger forgotten, wide-eyed from delight, he worshipped Davadanti's feet and said: 'Queen, what is this condition of yours, like a plant in hot weather? Thank Heaven, you have been seen alive. Now there is happiness for all.'

He got up quickly and delighted Queen Candrayaśas, saying, 'Davadanti is in your alms-house.' Hearing that, Candrayaśas went swiftly to the alms-house and embraced Davadanti, like a marāli a lotus-plant. She said: 'Child, shame, shame, on me, that I did not recognize you, though you are distinguished by unique marks on your body! Why

did you deceive me, hiding yourself, blameless girl? If there is such a misfortune by fate, what shame is there in your mother's own family? Oh! My dear, has Nala been deserted by you or have you been deserted by him? Surely you have been deserted by him. You, a devoted wife, would not desert him. If your husband fallen into misfortune were deserted by you, then surely the sun would rise in the west. Nala, why did you abandon her? Why did you not leave her at my side? To abandon a virtuous wife, is this suitable for your family? My dear, I shall take over your trouble. Do you put it down. Forgive my sin that I did not recognize you. But where is your tilaka, child, that was on your forehead from birth, a garuḍa for the snake of darkness, a sun for a black night?'

With these words, she rubbed Bhaimī's forehead with moisture from her own lotus-mouth, smelling her head¹⁴⁷ again and again. Then Vaidarbhī's forehead-tilaka shone very brilliantly, like a piece of gold that had come out of a fire, like the sun burst from clouds. Then Queen Candrayaśas bathed Nala's wife with perfumed water, like a god's statue, with her own hands. Then Bhaimī put on garments sent by Queen Candrayaśas, which were white, fine, as if made of the essence of moonlight. Then Queen Candrayaśas, delighted, took Bhīma's daughter by the hand and, a pool of the water of delight, sat down near the king.

Then the sun set and the whole sky was filled with darkness that could not be separated by a needle, like a dish filled with collyrium. At that time pitch darkness did not enter the king's palace. It was halted by the brilliance of Bhaimī's tilaka, like a door-keeper. The king said to the queen, 'The sun has set, surely. There is no lamp nor fire here. Why is there a light like daytime?' The queen showed the king Vaidarbhī's tilaka, present from birth, like a large pond with light for water. From curiosity the king covered the tilaka with his hand and his house at once became as dark as a mountain-cave. The king

¹⁴⁷ 841. A sign of affection.

took away his hand again and, taking the place of a father, with great interest asked Bhaimī for her story, beginning with the loss of the kingdom. Her face downcast, weeping, Davadantī told the whole story, beginning with the gambling of Nala and Kūbara. The king wiped Bhaimī's eyes with his upper garment and said, ' Daughter, do not grieve. No one is stronger than fate. '

Just then a god descended from heaven to the council and, his hands joined respectfully, said to Bhīma's daughter: ' Davadantī, I, the thief Piṅgalaka, took initiation at your order and went to Tāpasapura then in my wandering. I, resolute, stood in pratimā in a cemetery and a big fire started not far away, kindled by the fire of the funeral-pyres. Though burned by it, I did not fall from pious meditation but, after making ārādhā,¹⁴⁸ reciting the namaskāra, I fell on the ground there and my body became fuel.

After death I became a god, named Piṅgala. Then I knew by clairvoyance that I had been saved from execution by you and had been made to take mendicancy. By its power I became a god. If you had ignored me, a great criminal, at that time, fair lady, dying without dharma being acquired, I would have gone to hell. By your favor, Vaidarbhī, I attained the glory of being a god. For this reason I came to see you. Hail! noble lady. '

After this speech, the god rained seven crores of gold and departed, flying up in the air, like a mass of lightning. King R̥tuparna, best of the wise, adopted the Arhats' dharma whose fruit had been made apparent by the god in this way.

Then Harimitra, when an opportunity arose, said to the king: ' Majesty, give an order. After a long time let Davadantī go to her father's house. ' Told the same by Candrayaśas, the king said, ' Very well, ' and sent Vaidarbhī with an escort to the Vidarbhas.

¹⁴⁸ 857. This is a final confession, but more also. It includes gratitude for being allowed to perform good actions; request for pardon for sins committed; complete submission to Arhat, Siddha, dharma, sādhu. Also includes fast unto death. The best ārādhā in the Triṣaṣṭi^o is 10.1.230-265.

When King Bhima heard that Davadantī was coming, he went to meet her, drawn by a very strong affection like a horse hard to control. As soon as she had seen her father, Vaidarbhī, going on foot, her lotus-face blooming, ran and fell at his lotus-feet. The ground became very muddy from tears falling from father and daughter who had met longingly after a long time. Learning that Puṣpadantī had come along, her daughter embraced her closely, like Yamunā embracing Jāhnavī. Clinging to her neck, Nala's wife cried at the top of her voice. New pain of people, as it were, takes place at the sight of a loved one.

After a moment, having washed their lotus-faces with water (of tears), they talked together and recited their troubles. Puṣpadantī took Vaidarbhī on her lap and said: 'By good fortune you have been seen alive. Certainly good fortune watches over us. Passing the time comfortably in our house, after a long time you will see your husband. For a living person sees fair things.'

The king, delighted, gave Harimitra five hundred villages and said, 'I shall give you half the kingdom when Nala comes.' The king went to the city and held a festival because of Davadantī's arrival and for seven days worshipped gods and gurus especially. On the eighth day the king of Vidarbha, said to Vaidarbhī, 'It will be arranged so that you will soon join Nala.'

Resumption of Nala's story (877-1075)

At the time when he left Vaidarbhī, wandering in the forest, Nala saw smoke rising up in one place from forest-undergrowth. The mass of smoke, black as collyrium, covered the sky, giving the impression—some mountain goes through the air with unclipped wings.¹⁴⁹ The smoke, terrible with a wreath of flame, became visible from the earth in a twinkling, resembling a cloud joined with lightning. Naiṣadhi heard the noise of the burning bamboos, traṭat, traṭiti, and cries of wild animals.

¹⁴⁹ 878. Cf. Maitrāyaṇī Samhitā, 1.10.13.

Then in the forest-fire aflame he heard human speech, 'King Nala of the Ikṣvāku-line, best of warriors, save me. Even if you are a disinterested benefactor with duty to humanity, nevertheless, I shall reward you, king. Save me.' Following the sound, Nala saw a serpent in a thicket of vines, saying, 'Save me! Save me!' He asked, 'How did you know me, my name, my family? How do you have a human voice? Tell me, serpent.' The serpent said: 'I was a human in a former birth. From its practice in that birth my human speech results. I have brilliant clairvoyance and by it I know you, your name, your family, treasury of glory.'

Nala, in whom compassion was inspired, threw his garment over the thicket of creepers to pull out the trembling serpent. The serpent reached the end of the king's garment resting on the ground and wrapped it with his coils like a ring with a hair. Nala drew up his garment with the serpent clinging to it, like a rope from a well. A king shares his eminence. When the king had gone to a place with saline soil ¹⁵⁰ out of the range of the fire, the serpent bit him trying to set him free quickly, on the hand. Throwing the serpent on the ground like a drop of sweat, Nala said to him: 'You, grateful, have done well. O serpent, you have well repaid me, your benefactor. Whoever gives milk to drink ¹⁵¹ to your tribe is bitten.' As Nala was saying this, his body became hunchbacked like a strung bow, because of the poison spreading in his body. He had thin tawny hair like a demon; a hanging lip like a camel; thin hands and feet and a large belly like a poor man. Devoured by the snake's poison, Nala was like an actor in a moment, the shape of his whole body changed disgustingly.

He reflected: 'Life with this form is useless to me. So I shall take mendicancy which is beneficial for the next world.' As Nala was reflecting to this effect, the serpent abandoned its

¹⁵⁰ 890. I.e., free from grass.

¹⁵¹ 892. There is a tradition of appeasing snakes by putting out milk for them.

serpent-form and became a god with a dazzling form, wearing divine ornaments and garments. He said:

'Do not be depressed. I am your father, Niṣadha. At that time I gave you the realm and became a mendicant. As a fruit of mendicancy I became a god in Brahmaloḳa. By clairvoyance I saw you reduced to this condition. I assumed the form of a snake by magic and produced this change of appearance in the limbs of you fallen into wretched state, like a boil on the cheek. Such a change in appearance in your limbs had been produced by me as a benefit. Consider it as a drink of pungent medicine. All the kings have been enslaved by you. They, your enemies, will not threaten you unrecognizable from the change in form, now. Do not carry out your wish for mendicancy now. The earth, as large as it is, must henceforth be enjoyed by you for a long time, Nala.

I shall tell you the proper time for mendicancy like an astrologer. Henceforth, be at ease. Son, take this bel fruit and this jewel-case. Guard them as carefully as your ethics of a warrior. When you desire your own form, break open the bel. You will see inside it unspoiled garments of devadūṣya. At the same time you should open the jewel-case. In it you will see very beautiful ornaments, necklaces, et cetera. If you put on the devadūṣya-garments and the ornaments, at once you will have your own form, the same one with a divine appearance.'

Nala asked him, 'Father, is Davadantī, your daughter-in-law, in the same place where I left her, or has she gone elsewhere?' The god told him the whole story of Bhaimī from that place up to her arrival at Vidarbha, describing her fidelity. He said to Nala: 'Son, why are you wandering in the forest? I shall take you to any place where you wish to go.' Nala said, 'God, take me to Susumārapura.' After doing so, the god went to his own abode.

Nala stood in the garden Nandana on the road near that city and saw a temple there that resembled a temple of the eternal Arhats. Entering that shrine, the hunchback saw inside

it a statue of Naminātha and worshipped it, with hair erect from joy. Then Nala went to the gate of Susumāranagara and there a mad elephant was roaming about, after pulling up its tying-post. Its howdah being touched by the wind, it shook its howdah ¹⁵² and dragged down the birds even, trembling above, with his trunk. The elephant-men evaded his glance like that of a poison-serpent. He broke down the trees of the garden, like a mighty wind.

King Dadhiparṇa ascended the city-wall hastily, unable to control the elephant, and said aloud: 'I will give what he wishes to anyone who will tame this uncontrolled elephant of mine. Sirs! Is there any one expert in the management of elephants?' Hearing that, the hunchback said: 'Where is he? Where is the elephant? I shall reduce him to submission, while you look on.'

As the hunchback was saying this, the elephant came, trumpeting very loud. The hunchback ran after him, scarcely touching the ground with his feet. The people said fittingly, 'Do not die! do not die! Hunchback, escape! escape!' but he went fearless as a lion. The hunchback ran forward, ran backward, flew up, rolled on the ground like a ball, deceiving the elephant. Seizing its tail again and again, powerful Nala exhausted the elephant, like a snake-charmer a snake. Nala, accustomed to fatigue, perceived that the elephant had become fatigued, quickly flew up like Garuḍa, and mounted the elephant, the best of riders.

Seated in the front of the howdah, he put his feet on the neck-rope and tightened its knot, striking the bosses with his palm. Waving the elephant-goad, the hunchback rode the elephant that was giving cries with mouth wide-open because of beating with the neck-rope. Then the people proclaimed, 'Victory! Victory!' and the king himself threw a gold chain around his neck. After Nala, powerful, had reduced the rogue-elephant to wax, as it were, he tied him to the elephant-post

¹⁵² 916. Cf. Kathākośa, p. 220.

and got down by the girth.

Then Nala, whose glory was brilliant, not thinking about a bow (to the king), sat down near Dadhiparṇa, like a friend. Then Dadhiparṇa said to him: 'O hunchback skilled in elephant-training, what else do you know? There is ability on your part. The hunchback said: 'King, what else shall I tell you? I know a pudding cooked in the sun. Do you wish to see it?' The king went home and, curious about the sun-cooked pudding, gave the hunchback rice, vegetables, a condiment of mixed spices, et cetera. Nala put the saucepans in the heat of the sun, recalled the magic art Saurī and quickly made the divine pudding. The king and his retinue ate the pudding as delightful as if it had been bestowed by a special wishing-tree.

After tasting the pudding, which removed fatigue and gave extreme joy, King Dadhiparṇa said: 'Nala and no one else knows a pudding like this. I have been acquainted with this for a long time, as I served Nala. Are you Nala with a changed appearance? Nala is not like this. How would he come a distance of two hundred yojanas? Why this solitariness of the king of half of Bharata? His beauty, as I saw it, surpassed that of god and Khecaras.'

Then the king, satisfied, gave the hunchback garments, ornaments, et cetera, a lac of coins and five hundred villages. The hunchback accepted all that except the five hundred villages and the king said, 'What else can be given you, hunchback?' The hunchback said: 'Grant this wish of mine. Forbid hunting and wine-drinking, so far as you writ runs.' The king honored his word and prevented even talk about hunting and wine-drinking in his jurisdiction.

One day King Dadhiparṇa said to the hunchback in private: 'Who are you? Where have you come from? Where do you live? Speak.' The hunchback said: 'I am King Nala's cook, named Huṇḍika, in Kośalā. I studied the arts at his side. Nala lost the whole earth to his brother Kūbara in gambling and went to live in the forest with

Davadantī. Nala died there and then I came to you. I did not resort to Kūbara, who is deceitful and does not appreciate merit.' Struck in the heart by this news of Nala's death like a thunderbolt, Dadhiparṇa cried out and also his retinue. King Dadhiparṇa performed Nala's funeral rites, a cloud with the water of tears, and was watched by the hunchback with a constant smile.

One day King Dadhiparṇa sent a messenger for some reason to Davadantī's father by the road of friendship. Entertained by Bhīma, living with him comfortably one day, the messenger, the best of speakers, told the news at the proper time: 'Nala's cook has come to my master. From Nala's teaching he knows how to make the sun-cooked pudding.' Hearing that, Davadantī, her ears pricked-up, said to her father: 'Send a spy and find out what sort of a person this cook is. No one except Nala knows the sun-cooked pudding. Perhaps he is Nala himself, his identity concealed.'

Then the king summoned the best of Brāhmins, named Kuśala, skilled in his master's business and, after entertaining him, instructed him: 'Go to Susumārapura and look at the king's favorite. Find out what arts he knows and what he looks like.' 'The lord's command is authority,' saying, the Brāhman started, urged on by good omens, and went to Susumārapura. Making repeated enquiries, he sat down near the hunchback. When he had seen the fully transformed figure, he became depressed.

He thought: 'On the one hand, there is Nala; on the other hand, this man. On the one hand Meru; on the other, a mustard seed. Davadantī's idea that this man is Nala is surely wrong. I shall find out definitely.' After deliberating, he recited a couple of ślokas containing criticism of Nala: 'Nala alone is chief of the cruel, shameless, weak, and wicked who abandoned his faithful wife. How have the feet of Naiṣadhi of little wit, abandoning his wife asleep, alone, innocent, trusting, endured it?' Hearing that recited again and again, recalling his wife, Nala wept, his lotus-eyes shedding

tears without restraint.

Asked by the Brāhman, 'Why do you weep?' the hunchback said, 'I weep at hearing your charming song with the emotion of compassion.' Asked by the hunchback the meaning of the ślokas, the Brāhman told the story from the time of the gambling up to the coming of Vaidarbhī to Kuṇḍinapura. He said further: 'Hunchback, a messenger from the lord of Susumāra described you to King Bhīma as a cook because of the sun-cooked pudding. Bhaimī, persuading her father with the words, "Nala and no one else has such a custom," sent me to look at you. When I had seen you, I reflected: "On the one hand, you are an ugly hunchback; on the other hand, Nala with divine beauty; on the one hand, a firefly; on the other, the sun." As I came, all the omens were favorable. All of them were false, since you are not Nala.'

Meditating on Davadantī, the hunchback, weeping more and more, importuned the Brāhman, took him to his house, and said, 'What welcome can be given to you reciting the story of the virtuous Davadantī and the hero Nala?' Saying this, he prepared a suitable welcome with bath, food, et cetera and gave him all the ornaments given by Dadhiparṇa.

Kuśala went duly to Kuṇḍina and described to Bhaimī's father the hunchback just as he was. The Brāhman told how the hunchback tamed and mounted the elephant and about the sun-cooked pudding which he had seen. He told about the gold necklace, the lac of coins, the clothes, and ornaments given (him) by the hunchback and about his own singing of the ślokas. Bhaimī said:

'Father, Nala has been found. Such a change in figure is the result of some defect in food or some fault of karma, surely. Such skill in elephant-training, such a wonderful gift, the sun-cooked pudding—these belong to no one except Nala. Father, by some means bring the hunchback here, that I may test him by observing gestures, et cetera.'

King Bhīma said: 'Daughter, a man should be sent to Dadhiparṇa with the invitation to a fictitious svayamvara.

Hearing of your svayamvara, Dadhiparṇa will come. He was eager for you in the first place, but Nala was chosen by you. The hunchback will come with Dadhiparṇa. If he is Nala, he will not allow you to be given to another. Nala is expert in horsemanship. If the hunchback is really Nala, driving the chariot himself, he will be recognized by the very chariot-horses. With him driving, the horses would be swift as the wind, like winds that had been embodied in the form of horses. A day close at hand must be announced. Whoever comes then is Nala. For no one, to say nothing of Nala, endures the humiliation of his wife.'

King Bhīma summoned the lord of Susumāra by messenger for the fifth day.¹⁵³ Inclined to go, he reflected: 'I want to win Bhaimī, but she is far away. How can I get there tomorrow? What shall I do?' and he became miserable like a fish in too little water. The hunchback thought: 'Bhaimī, a virtuous wife, does not desire another man. Or, if she should desire (one), who would take her, if I were present? I shall take Dadhiparṇa to Vidarbhā¹⁵⁴ in six watches, so my going with him will be casual.' He said to Dadhiparṇa: 'Do not grieve. Tell the reason. For there is no cure of a sick man for a disease undescribed.' Dadhiparṇa said: 'Hunchback, Nala is dead. Vaidarbhī will hold another svayamvara tomorrow. Her svayamvara will be on the fifth day of the bright fortnight of Caitra. How can I get there in the interval of only six watches? The messenger has come by that same road in many days. How can I go in a day and a half?¹⁵⁵ I long for Bhaimī in vain.'

The hunchback said: 'O king, do not despair. I will take you quickly to Vidarbhā. Give me a chariot and horses.' The king told him, 'Take whatever you want,' and the hunchback

¹⁵³ 985. Not for the fifth day from that time, as one might think, but for the fifth day of the white half of Caitra, as appears below.

¹⁵⁴ 988. I.e., Kuṇḍina.

¹⁵⁵ 992. I.e., in 18 hours.

chose the best chariot and thoroughbred horses with all the good marks:

When Dadhiparṇa had seen his skill in everything, he thought: 'He is no common man. He is a god or Khecara.' After he had yoked the horses to the chariot, the hunchback said to the king, 'Get into the chariot. I will have you in Vidarbhā at dawn.' The king, his betel-box-bearer, umbrella-bearer, two chauri-bearers, and the hunchback—the six of them—got into the chariot which had been made ready. After tying the bel and the jewel-case on his hip with his garment and recalling the pañcanamaskāra, the hunchback started the horses. The chariot with its horses in good condition advanced by Nala's skill in horsemanship, like a god's aerial car by its master's thought.

Dadhiparṇa's upper garment was blown off by the wind made from the speed of the chariot and it fell, as if used by it (the wind) to pay homage to Nala.¹⁵⁶ Dadhiparṇa said to the hunchback: 'Stop the chariot for a minute. I want to get my scarf that has gone like a bird by the wind blowing it off.' While King Dadhiparṇa was saying this to the hunchback, the chariot covered twenty-five yojanas. The hunchback said with a smile: 'Where is your scarf, king? Twenty-five yojanas have been left behind, since the scarf fell. Indeed, these horses must be only second rate. If they were first-class, they would have gone fifty yojanas in so much time.'

King Dadhiparṇa saw in the distance a tree named akṣa¹⁵⁷ filled with fruit and he said to the charioteer: 'I know without

¹⁵⁶ 1000. 'Waving of garments' is one of the recognized forms of homage. But I am not quite satisfied with this half-śloka. Avatāraṇa might be taken as making Nala get down from the chariot, in which case the wind would be a perverse fate to slow Nala and the king. Indian Sanskritists, whom I have consulted, do not agree.

¹⁵⁷ 1005. Akṣa is usually the Eleocarpus ganitrus, whose seeds are used in rosaries, but it can also be the Terminalia bellerica, the belleric myrobalan, whose most common name is vibhītaka. In the Kathākośa vibhītaka is used.

counting them how many fruits are on this tree. I shall show you a marvel on the way back.' The hunchback said: 'King, are you afraid of the loss of time? Do not be afraid with me, expert in horsemanship, as your charioteer. With one blow of my fist I shall make all these fruits fall in front of you, like a cloud making fall drops of rain.' The king said: 'Make the fruit fall, indeed, hunchback. There are eighteen thousand of them. See a marvel.'

The hunchback knocked them down and the king counted them. There were just as many as he had said, not one more nor one less. The hunchback gave the magic art of horsemanship to Dadhiparṇa, who asked for it, and received from him fittingly the magic art of numbers. At dawn the hunchback-charioteer reached with the chariot the outskirts of Vidarbhā and King Dadhiparṇa's face was blooming like a lotus.

Just then in the last part of the night Vaidarbhī saw a dream which she described to her father joyfully, just as it was. 'I saw the goddess Nirvṛti¹⁵⁸ today at dawn, while I was comfortably asleep. She showed me in the sky a garden of Kośalā which she had brought here. At her command I climbed a mango tree which had flowers and fruit. She put a blooming lotus in my hand. When I had climbed the tree, a bird, which had gone up before, fell to the ground at once.'

Bhīma said: 'Daughter, this is a very fine dream. Surely, the goddess Nirvṛti is your heap of merit which has matured. The garden of Kośalā seen in the air confers lordship over Kośalā on you. According to the climbing of the mango, you will soon meet your husband. The bird that had climbed there first and fell—King Kūbara will doubtless fall from the throne. From seeing the dream at dawn, Nala will meet you today. For a dream at this time bears fruit quickly.'

¹⁵⁸ 1014. The only goddess Nirvṛti that I have been able to find is a śāsanadevatā of Śāntinātha, who is called Nirvāṇi. The variant would be permissible. I owe this identification to Pandit L. B. Gandhi.

At that very time King Dadhiparṇa arrived at the city-gate and a man, Maṅgala by name, announced to Bhīma that he had come. Bhīma approached Dadhiparṇa and embraced him like a friend. After showing him hospitality by giving him a house et cetera, he said:

'Your cook, the hunchback, knows the sun-cooked pudding. Have him show it to me as I wish to see it. Enough of other conversation.'

Dadhiparṇa gave the hunchback orders about the pudding. He demonstrated it at once, like a wishing-tree. Bhīma and his attendants ate the pudding at Dadhiparṇa's insistence to taste its flavour. Davadantī had a dish of the pudding brought and ate it. She knew from its flavor that the hunchback was Nala.

Bhaimī said: 'Formerly an omniscient sūri told me that the sun-cooked pudding belonged to Nala alone here in Bhārata. Whether this man is a hunchback; whether he is a dwarf; or whatever he may be, there is some reason for that. He is Nala without a doubt. The pudding is one test of Nala; there is another. If I am touched by Nala's finger, my hair will stand up from joy, certainly. Let the hunchback touch me with his finger, as if making a tilaka, (to see) by another sign whether he is Nala.'

Asked, 'Are you Nala?' the hunchback said: 'You are completely mistaken. On the one hand, Nala with divine beauty; on the other hand, I, unfit even to be seen.' Because of extreme insistence, the hunchback touched her breast very lightly, like a cleaner of wet letters touching a page. By the mere touch of his finger producing unique joy, Bhaimī's body had erect hair like the karkoṭaka.¹⁵⁹

'At that time you deserted me while I was asleep. Where are you going now? You are seen after a long time, lord of my life,' Bhīma's daughter said again and again. The hunchback, taken inside the house by her, inviting him, drew clothes and ornaments from the bel and jewel-case. He put

¹⁵⁹ 1033. The *Momordica mixta*. Its flowers are downy. Roxb,

them on and resumed his own form. Then Bhīma's daughter embraced her husband in his proper form—his whole body, like a creeper a tree. Bhīma embraced lotus-eyed Nala, whom he met again at the door and installed him on his own lion-throne.

'You are our master. Everything is yours. Tell me what I shall do,' saying, Bhīmaratha stood with folded hands like a door-keeper. Dadhiparṇa bowed to Nala and said: 'You are our lord always. Pardon anything improper that was done to you from ignorance.'

Just then Dhanadeva, the caravan-leader, very magnificent, came to see King Bhīmaratha, carrying a present. Vaidarbhī had King Bhīma show honor to the caravan-leader, a former benefactor, like his own brother. Ṛtuparṇa, Candrayaśas, their daughter Candravatī, and the Lord of Tāpasapura, Vasantaśrīśekhara, came there, summoned at her father's command by Davadantī, who was very eager, anointed by former benefits. Being greatly entertained by King Bhīma constantly, they remained a month, delighted by ever new hospitality.

One day when they were all present in Bhīma's assembly, at dawn a god, by whom the sky was bathed in light, came from heaven. With folded hands, he said to Bhaimī: 'Remember—in the past an abbot of ascetics, named Vimalamati, was enlightened by you. After death the abbot became I, a god in Saudharma, Śrikesara by name, in the palace named Kesara. Though I had wrong-belief, I was established in Arhats' dharma by you. Because of that dharma, I became a god by your favor.' Saying this, the god rained seven crores of gold and departed, having shown his gratitude.

Vasanta, Dadhiparṇa, Ṛtuparṇa, Bhīma, and other powerful kings installed Nala on the throne. At Nala's order the kings assembled their respective armies which, very large, crowded the earth. On an auspicious day Nala, whose power was unequalled, marched with the kings against his own Ayodhyā, wishing to seize the Lakṣmī of the kingdom.

Covering the sun with the dust of that army, in a few days he arrived at a garden, Rativallabha, near Ayodhyā and camped. When he knew that Nala had come with great power, Kūbara was terrified, as if his breath had left his throat from fear.

Nala sent word by a messenger: 'Play again with dice. Let your wealth be mine alone, or mine be yours.' Kūbara, his fear of battle removed, delighted, gambled again. For he thought he would be victorious in this. Naiṣadha, having good luck, won the whole earth from his younger brother. For in good fortune victory acts like a marāli to the lotus-hand of men.

Kūbara, whose kingdom had been won by Nala, though he was very cruel, was not made the home of disfavor, with the idea, 'He is my younger brother.' Kūbara was made yuvarāja as before without anger by him whose wife was Vaidarbhī, after he had become the ornament of his own kingdom. Having taken possession of his own realm, united with Davadanti, then Nala paid homage eagerly to the shrines in the city Kośalā. All the kings living in half of Bharata brought auspicious presents for the coronation, with devotion. Nala ruled half of Bharata for many thousand years, his unbroken command observed by all the kings.

One day Niṣadha came from heaven in the form of a god and enlightened Nala, a sheat-fish in the ocean of sense-objects. 'Why are you, a man, not guarding your wealth of discernment which is always being stolen in the forest of existence by thieves in the form of the senses? Formerly I promised to tell you when it was the proper time to become a mendicant. Now take mendicancy, the fruit of the tree of life.'

After saying this, the god departed and then a sūri, named Jinasena, a treasury of clairvoyance, came there. Davadanti and Nala went to pay him homage zealously. Asked about their former births, after narrating them to them thus,¹⁶⁰ he said: 'You obtained the realm from the gift of milk to the

¹⁶⁰ 1067. As narrated by Kubera himself.

sādhu; and the separation of twelve years was the result of the anger at the muni which lasted for twelve ghaṭikās. ’

After hearing that, they settled the kingdom on their son Puškala, took the vow from him, and kept it for a long time. One day Nala directed his mind toward Davadantī for the sake of pleasure. Abandoned by the ācāryas, he was enlightened by his father who came. As he was unable to keep the vow, Nala commenced a fast unto death; and Davadantī did so, also, from affection for Nala.

Nala died and became I, Kubera. Bhīma’s daughter became my wife. After falling, Śauri, she became Kanakavati. Confused by excessive affection because she was my wife in a former birth, I came here. For affection lasts for hundreds of births. In this very birth Kanakavati will root up her karma and attain emancipation, Daśārha. The Ārhat, Vimala Svāmin, told me that in the past in Mahāvideha, when I went with Indra to pay homage to him. ”

When Kubera had told Vasudeva the story of Kanakavati’s former births, he departed. Because of exceeding long-standing affection Vṛṣṇi’s son married Kanakavati. Again he sported with Khecaris, he, the crest-jewel of the fortunate, whose beauty was unequalled.

CHAPTER IV

VASUDEVAHIṆḌI

One day when he (Vasudeva) was asleep, he was kidnaped by Sūrpaka. Awakened, he struck Sūrpaka with his fist and Sūrpaka released him. Śauri fell into the Godā (Godāvāri), swam across it, went to Kollāpura, and married Padmaśrī, the daughter of King Padmaratha. There he was carried off by Nilakaṅṭha and, released, fell into Lake Campā, swam across it, and married a minister's daughter. Then carried off by Sūrpaka and released, he fell into the Gaṅgā, came out of it and, roaming about, went to a village with other travelers. He married the village-chief's daughter, named Jarā, and begot a son on her, named Jarākumāra. He married Avantisundarī, Sūrasenā, Naradviṣ, Jīvayaśas, and other princesses.

One day as he was going on the road, a deity said to him: " Rohiṇī, daughter of King Rudhira, will be given to you by me in a svayamvara. You must play a drum. " So instructed by her, he went to the svayamvara-pavilion in Ariṣṭapura. Rohiṇī came to the marriage-pavilion, like Rohiṇī ¹⁶¹ come to earth in person, the kings, Jarāsandha, et cetera, being seated there. Wishing to make themselves pleasing to her, they did this and that; but no one pleased her, who did not see anyone suitable for herself.

Śauri, disguised, in the midst of the drummers played a drum with clear words in a recital: " Come! Come to me, doe-eyed! What do you look at, like a doe? I am the husband suitable for you, eager for union with you. " After hearing that, Rohiṇī, her hair erect from the sight of him, threw the svayamvara-wreath around Vasudeva's neck. A great tumult arose among the kings who cried, " Kill him! She chose a drummer, " and there was loud laughter at these words.

¹⁶¹ 9. The favorite wife of the Moon, one of the asterisms.

Dantavakra, lord of Kośala, whose speech was very crooked, said to Rudhira with ridicule, just like a clown: "If your daughter wished you to give her to a drummer, why were these well-born kings summoned by you well-born? If she, not knowing good qualities, chooses a drummer for a husband, she must not be respected by her father. For the father is the ruler of a child."

Rudhira said: "Enough of this discussion of yours, king. The man chosen in the svayamvara of maidens is authority." Then King Vidura, skilled in law, said this good thing, "Nevertheless, it is proper for the groom to be asked about his family, et cetera." Vasudeva said: "What is this introduction to the praise of family, since whatever I am, being such, I have been chosen by her. Whoever, unable to endure it, tries to take her away from me, to him I shall tell my family by showing my strength of arm."

When Jarāsandha had heard this bold speech of his, angry, he said to Samudravijaya and the other kings: "Now, Rudhira, causing embarrassment to kings, is the basest of kings. This drummer is second, crazed by the playing of drums. He is not satisfied by so much: 'The princess has been obtained by me.' He is insolent like a dwarf from obtaining the fruit of a tall tree blown down by the wind. So kill them, Rudhira and the drummer, very quickly, sirs!" Thus addressed, Samudravijaya and the others prepared for battle.

A Khecara-lord, Dadhimukha, became charioteer himself and had Vasudeva, eager for battle, get into his chariot. Then Śauri, hard to endure in battle, took the bow and quivers which had been given by Aṅgāravati, the mother of Vegavati. Rudhira's army was broken by Jarāsandha's kings. Vasudeva had the horses urged forward by Dadhimukha. The best of the Yadus defeated Śatruñjaya, who had risen up (to fight) first. He broke Dantavakra and King Śalya. Jarāsandha then said anxiously to King Samudra: "This man is not a mere drummer, unconquerable by other kings. Rise up and defeat him yourself. If he is killed, Rohiṇī is yours. Remove the disgrace of defeat

from all the kings." Samudravijaya said: "Enough of other men's wives for me! But at your command, I will fight with him powerful."

Saying this, Samudravijaya fought with his brother. For a long time their sword against sword caused amazement to all. As the chief of the Yadus was thinking, "Who is he, equal to me even?" Vasudeva threw an arrow with a message before him. Samudra seized the arrow and read its words as follows, "Vasudeva who went away by a trick at that time bows to you."¹⁶² Delighted, the lord of the Daśārhas got down from the chariot and ran forward, saying "Child! Child!" like a cow in the evening eager for its calf. Vasudeva also got down and fell at his feet. Samudra raised him up and embraced him immediately.

Asked by his elder brother, "My dear, where have you been for a hundred years?" Vasudeva told all his adventures from the beginning. Just as Samudravijaya was rejoiced by his brother having such power, so Rudhira was rejoiced by his son-in-law. When Jarāsandha knew that he was the brother of his own vassal, his anger was appeased. For one's own man of superior merit is a reason for joy. Then a festival was held by the king's people who met for the occasion; and the wedding of Rohiṇī and Vasudeva took place on an auspicious day. The kings, Jarāsandha and the others, departed after they had been honored by Rudhira. The Yādavas, together with Kaṁsa, remained there ¹⁶³ for a year.

One day Vasudeva asked Rohiṇī privately, "Why did you ignore kings and choose me, a drummer?" She said: "I have always worshipped the magic art Prajñapti. She told me: 'The tenth Daśārha will be your husband. You can recognize him by the playing of a drum in the svayaṁvara.' From complete confidence in her words, I chose you at that time."

¹⁶² 35. When he left Śauryāpura. See above, p: 45 f.

¹⁶³ 42. In Ariṣṭapurā.

One day when Samudravijaya and the others were present in the council, a middle-aged woman descended through the air, bestowing a blessing. She said to Vasudeva: "I am Bālacandrā's mother, named Dhanavatī. For my daughter's sake I have come to take you away. Bālacandrā is my daughter and Vegavatī is like a daughter.¹⁶⁴ Day and night they are miserable because of the separation from you." Vasudeva looked at Samudravijaya's face and the king said, "Go, but do not stay for a long time as before. Then Vasudeva asked forgiveness of the king¹⁶⁵ and went with her in an aerial car to the city Gaganavallabha.

Samudravijaya went to his own city with Kaṅsa and looked constantly for Vasudeva's coming. Vasudeva married moon-faced Bālacandrā who was made ready by her father, the Khecara-lord, Kañcanaḍṅṣṭra. Then he collected the beautiful maidens, previously married, from their respective homes and, accompanied by Vidhyādharas like footmen, went to Śauryapura, seated in a lofty aerial car. He was embraced ardently by Samudravijaya, eager, like the moon by the ocean with waves in the form of arms extended.

¹⁶⁴ 48. Putrikā. Two Indian Sanskritists take putrikā to mean 'like a daughter.' But I think the -ka has a deprecatory tinge. Perhaps 'small daughter,' like 'barā sāhib' and 'choṭa sāhib.'

¹⁶⁵ 50. For any offence he may have committed.

CHAPTER V

BIRTH OF RĀMA, KRṢṢNA, AND ARIṢṢṢANEMI, KILLING OF KAṢṢSA, AND FOUNDING OF DVĀRIKĀ

Now in HāṣṢtinapura there lived a sheth and he had a son, named Lalita, very dear to his mother. One day an embryo was produced by the shethnī, which gave her much pain. Though she tried to make it fall by various means, it did not fall. A son was born and was given by the shethnī to a slave-girl to abandon. He was seen by the sheth and the slave-girl was asked, "What is this?" She said: "He is undesired and is abandoned by the shethnī." The sheth took him and reared him secretly somewhere else. The father named the child Gaṅgadatta; and Lalita also cherished him always, unknown to the mother.

One day at the spring-festival, Lalita said to his father, "It would be a fine thing, if Gaṅgadatta ate with us today." The sheth said, "If your mother sees him, that will not be fine." "Father, I will see to it that he is not seen." So advised by the sheth, Lalita seated poor Gaṅgadatta behind a curtain for dinner. The sheth and Lalita themselves were seated in front of it at that time and, while eating, gave food to Gaṅgadatta secretly. The curtain was suddenly lifted by the wind and the shethnī saw him, dragged him out by the hair, beat him, and threw him in the drain. The sheth and Lalita, embarrassed, bathed Gaṅgadatta and, noble, enlightened him, unknown to the shethnī.

Then sādhus came there for alms and were questioned by them, "Why does the shethnī hate her son?" One sādhu explained: "In a village there were two brothers and they went outside for wood. After loading a cart with wood, the elder brother went ahead and saw a snake, a cakkaluṅḁā,¹⁶⁶ moving

¹⁶⁶ 14. Deṣināmamālā, 3.5, 'a kind of snake.' The Deṣī. has cakkulaṅḁā. Muni Puṅyavijayaji tells me it is the snake commonly called domuḁhā, the 'two-mouthed' snake.

on the road. He said to the younger brother, who was driving the cart, 'This pitiable cakkaluṇḍā must be protected from the cart.' Hearing that, the serpent, delighted, was reassured. The younger brother came there, looked at her, and said, 'She has been protected by the elder brother, but I shall drive the cart over her, to hear with joy the sound of the breaking of her bones.'

He, cruel, did so and the snake, hearing that, died while reflecting, 'He is some former enemy of mine.' She was born as your wife. The elder brother died and was born as her son, Lalita, dear from the act in a former birth. The younger brother died and became Gaṅgadatta, who was undesired because of his former act. Previous acts do not turn out otherwise."

Then disgusted with existence, the father and two sons took the vow. The sheth and Lalita went to Mahāśukra; but Gaṅgadatta, recalling his mother's hostility, went to Mahāśukra with a nidāna for popularity with every one.

Birth of Rāma (23-27)

Then Lalita's soul fell from Mahāśukra and originated in the womb of Vasudeva's wife, Rohiṇī. Rohiṇī saw an elephant, ocean, lion, and moon entering her mouth in a dream in the last part of the night, indicating the birth of a Halabhr̥t. At the proper time Rohiṇī bore a son with the color of Rohiṇī's lord (the moon); and the kings, Māgadha, et cetera celebrated his birth-festival. His father gave him the charming name Rāma; and Rāma grew up gradually, charming the minds of all. Rāma acquired all the arts in the presence of teachers, with all the sciences reflected in the unclouded mirror of his intelligence.

Account of Nārada (28-42)

One day Muni Nārada came of his own will to Samudravijaya attended by Vasudeva, Kaṅsa, and others. Samudravijaya, Kaṅsa, Vasudeva and others rose and honored him like the risen sun. Delighted by their pūjā, Nārada

permission of the lord of Daśārha. One day there Kaṅsa in company with Jivayāsa said to Śauri: "There is a very large city, Mṛttikāvati by name. My paternal uncle, named Devaka, is king there. He has a daughter, Devakī by name, who resembles a goddess. Go and marry her. I shall be your best man. Do not oppose this friendly request of mine."

A depository of courtesy, the tenth Daśārha, so instructed, went with Kaṅsa and he saw Nārada on the road. Muni Nārada, honored properly by Śauri and Kaṅsa, delighted, asked, "Where are you going and what for?" Śauri said, "I have started with my friend Kaṅsa to marry the princess Devakī, Devaka's daughter." Nārada said: "Such a thing was well undertaken by Kaṅsa. For the Creator is unskilled in the union of suitable persons, even though he created them. Just as you, Vasudeva, have no equal in beauty among men, so Devaka's daughter, Devakī, has none among women. You have married many maidens, even Khecaris. When you have seen Devakī, you will surely consider them without merit. Do not allow any obstacle from any source to this suitable union. I shall go and describe your merits to Devakī, Vasudeva."

With these words, the muni flew up and went to Devakī's house. Worshipped by her, he announced, "Let Vasudeva be your husband." Asked, "Who is Vasudeva?" the muni said: "The young tenth Daśārha, dear to Vidyādhara-women. What else? He, whom in beauty the gods, et cetera do not equal, is Vasudeva." Saying this, Ṛṣi Nārada left. Ānaka-
dundubhi entered Devakī's heart by that speech.

In due course the two came to Mṛttikāvati city. Honored by Devaka, discerning, Śauri and Kaṅsa took seats on a priceless seat and were asked the reason for their coming. Kaṅsa said: "I came here to have you give Devakī, who is suitable, to Vasudeva. That is the reason for coming." Devaka said: "That is not the custom for the bridegroom himself to come on account of a maiden. I shall not give Devakī to him."

Embarrassed, the two went to their own camp. King Devaka went to his harem. Devaka, to whom Devakī bowed with great joy, gave the blessing, "Obtain a suitable husband, daughter." Devaka told the queen: "Today Kaṅṅsa asked me urgently to give Devakī to Vasudeva. I did not give Devakī to Vasudeva, unable to bear separation from her." Hearing that, the queen was depressed and Devakī cried aloud. Knowing fully their inclinations, Devaka said, "Enough of this grief. I have come here to question you." The queen said: "Vasudeva is a suitable husband for Devakī. He himself has come to court her because of her merit."

When he had been told this, Devaka had Kaṅṅsa and Vasudeva, whom he himself had formerly scorned, conducted to him at once by the minister. On an auspicious day the wedding of Devakī and Vasudeva took place with new auspicious songs being sung very loud. Devaka gave much gold, et cetera to Vasudeva and he also gave Nanda, owner of ten cattle-stations, together with a crore of cattle. Daśārha and Kaṅṅsa, accompanied by Nanda, went to Mathurā and Kaṅṅsa began a great festival created for his friend's wedding.

Incident of Jivayaśas and Atimukta (71-88)

Kaṅṅsa's younger brother, Atimukta, who had taken the vow already, his body emaciated from fasting, came to Kaṅṅsa's house to break his fast. Then Jivayaśas, Kaṅṅsa's wife, who was under the influence of wine, said: "It is a good thing that you have come on this festival-day, brother-in-law. Dance, sing with me." With such words the muni was tormented by her many times clinging to his neck, as if he were a householder. He, omniscient, announced to her: "The seventh child of the person on whose account this festival is held will be the slayer of your husband and father."

Hearing that speech that was like a clap of thunder, Jivayaśas became sober very soon from fear and released the muni. She went and told Kaṅṅsa and Kaṅṅsa reflected: "A thunderbolt might be erring, but not the speech of the muni.

Before any one knows, I myself shall ask Ānakadundubhi for the seven future children of Devakī. If my friend, being asked, will not give Devakī's children, I will try something else, that I may have peace."

Making such a plan, feigning intoxication though sober, he went to Vasudeva's house, his hands folded in supplication even from afar. Daśārha got up to meet him and received him suitably, stroked him with his hand, and said hastily: "You are my friend, dear as life. You seem to be wanting to say something. Say it. I shall do whatever you say."

Kaṅsa said, his hands folded: "In the beginning I have been made satisfied, friend, by you by making Jarāsandha give me Jivayaśas. Now you should give me the seven children of Devakī as soon as born." Vasudeva, honest-minded, promised it should be so. Devakī also, not knowing the facts, said: "Let it be so. There is no difference between Vasudeva's children and your children. For our union was arranged by you alone like the Creator. Why are you different now, like one without authority, Kaṅsa?"

Daśārha said: "Fair lady, enough of much talk. Seven children of yours must be given to Kaṅsa, as soon as born." Kaṅsa said, "This is a favor to me," with a pretense of being intoxicated. After drinking wine with Daśārha, he went to his house. Afterwards Ānakadundubhi heard the story of the muni and, truthful, was grieved at the thought, "I was tricked by Kaṅsa."

Exchange of children (89-97)

Now in Bhaddilapura there was a rich sheth, named Nāga, and his wife, Sulasā. Both were advanced lay-disciples. In Sulasā's childhood the flying sage, Atimukta said, "This girl will bear still-born children." Naigameṣin, Hari's god,¹⁶⁹ was worshipped by her with penance and, pleased, when asked for sons, said, knowing it from clairvoyance, "I shall deliver

¹⁶⁹ 91. The general of Śakra's infantry. Cf. K., p. 305.

to you, whose children will be still-born, Devakī's children whom Kaṅsa has asked for in order to kill, by transference of the children, pious woman."

By his own power he made Devakī and Sulasā ready for conception at the same time and they became pregnant at the same time. They gave birth at the same time and the god transferred the dead child of Sulasā and gave Devakī's child to Sulasā. So the god exchanged six of their infants. Kaṅsa had the still-born infants crushed thoroughly on a mill-stone. Devakī's children, like own children of Sulasā, grew up happily in her house, *her* nurslings. They were named Anīkayaśas, Anantasena, Ajitassenaka, Nihatāri, Devayaśas and Śatrusena.

Birth of Kṛṣṣna (98-114)

Then Devakī, after her purificatory bath, saw a dream at dawn—a lion, sun, fire, elephant, banner, aerial car, and a lotus-pool. Gaṅgadatta's jīva fell from Śukra and descended into her womb; and she carried the embryo like the ground of a mine a jewel. On the night of the eighth day of the white half of Nabhas (Śrāvaṅa), Devakī bore a son, black, on whom gods attended, destroying enemies by his glances. His partisans, the gods, put to sleep Kaṅsa's agents, watchmen, by their power, as if they had eaten poison.

Devakī summoned her husband and said: "You have been chained by a promise by scoundrelly Kaṅsa, who is not a friend though pretending to be a friend. He kills each son of mine as soon as born. Save this child even by deceit. There is no deceit toward a criminal in protecting a child. Take this baby of mine to Nanda's cattle-station and leave him. He will grow up there like his maternal grandfather's house."

Saying, "Very well! Very well!" the chief of the Yadus, tender from affection, took the child and left the house whose guards were asleep. The gods held an umbrella over him, made a rain of flowers and a light on the road by eight torches held erect. The gods assumed the form of white bulls, going in front of him, and opened the city-gates without being seen by others.

Śauri arrived at the main gate and, questioned from astonishment by King Ugrasena who was in a cage,¹⁷⁰ "What's this?" Śauri replied joyfully to Ugrasena, showing him the child: "He is an enemy of Kaṁsa. The destruction of your enemy will take place from him and your rise to power from him. But, O king, you must not tell this to any one." He said, "Very well" and Śauri went to Nanda's house.

Just then Nanda's wife, Yaśodā, bore a daughter. Śauri gave Yaśodā the son, took the girl, and immediately put her in the boy's place at Devakī's side. Śauri left and Kaṁsa's guards awake, saying, "What has happened," saw the daughter there. They delivered her to Kaṁsa and Kaṁsa thought: "The seventh child who was to be the death of me is a mere girl. I think the muni's speech was false. What need to kill her?" After cutting off one nostril, he returned her to Devakī.

Kṛṣṇa's childhood (116-169)

The boy was named Kṛṣṇa because of his black body and, protected by the gods, he grew up in Nanda's house. When a month had passed, Devakī said to Vasudeva, "I am eager to see my son. I shall go to Gokula."¹⁷¹ Śauri said: "Kaṁsa will see you going unexpectedly. So it is proper for you to go, after inventing some reason, Devakī. Accompanied by many women, worshipping cows everywhere, you should go to Gokula by the cow-path." Devakī did so.

Devakī saw there her son, his breast marked with the śrīvatsa, his complexion like a petal of the blue lotus, his eyes like blooming white lotuses, his hands and feet marked by the disc, et cetera, polished like a sapphire, sitting on Yaśodā's lap, delighting the heart. With the pretext of cow-worship Devakī went there constantly. The custom of cow-worship commenced among the people from that time.

Then from inherited hostility Sūrpaka's two daughters,

¹⁷⁰ 108. See above, p. 44.

¹⁷¹ 117. Nanda's cattle-station.

Śakuni and Pūtanā, unable to injure Vasudeva, went to Gokula, like witches most evil, to kill Kṛṣṣṇa, who was alone without Yaśodā and Nanda. Śakuni, standing on a cart, cried out sharply to Kṛṣṣṇa standing below and Pūtanā thrust her breast smeared with poison into Kṛṣṣṇa's mouth. Instantly the deities attending on Kṛṣṣṇa struck them both with the same cart and killed them.

Nanda came there, saw Kṛṣṣṇa alone, the cart overturned and the two Khecaris who had been killed. Saying, "I have been robbed," he put Kṛṣṣṇa on his lap and reproachfully asked the herdsmen: "How was the cart overturned? Who are these two dead women with red faces like Rākṣasis? My son, (left) alone, is alive only because of his good fortune." The herdsmen said: "Master, this cart was overturned by this strong child of yours and these women were killed by him alone."

Hearing that, Nanda examined Keśava over all his body and, seeing that he was uninjured, said to Yaśodā: "Why do you attend to other business, leaving the boy alone? Left even for a few minutes just now, he falls into misfortunes here. Even if the jars of ghī are rolling about, you must not go anywhere, leaving Kṛṣṣṇa alone. Enough of your other work." Hearing that speech, Yaśodā, saying, "Oh! I am killed!" beating her breast with her hand, picked up Kṛṣṣṇa. Asking, "You are not hurt?" accompanied by an examination of his body, Yaśodā kissed Kṛṣṣṇa on the head and embraced him. Zealously Yaśodā carried him herself constantly, but Kṛṣṣṇa, impetuous by disposition, went here and there by tricks.

One day, afraid of his running away, she tied Kṛṣṣṇa by a rope around the waist, fastened the end of the rope to a mortar, and went to a neighboring house. Then Sūrpaka's son, recalling his ancestral hostility, went there and assumed the form of two arjuna¹⁷² trees near each other. He led Kṛṣṣṇa with the mortar between them in order to crush him and he was killed by Kṛṣṣṇa's deity, who destroyed the arjuna trees. Hearing

¹⁷² 138. Terminalia arjuna(MW); Pentaptera arjuna (Roxb).

from a cowherd that the two arjunas had been uprooted by Kṛṣṇa like an elephant, Nanda came with Yaśodā. They kissed Kṛṣṇa, gray with dust, affectionately on the head and the herdsmen called him 'Dāmodara' from tying with the rope.

He, dearer than life, was held on breast, hip, and head day and night by the cowherds and milkmaids. He took the fresh butter from the churns mischievously and was not hindered by the herdsmen, gentle from affection, looking at his curious performances. He gave joy to Yaśodā, Nanda, and the herdsmen, whether talking, wandering about, fighting, or eating. Afraid of accidents, they were not able to prevent him going about, but only followed him, fettered by the bonds of affection.

Daśārha heard that he had killed Śakuni and Pūtanā, overturned the cart, and destroyed the two arjunas. He reflected: "I concealed the son, but he is becoming known by his strength. May Kaṁsa not find out about him. Even if he does find out, may he not be able to do anything unfavorable to him. Which one of my sons can I send to Kṛṣṇa's aid? Akrūra and the others are known to Kaṁsa who has cruel ideas. Rāma is a good one to assign, since he is not known to him now."

Making this decision, Śauri had Rohiṇī and Rāma brought from Kośalā¹⁷³ and, having talked with them, sent them to Śauryapura. One day he summoned Rāma and told him everything in detail, gave him instructions, and turned him over to Yaśodā and Nanda as a son. The two, ten bows tall, handsome, played, watched unwinkingly by the milkmaids whose work was neglected. Kṛṣṇa studied archery and all the arts at Rāma's side, always having assistance bestowed by the herdsmen. Sometimes as friends, sometimes as teacher and pupil, they did various things, never separated even for a moment. Keśava seized by the tail excited bulls as they went

¹⁷³ 150. Jove must have nodded. There has been no mention of Rohiṇī and Rāma going to Kośalā. Presumably they have been in Śauryapura, since Vasudeva collected his wives and went there. See p. 152.

Birth of Neminātha (170-186)

Now in Śrīsauryapura Samudravijaya's wife, Śivā, saw fourteen great dreams in the last part of the night: an elephant, bull, lion, Śrī, wreath, moon, sun, banner, water-jar, lotus-pond, ocean, aerial car, heap of jewels, and fire. Then on the twelfth day of the dark half of Kārttika the moon being in Tvāṣṭra (Citrā), Śaṅkha fell from Aparājita and descended into Śivā's womb. There was happiness for hell-inhabitants and a light in the three worlds at that time. For that is a certainty at the kalyāṇas¹⁷⁶ of the Arhats.

When Queen Śivā was awake, she related the dreams to her husband. Kroṣṭuki came there, summoned to be asked the meaning of the dreams. A flying ascetic came there of his own accord and he was honored by the king, who rose, and was seated on a splendid seat. The muni with Kroṣṭuki, questioned by the king about the meaning of the dreams, explained, "Your son will be a Tīrthakṛt, Lord of Three Worlds." After this explanation, the sage departed; and the king and queen experienced great joy, as if bathed in nectar. The queen carried the embryo concealed, which conferred happiness, bestowing an increase of beauty and grace on every limb.

At night on the fifth of the white half of Śrāvaṇa, the moon being in Tvāṣṭra, the queen bore a son, black in color, marked with a conch. The fifty-six Dikkumārīs came from their respective places and performed the birth-rites of Queen Śivā and the Jinendra. Śakra came there in five forms. With one form he took the Lord, and with two the chaurīs, with one a shining umbrella, and with one twirling the thunderbolt in front of the child like a dancer, he went to the peak of Meru to the rock Atipāṇḍukambalā.

Purandara sat down on a lion-throne on it and seated the Master on his lap like a splendid lion-throne. Then the sixty-three Indras, beginning with Acyuta, immediately bathed

¹⁷⁶ 173. The 5 important, auspicious occasions in an Arhat's life. See I, n. 147.

the Jinendra devotedly. Śakra set the Master on Iśāna's lap, bathed him properly, and worshipped him with divine flowers, et cetera. After he had made the light-waving and had bowed to the Lord with folded hands, Hari, his voice vehement with devotion, began a hymn of praise.

Stuti (187-194)

“ O Lord, you who are attaining emancipation, pearl in the oyster-shell of Śivā's womb, sole abode of the kalyāṣas, Blessed One, you are bestowing happiness. Homage to you, whose emancipation is near, to whom all objects are visible, treasury of manifold supernatural powers, twenty-second Arhat. The Hari-line is purified; the land of Bharata is purified in which you in your last body have descended, Teacher of the World. You are the sole depository of compassion, the sole abode of chastity, the sole refuge of power, Teacher of Three Worlds. By the mere sight of you, very powerful, Lord of the World, the work of teaching living beings is accomplished from the dispersion of delusion. Without any reason you are a protector; without any cause, affectionate; a supporter without motive; you the sole striver after emancipation in the Hari-line.¹⁷⁷ Today this Bharatakṣetra is best in which you have descended from Aparājita for the delight of the people, bestowing enlightenment. May your (lotus-)feet impose constantly the condition of being a haṅsa on my mind and may my voice be successful in its purpose by the praise of your virtues. ”

After this hymn of praise, Purandara took the Lord of the World and put him down by Śri Śivā's side according to custom. Then Vāsava appointed five Apsarases as nurses for the Master, made a pilgrimage to Nandīśvara, and went to his own place.

When he had seen his son at dawn with a great light like the risen sun, delighted, Samudravijaya held the birth-festival.

¹⁷⁷ 192. With the second meaning: sole pearl of the yellow bamboo. The bamboo is considered a source of pearls. See I, n. 314.

The rim of a wheel made of ariṣṭa ¹⁷⁸ was seen in a dream by his mother, while he was still in the womb, and for that reason his father gave him the name Ariṣṭanemi. When they heard of Ariṣṭanemi's birth, Vasudeva and others held a great festival in Mathurā from extreme joy.

One day Kaṁsa went to Vasudeva's house to see Devakī and saw the girl who had one nostril cut off. Terrified, Kaṁsa went home and questioned an expert astrologer, "Is not the muni's speech about Devakī's seventh child false?"

The astrologer said: "The muni's speech is not false. Devakī's seventh child, the cause of your death, is somewhere. The bull, Ariṣṭa, which you have, the great horse, named Keśin, an untamed donkey and goat—turn them loose in Vṛndāvana. The one who, playing there at will, kills them, though they are like iron, is Devakī's seventh son, your slayer. Furthermore, he alone will be able to string the hereditary bow Śārṅga, which is in your house, worshipped by your mother. What was foretold by the omniscient, that, difficult to be touched by other people, will happen to the future powerful Vāsudeva. Destroyer of the serpent Kāliya, slayer of Cāṅūra, he will kill your elephants, Padmottara and Campaka."

In order to ascertain his enemy, Kaṁsa turned Ariṣṭa and the others loose in the forest and instructed the wrestlers, Cāṅūra and Muṣṭika, to train. Then in autumn the bull, Ariṣṭa, like misfortune personified, bellowing, attacked the cowherds' establishment in Vṛndāvana. He lifted the cows on the ends of his horns, like mud from a river-bank, and he turned over many jars of butter with the end of his nose. "Save us! Kṛṣṇa! Kṛṣṇa! Rāma! Rāma!" the loud miserable outcry of herdsmen arose then.

Saying, "What's this?" Govinda ran in haste with Rāma and saw before him a powerful bull. Though restrained by the

¹⁷⁸ 198. Or riṣṭa, a kind of black jewel. Cf. I, p. 368. In the Uttar., p. 197 of SBE. vol. XLV, Jacobi takes riṣṭaka, in a list of symbols for blackness, as Sapindus Detergens, the soap-nut. It is certainly the jewel there, also.

elders saying, "Stop! This is no business of yours with our cows and butter," Kṛṣṇa challenged the bull. Raising his horns, his face screwed up with anger, his tail erect, Ariṣṭa attacked Govinda. Hari seized him quickly by the horns, twisted his neck, made him breathless, and killed Ariṣṭa. "Ariṣṭa, who was like Death, has been killed," delighted, everywhere the herdsmen worshipped Kṛṣṇa, thirsty for the sight of him.

One day while Kṛṣṇa was playing, Kaṅsa's colt, Keśin, came with evil intentions like Kīnāśa, open-mouthed. Biting the calves, kicking the pregnant cows with his hooves, neighing in a terrifying manner, he was threatened severely by Kṛṣṇa. Twirling his arm which resembled a thunderbolt, Hari put it in the mouth, cruel with saw-like teeth, stretched out, of him wishing to bite. He split his face with his arm (pushed) down to his neck, so that he was lifeless, as if eager for the company of Ariṣṭa. One day Kṛṣṇa, long-armed, killed easily Kaṅsa's donkey and goat, whose strength was cruel, coming there.

When he heard that they had been killed, in order to test his enemy thoroughly, Kaṅsa set up Śārṅga in the assembly under pretext of a pūjā. He made his sister, the maiden Satyabhāmā, its attendant, always near, and opened the festival. Kaṅsa had it proclaimed, "I shall give goddess-like Satyabhāmā to the one who strings Śārṅga." Hearing that, kings came there even from afar, but no one was able to string the bow.

Hearing about it, Anādhṛṣṭi, the son of Madanāvega and Vasudeva, thinking himself a hero, got into a swift chariot. Crossing to Gokula, he saw there Rāma and Kṛṣṇa together. He stopped one night and entertained them, talking. At dawn he got into the chariot, dismissed his younger brother Rāma, and set out, taking Kṛṣṇa as a guide on the road to Mathurā. His chariot caught on a banyan on the road filled with trees and Anādhṛṣṭi was not able to free it. Kṛṣṇa came there on foot, pulled up the banyan easily, threw it aside, and after that made a straight chariot-road. Then Anādhṛṣṭi, delighted at seeing his strength, got down, embraced him, and put him in the chariot.

In time they crossed the Kālindī and entered Mathurā. They went to the assembly of the bow to which many kings had come. They saw lotus-eyed Satyabhāmā, like its guardian-deity, near the bow. Looking at eager Kṛṣṇa, Satyabhāmā, wounded by Manobhava's arrow, instantly chose him in her mind as her husband. Anādhṛṣṭi approached and, as he lifted up the bow, his foot slipped in the mud and he fell to the ground, like a camel. Then Satyabhāmā and the others with wide-opened eyes laughed a little at him with his necklace broken, his crown crushed, and his ear-rings lost.

Unable to endure their laughter, instantly Dāmodara took up the bow as if it were a garland of flowers and strung it easily. With the curved bow which had great brilliance he looked like a rainy season cloud with a rainbow. Anādhṛṣṭi went to his father's house, left Keśava at the door in the chariot, went inside, and announced to his father, "I alone strung the bow Śārṅga, Father, which could not be even touched anywhere by other kings." Vasudeva said harshly, "Go without delay. When Kaṁsa knows that you have strung the bow, he will kill you." Hearing that, Anādhṛṣṭi left the house in fear and went in haste with Kṛṣṇa to Nanda's cow-station. Taking leave of Rāma and Govinda, he went to Śauryapura.

There was a rumor that Nanda's son has strung the bow. Distressed by the stringing of the bow, using the festival of the bow as a pretext, Kaṁsa summoned all the wrestlers for a contest. The kings, who had been summoned there, stood on platforms in order to see and their eyes were fixed especially on Kaṁsa placed on a high platform. All his own elder brothers and all his sons, Akrūra, et cetera, had been summoned by Vasudeva who knew Kaṁsa's evil intentions. They were seated on very high platforms by Kaṁsa, who had entertained them, like suns very strong in brilliance.

Hearing that there was a wrestling-match, Kṛṣṇa said to Rāma, "Elder brother, let us go there and see the wrestling-show." Rāma agreed and said to Yaśodā, "Prepare a bath for us, as we intend to go to Mathurā." Seeing that she was

somewhat slow, Bala spoke harshly, for the sake of a prologue to the story of the murder of Govinda's brothers, "Say, have you forgotten now your former state as a slave that you do not carry out our order quickly?" Sātvata (Rāma), devoted, took Kṛṣṣna, who was pale at that speech, to the river Yamunā for his bath.

He said to him, "Why, my boy, do you appear pale, like a mirror touched by the wind and cloud of the rainy season?" Govinda said to Baladeva in choking words, "Why do you speak contemptuously to my mother, brother, saying to her, 'You are a slave'?" Rāma said to Janārdana who was pleasing to women: "Yaśodā is not your mother and Nanda is not your father. But Devakī, King Devaka's daughter, is your mother; and Vasudeva, the sole hero of the universe, fortunate, is your father. Every month Devakī comes here to see you under pretext of cow-worship, tearful, the surface of the ground being sprinkled from her breasts.

Vasudeva, who has stayed in Mathurā at Kaṁsa's insistence, is our father, the sole ocean of gallantry. I am your elder brother with a different mother. I came here at the order of the honored father to protect you as he feared some misfortune to you." Asked by the younger brother, "Why was I sent here by father?" he told the whole story of the brothers' murder, et cetera, committed by Kaṁsa.

Hearing that, Kṛṣṣna was angered and, cruel as a fire, vowed to kill Kaṁsa. He entered the river to bathe. Kāliya, a serpent, his body submerged in the Kālindī's water, attacked Janārdana, like a friend of Kaṁsa, intending to bite him. While Rāma was saying, "What's this?" because of the glitter of the jewel in his hood, Kṛṣṣna rose up and seized it like a blue lotus. Kṛṣṣna mounted the snake and rode it for a long time in the water by a lotus-stalk in its nose like an ox being led by a nose-cord.

Leaving it crushed as if lifeless, Kṛṣṣna left (the river) and was surrounded by Brāhmins who had come from curiosity, asking whether the bath had been auspicious. Surrounded by cowerds, Rāma and Kṛṣṣna, very powerful, went to Mathurā

and reached the main gate. There two elephants, Padmottara and Campaka, driven by mahouts at Kaṁsa's order, ran toward them. Kṛṣṇa killed the elephant Padmottara by pulling out its tusks, by blows with his fist, et cetera; and Balabhadra, like a lion, killed Campaka. They were watched by the townsmen with great astonishment, saying to each other, "These are Nanda's sons who killed Ariṣṭa and the others."

Wearing dark blue and yellow garments and garlands of wild flowers, surrounded by herdsmen, both Rāma and Kṛṣṇa went to the arena. There the two brothers, fearless, with their followers sat down on a high platform, after sending away the people who occupied it. Sātvata pointed out to Kṛṣṇa the enemy Kaṁsa and the fathers,¹⁷⁹ Samudravijaya and the others, in order of seniority. "Who are they, resembling gods?" debating with each other, the kings and townsmen seated on the platforms, looked at them.

At Kaṁsa's command many wrestlers contended there. Urged by him, Cāṇūra got up, as big as a mountain. Roaring like a thunder-cloud and giving slaps with his hands, scorning all the kings, Cāṇūra said aloud: "If anyone is the son of a hero and thinks himself a hero, let him, difficult to be suffered, fulfil my confidence in a wrestling contest." Unable to endure the insolence of Cāṇūra swaggering excessively, Kṛṣṇa descended from the platform and, long-armed, slapped his arms. The slaps of Govinda, like the blows of a lion with his tail, shook heaven and earth, as it were, with a loud noise.

"Cāṇūra, a professional pugilist, is superior in age and physique, hard from training, always cruel like a yak. This one is a mere boy, simple, softer than the heart of a lotus from living in the forest, inexperienced. It is not fitting for them to fight. Shame on this improper thing disapproved by every one!" A tumult arose among the people saying this aloud. Then Kaṁsa said in a rage: "By whom were these herdsmen, intoxicated by drinking milk, brought here? On the contrary,

¹⁷⁹ 272. I.e., the uncles.

they have come of their own accord! Who, pray, here hinders them wishing to fight? Let him speak separately who has any injury from them!"

Hearing Kaṅsa's speech, all the people became silent and Govinda, his lotus-eyes wide-open, said: "This man, Cāṅūra, chief of pugilists, has been fed on royal food, always in training, with a very fine physique—now he may be seen killed by me, a herd-boy, living on milk, like an elephant by a young lion."

Terrified by his confidence, Kaṅsa ordered a second great pugilist, Muṣṭika by name, to be ready to fight at the same time. Seeing Muṣṭika get up, Sātvata, skilled in fighting, descended from the platform and challenged him to fight. Then Kṛṣṇa and Cāṅūra and Rāma and Muṣṭika began to fight with arms that resembled magic nooses. The earth trembled, as it were, from their heavy footsteps and the pavilion of the universe resounded, as it were, from the noise of their slaps. Muṣṭika and Cāṅūra were thrown up in the air like bunches of grass by Rāma and Kṛṣṇa and the people, looking on, were delighted.

The people became gloomy when they saw the heroes being thrown up at all by Cāṅūra and Muṣṭika. Keṣava struck Cāṅūra with a hard fist, like an elephant striking a heap of rocks vigorously with the hammer of his tusk. Cāṅūra, destroying pride, thinking himself victorious, struck Ariṣṭa-sūdana¹⁸⁰ on the chest with his fist whose strength was equal to a ball of adamant. Injured by that blow, his eyes rolling as if from wine, Adhokṣaja fell to the ground, his eyes shut. Incited by a glance by Kaṅsa skilled in trickery, Cāṅūra, wicked, ran again to kill Govinda while he was unconscious.

Bala, realizing that he intended to kill him, at once abandoned Muṣṭika and struck him with his forearm which imitated a falling thunderbolt. Cāṅūra was hurled seven bows¹⁸¹ by that blow and Kṛṣṇa, having recovered conscious-

¹⁸⁰ 294. The destroyer of the bull Ariṣṭa.

¹⁸¹ 298. Forty-two feet.

ness, challenged him to fight again. Pressing on his waist with his knees and bending his head with his arm, Govinda, very strong, struck Cāṇūra with his fist. Cāṇūra, throwing up a stream of blood, his eyes miserable, was released at once by Kṛṣṇa as well as by the breath of life as if terrified.

Trembling from the agitation of anger, Kaṁsa said: "Ho! Kill these sons of a cowherd without delay. Kill Nanda, too, by whom these serpents have been nourished. Take the property of the rogue and bring it here. If anyone else, a partisan of his, protects him in the meantime, he is equally guilty and must be killed quickly by my order." Then Pundarikākṣa (Kṛṣṇa), red-eyed from the agitation of anger, said: "Cāṇūra having been killed, you are as good as dead now from us. Now protect yourself, on the point of being killed by me now, villain. Later, you may give orders for what is suitable for your anger in regard to Nanda and others."

With these words Govinda jumped up, climbed on the platform instantly, seized Kaṁsa by the hair, and threw him to the ground. Janārdana said to him whose crown was crushed, whose garment had slipped off, his eyes wavering like an animal tied in a slaughter-house: "The children's murders were committed uselessly for your protection, villain. Now you cease to exist. Experience the fruit of your own acts." All the people were astonished and terrified at Hari, by whom Kaṁsa had been captured, like a rogue-elephant that had taken his form. The blue-clothed hero (Bala) made Muṣṭika breathless by tying him with a rope and killed him like a goat brought for sacrifice.

Now the soldiers, adherents of Kaṁsa, in order to protect Kaṁsa, ran to kill Kṛṣṇa, holding many weapons. Rāma pulled up a post of the platform and, striking around, put them to flight quickly, like bees in a honey-comb. Kṛṣṇa set his foot on Kaṁsa's head and killed him, dragged him by the hair, and threw him outside the arena, like an ocean casting up a tree. Then Jarāsandha's soldiers, brought in advance by Kaṁsa, put on armor with the intention of killing Rāma and Kṛṣṇa.

Seeing them clad in armor, King Samudravijaya put on armor and attacked in battle. For his coming was for that purpose.

Jarāsandha's soldiers fled quickly in every direction from King Samudravijaya like an ocean with high waves. At Samudravijaya's order Anādhṛṣṭi put Rāma and Kṛṣṇa in his own chariot and took them to Vasudeva's house. All the Yadus, Samudravijaya and the others, went to Vasudeva's house and, having called a meeting, sat down. With Bala sharing his seat, Vasudeva, tearful, seated Keśava on his lap and kissed his head again and again.

Asked by his brothers, "What's this?" Ānakadundubhi related Kṛṣṇa's story from the affair of Atimuktaka. Then Samudravijaya took Kṛṣṇa on his lap and, delighted at Rāma's protection of him, praised Rāma again and again. Devakī came with her daughter with one nostril, took Kṛṣṇa who was going from lap to lap, and embraced him. The heroes, the Yādavas, weeping, said to Vasudeva: "You are able to conquer the world alone, long-armed one. How, hero, have you endured your sons being killed, as soon as they were born, by Kaṁsa extremely evil?" Vasudeva said: "I have endured this crime to protect my vow of truthfulness observed since birth. Kṛṣṇa was saved by me at Devakī's insistence and concealed in Gokula. I took in exchange this pitiful daughter of Nanda. The scoundrel released her with contempt, after cutting off one nostril, thinking, 'Devaki's seventh child is a mere girl.'"

With the approval of his brothers and nephews, Samudravijaya dragged King Ugrasena from prison. Samudravijaya and the others with King Ugrasena held Kaṁsa's funeral rites on Kālindī's bank. Kaṁsa's mother and wives gave handfuls of water in the river,¹⁸² but Jivayaśas did not give from pride and she said angrily:

"When I have destroyed these cowherds, Rāma and Kṛṣṇa,

¹⁸² 330. At the end of the funeral rites. On the tenth day, the relatives take a bath, dip up handfuls of water and pour them out again, with mantras.

and the Daśārhas with their descendants, I shall perform my husband's funeral rites. Otherwise, I shall enter the fire." After making this vow publicly, she went to the city Rājagṛha ruled over by Jarāsandha. With permission of Rāma and Kṛṣṇa, King Samudravijaya made Ugrasena king in the city Mathurā. Janārdana (Kṛṣṇa) married Satyabhāmā, who was given by Ugrasena, with fitting rites on the day designated by Kroṣṭuki.

Now, Jivayaśas, weeping, her hair disheveled, entered Jarāsandha's assembly, like Bad Luck embodied. Questioned by Jarāsandha, she told with difficulty the story of Atimuktaka and Kaṁsa's slaying. Jarāsandha said: "Kaṁsa did not do well, since he did not kill Devakī herself. How is there ploughing in the absence of a field? Do not weep now, child. I shall make their women weep, by killing all of Kaṁsa's slayers together with destruction of the root (Devakī)."

After telling her this, Jarāsandha gave instructions to a king, named Somaka, and despatched him to Samudravijaya. Arriving in Mathurā, he said to King Samudravijaya: "Your lord, Jarāsandha, commands you: 'Jivayaśas is dearer than life to us. Because of her affection Kaṁsa was her husband. To whom is this not known? You, our servant, may remain in peace; but Rāma and Kṛṣṇa, these insignificant enemies of Kaṁsa, must be surrendered. Moreover, even though the seventh child was surrendered before, surrender him now; but Rāma must be surrendered because of protecting him.'"

Samudravijaya said: "If six children were surrendered by honest Vasudeva without my knowledge, that was not fitting. If Kaṁsa has been killed by the boys, Rāma and Kṛṣṇa, from hostility because of their brothers' murder, what crime have they committed in this? The one fault on our part is this: that Vasudeva voluntarily from simplicity—that with his knowledge six sons¹⁸³ of mine were killed. My sons, Rāma and Kṛṣṇa, are the breath of life (to me). This action of your

¹⁸³ 346. I.e., nephews.

lord, demanding them with the intention of killing them, is (taken) without reflection.”

Somaka said angrily: “Consideration of what is fitting or unfitting is never at all suitable for servants in case of the master’s order. Let these two wretches go where the six infants went, king. Do not scratch the mouth of the serpent Takṣaka. Quarreling with the powerful is not for your advantage. Who are you compared with the Lord of Magadha, like a goat compared with an elephant?”

Govinda, angry, replied: “Because the bond of affection has been preserved for a long time by our father from simplicity, does your master have power (over us)? Jarāsandha is not our lord. On the contrary, saying this, he is a second Kaṁsa. Therefore, go! Tell him what you like, sir!” Thus addressed, Somaka said to Samudravijaya: “This son of yours is a firebrand in the family, Daśārha. Why do you overlook that?” Blazing with anger at that speech, Anādhṛṣṭi said: “Are you not ashamed at asking sons from a father, again and again? The lord of Rājagṛha is grieved by the slaying of his son-in-law. Are we not grieved at the killing of six brothers? We, powerful Rāma and Kṛṣṇa and the others, Akrūra and the rest, will not endure your speaking so, look you!” Attacked by Anādhṛṣṭi angrily in these words, distressed by anger, disregarded by Samudra, Somaka went to his own house.

The next day the lord of the Daśārhas called together his relatives and asked his friend, Kroṣṭuki, the best of astrologers, “Tell us what will happen in the future in regard to this quarrel of ours that has arisen with Jarāsandha, lord of three-part Bharata.” He said: “Soon Rāma and Kṛṣṇa, powerful, will be lords of three-part Bharata, after killing him. Go now to the west to the shore of the ocean. The beginning of the destruction of enemies will take place as you go there. Where Satyabhāmā bears twins, you must found a city in that very place and stay without fear.”

Then the king informed his people about his departure by proclamation and left Mathurā accompanied by eleven crores

of families. Samudravijaya went to Śauryapura, collected seven crores of families, and set forth, accompanied by relatives. King Ugrasena followed King Samudra and all went very willingly on the road inside the Vindhya. Then King Somaka went and reported all that, which was fuel to the fire of anger, to Ardhacakrin Jarāsandha. Seeing Jarāsandha angry, his son, Kāla, said: “What are these wretched Yadus to you? Give me orders and I will kill the Yadus, having dragged them from the ends of the earth, from fire, and from the ocean. Otherwise, I shall not return.”

Then Jarāsandha ordered Kāla, accompanied by five hundred kings, surrounded by a great army, (to march) against the Yadus. Kāla set out, accompanied by his brothers Yavana and Sahadeva, though restrained by unfavorable omens and inauspicious portents. Following the track of the Yadus, he came soon to the country at the foot of the Vindhya Mts., where the Yādavas were camped not far away. When the guardian-deities of Rāma and Kṛṣṇa saw that Kāla was near, they created a mountain, lofty and wide, with one door. They created a camp and army of the Yadus reduced to ashes by fire and they created one woman, weeping near the funeral-pyre.

Seeing her, Kāla asked, “Lady, why do you weep so?” She said: “Terrified of Jarāsandha, all the Yadus ran away. The hero Kāla came behind them like Death and the Yadus, terrified of him, near at hand, entered the fire. The Daśārhas, Rāma, and Kṛṣṇa entered the pyre here. I, too, shall enter the fire because of the separation from relatives.” Saying this, she entered the fire.

His mind bewildered by the gods, Kāla said to Sahadeva, Yavana, and the kings: “I vowed before my father and mother that I would kill the Yadus, dragging them from fire, et cetera. Look! I too, keeping my promise, shall enter this blazing fire to kill them who entered the fire from fear of me.” With these words, carrying sword and shield, he entered the fire like a moth and died, while his own people looked on, their minds confused by the gods.

Just then the blessed sun set and Yavana, Sahadeva, and the others camped on the spot. When daylight came, they did not see the mountain nor the funeral-pyre and messengers said to them, "The Yadus have gone far away." Knowing from the confession of old men that bewilderment had been made by the gods, Yavana and the others turned back and told all that to the Lord of Magadha. Jarāsandha fell to the ground in a deep swoon. When conscious, he cried, "Kāla, Kāla! Kaṅsa, Kaṅsa!"

Learning of Kāla's death as they marched, the Yadus, very happy, paid honor to Kroṣṭuki, confidence in whom had been created. The flying ascetic, Atimuktaka, came to them while they were in a forest on the road and was worshipped by the lord of Daśārhas. Samudravijaya bowed to the muni and asked him, "Blessed One, what will happen to us in this misfortune?" The sage said: "Do not fear. Your Prince Ariṣṭanemi will be the twenty-second Tirthakṛt, whose heroism is unequalled in the three worlds. Rāma and KṚṢṆA will be a Bala and a Viṣṇu, located at Dvārakā, lords of half of Bharata by the slaying of Jarāsandha." Delighted, then Samudra worshipped and dismissed the muni.

He went to the province Surāṣṭra by easy marches. There they made a camp together with eighteen crores of families to the northwest of Mt. Raivataka.¹⁸⁴ KṚṢṆA's wife, Satyabhāmā, bore two sons there, Bhānu and Bhāmara by name, the color of pure gold. On a day designated by Kroṣṭuki, after Hari had bathed and made an oblation, he made a pūjā to the ocean, and fasted for three days. On the third night, the god Susthita,¹⁸⁵ Lord of the Lavaṇa Ocean, came there, standing in the air, his hands folded submissively. The god gave Pāñcajanya to Kaṅsāri (KṚṢṆA) and Śughoṣa to Muṣṭikāri (Bala); and he gave divine jewels, wreaths, and garments.

The god said to KṚṢṆA: "For what reason was I, the god

¹⁸⁴ 391. The modern Girnār.

¹⁸⁵ 394. Cf. II, p. 115.

Susthita, recalled by you? Tell me, what can I do for you?" Kṛṣṇa said to the god: "The city Dvārakā here, which belonged to former Śārṅgins in the past,¹⁸⁶ was covered with water by you. Reveal its site for my place of residence." The god did so, went to Indra, and announced it to him. At Śakra's command Vaiśravaṇa made a city of jewels, twelve yojanas long and nine yojanas wide. He made a wall twenty-seven feet high, thirteen and a half feet in the ground, and eighteen feet wide, with a moat. Palaces with such names as round, square, long, mountain-peak, svastika, sarvatobhadra, mandara, earring, powder-flask were built by the lac, one-storied, two-storied, three-storied, et cetera. Divine shrines of the Jinas were made of various jewels and gems by the thousand at junctures of three and four roads. In the front part of it in the southeast part of the city was the golden palace of Samudra-vijaya, named Svastika, provided with a wall. Near it were the palaces of Akṣobhya and Stimita in succession, named Nandyāvarta and Girikuṭa, which had walls. In the southwest was the lofty palace of Sāgara, called Aṣṭāṅśa, and then the palaces, named Vardhamāna, of the fifth and sixth (Daśārhas). In the northwest was Dhaṛaṇa's palace, Puṣkarapatra, and then Pūraṇa's, Ālokadarśana. Near them was Abhicandra's, named Vimukta. In the northeast was Vasudeva's, named Kuberacchanda. The lofty palace of King Ugrasena was named Strīvihāraṁśama from its nearness to the king's highway. All were surrounded by wishing-trees; all had elephant-stables, horse-stables, walls, large gates, and rows of banners.

Inside these Baladeva's palace, named Pṛthivījaya, was made, four-cornered, with large gates. Vāsudeva's palace was eighteen stories high, named Sarvatobhadra, surrounded by various houses. In front of Rāma's and Kṛṣṇa's houses was the council-hall, named Sarvaprabhāsā, resembling Sudharmā,¹⁸⁷

¹⁸⁶ 397. See in Vol. III the biographies of the first four Vāsudevas, all of whom lived in Dvārakā. There is no account, however, of the construction or destruction of the first city.

¹⁸⁷ 413. The council-hall in Saudharma.

CHAPTER VI

MARRIAGE OF KṚṢṆA WITH RUKMIṆĪ AND OTHERS, SVAYAMVĀRA OF PĀṆḌAVAS AND DRAUPADĪ, AND THE LIFE OF PRADYUMNA

Marriage with Rukmiṇī (1-76)

There (in Dvārikā) Kṛṣṇa remained happily with Rāma, attending the Daśārhas, amusing himself, surrounded by the Yadus. There the Blessed Ariṣṭanemi grew up in course of time, spreading joy to the Daśārhas and the brothers, Halin and Kṛṣṇa. All the brothers, though elder, became young and played with the Master in the grounds of amusement-mountains, gardens, et cetera. The Master, ten bows tall, gradually attained adolescence, victorious from birth over love, his mind uncorrupted by it. Though begged by his parents and by his brothers, Rāma, Kṛṣṇa ¹⁸⁹ and the others, day after day, he did not consider marriage. Rāma and Kṛṣṇa conquered many kings and the two, united like Śakra and Īśāna, protected the subjects.

Nārada's mischief-making (7-18)

One day Nārada came in the course of his roaming to Kṛṣṇa's house and was honored properly by Kṛṣṇa and Rāma. Then he went to Kṛṣṇa's harem and Satyabhāmā, who was looking at herself in a mirror, did not honor him by giving him a seat, et cetera, because of her occupation. Then he went away, angry, and reflected with hostility: "Always the Nāradas have been worshipped by all in the harems of the Keśavas; but this woman, arrogant from her youth and beauty because of her husband's affection, did not even give me a glance, to say nothing of rising to greet me. Hence I shall

¹⁸⁹ 5. Really cousins.

make her fall into the trouble of acquiring a very beautiful co-wife."

With these reflections, he went to the city Kuṇḍina. Bhīṣmaka was king there. His wife was named Yaśomatī and they had a son, Rukmin, and a very beautiful daughter, Rukmiṇī. Nārada went there and, honored by Rukmiṇī, said, "Let Kṛṣṇa, lord of half of Bharata, be your husband." "Who is Kṛṣṇa?" she asked and Nārada explained that all the virtues, beauty, grace, courage, et cetera, unequaled, were assembled in Kṛṣṇa. After hearing that, Rukmiṇī became enamored with Kṛṣṇa immediately and continued to long for Kṛṣṇa, afflicted by love.

Nārada painted her picture on canvas, went to Dvārikā, and showed it, which resembled collyrium of nectar for the eyes, to Kṛṣṇa. When he had seen it, Kṛṣṇa asked Nārada, "Sir, who is this goddess whom you have painted on this canvas? Tell me." Nārada smiled and said: "This is not a goddess, but a mortal, Princess Rukmiṇī, sister of Rukmin, lord of Kuṇḍina." Astonished by her beauty, Kṛṣṇa sent an agent at once to Rukmin and asked for Rukmiṇī in a friendly speech. Rukmin laughed and said:

"A cowherd of low family, indeed, asks for my sister. What is this foolish wish of his! I shall give her in marriage to King Śiśupāla. Their union, like that of Rohiṇī and the Moon, is suitable."

Hearing his harsh speech, the messenger went and reported it to his yellow-clothed master (Kṛṣṇa). Rukmiṇī's paternal aunt, Dhātrī, knowing that he (Kṛṣṇa) was free from faults, took her aside and said in a speech purified by affection:

"When you were a child, the sage Atimuktaka saw you sitting on my lap and said, 'She will be Kṛṣṇa's chief-queen.' Asked, 'How will Kṛṣṇa be recognized?' he replied, 'Kṛṣṇa will be recognized from his settlement at Dvārikā on the Western Ocean.' You are not given by Rukmin to Kṛṣṇa, though he has asked for you, but you are given to Śiśupāla, son of Dāmaghoṣa."

Rukmiṇī said, "Is the speech of sages false? Or is thunder at dawn fruitless?" Knowing Rukmiṇī's preference for Kṛṣṇa, her paternal aunt sent word at once to Kṛṣṇa by a secret messenger: "On the pretext of a Nāgapūjā I shall go with Rukmiṇī to the garden-lines on the eighth day of the white half of Māgha. You must come there, if you want Rukmiṇī. Otherwise, Śiśupāla will marry her, honor-giver."

Now Śiśupāla, summoned by Rukmin, came with his army to Kuṇḍina to marry Rukmiṇī. Nārada, eager for strife, told Kṛṣṇa that Śiśupāla, eager to marry Rukmiṇī, had gone there. Kṛṣṇa and Rāma went to Kuṇḍina in separate chariots, unobserved even by their own people. At that time Rukmiṇī, attended by her paternal aunt and friends, went to the garden for a Nāgapūjā.

Descending from his chariot, Kṛṣṇa first introduced himself, bowed to the aunt, and said to Rukmiṇī: "I have come here to you from afar, like a bee to a jasmine. I am Kṛṣṇa, drawn by your merits. Get into my chariot." With the approval of the aunt who knew her heart, Rukmiṇī entered the chariot as well as Kṛṣṇa's heart. When Kṛṣṇa had gone some distance, in order to conceal their fault, her aunt and her slaves made a loud outcry. "Rukmin! Rukmin! Your sister, Rukmiṇī, has just now been kidnaped by force by Śārngin and Rāma like robbers." The two Yādavas blew Pāñcājanya and Sughoṣa, and Rukmin's city shook all over, as well as the ocean.

Rukmin and Śiśupāla, long-armed, powerful, followed Rāma and Kṛṣṇa with large armies. Having seen them, Rukmiṇī, terrified, sitting on his lap, said to Hari: "My brother is cruel and very strong. Śiśupāla is like him. Many other heroes, their adherents, fully equipped, are here. But you two are here alone. I am afraid. What will happen?"

Hari laughed and said: "Do not be afraid. For you belong to the warrior-caste. Who are these miserable creatures, Rukmin and the rest? See that strength of mine, fair lady." Saying this, in order to give her confidence, Śārngabhṛt cut

down a row of palm trees like a row of lotus-stalks with one blow with a crescent-shaped arrow. By the pressure of his thumb and finger, he split the diamond of his ring as easily as a piece of a cooked bean.

Rukmiṇī felt great joy at her husband's strength, like a lotus blooming at the light of the sun at dawn. Govinda said to Rāma: "Take the bride, brother, and go. I will kill these people, Rukmin and others, who are pursuing." Rāma said, "You go. I shall kill them." Rukmiṇī, terrified, said, "My brother must be saved." Rāma agreed to that with Kṛṣṇa's approval and halted right there to fight, but Janārdana went on. Then Bala, not slow in battle, his pestle raised, churned the enemy-army that had come, like Manthācala (Mt. Mandara) churning the ocean. Elephants and chariots turned into fine dust, like fragments of water-jars, from its iron tip, like mountains from the thunderbolt. Rukmin's army fled with Śiśupāla himself, but Rukmin, thinking himself a hero, said to Balabhadra:

"Ho! You have been seen, cowherd. Stand! Stand in front of me. I shall take away your pride produced by drinking milk." Remembering his promise, Rāma abandoned the pestle and destroyed his chariot with arrows and killed the chariot-horses, piercing the armor. Rāma cut off Rukmin's hair with a sharp-edged arrow and, laughing, said to Rukmin who had joined the category of enemies: "You are not to be killed because you are the brother of my sister-in-law. Go, villain. Though you are bald, by our favor divert yourself with your wives."

Released with this speech, from shame Rukmin did not go to Kuṇḍina, but stayed and founded a city, Bhojakaṭa, on that spot.

Kṛṣṇa said to Rukmiṇī, as he entered the city Dvārakā: "Queen, this city of mine was made of jewels by the gods. You will sport with me in its gardens composed of wishing-trees, with uninterrupted happiness, like a goddess. Rukmiṇī said to Kṛṣṇa: "Your wives are magnificent, given by their

fathers, with retinues that came with them. I have been brought here alone by you, husband, like a prisoner. Arrange it so that I shall not be ridiculed by them." Saying, "I shall make you superior to them," Acyuta (Kṛṣṇa) established Rukmiṇī in a palace near Satyabhāmā's house.

Then Janārdana married Rukmiṇī with a gāndharva-wedding and sported with her at will through the night. Acyuta prevented people from entering Rukmiṇī's house. Bhāmā said to him persistently, "Show me your wife."

Hari had a statue of Śrī, which was in a temple of Śrī in a pleasure-garden, removed by skilled painters under pretext of repairs. Kṛṣṇa went there, installed Rukmiṇī in Śrī's place, and instructed her, "Remain motionless, when the queens come." Kṛṣṇa went to his own house and Bhāmā asked him, "In what place, pray, is your wife to be found, left by you?" "She has been left in Śrī's temple," told by Śārṅgadhanvin, Satyabhāmā went to Śrī's temple with the co-wives. Seeing Rukmiṇī standing there in Śrī's place, saying: "Look at the beauty of the goddess Śrī. See the skill of the artists," she bowed, and said: "Goddess Lakṣmī, arrange it so that I shall surpass Hari's new wife in beauty. If so, I shall make a pūjā to you."

After saying this, she went to Kṛṣṇa and said, "Where is your wife?" Hari went to Śrī's temple with Satyā and others; and Rukmiṇī got up and said, "To whom shall I bow?" Satyabhāmā, being indicated to her by Kṛṣṇa, said, "How can she bow to me, when I paid homage to her from ignorance?" Hari smiled and said, "What fault is there in paying homage to a sister?" Satyā first bowed to Rukmiṇī and, embarrassed, went to her own house, Kaṇsa-nisūdana gave Rukmiṇī great wealth and enjoyed himself with her, sunk in the nectar of love.

Marriage with Jāmbavatī (77-86)

One day Nārada came. Kṛṣṇa honored him and asked: "Have you seen anything unusual? For you roam about

for that reason.” Nārada said: “Hear what I have seen. On Mt. Vaitāḍhya there is a Khecara-lord, Jāmbavat, and his wife, Śivacandrā. They have a son, Viṣvaksena, and a daughter, Jāmbavatī. No one in the three worlds is her equal in beauty. She goes to the Gaṅgā constantly to play, like a haṅsī. After seeing her, a marvel, I have come here to tell you.” Hearing that, Śārṅgabhṛt went there with troops and transport and saw Jāmbavatī playing, surrounded by friends. Saying, “She is just as Nārada described her,” Hari carried off Jāmbavatī; and a great tumult arose.

Jāmbavat went there, angered, carrying sword and shield. He was defeated quickly by Anādhṛṣṭi and was led into Śārṅgin’s presence. Jāmbavat then gave Jāmbavatī to Śārṅgin and himself took the vow, disgusted with existence because of humiliation. Hari, accompanied by Viṣvaksena, Jāmbavat’s son, took Jāmbavatī and went to Dvārakā. Hari gave her a palace near Rukmiṇī’s palace and gave her other suitable things. She became friendly with Rukmiṇī.

Marriage with Lakṣmaṇā (87-91)

One day a messenger had gone to see Ślakṣṅaroman, lord of Siṅhala, and had returned. He reported to Kṛṣṇa: “Ślakṣṅaroman does not welcome your command. But he has a daughter, Lakṣmaṇā, who is worthy even of you by her marks. Guarded by General Drumasena, now she has gone to bathe in the ocean and will bathe there for seven days.” Hearing that, Kṛṣṇa went there with Rāma, killed the general, took Lakṣmaṇā, and departed. Kṛṣṇa married Lakṣmaṇā, installed her in a house of jewels near Jāmbavatī, and gave her attendants.

Marriage with Susimā (92-97)

Now, in the city Āyuskharī there was a king of the country Surāṣṭrā, named Rāṣṭravardhana. He had a wife, Vinayā. They had a son, the heir-apparent, long-armed Namuci; and

a daughter, Susimā, whose wealth of beauty was unlimited. Namuci, who had obtained divine weapons, did not regard Kṛṣṇa's command. One day he went with Susimā to Prabhāsa to bathe. Hari learned that he had camped there, came with an army, killed him, and took Susimā. Govinda married her, put her in a palace near Lakṣmaṇā's palace, and gave her great wealth. King Rāṣṭravardhana sent attendants to Susimā and elephants, et cetera as a wedding-present to Kṛṣṇa.

Marriage with Gaurī (98)

Hari married Gaurī, daughter of the king of Vītabhaya in Maru, and put her in a house near Susimā's house.

Marriage with Padmāvati (99-104)

Then Kṛṣṇa went with Halin to Ariṣṭapura to the svayamvara of Padmāvati, the daughter of King Hiraṇyanābha. The two heroes were honored properly by King Hiraṇyanābha, full brother of Rohiṇī, calling them 'nephews' with pleasure. King Hiraṇyanābha's elder brother, Raivata, became a mendicant with his father in the Blessed Nami's congregation. His daughters,¹⁹⁰ Revatī, Rāmā, Sitā, Bandhumatī, had been given before to Rohiṇī's son, Rāma. As all the kings looked on, Hari took Padmāvati and defeated in battle the kings who had come to the svayamvara. Rāma and Kṛṣṇa went to Dvārakā with their wives and Kṛṣṇa put Padmāvati in a house near Gaurī's house.

Marriage with Gāndhārī (105-109)

Now, in the city Puṣkalāvati in the country Gāndhāra, there was a king, Carudatta, son of Nagnajit. He had a sister Gāndhārī, beautiful in form, like one by whom a challenge had been given even to the Khecaris by her wealth of grace. At the death of their father, Carudatta was defeated by the (other) heirs and appealed by a messenger to Kṛṣṇa who was a refuge

¹⁹⁰ 102. I.e., Raivata's.

for protection. Hari went to the Gāndhāras, slew the heirs in battle, and married Gāndhārī who was given by Carudatta. Hari gave her a house near Padmāvati's house. So there were eight chief-queens of Kṛṣṇa, who occupied houses in succession.

Rivalry between Satyabhāmā and Rukmiṇī (110-129)

One day the sage Atimukta went to Rukmiṇī's house and Satyabhāmā, who had seen him, went there quickly. Asked by Rukmiṇī, "Shall I have a son or not?" the muni said, "You will have a son equal to Kṛṣṇa," and went away. Satyabhāmā considered that the muni's words applied to herself and said to Rukmiṇī, "There will be a son of mine equal to Kṛṣṇa." Rukmiṇī replied, "A sage's words do not bear fruit from a trick." Disputing in this way, they went to Kṛṣṇa's presence.

Then King Duryodhana, her full brother, came there and Bhāmā said: "My son will be your son-in-law." Rukmiṇī said the same. He said, "I shall give my daughter to the son whom one of you will bear." Bhāmā said: "At the wedding of the son who is married first, the other must give her own hair to her (his mother)." Janārdana and Duryodhana said, "Honorable Rāma is a witness and guarantor." The two women went to their respective houses.

One day Rukmiṇī saw herself in a dream in a palace on a white bull; and she woke up. Just then a very powerful god fell from Mahāśukra and descended into Queen Rukmiṇī's womb. Rukmiṇī arose at dawn and related the dream to Hari. He explained it, "You will have a son, the sole hero of the universe." Then a slave-girl of Bhāmā, who had heard the interpretation of the dream, went and told it, painful to her ears, to Bhāmā.

She made up a dream and told Śārṅgapāṇi, "Today I saw in a dream an elephant equal to Hastimalla." Though knowing by signs her deceit, with the thought, "May she not be angry," Kṛṣṇa said, "You will surely have a fair son."

By chance, then an embryo developed and enlarged her womb, but Rukmiṇī's womb remained the same size because of her superior embryo.

One day Satyabhāmā said to Viṣṇu: "That wife of yours announced an embryo deceitfully. Look at the womb of the two (of us)." Just then a slave-girl delighted Kṛṣṇa: "Queen Rukmiṇī has borne now a son, noble, gold color." Hearing that, Satyabhāmā, ashamed, trembling with anger, bore a son, named Bhānuka, just as she was going to her house. Kṛṣṇa, delighted, went to Rukmiṇī's house then. Seated on a lion-throne to the north, he had his son brought and looked at him. "Let him be named Pradyumna, because he lights up all the quarters," flattering the child with these words, Janārdana remained for a moment.

Kidnaping of Pradyumna (130-152)

Then the god Dhūmaketu, because of former enmity, came disguised as Rukmiṇī, took the child from Kṛṣṇa and went to Vaitādhya. He went to the garden Bhūtaramaṇa on Ṭaṅkaśilā and thought: "Shall I kill him by striking him? In that case, he does not suffer. If I abandon him on top of the rock, he, without food and suffering from thirst, crying, will die." Dropping him down there, he went away.

The boy, whose life could not be taken away by any device because he had his final body,¹⁹¹ fell uninjured in a spot marked by many leaves. At dawn the aerial car of the Khacārin Kālasaṃvara stalled there, as he was going to his own city from Agnijvālapura. Wondering at the reason for the car's stalling, the lord of Khecaras descended and saw below the child with a great brilliance. Thinking, "He is some distinguished person, the reason for the car's stalling," he delivered a son to his wife Kanakamālā by means of the boy. Having gone to his own city, Meghakūṭa, the Khecara said, "My wife was

¹⁹¹ 133. Before emancipation.

secretly pregnant. Now she has borne a son." Saṁvara¹⁹² held a birth-festival for the boy on an auspicious day and gave him the name Pradyumna, because he lighted up the sky.

Now, Rukmiṇī came and asked KṚṣṇa, "Where is your son?" Viṣṇu told her, "You took him away just now." Asked by her again, "Why do you deceive me, lord?" KṚṣṇa searched for his son many times saying, "I have been tricked by someone." When no news of the son was obtained, Rukmiṇī fell in a faint. When she was conscious again, she and her attendants cried aloud. The Yadus and their wives were all grieved, with the exception of Satyabhāmā alone and her household.

"Is there no news yet of the son of the powerful Viṣṇu?" saying this, Rukmiṇī gave pain to KṚṣṇa, suffering. Nārada came to the council of Śārṅgin, who was depressed, with all the Yadus there and said, "What's this?" KṚṣṇa said: "Rukmiṇī's son was taken from my hand by some one, as soon as he was born. Do you know the truth about him?" Nārada said: "There was here Atimuktaka, who was omniscient, but he has attained emancipation. Now there is no one in Bhārata who is omniscient. The Tirthakara Śimandhara destroys all doubts. Now I shall go to the East Videhas and ask him, Hari." Begged by KṚṣṇa and all the other Yadus, who paid him homage, Nārada went quickly to the place where the Lord Śimandhara was.

Bowing to the Jina who was in a samavasaraṇa, he asked, "Where is the son of KṚṣṇa and Rukmiṇī now, Blessed One?" The Master said, "KṚṣṇa's son, named Pradyumna, was taken by a trick by the god, Dhūmaketu, an enemy in a former birth. He was abandoned by him on a rock on Mt. Vaitāḍhya, but he did not die. He can not be killed by anyone because this is his last body. At dawn he was seen by the Khacārin Saṁvara, as he passed, and was given to his wife as a son. Now he is thriving."

¹⁹² 138. Kālasaṁvara, above.

Nārada asked again: "How did Dhūmaketu's enmity in a former birth arise?" and the Master related:

Origin of Dhūmaketu's enmity (154-227)

"In Jambūdvīpa in Bharata in the Magadhas in very wealthy Śāligrāma there is a garden, Manorama. The guardian of the garden was a Yakṣa, Sumanas, and a Brāhman, Somadeva, lived in that village. Somadeva had two sons, Agnibhūti and Vāyubhūti, by his wife Agnilā, and they were both expert in interpretation of the Vedas. The two, well-known because of their learning, when they were grown, continued to enjoy many pleasures, haughty from pride.

One day Ācārya Nandivardhana stopped in this garden Manorama and was worshipped by the people who had come. Agnibhūti, arrogant, came and said, 'If you know the meaning of the śāstras at all, expound it, Sitāmbara..' Nandivardhana's disciple, Satya, said to them, 'Where are you from?' 'From Śāligrāma,' they replied. Satya said again, 'I ask: from what birth have you attained a human birth, sirs? Tell that, if you know anything.' They stood, their faces downcast with shame, devoid of knowledge. Muni Satya began to relate their (former) birth.

'In the forest of this village, you were two flesh-eating jackals in a former birth, alas! excellent Brāhmanas. They ate the skin-ropes, et cetera, wet by rain, everything which a farmer had left in the field at night. They died from this excessive food and became you, sons of the Brāhman, Somadeva, in this birth because of their karma. At dawn the farmer saw that everything had been eaten and returned to his house. In course of time he died and became the son of his daughter-in-law. As he had acquired the memory of his former births, he remained silent from birth deceitfully, at the thought, "How am I to address them: daughter-in-law or mother; son or father?" If you do not believe this, then ask the mute farmer his story so that, giving up silence, he will tell you.'

The mute farmer was brought there at once by the people and was told by the muni: 'Tell your former births from the beginning. Son, father, father, son—such in the usual condition of existence. Therefore, lay aside your shame produced by the relationship in a former birth and give up your silence.' After bowing to the muni, delighted at this agreement with himself, he told his former births in just the same way to all listening. Many became mendicants and the farmer became enlightened; but they (the Brāhmins) were ridiculed by the people and went home, ashamed.

The Brāhmins, being hostile, went at night with swords to kill the muni, but were transfixed at once by the Yakṣa Sumanas. At dawn the people saw them and the Yakṣa Sumanas told their weeping father and mother clearly: 'These wretches, who intended to kill the muni, were transfixed by me. If they become mendicants, I shall release them, not otherwise.' They said, 'The sādhubharma is very hard, but we will practice that suitable for laymen,' and the god released them.

From that time they observed the Jina-dharma properly, but their parents did not acknowledge at all the Arhatdharma. Agnibhūti and Vāyubhūti died and became gods in the heaven Saudharma, with a life term of six palyas.¹⁹³ When they fell, they became the sons of a merchant, Arhaddāsa, in Gajapura, Pūrṇabhadra and Māṇibhadra, laymen, as a result of the former birth.

One day a sage, Māhendra, stopped there and Arhaddāsa became a mendicant, after listening to dharma in his presence. As Pūrṇabhadra and Māṇibhadra were going to pay homage to Māhendra, they saw a bitch and a caṇḍāla on the road and felt affection for them. After they had gone and bowed to the sage Māhendra, they asked, 'Who is that caṇḍāla and who is the bitch that we felt affection at the sight of them?' He related:

¹⁹³ 178. A palya is an inestimably long period of time. See I, n. 50.

' In your birth as Agnibhūti and Vāyubhūti your father was the Brāhman Somadeva and your mother was Agnilā. After his death, your father became a king, Jitaśatru, in Śaṅkhapura in this same Bharata, always lusting after other men's wives. After her death, Agnilā was born in the same city, Śaṅkhapura, as Rukmiṇī, wife of the Brāhman Somabhūti. One day King Jitaśatru, as he was passing, saw her in the court of her house and at once became infatuated. The king invented some crime on the part of Somabhūti and put her in his harem. The Brāhman, miserable from separation from her, remained immersed in fire, as it were.

After enjoying himself with her for a thousand years, Jitaśatru died, and had a life in hell for three palyas. Then he became a deer and, being killed, became again a young deer. He was born a merchant's son, deceitful, and, after death, he became an elephant. By fate he remembered former births, fasted, died on the eighteenth day and became a Vaimanika-god with a life of three palyas. Then he fell and became a caṇḍāla, but Rukmiṇī became a bitch, after wandering through existence. For this reason there was affection for them on your part.'

After hearing this, Pūrṇabhadra and Māṇibhadra, enlightened the caṇḍāla and the bitch by means of the recollection of former births which they had attained. Then the caṇḍāla, disgusted with existence, fasted for a month, died, and became a god in Nandiśvaradvīpa. The bitch, enlightened, died after a fast and became a princess, Sudarśanā, in the same Śaṅkhapura.

The sage Māhendra came there again and, questioned by Arhaddāsa's two sons, told the good status of the bitch and caṇḍāla. The princess, enlightened by them again, became a mendicant, and went to heaven. Pūrṇabhadra and Māṇibhadra, after observing lay-dharma and dying, became Sāmānikas in Saudharma. When they fell, they both became sons, named Madhu and Kaiṭabha, of King Viṣvaksena in Hastinapura. The god in Nandiśvara fell, wandered through existence for a long time, and became a king in Vaṭapura,

named Kanakaprabha. Sudarśanā also wandered through many births, after she fell, and became Kanakaprabha's chief-queen, named Candrābhā. Viṣvaksena installed Madhu on the throne and Kaiṭabha as heir-apparent, took the vow, and went to Brahmaloaka.

Madhu and Kaiṭabha having the whole country subdued, Bhīma, a village-chief, attacked the country by trickery only. Madhu set out to kill him and he was honored by King Kanakaprabha with food, et cetera on the road to Vaṭapura. At the end of the meal, his follower (Kanakaprabha) with his wife Candrābhā approached King Madhu with gifts from devotion to his master. After bowing to Madhu, Candrābhā went again to the women's apartments. Madhu, afflicted by love, wished to take her just then even by force. Prevented at that time by his minister, King Madhu went on, defeated the village-chief, Bhīma, and came there on his return. Again honored by King Kanakaprabha, Madhu said, 'Enough of these gifts of yours. Let Candrābhā alone be given to me.' When, though asked, Kanakaprabha did not give her, then Madhu snatched Candrābhā away and took her to his own city. Kanakaprabha, distracted, fell to the ground in a faint. When he had recovered, he wailed aloud and wandered about like a crazy man.

One day King Madhu was engaged in court-business with his ministers and, without giving his judgment, went to Candrābhā's house. Candrābhā asked, 'What has taken so long today?' and Madhu said, 'Today I was occupied with a case of adultery.' Candrābhā smiled and said, 'An adulterer should be honored.' Madhu said: 'Why should he be honored? Adulterers are subject to punishment.' Candrābhā said again, 'If you are so harsh in law, do you not know that you yourself are the chief-adulterer?'

Enlightened at hearing that, he felt ashamed. Then Kanakaprabha came, singing and dancing, on the highway, surrounded by small boys. Seeing him, Candrābhā thought: 'My husband has reached this miserable condition from

separation from me. Shame on me, subservient.' With these reflections, she showed him as he came to Madhu and Madhu felt remorse at his own evil deed. Madhu put his son Dhundhu on the throne; and together with Kaiṭabha took the vow under the guru Vimalavāhana. They practiced severe penance many thousand years, knowing the twelve aṅgas, always doing service to sādhus. They both fasted at the end, made confession, died, and became Sāmānikas in Mahāśukra.

King Kanakaprabha, afflicted by hunger and thirst, after fasting for three thousand years, died. He became a god among the Jyotiṣkas, Dhūmaketu by name. Knowing by clairvoyance the former hostility, he searched for Madhu's soul. The god did not see Madhu because of his magnificent rank as a god.¹⁹⁴ When he fell and obtained a human birth, he became a (Brāhman) ascetic. He practiced foolish penance and became a Vaimānika; and in this birth, too, he was not able to see the magnificent Madhu. After he had fallen and wandered through existence from submission to karma, again he became a god in the Jyotiṣkas, named Dhūmaketu.

At this time Madhu's soul fell from Mahāśukra and appeared in the womb of Rukmiṇī, chief-queen of Vāsudeva. Because of former enmity, Dhūmaketu seized the boy as soon as born and, wicked, wishing to kill him, threw him on top of the rock Ṭaṅka. Uninjured from his own power, he was taken by Saṁvara. His union with Rukmiṇī will take place at the end of sixteen years."

" Asked by Nārada, " Because of what act has Rukmiṇī been separated in this way from her son? " Lord Śimandhara related:

Cause of separation from son (229-238)

" In the country Magadha in Bharataḷṣetra in Jambūdvīpa in the village Lakṣmīgrāma there was a Brāhman, Somadeva.

¹⁹⁴ 222. Madhu was a Sāmānika, which is a much higher rank than Jyotiṣka.

One day his wife, Lakṣmīvati, went to a garden. She saw a peahen's egg and touched it with her hand which was smeared with kuṅkuma.¹⁹⁵ By that touch the egg became different in colour and odor and was abandoned by the mother for sixteen ghaṭikās,¹⁹⁶ as she did not know that it was hers. Then, when she had seen it in its proper condition again from rain-water, the mother covered it and in time it became a peacock. Again Lakṣmīvati went there, saw the attractive young peacock, and took him away, though the mother wept. She put him in a cage in her house, satisfied him with food and drink, and taught him dancing so that he danced beautifully. But his mother, the peahen, chained by her affection for her son did not leave the place, giving harsh cries.

Then the people said to her: 'Your curiosity is satisfied by him. This wretched peahen is dying. Set her son free.' Compassionate from that speech, she released him, grown, sixteen months old, and took him to the place from which she had taken him. By that carelessness the Brāhmanī acquired very strong feeling-karma of separation from her son, lasting for sixteen years.

One day a muni, Samādhigupta by name, entered her house for alms as she was looking at herself, adorned, in a mirror. Her husband, the Brāhman, said to her, 'Give him alms.' Just then he was called by some one and went outside. She, making a spitting-sound and muttering harsh words, sent the sage away and shut the door quickly. Because of that action of disgust on the seventh day she had oozing leprosy over all her body and, disgusted with existence, she entered the fire. After death she became the donkey of the washerman of that village. After dying again, she became a sow living in a cave in the same village. After death she became a bitch, was burned in a forest-fire, and died there, acquiring a human birth by that death.

¹⁹⁵ 230. A red powder whose chief ingredient is turmeric. See I, n. 394.

¹⁹⁶ 231. A ghaṭikā is 24 minutes, so the egg was deserted for 6 hours and 24 minutes.

She was born the daughter of a fisherman, named Kāṇā, ill-smelling, ill-favored, on the bank of the Narmadā near Bhṛgukaccha. Abandoned on the bank of the Narmadā by her parents, who were unable to endure her odor, when she was grown she constantly ferried people (across the river). By chance the sage Samādhigūpta came there in the cold season and spent the night in kāyotsarga, motionless as a mountain. Thinking, 'How will the mahātma endure the cold all night?' tender-hearted, she covered the muni with grass. At daybreak, she bowed to the muni and the great muni taught her dharma with the thought, 'She is predisposed to dharma.'

After thinking for a long time, 'I have seen him, some place,' she asked the muni and he related her former births. The sage said again, 'You have been born here, evil-smelling, because of the disgust you showed for the sādhu. Everything is in accordance with karma.' She, whose memory of former births had arisen, begged forgiveness of the muni for the disgust shown in a former birth, blaming herself repeatedly. She became a laywoman and was entrusted to Āryikā¹⁹⁷ Dharmaśrī by the compassionate muni.

She wandered with her, and Dharmaśrī, who died in some village, entrusted her to a layman Nāyala. Living in a solitary house, constantly engaged in worship of the Jinas, she passed twelve years under Nāyala's protection. She fasted, died, and became Indra Acyuta's chief-queen, with a life-term of fifty-five palyas and, when she fell, she became Rukmiṇī. Because she caused the separation of the peahen and her son, Rukmiṇī will experience the pangs of separation from her son for sixteen years."

After hearing this, Nārada bowed to the Blessed One, flew up, and went to the city Meghakūṭa on Vaitāḍhya. Nārada said, 'By good fortune a son was born to you,' and was honored by Saṁvara; and Pradyumna was shown to him.

¹⁹⁷ 253. I.e., sadhvi.

Nārada saw that the son resembled Rukmiṇī and, taking leave of Saṁvara, went to Dvārakā with confidence. He told in detail the news about the boy to Kṛṣṇa and the others and the account of Rukmiṇī's birth as Lakṣmīvatī. Then Queen Rukmiṇī, her hands folded with devotion, bowed to Blessed Siṁandhara,¹⁹⁸ though remaining where she was. Rukmiṇī was satisfied by the Arhat's promise, "A union with your son will take place after sixteen years."

Draupadī and the Pāṇḍavas (264-378)

Now, in the past Vṛṣabha Svāmin had a son, named Kuru, from whom Kurukṣetra was named. Kuru had a son, Hastin, from whom Hastināpura was named. In the line of King Hastin there was a king, Anantavīrya. From him there was Kṛtavīrya and then Cakrabhṛt Subhūma. Then after innumerable kings Śāntanu became king. He had two wives, Gaṅgā and Satyavatī; and by Gaṅgā he had a son Bhīṣma, whose strength was terrifying. By Satyavatī he had two sons, Citrāṅgada and Citravīrya; and Citravīrya's wives were Ambikā, Ambālikā, and Ambā. Of these in turn there were sons Dhṛtarāṣṭra, Pāṇḍu, and Vidura.

The realm was settled on Dhṛtarāṣṭra and Pāṇḍu became devoted to hunting. Dhṛtarāṣṭra married eight full sisters, Gāndhārī, et cetera, of Śakuni, King of Gandhāra, son of Subala. They had one hundred sons, Duryodhana and others. By Kuntī Pāṇḍu had sons, Yudhiṣṭhira, Bhīma, and Arjuna. From Pāṇḍu's second wife, Mādri, sister of Śalya, there were two sons, Nakula and Sahadeva, long-armed. These five sons of Pāṇḍu were bold as lions, invincible even to Khecaras, powerful from magic arts and strength of arm. The five, respectful according to seniority, intolerant of bad conduct, caused astonishment among the people by their superior virtues.

One day a messenger of King Drupada came from

¹⁹⁸ 262. Who was in the Videhas. See above, p. 189.

Kāmpīlya, bowed to King Pāṇḍu and said: "There is a maiden, named Draupadī, daughter of King Drupada by Culanī, younger sister of Dhṛṣṭadyumna. All the Daśārhas, Sirin, Śārṅgin, Damadanta, Śiśupāla, Rukmin, Karṇa, Suyodhana, and other kings and powerful princes, invited by the king by messengers, are going now to her svayamvara. Do you go there and adorn the svayamvara-pavilion with these five princes who resemble young gods."

Pāṇḍu went to Kāmpīlya with his five victorious sons, like Smara with his five arrows, and other kings went also. There the kings were honored by Drupada one by one and they presided over the svayamvara-hall like planets over the sky.

Draupadī, having bathed, wearing clean garments, adorned with wreaths and ornaments, after she had worshipped the Arhat, came attended by friends, like a goddess in beauty, to the svayamvara-pavilion, which was adorned by Kṛṣṇa and the others like Sāmānika-gods. The kings there being pointed out by a friend who announced their names, Drupada's daughter, looking, went where the Pāṇḍavas were. She, enamored, threw the svayamvara-wreath around the necks of the five sons of Pāṇḍu at the same time. The circle of kings was amazed, saying "What's this?" until a flying ascetic came there.

Draupadī's former births (286-355)

The muni was asked by the kings, Kṛṣṇa, et cetera, "How can Draupadī have five husbands?" and he explained:

"This state of having five husbands will result from karma acquired in a former birth. What is remarkable? The course of karma is unequal. Here in the city Campā¹⁹⁹ there were three Brāhmins, Somadeva, Somabhūti, and Somadatta, full brothers. They, rich in grain and cash,

¹⁹⁹ 289. But they were in Kāmpīlya, not in Campā. Again, below, 317, Campā is given as the place where they were. 'Atraiva' makes this plain.

had wives—Nāgaśrī, Bhūtaśrī, Yakṣaśrī, respectively. Fond of each other, one day they made an agreement that they should all eat in one house in turn.

One day, while they were doing this, when the time came to eat in Somadeva's house, Nāgaśrī made ready. She cooked many kinds of food and unknowingly cooked a bitter gourd made into a sauce. To find out what it was like, she tasted it and discovered that it was inedible and spit it out at once. Depressed at the thought, 'This is still bitter, though I prepared it with many sweet materials,' she put it away. She fed her husband and brothers-in-law and their families, who had come to the house, with other food without this.

Then Ācārya Śrī Dharmaghoṣa, who was omniscient, stopped with his retinue in the garden Subhūmibhāga. His disciple, Dharmaruci, went to Nāgaśrī's house to break his month's fast, Somadeva and the others being gone. Thinking, 'Let him be satisfied with this,' Nāgaśrī gave the muni the gourd-sauce. 'I have never received this thing before,' he reflected, went to show the dish, and put it in his guru's hand. The guru smelled its odor and said, 'If you eat this, you will die, son. Throw it out quickly. You should break your fast, after obtaining other food with which you are familiar.'

So instructed, he went outside and found a clean bare spot. A single drop of the gourd-sauce fell from the dish by itself and he saw the ants dying, that had been touched by it. He thought: 'Many creatures are dying, touched by a drop of this. If it is thrown out, how many will die? Is it not better for me alone to die than for a lot of beings?' Deciding so, he himself ate the gourd carefully. After he had made ārādhanā, he died, completely absorbed in meditation, and became a chief-god, an Ahamindra, in Sarvārthasiddha.

Now, the Ācārya Dharmaghoṣa instructed the other munis to find out why Dharmaruci was delayed. They saw him dead outside and, taking his broom, et cetera, they went and told the guru, grieving the guru. Then by employing his supernatural knowledge, the guru said, 'This was a crime of Nāgaśrī's

against all ascetics.' Then the monks and the nuns, angered, went there and told the people, Somadeva and others. Nāgaśrī was driven from the house by the Brāhmins, Soma and others, and, being reviled by the people, wandered everywhere, miserable. She experienced hell even here (on earth), afflicted by sixteen very severe diseases,²⁰⁰ cough, asthma, fever, leprosy et cetera. Hungry, thirsty, wearing tattered garments, roaming without shelter, in time she died and went to the sixth hell.

Rising from hell, she was born in the Mlecchas and went to the seventh hell after death. Rising from that she was born in the fishes. Again she went to the seventh hell and again she was born in the Mlecchas. So she, wicked, in this way went to all the hells, twice to each one. Then she was born many times in earth-bodies, et cetera and she destroyed much bad karma from the activity of involuntary destruction of karma.

Then here in Campā she became the daughter, Sukumārikā, of Sheth Sāgaradatta and Subhadrā. In the same place there was a wealthy caravan-leader, Jinadatta. His wife was named Bhadrā and his son Sāgara. One day Jinadatta, while passing near Sāgaradatta's house, saw the girl Sukumārikā, who had grown up. He observed her playing with a ball on top of the house and went home, thinking, 'She is suitable for my son.'

Then Jinadatta went with relatives and asked Sāgaradatta for the girl Sukumārikā for his son. Sāgaradatta said, 'My daughter is dearer than my life. I can not exist at all without her. If your son, Sāgara, will live in my house as a son-in-law, then I will give him my daughter with a dowry, et cetera. Saying, 'I shall have him consider,' Jinadatta went home and told Sāgara. Sāgara stood silent. By the rule, 'unopposed is approved,' his father considered his son a

²⁰⁰ 312. The 16 diseases as given in the Com. to Uv. 148 are: asthma, cough, fever, burning sensation, colic, fistula, hemorrhoids, indigestion, sharp pain in the eyes (glaucoma?), headache, lack of appetite, inflammation of the eyes, earache, itch, dropsy, leprosy. For another list see SBE 22, Ācārāṅgasūtra, I. 6.1.3. Cf. also LAI, p. 179.

house-son-in-law of Sāgaradatta.

Sāgara was married to the girl by the parents and went to the bed-chamber with her and rested on a couch. Because of the power of past actions, burned severely instantly by her touch like a coal, Sāgara remained there with difficulty. Leaving her asleep, he escaped and went home. At the end of her sleep, not seeing her husband, she wept very loud. A slave-girl, who had been sent at dawn by Subhadrā to clean the teeth of the bride and bridegroom, saw her weeping, deserted by her husband. She went and told Subhadrā and Subhadrā told the sheth. The sheth himself reproached Jinadatta.

Jinadatta summoned his son and said to him privately: 'You did not behave fittingly in deserting the daughter of a good family. Now go, son, to Sukumārikā. For I made such a promise before at that time to respectable people.' Sāgara declared: 'Father, I will enter the fire rather than go again to Sukumārikā.' Sāgaradatta heard that from inside the house and, hopeless, went home and told Sukumārikā: 'Sāgara does not like you. So I shall find another husband for you, daughter. Do not worry.'

One day, standing at a window, he saw a man carrying a beggar's bowl, wearing tattered clothes, seeking alms, surrounded by flies. The sheth called him, had him abandon the beggar's bowl, had him bathed, fed, and anointed with sandal. He said to him: 'I give you my daughter Sukumārikā. Stay comfortably with her without anxiety about food, et cetera.' Talked to in this way, he went to the bed-chamber with her and, asleep, was touched by fire, as it were, from the touch of her body. Getting up, he put on his own clothes and fled. She, depressed, remained just as she was and was seen by her father. He said: 'Daughter, this is the maturing of past actions. There is no other reason. Remain contented in my house, dispensing charity.' Just so she gave gifts, tranquil, devoted to dharma, virtuous.

One day Āryā Gopālikā came to her house. She presented

her with pure food, drink, et cetera. Listening to dharma from her, enlightened, she took the vow. Observing fasts of one day, two days, three days, et cetera, she wandered daily with Āryā Gopālikā. One time, looking at the sun, she said to the Āryā, 'I shall do the penance of burning in the sun, standing in the garden Subhūmibhāga.' She (the Āryā) said: 'The penance of burning in the sun is not done outside of one's own place. That is prescribed for nuns in the Āgama.'

Just as if she had not heard that, she went to the garden Subhūmibhāga and began the sun-penance, her eyes fixed on the sun. She saw the courtesan named Devadattā, who had come there, being held on the lap by one lover, with an umbrella held by another, being fanned by another with a pleasant breeze, her hair being bound by another, her feet being held on the lap by another. She, whose desire for pleasure had not been satisfied, made a nidāna: 'May I have five husbands, like her, as a result of this penance.'

Devoted to personal cleanliness, she sprinkled (herself) at every step; being restrained by the Āryā, she thought: 'In the past when I stayed in a house, I was respected by the Āryā, but now that I am a mendicant, she scolds me in this way. Enough of her.' Having considered so, she remained in a shelter apart. Alone, voluntarily she observed the vow for a long time. After fasting for eight months, she died without confessing and became a goddess in Saudharma with a life-term of nine palyopamas. When she fell, she became Draupadī and these five husbands were caused by that nidāna in the past. What is surprising in that? "

Pāṇḍavas go to Dvārakā (356-378)

When this had been told by the muni, there was a voice in the air saying, "Well done! Well done!" Kṛṣṇa and the others said, "It is good that these husbands happened." The Pāṇḍavas married Draupadī with a festival held by the same kings and kindred who had come to the svayaṁvara. Then Pāṇḍu escorted the Daśārhas, Kṛṣṇa, and the other kings invited

here to the wedding to his own city with dignity. After entertaining them there for a long time, King Pāṇḍu dismissed the Daśārhas, Śirin, Sārṅgin, and the other kings who asked permission to go.

Pāṇḍu gave the throne to Yudiṣṭhira and died. Mādri followed him, after entrusting her two sons to Kuntī. After Pāṇḍu's death, the Dhārtarāṣṭras (Kurus) who were jealous, eager for the throne, evil-hearted, did not honor the Pāṇḍavas. The elders were satisfied by Duryodhana by politeness, et cetera. The Pāṇḍavas lost their kingdom which had been staked in gambling from greed. Duryodhana took Draupadī, having won her made a stake in gambling, but gave her back, afraid of Bhīma red-eyed from anger. As they showed disrespect, the sons of Pāṇḍu were expelled from their kingdom by the Dhārtarāṣṭras and took to living in the forest.

After they had wandered from forest to forest for a long time, the five Pāṇḍavas were led to Dvāravati by Kuntī, younger sister of the Daśārhas. All, arrogant from their magic arts and strength of arm, armed with divine weapons, went to Samudravijaya's house first. There Samudravijaya and the brothers, Akṣobhya, et cetera soon paid honor to their sister and nephews from affection. The Daśārhas said to her: "By good fortune we see you with your sons, living, having returned to your kinsmen, sister."

Kuntī said: "I and my sons have been made alive at that time when I heard that you and your sons were alive. Hearing of the superior adventures of your sons, Kṛṣṇa and Rāma, I have come here, delighted, eager for a sight of them." Permitted by her brothers, she went with her sons to Hari's assembly. Rāma and Kṛṣṇa arose to greet them and bowed with devotion. Rāma, Kṛṣṇa and the Pāṇḍavas embraced and bowed to each other, one after the other, and sat down in suitable places.

Kṛṣṇa said: "It is well that you have come here to your own house. Verily, the fortune of you and the Yadus is a common one." Yudiṣṭhira said, "There are always slaves

and wealth, Hari, of those by whom you are honored. How much more of those who are honored by you. We go everywhere, especially strong, because of you adorning our mother's family, Hari." After welcoming with various speeches Kuntī and Kuntī's sons, Kṛṣṇa established each one in a separate palace. The Daśārhas gave their own daughters to the Pāṇḍavas in turn, Lakṣmivati, Vegavati, Subhadrā, Vijayā, Rati. Being honored by the Yadus, by Kṛṣṇa and Bala, the five—Yudīsthira and the others, remained there happily.

*Kanakamālā and Pradyumna*²⁰¹ (379-403)

Now, when Kanakamālā saw Pradyumna grown up, by whom all the arts had been studied, she became distracted from love. She thought: "There is no one like him among the Khecaras. I think there is no god like him. Why speak of mortals! Union of myself with him whom I reared is like the fruit of a tree that I grew. Otherwise, surely my birth is in vain." Reflecting in this way, she said to Pradyumna in a gentle voice:

"There is a city, Nalapura, here in the north row. There is a king, Niṣadha, in the Gaurī-line. I am the daughter of this illustrious king, and there is a son, Naiṣadhi. The great magic art, Gaurī, was given to me by my father himself. Saṁvara married me, after giving me the magic art Prajñapti. Devoted to me, Saṁvara does not wish any other maiden. The world is like straw to him from my power as I possess two magic arts. I, beloved in such a way, choose you. Enjoy me. Do not destroy my life from ignorance."

Pradyumna said: "Heaven forbid! How can you say that? You are my mother; I am your son. That would be a sin of us both." She said: "You are not my son; but Saṁvara found you on the road, abandoned by some one, as he came from Agnijvālapura. You were given to me to rear; you are the son of some one else. So enjoy pleasure with

²⁰¹ 379. The Joseph and Potiphar motif. See Pārśva., p. 199.

me as you like without fear.” Thinking, “I have fallen into a woman’s clutches,” he said, “How shall I save my life from Saṁvara and your sons?” She said: “Fortunate man, do not fear. Take both magic arts, Gaurī and Prajñapti. Be an invincible king.” Determined in his heart, “I will not do this improper thing,” Kṛṣṇa’s son said, “Give me the magic arts. I shall do as you say.”

Distracted by love, she gave him the magic arts, Prajñapti and Gaurī. Pradyumna subdued them quickly from the power of matured merit. Asked by her to dally, Kṛṣṇa’s son said: “*Before* you were only my mother from rearing me. Now you are my teacher from giving me the magic arts, blameless lady. You must not even mention this wicked act to me.” With these words Pradyumna left her, went outside the city and, distressed in mind, stood on the edge of the tank Kālāmbukā.

Kanakamālā scratched herself with her nails and made an outcry. Her sons came, asking, “What’s this?” “I have been scratched at will by that wretch of a son of your father, grown up, evil-minded, like one giving food scratched by a cat.” Then they all went to the edge of Kālāmbukā in a rage and quickly attacked Pradyumna, saying, “Villain! Villain!” Pradyumna, who had great strength from the two magic arts, slew Saṁvara’s sons easily, like a lion sambars. Angry at the slaying of his sons, Saṁvara went to kill him and was defeated by Pradyumna by tricks produced by the magic arts. Pradyumna, remorseful, told Saṁvara the story of Kanakamālā in detail, beginning at the beginning. Saṁvara, remorseful, made a pūjā to him.

At that time Rṣi Nārada came into Pradyumna’s presence. Pradyumna honored him who was introduced by Prajñapti and told him Kanakamālā’s story from the beginning. Then Nārada related the whole story which Jina Simandhara had told about Pradyumna and Rukmiṇī.

“In the past ²⁰² your mother made a bet with her co-wife,

Bhāmā, with giving the hair at the first wedding of a son as a stake. Bhāmā's son, Bhānuka, is going to marry now. So your mother will have to give her hair, lost by the bet. Rukmiṇī will surely die from the shame of giving her hair and grief at separation from you; though you, the son, are alive." Then Pradyumna and Nārada got into an aerial car made by Prajñapti and went very quickly to Dvārakā. Nārada said, "This is your father's city Dvārakā which Dhanada himself created and filled with jewels and money." Pradyumna said, "You should stay right here in the aerial car until I have performed some miracle in Dvārakā." Nārada said, "Very well." Kṛṣṇa's son saw the wedding-procession of Satyabhāmā's son which was halted there. He seized the girl who was to be married to him and put her down in Nārada's presence. Nārada said to her, "Do not be afraid. That is Kṛṣṇa's son."

Assuming the guise of a man carrying a monkey, Pradyumna said to the forest-guards, "Give fruit, et cetera to my hungry monkey." "This garden is reserved for Bhānuka's wedding. So nothing can be ordered by you," the guards said. Pradyumna seduced them with much money, entered the garden, and had it stripped of fruit, et cetera by the monkey.

Then he became a merchant with a thoroughbred horse and went to the grass-market; and there he asked the shopkeepers for grass for his horse. When they did not give, Pradyumna seduced them with money in the same way and made every place stripped of grass by his magic art. In the same way, he drank and made dry the places with sweet water. He rode the horse himself on the bridle-path. Bhānuka saw the horse and asked, "Whose is it?" Pradyumna said impatiently, "It is mine." Bhānuka said urgently, "Give me the horse. I will pay you whatever price you ask, though it is a high one." Pradyumna said to him:

"Take the horse after you have tried it. Otherwise, there might be a crime against the king on my part, though innocent." Then Bhānuka mounted the horse to test it and was thrown

to the ground by it playing the part of a high-spirited horse. Then, laughed at by the people, he mounted a goat²⁰³ and went to Vāsudeva's house, making even the councilors laugh.

Pradyumna then became a Brāhman reciting the Veda with a low pleasing sound and entered Dvārikā and roamed all over it, at junctions of three streets, et cetera. He saw a hunchbacked slave-girl of Bhāmā and by his magic art quickly made her as straight as a reed on the road. She fell at his feet and said, "Where are you going?" and Pradyumna replied, "Where I can get food by a wish." She said: "Come! I shall give you cakes, et cetera, whatever you like, prepared in Queen Bhāmā's house for her son's wedding."

Pradyumna went with her to Bhāmā's house. The slave-girl left him at the festooned door and went into Bhāmā's presence. Bhāmā asked, "Who are you?" and the slave-girl replied, "I am the hunchback." "Who made you straight?" The slave-girl told the story of the Brāhman and Bhāmā said, "Where is the Brāhman now?" She said, "I left him now at the festooned door." Instructed by Bhāmā, "Bring the mahātma here," the slave-girl quickly brought the fictitious Brāhman there.

After he had bestowed a blessing and had been seated, Satyabhāmā said to him, "Brāhman, make me more beautiful than my co-wife, Rukmiṇī." The false Brāhman said, "You appear very beautiful. I do not see any where such beauty of other women." Satyabhāmā said: "Sir, this is a good thing that you say. Nevertheless, make me especially unequaled in beauty." He said: "In that case, become completely devoid of beauty. A high degree of beauty will result, if there is a complete absence of beauty in the first place." Asked, "What shall I do?" the Brāhman instructed her: "Shave your head and smear your whole body with lampblack. Dressed in old tattered clothes, go ahead of me that I may bestow a wealth

²⁰³ 424. Eḍaka is given in Abhi. 4.342 as 'sheep,' but he was more likely to ride a goat. Cf. IV, n. 117.

of beauty and grace on you.” She did that, industriously.

The Brāhman said, “I am suffering from hunger. What can I do, if I am miserable?” Bhāmā gave the cooks orders to feed him and the Brāhman gave instructions in Bhāmā’s hearing, “You must mutter the charm, ‘Ruḍu, buḍu, ruḍu, buḍu,’ before family-goddesses, until I finish eating, innocent lady.” She kept on doing this; and the rogue of a Brāhman continued to eat and got all the best food by the power of his magic arts. He was finally told by the cooks, who were afraid of Bhāmā and who held water-vessels, “Get up!” The false Brāhman went away, saying, “I have not been satisfied today. I shall go where I will be satisfied.”

Then, he assumed the form of a young sādhu and went to Rukmiṇī’s house. Rukmiṇī saw him, a moon for the pleasure of her eyes, from a distance. Rukmiṇī went inside the house to get him a seat and he sat down on Kṛṣṇa’s lion-throne set in the east. Queen Rukmiṇī returned with a seat, saw him seated like that and, wide-eyed with astonishment, said, “The gods do not allow any man to sit on this lion-throne except Kṛṣṇa or Kṛṣṇa’s offspring.” The false sādhu said, “Because of the power of my penance the gods do not have sufficient power to do anything.” She asked, “Whence and why have you come?” and he replied:

“For sixteen years I practiced penance without food. I did not drink even mother’s milk from birth. I have come here to break the fast. Give something suitable.” Rukmiṇī said: “Nowhere has a fast of sixteen years been heard of. A fast up to a year, beginning with a one-day fast, has been heard of, muni.” He said: “What is the use of this on your part? If you have anything and if you intend to give, then give it. If not, I shall go to Satyabhāmā’s house.” She said, “I have cooked nothing today from excitement.” He asked, “What is the reason for your excitement?”

She explained: “I have worshipped the family-deities for so long at the separation from my son, with the hope of a reunion. Now as I struck my neck with the intention of giving

a head-oblotion to the family-deities,²⁰⁴ a goddess said: ‘Daughter, do not show impatience. Whenever your mango blooms out of season, then your son will come.’ It has bloomed today, but my son does not come. So, sādhu, look at the horoscope. When will the reunion with my son take place?” He said, “The horoscope does not give results to the empty-handed.”

Rukmiṇī asked, “What shall I give you? Tell me.” He said, “Offer gruel to me emaciated from penance.” She occupied herself with a search for the materials for a gruel. Again the sādhu said to her: “I am extremely hungry. Make a gruel from any substance whatever and give me.” She began to make a gruel with the sweetmeats prepared earlier, but the fire did not burn from the power of his magic art. Seeing her distressed, he said, “If the gruel does not materialize, satisfy me with just the sweetmeats, as I am very hungry.”

She said: “Indeed, these sweetmeats of Kṛṣṇa’s are very indigestible for others. I will not cause the death of a sage by giving them to you, muni.” He asserted, “Nothing is hard for me to digest because of my penance.” She then gave him a single sweetmeat at a time, fearful. Smiling and astonished, she said to him as he ate very quickly the sweetmeats given one at a time, “You are very strong, sage.”

Now, men came and said to Bhāmā who was muttering the charm: “Mistress, some man has made the garden stripped of fruit, et cetera. Some one has made the grass-shops empty of grass. Some one has made the wells waterless. Some one attacked your son Bhānu with a horse.” Hearing that, Bhāmā asked, “Where, pray, is the Brāhman, friends?” Her slave-girls described his conduct in detail.

Then depressed and angry, she sent slave-girls with baskets to Rukmiṇī to get her hair. They said to Rukmiṇī: “Give us your hair quickly. The mistress, Śrī Bhāmā, a proud lady,

²⁰⁴ 456. I.e., she was about to decapitate herself and make a ‘head-offering,’ literally.

thus orders." Hearing that, the false sādhu filled a basket with their hair and sent them to Bhāmā. Asked by Bhāmā, "What's this?" they said, "Do you not know, mistress, 'Like master, like servants.'" Then Bhāmā, excited, sent barbers to Rukmiṇī's house. The sādhu shaved them and cut the skin on their heads. When she saw that the barbers had returned bald, Bhāmā went to Hari angrily and said: "You were the guarantor of Rukmiṇī's hair. Let the wager of giving the hair be paid me now, Keśava. You yourself get up, summon Rukmiṇī, and make her bald." Hari laughed and said, "You yourself are here shaved." She said, "Enough of joking, et cetera. Have her hair given to me today."

Rāma was sent by Kṛṣṇa to Rukmiṇī's house and then Pradyumna created there a Kṛṣṇa-form by means of a magic art. Embarrassed, Rāma returned to the former place and, seeing Kṛṣṇa there too, said: "Why do you ridicule (me)? After sending me for the hair, you have gone there yourself and have come here. Your wife and I have been shamed inconsiderately by you at the same time." Hari said, "I did not go there," and took an oath to that effect. Saying, "There is certainly some deceit on your part," Bhāmā went to her own house. Viṣṇu went to her house and tried to make her believe him.

Nārada said to Rukmiṇī, "This is your son Pradyumna." Making visible his own form which resembled a god, Pradyumna fell at his mother's feet, the sun to the darkness of her long pain. Rukmiṇī embraced him with both arms, her breasts oozing, and kissed him on the head many times, her eyes dripping tears of joy. Pradyumna said to her, "I must surely not be announced, until I have shown my father some miracle." Rukmiṇī, distracted from joy, did not reply and he put her in a fictitious chariot and set out. Blowing his conch, terrifying the people, Pradyumna said: "I am abducting Rukmiṇī. Let Kṛṣṇa, if he is strong, protect her." Janārdana, saying, "Who is this idiot who wishes to die?" pursued him with an army and twanged Śārṅga repeatedly. Pradyumna scattered

his army and made Hari weaponless, like a tuskless elephant, at once by the power of magic arts. While Viṣṇu was depressed, his right arm twitched and he immediately told Bala.

Just then Nārada came and said: "Let your son accompanied by Rukmiṇī be acknowledged, KṚṢṆA. Enough of talk about fighting." Pradyumna bowed to KṚṢṆA and Rāma touching their feet, and was embraced closely by them who kissed his head repeatedly. Janārdana seated Pradyumna, who was like a twin of youth, resembling a god in appearance, on his lap, astonishing the people, and, accompanied by Rukmiṇī, like Indra, he entered the city Dvārikā which had the appearance of having eye-brows made by the new festoons placed on the gate hurriedly.

CHAPTER VII

MARRIAGES OF ŚĀMBA AND PRADYUMNA AND THE KILLING OF JARĀSANDHA

Then at the festival which took place here at Pradyumna's coming Duryodhana got up and announced to Vāsudeva: "My daughter, your daughter-in-law, master, has been abducted by some one just now. So have a search made for her so that Bhānuka can marry." Kṛṣṇa said: "I am not omniscient. If I were such, why did I not know that Raukmiṇeya had been kidnaped by some one?" Pradyumna said, "I shall bring her here, recognizing her through Prajñapti," and brought there the svayaṃvara-maiden. Pradyumna did not take her though offered by Kṛṣṇa saying, "She is my daughter-in-law," and Bhānuka married her. Govinda married Khecara-princesses to Pradyumna, though he was unwilling, with a great festival. Rukmiṇī and Śārṅgadharin dismissed Nārada after he had been honored as a benefactor because he had restored Pradyumna.

Bhāmā, grieving at Pradyumna's great magnificence and fame, went to the anger-room and lay on an old couch. Kaṅsāri came there in agitation and said, "By whom have you been insulted, on account of which you grieve, fair lady?" She said: "There has been no insult to me. But if I do not have a son like Pradyumna, then I shall certainly die." Knowing her persistence, Kṛṣṇa observed pauṣadha with a three-day fast directed to the god Naigameṣin. Naigameṣin appeared and said to him, "What can I do for you?" Kṛṣṇa said, "Give Bhāmā a son like Pradyumna." Naigameṣin said: "Enjoy her from whom you desire a son. Have her put on this necklace. Then there will be the desired son." Naigameṣin gave him a necklace and departed. Delighted Vāsudeva assigned a bed-chamber to Satyā.

Informed about this by Prajñapti, Pradyumna told his

mother and said, "Take this necklace with desire for a son equal to me." Rukmiṇī said: "With you as a son, my purpose is accomplished. Moreover, a woman never bears a jewel a second time." "Which one of the co-wives, to whom I may give a son, is dear to you?" asked by Pradyumna again, Rukmiṇī said: "In the past Jāmbavatī was sympathetic with me suffering from separation from you, son. Let the son equal to you be hers." With Pradyumna's approval she summoned Jāmbavat's daughter and Pradyumna made her look like Bhāmā by means of a magic art. She was sent by Rukmiṇī, who explained to her, to Hari's house. She went at evening and was enjoyed joyfully by him, after he had given her the necklace.

Just then the god Kaiṭabha fell from Mahāśukra and entered Jāmbavatī's womb, indicated by the dream of a lion. Then Jāmbavatī, delighted, went to her own house and Satyabhāmā came, seeking the bed-chamber in Kṛṣṇa's house. Seeing her, Kṛṣṇa thought: "Oh! Women are never satisfied in pleasure. Just now she has gone and she comes again in haste. Or, have I been tricked by some one who assumed Satyā's form?" With the idea, "May she not be embarrassed," he dallied with her.

Raukmiṇeya learned that it was the time of her dalliance and had a drum beaten which caused terror to all of Viṣṇu's people. Hari, disturbed, asked, "By whom was this drum beaten?" and his attendants told him, "It was beaten by Raukmiṇeya." Hari smiled and thought: "Now Bhāmā has certainly been tricked by him. Indeed, a son of a co-wife is like ten co-wives. Bhāmā's son will be somewhat timid because of pleasure with fear. Surely what must be does not happen otherwise."

At dawn Janārdana went to Rukmiṇī's house and saw Jāmbavat's daughter ornamented with the divine necklace. Jāmbavatī said to Hari looking at her with motionless eyes, "Why do you look so, master? I, here, am your wife." Viṣṇu said, "Where did you get this divine necklace, queen?"

She said, "By your favor. Do you not know what you have done yourself?" She told him the dream of a lion and Janārdana explained: "Queen, you will have a son equal to Pradyumna." With these words Viṣṇu went away.

At the right time Jāmbavati, like a lioness, bore a son named Śāmba, whose strength was unequalled. Dārūka and Jayasena, sons of the charioteer, and Subuddhi, son of the minister—these sons were born at the same time as Śāmba. And there was a son of Satyabhāmā, Anubhānuka by name, who had another name, Bhīru, as a result of the impregnation. Sons were born of the other wives of Govinda, very strong, very heroic, like young bhadra-elephants.²⁰⁵ Śāmba grew up with the sons of the minister and charioteer and, intelligent, gradually acquired the collection of arts easily.

Marriage of Pradyumna (38-85)

One day Rukmiṇī sent a man to Bhojakāṭa to arrange a marriage of Vaidarbhī, Rukmin's daughter, with Pradyumna. He bowed and said to Rukmin: "Queen Rukmiṇī says to you: 'Give your daughter, Vaidarbhī, to Pradyumna. In the past there was a suitable union of Viṣṇu and me by fate. Now do you arrange a union of Pradyumna and Vaidarbhī.'" Recalling their former enmity, Rukmin said: "I will give my daughter to caṇḍālas rather than Viṣṇu's family." The messenger went and reported that to Rukmiṇī word for word.

Insulted by her brother, she remained downcast like a day-lotus at night. "Why are you so troubled?" asked by Pradyumna, she told the story of Rukmin, the cause of the arrow in her heart. Pradyumna said: "Mother, do not grieve. Indeed, uncle is not deserving of conciliation. At that time father did what was fitting. After arranging what is fitting for him, I will marry his daughter." With these words, he jumped up and went to Bhojakāṭa with Śāmba.

Both assumed the forms of caṇḍālas and the voices of

²⁰⁵ 36. The best kind of elephant. See I, n. 128.

Kinnaras and, singing, won the hearts of all the citizens like deer.²⁰⁶ King Rukmin learned about them and summoned the sweet-voiced fictitious caṇḍālas. Holding his daughter on his lap, he had them sing. Delighted by their song, King Rukmin and his retinue gave them money and asked, "Whence have you come here?" They said: "From heaven we came to Dvārakā, the city which was made by the gods for the god Śārṅgin." Vaidarbhī, delighted, asked them, "Do you know the son, Pradyumna, of Kṛṣṇa and Rukmiṇī there?" Śāmba said: "Who does not know Pradyumna, Manmatha in form, the tilaka²⁰⁷ of the ornaments of the earth, very strong?"

On hearing that, Vaidarbhī, eager, became penetrated by love. Just then a rutting elephant pulled up its post and ran away. Running over the whole city, terrorizing the people unexpectedly, he could not be subdued by any elephant-keeper. "I will give whatever he desires to any one who subdues this elephant," the king had proclaimed by the sound of a drum. The drum was not stopped by any one; but was stopped by them.²⁰⁸ The great elephant was transfixed by Pradyumna and Śāmba by singing. The two mounted the elephant, led him to the elephant-post, and tied him. They, surprising the citizens, were summoned joyfully by the king. Rukmin said to them, "Ask what you wish," and they said, "Give us Vaidarbhī here. We have no cook." Rukmin, angry at hearing that, banished them from the city.

Pradyumna said to Śāmba: "Rukmiṇī remains unhappy. Hence delay in Vaidarbhī's marriage is not fitting." As he was saying this, it became spotless night. Then, all the people being asleep, by means of his magic art Pradyumna went to Rukmin's daughter who was on the seventh floor of the palace. He delivered to her a fictitious affectionate letter from Rukmiṇī and, when she had read it, she said, "Tell me, what shall I

²⁰⁶ 46. Deer are considered especially susceptible to music.

²⁰⁷ 51. See I, n. 290, for the list of ornaments, including the tilaka.

²⁰⁸ 55. For proclamation by drum, cf. Pārśva., p. 185. Usually, the drum was 'touched,' but here dhṛ is used.

give you?" He said: "Give me yourself only, fair-eyed maiden. I am Pradyumna for whom you were asked, fair lady." Saying, "Oh! what is well-arranged by fate, that surely is caused by the Creator," she consented to his speech. Making a fire by the power of his magic art and making it a witness, Kṛṣṇa's son married her with the marriage-ribbon put on and wearing fine white garments. Kārṣṇi sported with her at will in many ways.

In the last part of the night he said: "I am going to Śāmba. If you are questioned by your parents (or) attendants, do not talk. I have arranged for your protection from physical injury, blameless lady." With these words, Kārṣṇi left and Vaidarbhī went to sleep from staying awake too long and from fatigue from pleasure. She did not awake at dawn. Her nurse came there and, when she had seen the signs of a marriage, the marriage-ribbon, et cetera, aroused her and questioned her anxiously. Vaidarbhī told nothing and the nurse, trembling with fear, told Rukmin and the queen, in order to wipe out her own guilt.

They went and questioned her and she told nothing; but they saw clear signs of marital relations. Rukmin thought to himself: "Though she was not given, she has dallied with some one of low family from her own wish. Better if this basest of girls had been given to the caṇḍālas." From anger at this thought, he had the caṇḍālas summoned by his door-keeper. Saying angrily, "Take the girl. Go where I shall not see you," he gave Vaidarbhī to them.

They said to Vaidarbhī: "Princess, will you sell leeches, skin-ropes, et cetera in our house?" She, knowing the highest good, said: "Whatever fate does, I will submit to that. For the command of fate is hard to transgress." Then the two heroes took her and went elsewhere.

But King Rukmin cried out in the council from remorse: "Oh, daughter, where are you, Vaidarbhī? Indeed, that union was not suitable. I threw you, like a cow, at the caṇḍālas' door, daughter. Truly, the caṇḍāla Anger made me give my

daughter to the caṇḍālas. Every one, indeed, seeks advantage for his own category. Though you were requested by Rukmiṇī for her son Pradyumna, I, blind with anger, of little wit, did not give you, alas!”

While he was lamenting in this way, he heard the deep sound of musical instruments. His attendants, being asked “Where is that from?” investigated and reported: “Pradyumna and Śāmba, together with Vaidarbhī, occupy a palace outside the city which is like a heavenly palace, like gods. They, being praised by flying-ascetics, are having a concert, charming with the best musical instruments, performed. This sound comes from that, lord.” Then delighted, Rukmin led them to his house and honored them very much from affection for a nephew and son-in-law. Then Pradyumna took leave of Rukmin and went to Dvāravatī with Vaidarbhī and Śāmba, a festival for Rukmiṇī’s eyes.

Pradyumna with fresh youth continued dallying happily with Rukmin’s daughter with fresh youth like a new Rati. Śāmba sported with King Hemāṅgada’s daughter, named Suhariṇī, borne by a courtesan, whose beauty surpassed that of Apsarases. Śāmba got Bhīru to play constantly and defeated him. After he had made him lose much money in gambling, he, eager, made him pay. Making an outcry, Bhīru told Bhāmā; she told Viṣṇu and he told Queen Jāmbavatī about Śāmba’s bad conduct.

Jāmbavatī said: “I have not heard about Śāmba’s bad behavior for so long. Why is this, O you whose fame is wide spread?” Viṣṇu said: “A lioness thinks her son gentle and good. Elephants are the ones who know the sport of the young lion. Now I will show you his behavior.” Saying this, Hari assumed the form of an Ābhīra and had Jāmbavatī assume the form of an Ābhīrī. Both entered Dvārakā, selling butter-milk, and were seen by Prince Śāmba who was always roaming at random.

Śāmba said to the Ābhīrī, “Come, I will buy your milk.” She followed Śāmba and Ābhīra followed her in turn. Śāmba

entered a temple and called her. She said: "I will not enter there. Give me the money here." Saying, "You will have to enter here," Śāmba seized her by the hand and began to drag her like an elephant a creeper. Saying, "Villain, why are you seizing my wife?" the Ābhīra beat him quickly; and Jāmbavatī and Hari revealed themselves. When he saw his parents, Śāmba covered his face and fled.

Hari said to Jāmbavatī, "Your son's bad behavior has been seen." On the next day Śārṅgin had him brought by force and he came, making a wedge. Questioned, he said: "This wedge will be thrown into the mouth of any one who says a word today about yesterday. For that reason I am making it." Saying, "He, shameless, amorous, misbehaves here as he likes," Śārṅgapāṇi banished Śāmba from his city. Pradyumna, penetrated by affection, gave the magic art Prajñapti to Śāmba, his brother in a former birth also, as he left.

Bhāmā said to Pradyumna, who was always tormenting Bhīruka, "Why do you not go from the city like Śāmba, evil-minded man?" He said, "Where shall I go?" She said, "To the cemetery." He said to her again, "When will there be a meeting with me?" She said angrily, "When I take Śāmba by the hand, villain, and lead him here, then there will be a meeting with you." Saying, "Whatever my mother commands," Rukmiṇi's son went to the cemetery and Śāmba came there in his roaming. Both had taken a very large burning-fee to the cemetery and gave it for the burning of the corpses of the townspeople.

Bhīru and Śāmba (107-127)

Now Bhāmā had assembled ninety-nine fair maidens for Bhīru and sought for one maiden zealously. Pradyumna learned that from Prajñapti and immediately created an army and became a king, named Jītaśatru, himself. Śāmba became his daughter, resembling a goddess, and, as she was playing surrounded by friends, was seen by Bhīru's nurse. After

enquiring about her, she told Satyabhāmā about her at once and Bhāmā asked Jitaśatru for her for Bhīru through a messenger.

Jitaśatru said: "I will give the girl at that time, if Bhāmā takes her by the hand and enters Dvārakā. Furthermore, if Bhāmā puts her (the girl's) hand over Bhīru's hand at the time of the wedding, then my daughter may be Bhīru's." So informed, the messenger went and reported it to Bhāmā. Saying, "Very well," Bhāmā went quickly to his camp, seeking her. Śāmba said to Prajñapti: "Have Bhāmā and her people see a girl and other people see just me, Śāmba." This being done by Prajñapti, Prince Śāmba entered Dvārakā, his right hand held by Bhāmā. Śāmba was led by Bhāmā to Bhīru's marriage-festival and the townswomen said: "Oh, this is strange! This is strange!" Śāmba went to Bhāmā's house and, deceitful-minded, took Bhīru's right hand with his left hand placed over it.

Having taken with his right hand the hands of the ninety-nine girls, he circled the fire at the same time according to rule. The girls, looking at Śāmba said, "You, equal to Rati's husband, have been joined with us as a husband by the Creator because of the maturing of our merit." When the marriage with these girls had been concluded, Śāmba went to the marriage-chamber. When Bhīru went there, he was terrified by Śāmba by a frown and went away. He went and told Bhāmā and she, incredulous, went there herself and saw Śāmba. Śāmba bowed to her. She said angrily, "By whom were you brought here, impudent villain?" He said: "I was brought here and made to marry the girls by you. All the people of Dvārakā, spectators, are authority for this."

Told this, she asked the townspeople who had come there. They said: "Do not be angry, queen. Śāmba was made to enter (the city) by you. While we were actually looking, he was made to marry the girls." Saying, "You, a cheat, the son of a cheat, the younger brother of a cheat, borne by a cheat, tricked me in the form of a girl," she went away angrily.

In the presence of all the people, Kṛṣṇa himself gave the girls to Śāmba and made great joy to Jāmbavati.

Śāmba went to bow to Vasudeva²⁰⁹ and said: "Father, you married women after you had roamed over the earth for a long time. I married one hundred maidens at the same time without roaming. There is a distinct difference between you and me." Vasudeva replied: "O villain, resembling a frog in a well, you were banished by your father. Shame upon you devoid of pride! But I, being insulted by my brother, left by conduct proper for heroes, and roamed everywhere without hindrance and married maidens, villain. Begged urgently by their relatives whom I had met at the proper time, I went to their houses, but not like you." Realizing that he had shown disrespect to a venerable person, Śāmba bowed deeply to his grandfather, his hands folded respectfully, and said: "I said that from ignorance. It was the bad behavior of a boy. The honored father must pardon it. The father is superior by his virtues."

War between Kṛṣṇa and Jarāsandha (134-457)

Now, some important merchants came there by sea from Yavanadvīpa, bringing much merchandise. They sold the other merchandise, but not their jeweled blankets. Seeking a special profit, they went to Rājagṛha. They were taken by merchants living there, going ahead, to the house of Jivayaśas, daughter of the King of Magadha. They showed Jivayaśas the jeweled blankets, cool in hot weather, warm in winter, with thick fine wool. Half the price of the blankets having been obtained, they sighed, "We came, having left Dvārikā, hoping to get more." Jivayaśas asked them, "What city is Dvārikā, pray? Who is king there?" The merchants said: "The city Dvārikā was made by the gods on ground given by the ocean. Kṛṣṇa is king there, the son of Devakī and Vasudeva." Hearing that, Jivayaśas said with outcries, "Now my husband's

²⁰⁹ 127. His grandfather.

murderer lives and rules the earth.”

Seeing her, Jarāsandha asked the reason for the outcry. She told him the news about Kṛṣṇa and said with folded hands: “Father, release me right now. I will enter the fire. I will keep my promise. I will not live any longer.” Jarāsandha said: “Daughter, do not weep like this. I certainly will make the mothers, sisters, and wives of Kaṁsāri weep. Now there will be an extinction of the Yādavas.” With these words the Lord of Magadha, though opposed by his ministers, ordered the army for the march. His powerful sons, Sahadeva, et cetera, followed him; and Śiśupāla, King of Cedi, chief of the powerful. King Hiraṇyanābha, very strong and powerful, and Duryodhana, the Kauravya, a leader in battle, and many other kings and vassals by the thousands converged on Jarāsandha like rivers on the ocean.

The crown fell from his head, the necklace on his chest broke, he stumbled, his foot caught by the end of his garment, and he sneezed in the beginning. His left eye twitched,²¹⁰ his elephant relieved itself, there was an unfavorable wind, and vultures wheeled in the air. He did not stop at all, though an unfavorable result was foretold by these unfavorable omens and signs and others also like friends.²¹¹ Filling the heavens with noise, as well as dust raised by the soldiers, shaking the earth like an excited elephant of the quarters, Jarāsandha, who had made a cruel promise, mounted a rutting elephant and set out toward the west, very powerful.

Nārada, full of curiosity, and spies went in haste and told Śārṅgapāṇi that Jarāsandha was approaching. Kṛṣṇa, the sole abode of splendor like a fire, got ready for the march, accompanied by the beating of a drum. At its sound all the Yādavas and kings assembled, like gods of Saudharma at the sound of the bell Sughoṣā. Among them Samudravijaya came there in full armor, irresistible like the ocean, and also

²¹⁰ 150. Unlucky in a man. Cf. IV, p. 371.

²¹¹ 151. I.e., like friends attempting to warn him.

these sons of his: Mahānemi, Satyanemi, Dṛḍhanemi, Sunemi, the Blessed Ariṣṭanemi, Jayasena, Mahājaya, Tejaḥsena, Jaya, Megha, Citraka, Gautama, Śvaphalka, Śivananda, and Viṣvaksena, great warriors.

Samudravijaya's younger brother, Akṣobhya, who was not shaken by enemies, came there for battle and these eight sons of his, leaders in battle: Uddhava, Dhava, Kṣubhita, Mahodadhi, Ambhonidhi, Jananidhi, Vāmadeva, and Dṛḍhavrata. Stimita came there and these five excellent sons of his: Ūrmimat, Vasumat, Vira, Pātāla, and Sthira. Sāgara and his six sons: Niḥkampa, Kampana, Lakṣmivat, Keśarin, Śrīmat, and Yugānta came. Himavat came there and his three sons: Vidyutprabha, Gandhamādana, and Mālyavat. Acala and Acala's seven powerful sons came: Mahendra, Malaya, Sahya, Giri, Śaila, Naga, and Bala. Dharaṇa and his five sons came: Karkoṭaka, Dhanañjaya, Viśvarūpa, Śvetamukha, and Vāsuki. Pūraṇa and Pūraṇa's four sons came: Duḥpūra, Durmukha, Durdaśa, and Durdhara. Abhicandra came there and these six of his: Candra, Śaśāṅka, Candrābha, Śaśin, Soma, and Amṛtaprabha.

Vasudeva²¹² came there, like a god of gods in strength, and many powerful sons of his with these names: Akrūra and Krūra, sons of Vijayasenā; Jvalanavega and Aśanivega, two sons of Śyāmā; three sons of Gandharvasenā: Vāyuvega, Amitagati, Mahendragati, like embodied fires; three powerful sons of Padmāvati, the minister's daughter: Siddhārtha, Dārūka, and mighty Sudāru; two sons of Nīlayaśas: Siṅhaja and Mataṅgaja; two sons of Somaśrī, Nārada and Marudeva; Sumitra, son of Mitraśrī; Kapila, son of Kapilā; Padma and Kumuda, sons of Padmāvati; Aśvasena, son of Aśvasenā; Puṇḍra, son of Puṇḍrā; Ratnagarbha and powerful Vajrabāhu, sons of Ratnavati; Candrakānta and Śaśiprabha, sons of Somaśrī, daughter of Soma; Vegavat and Vāyuvega, two sons

²¹² 169. These are the 10 Daśārhas, beginning with Samudravijaya and ending with Vasudeva.

of Vegavatī; three sons of Madanavegā, whose strength was famed throughout the three worlds: Anādhr̥ṣṭi, Dṛḍhamuṣṭi, Himamuṣṭi; two sons of Bandhumati: Bandhuṣeṇa and Siṅhasena; the son of Priyaṅgusundarī, Śilāyudha, a leader in battle; two sons of Prabhāvati, named Gandhāra and Piṅgala; two sons of Queen Jarā, Jarākumāra and Vāhlika; Sumukha and Durmukha, sons of Queen Avantī; Rāma, son of Rohiṇī, and Sāraṇa and Vidūratha; two sons of Bālacandrā, Vajradaṅṣṭra and Amitaprabha.

Many sons of Rāma, beginning with these: Ulmūka, Niṣadha, Prakṛtidyuti, Cārudatta, Dhruva, Śatrudamana, Piṭha, Śridhvaja, Nandana, Śrīmat, Daśaratha, Devānanda, Ānanda, Viprathu, Śāntanu, Pṛthu, Śatadhanus, Naradeva, Mahādhanus, and Dṛḍhadhanvan; and these sons of Viṣṇu came: Bhānu, Bhāmara, Mahābhānu, Anubhānuka, Bṛhaddhvaja, Agniśikha, Dhṛṣṇu, Sañjaya, Akampana, Mahāsena, Dhira, Gambhira, Udadhi, Gautama, Vasudharman, Prasenajit, Sūrya, Candrarvarman, Cārukr̥ṣṇaka, Sucāru, Devadatta, Bharata, Śaṅkha, and other powerful sons of Viṣṇu by the thousand, Pradyumna, Śāmba, et cetera came together there, eager to fight.

Ugrasena and his sons came to the battle: Dhara, Guṇadhara, Śaktika, Durdhara, Candrasāgara; the paternal uncle of King Jyeṣṭha, Sāntvana, and his sons: Mahāsena, Viṣamitra, Hṛdika, Satyamitraka; the son of Mahāsena, named King Suṣeṇa; Hṛdika, Sini, and Satyaka, sons of Viṣamitra; sons of Hṛdika, Kṛtavarman by name, and King Dṛdhadharman; son of Satyaka, named Yuyudhana, and his son Gandha; and many other sons of the Daśārhas and of Rāma and Viṣṇu; and sons of their fathers' sisters and their own sisters came there, very powerful.

Then on a day named by Kroṣṭuki Janārdana got into his chariot of which Dārūka was charioteer and which was marked by a garuḍa(-banner), surrounded by all the Yadus, with a festival of victory indicated by favorable omens and portents, and advanced in the northeast direction. After he had gone

forty-five yojanas from his own city, he, expert in battle, stopped at the village Sinapalli. Kṛṣṇa's army stopped there, four yojanas this side of Jarāsandha's army, and some Vidyādhara-chiefs came there. They bowed to Samudravijaya and said:

“ O king, we are attached to the merits of your brother, Ānakadundubhi (Vasudeva). What kind of assistance from others in battle is needed for you in whose family there are Ariṣṭanemi, capable of protection or destruction of the world; Rāma and Govinda, whose strength is unparalleled; and these descendants, Pradyumna, Śāmba, et cetera by the crore? Nevertheless, learning that there was a suitable occasion we have come with our devotion. Instruct us. Count us in the category of vassals, lord. ”

The king said, “ Very well, ” and again they said: “ Jarāsandha is straw before Śārṅgin alone. Give us orders about the Khecaras who are partisans of Jarāsandha on Mt. Vaitāḍhya before they come here. Let Vasudeva, your younger brother, accompanied by Pradyumna and Śāmba, be our general. This being so, they will certainly be defeated. ” With Kṛṣṇa's permission Samudravijaya sent Ānakadundubhi and his grandsons, Pradyumna and Śāmba with the Khecaras. At that time Ariṣṭanemi gave Vasudeva the amulet that obstructed weapons which had been tied on his arm by the gods at his birth-bath.

Now the minister Haṅsaka came with other ministers and made this speech of good counsel to the lord of Magadha: “ In the past Kaṅsa did an unwise thing and he reaped its fruit. Without the power of good counsel, the powers of energy and excellence of treasury and army ²¹³ have bad results. It must be considered whether an enemy is small, equal, or superior to one's self. How much more this powerful Viṣṇu who is superior to yourself ! The tenth Daśārha blackened the faces of the kings at Rohiṇi's svayaṁvara. The master himself saw that. Then no one in your army was the equal of Vasudeva.

²¹³ 208. The 3 divisions of śakti. See II, n. 117.

Your soldiers were saved by his elder brother, Samudra.

Vasudeva, known from winning crores in gambling and from saving your daughter's life, even though condemned to death, did not die because of his own power.²¹⁴ His sons, Rāma and Kṛṣṇa, attained such prosperity that Vaiśravaṇa made the city Dvārakā for them. These are the heroes, great warriors, to whom the warriors, even the Pāṇḍavas, Yudhiṣṭhira and the others, have resorted as a refuge in time of trouble. The sons, Pradyumna and Śāmba, are like another Rāma and Kṛṣṇa; Bhīma and Arjuna are terrifying even to Kṛtānta from strength of arm. What need of the other heroes being named, since among these Nemi alone is able easily to make the earth an umbrella with his arm as a handle?

In your army Damaghoṣa's son,²¹⁵ (Śiśupāla) and Rukmin are leaders. Their strength in a fight with Bala was demonstrated at the abduction of Rukmiṇī. Duryodhana, the Kauravya, and Śakuni, the Gāndhāra—these, indeed, have strength in trickiness, like a dog. There is no counting them among heroes. Karṇa, too, King of the Aṅgas, I fear, is like a handful of meal in the ocean of Kṛṣṇa's army, which has great warriors to the number of a crore. Nemi, Kṛṣṇa, Bala—these are three very great warriors in the enemy's army. You are one alone in your army. There is a great difference between the two armies.

Who is eager for battle with Śrī Nemi to whom the Indras, Acyuta and the others, pay homage from devotion? Your son, Kāla, was destroyed by the gods themselves, partisans of Kṛṣṇa, who played a trick. Recognize an adverse fate from that. Acknowledging the law, these Yadus, though powerful, left Mathurā and went to the city Dvārakā. Kṛṣṇa has come now opposed to you, but not of his own accord, like a serpent dragged from its hole by you, after striking it with a club. So much having happened, master, it is not fitting to fight with him. If you do not fight, he will turn around and leave.”

²¹⁴ 212. See above, p. 77 f.

²¹⁵ 217. Śiśupāla, the son of Damaghoṣa and Mādri, a sister of the Daśārhas.

Angered by that speech, Jarāsandha replied: “Surely, wretch, you have been weaned away ²¹⁶ by these crafty Yadus, since you try to make me afraid of the enemy, telling that without effect. Does the lion ever become afraid from the howls of jackals, evil-minded man? I shall reduce to ashes the cowherds’ army by my power. Shame on this wish of yours advocating retreat from battle.”

Then the minister Āimbhaka said: “This speech is like his heart. Battle, of which the time has come, certainly must not be avoided now by the master. Glorious death in battle of those facing the enemy is better than life of those turning their backs on battle, lord. Arranging the wheel-formation, impenetrable as the cakra-jewel, in our army, we will destroy the enemy-army engaged in battle.”

Delighted, Jarāsandha said to him: “Good! Good!” and he instructed his mighty generals to make the wheel-formation. The ministers, Haṅsaka, Āimbhaka, and other generals made the wheel-formation at the Ardhaçakrin’s command. In the wheel which had one thousand spokes, one king stood on each spoke. Each one of the kings had one hundred elephants, two thousand chariots, five thousand horses, and sixteen thousand foot-soldiers of boundless glory. There were seventy-five hundred kings in the circumference of the rim and in the middle of it was the Lord of Magadha with more than five thousand kings. In the rear of the King of Magadha was the army from Sindhu and Gāndhāra. The hundred Dhārtarāṣṭras were to the king’s right. The kings of Madhyadeśa were to the left. In front there were kings without number. At each joint of the rim there were kings with formations of fifty carts. Gulmas ²¹⁷ were placed in each

²¹⁶ 226. Bheda has been used—one of the 4 upāyas. See I, p. 153 and Abhi. 3.400.

²¹⁷ 239. In Abhi. 3.412 is given a succession of military groupings. Here a gulma consists of 27 elephants, 27 chariots, 81 horses, and 135 infantry. Gaṇa does not occur in this connection in the Abhi. According to MW, a gaṇa = 3 gulmas, but the numbers of its members correspond with Hem.’s gulma.

interval (between spokes) and gaṇas between the gulmas. Outside the formation there were kings with various formations. Then King Jarāsandha installed King Hiranyanābha, faithful, long-armed, with celebrated skill in various kinds of fighting, lord of expertness, as general of the wheel-formation. The sun set.

At night the Yadus made the garuḍa-formation, hard to penetrate by enemy-kings, the rival of the wheel-formation. In this formation there was half a crore of noble princes. Śirapāṇi and Śārṅgapāṇi were placed at its head. Akrūra, Kumuda, Padma, Sāraṇa, Vijayin, Jaya, Jarākumāra, Sumukha, Dṛḍhamuṣṭi, Vidūratha, Anādhṛṣṭi, Durmukha—these sons of Vasudeva with a lac of chariots were guards of the rear of Kaṁsadvīṣ. Behind them was Ugrasena with a crore of chariots. There were four sons to guard his rear. To guard Bhoja (Ugrasena) and his sons these kings were behind them: Dhara, Sāraṇa, Candra, Durdhara, and Satyaka.

Long-armed Samudravijaya took charge of the right wing himself and stood with his brothers and brothers' sons. Mahānemi, Satyanemi, Dṛḍhanemi, Sunemin, Ariṣṭanemi, Vijayasena, Megha, Mahājaya, Tejaḥsena, Jayasena, Jaya, Mahādyuti—these sons of Samudravijaya were at the side. Other kings with twenty-five lacs of chariots stood at Samudravijaya's side, like sons. Rāma's sons were in charge of the left wing and also the Pāṇḍavas, Yudhiṣṭhira and the others, whose strength was immeasurable. Ulmūka, Niṣadha, Śatrudamana, Prakṛtidyuti, Sātyaki, Śṛidhvaja, Devānanda, Ānanda, Śāntanu, Śatadhanvan, Daśaratha, Dhruva, Pṛthu, Viprathu, Mahādhanus, Dṛḍhadhanvan, Ativīrya, Devanandana—these, surrounded by twenty-five lacs of chariots, stood behind the Pāṇḍavas, eager to kill the Dhārtarāṣṭras.

Behind them were Candrayaśas, Siṅhala, Barbara, Kāmboja, Kerala, and King Draviḍa. In their rear stood Mahāsena's father, the sole mountain of fortitude and strength, with sixty thousand chariots. For guarding the wings there were Bhānu,

Bhāmara, Bhīruka, Asita, Sañjaya, Bhānu,²¹⁸ Dhṛṣṇu, Kampita, Gautama, Śatruñjaya, Mahāsenā, Gambhīra, Br̥haddhvaja, Vasuvarman, Udaya, Kṛtavarman, Prasenañjit, Dṛḍhadharman, Vikrānta, Candravarman, Pārthiva. This was the garuḍa-formation made by Garuḍa-bannered (Kṛṣṇa).

Knowing that Nemin wished to fight from affection for his brothers, Śakra sent his own chariot, distinguished by weapons of victory, with Mātali (the charioteer). The chariot, gleaming with jewels, spreading sunrise, as it were, brought by Mātali, was adorned by Ariṣṭanemi. Samudravijaya himself installed (by sprinkling) Anādhṛṣṭi, Kṛṣṇa's elder brother, in command of the army, accompanied by putting on a tiara. The cry of "Victory! Victory!" arose in all of Hari's army and there was terror everywhere in Jarāsandha's army.

A violent battle began between the soldiers in the vanguard of the two formations who marched together without any gaps as if their garments were tied together. Various missiles flew up in the battle of the two formations like waves of the East and West Oceans rolled high at the end of the world. Both the formations of the two armies attained a state of complete impenetrability, like a riddle, by each other. After fighting for a long time, the soldiers in the van of the garuḍa-formation, though very firm from devotion to the master, were broken by Jarāsandha's soldiers. Then Tārksya-bannered (Kṛṣṇa) himself, like the soul of the garuḍa-formation, strengthened the soldiers, raising up his hand like a banner.

Mahānemi and Pārtha (Arjuna), like the right and left wings, and Anādhṛṣṭi, like the beak of the formation in front—these three became angry. Long-armed Mahānemi blew the conch, Siñhanāda, and Anādhṛṣṭi blew Balāhaka, and Phālguna (Arjuna) blew Devadatta. The Yadus beat crores of drums and the sound of the conchs was followed by their sounds like the king of Śaṅkha by the Śaṅkhakas. The soldiers in the enemy-army were terrified by the sound of the three conchs

²¹⁸ 258. One of these 'Bhānus' must be Mahābhānu.

and by the sound of the drums, like crocodiles in the ocean.

The three generals, Nemi,²¹⁹ Anādhṛṣṭi, and Pārtha, strode, raining arrows, like very powerful oceans at the end of the world. The kings placed in the cart formation at the joints at the rim fled, unable to endure the heroism of their arms. The wheel-formation was broken in three places by the three, like the bank of a mountain-stream by wild elephants bent down (to strike). They themselves entered the wheel-formation, like the currents of rivers by which paths had been made, and other soldiers after them. Duryodhana, Raudhira, Rukmin—these three kings stopped the soldiers and rose up, eager to fight. Surrounded by warrior-kings, Duryodhana blocked Pārtha, Raudhira blocked Anādhṛṣṭi, and Rukmin blocked Mahānemi. Duels between these six took place; and between other warriors, their partisans, by the thousand.

Mahānemi impatient, deprived Rukmin, who thought himself a hero, shouting defiance, arrogant, of his weapons and his chariot. To protect Rukmin who had approached the point of death, seven kings, Śatruntapa and others, came together in the gaps. While these seven were raining arrows at the same time, Śaiveya (Neminātha) struck down their bows, like lotus-stalks, with arrows. After he had fought for a long time, Śatruntapa threw a spear at the enemy and all the Yadus were terrified, seeing it burst into flames. Servants, originating from the end of the spear, carrying various weapons, committing cruel acts, fell into the air by the thousand.

Then Mātali said to Ariṣṭanemi: “This king got that from the Indra Bali by penance, like Rāvaṇa from Dharaṇa. This must be destroyed by a thunderbolt.” At Nemi’s command he fastened a thunderbolt to Mahānemi’s arrow rapidly. Hurling the thunderbolt-arrow quickly, Mahānemi made the spear fall to the ground and deprived the king of weapon and chariot. Samudra’s son (Nemi) destroyed the bows of the

²¹⁹ 274. Nemi alone usually means Ariṣṭanemi, but here it refers to Mahānemi.

other six kings and at that time Rukmin, mounted in another chariot, attacked again. Eight kings together—Śatruntapa and others and Rukmin—standing at the head of the arrogant, fought with Śaiveya. Whatever bow Rukmin took, the prince destroyed it. So twenty bows of his were destroyed in immediate succession.

Then he (Rukmin) threw the club Kauberī at Mahānemi and Śivā's son reduced it to ashes with a fiery arrow. Rukmin, unable to bear defeat in battle, discharged the arrow, Vairocana, which rained lacs of arrows, at Śaiveya. Mahānemi blocked it with the arrow, Māhendra, and struck Rukmin on the forehead with another arrow. Veṇudārin killed him distracted by that blow and the seven kings attacked Mahānemi quickly. Samudravijaya defeated Druma, Stimita defeated King Bhadraka, and Akṣobhya, whose strength was unshakable, Vasusena.

Then Sāgara killed in battle an enemy, named Purimitra, and Himavat, firm as Himavat, killed Dhṛṣṭadyumna. Dharāṇa, like Indra Dharāṇa in strength, killed King Anvaṣṭaka and Abhicandra killed arrogant Śatadhanvan. Pūraṇa killed Drupada and Sunemi Kuntibhoja, Satyanemi Mahāpadma, Dṛḍhanemi Śrīdeva. Thus broken by the Yadu-heroes, the enemy-kings went to Hiraṇyanābha, who had been installed as commander-in-chief, for protection.

Now the heroes, Bhīma and Arjuna, and Rāma's powerful sons, put to flight the Dhārtarāṣṭras, like clouds dhārtarāṣṭra-haṅsas.²²⁰ The skies became dark from Pārtha's falling arrows and the universe became distracted by the terrible sounds of Gāṇḍīva (Arjuna's bow). As he drew the arrows (from the quiver), placed them on the bow, and discharged them rapidly, no interval was distinguished by the gods standing in the air. Then Duryodhana, Kāsi, Trigarta, Sabala, Kapota, Romarāja, Citrasena, Jayadratha, Sauvīra, Jayasena, Śūrasena, and Somaka together attacked Pārtha, casting aside the ethics of the

²²⁰ 301. A kind of haṅsa with black bill and feet. Abhi. 4.392.

warrior-caste. Sahadeva fought with Śakuni, Bhīma with Duḥśāsana, Nakula with Ulūka, Yudhiṣṭhira with Śalya. The sons of Draupadī with soldiers fought very hard with the six, Durmarṣaṇa, et cetera and Rāma's sons with the remaining kings. Kiriṭin (Arjuna) cut down the arrows of the kings, Duryodhana, et cetera, who rained them simultaneously, with arrows, as easily as lotus-stalks. Gāṇḍivin (Arjuna) slew Duryodhana's charioteer and horses, and destroyed his chariot with arrows, and made his armor fall to the ground. Dhārtarāṣṭra, uninjured, ashamed, fled quickly like a mere foot-soldier and leaped into Śakuni's chariot like a bird.

Dhanañjaya (Arjuna) put to flight the ten,²²¹ Kāsi, et cetera, with a rain of arrows, like a cloud dispersing elephants with a rain of hail. Śalya cut down Yudhiṣṭhira's chariot-banner with an arrow and Yudhiṣṭhira cut down Śalya's bow and arrow. Śalya strung another bow and put to flight Yudhiṣṭhira with heron-feather-arrows, like the rainy season the sun with clouds. Then Kaunteya (Yudhiṣṭhira) discharged a spear hard to endure at Śalya which caused terror to everyone like lightning out of season. Unhindered by enemy-arrows, it fell quickly and slew Śalya, like a thunderbolt a lizard. Many kings fled. Vṛkodara (Bhīma), angered, recalling the victory in gambling by trickery, slew easily Duryodhana's full brother. Sahadeva, attacked by Gāndhāra with magic weapons and with missiles, shot an arrow, the destroyer of life. Suyodhana (= Duryodhana), who had really abandoned warrior-ethics, cut down this arrow, which had not yet reached Śakuni, with a sharp arrow. Mādreya (Sahadeva) said to him defiantly: "Duryodhana, cheating on your part is apparent in battle as well as in gambling. Indeed, that is the strength of the weak. I will kill at the same time the two of you, crafty like jackals, fortunately found together. Do not separate."

With these words, Sahadeva covered Suyodhana with sharp

²²¹ 311. Why 10? This should be 11. Twelve are named above as his attackers and only Duryodhana has fled.

arrows, like autumn-time a wood with parrots. Duryodhana attacked Mādreya with arrows and destroyed the bow, the root of the tree of battle. Duryodhana discharged an arrow, entirely unerring, subject to a charm, like Kināsa (Yama), for the destruction of Sahadeva. Dhanañjaya (Arjuna) obstructed the arrow on the way with the arrow Garuḍa together with Suyodhana's hope of victory. Śakuni twanged his bow aloud and made Mādreya disappear entirely by means of showers of arrows, like a cloud a mountain. Sahadeva destroyed Śakuni's chariot, horses, and charioteer and cut off his head like the fruit of a tree. Nakula quickly put Ulūka to flight with missiles, like the sun an owl with its rays, after easily depriving him of his chariot. He went to Durmarṣaṇa's chariot; and Durmarṣaṇa and the others—the six—were put to flight by Draupadī's sons and their soldiers. They resorted to Duryodhana and Duryodhana together with the kings, Kāsi, et cetera, attacked Dhanañjaya.

Surrounded by Rāma's sons, like Purandara by gods, Pārtha split the multitude of the enemy by various arrows. Pārtha, blinding all the enemy with arrows, slew Jayadratha, like Duryodhana's life that had become separated. Karṇa, Kālaprṣṭha²²² being drawn to his ear, biting his lips, chief of heroes, ran forward, wishing to kill Kiriṭin. For a long time the two heroes, Karṇa and Arjuna, played with arrows like dice, watched by the gods from curiosity. His chariot destroyed several times, his other weapons lost, carrying only a sword, Karṇa, best of heroes, was finally killed by Kiriṭin. Bhīma gave a lion's roar; Phālguna blew the conch; and all of Pārtha's soldiers roared, thinking themselves conquerors.

Duryodhana, blind with anger, quickly attacked with an army of great elephants, haughty, wishing to kill Bhīmasena. Māruti (Bhīmasena), striking chariot against chariot, horse against horse, elephant against elephant, destroyed completely Duryodhana's army. The appetite of powerful Bhīmasena

²²² 332. The name of Karṇa's bow.

fighting in this way was not satisfied by *them*, like that of one eating is unsatisfied by sweet-meats. The hero Duryodhana himself, quickly reassuring his people, ran at Bhimasena, like an elephant at an elephant. Both the heroes fought with various weapons for a long time, like thundering clouds, like angry lions. Recalling the enmity from gambling, Bhīma lifted up a great club and crushed Duryodhana with his horses, chariot, and charioteer. Duryodhana having been killed, his soldiers were leaderless and went to the general, Hirāṇyanābha, for protection.

All the Pāṇḍavas and Yadus belonging to the right and left wings surrounded General Anādhṛṣṭi. Hirāṇyanābha took charge of the vanguard of the army, like a pilot the front of a boat, and, angry, attacked the Yadus, shouting abuse. Abhicandra said to him: "Why do you talk like a clown? Warriors are not heroes from talk, but are heroes from the defeat of-enemies." Then Hirāṇya shot sharp arrows at Abhicandra. Pārtha destroyed them in midair, like a wind rain-clouds. He hurled a series of arrows, hard to keep off, at Arjuna. Bhīma jumped between and with a club made him fall from the chariot. Ashamed, he got into the chariot again, biting his lips from anger, and rained sharp arrows on the whole of the Yadus' army. There was not a horseman, nor an elephant-rider, nor a charioteer, nor a foot-soldier in the great army of the Yadus whom he did not strike with arrows.

Then Jayasena, Samudravijaya's son, angry, ran to fight with Hirāṇyanābha, his bow drawn. Saying, "O nephew, why do you come to Yama's mouth?" Hirāṇyanābha killed Jayasena's charioteer. Jayasena quickly destroyed his armor, bow, and banner, and led his charioteer to Yama's house. Angry, Hirāṇyanābha killed Jayasena, striking him with ten sharp arrows which penetrated the chinks (in his armor). The hero, Mahājaya, Jayasena's brother, got down from his chariot, carrying sword and shield, and ran at Hirāṇya. Hirāṇya cut off his head with a sharp-edged arrow from a distance.

Angry at the killing of his two brothers, Anādhṛṣṭi fought

with him. Other kings on Jarāsandha's side fought with Bhīma, Arjuna, et cetera and with the Yadus in pairs, one from each side. Bhagadatta, King of Pragjyotiṣa, like the lord of the Jyotiṣkas,²²³ mounted on an elephant, attacked Mahānemi. He said: "I am not your brother's brother-in-law, Rukmin,²²⁴ nor Aśmaka; but I am Kṛtānta to enemies like hell-inhabitants. Therefore, flee, sir!" Saying this, he urged forward his elephant with a goad; and the charioteer whirled Mahānemi's chariot in a circle. Mahānemi struck the elephant's feet with arrows and the elephant, his feet crippled, fell with Bhogadatta. "You are not Rukmin," laughed the hero Mahānemi, who was compassionate by nature, and, touching him with the end of the bow, released him.

Now Bhūriśravas and Sātyaki fought, both longing for the Śrī of victory for Jarāsandha and Vāsudeva, respectively. Fighting with divine iron missiles, like elephants of the gods with their tusks, they became terrifying to the three worlds. After a long time, their weapons destroyed like clouds whose water is exhausted, both fought with their own arms, striking fist against fist. They shook the earth with their hard falls and jumps up and both split open the skies, as it were, with the noise of slaps on the arms. Sātyaki bound Bhūriśravas with a rope, twisted his neck, pressed his back with a knee, and killed him.

Now Anādhṛṣṭi cut down Hirāṇyanābha's bow, and he hurled a club, destroyer of enemies, at Anādhṛṣṭi. As it fell, Anādhṛṣṭi broke it with arrows, and it lighted up the sky with masses of flying sparks. Wishing to kill Anādhṛṣṭi, Hirāṇyanābha got down from his chariot quickly and ran forward on foot, carrying sword and shield. Kṛṣṇa's elder brother got down quickly with sword and shield and harassed him for a long time, moving with various steps. Anādhṛṣṭi, light-handed, using trickery, cut Hirāṇya's body with a sword like

²²³ 357. The sun.

²²⁴ 358. Rukmin was the brother-in-law of Vāsudeva, the cousin of Mahānemi. I do not know the point of 'Aśmaka.'

a piece of wood with a brahmasūtra.²²⁵ His kings took refuge with Jarāsandha. Just then the sun sank into the Western Ocean.

Anādhṛṣṭi, honored by the Yadus and Pāṇḍavas, went to Kṛṣṇa. At Kṛṣṇa's command all went to their respective camps. Then King Jarāsandha took counsel at that time and installed powerful Śiśupāla as general of the army. The Yadus made a garuḍa-formation at Garuḍa-bannered's command and took the battle-field at dawn like that. Śiśupāla made a wheel-formation in like manner (as before). Then King Jarāsandha took the battle-field. Then Haṅsaka at Jarāsandha's request pointed out the enemy-soldiers and gave their names exactly:

“ That is Anādhṛṣṭi, whose banner is an elephant, with a chariot with black horses. That is Pāṇḍu's son, Yudhiṣṭhira, with a chariot with dark horses. That is Dhanañjaya with a chariot with white horses; and that is Vṛkodara (Bhīma) with chariot-horses the color of a blue lotus. That is Samudra-vijaya with a lion-banner and golden horses. That is Ariṣṭanemi whose banner is a bull and whose horses are parrot-colored. That is Akrūra with a plantain-banner and brindled horses. That is Sātyaki with horses spotted like a partridge. That is Prince Mahānemi with horses the color of white water-lilies; that is Ugrasena with horses the color of a parrot's beak.

That is Jarākumāra, with golden-backed horses and a deer-banner; that is Siṅhala, son of Ślakṣnaroman, with horses from Kamboja. That is Meru with a dolphin-banner and tawny horses; that is King Padmarathapura with horses the color of a red lotus. That is Sāraṇa, whose banner is a blue lotus, with dove-colored horses; and that is Vidūratha with a

²²⁵ 371. I can find no definition of brahmasūtra except the normal 'sacred thread.' It is possible that it means that Anādhṛṣṭi carved Hiraṇyanābha's body as mathematically as a carpenter would a piece of wood measured by a thread, which Indian carpenters *do* use; but why a 'sacred thread' which they would *not* use?

water-jar-banner and horses with five auspicious marks.²²⁶ That is Kṛṣṇa with a garuḍa-banner and white horses in the midst of the soldiers, like a rain-cloud with cranes in the air. That is Rauhīṇeya (Rāma), palm-bannered, with black horses, placed in his right wing, like a living Kailāsa. There are many other Yadus with various horses and chariot-banners, great warriors, who can not be named now.”

After hearing that, Jarāsandha twanged his bow angrily and drove his chariot rapidly against Rāma and Kṛṣṇa. Jarāsandha’s son, Yavana, the crown-prince, angrily advanced to kill Vasudeva’s sons, Akrūra, et cetera. A battle, terrifying as the end of the world, took place between long-armed Yavana and them, like one between a śarabha and lions. Rāma’s younger brother, Sāraṇa, whose strength was unparalleled, blocked him, raining various arrows like a cloud raining frogs. Yavana destroyed Sāraṇa’s chariot and its horses by means of an elephant, named Malaya, lofty as the Malaya Mts. The elephant lowered its head (to strike) and Sāraṇa cut off Yavana’s head with a sword, like the fruit of a tree rocked by the wind. He cut off the trunk and tusks of the elephant as it rose up and Kṛṣṇa’s army danced like peafowls in the rainy season.

When he had seen his son’s slaughter, Jarāsandha, angered, carrying a bow, set out to kill the Yadus, like a lion deer. Ānanda, Śatrudamana, Nandana, Śrīdhvaja, Dhruva, Devānanda, Cārudatta, Pīṭha, Hariṣeṇaka, Naradeva—these ten sons of Bala in the front of battle were killed by Jarāsandha, like goats in the front of a sacrifice. Kṛṣṇa’s army fled at the sight of the princes’ slaughter and Māgadha (Jarāsandha) followed it, killing, like a tiger a herd of cows. Then General Śiśupāla, laughing, said to Kṛṣṇa: “This is not a cow-station, Kṛṣṇa; this is a battle of heroes.” Kṛṣṇa said: “Go, king! Eventually you must go. Why have you delayed so long in

²²⁶ 385. Puṇḍra. On the chest, back, face, and flanks. Cf. Harṣacaritra, p. 50.

Rukmin's ²²⁷ battle, son of Mādri?"

Pierced by Hari's speech like an arrow piercing chinks in armor, the King of Cedi twanged his bow and discharged sharp arrows. Hari destroyed his bow, armor, and chariot with arrows and, drawing his sword, ran after him, like a fire with high smoke. Hari cut down in turn the sword, crown, and then the head of the King of Cedi who was shouting abuse, evil-minded. Angered by Śiśupāla's killing, Jarāsandha, terrible like Kṛtānta, attacked with his sons and kings. He said to the Yadus: "Do not die uselessly, sirs! Hand over the two cowherds. Nothing has been hurt today."²²⁸

Angered by that speech, like serpents touched by a stick, the Yadus attacked with shouts, raining various weapons. Though he was one, Jarāsandha pierced the Yadu-soldiers with terrible arrows from all sides, as if he had become many, like a hunter deer. Neither foot-soldiers, nor charioteers, nor cavalry, nor elephant-riders were able to stand before Jarāsandha as he fought. Like cotton blown by the wind, the whole army of the Yadus fled in every direction, injured by Jarāsandha's arrows. Jarāsandha dived into the great pool of Yadu-soldiers on all sides, like a buffalo, and the Yadus became frogs in it.

Twenty-eight sons of Jarāsandha, throwing the poison of weapons, like serpents, attacked Rāma. The other sixty-nine sons of Jarāsandha, wishing to kill Janārdana, besieged him like demons. A terrible fight took place between Rāma and Kṛṣṇa and them, which rained sparks from the destruction of each other's missiles. Rāma dragged Jarāsandha's twenty-eight sons by the plow and crushed them, like ants, with the pestle. Shouting, "Even now this cowherd, disregarded, is killing," Jarāsandha struck Rāma with a club like a thunder-bolt. Rāma vomited blood from the blow with the club and

²²⁷ 401. As a matter of fact, Rukmin was not responsible. It was Jivayaśas, who incited her father.

²²⁸ 406. Apparently he means that nothing has happened so far to prevent peace, if Rāma and Kṛṣṇa are surrendered.

a great cry, "Ha! Ha!" arose in all the army of the Yadus. The youngest Kaunteya, (Śvetavāhana), jumped between and fought Jarāsandha who wished to attack Rāma. Kṛṣṇa saw Rāma's wretched state and, angered, his lips trembling, killed Jarāsandha's sixty-nine sons who were in front of him.

"Rāma here will certainly die. What is the use of Kiriṭin (Arjuna) being killed? I will kill Kṛṣṇa." With these thoughts, the King of Magadha attacked him. Then a rumor spread everywhere, "Kṛṣṇa has really been killed." Just then Mātali said to Ariṣṭanemi: "Of what importance is Jarāsandha compared with you, Śrī Nemi, Lord of Three Worlds, like a young elephant compared with a śarabha? He, disregarded by you, is making a dearth of Yādavas now. Show at least, Lord of the World, an exploit of your own easily accomplished. Even if the Lord is averse to any censurable act from birth, yet he should not disregard his own family being destroyed by enemies."

Spoken to like this, without anger Nemi took in his hand the conch Paurandara, whose sound exceeded that of a thunder-cloud, and blew it. By its sound filling the space between heaven and earth, the enemy were terrified and the Yadu-army was restored again, able to fight. At Nemi's command Mātali whirled the chariot in the battle like a circle of fire-brands, resembling a whirlpool in the ocean. Like a new cloud with a drawn rainbow, the Lord rained streams of arrows on all sides, making the enemy tremble. The Lord destroyed the banners of some, of some the bows, of some the chariots, and of some the crowns. The enemy-soldiers became unable even to look at, to say nothing of striking, the Lord who resembled a sun at the end of the world.

The Master alone killed a lac of crowned kings. What are mountains compared with the ocean enraged? The Master, Lord of Three Worlds, did not kill Jarāsandha, sparing him with the idea, "The Prativiṣṇu must be killed only by Viṣṇu." Śrī Nemi continued blocking the enemy, having the chariot whirled, and the Yadu-soldiers fought again, their

courage regained.

In the meantime the remaining Dhārtarāṣṭras were killed by Pāṇḍu's sons because of their own enmity, like deer by lions. Baladeva, having recovered (from the blow), fought many times, with the pestle and plow upraised, and killed the enemy-soldiers.

Now Jarāsandha said to Kṛṣṇa: "For a long time you have remained alive only by trickery, like a jackal, sir cowherd. Kaṁsa was killed by a trick; Kāla too was killed by a trick. Indeed, you, unskilled in weapons, have not put up any fight. Now I shall put an end to your trickery and to your life at the same time, villain. Now I shall carry out my promise to Jivayaśas."

Kṛṣṇa smiled and said: "O king, you have spoken the truth. I am such a person (as you say). But your own skill in weapons must be shown. I am not boastful like you. However, I say only this. Your daughter's vow to enter the fire will be fulfilled."

Angered by this speech of Viṣṇu, Jarāsandha discharged arrows and Kṛṣṇa destroyed them, like the sun darkness. Both, armed with bows, fought ardently like śarabhas, making all the quarters resound with the sounds of the bow. The oceans were agitated by the impact of their fight, the Khecaras in the air trembled, and the mountains shook. The earth, unable to bear the coming and going of their chariots heavy as mountains, gave up instantly all capacity for endurance. Janārdana struck down the King of Magadha's divine missiles with divine ones and iron missiles with iron ones with the greatest ease. The futility of all weapons being apparent, the King of Magadha, filled with embarrassment and anger, recalled the cakra which was difficult to check by other weapons.

Whirling the cakra, which had come at once, in the air in his hand, Magadha, blind with anger, thirsting for victory, hurled it at Kṛṣṇa. Even the Khecaras in the air trembled very much at the falling cakra and Kṛṣṇa's soldiers, completely depressed, were terrified. Kṛṣṇa, Rāma, the five Pāṇḍavas,

and other warriors threw their own missiles to make it halt. The cakra, unhindered by them, like the current of an overflowing river by trees, came and struck Kṛṣṇa on the breast with its hub. The cakra, as if weaned apart by the policy of dissension, stayed at his side and Kṛṣṇa took it in his hand like his own majesty that had been offered. "The ninth Vāsudeva has arisen," the gods, proclaiming this, rained a shower of perfume and flowers on Kṛṣṇa from the air.

Kṛṣṇa, feeling compassionate, said to the King of Magadha: "Take note, was this deceit of mine? Now go home. Acknowledge my command and again flourish with wealth. Lay aside conceit which has evil consequences. Live now, though old." The King of Magadha replied: "You are hurling my cakra, which is like a fire-brand, cherished for a long time by me alone. Hurl it." Then Janārdana hurled the cakra at Jarāsandha. Their very enemies' weapons become their own in the case of the great. The King of Magadha's head, cut off by the cakra, fell to the ground, but he went to the fourth hell. The gods rained flowers from the trees of heaven on Kṛṣṇa shouting, "Hail! Hail!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE EPISODE OF SĀGARACANDRA, KIDNAPING OF UṢĀ, AND KILLING OF BĀṆA

Then Neminātha released the kings, enemies of Kṛṣṇa, from the blockade. They bowed to him, their hands folded submissively, and said:

“Lord, Jarāsandha and we were deceived at that very time when you descended into the Yadu-family, Lord of Three Worlds. Viṣṇu alone, no one else, is the slayer of the Prati-
viṣṇu, no doubt; to say nothing of one of whom you, Lord, are the aid and kinsman. This was not known by us and Jarāsandha at first. Therefore, we committed such actions. Such is fate. Today we have come to you for protection. May there be good fortune to us all. Rather, enough of talking. There is naturally good fortune of those submissive to you.”

Nemi went with the kings, who continued talking in this way, to Hari. Hari got down from his chariot and embraced him closely. At Nemi's command Hari claimed the kings and also Sahadeva, Jarāsandha's son, at Samudravijaya's command. Hari gave a fourth part of Magadha to Sahadeva and installed him in his father's rank, like a pillar of fame of himself. Keśava installed Mahānemi, son of Saṃudravijaya, in Śauryapura; Rukmanābha, son of Hirāṇyanābha, in Kośalā; and Dhara, son of Ugrasena who did not accept the kingdom, in Mathurā. Then the sun plunged into the Western Ocean. Dismissed by Neminātha, Mātali went to heaven. Kṛṣṇa and the others, at Kṛṣṇa's order, went to their respective camps. Samudravijaya remained, eager for Vasudeva's coming.

On the next day three elderly Khecaris came to Vāsudeva who was in company with Samudravijaya and said:

“Vasudeva, accompanied by Pradyumna and Śāmba, comes soon with Khecaras. Let his actions be heard,

Vasudeva went from this place with his two grandsons and Khecaras to Vaitāḍhya and fought with hostile Khecaras. Nilakaṅṭha, Aṅgāraka, and other former enemies among the Khecaras—all together fought Vasudeva. During that battle yesterday gods who were near said, 'Jarāsandha has been killed and Kṛṣṇa has become Viṣṇu.' Hearing that, all the Khecaras quit the battle-field and reported to King Mandaravega.

He instructed them: 'Do you all come, sirs, bringing large presents. We shall go to Hari for protection by the door of Vasudeva.' Saying this, he went to Vasudeva's presence and gave his sister to Pradyumna and King Tripatharṣabha gave his daughter. King Devarṣabha and Vāyupatha gave their daughters to Śrīmat Prince Śāmba with great joy. All the Vidyādhara-lords are coming now with Vasudeva and we have been sent ahead to announce it."

While they were saying this, Vasudeva, accompanied by Pradyumna and Śāmba, came there with Khecaras, a festival for the eyes. The Khecaras worshipped Kṛṣṇa with much gold and jewels, chariots, horses, elephants, et cetera, imitating streams of treasure. Hari performed the funeral rites of Jayasena and others; and King Sahadeva those of Jarāsandha and others. When Jivayaśas had seen the destruction of her husband and father with his family, she abandoned her life by means of fire. Since the Yadus had jumped from joy, Janārdana made a city Ānandapura²²⁹ there on the site of Sinapalli.

Then Govinda, having conquered half of Bharata in six months, went from that place to the Magadhas, attended by Khecaras and mortals. There Kaṁsa's destroyer lifted a stone named Koṭiśilā, one yojana high and one yojana wide, four fingers' distance from the ground with his left arm. Koṭiśilā was presided over by deities living in half of Bharata. The first Viṣṇu raised it to the end of his arm;²³⁰ the second to his

²²⁹ 27. Identified with Vaḍnagar in North Gujarat, LAI, p. 266. But no identification of Ānandapura with Sinapalli is made in LAI. See p. 334.

²³⁰ 31. See III, pp. 53, 83, 104, 123, 147; IV, pp. 39, 51, 259.

forehead; the third to his neck; the fourth to his breast; the fifth to his heart; the sixth to his hip; the seventh to his thigh; the eighth to his knee; and the last four fingers from the ground. For in avasarpīṇi they had decreasing powers.

Then Kṛṣṇa went to Dvārakā and was installed as ardha-cakrin by sixteen thousand kings and by gods. Janārdana dismissed the Pāṇḍavas to Kurudeśa and the others, Khecaras and mortals, to their respective homes. The ten powerful Daśārhas, Samudravijaya, et cetera; the great warriors, Baladeva, et cetera to the number of five; the sixteen thousand kings, Ugrasena, et cetera; three and a half crores of princes, Pradyumna, et cetera; sixty thousand of the uncontrolled (princes), Śāmba, et cetera; twenty-one thousand heroes, Virasena, et cetera; likewise fifty-six thousand powerful, eminent body-guards,²³¹ Mahāsena and others; others, rich men, sheths, caravan-leaders, by the thousand attended Kṛṣṇa, their folded hands placed on their foreheads. The sixteen thousand kings gave jewels as presents to Vāsudeva from devotion and each gave two choice maidens. Of these, Kṛṣṇa married sixteen thousand maidens, Bala eight thousand and other princes as many. Kṛṣṇa, Rāma, and the princes sported at pleasure in pleasure-gardens, pleasure-mountains, et cetera, surrounded by charming wives.

King Samudravijaya and Queen Śivā, seeing them amusing themselves in this way, said to Nemi in a speech permeated with affection: "Dear boy, always there is joy to our eyes looking at you. Let it be more by marrying a suitable bride." Lord Nemi, terrified of existence even from birth and endowed with three kinds of knowledge, said: "I do not see suitable girls anywhere. These lead to falling into misfortune.

²³¹ 38. Talavarga. This seems to be the same as talavara, which MW defines as 'body-guard' and PH as 'city-guard.' The Prabandhacintāmaṇi, p. 79, line 28, (Siṅghī ed.), has talavargīya. LAI, p. 60, interprets talavara as 'knights' and says, n. 11: "They were invested with a paṭṭa given by the king; they possessed the same status, the only difference was that they were without chowries."

Enough of them for us. When suitable ones are encountered, then I shall marry them." By this dignified speech, Nemi-restrained his parents, guileless by nature, from insistence on the marriage-business.

Birth of Rājimatī (48-49)

Now Yaśomatī's jīva fell from Aparājita and entered the womb of Dhāriṇī, Ugrasena's wife. At the right time Dhāriṇī bore a daughter, Rājimatī by name; and in time she grew up with unique beauty and grace.

Episode of Sāgaracandra (50-74)

And now Dhanasena, living in Dvārakā, gave his daughter, Kamalāmelā, to Nabhaḥsena, son of Ugrasena. As he roamed about, Nārada came to Nabhaḥsena's house and he was not honored by him, his mind fixed on the marriage. With the desire to injure him, he (Nārada) went to Sāgaracandra, son of Niṣadha, son of Rāma, very dear to Śāmba and others. He got up to meet him and asked: "Divine sage, have you seen anything marvelous as you roamed about? For you are devoted to seeing that." He said: "The daughter of Dhanasena, named Kamalāmelā, a marvel in the world, has been seen right here. Just now she has been given to Nabhaḥsena." After saying this, he flew up and went elsewhere. But Sāgara fell in love with her. Sāgara thought of her only; spoke her name only; saw her only everywhere, like one crazed by datura seeing gold.²³²

Nārada went to Kamalāmelā's house and, asked by her about a marvel, he, crooked-minded, said: "I have seen two marvels. Of these one is Prince Sāgaracandra because of a wealth of beauty; and Nabhaḥsena because of ugliness." At once deserting Nabhaḥsena, she fell in love with Sāgara.

²³² 56. Pita must be the datura. See III, p. 168 and n. 228. People poisoned by datura see things in a yellow light. Cf. Prabandhacintāmaṇi (Tawney), 54 n. and 194 n. Tawney calls it 'gold-sickness.'

Nārada went and told Sāgara about her love. Seeing that Sāgara had fallen into the ocean of separation from her, his mother and other princes became very distressed.

Then Śāmba came there and, standing behind Sāgaracandra in such a state of mind, covered his eyes with his hands. Sāgara said, "Are you Kamalāmelā here?" Śāmba replied, "I am Kamalāmelā."²³³ Naiṣadhi said: "You alone will cause Kamalā to meet me. Enough of thinking about other devices." Śāmba did not agree to this proposition, but was made to agree by all the princelings who made him drink much wine and tricked him. When he had become sober, Śāmba thought: "Why did I promise this wicked thing! Nevertheless, this must be carried out."

Then, after recalling Prajñapti, Śāmba went with the other princes to a garden on the day of Nabhaṣena's marriage. He had Kamalāmelā brought there from the house by the goddess (Prajñapti) and married her, infatuated, to Sāgaracandra properly. When the partisans of her father and father-in-law did not see her in the house, searching here and there, they went to the garden. When they saw Kamalāmelā in the midst of the Yadus who had assumed the forms of Khecaras, they told Viṣṇu. Angered, Kṛṣṇa approached Kamalāmelā's abductors and attacked, wishing to kill them. For he was not tolerant of bad conduct.

Assuming his own form, Śāmba took Sāgaracandra with Kamalāmelā and fell at Kṛṣṇa's feet. Embarrassed, Kṛṣṇa said: "What is this you have done, wretch, that Nabhaṣena, a refugee, has been so deceived, alas! What is to be done for him now?" Keśava informed Nabhaṣena and gave Kamalāmelā to Sāgara, no one else. Nabhaṣena, unable to do an injury (to them), from that time always watched for a weak point in Sāgaracandra.

²³³ 62. This is one of those double meanings impossible to translate. Kamalāmelā, the girl's name, means 'a meeting with Kamalā.' It needs only a change of quantity in the final vowel to make it a man's name, of course.

Kidnaping of Uṣā (75-84)

And now there was a son, named Aniruddha, of Pradyumna by his wife Vaidarbhī and he attained youth. At that time there was a Khecara-lord in the city Śubhanivāsa, Bāṇa by name, with cruel power. He had a daughter, Uṣā. From a desire for a suitable husband she, beautiful, propitiated the magic art, Gaurī, with a very strong determination. She (Gaurī), satisfied, said to her, "Aniruddha, the grandson of Śārṅgin Kṛṣṇa, will be your husband, resembling Indra." The god Śaṅkara, the husband of the magic art Gaurī, propitiated by Bāṇa, gave him invincibility on the battle-field. Gaurī said to him: "The boon which gave invincibility in all cases is not suitable. For, indeed, I have given a boon to Uṣā." Śaṅkara said to Bāṇa, "You will be invincible except in women's business," and Bāṇa was pleased with that.

By what Khecaras and what mortals was Uṣā not asked from Bāṇa because of her beauty? But he, not being pleased, did not give her. Uṣā, being in love, sent a Vidyādhari Citralekhā and had Aniruddha brought to her house as well as her heart. He took her and married her with a gāndharva-marriage. He set out with the announcement, "I, Aniruddha, am going, having abducted Uṣā."

Killing of Bāṇa (85-95)

Then, angered, the Khecara-lord, Bāṇa, armed with a bow, surrounded Aniruddha with arrows, like a hunter a boar with dogs. At that time Uṣā gave her husband the magic art Pāṭhasiddha and he, his strength increased by her, fought with Bāṇa for a long time. Pradyumna's son was bound like a young elephant with magic nooses by Bāṇa. Prajñapti told Śārṅgapāṇi this.

Hari went there with Sirin, Śāmba, and Pradyumna and the serpent-nooses fled at the sight of the garuḍa-banner. Bāṇa, very proud of his own strength by Śaṅkara's boon, intoxicated by pride, said to Kṛṣṇa: "Do you not know my

strength? You always practiced kidnaping of others' daughters. I will show you the fruit of that which has come by inheritance to your sons, et cetera."

Kṛṣṇa said: "What suitability is there in your speech, villain? The girl must necessarily be given. What fault can there be in choosing her?"

Hearing that, Bāṇa, surrounded by Khecaras, his face terrible with frowns, his bow drawn, shot arrows at Śārṅgin. Janārdana, expert at destroying, destroyed them in midair; and so it went on for a long time between the two heroes, arrow against arrow. After making him weaponless, Kṛṣṇa cut him into pieces, like Garuḍa a cobra, and led him to Yama's house.

Then Janārdana, taking Aniruddha accompanied by Uṣā, delighted, went back to the city Dvāravatī with Pradyumna, Sirin and Śāmba.

CHAPTER IX

ARIŠṬANEMI'S SPORT, INITIATION, OMNISCIENCE

And now Nemi, wandering about with the princes in sport, entered Vāsudeva's armory without hesitation. There the prince saw the cakra very brilliant like the sun, the bow Śārṅga, (the club) Kaumodakī, the sword (Nandaka), terrifying as the coils of the king of serpents, and (the conch) Pāñcajanya, the very loud musical instrument of the prologue of the play of battle, which were like a treasury of Viṣṇu's glory. Recognizing Ariṣṭanemi, who intended to pick up the conch from curiosity, Cārukr̥ṣṇa, the keeper of the armory, bowed and said:

“Even though you are Hari's brother and are very powerful, nevertheless you are not able to lift, much less to blow the conch. For no one, except Hari, is able to lift and blow the conch. Do not make the effort uselessly.”

Nemi smiled, lifted the conch with ease and blew it which resembled moonlight to the teeth resting on the lower lip. Its sound, rivaling the sound of the ocean with high waves collected against Dvārakā's walls, filled heaven and earth. The ramparts, mountain-peaks, and palaces shook; Śirabhṛt, Śārṅgin, and the other Daśārhas trembled. Elephants, having pulled up their posts, their chains broken, quivered. Horses threw off their bridles and ran away. People of the town swooned at its sound like a clap of thunder; the guards at the armory fell down and remained like dead men.

Govinda thought: “Who has blown the conch? Has some cakrin arisen or has Indra come to earth? When I blew the conch, there was terror on the part of all the kings; but when the conch was blown by that person, there was terror on the part of Rāma and me.” As Kṛṣṇa was so reflecting, the armory-guards reported to him, “Just now Ariṣṭanemi blew Pāñcajanya with ease.” While Hari stood astonished

at hearing that, Nemi came there. Kṛṣṇa, dissimulating, hastily seated Lord Nemi on a priceless throne and said with respect: "Why did you blow Pāñcajanya just now, brother? All the world is terrified even now by its sound." Nemi said, "Very well"; and Kṛṣṇa, wishing to test his strength of arm himself, said to him respectfully: "No one but me was able to blow Pāñcajanya. Now I am pleased that you have blown it. To please me especially, show me your strength of arm. Compete with me in a wrestling-match, honor-giver!" He said, "Let it be so," and the brothers, eminent heroes, went to the armory, attended by the princes.

Nemi, compassionate by nature, thought: "How is Kṛṣṇa to be defeated—by my chest, arm, or foot? I shall do so that he will not suffer injury and will know the strength of my arm." He said to Janārdana: "The fight of vulgar persons is often full of rolling on the ground. So may our fight consist only of bending each other's arm." Viṣṇu agreed to that and raised his arm, long as a tree branch; Nemi bent it like a lotus-stem. In the same way Neminātha lifted his own left arm and Viṣṇu clung to it with all his strength, like a monkey to a tree. The pillar of Nemi's arm was not bent in the least by Viṣṇu, like the peak of a great mountain by a forest-elephant.

Releasing the pillar of Nemi's arm, Śārṅgabhṛt, concealing his embarrassment, embraced Neminātha, and said: "Just as Rāma considers the world as straw compared with my strength, so I think the universe is straw compared with your strength, brother." With these words, Viṣṇu dismissed Nemi and said to Sirin:

"Brother, you have seen our brother's strength, the best in three worlds. As I, an ardhacakrin, was on his arm like a bird on a tree, I think no cakrin nor Indra is equal to him in strength. Will he not conquer all of Bharata by such strength? Will our younger brother remain thus (as he is)?"

Rāma said: "Just as he is known to be superior to a cakrin in strength, so he is characterized by the personification of tranquillity, indifferent to sovereignty." As Rāma said this,

a deity saw Hari afraid of his younger brother's strength and said: "Do not worry. Hear the Jina's words. Formerly it was said by Jina Nami: 'Nemi will be an Arhat. So, though being in fact a prince, he will have nothing to do with sovereignty.' Waiting for the proper time, a celibate from birth, he will adopt mendicancy. Do not think otherwise, Kṛṣṇa."

Thus assured by the deity, Kṛṣṇa, pleased, dismissed Rāma, went to the women's quarters, and summoned Nemi. The two, Śārṅgin and Nemi, seated on jeweled thrones there, bathed at the same time, pitchers of water being poured (over them) by courtesans. Hari and Nemi took their food right there, their bodies rubbed dry with devadūśya cloth, anointed with divine sandal.

Then Kṛṣṇa said to the chamberlains: "This brother of mine, Nemi, is superior to us ourselves. There must be no interference with him anywhere in the harem. Prince Nemi may sport in the midst of all his brother's wives. There is no fault at all on your part." He said to his wives, Bhāmā and the others: "Nemi is the breath of life to me. He must be honored like your husband's younger brother.²³⁴ He may be allowed to play without hesitation."

At these instructions by Śārṅgin, Nemi was honored in the harem by them, but unchanged, averse to pleasure, he went away. Hari, delighted, sported on pleasure-mountains, et cetera with his harem together with Ariṣṭanemi, making no distinction between him and himself.

Garden Sports (45-56)

One day in spring Kṛṣṇa, together with Nemi and his harem, went with the townswomen and all the Vṛṣṇis (Yadus) to the garden Raivataka. There the princes and the citizens played at various sports in the garden, like the gods and

²³⁴ 42. A younger brother-in-law has more privileges than an older one. In fact, Kṛṣṇa and Nemi were cousins.

Asurakumāarakas in Nandana. Some drank wine, which had the fragrance of the bakula, a life-giver to Smara, in bars under a bakula. Some played the lute; some sang aloud with *vasanta*;²³⁵ some, intoxicated, danced, like Kinnaras, with women. Some with their wives gathered blossoms from the campaka, aśoka, and bakula, et cetera, like flower-gathering Vidyādhara. Some themselves made ornaments from flowers, like expert gardeners, and put them on the forms of gazelle-eyed women. Some sported with women, like Kāndarpika-gods, on couches of fresh blossoms in arbors of vines. Some, who were much fatigued, resting on the bank of a water-course, drank the wind from Malaya, like sportive serpents. Some, imitating Rati and Smara, played with their wives by swinging in swings suspended on branches of the aśoka. Lovers, engaged in Puṣpeśu's doctrine, made different trees blossom: some the aśoka by a kick of the beloved; some the bakula by the gift of a mouthful of wine; some the tilaka by an amorous glance; others the kurubaka by giving a close embrace; and other trees by other pregnancy-whims.

Kṛṣṇa, surrounded by his wives, Bhāmā and others, wandered with Nemi here and there in play, like a wild elephant in a forest. Seeing Nemi, Hari thought: "If Nemi's mind were on pleasure, then Śrī would have her purpose accomplished and then there would be good brotherhood on my part. If he, favorable, could be surrounded frequently with ālambanas, uddīpanas, and their vibhāvas²³⁶ by me, then my wish would be fulfilled."

So reflecting, Govinda himself wove a wreath and threw

²³⁵ 48. A rāga. Bharatakośa, p. 591.

²³⁶ 59. Vibhāva is that by which love, et cetera are made to appear. It is two-fold: ālambana and uddīpana. Ālambana is the object on which an emotion is concentrated, e.g., a girl. Uddīpana is something that excites an emotion, e.g., a garden. Vibhāva is the condition that is favorable to producing an emotion. Ghosh calls it 'determinant.' Nāṭyaśāstra, Vol. I, p. 121, gives a long list of determinants: seasons, garlands, unguent, ornaments, dear ones, et cetera. See Kāvya-prakāśa, 4.28, also.

it like another pearl necklace around Nemi's neck. Satyabhāmā and others, clever, knowing Hari's intention, approached Śrī Nemi with various ornaments of flowers. One, touching him with the tips of full, high breasts, bound Nemi's braid of hair with beautiful wreaths of flowers from behind.

One wife of Hari, the creeper of her arm raised, her arm-pit visible, standing in front of Nemi, put a wreath on his head. One, taking hold of his ear with her hand, arranged an ear-ornament on Nemi's ear, like a flag of victory of Smara. One fastened ever fresh armlets on Nemi's upper arm, again and again, with the intention of wasting time in sport. So they decorated Nemi suitably for the season, but Śrī Neminātha made no change toward them. Thus engaged in various sports day and night, Janārdana returned to Dvārikā with his retinue.

Samudravijaya was always eager for the festival of Nemi's marriage and the other Daśārhas also, and Sārṅgapāṇi. Spring passed while Hari and Nemi played and the hot weather came, making Smara strong,²³⁷ as well as the sun. Even the heat of the morning sun became unendurable, like Śārṅgin's splendor; even at night the heat was not allayed, like people's karma. Young men put on two soft white garments, resembling the inside of a plantain-skin, scented with musk. Women did not lay aside for a moment the palm-leaf fan moving to and fro like the flap of an elephant's ear, as well as Manmatha's teaching. Young men sprinkled themselves again and again with sandal-water, its fragrance doubled by the juice of various flowers. Lotus-stalks, put on their hearts by women, acquired fragrance superior to ropes of pearls. Pressing them very closely with their arms again and again, the young men did not let them go from their chest, like a sweetheart wet with water.

So in the summer terrible with heat Kṛṣṇa and his harem went with Nemi to a pool in the garden Raivataka. Viṣṇu

²³⁷ 69. Because it increases heat in the body: pitta.

with his wives and Nemi entered it for bathing-sport, like haṅsas in Mānasa's water. At once a resemblance to lotuses newly burst open appeared from the faces of Viṣṇu's wives submerged up to the neck in it. Hari himself threw a handful of water on one. She, clever, threw back a mouthful of water on him. Janārdana had the appearance of a pillar with puppets from the timid women, afraid of the water, clinging to him. Leaping up repeatedly, like waves, the doe-eyed women struck Śārṅgapāṇi on the chest fiercely. The eyes of the doe-eyed women became very red from blows with water, as if from anger caused by the removal of collyrium, their ornament.

One, summoned by Śārṅgin by pronouncing the name of a rival, beat him with a lotus, like an elephant with an iron club. One approached another whom she had watched for a long time and struck her in the eyes with water lifted up, mixed with lotus-pollen. The doe-eyed women wandered again and again around Śārṅgin, bringing to mind the beauty of the ballet and the sport of his life as a cowherd. Nemi, unchanged, there at his brother's insistence, played, surrounded by his brother's wives engaged in jests. Saying, "Where are you going now, brother-in-law," Hari's wives struck Nemi simultaneously with water struck with the open hand. Ariṣṭanemi with Kṛṣṇa's wives holding in their hands falling masses of water looked like a tree with erect shoots. With water-sports a pretext for making known the touch of women, they embraced Nemi's neck, struck him on the breast, and hung on his arm.

One in sport carried a lotus, like an umbrella, over Śrī Nemi, like an umbrella-carrier of the harem. One threw a lotus-stalk around Nemi's neck with a jest, like a wreath on the hitching-post of an elephant. Using anything as a pretext, one struck Nemi on the heart, which had not been struck by Smara's missiles, with a lotus. Prince Nemi, unchanged, let all his brother's wives play for a long time with acts and counteracts. Seeing his brother playing so, Janārdana

rejoiced and stayed in the water for a long time, like a river-ranging elephant.

When Hari had finished the water-sport, he left the pool; Bhāmā, Rukmiṇī, and the others went to the bank and stayed there. Prince Nemi left the pool, like a marāla, and went to the place on the bank where Rukmiṇī and the others were. Rukmiṇī got up, gave him herself her jeweled seat and dried Śrī Nemi's body with her own upper garment. Under pretext of a jest, Satyā said to Nemi:

“You are always tolerant of us. So I, unafraid, speak to you, brother-in-law. You are the brother of Śārṅgin, overlord of sixteen thousand women. Why do you not marry even one girl, fair sir? Your beauty is unequalled in the three worlds, brightened by grace, and youth has recently appeared. This being so, why does this condition exist? Your parents, brothers, and we, your brother's wives, ask you: Grant their wish for marriage. Consider, yourself, indeed, how much time you have passed, a mere eunuch, solitary, without a retinue of wives! Are you ignorant, dried up, impotent? Tell us. You are devoid of pleasure in women, prince, like a forest-flower. Just as Vṛṣabhadhvaja founded the first tirtha, so he himself showed the auspiciousness of marriage. At the proper time undertake celibacy as you like. Celibacy is not fitting in the householder stage, like reciting a mantra in impurity.”

Then Jāmbavatī said: “In your line Muni Suvrata became a Lord Tirthāṅkara, after he had married and had a son. Before and after him, those who married and attained emancipation are known in the Jina's doctrine. You certainly know that. You wish to become emancipated young, having left the path of those who have become emancipated, since you have been averse to women even from birth.”

Angry at the affection shown, Bhāmā said: “Friend, why do you talk to him uselessly in a friendly way? Surely, he is not to be won by gentle words. He has been talked to respectfully by his father, elder brother, and others in regard to marriage, but he has not regarded them at all. Let him

be besieged by us all together. If he will not regard our words, he must never be released."

Then Lakṣmaṇā and others said: "He, a brother-in-law, must be propitiated. Soothing, not angry speech, as it were, is the device for him." After this speech, Hari's wives, Rukmiṇī and others, fell at Nemi's feet, urging him to marriage with persistence. When Kṛṣṇa saw Nemi being begged so by them, he approached and urged him in the marriage-business. Other Yadus also said to Nemi: "Do what your brother asks. Make Śivā and Samudravijaya and other relatives happy."

Importuned persistently in this way by them, Nemi thought: "Alas for their ignorance! Shame on that politeness of mine! Not only do they themselves fall into the ocean of worldly existence, they make others fall by the stone of affection tied (to them). Now this speech of theirs must be accepted by word only. At the right time I must necessarily do what is suitable for myself. That Ṛṣabha Tirthakṛt married in the past was because of pleasure-karma. The course of karma is different."

With these reflections, Śrī Nemi agreed to their speech. Hearing that, all, Samudravijaya and others, rejoiced.

After passing the hot season there, Govinda went to Dvārakā with his retinue, eager in the search for a maiden suitable for Nemi. Satyabhāmā said to him: "I have a younger sister, named Rājimatī, who is suitable for Ariṣṭanemi." Kṛṣṇa said to her: "Satyā, truly you have helped me, since I am lifted out of the ocean of anxiety about a woman suitable for Neminātha." Kṛṣṇa himself got up and went to Ugrasena's house, observed eagerly by the Yadus and townspeople. Ugrasena welcomed him with the foot-water, et cetera of the reception of a guest, seated him on a lion-throne, and asked the reason for his coming. Kṛṣṇa said,

"King, you have a daughter, Rājimatī, who is suitable for my younger brother, Nemi, superior to me in good qualities."

Bhoja said: "By good fortune, it has happened, lord, that Hari comes to our house and makes us content. This house, this wealth, we, this daughter—everything is at your disposal.

What question of asking in case of what is one's own?"

Delighted by this speech, Kṛṣṇa went and reported this to Samudravijaya and Samudravijaya said: "There is great devotion to your fathers and affection for your brothers, son. You give us great joy that you have caused a disposition toward pleasure on Nemi's part. For so long the wish clung to my very heart that Ariṣṭanemi should consent to marry."

Then summoning Kroṣṭuki, King Samudravijaya asked the day for the marriage of Nemi and Rājimatī. Kroṣṭuki said: "Certainly no other auspicious affairs are suitable in the rainy season, to say nothing of a marriage." Samudra said to him: "Delay in this case is not fitting. Nemi has been moved to marriage by Kṛṣṇa with difficulty. There must be no obstacle to the marriage. Name a day very near. A marriage in the Gāndharva fashion might take place with your permission." After reflecting, Kroṣṭuki said, "If that is so, scion of the Yadus, the design must be accomplished on the white sixth of Śrāvaṇa."

The king rewarded Kroṣṭuki and dismissed him and had the day announced to Bhoja. Then the two made preparations. In the city Dvārakā Kṛṣṇa had jeweled platforms, arches, et cetera made at every shop, at every city-gate, at every house. On the day near the wedding, the Daśārhas, Sirin and Śārṅgin; the mothers, Śrī Śivā, Rohiṇī, Devakī, and others; Bala's wives, Revatī and others; Hari's wives, Bhāmā and others; the nurses and other important women, with loud songs seated Neminātha on a throne facing the east; and Bala and Śārṅgin themselves bathed him with pleasure.

After preparing Nemi with the wedding-ribbon tied on and carrying an arrow in his hand, Govinda went to Ugrasena's house. Then Kṛṣṇa himself in accordance with the ritual anointed Rājimatī, a young girl with a face like the full moon.

He returned to his own house and, after passing the night, got Nemi ready to go to the marriage-house. Then Ariṣṭanemi, shining with a white umbrella and white chaurīs, wearing a white garment with a fringe adorned with pearl ornaments,

wearing collyrium with charming gośirṣa-sandal, got into a chariot with white horses. Princes by the crore went in front of Prince Nemi, the skies being deafened by the noise of the horses' neighs. At his sides were kings mounted on elephants by the thousand. The Daśārhas, Govinda, Muśalin were in the rear. All the women of the harem, placed in very magnificent palanquins, went singing auspicious hymns, and other noble women, also.

Thus Śrī Nemi set out on the king's highway with great magnificence, with panegyrists reciting auspicious things aloud, (going) in front. The glances, tender with affection, of young women perched on roofs of houses and shops on the road, fell on Nemi, like auspicious parched grain. Being pointed out to each other by the citizens and being described with interest, Śivā's son went to Ugrasena's house. Lotus-eyed Rājimatī became very eager at the noise of Nemi's arrival, like a peahen at thunder. Friends, knowing her heart, said to her:

"You are fortunate, fair lady, of whom Nemi, the handsome one of three worlds, will take the hand. Even if Nemi is coming here, nevertheless, we, very eager, will stand in the window and watch for him coming, lotus-eyed lady."

Delighted at the naming of her secret desire, Rājimatī went in haste to the window, surrounded by her friends. Wearing a hair-dress with jasmines inside it, like a cloud with a moon; surpassing lotus-ear-ornaments with her (lotus-)eyes; with pearl-oysters defeated by her ears wearing pearl earrings; her lower lip with lac, like a bimba with ripe bimbis; wearing a gold necklace on her neck, like a conch with a gold band; her breasts marked with necklaces like cakravākas with lotus-stalks; looking, with her lotus-hands, like a river with lotus-plants; with a waist that can be grasped with (one) hand, like Manmatha's bow; charming with hips like a golden slab; with thighs like a plantain tree and shanks like a deer's; with nails like jewels; wearing a fringed white garment, anointed with gośirṣa-sandal, she sat in the window like a goddess in a

heavenly palace.

Placed there, she saw at a distance Nemi like Kandarpa before her eyes, lighting the flame of love in her heart. Looking at Nemi, she thought to herself: "This husband has been difficult to obtain, not within the range of (our) mind even. If he, the sole ornament of three worlds, has fallen to my lot as a husband, then is not the fruit of my birth fulfilled? Even if he has come here himself, intending to marry, nevertheless, I am not convinced of it. By what merit was he won?"

As she was thinking this, her right eye twitched²³⁸ and her right arm; and there was a burning in mind and body. Rājimatī told her friends this, stammering, shedding tears from her eyes like a woman in a shower bath. Her friends said: "Friends, evil has been allayed, anything inauspicious has been destroyed. May all your family-gods be propitious. Be firm. Your bridegroom has come, eager for marriage. What is this ill-omened anxiety on your part, while the marriage-festival is taking place?"

As Nemi went along, he heard the pitiful cries of animals and asked his charioteer, "What is this?" though he knew well. The charioteer replied: "Lord, do you not know? These various animals have been brought here to provide food for your marriage. Earth-dwellers, goats, et cetera and sky-dwellers, partridges, et cetera, belonging to village and forest, these will die, master. These are being watched by guards inside enclosures, crying out. For fear of life is a great fear of all."

Then Nemi, a hero of compassion, said to his charioteer, "Drive my chariot to the place where these animals are." The charioteer did so; and the Blessed One saw many animals, their hearts terrified at losing their lives. Some were fastened by ropes on the neck, some on the feet, some had been thrown into cages and some had fallen into snares. Their faces upturned, their eyes pitiful, their bodies trembling, they looked

²³⁸ 167. Unlucky for a woman. See IV, p. 371.

at Nemi friendly from (his) appearance.

“Protect! Protect!” they said to Nemi, each in his own language. Neminātha, giving orders to the charioteer, had them released. When the animals had gone to their respective places, the Lord had the chariot turned back towards his own house. Śivā, Samudravijaya, Kṛṣṇa, Rāma, and others left their own conveyances and were in front of Nemi.

Śivā and Samudravijaya, their eyes filled with tears, said, “Why have you suddenly turned away from this festival?” Nemi said: “Just as these animals were bound by bonds, so we are bound by bonds of karma. Just as there was release from bondage for them, so I shall take initiation to make my own release from the bondage of karma—the sole source of happiness.”

On hearing Nemi's speech, the two swooned and all the Yadus cried out, their eyes downcast. After Janārdana had revived Śivā and Samudravijaya and had restrained the outcry, he said to Ariṣṭanemi: “Always you have been worthy of honor by me, Rāma, and the fathers, honor-giver. This beauty of yours is unequaled and your youth fresh. Moreover, the daughter-in-law,²³⁹ lotus-eyed Rājimatī, is suitable for you. So tell the reason for your disgust with existence. These animals that you saw have been released. So fulfil the wish of your fathers and relatives. You can not disregard your parents immersed in grief. Show compassion common to all in this matter, brother. Just as these miserable animals have been gladdened by you, so gladden your brothers, Rāma and others, by the sight of your marriage.”

Blessed Nemi said: “I see no reason at all for sorrow of the parents nor of you, brother. This worldly existence, which has four states of existence in which pains must be experienced by creatures born in them, is the reason for my disgust with the world. In each birth there were other parents and brothers,

²³⁹ 188. The loose use of terms of relationship is sometimes confusing. Rājimatī is a daughter of Ugrasena, hence a sister-in-law of Kṛṣṇa. Kṛṣṇa and Nemi are cousins. So *snuṣā* is inaccurate for both present and future.

but no one shares karma. One consumes his own karma himself. If the pain of one person could be destroyed by another, then even life would be given for his parents by the discerning man, Hari. But a creature himself experiences pains, such as old age, death, et cetera, even though there are sons, et cetera. No one is a protector of any one. If sons are merely for the pleasure of a father's sight, then Mahānemi and others are sources of happiness without me. I am exhausted by the comings and goings on the road of worldly existence, like an aged traveler. I shall strive for the destruction of karma, the source of worldly existence. The destruction of karma is not gained without mendicancy. So I shall undertake it alone. Do not make useless opposition."

Samudravijaya said: "Son, you have been a prince from birth. How will your tender body endure discomfort? Without an umbrella the heat of other seasons even is hard to bear, to say nothing of the terrible heat of the summer which must be borne. Hunger, thirst, et cetera can not be endured by others; how much less by you, my dear, with a body suitable for heavenly joy?"

Neminātha said: "Why is this pain of men, who know the hell-inhabitants with a multitude of ever increasing pains, mentioned? Emancipation, the cause of infinite bliss is gained by the pains of penance; hell, the cause of infinite pain, is gained by pleasure originating in the senses. Having considered that, say, yourself, 'What is fitting for men to do?' Every one, considering, knows; but only one here and there will reflect."

Hearing that, his parents, Kṛṣṇa and others, Rāma and others, realized Nemi's determination on mendicancy and gave loud cries. The elephant Nemi, breaking the chains of affection for his own people, his chariot being driven by the charioteer, went to his own house.

Founding of the congregation (208-209)

Knowing that it was the proper time, the Lokāntika-gods

came there, bowed to Nemi and said, " Lord, found a congregation." The Blessed One began to give gifts for a year with money supplied by the Jṛmbhaka-gods at Vāsava's command.

When she had seen Nemi turned back and had heard him longing for the vow, Rājimatī fell to the ground, like a creeper whose tree has been taken away. Her friends, terrified, sprinkled her with fragrant cool water and fanned her with fans made from plantain-leaves. When she had regained consciousness and had got up, her hair fallen on her cheeks, her bodice wet from a stream of tears, she lamented:

" There was no desire on my part that Nemi should be my husband. By whom were you asked, Fate, that Nemi was made my husband? Why did you make a reversal suddenly, like a blow with a staff? You alone are a deceiver and a destroyer of confidence. However, this was known before by me from lack of confidence in my own good fortune. On the one hand, Nemi as husband, the best in three worlds; on the other hand, I. If I was known to be unsuitable for you, Nemi, why by agreeing to the marriage did you create the wish in me? And having created it, master, why was the wish broken? For the promise of the great is firm as long as life. If you depart from your promise, lord, the oceans will surely cross their boundaries. However, it was not your fault, but the fault of my karma, that I attained taking your hand only verbally. The beautiful shrine of the divine mothers,²⁴⁰ the divine pavilion, the jeweled altar, and everything else for our marriage became useless. What was sung in auspicious songs—all that was not true. Such is the truth: you were hymned in the beginning as my husband, but you did not become my husband. What separation of husband and wife did I make in a former birth that I did not attain the happiness of touching the hand of a husband? "

With such lamentations, she beat her breast with her lotus-hands, broke her necklace, and struck together her

²⁴⁰ 220. Mātrgṛha. See I, p. 141 and n. 183.

bracelets. Her friends said to her:

“Do not be so depressed, friend. What (kind of) union would there have been with him, or what business of you with him? Without affection, without desire, averse to association with people, always afraid of householding, like a wild creature of a house, discourteous, cruel, self-willed hostile—if he has gone, let him go. It is a good thing that Nemi is known *now*. If he had married you, he would be thus indifferent. Having thrown you in a well, then your rope would be cut. There are many other Yadu princes with good qualities, Pradyumna, Śāmba, et cetera. Among them there may be an agreeable husband. You were given to Nemi only in intention, fair lady. You are now still a maiden from the failure of the marriage with him, innocent girl.”

Rājīmatī said angrily: “Friends, why is this said, resembling the family of an unchaste woman, for the disgrace of my family? Nemi is the best husband in three worlds. Who else is such a husband? Or, suppose there is such. What of him? Surely, a maiden is given once for all. Vṛṣṇi’s son was chosen by me in heart and speech. He agreed to me as a wife at the importunity of the elders. Now, he, the best husband in three worlds, did not marry me. Enough of pleasures, indeed, the causes of worthlessness by nature. If I was not touched by his hand in the marriage-ceremony, *his* hand alone shall touch me in order to give the vow.”

Making a vow to this effect, having sent away her friends, Ugrasena’s daughter passed the time, meditating on Nemi.

Now the Blessed Nemi gave gifts day after day and Samudra and the others wept like children in pain. The Blessed One knew Rājīmatī’s vow from the people and from his three kinds of knowledge; nevertheless, he remained indifferent. The Teacher of the World gave unceasing gifts for a year; and the chief-gods, Śakra and others, held the initiation-ceremony. Śivā’s son got into the jeweled palanquin, named Uttarakuru, carried by gods and kings. Śakra and Iśāna carried chauris in front of the Lord; Sanatkumāra the

umbrella and Māhendra the principal sword; the Indra of Brahma carried a mirror and the Indra of Lāntaka a full pitcher; Mahāśukra a svastika and Sahasrāra a bow; the Lord of Prāṇata a śrīvatsa and Acyuta a nandyāvarta;²⁴¹ and the other Indras, Camara and others, carried weapons. Surrounded by fathers, mothers, Rāma, Kṛṣṇa and others, the Blessed One, noble-minded, set out on the king's highway. As the Lord went near her house, he was seen by Rājimatī and at once she fainted again and again from grief that had been renewed.

Then Nemi went to the garden, Sahasrāmraṇa, the ornament of Mt. Ujjayanta, resembling Nandana. Śivā's son entered the garden which was apparently smiling, as it were, with newly blossoming ketakīs; its ground on all sides paved with sapphires, as it were, with the fallen rose-apples; with bees intoxicated from lying on the couch of kadamba blossoms; with a dance (tāṇḍava) full of peacock-cries commenced by peacocks with erect tail-feathers; with groves of blossoming kuṭajas²⁴² like an arsenal of Smara; with a throng of travelers overcome by the fragrance of white and yellow jasmīnes. He got out of the palanquin and took off the ornaments and Hari (Indra) gave them to Hari (Kṛṣṇa).

When three hundred years from his birth had passed, on the white sixth of Śrāvaṇa, the moon being in Tvāṣṭra, in the forenoon, having fasted for two days, Śivā's soon tore out his hair in five handfuls. Śakra took the hair and put a garment on the Lord's shoulder. Śakra threw the hair into the Ocean of Milk, returned, and stopped the tumult. The Lord began sāmāyika.²⁴³ The mind-reading knowledge of the Lord arose. At that time there was a moment of comfort even for hell-inhabitants.

A thousand kings became mendicants, following Prince

²⁴¹ 242. For the śrīvatsa and nandyāvarta, see I, plate 4.

²⁴² 248. Oval-leaved rose bay.

²⁴³ 252. Cessation of all censurable activity, including mental. For a detailed description, see I, n. 122.

Nemi. Śakra, Kṛṣṇa, and others bowed to Nemi and went to their own homes. On the next day in the cow-house at the house of the Brāhman Varadatta the Supreme Lord broke his fast with rice-pudding. Then the gods made a shower of fragrant rain and flowers, a deep roll of a drum, a waving of garments, and a stream of treasure. Then eager for the destruction of the destructive karmas, Neminātha went elsewhere to wander, turned away from the bondage of karma.

Episode of Rathanemi and Rājimatī (258-274)

Now Nemi's younger brother, Rathanemi, subject to the senses, was wounded by Smara, seeing Rājimatī. He constantly presented Rājimatī with unusual objects and she, innocent, not knowing his intentions, did not prevent him. She thought, "He visits me constantly from affection for his brother." He thought, "She takes my gifts from love." He, of little wit, went constantly to Rājimatī's house and made jokes for her under the pretext that she was a brother's wife.

One day Rathanemi said to her when she was alone: "Innocent lady, I shall marry you. Do not pass your youth uselessly. Since my brother, ignorant of pleasure, abandoned you, doe-eyed maiden, *he* has been deceived. Why should there be a loss of pleasure and happiness on your part? Even though he was begged, he did not become your husband, beautiful lady; I am begging you. See the great difference."

Only then was she, straightforward by nature, enlightened by his intention about the reason for the former gifts. She, knowing what was right, enlightened him by reciting of dharma, but he, evil-minded, did not desist from that effort.

One day, clever Rājimatī drank milk up to the neck and, when he had come, she smelled a madana,²⁴⁴ which causes vomiting. She said to Rathanemi, "Bring a golden dish." He brought it and she vomited into it the milk she had drunk. "Drink this, Rathanemi," said Ugrasena's daughter. He

²⁴⁴ 267. See I, p. 145 and n. 188 for madana in another use.

replied, "Am I a dog that you talk about drinking vomit?" She said, "Do you know that this is not fit to drink?" He replied, "Not only do I know it, even children know it." Rājīmatī said: "If you know that, sir, why do you want to enjoy me whom Neminātha vomited? How can you, his brother, want to do this? Henceforth, do not speak of this, the cause of a life-term in hell."

Thus informed by her, silent, ashamed, his wish destroyed, Rathanemi went to his own house, very disconsolate. Rājīmatī, intent on attachment to Śrī-Nemi, with a desire for emancipation, continued to pass days like years.

Fifty-four days after his initiation, Neminātha came in his wandering to the garden Sahasrāmraṇa on Raivataka. The destructive karmas of Śrī Nemi engaged in meditation under a rattan palm there, observing a three-day fast, broke. Master Ariṣṭanemi's omniscience arose in the forenoon of amāvasyā of Āśvin, the moon being in Tvāṣṭra. At once the Indras, their thrones shaken, came there and erected a samavasaraṇa adorned with three walls.

The Teacher of the World entered by the east door and circumambulated the caitya-tree one hundred and twenty bows high. Saying, "Homage to the congregation," the twenty-second Tīrthakṛt sat down on the eastern lion-throne, facing the east. The Vyantara-gods created instantly images of Śrī Nemi seated on jeweled lion-thrones in the other directions. The gods and goddesses of the four classes²⁴⁵ remained in their proper places, their eyes fixed on the Master's face, like cakoras on the moon.

The mountain-guards went and reported to their lord, Devaki's son, that the Master had stopped in the samavasaraṇa in this way. He gave them twelve and one half crores of silver and set out, mounted on an elephant, wishing to pay honor to Neminātha. Surrounded by the ten Deśārhas and by

²⁴⁵ 282. The 4 classes of gods that build a samavasaraṇa are: Vaimānikas, Bhavanapatis, Jyotiṣkas, and Vyantaras. For an elaborate description of a samavasaraṇa, see I, pp. 334 ff.

mothers, brothers, and princes by the crore, by all the women of the harem and by the sixteen thousand kings, Hari went to the samavasaraṇa with great magnificence. After dismounting from the elephant even at a distance and laying aside royal insignia, Hari entered the samavasaraṇa by the north door. After circumambulating and bowing to Nemi, Śārṅgabhr̥t sat down behind Śakra and the others in the proper places.

Indra and Upendra bowed again to Jinendra Nemi and began to recite a hymn of praise in a voice purified by devotion.

Stuti (290–297)

“Homage to you, Lord of the World, benefactor to all the universe, firm in chastity from birth, a hero of compassion, protector. By good fortune you have destroyed the destructive karmas, Master, by pure meditation for fifty-four days. Not only is the Yadu family, Lord, but also the three worlds, adorned by you brilliant with the light of omniscience. The ocean of existence, which is very deep and uncrossable, Master, would be a mere puddle, ankle-deep, by the favor of your feet. Everyone’s heart is divided by the charms of women, lord. Your adamant heart—no other in the world—is undivided. Now your brothers’ words, trying to prevent your taking the vow, are a reason for remorse, as they see this glory of yours. By good fortune you were not made to stumble at that time by the throngs of relatives who were evilly persistent. You, whose omniscience has arisen unstumbling because of the world’s merit, protect us! May you be in my heart, O god, wherever I am or whatever I do. What need do I have of another!”

After this hymn of praise, Indra and Upendra became silent; and the Lord began a sermon in a language suited to every dialect.

Sermon (299–363)

“All creatures’ wealth is as momentary as a flash of lightning; unions end in separations, resembling wealth obtained

in dreams. Youth is fleeting like the shadow of a cloud; the bodies of corporeal creatures are like bubbles in water. Therefore, there is nothing at all of value in this worthless worldly existence, but value is the observance of (right-)belief, (right-)knowledge and (right-)conduct. Faith in the Principles is called right-belief, enlightenment on the Principles as they really are is known as (right-)knowledge; desistence from all censurable activity, the cause of emancipation, is (right-)conduct, fully for ascetics and partly for householders. A disciple of those who have full self-control, who has partial self-control (himself), who knows the true nature of worldly existence is a layman throughout life. He should avoid ²⁴⁶ wine, meat, new butter, honey, five kinds of figs, fruit that is known to have infinite bodies, eating at night, pulses mixed with raw milk, mouldy rice-pudding, curds more than two days old, and ill-smelling food.

Wine-drinking (307-322)

Intelligence, even of a man adorned with cleverness, runs far away because of wine-drinking alone, like a woman because of unhappiness. Evil men, their minds made helpless by drinking Kādambari,²⁴⁷ consider their mothers as wives and their wives as mothers. One whose mind is disordered by wine does not know his own or another's; a wretch makes himself master and the master a servant. Dogs make water in the open mouth, with the idea that it is a crack, of the wine-drinker lying in the cross-roads like a corpse. Immersed in the liquid of wine-drinking, he sleeps nude at the cross-roads and easily betrays his secret purpose.²⁴⁸ From the drinking of vāruṇī²⁴⁹

²⁴⁶ 305. The sermon now follows almost word for word the Yogaśāstra, 3.6 ff. I have followed the Yog.'s commentary, pp. 158 ff.

²⁴⁷ 308. A kind of liquor distilled from flowers of the Cadamba.

²⁴⁸ 311. I.e., he is easily forced to betray a secret, such as designs against the king.

²⁴⁹ 312. Liquor from hogweed mixed with juice of date or palm and distilled. MW.

beauty, fame, intelligence, and wealth disappear like various bright designs from a floating cloud. The wine-drinker dances constantly as if possessed by a demon and wails repeatedly like a sorrowful person; he rolls repeatedly on the ground like one suffering from a burning fever. Hālā²⁵⁰ causes a relaxation of the body, injures senses, and causes a deep swoon, like the hālāhala.²⁵¹

Discernment, self-control, knowledge, truth, purity, compassion, tolerance—all perish from wine, like straw from a spark of fire. Many creatures originate in liquids; therefore, wine must not be drunk by one afraid of causing injury. That which was given was not given; what was taken was not taken; what was done was not done—the wine-drinker speaks as he likes, indeed, as if from sovereignty over liars. In the house or outside or on the road, the wine-drinker, his mind confused, takes other people's property, having snatched it away, unafraid of execution, imprisonment, et cetera. Suffering from intoxication from wine, at once he enjoys other men's wives—very young, young and old, a Brāhmaṇī or Caṇḍālī.

Shouting, singing, resting on the ground, running, angry, pleased, weeping, laughing, standing straight, bending, roaming, staying in one place, the wine-drinker is an actor, the king of the wicked. Even though drinking wine frequently, the wine-drinker is never satisfied, always devouring a multitude of creatures, like Kṛtānta. Wine is the cause of faults, wine is the cause of calamities; therefore, one should avoid wine, like a sick person avoiding improper food.

Meat-eating (323–333)

One who wishes to eat meat from killing animals pulls up the root, called 'compassion,' of the tree of dharma. One who wishes to eat meat and wishes to show compassion, wishes to plant a creeper in a blazing fire. The killer of meat, the

²⁵⁰ 314. 'A spirituous liquor.' MW.

²⁵¹ 314. A deadly poison.

seller, the dresser, the eater, the buyer, the approver, the giver—they are all killers. Ones who eat another's flesh for the nourishment of their own flesh are in fact killers, since there is no killer without an eater. Who would commit a sin for the sake of that miserable body in which clean food is turned into excrement and nectar ²⁵² into urine?

The intelligence of one greedy for the taste of meat, like that of an evil-minded witch, revolves about killing one creature after another. Persons who eat meat, when divine food is present, eat hālāhala, putting nectar aside. There is no dharma of one without compassion. Whence is there compassion of a meat-eater? The one greedy for meat does not know that; or, if he should know, would not warn (others).

The one devoid of compassion, who wishes to nourish his own flesh by the flesh of others, is fuel for the flames of hell—and no one else. Who, except worms, would eat meat originated in semen and blood, made to grow by feces and chyle, red when it has attained growth? Who, intelligent would eat dressed meat, spoiled at once by an infinite series of coagulated ²⁵³ creatures, viaticum on the road to hell?

Eating of butter and honey (334–340)

Fresh butter, in which heaps of very fine creatures come into existence from coagulation, must not be eaten by the discerning after an antarmuhūrta.²⁵⁴ Considering what sin there would be in the destruction of even one soul, who would use fresh butter consisting of a multitude of creatures?

Who eats honey, disgusting like saliva, originating from the destruction of many collections of creatures? The one who eats honey originating from destruction of lacs of small creatures is worse than hunters, killers of a few creatures. Observers of dharma do not eat honey spit out, which bees

²⁵² 327. Water, etc.

²⁵³ 333. Sammūrchita. See I, n. 29, p. 21.

²⁵⁴ 334. An infinitesimal fraction less than 48 minutes. See II, n. 265.

vomit after sipping the juice from the interior of flowers one by one. Honey that is eaten even for medicine is the cause of hell. For even an atom of poison that has been eaten leads to destruction of life. Sweetness (mādhurya) is so called, alas! by the ignorant from honey (madhu), from eating of which the pains of hell are experienced for a long time.

Eating of fruits and vegetables (341-345)

One should not eat the fruit of the fig trees: uḍumbara, the banyan, the waved-leaved fig, the opposite-leaved fig, and the pippala trees, which is filled with insects. A virtuous person does not eat the fruit of the five fig trees, though emaciated from hunger because he had not obtained other food. All green bulbs and all budding leaves, the milk-hedge, the bark of the lavaṇa²⁵⁵ tree, the aloe, girikarnikā,²⁵⁶ śatāvārī,²⁵⁷ forked grain that has sprouted, guḍūci,²⁵⁸ soft tamarinds,²⁵⁹ the beet, amṛtavallī,²⁶⁰ the climbing bean named śūkara, and others that have infinite bodies, named in the sūtras, unknown to heretics, must be zealously avoided by the compassionate.

Eating at night (346-363)

A wise man should eat fruit known to himself or another. He should not use forbidden fruit nor poisonous fruit. He should not eat food, which has been made uneatable by ghosts, demons, et cetera wandering unchecked, in the evening. Who would eat at night food in which creatures falling are not seen

²⁵⁵ 343. The Yog. says 'a tree named lavaṇa.' I suspect this should be 'lavana,' Anona Reticulata. For all these botanical names, see Yog., p. 166.

²⁵⁶ 343. 'A variety of Achyranthes with white blossoms. L.' MW. Yog., 'vallīviśeṣa.'

²⁵⁷ 344. Yog., 'vallīviśeṣa.' Asparagus Racemosus, MW.

²⁵⁸ 344. Yog., 'villīviśeṣa.' Cocculus cordifolius, MW. The Auśadhi. calls it, 'heart-leaved moonseed.'

²⁵⁹ 344. Before the kernels are formed.

²⁶⁰ 344. Yog., 'vallīviśeṣa.' Cocculus cordifolius, MW. But obviously guḍūci and amṛtavallī both can not be Cocculus cordifolius.

at all because their eyes are obstructed by the darkness of night? An ant destroys intelligence, a louse would cause dropsy, a fly causes vomiting, and a spider leprosy.

A thorn and a splinter of wood cause pain in the throat, a scorpion that has fallen into vegetables splits the palate. A hair stuck in the throat causes stammering. Such evil consequences as these, et cetera, to all from eating at night are seen. If one should eat pure food at night, without seeing fine creatures, there would necessarily be destruction of creatures in eating at that time. How can those people, stupid, who eat food at night which has a collection of creatures attached, be distinguished from Rākṣasas? Whoever continues eating day and night is clearly nothing but an animal, whose horns and tail are lost. Whoever eats at the beginning and end of the day, excepting forty-eight minutes each time, knowing the evil results of eating at night, is a receptacle of merit. One who has not made a vow to cease from eating at night, even though eating in the daytime, would not share the fruit free from trickery. There is no interest without speech.²⁶¹ The ones who, abandoning eating by day, eat only at night, have laid aside a jewel and taken a piece of glass, stupid. Owls, crows, cats, vultures, sambars, hogs, serpents, scorpions, and lizards are born from eating at night. The one who, rich (in dharma), always avoids eating at night, would necessarily observe fasts for half of a man's lifetime. What merits there are in the avoidance of eating at night, the causes of only a good status of existence—who would be able to enumerate them fully? Many fine creatures have been seen by the kevalins in the forked grain mixed with raw milk, et cetera. Therefore one should avoid them. One devoted to compassion should give up fruit, flowers, leaves and other things that are connected with live creatures and also pickle that is contaminated. Thus, being first in compassion, with a

²⁶¹ 356. He must make the vow, just as one can not collect interest without an agreement.

discriminating mind in food, even a layman is freed from worldly existence in course of time.”

First disciple (364–374)

After hearing the Lord’s sermon, King Varadatta attained extreme disgust with existence, eager for the vow. Kṛṣṇa bowed and asked: “Every one is devoted to you; what is the reason for Rājīmatī’s extreme devotion?” Then Nemi narrated his own relation with her for eight births, beginning with the birth as Dhana and Dhanavati. Then King Varadatta arose, bowed, and his hands folded respectfully, declared to Neminātha, the Lord of the World:

“Even laymanship taken from you would bear great results for creatures, like water from a cloud in the nakṣatra Svāti.²⁶² But, since you have been obtained as a guru, I am not satisfied with so much. Who wishes for mere dishes, when a wishing-tree has been obtained? I wish to be your first disciple. Give me initiation, a boat for crossing worldly existence. Show compassion, O ocean of compassion.”

The Lord himself initiated the king talking in this way; and after him two thousand warriors became mendicants. Dhanadeva and Dhanadatta, (his) brothers from the Dhana-birth, the minister Vimalabodha from the Aparājīta-birth, who had wandered through births with the Master, were three kings in this birth, and had come there from devotion to Rājīmatī. Their recollection of former births arose from hearing the former births and, a wealth of disgust with existence being produced (in them), they took the vow at Ariṣṭanemi’s feet at that time.

Founding of congregation (375–382)

Neminātha, the Teacher of the World, installed properly eleven gaṇabhṛts, Varadatta and others, with them. The Master taught them the three-steps—permanence, origination,

²⁶² 368. Rain in Svāti is supposed to produce pearls. See I, n. 107.

and perishing; and they composed the twelve canonical books in accordance with the three-steps. A princess, Yakṣiṇī, accompanied by many maidens took mendicancy at that time and the Master appointed her head of the nuns.

The Daśārhas, Ugrasena, Vāsudeva, Lāṅgalin; the princes, Pradyumna and others became laymen. The wives, Śivā, Rohiṇī, Devakī, Rukmiṇī and others became laywomen; and other women in the Master's presence. Thus the Lord's congregation originated in the samavasaraṇa, fourfold like dharma, purifying the earth. The Lord finished his sermon in the first watch which had passed. In the second watch Varadatta delivered a sermon. Then the gods, Vāsava and others, the kings, Kṛṣṇa and others, and others bowed to the Blessed One and went to their respective places.

Śāsanadevatās (383–386)

Gomedha, originating in that congregation, three-faced, dark, with a man for a vehicle, carrying a citron, an axe, a cakra in three right hands; an ichneumon, a trident, and a spear in his three left hands, became Nemi Svāmin's messenger-deity.

A Kuṣmāṇḍī, named Ambikā, originating in the congregation, gold color, with a lion for a vehicle, holding in two right hands a bunch of mangoes and a noose; and in her two left hands a boy and a goad, became the Lord's messenger-deity.

His vicinity always superintended by them, Nemi passed the rainy season and autumn. Then he set forth to wander elsewhere, moving like a bhadra-elephant, seeking the good (bhadra) of the people.

CHAPTER X

THE RECOVERY OF DRAUPADĪ, THE LIFE OF GAJASUKUMĀLA AND OTHERS

Abduction of Draupadī (1-93)

And now by Kṛṣṇa's favor the Pāṇḍavas remained in their city²⁶³ and happily sported with Draupadī in turn. One day Nārada went to Draupadī's house in his roaming and was not honored by her who scorned him with the idea, "He is lacking in self-control." Thinking, "How will she suffer in future?" Muni Nārada left her house, angry and hostile. Not seeing any one here who would cause her trouble from fear of Kṛṣṇa, Nārada went to Bharata in Dhātakikhaṇḍa.

He went to Padma, lustful, in the city Amaraikaṅkā, the servitor of Viṣṇu Kapila ruling Campā. The king arose, conducted him to the harem, showed him his wives, and said to Nārada, "Have such women been seen anywhere?" Reflecting, "My purpose will be accomplished through him," Nārada said: "Why are you pleased by these women, like a frog in a well, king? In the city Hastināpura in Bharata in Jambūdvīpa there is the chief-queen of the Pāṇḍavas, Draupadī, the abode of beauty. Compared with her, all these are mere slave-girls." With these words, Ṛṣi Nārada flew up and went elsewhere.

Wishing to have Draupadī, Padmanābha subdued by penance a god, a former friend, living in Pātāla. Padma said to the god, who became visible and asked, "What can I do for you?" "Bring Draupadī here and give her to me." He said: "Draupadī wishes no one except the Pāṇḍavas. But I shall bring her at your insistence."

Then the god gave Draupadī a sleeping-charm, kidnaped her asleep during the night, took her, and gave her to Padma. Draupadī, awakened there and not seeing her own place,

²⁶³ 1. Hastināpura.

terrified, thought, "Is this a dream or sorcery?" Padmanābha said: "Do not fear, doe-eyed lady. I had you brought here. Enjoy pleasures with me. This is the continent Dhātakikhaṇḍa, the city Amaraikaṅkā. I am Padmanābha, king here. Now I wish to become your husband." Draupadī, quick-witted, said: "If none of my people come after a month, I shall do as you say."

Reflecting, "It is impossible for men living in Jambūdvīpa to come here," Padma deceitfully agreed to that speech. "I, made husbandless, shall not enjoy pleasures at the end of a month," Draupadī vowed, very rich in wifely fidelity.

The Pāṇḍavas, when they did not see Draupadī in the house at dawn, made a thorough search in water, on land, in forests, et cetera. They did not find news of her and their mother told Śārṅgin. He alone is their refuge and a brother to the distressed. While Kṛṣṇa was still bewildered by the business, Muni Nārada came there to see the trouble caused by himself. Asked by Viṣṇu, "Have you seen Draupadī any where?" he said: "I went to the city Amaraikaṅkā in Dhātakikhaṇḍa. There I saw Drupada's daughter in the house of King Padma." With these words, he flew up and went elsewhere.

Kṛṣṇa said to the Pāṇḍavas: "Draupadī has been kidnaped by Padma. I will get her back. Do not worry at all." Then Viṣṇu, surrounded by a great army, went with the Pāṇḍavas to the shore of the Eastern Ocean, called Māgadha. The Pāṇḍavas said to Kṛṣṇa: "Master, this ocean, violent, very terrifying, is uncrossable like worldly existence. In some places in it mountains are submerged like clods; in some places there are sea-monsters like mountains. In some places there is a submarine fire by which a promise to dry it up has been made; in some places there are Velandhara-gods, like fishermen. In it vessels ²⁶⁴ resembling water-jars are lifted up by

²⁶⁴ 30 Ghana. Exactly what ghana means here, I do not know. I can find no authorized meaning that makes sense, but they are surely the same objects described in II, p. 114.

waves. Uncrossable even by the mind, how can it be crossed?" "What is this anxiety on your part?" pure-hearted Kṛṣṇa said to them. Seated on the shore, he propitiated Susthita²⁶⁵ by penance. The god appeared in person and asked, "What can I do for you?" Kṛṣṇa said: "Draupadī has been kidnaped by King Padma. Arrange it so that she will be brought quickly from Dhātakīkhaṇḍa, best of gods, lord of Lavaṇa Ocean."

The god said: "She was delivered to Padma by a god who kidnaped her from former friendship. Likewise, Kṛṣṇa, I shall deliver her to you. Or, if that does not please, then I shall throw Padma with his army and transport in the ocean and deliver Draupadī to you." Kṛṣṇa said: "Do not do this. Give an unobstructed path over the water to the six chariots of the Pāṇḍavas and me, so that, going there ourselves and defeating the wretch, we shall bring back Kṛṣṇā (Draupadī). For that is the path of glory."

Susthita did so. Kṛṣṇa and the Pāṇḍavas crossed the ocean like dry land and went to the city Amarakāṅkā. Hari remained in a garden outside and sent Dāruka, whom he instructed personally, as a messenger to King Padma. Stepping on the foot-stool with his foot, terrifying from his frown, delivering a letter on the point of a spear, Dāruka said to Padma:

"Drupada's daughter, the wife of the Pāṇḍavas, the companions of Vāsudeva, has been brought here from Bharata of Jambūdvīpa by you. Kṛṣṇa, to whom a path was given by the ocean, has come with the sons of Pāṇḍu. Surrender Kṛṣṇa, if you wish to live, wretch."

Padma said: "He is Vāsudeva there, but here, himself the sixth,²⁶⁶ what is he compared with me? Go! Prepare him for battle." Dāruka went and reported the speech to Kṛṣṇa. Padma, armed, came with an army, eager to fight.

²⁶⁵ 31. The lord of Lavaṇoda. See II, p. 115.

²⁶⁶ 43. I.e., with the Pāṇḍavas.

His soldiers approaching like waves of the ocean, Puṇḍarikākṣa (Kṛṣṇa), wide-eyed, said to the Pāṇḍavas: "Will you fight with King Padma or will you, staying in your chariots, watch me fighting?" They said, "We shall fight with Padma, lord. Today King Padmanābha or we shall cause tears to be shed."

Then they fought with King Padma and were defeated. They went again to Vāsudeva and said: "Master, this Padma is very strong, surrounded by strong soldiers. He is conquerable by you alone, not by us. Do what is suitable in this matter."

Kṛṣṇa said: "You were defeated at that very time, Pāṇḍavas, when you said: 'King Padma or we.' I alone am king, not Padma." With these words, Janārdana set out for battle and blew loud-toned Pāñcajanya. A third part of Padma's army broke at the sound of the conch, like the flight of a herd of deer at the roar of an approaching lion. Śārṅgin twanged his bow and at its sound again a third part of Padma's army broke like a weak rope. With the remaining third part of the army, Padma fled from the battle-field and entered Amaraśākhā at once. He shut the gates equipped with iron bars. Blazing with anger, Kṛṣṇa got down from the chariot.

By a process of transformation²⁶⁷ Hari became a man-lion in form, angry like Kṛtānta, terrifying with the fangs of his wide-open mouth. Giving very loud roars, he stamped with his feet; and the earth trembled along with the heart of his enemies. The tops of the walls shook, temples fell, and houses fell apart from the blows of Śārṅgin's feet. Some hid in caves; some entered water; some in the city fell in a faint from fear of the man-lion.

Padma went to Drupada's daughter as a refuge, saying, "Queen, pardon us. Save us from this Śārṅgin who is like Antaka." "After putting me in front of you and after donning women's clothes, go to Kṛṣṇa as a refuge. In that case you will live, not otherwise." He did as he was told and bowed to

²⁶⁷ 56. By a vaikriya-samudghāta. See I, n. 157.

Śārṅgin. Vāsudeva, affording protection, said to him, "Do not fear." Janārdana delivered Draupadī to the Pāṇḍavas and, mounted on a chariot, returned with them by the same road.

At that time the Blessed Tirthakṛt, Munisuvrata,²⁶⁸ had stopped in a samavasaraṇa in the garden Pūrṇabhadra in Campā. Seated in his assembly, Viṣṇu Kapila asked the Lord: "Master, to whom like me does this conch belong, whose sound was the guest of (our) ears?"

The Arhat said, "The sound of the conch was from Viṣṇu Kṛṣṇa," and Keśava asked, "How can there be two Haris in one place?" The Blessed One told Kapila the story of Draupadī, Padma, and Kṛṣṇa. Kapila said: "Why do I not give a welcome to Kṛṣṇa, lord of half of Bharata in Jambūdvīpa, who has come here as a guest?" The Master said, "Just as there is no second Arhat nor cakrabhṛt in one place, so a Viṣṇu who has come for a reason can not meet another."

After hearing the Arhat's reply, Kapila went on the road furrowed by Kṛṣṇa's chariot to see Kṛṣṇa on the ocean-shore. He saw the white and yellow chariot-banners, like vessels of silver and gold, of Kṛṣṇa as he proceeded in the ocean. The Śārṅgabhṛt blew his conch filled with the words: "I am Viṣṇu Kapila. I have come, eager to see you. So turn back." Kṛṣṇa blew his conch with the sound of distinct words, "We have come far. We must not talk with you."

After hearing the words of the conch, Hari Kapila turned, went to the city Kaṅkā,²⁶⁹ and said to Padma, "What's this?" Padma related his own crime and said, "You being master, I have been defeated by Kṛṣṇa, Viṣṇu in Bharata of Jambū." Saying, "O evil-minded villain, quarreling with superiors," Hari banished Padma and installed his son on the throne.

²⁶⁸ 64. Not our Campā, nor our Munisuvrata. This is all in Dhātakīkhaṇḍa. There was a Viṣṇu Kapila there. See above, p. 274.

²⁶⁹ 74. I.e., Amaraṅkā. Such an abbreviation, so common in names of persons, is unusual in place-names.

When Kṛṣṇa had crossed the ocean, he said to the Pāṇḍavas, "Sirs, while I say good-by to Susthita, cross the Gaṅgā." They embarked on the ship, crossed the terrifying stream of the Gaṅgā, sixty-two yojanas wide, and said to each other: "Now let us see Viṣṇu's strength. Let the ship be anchored right here. How will he cross the Gaṅgā's stream without a ship?" With this agreement made, they settled on the river-bank.

And now, his business finished, Kṛṣṇa came to the Gaṅgā. Not seeing a boat there, Hari put the chariot with its horses on one arm and began to swim across the water with the other arm. When he reached the middle of the stream, Kṛṣṇa, tired, thought, "Indeed, Pāṇḍu's sons, powerful, swam the Gaṅgā without a ship." Knowing that thought of his, the Gaṅgā made shallow water at once and then Janārdana swam across her with perfect ease.

He said to the Pāṇḍavas, "How did you cross the Gaṅgā?" and they replied to Śārṅgin, "We crossed in a ship." "Why did you not turn the ship and send it back?" asked by Śārṅgin, they said, "We did not send the ship back, to test your strength." Kṛṣṇa, angered, said: "You know my strength now. It was not known in the crossing of the ocean and victory at Amaraikaṅkā." With these words he crushed their chariots with an iron-staff. A city developed there, named Rathamardana. Then Kaṁsasūdana banished the Pāṇḍavas; and went to the city Dvārakā with his camp.

The Pāṇḍavas went to their own city and told Kuntī about it. Kuntī went to Dvārakā and said to Vāsudeva: "Banished by you, where can my sons stay? In this half of Bharata, there is no land which is not yours." Kṛṣṇa said, "Founding a new city, Pāṇḍumathurā,²⁷⁰ on the shore of the Southern Ocean, your sons may dwell there." Kuntī went, told her sons Kṛṣṇa's command and they went to the Pāṇḍu-district, purified by the ocean's waves. Kṛṣṇa installed

²⁷⁰ 91. Identified with Madura in South India.

Parīkṣita, grandson of his sister Subhadrā, son of Abhimanyu, as king in Hāstinapura.

The six sons of Devakī (94-115)

And now the Blessed Nemi, purifying the surface of the earth, went in course to Bhaddilapura, the chief of cities. In this city there were the six sons of Sulasā and Nāga, borne by Devakī, who had been given by Naigameṣin. They had married thirty-two girls each. Enlightened by Śrī Nemi, they took the vow at his side. They all, having their last body, acquiring the twelve āngas gradually, wandered with the Master, practicing severe penance.

And now the Blessed Nemi went to Dvārakā in his wandering and stopped in the garden Sahasrāmravaṇa there. Devakī's six sons, seeking food at the end of a two-day fast, forming three couples, entered the city Dvārakā. Two of them, Anīkayaśas and Anantasena, went to Devakī's house and Devakī rejoiced, seeing them resembling Kṛṣṇa. She fed them with siṅhakesaras,²⁷¹ the best sweetmeats, and they went away.

Then two other full-brothers came. She gave food to the great munis, Ajitasena and Nihataśatru; and two others came. Bowing to the eminent ascetics, Devayaśas and Śatrusena, Devakī asked, with her hands folded respectfully: "Have you come here again and again from confusion about directions, or is this confusion of my mind? Are you not the same? Or rather, in this city resembling heaven in wealth, do great sages not find suitable food, drink, et cetera?"

They said: "We are not confused about directions. We are six full-brothers, living in Bhaddilapura, sons of Sulasā and Nāga. After hearing dharma, we became mendicants with Nemi. We six, forming three pairs, have come to your house in turn."

Then Devakī thought: "How can these six resemble Kṛṣṇa so? There is no such resemblance even of sesame-seed with

²⁷¹ 101. Laḍḍu, a sweetmeat ball. PH.

sesame-seed. Formerly I was told by the sādhu Atimukta, 'You will have eight living sons.' Could these be my sons?" With these reflections, on the next day Devakī went to the samavasaraṇa erected by the gods to ask Nemi about that. Knowing her intention, the Master said, "These sons of yours were delivered, living, to Sulasā by Naigameṣin."

Then she, seeing the six sādhus there, her breasts flowing, paid homage to them and said: "It is a good thing, sons, that you have been seen. There is eminent sovereignty or initiation of my sons. But this is for my sorrow. Not one has been cherished by myself." The Blessed One then said: "Do not grieve uselessly, Devakī. For this fruit of former acts has developed in this birth. In a former birth²⁷² you took seven jewels from a co-wife. But you gave back one jewel to her weeping."

Gajasukumāla (116-145)

After hearing that, Devakī, blaming her wicked act in a former birth, went to her house and continued to long for the birth of a son. Śārṅgapāṇi said, "Mother, why are you so sad?" She said: "What is the use of this fruitless life of mine? You were reared in Nanda's house and your elder brothers in Nāga's house. No child at all has been nursed by me like a cuckoo. I wish a son from eagerness to care for a child, son. Even animals are happy, taking care of their offspring, themselves."

Saying, "I shall fulfill your wish," Hari went away and propitiated Naigameṣin, Śakra's general. The god said: "Your mother will have an eighth son, but he, wise, will become a mendicant, when youth has bloomed." In accordance with this speech, a very magnificent god fell from heaven, came to Devakī's womb, and a son was born at the proper time.

Devakī herself cared for him, named Gajasukumāla, like another Kṛṣṇa in beauty, resembling a god. He was extremely

²⁷² 115. See Appendix 1.

dear to his mother and like life to his brother. Moon to the night-blooming lotuses of their eyes, he gradually attained youth. At his father's command Gajasukumāla married King Druma's daughter, Prabhāvati. At the insistence of his mother and brother he, though unwilling, married Somā, the daughter of a Brāhman, Somaśarman, born of a kṣatriyā.

Just then Nemi stopped in a samavasaraṇa and Gajasukumāla with his wives listened attentively to dharma. Their disgust with existence arose and, after obtaining his parents' consent, Gaja together with his wives took the vow under the Master. When Gaja had become a mendicant, unable to endure separation from him, his parents and brothers, Kṛṣṇa and others, wept aloud.

In the evening, after asking the Master for permission, he performed the penance of statuesque posture in a cemetery and was seen by the Brāhman Somaśarman who had gone outside. Somaśarman thought, "This man, evil-minded, has married my daughter for ridicule, wishing to practice heresy." Angry at this thought, Somaśarman, malevolent, stood the neck of a water-jar, filled with blazing coals from a funeral-pyre, on his head. Though burned severely by it, absorbed in meditation, he endured it. The fuel of karma being consumed, omniscience having arisen, he went to emancipation.

At dawn, Kṛṣṇa went in his chariot with attendants to see Gajasukumāla, his mind full of longing. Going outside Dvārakā, he saw an old Brāhman carrying a brick on his head to the temple. From compassion for him, Kṛṣṇa himself took a brick from the kiln to this temple and the people took (bricks) by the crore. After finishing the Brāhman's business, Janārdana went to Nemi. He did not see Gaja there, like a deposit left by himself.

Hari asked the Master, "Where is my brother Gaja?" and the Blessed One told Gaja's emancipation by the Brāhman Soma. Then Govinda fainted and, consciousness regained, asked the Lord again, "How can I recognize my brother's murderer?" The Blessed One said: "Do not be angry at

Somaśarman. For he was an aid to your brother in attaining emancipation at once. Emancipation may be acquired after a long time, but in a moment with assistance, just like that you gave today to the old Brāhman in delivering the bricks. If Somaśarman had not done such a thing to your brother, how would his emancipation have taken place without any delay? The one who, going to hang himself after seeing you enter the city, dies with a broken neck—know that he is your brother's murderer."

Then Kṛṣṇa, weeping, performed his brother's funeral rites, et cetera himself, entered the city and saw Soma dead just as described. He had him bound by the feet, had men drag him through the city, and had him thrown outside, a new offering for vultures, et cetera.

Yadus become mendicants (146-153)

Because of that sorrow many Yadus became mendicants under Nemi, and the nine Daśārhas except Vasudeva. Śivā, the Master's mother, and seven full brothers, and other sons of Hari, became mendicants under the Lord. Rājimatī, with a desire for emancipation, became a mendicant under the Master and Ekanāsā, Nanda's daughter, and many other women of the Yadus. Hari took a vow to abstain from marriage and all his daughters became mendicants under the Master. Except Kanakavatī, Rohiṇī, and Devakī, Vasudeva's wives became mendicants under Nemi.

As Kanakavatī was meditating at home on the duration of existence, her omniscience appeared, her karmas suddenly broken. She, a festival for her made by the gods informed by Nemi, adopted mendicancy herself and went to the Master's presence. After she had seen Nemi, she went to a forest and, after fasting for thirty days, Kanakavatī died and attained emancipation.

Death of Sāgaracandra (154-158)

Sāgaracandra, the son of Niṣadha, the grandson of Rāma,

his mind disgusted, having the lesser vows in the first place, began observing the statuesque posture at that time. Going outside to a cemetery, he practiced kāyotsarga and was seen by Nabhaṣena who was always looking for a vulnerable point in him. Nabhaṣena said to him: "Heretic, why do you do this? Take the fruit of the trick of kidnaping Kamalāmelā." With these words, Nabhaṣena, evil-hearted, put the neck of a jar on his head and filled it with coals from a funeral-pyre. Sāgara, wise, endured it completely, died quickly and, the formula of homage to the five Paramēsthins being recalled, went to heaven.

Story of the drum (159-179)

One day Śakra said in his council: "Kṛṣṇa causes a recital of virtues, avoiding faults, and does not fight with low fights." A certain god, not believing his speech, went to Dvāravatī; at that time Hari started out in his chariot to amuse himself as he liked. The god created on the road a dead dog with a black body which afflicted all the people to a great distance by the evil smell. Seeing it, Kṛṣṇa said, "The white teeth in the mouth of the dog with a black body are very beautiful."

Then the god assumed the form of a horse-thief, stole Śārṅgin's jewel of a horse, and beat Kṛṣṇa's soldiers following the track. Kṛṣṇa himself ran near and said to him: "Why do you steal my jewel of a horse? Now turn him loose. Where are you going, sir?" The god said, "After you have defeated me in a fight, take the horse, sir." Kṛṣṇa said, "Get a chariot in that case, for I fight in a chariot." The god said: "Enough of chariot, elephant, et cetera. But make a contest with my fights, arm-fights, et cetera."

Govinda replied: "I am defeated. Take the horse. I certainly do not fight in a low fight even if I lose everything." The god, satisfied, said to Janārdana, "Choose a boon, fortunate man," and accompanied it with the telling of the Śakra-incident. Kṛṣṇa replied to the god: "Now the city Dvārikā is filled with calamities from disease. Give something

to allay them.” The god gave Kṛṣṇa a drum and said: “ You must beat this in your city at the end of every six months. From its sound being heard old calamities will perish and there will be no new ones for six months, Hari.”

With these words the god went away and Keśava beat the drum just so; and the disease in the city was allayed. A certain rich man from a foreign country, who was afflicted with a burning fever, heard the story of the drum, came and said to the drum’s guard, “ Take this lac of money for a favor to me, good sir. Give me a piece of the drum, a mere sliver.²⁷³ Show compassion.” The drum’s guard, greedy for money, gave him the piece and the drum was filled out with a piece of sandal with a close joint. In the same way he, avaricious, gave to others so that the drum became patched with inserts of sandal throughout.

One day a calamity took place and Śārṅgin beat the drum and its sound, like the hum of a mosquito, did not reach the council even. Trustworthy men, questioned by Kṛṣṇa, told how the drum had been patched by the guard. Kṛṣṇa killed the guard and received another drum from the god by means of a three-day fast. What is difficult for the great to accomplish?

The two physicians (180–199)

Janārdana beat the drum to allay disease and so instructed two physicians, Dhanvantari and Vaitaraṇi. Of them Vaitaraṇi, capable of emancipation, named and practiced whatever treatment was suitable for any one and gave him his own medicine. But Dhanvantari made a treatment mixed with sin. The sādhus said to him, “ This is not prescribed for us.” He replied to them: “ I have not studied any system of medicine suitable for sādhus. Do not do what I said.” So the two physicians practiced in the city.

One day Kṛṣṇa asked Śrī Nemi, “ What is their (future)

²⁷³ 174. Pala: $\frac{1}{16}$ of a tola, MW. It takes $2\frac{1}{2}$ tolas to make an ounce.

status?" The Blessed One related: " Doctor Dhanvantari will go to the abode, Apratiṣṭhāna, in the seventh hell. Doctor Vaitaraṇi will become a monkey in the Vindhya-forest and, grown up, will become the head of a troop in that same place.

One day sādhus will come to that forest with a caravan. One of them will have a thorn broken off in his foot. He will say to the other sages waiting: ' Leave me here and go on. Otherwise all, separated from the caravan, will die.' Leaving him behind on bare ground in the shade, the sādhus, despondent, unable to extract the thorn from his foot, will go on.

The lord of the troop of monkeys will come there and the monkeys in front will give cries of ' Kila! kila!' on seeing the muni. Annoyed by their noise, the lord of the troop will stay in front. After seeing the sage, he will think, ' Where did I see such a person before?' Then he will recall his former birth and his being a doctor and he will bring herbs, viśalyā and rohiṇī,²⁷⁴ from the mountain. After crushing the viśalyā with his teeth, he will put it on his foot and will heal his foot, at once freed from the thorn, with the rohiṇī. He will write the words, ' I was formerly the doctor, Vaitaraṇi, in Dvāravatī,' before the muni. Having heard before about his life, the muni will tell dharma (to him). After making a three-day fast, the monkey will go to Sahasrāra. He will see by clairvoyance the corpse of himself engaged in a fast and the muni near-by, pronouncing namaskāras. The god will say to the muni, after bowing to him with devotion, ' By your favor this great magnificence of a god became mine.' He will guide the sādhu and unite him with his sādhus; and the sādhu will tell the story of the monkey to the sādhus."

After hearing that, Hari, having faith in dharma, bowed to Nemi and went away. Then the Blessed One went elsewhere to wander.

²⁷⁴ 192. Viśalyā, ' N. of various plants (also of a specific for arrow wounds).' MW. Here viśalyā is used to remove the arrow and rohiṇī to cure the wound.

Movement during the rains (200–205)

One day at the beginning of the rainy season, Neminātha, giving delight to the people like a cloud, approached Dvārakā and stopped in a samavasaraṇa. Attending on him, Kṛṣṇa said, “Blessed One, why do you and other sādhus not wander in the rains?” The Master said: “During the rains, the ground is covered with various jīvas (living creatures). The sādhus, bestowing freedom from fear on the jīvas, do not move about then.” Kṛṣṇa said: “If that is so, I, coming and going with a large retinue, cause destruction of many jīvas. I will not leave my house during the rains.” Making a vow to this effect, Kṛṣṇa went away and entered his own house. Śārṅgabhr̥t instructed the door-keepers. “During the rains, no one must be admitted to my house.”

The story of the weaver (206–247)

In that city there was a weaver, named Vīra, exceedingly devoted to Viṣṇu. After he had seen Kṛṣṇa and paid homage to him, he ate, but not otherwise. Not being admitted to Hari’s house at that time, standing at the door, he made a pūjā directed to Hari day after day. Sometimes he did not eat because he had not seen Viṣṇu. The rains over, Hari left his house. All the kings and the miserable Vīra ²⁷⁵ attended him; and Vāsudeva asked Vīraka, “Why are you emaciated?” The door-keepers told him the circumstances, the cause of emaciation, and Kṛṣṇa, compassionate, gave him free access to his house.

Then Kṛṣṇa went with his retinue to pay homage to Nemi and heard yatidharma (the duties of sādhus), and he said to the Master: “I am not able to bear asceticism, Lord. Nevertheless, let this be my decision: to have initiation taken by others and to approve them. Whoever wishes to become a mendicant, I shall not hinder him and shall hold a departure-festival for him like a son.”

²⁷⁵ 209. I think this is a case of the pejorative -ka.

With this resolution, Viṣṇu left; and said to his own marriageable daughters who had come to bow, "Will you be mistresses or slaves?" They told Śārṅgin, "We will be mistresses," and Śārṅgin said, "In that case take initiation under Nemi, innocent girls." So he made his daughters, suitable for marriage, become mendicants in turn.

One day one queen said to her daughter Ketumañjarī, "Asked by your father, child, say unhesitatingly, 'I will be a slave, not a mistress, lord.'" When she was suitable for marriage, she went into her father's presence, sent by her mother. She was asked in the same way by her father and she replied as instructed by her mother.

Kṛṣṇa thought: "My daughters will wander in the forest of existence and they will experience disrespect everywhere. That is not suitable. Let it be so that others do not say this." With this thought, Hari said to the weaver Vira, "Have you done anything unusual?" He said, "I have done nothing unusual," and Hari said to him, "Nevertheless, consider and tell something."

Vira said: "In the past I made a lizard in a jujube fall down, hitting it with a stone, and it died. Water, flowing on the road in the track made by a chariot-wheel, was held back by me stepping in it with my left foot and it flowed far away. Flies that had entered a jar of sizing,²⁷⁶ buzzing, were kept imprisoned for a long time by me placing my left hand over the opening."

On the next day in the council Kṛṣṇa said to the kings, "Sirs, the conduct of Viraka is not in accordance with his family." They, saying, "Long live!" began to listen attentively and again Kṛṣṇa said to them: "This weaver is a kṣatriya by whom a red-hooded serpent living in a grove of jujubes was killed with a weapon from the ground. This weaver is a kṣatriya by whom the Gaṅgā, carrying dirty water

²⁷⁶ 224. Pāta must be corrected to pāna in accordance with the MSS and 235 below, but 'sizing' is a conjecture. It would be suitable for a weaver to have a jar of sizing.

in a ditch made by a wheel, was restrained with his left foot. This weaver is a kṣatriya by whom a noisy army, living in Kalasipura²⁷⁷ was checked with his left hand. He, with clearly heroic practices, is a suitable son-in-law for me."

He said to Viraka, "Take Ketumañjarī." Unwilling but ordered by Kṛṣṇa with a frown, Viraka married his daughter, Ketumañjarī, and took her to his house. Ketumañjarī reclined on a couch continually and Viraka carried out her orders day and night. One day Śārṅgin asked him, "Does Ketumañjarī carry out your orders?" and Viraka said, "I carry out her orders." Kṛṣṇa said to him, "If you do not compel her do all your work, I shall throw you in prison."

Knowing Kṛṣṇa's intentions, Vira went and said to Ketumañjarī, "Make a sizing for clothing. Why do you merely sit?" "You, a weaver, do not know (what is proper)." Fearlessly Viraka beat her saying this angrily with the strings of a weaver's brush. Weeping, she went to her father and told him her mistreatment. Kṛṣṇa said, "You, giving up mastery, chose servitude." She said, "Now give me mastery." Kṛṣṇa said, "Now you are subject to Viraka, not to me." Begged earnestly by her, Kṛṣṇa restrained Viraka, took her, and had her take initiation under Nemi Svāmin.

One day Kṛṣṇa made the homage of the twelve āvartas to all the sādhus, but the other kings did not have strength (enough). Following Vāsudeva, Viraka made the homage of the twelve āvartas²⁷⁸ to all the sādhus after him. Kṛṣṇa said to the Master: "I was not so tired from three hundred and sixty battles²⁷⁹ as from that homage." The Omniscient said: "Kṛṣṇa, you have acquired much merit today, right-belief

²⁷⁷ 229. With a play on kalasī, 'water-jar.'

²⁷⁸ 240. See above, p. 120.

²⁷⁹ 242. Pandit L. B. Gandhi says he has seen allusions to Kṛṣṇa fighting 360 battles. There were 18,000 sādhus in Neminātha's train and if he did the āvartas to all, as it distinctly says, it would be quite a feat for Kṛṣṇa, to say nothing of Vira.

which arises from destruction of karma,²⁸⁰ and the body-making karma of a tirthakṛt.²⁸¹ Age-karma, suitable for the third hell, has been taken by you, having risen from the seventh hell, and at the end you will make it firm.”²⁸²

Kṛṣṇa said: “Blessed One, I shall pay homage to you again so that my hellish-age karma will break completely, as before.” The Master said: “That would be material homage of yours from pious conduct, but fruit is obtained only from spiritual homage, not otherwise.” Kṛṣṇa asked about the fruit to Viraka and the Lord said: “His fruit is bodily austerities. He pays homage in accordance with your wish.”

After bowing to the Blessed One, meditating on the Blessed One’s words, Kṛṣṇa and his retinue went to the city Dvārakā.

Story of Dhaṇḍhaṇa (249–270)

Kṛṣṇa’s son by his wife Dhaṇḍhaṇā, named Dhaṇḍhaṇa, married many princesses, when he was grown. One day, after listening to dharma at the Master’s side, his mind disgusted with existence, he took initiation, and his father held his departure-festival. He wandered with the Master and was esteemed by the sādhus. As he was so occupied, his obstructive-karma matured. Wherever he went, he obtained nothing at all there; and it was the same with the munis who went with him.

Then the sādhus declared to Neminātha: “Dhaṇḍhaṇa, Kṛṣṇa’s son, disciple of the Lord of Three Worlds, does not receive alms in a city with a generous population of rich co-religionists. What is the reason for that, Master?”

The Master related: “In the past there was a Brāhman, named Parāśara, the king’s agent in the village Dhānyapūraka in the Magadhas. One day he had the king’s fields sowed by

²⁸⁰ 243. See I, p. 204.

²⁸¹ 243. See I, p. 408.

²⁸² 244. See I, pp. 402, 404, 409.

the villagers; and when the food arrived,²⁸³ he did not let the villagers go to eat. He had one furrow plowed in each field by force by the hungry, thirsty, tired oxen and plowmen. He acquired obstructive karma and after dying and wandering through existence, became this Dhaṇḍhaṇa. Now his karma has matured.”

Hearing that, a desire for emancipation being produced, Dhaṇḍhaṇa took a vow in the Master's presence: “I will not eat what has been obtained by another.” Enduring the trial of failure in begging,²⁸⁴ Dhaṇḍhaṇa passed some time, not eating what had been obtained by another. One day Vāsudeva asked Neminātha present in his council, “Who among these great sages does what is difficult to do?” The Master said: “They all do what is difficult to do, but especially Dhaṇḍhaṇa who has passed so long a time, enduring the trial of failure in begging.” After bowing to the Lord, as Kṛṣṇa was entering Dvārakā, he saw Sādhu Dhaṇḍhaṇa going in search of alms. Getting down from his elephant, Kṛṣṇa bowed to him with great devotion. A sheth saw that and thought, “Who is this fortunate man to whom Kṛṣṇa bowed?” In his wandering Dhaṇḍhaṇa came to this same sheth's house and he provided him with sweetmeats with much honor.

Dhaṇḍhaṇa came, bowed to the Omniscient, and said: “Is my obstructive karma destroyed that I have obtained alms?” The Master said: “Your destructive karma is not destroyed. This receiving of alms was from Hari. The sheth gave you alms because Hari paid homage to you.” Thinking, “This is receiving from another,” he, devoid of love, et cetera, began to put the alms down on the bare ground. As he was engaged in firm meditation to the effect, “Karma acquired in the past is very difficult for creatures to destroy, alas!” his omniscience arose. Then the sage Dhaṇḍhaṇa, after circumambulating Nemi, sat down in the assembly of kevalins, and was worshipped by the gods.

²⁸³ 256. It would be brought by the families of the workers.

²⁸⁴ 260. Alābhaparīṣaha. See I, n. 55 and p. 448.

Rathanemi and Rājimatī (271–286)

The Blessed Nemi wandered through villages, mines, cities, et cetera and again and again stopped in a samavasaraṇa in Dvārakā. One time when the Lord was there, it began to rain suddenly. Rathanemi, who had gone for alms, started to the Master. Overwhelmed by the rain, he entered a cave. After paying homage to the Master, Rājimatī was returning. Her companions, sadhvis, ran away, terrified by the rain, but Rājimatī entered the cave, not knowing (he was there). She did not see Rathanemi, who had entered first, because of the darkness; but stood up and took off her garments to wring them out.

Seeing her unclothed, wounded by love, Rathanemi said: “You were begged before. Now there is an opportunity for enjoyment (of you by me).” Recognizing Rathanemi from his voice, her body covered at once, she said: “Such a thing is not fitting for well-born people at any time. You are a younger brother of the Omniscient. You are also his disciple. So, what is this idea of yours today, injurious to two worlds, sir! I, being a disciple of the Omniscient, will not fulfil your wish, but you will fall into the ocean of existence, because of that wish.

Stealing from a shrine, destroying a sadhvi’s virtue, killing a sage, and criticism of the doctrine are the fire at the root of the tree of enlightenment.²⁸⁵ Creatures in the Agandhana species²⁸⁶ do not wish to eat vomit; they would rather enter a terrible, blazing fire. Shame on you, lover of glory, you who wish to eat vomit for the sake of living. Better death for you, indeed. I am the daughter of the King of Bhojas; you are the son of Andhakavṛṣṇi.²⁸⁷ Let us not belong to the

²⁸⁵ 280. From Haribhadra’s Daśaśāstriya-upadeśapada, p. 169.

²⁸⁶ 281. A species of serpent. See Uttar., 22. 43; Daśaveāliyasutta, 2.6.8 (Abhyankar).

²⁸⁷ 283. He was the younger brother of Ariṣṭanemi, and the grandson, not the son, of Andhakavṛṣṇi.

Gandhana species. Practice self-control resolutely. If, having seen a woman, you touch her, afflicted by love, you will have a wavering mind, like duckweed struck by the wind."

Thus enlightened by her, feeling repentance again and again, having given up all desire for pleasure, he observed a very severe vow. After confessing his sin to the Lord, he, pure-minded, continuing as an ordinary ascetic for a year, attained omniscience.

Dravya and bhāva worship (287-294)

After wandering elsewhere, one day Śrī Nemi stopped again on Mt. Raivataka, the sun to the lotuses of bhavyas. Kṛṣṇa said to his sons, Pālaka, Śāmba, et cetera, "Whoever pays homage to the Lord first at dawn, to him I shall give the horse desired." Hearing that, Prince Śāmba arose from his couch at dawn and, staying at home, worshipped Neminātha mentally. Pālaka got up in the middle of the night, went on his fastest horse and paid homage to the Lord, reviling him in his heart, because he was an abhavya. When he was asked by Pālaka for the horse Darpaka, Hari said, "I shall give the horse to the one whom the Master says was the first worshipper." Questioned by Viṣṇu who had gone (there), "Who worshipped you first?" the Master said, "First by Pālaka in actual fact (dravya); by Śāmba in spirit (bhāva)." Asked by Kṛṣṇa again, "What is this?" the Lord said, "Pālaka is an abhavya; Jāmbavatī's son is a bhavya."

Rathāṅgapāṇi (Kṛṣṇa), angered, quickly banished Pālaka who was devoid of spirituality; but gave Śāmba the finest horse in accordance with his request and made him governor of a large district.

CHAPTER XI

BURNING OF DVĀRAKĀ AND THE DEATH OF KRṢṢNA

Prophecy about destruction of Dvārakā (1-18).

One day at the end of a sermon Janārdana, humble-minded, bowed to Neminātha, his hands folded respectfully, and asked: "How will the destruction of Dvārakā, of the Yadus, and of myself take place? Made by others for some reason or by themselves in course of time?"

The Blessed One said: "In a hermitage outside Śauryapura there was a well known leading ascetic, named Parāśara. He went to an island in the Yamunā and enjoyed a girl of low family; and a son was born to them named Dvaipāyana. A mendicant, a celibate, self-controlled, living there from friendship for the Yadus, he will be attacked by Śāmba and others blind from wine. Angry, he will burn the city Dvārakā with the Yadus. Your death will take place at the hand of your brother, Jarākumāra."

"He, alas! is a coal to the family," with this impure thought in their hearts, Jarākumāra was looked at by all the Yadus. Thinking: "Why should I, the son of Vasudeva, be the murderer of my brother? I will try by all means to make that false," Jarā's son got up, bowed to Nemi and, carrying two quivers and a bow, took up a residence in the forest to protect Kṛṣṇa. Dvaipāyana heard the Lord's prediction from the people's talk and became a forest-dweller to protect Dvārakā and the Yadus.

Kṛṣṇa bowed to the Master, entered Dvārakā and, with the thought, "This calamity would originate from wine," prohibited wine. At Kṛṣṇa's command all the people of Dvāravātī brought the wine previously made and abandoned it, like water of the house-streams, in stone pits in the cave

Kādambarī in a grove of kadambas on the mountain nearby.

The charioteer, Siddhārtha, his brother, said to Balādeva: "How can I see such an evil fate of the city and the family? Therefore, dismiss me that I may take the vow at once at the Master's feet. I can not endure delay."

Bala, weeping, said: "Brother, you say what is fitting. You are dismissed by me, even though unable to dismiss you, faultless man. When you have died, after practicing penance, and become a god, remembering this brotherly affection, you should enlighten me at the right time, when I am in trouble."

Siddhārtha agreed, became a mendicant in the Master's presence, practiced severe penance for six months, died, and went to heaven.

Beating of Dvaipāyana (19-30)

And now the wine which the people had thrown in stone pits became sweet from the blossoms of various trees falling in it. At that time in the month Vaiśākha one of Śāmba's men went there as he was roaming about, saw the wine, and drank it from thirst. Delighted with it, he filled a skin with the wine, went to Śāmba's house, and gave it (to him) as a present. Seeing the fragrant wine, Hari's son drank it again and again with delight and said, "Where did you get it?" He told about the wine being there and on the next day Śāmba went with princes hard to control to the cave Kādambarī. When he had seen the wine, named Kādambarī from its connection with the cave Kādambarī, Śāmba rejoiced, like a thirsty man at the sight of a river. Śāmba had the wine brought by servants to a grove of blossoming trees and, a drinking-party being formed, drank with friends, brothers, and nephews.

Drinking the wine with remarks: "It has been found after a long time." "It is old." "It has been made from good materials," they did not become satiated. Blind from drinking the wine, the princes, sportive, saw the sage Dvaipāyana engaged in meditation on the mountain in front (of them). Śāmba said to his people: "He will destroy my

city and family. Therefore, let him be killed. How can one, who has been killed, kill?" Then they all, angry, beat him again and again with clods, kicks, slaps, and fists. After felling him to the ground almost dead, they went to Dvāravatī and entered their respective houses.

Kṛṣṇa learned about this from spies and, depressed, thought: "Oh! this lack of restraint on the part of these princes will be the death of the family." Then Kṛṣṇa and Rāma went there to Muni Dvaipāyana and saw him red-eyed from anger like a serpent poisoning with its look. Janārdana began to soothe the excessively terrifying three-staved ascetic, like a mahout calming a rogue elephant.

"Anger, above all, is a great enemy which not only causes pain in this birth, but causes continuous pain to a creature in lacs of births. The crime was committed by my sons, ignorant, blind from drinking wine. So, pardon it, great sage. Anger is not fitting for you."

Being so addressed by Kṛṣṇa the three-staved ascetic was not appeased and he said: "Enough of this conciliatory talk of yours, Kṛṣṇa. Beaten by your sons, I have made a nidāna—to burn Dvārakā with its people. There is no escape from that, except of you."

Rāma restrained Kṛṣṇa: "Do not, brother, uselessly appease this miserable ascetic intent upon forbidden things. People with crooked feet, noses, hands, with large lips, stomachs, noses, with defective eyes, and deficient limbs certainly do not become tranquil. This one having spoken, there is no escape from the future event, brother. In any case the speech of the Omniscient can not be false."

Then burned by grief, Kṛṣṇa went to his own house. Dvaipāyana's nidāna became known in Dvārikā. On the next day Śārṅgabhr̥t had a proclamation made in the city: "Henceforth, people, be especially devoted to dharma." All the people began (to be) so. The Blessed One, Śrī Nemi, came and stopped on Mt. Raivataka. Kṛṣṇa went there, bowed, and listened to a sermon resembling the sun for putting

to flight the deep sleep of the world's delusion. After hearing the sermon, some princes, Pradyumna, Śāmba, Niṣadha, Ulmuka, Sāraṇa, and others became mendicants. Many women of the Yadus, Rukmiṇī, Jāmbavatī, and others, afraid of existence, became mendicants at the Master's lotus-feet.

Questioned by Kṛṣṇa, the Blessed One said, "In the twelfth year Dvaipāyana will burn this Dvārikā." Kṛṣṇa thought: "They—Samudravijaya and the others—are fortunate who took initiation in the beginning. Shame on me, uninitiated, greedy for sovereignty." Knowing his thought, the Master said: "Kṛṣṇa, the Śārṅgins never take initiation, because they have barriers made by a nidāna. They go below necessarily. You will go to Vālukaprabhā."²⁸⁸

Hearing that, Kṛṣṇa at once became exceedingly miserable. Again the Omniscient said: "Do not be sad, Janārdana. Rising from it, you will be a mortal; then a Vaimānika. Falling, you will be the son of Jitaśatru, lord of the city Gaṅgādvāra in this Bharata, and the twelfth Arhat, named Amama.²⁸⁹ Bala will go to Brahmaloaka and, falling, will be a mortal; then a god and, falling, will be a man in this Bharata. In the approaching utsarpiṇī, a Keśava, he will attain emancipation in the congregation of you, a Tīrthakṛt named Amama."²⁹⁰

After saying this, the Lord of the World went elsewhere in his wandering. After bowing to him Vāsudeva went to the city Dvārikā. Then Kṛṣṇa had a proclamation made again in the same way in the city and all the people became especially devoted to dharma. Dvaipāyana died and was born among the Agnikumāras.²⁹¹ He recalled his former enmity and went to Dvārakā. Asura Dvaipāyana saw all the people there observing fasts of one, two, three, et cetera days, engaged in making pūjā to the gods. Unable to make an attack because

²⁸⁸ 50. The third hell.

²⁸⁹ 52. In the coming utsarpiṇī. Abhi. 1.55.

²⁹⁰ 54. See Text Corrections. This seems somewhat repetitive, but preferable to the text of the edition.

²⁹¹ 57. See II, p. 106.

of the power of dharma, cruel-minded, he watched for weak points continually for eleven years.

When the twelfth year came, the people thought: "We will enjoy ourselves, since Dvaipāyana, crushed by this penance, has fled, defeated." They began to sport at will, drinking wine and eating meat. At that time Dvaipāyana, knowing a weak point, seized the opportunity. Many portents, resembling portents at the end of the world, appeared in Dvārakā, showing the gate to death. Meteors fell, thunderstorms took place, and the earth shook. Planets discharged smoke imitating fire. The disk of the sun, faulty, made a rain of coals and suddenly there was an eclipse of sun and moon. Clay puppets in the houses gave loud bursts of laughter and the gods painted in pictures laughed, too, frowning. Within the city wild animals roamed and Asura Dvaipāyana wandered, attended by witches, ghouls, vampires, et cetera.

In dreams the people saw themselves with red garments ²⁹² and ointment, sunk in mud, being dragged, facing the south. Bala's and Kṛṣṇa's jewels, the plow, cakra, et cetera disappeared; and then Asura Dvaipāyana created a whirlwind. He gathered up the wood, grass, et cetera everywhere in the city; and he brought the fleeing people from (all) quarters and threw them in the city. The whole city of Dvārakā, its trees uprooted by wind from eight directions, was filled with wood. After crowding together sixty crores of families from outside and seventy-two living inside into the city Dvārakā, the Asura lighted a fire. The fire blazed, like fire at the end of the world, with the sound dhagag, dhagiti, darkening the universe by the unbroken masses of smoke. The townspeople with their children and old people, unable to take a step as if chained together, remained made into a solid body.

Hari and Rāma put Vasudeva, Devakī, and Rohiṇī in a chariot to remove them from the fire. The horses did not

²⁹² 67. A corpse is usually wrapped in a red cloth. The south is Yama's quarter.

move; oxen did not move, transfixed by the god, like serpents by a snake-charmer. Then Bala and Upendra themselves pulled the chariot, of which two axles were broken at once, like a piece of a reed, with the sound taḍat, taḍiti. Nevertheless, they got the chariot to the gate by their own strength, wretched in mind from the cries, "Oh! Rāma, save." "Oh! Kṛṣṇa, save."

The Asura immediately made double-doors in the gate and Rāma broke them like a clay dish with a kick. Nevertheless, the chariot did not go out, as if devoured by the earth; and the god said to Rāma and Kṛṣṇa: "What is this delusion of yours? You were told earlier, indeed, that there was no escape for any one here, except you two.²⁹³ For penance was sold by me."

Then the parents said: "O sons, do you go. So long as you two live, all the Yadus live. What is dependent on heroism that has certainly been done for us by you, but this fate, hard to transgress, is very strong. We, bereft of good fortune, did not take initiation at Śrī Nemi's feet. Now we shall experience the fruit of our actions." When Rāma and Kṛṣṇa did not go, after being told this, then Vasudeva, Devakī, and Rohiṇī said: "Henceforth, our refuge is Śrī Nemi, Teacher of the Three Worlds. We shall renounce the four kinds of food.²⁹⁴ Henceforth, we seeking a refuge, have found the refuge taught by the Arhats—Arhat, siddha, sādhu, and dharma. We belong to no one and no one belongs to us." They, having made an ārādhanā, remained engaged in the namaskāra. Dvaipāyana rained fire on them, like a fire-cloud; and the three, Vasudeva and the others, died and went to heaven.

Rāma and Kṛṣṇa went outside the city to an old garden and continued to watch the city as it burned. The walls of

²⁹³ 80. As a matter of fact, only Kṛṣṇa was excepted.

²⁹⁴ 85. Aśana, solid food; pāna, drink; khādyā, fruit; svādyā, betel, ginger, etc., usually taken after a meal. KSK, 3.40, p. 191a; SBE, vol. 22, p. 303.

jewels were reduced to powder, like pieces of stone; the pillars of gośirṣa-sandal were reduced to ashes, like straw. The copings of the walls broke with the sound taḍat, taḍiti; the roofs of the houses fell in with the sound phaḍat, phaḍiti. There was no space between the flames there which were like the water in the ocean. Everything became one fire like one ocean at the destruction of the world. The fire danced, as it were, with hands of flames; the fire thundered, as it were, with its noise; it brought a net, as it were, in the guise of smoke for the fishes of citizens.

Then Kṛṣṇa said to Sirin: “Alas! Alas! I, standing on a bank like a eunuch, watch my own city burning. As I am not able to save the city, I can not endure to see it. Elder brother, say where we can go. Every place is barred to us.”

Balabhadra said: “Pāṇḍu’s sons are our friends and connections by blood and marriage. So we shall go to their house.” Kṛṣṇa said: “At that time²⁹⁵ they were banished by me. How can we, embarrassed by our own offence, go to their house?” Rāma said: “The noble keep in mind benefits, but never remember injuries, like a bad dream. Many times you have benefited Pāṇḍu’s sons. Grateful, they will make a pūjā, nothing else, brother. Do not think otherwise.”

Assured by Sirin to this effect, Śārṅgin set out in the southeast to the Pāṇḍavas’ city, Pāṇḍumathurā.

Now, in the burning city Rāma’s son, Kubjavāraka, who was in his last body, (standing) on the top of a palace, his arms held up, said: “I am a disciple of Śrī Neminātha, now observing the vow. I was told by the Master that I, having the last body, would attain emancipation. If the Arhat’s pronouncement is authority, why am I burned by fire?” At this speech the Jṛmbhaka-gods conducted him to the Master’s presence.

At that time Śrī Nemi had stopped in the Pallava²⁹⁶

²⁹⁵ 97. See above, p. 279.

²⁹⁶ 104. LAI identifies this with Parthia.

country and noble-minded Kubjavāraka became a mendicant there. The wives of Rāma, Kṛṣṇa, and others, who had not been initiated previously, recalling Nemi, observing a fast, perished. Sixty and seventy-two crores of families were consumed. Thus the city was burned in six months and then was covered by the ocean.

Fight with Acchadanta (107-121)

And now, as Kṛṣṇa was going along, when he had reached the city Hastikalpa ²⁹⁷ on the road, he told Haladhārin that he was suffering from hunger. Balabhadra said to him: "I shall go to this city for food for you. You stay here on your guard, brother. If anything unfavourable happens to me for any reason, I shall give a lion's-roar. Hearing that, you should hurry."

With these words Rāma entered the city and, possessing a god-like form, was seen by the townspeople with wonder, "Who is he?" "Dvārakā has been burned and Sirin here, having left it, has come," this rumor spread among the people, on reflection. By means of a ring Rāma himself took many kinds of food from a confectioner and wine from a liquor-dealer by means of a bracelet.

When Bala went near the city-gate, after taking (the food and wine), the guards saw him and, astonished, went to the king. The king in this city was Acchadanta, son of Dhṛtarāṣṭra, who had survived those killed by the Pāṇḍavas, partisans of Kṛṣṇa, in the past. The guards said: "Like a robber he takes food and wine in your city by giving a valuable ring and bracelet. Now, equal to Sirin in form, he is going outside. Whether he is a robber or whether he is Bala, henceforth there is no fault on our part."

Acchadanta went there with an army to kill Bala and had the gate's double-doors barred. Bala put down the food and drink, pulled up an elephant-post, gave a lion's roar, and began

²⁹⁷ 107. Identified as Hāthab near Bhavnagar by LAI.

to kill the enemy-army. Hearing the lion's-roar, Kṛṣṇa ran up, broke the double-doors with a kick, and entered the city, like the submarine fire the ocean. Taking the iron-bound club, Kṛṣṇa killed the enemy-soldiers; and said to King Acchadanta who was submissive: "Our strength of arm has not gone any place! Villain, what have you done? Humble, enjoy your kingdom. You are freed from this crime."

Death of Kṛṣṇa (122-165)

After saying this, they went to a garden outside the city and ate. They set out to the south and came to the forest Kauśāmba. Kṛṣṇa became extremely thirsty from drinking wine, from salty food, from heat and fatigue, from grief, and the destruction of accumulated merit. Kṛṣṇa said to Bala: "My palate dries up from thirst. I am not able to go to this forest, though it is full of shade-trees."

Balabhadra said: "I shall go for water, brother. You stay here, resting under a tree, on guard." Putting one foot on his knee, covering himself with a yellow garment, Hari went to sleep under a tree on the road. Rāma said again, "O brother, dearer than life, while I am gone, do not be careless for a moment." Looking up, he said: "Goddesses of the forest, my younger brother is under your care. Dearer than the whole world, he must be protected." With these words, he went for water.

Jarā's son came there, a hunter, carrying a bow, dressed in a tiger skin, wearing a long beard. Roaming for hunting, he saw Kṛṣṇa like that and with the idea that he was a deer, Jāreya shot him in the sole of the foot with a sharp arrow. Getting up quickly, Kṛṣṇa said: "I, without any misdeed on my part, have been wounded by an arrow in the sole of the foot by a trick by some one who did not speak. I have never before killed any one, my family and name being unknown. So let your Honor tell your family and name."

Standing in the trees, he said: "I am the son of the Daśārha, Vasudeva, moon to the ocean of the Hari-line, and of Jarā.

Jarākumāra by name, I am the elder brother of Rāma and Kṛṣṇa. After hearing Śrī Nemi's prediction, I came here to protect Kṛṣṇa. I have been living here twelve years now and have not seen a human being here. Tell me, sir, who you are."

Kṛṣṇa said: "Come! Come, tiger of men. I am Hari, the very brother of yours for whose sake you became a forest-dweller. Your effort for twelve years has been in vain, brother, like that of a traveler on a road hard to traverse because of confusion of directions."

Hearing that, Jarākumāra came there hastily, saying, "Is this Kṛṣṇa?" and after seeing Kṛṣṇa, swooned. Consciousness recovered with difficulty, Jāreya, weeping pitifully, asked Kṛṣṇa: "Oh! What is this, brother? Why have you come here? Is Dvārakā burned? Has the destruction of the Yadus taken place? Indeed, all of Nemi's prediction is true from your condition."

Kṛṣṇa told everything and Jāreya, weeping again, said: "Oh! I have done a fitting thing to a brother who has come! Where, pray, is the place in hell for me who have killed you, a younger brother, sunk in misfortune, dear to your brothers. I surely lived in the forest with the idea of protecting you. I did not know that Death had been placed before you by the Creator. Oh, earth, give a crevice by which I can better go now to that hell with this same body. Henceforth, a place here is worse than hell, the pain of killing a brother, worse than all pain, being present. Why did I become the son of Vasudeva and your brother? Or why did I become a human being even, I who did such a deed? After hearing the Omniscient's prediction, why did I not die right then? While you were alive, what deficiency would there be, if I, a mere person, were dead?"

Kṛṣṇa said: "Enough of your grief, brother. Fate can not be transgressed by you nor by me. You are the sole survivor of the Yadus.²⁹⁸ So live a long time. Go! Go! Otherwise

²⁹⁸ 149. He seems to forget Rāma.

Rāma may kill you from anger at my killing. Take my kaustubha as a token. Go to the Pāṇḍavas. Tell them the whole story. Let them be of assistance to you. You must go somehow from here with reversed footprints so that Rāma, following your footprints, will not find you quickly. With my voice you should ask pardon from all the Pāṇḍavas and others also formerly harassed by me, when I possessed lordship, by making them render service, et cetera.”

So instructed again and again by Kṛṣṇa, he went away just so, after he had pulled the arrow from Kṛṣṇa's foot, taking the kaustubha. When Jāreya had gone, Janārdana, suffering from pain in his foot, his hands folded respectfully, began to speak:

“Homage to the Blessed Arhats, homage to the siddhas, triple homage to the ācāryas, to the upādhyāyas, and to sādhus. Homage to the blessed Ariṣṭanemi, master of the world, who founded a congregation on earth, abandoning the wicked, us and others.”

After reciting this, resting on a couch of grass, placing a foot on a knee and covering (himself) with a cloth, Kṛṣṇa thought again: “The blessed Nemi is fortunate, and Varadatta and others, the princes, Pradyumna and others, my wives, Rukmiṇī and others, who abandoned the status of a householder, the cause of dwelling in existence and became mendicants, but shame on me here who have experienced mortification.”

As he was meditating thus, a strong case of tetanus ²⁹⁹ raged like a brother of Kṛtānta, breaking his limbs throughout. Suffering from thirst, the blow from the arrow, and the tetanus, his discernment breaking down suddenly, he thought again: “From birth I was never defeated by any one, man or god. I was reduced to such a state first by Dvaipāyana. Even with so much time elapsed, if I should see him, I would get up and

²⁹⁹ 160. I have translated vāyu, ‘the windy humor,’ as ‘tetanus’ on the authority of an Indian doctor. Kṛṣṇa certainly died from tetanus. LAI, p. 180, takes vāyu to be ‘paralysis,’ but it certainly can not be that here.

kill him, myself. What does he amount to? Who would be able to protect him?"

Engaging in cruel meditation to this effect for a moment, his life of a thousand years completed, Kṛṣṇa went to the third hell which he had acquired formerly by karma that must be experienced.

Sixteen years of Viṣṇu passed as prince, fifty-six as governor, eight in conquest, and nine hundred plus twenty in the time as Ardhaakrin.

CHAPTER XII

BALADEVA'S GOING TO HEAVEN, EMANCIPATION OF NEMI AND THE PĀNDAVAS

Grief for Kṛṣṇa (1-35)

Rāma hastily got water in a cup made from a lotus-leaf and, hindered by unfavorable omens, went near Kṛṣṇa. Bala stood for a moment with the idea, "He is comfortably asleep." When he saw black flies, he removed the cloth from Kṛṣṇa's face. Then he knew that his brother was dead and Bala at once fell to the ground in a swoon, like a tree whose root has been cut. After he had recovered consciousness with difficulty, Bala gave a lion's roar and the wild animals were terrified and the whole forest trembled.

He said: "By what criminal has my younger brother, comfortably asleep here, the sole hero of the universe, been killed? Let him announce himself. Let him appear before me, if he is truly a soldier. Who would attack those asleep, off guard, children, sages, or women?" Scolding in such loud words, Rāma roamed through the forest. Again he approached Kṛṣṇa, embraced him, and cried out:

"O brother, hero of the world, cherished on my lap, younger but elder in merit, chief of the universe, where are you? Without you I am not able to exist. Formerly you spoke. Now you do not answer. Where is affection, Janārdana? I do not recall any transgression of mine, nor were you observed to be angry. Or was that delay of mine that took place a reason for anger on your part? You are justly angry; nevertheless, stand up now, brother. The sun is setting. This is not the time for sleep of the noble."

Talking incoherently in this way, Rāma passed the night. At daybreak he said: "O brother, get up! Get up!" Rāma got up and, bewildered by affection for his brother, put Kṛṣṇa,

who did not get up, on his shoulder and wandered over mountains, forests, et cetera. Carrying Kṛṣṇa's body, worshipping it daily with flowers, et cetera, Bala passed six months, bewitched by affection for his brother. While he was roaming in the same places, the rainy season began. Siddhārtha, who had become a god, saw him by clairvoyance.

He thought: "Oh! My brother, devoted to his brother, is carrying Kṛṣṇa dead. I shall enlighten him. He asked me previously to enlighten him in case of a calamity." After this reflection, he made a chariot of stone coming down a mountain. After descending from a rough mountain, it broke in pieces on level ground. The god, assuming the form of a farmer, began to put it together. Bala said to him, "Foolish man, why do you try to repair the chariot, which has gone to pieces on level ground after coming down from a rough mountain?" The god said: "One who was not killed in a thousand fights, has died without a fight. When he can live, then my chariot can be repaired."

The god began to plant lotus-plants on stone. Bala said: "Does a lotus-bed grow on stone?" The god replied, "When your younger brother becomes alive, then these lotuses will grow." Going ahead of him a little, the god sprinkled a burnt tree. Bala said, "Does a burnt tree grow, even if sprinkled?" The god replied to him, "When the corpse on your shoulder becomes alive, then this tree will grow."

Assuming the form of a cowherd, the god began to throw fresh durvā in the mouth of dead cows like in the mouths of living cows. Balabhadra said to him, "When will these cows that have become skeletons eat the durvā you have given them, foolish man?" The god said, "When your younger brother becomes alive, then these cows will eat the grass, look you."

Rāma reflected: "Is my younger brother really dead, that these talk in this way—one by one—with one accord?" Knowing his thought, the god at once assumed the form of Siddhārtha, appeared before him, and said: "I am Siddhārtha, your charioteer. At that time, I became a mendicant, died,

and became a god. I have come here to enlighten you, requested by you earlier. The killing of Kṛṣṇa by Jarākumāra was foretold by Nemi and it happened just so. The words of the Omniscient are not false. Jarākumāra was sent by Kṛṣṇa, after he had given him his kaustubha as a token, to the Pāṇḍavas' house."

Bala said: "It is a good thing, Siddhārtha, that I have been enlightened by you. What shall I do now, crushed by the calamity of my brother's loss?" Siddhārtha said, "Henceforth, nothing is fitting for you, discerning brother of Śrī Nemi, except mendicancy." Bala agreed and, accompanied by the god, performed Kṛṣṇa's funeral rites at the mouth of the Sindhu.

End of Rāma's life (36-70)

Knowing that Rāma wished to take initiation, Śrī Nemi quickly sent a sage, a Vidyādhara, unequaled among the compassionate. At his side Rāma took initiation and practiced sharp penance, after going to Mt. Tuṅgikā, and Siddhārtha stood guard.

One day Bala entered a city to break a month's fast and was observed by a townswoman, who was standing at the mouth of the well, accompanied by a small child. Her mind occupied with looking at Rāma's exceeding beauty, she tied the rope around the boy's neck instead of the water-jar. When she began to throw him in the well, then she was noticed by Bala and he thought, "Shame on my beauty, the cause of evil. Henceforth, I shall not enter cities, villages, et cetera, but shall break fast with alms from wood-gatherers, et cetera in the forest."

After enlightening the woman, Bala went to that very forest and practiced very difficult penance for a month, et cetera at a time. Food, drink, et cetera were brought by the gatherers of grass, wood, et cetera and the muni broke his fasts, accepting the pure food given by them. The wood-gatherers, et cetera went and told their own kings, "A man with a godlike form

practices penance in the forest." They were frightened at the thought: "Does he practice such penance with the desire for our kingdoms, or does he subdue a charm? We shall go and kill him." With this thought, they went simultaneously with a full army to the vicinity of Muni Rāma.

Then the god Siddhārtha, always near him, created many lions terrifying to the world. The kings, frightened, went and bowed to Bala and from that time Balabhadra was known as 'Narasiṅha.' While he was practicing penance in the forest, many tigers, lions, et cetera, influenced by his excellent sermons, became gentle. Some became laymen, some acquired a leaning toward right-belief; some practiced kāyotsarga; some observed a fast at that time. Turned away from eating meat, they became attendants, like disciples of Muni Rāma in the form of animals.

A certain deer, a relative of Rāma in a former birth, recalling his former births, with a strong desire for emancipation attained, became a constant companion, Always attending Ṛṣi Rāma, the deer roamed the forest and he looked for wood-gatherers, et cetera who had come with food. When he saw them, he went at once to Ṛṣi Rāma standing in meditation and, upsetting his (Rāma's) feet with his head, he announced givers of alms. At his insistence Rāma abandoned meditation instantly and went for alms with the deer going in advance.

One day carpenters came to that forest for suitable trees and cut down many strong, straight trees, The deer in his roaming saw them and at once told Rāma; and at his insistence the great muni completed his meditation. As they were seated, Ṛṣi Rāma came there, with the deer going in advance, for alms to break a month's fast. The head of the carpenters, delighted at seeing Rāma, thought: "Oh! here is some sage in the forest, like a wishing-tree. Oh, the beauty! Oh, the splendor! Oh, the tranquility! Oh, he is some great man! By this muni as a guest, I have accomplished my desire entirely."

Thinking thus, the carpenter, the ground being touched by his five limbs,³⁰⁰ bowing to R̥ṣi Bala, brought him food and drink. Muni Bala thought: "This is some pure-minded layman, eager to give me alms to acquire karma that has heaven as its fruit. If I do not accept the alms, I would make an obstacle to a good status for him. For this reason I accept."

So reflecting, the Blessed One, an ocean of the milk of compassion, though indifferent to his own body, accepted alms from him. The deer, his face upturned, his eyes diffused with tears, looking at the muni and the wood-cutter, thought: "Oh, the Master, an ocean of compassion, though indifferent to the body, the sole protection of penance, favors the carpenter. Oh! this wood-cutter is fortunate and his birth has great fruit, by whom the Blessed One has been presented with food and drink. But I have little fortune, unable to practice penance and not able to give food. Alas for me contaminated by being an animal."

As the three continued absorbed in pious meditation in this way, a half-cut tree, struck by a strong wind, fell. The three, struck by the fallen tree, died, and became gods in the palace Padmottara in Brahmaloaka.

Rāma's visit to Kṛṣṇa (71-89)

Rāma, who had observed the vow for one hundred years and had gone to heaven, saw Kṛṣṇa, who had gone to the third hell, by clairvoyance. Deluded by affection for his brother, Rāma made a vaikriya-body, went to Kṛṣṇa, embraced Kṛṣṇa, and said:

"I am Rāma, your brother. I have come here from Brahmaloaka to rescue you. Tell me what I can do for your comfort." Saying this, he lifted up Kṛṣṇa with his hand, but he broke into pieces and fell from his hand to the ground and joined together like quicksilver. Rāma, recognized at first from the embrace and then from the pronouncement of

³⁰⁰ 61. His hands, feet, and forehead.

his name, was saluted by Kṛṣṇa, who had got up, with great eagerness.

Bala said to him: "Brother, Śrī Nemi said at that time that the pleasure of the senses would end in pain." Now it is present before you. I am not able to take you, chained by karma, to heaven. So I remain near you to give you mental pleasure, Hari."

Kṛṣṇa said: "O brother, what is the use of your staying here? Even with you here, the hellish-age kārma, which was acquired, must be consumed. At that time³⁰¹ joy and depression of enemies and friends took place because of that state of mine which led to pain in hell. So go to Bharata. Show me going in an aerial car, carrying disc, bow, conch, and club, wearing yellow garments, with a Tārksya-banner. Show yourself always and everywhere in an aerial car, wearing blue clothes, with a palm-tree banner, carrying a plow and pestle. There should be a rumor among the people, destroying former disrespect, 'Rāma and Kṛṣṇa are wandering at will, imperishable.'"

Rāma agreed and went to Bharata. After making them just so, he showed the two figures everywhere. He said: "O people! After making auspicious statues of us, worship zealously with the idea that we are exalted deities. For we alone, the makers of origination, permanence, and perishing,³⁰² came here from heaven and go to heaven as we like. Dvārakā was made by us and was destroyed by us wishing to go. There is no other Creator nor Destroyer; and we alone bestow heaven."

From this speech of his, all the people in villages, cities, et cetera made many statues of Kṛṣṇa and Halin and worshipped them. The god gave great prosperity to the makers and worshippers of the statues and all the people everywhere became

³⁰¹ 79. At the time of Nemi's prediction.

³⁰² 85. The three steps. The more usual terminology is utpādā, dhrauvya, and vigama. See I, p. 209. They were not makers of the three steps. This must be boasting to justify their claims to worship.

devoted to them for that reason. The god Rāma executed his brother's order in this way in Bharata and went back to Brahmaloaka, much depressed at his brother's pain.

And now Jarā's son went to the Pāṇḍavas, told them about the burning of Dvārakā, et cetera and delivered the kaustubha. At once plunged into grief, weeping, they held Kṛṣṇa's funeral rites for a year, like brothers. Knowing that they wished to become mendicants, Śrī Nemi sent Muni Dharmaghoṣa, who had four kinds of knowledge, with five hundred munis. After installing Jāreya on the throne, they, accompanied by Draupadi and others, became mendicants at the sage's side and practiced penance together with special vows.³⁰³ Bhīma made a vow, "I shall accept food (only) offered on the point of a lance." But it (his vow) was completed in six months. Knowing the twelve aṅgas, wandering over the earth gradually, eager to bow to Nemi, the five Pāṇḍavas set forth.

Emancipation of Neminātha (96-125)

And now, after the Supreme Lord had wandered in Madhyadeśa, et cetera, the Lord wandered in cities Rājapura, et cetera in the north. He went to Mt. Hrīmat and, wandering in many Mleccha countries, enlightened kings, ministers, et cetera. After he had wandered among āryas and non-āryas, the Lord went again to Hrīmat. Then he wandered in the Kirāta-countries, destroying the delusion of all the people. After coming down Mt. Hrīmat, he wandered in the Deccan, awakening, like the sun, many bhavya-lotuses.

From the time of his omniscience, as the Lord wandered, there were eighteen thousand noble ascetics, forty thousand intelligent female ascetics, four hundred who knew the fourteen pūrvas, fifteen hundred who had clairvoyance, the same number who had the art of transformation, and the same number of omniscients, one thousand sādhus with mind-reading knowledge, eight hundred ascetics with the art of

disputation, one lac and sixty-nine thousand laymen, three lacs and thirty-nine thousand laymen (in his retinue).

Attended by such a retinue, accompanied by gods, asuras, and kings, knowing that it was time for his emancipation, the Lord went to Raivataka. There in a samavasaraṇa made by the Indras, the Master delivered his last sermon with a desire for benefit to everyone. Enlightened by that sermon, some there became mendicants, some adopted laymanship, and others a disposition toward right-belief. Then the Lord commenced a pādapopagama fast for a month with five hundred and thirty-six sādhus. On the eighth of the white half of Śuci (Āṣāḍha), (the moon being) in Tvāṣṭra in the evening, Nemi, engaged in śaileśi³⁰⁴ meditation, attained emancipation together with the munis.

The princes, Pradyumna, Śāmba, and others also attained emancipation; and Kṛṣṇa's eight chief-queens and the Blessed One's brothers. Many other sādhus and other sādhuvis, Rājimatī, et cetera went to the abode from which there is no return. Four hundred years as householder, one year as an ordinary sādhu, five hundred years as an omniscient—this was the life of Rathanemi. Such was Rājimatī's duration of life also, rich in penance, divided into maidenhood, ordinary asceticism, and omniscience. Śivā and Samudravijaya went to the heaven Mahendra and the other Daśārhas became magnificent gods.

Śivā's son had a life of one thousand years—three hundred years as prince, seven hundred years as ordinary ascetic and omniscient. Śrī Nemi's emancipation took place when five hundred thousand years had passed since Śrī Nami Jina's nirvāṇa.

At Śakra's command Vaiśravaṇa created the Lord's bier and Śakra himself put the body on it, after worshipping it properly. The gods made the funeral pyre of gośirṣa-sandal, et cetera as fuel in the south-west on a surface of jeweled slabs.

³⁰⁴ 109. See I, n. 8.

Lifting up the Master's bier, Purandara brought it there and cast the body of Śrī Nemi Svāmin on the pyre.

At Śakra's command the Agnikumāras set fire to the pyre and the Vāyukumāras made it blaze quickly. The Abdas³⁰⁵ extinguished the fire at the right time with water from the Ocean of Milk; and the Indras, Śakra, Isāna and others took the Lord's teeth. The other gods took the remaining bones, the goddesses the flowers, the kings the garments, and the people the ashes of Nemi. Indra engraved the Master's marks and name on the Master's cremation slab of vaidūrya with his thunderbolt. Maghavan erected a pure, lofty shrine, provided with a statue of Śrī Neminātha, on the slab. After doing so, the gods, Śakra and others, went to their respective places.

Emancipation of the Pāṇḍavas (125-127)

And now, the Pāṇḍavas arrived at the city Hastakalpa at that time. They said to each other with satisfaction: "The mountain is twelve yojanas from here. After seeing Nemi at dawn, we shall break our month's fast." Then they heard from the people in this Hastipura that Lord Nemi had reached emancipation—the Blessed One, accompanied by various sādhus.

When they heard that, Pāṇḍu's sons, deeply grieved, went to Mt. Vimala and observed a fast unto death. With omniscience arisen, they reached emancipation, but Drupada's daughter went to Brahmaloaka to a magnificent abode.

The twenty-second Arhat, the ninth Śārṅgabhr̥t and Śirapāṇi and their enemy (Prativāsudeva), whose glory is unequalled, the four—of whom each one has come to their ears for the astonishment of the three worlds—have been celebrated in this book (by me) after considering thoroughly with reference to the doctrine of the Jinas.

³⁰⁵ 121. Meghakumāras.

BOOK IX

**BRAHMADATTACARITRA
PĀRŚVANĀTHACARITRA**

CHAPTER I

BRAHMADATTACAKRICARITA

After bowing to Śrī Neminātha, I shall narrate the life of Cakravartin Brahmadata, whose birth took place in his congregation.

Previous incarnations (2-104)

In the past there was a son, named Municandra, of Candrāvataṅsa in the town Śāketa in Bhārata in this same Jambūdvīpa. Weighed down by the pleasures of love like a porter by burdens, he took the vow under Muni Sāgaracandra. Guarding a mendicancy worthy of honor from the world, once upon a time he went with his guru to wander in a foreign country.

He entered a village on the road for alms and, becoming lost from the caravan, wandered in the forest like a deer lost from its herd. Overcome by hunger and thirst in the forest, he fell ill and was nursed by four cowherds like brothers. As a kindness to them he delivered a sermon. There is compassion on the part of the good even for those committing an injury; how much more for those bestowing help !

The four, possessing tranquillity, took the vow under him, like four forms of fourfold dharma.³⁰⁶ They observed the vow strictly, but two of them felt disgust with dharma. People's course of mind is varied. The two went to heaven because of their penance, even though feeling disgust. Penance, practiced even for one day, necessarily leads to heaven.

After they fell, they became twin-sons of a slave, Jayavati, by a Brāhman, Śaṅḍilya, in Daśapura. After they had grown up in course of time, at their father's order they went to protect

³⁰⁶ 8. See I, p. 18 ff. for an elaborate exposition of four-fold dharma: liberality, good conduct, penance, and state of mind.

the field. Such is the duty of slaves. As they lay at night, one was bitten by a cobra, like a brother of Kṛtānta, that had emerged from a hollow in a banyan. The second one, walking around to find the snake, was soon bitten by the same evil snake, as if from enmity. As no antidote was available, the two, pitiable, died. As they had come, so they went. Alas for their fruitless birth.

They were born twin-deer of a doe on the plateau of Mt. Kaliñjara and they grew up together. Roaming together with affection, the two deer were killed by a hunter. They both died at the same time by the same arrow. After death, they both were born twin-sons, as in former births, of a rājahaṅsī on the Gaṅgā. One day as they were playing in the same place, a fisherman caught them in a net and killed them by breaking their necks. Such is the fate of those devoid of dharma.

Citra and Sambhūta (20-102)

Then they became sons of a Mātaṅga-chief, named Bhūtadatta, who was endowed with much wealth, in Vārāṇasī. Named Citra and Sambhūta, devoted to each other, they were never separated, joined like a finger-nail and the flesh.

At that time the king in Vārāṇasī was named Śaṅkha and he had a celebrated minister, named Namuci. One day the king handed him over secretly to Bhūtadatta for execution, his crime being very great. He said to Namuci secretly, "I will guard you like my own life, if you, hidden in an underground chamber, will teach my sons." Namuci agreed to the Mātaṅga-chief's proposition. There is nothing that people who desire to live will not do.

Accordingly, he taught the various arts to Citra and Sambhūta; and he dallied with the infatuated wife of the Mātaṅga-chief. Bhūtadatta discovered that and prepared to kill him. Who can endure the evil of an adulterer in the case of his own wives? He was conducted far away by the Mātaṅga's sons, who learned (their father's intention), and a

fee also was given to him with the object of saving his life. Then Namuci went to Hastināpura after his escape and Cakrin Sanatkumāra made him his minister.

Now Citra and Sambhūta had just become grown, like the Aśvins who had come to earth for some reason. They sang a sweet song, putting Hāhā and Hūhū³⁰⁷ to shame; and they played the lute better than Tumburu and Nārada. When they played the lute with seven very clear notes accompanied by vocal compositions, the Kinnaras became their servants. Playing a drum (muraja) with a deep sound, they gave an imitation of Kṛṣṇa with a drum made from Mura's skeleton. They acted a play which Śiva, Śivā, Urvaśī, Rambhā, Muñjakeśin (Viṣṇu), and Tillotamā did not know. Whose mind did they not capture, displaying an unprecedented wealth of all the musical arts, magic for every one?

One day a festival of Madana took place in this city and choruses of townsmen, skilled in concerts, set out in it. A chorus of Citra and Sambhūta set out there and the townsmen, drawn by their song like deer, went to that same place. Some one told the king, "All the people in the city have been made impure like themselves by these Mātaṅgas, who have attracted them by song." The king ordered the superintendent of the city reproachfully, "Admission to the city is never to be given them." From that time they stayed at a distance from Vārāṇasī.

One day the important festival of Kārttikeya took place there. Transgressing the king's command from irresponsibility, they entered the city like bees the side of an elephant's temple.³⁰⁸ With their entire bodies veiled, they roamed through the city, looking at the festival, very secretly like thieves. Then they were caused to sing very loud by the songs of the townsmen, like a jackal by the cry of jackals. Fate can not be crossed. The two Mātaṅgas were surrounded by the young people of

³⁰⁷ 31. Famous Gandharvas.

41. I.e., where the ichor emerges.

the town, like honey by flies, when they had heard their song pleasing to the ear. Their veils were pulled off by the people to find out who they were and they were addressed contemptuously, "Look here! these are the same two Mātangas." They were beaten by the people with clubs and clods and they left the city, like dogs a house, their heads bowed. They were beaten at every step by the people, like a hare by soldiers. With stumbling steps they reached the garden Gabhira with difficulty.

They reflected: "Alas for us! Skill in arts, beauty, et cetera are spoiled by low birth like milk that has been smelled by a snake. Let there be a benefit through merit, that is a crime on our part. This is it: a vampire has arisen from the good fortune taking place. Arts, grace, beauty et cetera are sewed together with the body. It is the abode of worthlessness. Let it be abandoned somewhere like straw."

Having reached this decision, intent on destroying their lives, they went toward the south as if to see Death in person. When they had gone a long distance, they saw a mountain from which elephants on the ground (below) looked like young swine to those who had climbed it. As they were climbing (the mountain) with the intention of jumping from a precipice, they saw on this mountain a great muni like a living mountain of virtues. When they saw the muni on the mountain-top like a cloud in the rainy season, their streams of anguish disappeared. At once they fell at his lotus-feet, like bees, shedding their former pain, as it were, in the guise of tears of joy.

After he finished his meditation, the muni questioned them, "Who are you? Why have you come here?" and they told him their whole history. He said:

"The body alone is destroyed by a leap from a precipice. Impure karma that has been acquired in a hundred other births is not destroyed. If this body of yours must be abandoned, take the fruit of the body. Penance is the surest means of emancipation, heaven, et cetera."

Their minds purified by the nectar of his sermon beginning

with these words, they both undertook the duties of a sādhu under him. They became students and in course finished their studies. What that has been undertaken with zeal by the intelligent would not take place? They wore away their bodies together with old karma by fasts of two days, three days, et cetera. Then wandering from village to village, from city to city, they came one day to the city Hastināpura. They practiced severe penance in a garden outside it. Even pleasure-grounds can serve for penance of people with tranquil minds.

One day Muni Sambhūti, like sādhus' duties embodied, entered the city for alms to break a month's fast. Wandering from house to house with great care in walking, as he happened to be on the highway he was seen by the minister Namuci. The minister thought, "That is the Mātāṅga boy. He will tell my affair." Wicked men are afraid in all circumstances. Thinking, "I shall expel him so he can not make known my weak point to any one," he gave orders to footmen. He commenced having his former benefactor beaten. For bad behavior is natural to the wicked like drinking of milk to snakes. Beaten like rice-seed by violent men with clubs, the muni left that place in very great haste. When he was not left alone by the bruisers, even though he was leaving, then the muni, though tranquil, became angry. Even water becomes hot from the heat of fire. An eruption of steam left his mouth all around, giving the appearance of a cloud that has risen unseasonably in the sky. A hot-flash, garlanded with a mass of flames, shone forth, spreading over the sky crowded, as it were, with a circle of lightning. The citizens went with fear and curiosity to appease him who was very angry and possessed the hot-flash.

When King Sanatkumāra knew about this, he went there. A wise man would extinguish a fire in the place where it starts. The king bowed to him and said:

"How is this suitable for you, Blessed One? Surely a moon-stone, even though heated by the sun's rays, does not give off fire. This anger of yours is because of some great crime of theirs. Was there not poison from the churning of the

Ocean of Milk? Anger, as well as love of strife, on the part of good persons should not exist. If it does exist, it should not last long. If it does last long, it is worthless in its results. Why do I say that in this case? Nevertheless, lord, I beg: Dismiss this anger suitable for other people. People like you are disposed equally towards evil-doers and benefactors."

In the meantime Citra learned of this and came to Muni Sambhūta to appease him like an elephant of the highest class with soothing words. His anger was extinguished by Citra's words in accordance with scripture like a forest-fire on a mountain by streams of water from clouds. The great muni freed from sharp anger, like the full moon from darkness, instantly reached serenity. After they had paid homage and asked his forgiveness the people left him; and Muni Citra led Sambhūta to the garden. They felt remorse that a great calamity had been caused by them wandering from house to house for the sake of mere food. "This body is transient, nourished by food. What use have ascetics for this body or for food?" After coming to this decision and undertaking voluntary starvation³⁰⁹ first, they rejected the four kinds of food.

The king wished to know, "Who has insulted a sādhu, while I am ruling the earth?" and some one informed him that it was the minister. "He is wicked who does not worship those who are entitled to worship. How much more he who beats them." With these words, the king had him bound and led away like a thief. Saying, "May no one else abuse sādhus," he, pure-minded, led him bound through the city into the presence of the sādhus. Bowing and making the earth consist of water, as it were, by the dazzling light of the king's head-jewels, the chief of kings paid homage to them. Their mouths covered with mouth-cloths held in their left hands, their right hands upraised, they gave him a blessing. Saying, "Whoever has injured you, let him partake of the fruit of his acts," King

³⁰⁹ 85. Samlekhanā. See I. p. 357.

Sanatakumāra showed them Namuci. Namuci, who had been taken to a place suitable for execution, was freed from Sanatkumāra by them, like a snake from a garuḍa. Though he deserved to die, the king released him, after banishing him, who was a caṇḍāla in behavior, from the city, like a caṇḍāla. For the command of the guru must be respected.

Sunandā, the cakrin's woman-jewel, attended by sixty-four thousand co-wives, came to pay homage to them. She, with loosened hair, fell at Muni Sambhūta's lotus-feet and by her face made the earth like the moon. Muni Sambhūta felt the touch of her hair and at once his hair stood up with joy. Manmatha is a seeker of tricks. Then the king, after taking leave of the two, accompanied by his women, went away. Sambhūta, overcome by love, made a nidāna to this effect: "If there is any fruit of my severe penance, then may I become the husband of the woman-jewel in a future birth."

Citra said: "Do you desire this fruit of penance which confers emancipation? Do you make a foot-stool with a jewel suitable for the head? Give up this nidāna, made from delusion, now. Let her improper conduct be in vain. People like you are not deluded." Even though restrained in this way by Sādhu Citra, Sambhūta did not give up the nidāna. Alas! the desire for sense-objects is very strong. When their fasts were completed and destruction of age-karma had been achieved, they were born gods in the palace Sundara in Saudharma.

Life of Brahmadata (104-600)

After it fell from the first heaven, Citra's soul became the son of a rich man in the city Purimatāla. Sambhūta's soul fell and descended into the womb of Queen Culanī, the wife of King Brahman, in Kāmpilya. His future power indicated by the fourteen great dreams, her son was born, gold color, seven bows tall. King Brahman, who was immersed in the Absolute, as it were, from joy, gave him the name, famous throughout the world, Brahmadata. He grew up, giving

joy to the lotuses of the eyes of the world, thriving with the collection of arts like the spotless moon with the collection of digits.

Brahman had four friends like the four faces of Brāhmā. Among these one was Kāṭaka, King of Kāśi; another was Kaṇerudatta, King of Hastināpura; Dīrgha, Lord of Kośala; and Puṣpacūlaka, Lord of Cāmpā. United by affection, the five lived in the city of each one for a year at a time, like the (five) trees of heaven in Nāndana. One time they came as usual to Brahman's city and some time passed as they amused themselves there. When Brahmādatta was twelve years old, King Brahman died from a headache. After Katakā and the others had performed King Brahman's funeral rites, the four took counsel like the four methods embodied.

"While Brahmādatta is a child, one of us here in turn must be his protector for a year at a time, like a police officer."

By agreement they appointed Dīrgha to protect their friend's realm. Then the three went from that place to their respective homes. Then Dīrgha, whose intelligence was small, consumed the wealth of Brahman's realm at his pleasure, like a bull an unguarded field. Dull-witted, without any restraint he searched out everything that had been concealed for a long time in the treasury, like wicked people the weak point of an enemy. Because of previous acquaintance he went unhindered into the women's quarters. For overlordship generally acts as a cause of blindness in men. He took counsel privately with Queen Culanī more than necessary, striking with clever humorous speeches like arrows of Love. He scorned the customs and people favored by Brahman and he became attached to Culanī. The senses are hard to restrain. The two of them—Culanī and Dīrgha—abandoned love for a husband and affection for a friend—King Brahman. Alas! love crushes everything. Many days pass like an hour for them amusing themselves happily in this way as they liked.

The minister Dhanu, who was like King Brahman's second heart, learned of this. For their evil conduct was evident.

The minister reflected:

“Let Culanī behave improperly from her nature as a woman. For good women are rare. That Dirgha destroys the realm with the treasury and harem, which were handed to him in trust from confidence (in him)—that is no crime on his part.³¹⁰ So he would do something hostile to the prince. For evil people, like a cat, are not devoted to their supporter.”

After reflecting so, he instructed his son, Varadhanu, to make this known to Brahmadata and to attend him constantly. When the affair had been disclosed by the minister's son, Brahman's son displayed anger gradually, like an elephant newly in rut. Then Brahmadata, unable to endure his mother's wicked conduct, went to the women's quarters, taking with him a crow and a hen-cuckoo. There he said aloud, “These two must be killed because of the mixing of castes. I will certainly kill any one else like these.” “I am the crow, you the cuckoo, is the meaning. He wishes to kill us,” Dirgha said. The queen said, “Do not be afraid of a child's talk.”

One time the prince brought a mrga-elephant³¹¹ with a cow bhadrā-elephant and spoke in like manner contemptuously, indicating killing. Hearing that, Dirgha said, “The child's speech has a meaning.” Culanī replied, “If so, what then?” One time Brahman's son tied a crane to a haṁsī and said, “He mates with her. I do not tolerate such conduct of any one.” Dirgha said: “Queen, listen to these words of your son, a child, which resemble a belching of smoke from a fire of anger that has sprung up inside. The prince, growing up, will certainly be a great obstacle to us, like a lion to two elephants. Look! Before the prince becomes of military age, even though a child, he must be uprooted like a poison-tree.”

Culanī said, “How can a son, supporter of a kingdom, be killed? Even animals guard their offspring like their own

³¹⁰ 125. It was only what was to be expected.

³¹¹ 132. The third kind of elephant. See I, n. 128.

lives." Dīrgha said: "Death has come to you in the guise of a son. Do not be confused. While I am alive, sons of yours will be easy to acquire." Then Culanī, dismissing affection for her son, like a witch, subject to her attachment to erotic love, agreed to that. She counseled:

"He must be destroyed and evil report must be avoided, just as a mango-grove must be sprinkled and the offering of water to the Pitris must be made.³¹² What device? Or rather, there is this one. Brahman's son must be married. Then a combustible house must be made in the guise of a dwelling. When he and the daughter-in-law are sound asleep in it, which will have a secret entrance and exit, immediately after the wedding a fire must be kindled in it at night."

The two of them, after making this plan, chose Puṣpacūla's daughter and all the wedding-gear was prepared. Minister Dhanu found out this cruel intention of theirs and, his hands folded together, informed King Dīrgha: "Let my son, Varadhanu, who knows the arts and is expert in polity, be the beast of burden of the chariot of your commands, like a young ox. I, like an old ox, am weak in comings and goings. I will go somewhere and perform a religious act with your permission."

Thinking, "After he has gone somewhere else, this deceitful man would do something evil," Dīrgha was afraid of him. Who does not fear the wise? Dīrgha, dissimulating through deceitfulness, said to the minister: "What use do we have for the kingdom without you, like a night without the moon? Practice religion right here with a food-dispensary, et cetera. Do not go elsewhere. A kingdom with people like you looks like a grove with good trees."

Then Dhanu of good intelligence built a pure food-pavilion, like a great umbrella of religion, on the bank of the Bhāgīrathī. He kept the food-dispensary flowing uninterruptedly, like the

³¹² 141. Just as water can serve the two purposes of sprinkling trees and making an offering, so a device must be found to kill Brahmadatta and avoid scandal.

current of the Gaṅgā, with food, drink, et cetera for the caravans on the road. He made an underground tunnel for four miles up to the combustible house with trustworthy men won by gifts, honors and favors.

Now Dhanu informed Puṣpacūla about this incident by a secret letter, water for the tree of friendship. When Puṣpacūla knew about it, he wisely sent a slave-girl in his daughter's place, like a hen-crane in place of a haṁsī. She entered the city, the sky blazing with her ornaments and gems, watched by the people with the idea that she was Puṣpacūla's daughter, as if with the idea that brass was gold. The sky being filled with sounding musical instruments and deafening songs, Culaṇī joyfully married her to Brahman's son. Culaṇī dismissed all the people at evening and sent the prince with her daughter-in-law to the combustible house. The other attendants were dismissed; and the prince with his bride and with Varadhanu, who was like his own shadow, went there. Half the night passed, Brahmadata being kept awake by the minister's son with conversation. Whence is sleep of great men?

Then a fire blazed in the bed-chamber, as if set by men with their heads bent, instructed by Culaṇī to yell "fire." Then a cloud of smoke filled heaven and earth in all directions like a stream of ill-fame from the evil deeds of Culaṇī and Dirgha. The fire of seven tongues became one with a crore of tongues with masses of flames, as if ravenous to devour the whole. Questioned by Brahmadata, "What is this," the minister's son told him briefly about Culaṇī's evil conduct. "In order to drag you from this place like a figure from an elephant's trunk, my father had a tunnel made here which leads to the dispensary. After making it visible immediately by a kick on it, now enter its door like a yogi the entrance to a chasm." After striking the hollow ground, like a hollow drum, with his heel, he went through the tunnel with his friend, like a thread through the hole in a jewel.

At the end of the tunnel, the king's and the minister's

sons mounted horses held by Dhanu, resembling the Śri of Revanta. The horses went in the fifth gait ³¹³ for fifty yojanas like a kos; then, broken in wind, died. Then, intent on saving their lives, they went on foot with great difficulty to the vicinity of a village named Kostaka.

Brahmadatta said, "Friend Varadhanu, now hunger and thirst torment me, as if in rivalry with each other." "Wait here a moment," the minister's son said and summoned the barber from the village because of a wish for a haircut. From the advice of the minister's son, Brahman's son had a haircut then and there and wore only a top-knot. He put on pure reddish garments and had the appearance of a newly-risen sun covered by a twilight cloud. He wore a sacred thread placed around his neck by Varadhanu and Brahman's son bore a resemblance to a Brāhman's son. The minister's son covered Brahmadatta's breast, which was marked with a śrīvatsa, with a cloth, like the sun by a monsoon-cloud. In this way Brahman's son made a change of clothes like a stage-manager and the minister's son did the same, like an assistant stage-manager. Then they entered the village like the full moon and sun.

They were invited for food by an important Brāhman. He fed them with devotion suitable to a king. Generally entertainment is in accordance with prestige. The Brāhman's wife, throwing unhusked rice on the prince's head, brought forth a pair of white garments and a maiden who was equal to an Apsaras. Then Varadhanu said, "Foolish woman, why do you tie her to the neck of this young Brāhman, unskilled in arts, like a cow to the neck of a bull?" Then the important Brāhman said: "This is my daughter, Bandhumati, fair with virtues. There is no other husband for her except him. 'Her husband will be lord of the six-part world,' astrologers told me. This very man is certainly he. They told me,

³¹³ 169. The Abhi. 4. 312-315 enumerates the 5 gaits of a horse. See I, n. 304. But none seems to be a gait of great speed, certainly not the fifth. In III, pp. 173, 179, the horse used the fifth gait in inverted training.

‘Whoever, with the mark of the śrivatsa covered with a cloth shall eat in your house, to him must be given your daughter.’ ”

Brahmadatta’s marriage to her took place at that time. Unexpected pleasures appear freely to those men devoted to pleasure. After passing the night and consoling Bandhumati, the prince went elsewhere. How can people with enemies stay in one place? They reached a border-village and there they heard, “Dirgha has blocked all roads on account of Brahmadata.” They went forward by a side road and fell into a large forest obstructed by wild animals as well as cruel men of Dirgha. Then Varadhanu left the prince, who was thirsty, under a banyan tree and went for water with speed equal to the mind. Then Varadhanu was surrounded by Dirgha’s men, enraged, who had perceived him, like a young boar surrounded by dogs. He was captured and bound by them saying a terrifying thing: “Seize him! Seize him! Bind him! Bind him!” He gave a signal to Brahmadata, “Escape,” and the prince fled. Certainly heroism (should be) at the right time.

Then Brahman’s son went quickly from that large forest to another large forest, like a hermit from one hermitage to another. Living there on food of fruit of bad-flavor and no flavor, on the third day he saw an ascetic before him. “Where is your hermitage, Blessed One?” he asked and was conducted by the ascetic to his hermitage. For guests are dear to ascetics. Then he saw the abbot and joyfully paid homage to him like a father. The heart is the criterion even in an unknown matter.

The abbot said, “Son, what is the reason for you, whose appearance is very delicate, coming here like a tree of heaven to Meru?”

Then Brahman’s son confided his adventures to the mahātma. Generally nothing must be concealed from such men. Then the abbot, delighted, said, stammering: “I am your father’s younger brother, like one soul made into two. So you have come to your own house. Remain at your pleasure, son. Thrive from our penance along with our wishes.” Causing keen joy to the people’s eyes, dear to everyone, he

remained in this hermitage. The rainy season was at hand: Living there with him, like Janārdana with Bala, he was taught all the manuals, weapons, and missiles.

When the end of the rains, charming with the twittering of the blue cranes, had come like a brother, the ascetics went to the forest for the sake of fruit, et cetera. Though restrained urgently by the abbot, Brahmadata went with them to the forest, like an elephant with elephants. Roaming here and there, he saw elephant-sign and, sharp-witted, thought, "There is an elephant not far away." Though restrained by the ascetics, he followed its track and at the end of five yojanas saw an elephant like a mountain. His loin-cloth tied firmly, giving a loud roar, the man-elephant challenged the rutting elephant unhesitatingly, like a wrestler challenging a wrestler.

The elephant, the hair on his body erect from anger, his trunk curled up, his ears motionless, his eyes red, ran at the prince. When the elephant came near him, the prince threw his upper garment in between in order to deceive him like a child. Very angry, he caught the garment, which was like a piece of cloud falling from the sky, instantly on his tusks. By various gestures the prince made the elephant move to and fro with ease, like a snake-catcher a snake. Just then a cloud, like a friend of Brahmadata, making a loud noise, overwhelmed the elephant with streams of water. Then, after crying out with a disagreeable sound, he ran away, putting the deer to flight.

The prince, confused about directions by the rain, arrived at a river in his roaming. The prince crossed the river like calamity personified and saw on its bank an old deserted city. Entering, the prince saw in it a bamboo-thicket and in this a sword and a shield like a portentous Ketu and Moon. The prince, curious about weapons, took them and cut the large bamboo-thicket with the sword, (like) cutting a plantain. In the bamboo-thicket he saw a head with quivering lips that had fallen on the ground in front of him, like a lotus on dry ground. Looking fully, Brahman's son saw the trunk of some one

hanging upside down, inhaling smoke. He blamed himself, "Oh! I have killed some poor man, rich from subduing magic arts. Shame on me!"

When he went forward, he saw a garden that was like Nandana descended from heaven to earth. Entering it, he saw before him a seven-storied palace that was like the embodied secret of the Śrī of the seven worlds.³¹⁴ He ascended the lofty palace and saw a woman like a Khecari, seated, her face resting on her hand. The prince approached her and asked in a clear voice: "Who are you? Why are you alone and what is the cause of your grief?" Overcome by fear, she said with sobs: "I have a great misfortune. Tell who you are. Why have you come?"

"I am Brahmadata, son of Brahman, king of the Pañcālas."

When he said this, she got up joyfully. Making water for washing the feet, as it were, from the water of tears of joy that fell from the cup of her hands in the form of her eyes, she fell at his feet. Saying, "You have come, prince, protection for me without protection, like a ship to one sinking in the ocean," she wept. Questioned by him, she said:

"I am the daughter, Puṣpavatī, of your mother's brother, Puṣpactīla, lord of Aṅga. As a girl I was given to you. Waiting for the wedding-day, I went to the garden Dīrghikāpulina to play like a haṁsī. I was brought here by a wicked Vidyādhara, named Nātyonmatta, who abducted me, like Jānakī by Rāvaṇa. Unable to endure my glance, he entered a bamboo-thicket in order to subdue magic arts, like Śūrpaṇakhā's son. Now the magic art will be submissive to him, inhaling smoke upside down, and he, powerful from the magic art acquired, will surely marry me."

The prince told her the story of his killing. There was joy upon joy at acquiring a friend and losing an enemy. A gāndharva-marriage of them infatuated with each other took place. Among kṣatriyas it is the best kind for two persons

³¹⁴ 221. See MW, s.v. loka.

in love, though unaccompanied by sacred verses. Sporting with her tenderly with varied conversation, he passed three watches like one.

Then at dawn Brahmadata heard the sound in the air of Khecara-women like that of ospreys.

“What is this noise that takes place suddenly in the air like rain without a cloud?” Questioned so by him, Puṣpavati replied in confusion: “Two sisters of Nāṭyonmatta, your enemy, Vidyādhara-maidens, named Khaṇḍā and Viśākhā, have come. The reason is that they have come uselessly, bringing wedding-gear. Action is planned one way; fate performs it another way. Go away for a moment until I find out by praises of your virtues their state of mind toward you, whether they are friendly or hostile. In case of friendliness, I shall wave a red pennant and you should come. In case of hostility, I shall wave a white pennant and then you should go elsewhere.”

Then Brahmadata said: “Do not be afraid, timid lady. I am truly Brahman’s son. What will these two, pleased or displeased, do to me?”

Puṣpavati said: “I do not speak of fear on your part because of these two girls. But may their relatives, Vidyādharas, not be obstructive.” In accordance with her wish, he stayed in the same place at one side. Then Puṣpavati waved a white pennant. When the prince saw that, he left that place very slowly at his wife’s insistence. For there is no fear on the part of such men.

After crossing a forest difficult to cross like the sky, at the end of the day he arrived at a large lake, like the sun arriving at the ocean. After entering it quickly, like a celestial elephant entering Mānasa, and bathing, he drank its water freely like nectar. After Brahman’s son left the water, he approached the northwest bank which was asking, if the bath were successful, as it were, by the sounds of the bees buzzing in the creepers. There he saw a fair maiden, like the goddess of the forest in person, gathering flowers in an arbor of trees and creepers.

The prince thought, "The skill in making forms of the Creator, who has practiced making forms since birth, has appeared in her." Talking with a slave-girl, looking at him with glances resembling jasmynes, as if throwing a garland around his neck, she went away. When the prince, observing her alone, started to go away, a slave-girl came, carrying clothes, ornaments, and betel. She delivered the garments, et cetera and said:

"She whom you saw here sent this to you, like a pledge for the accomplishment of desires. I have been instructed, 'Conduct him to the house of my father's minister for true hospitality. For he knows what is proper.'"

He went with her to the house of the minister Nāgadeva. The minister rose to greet him, as if drawn by his merits. Informing him, "He, very fortunate, has been sent to your house by Princess Śrikāntā," she went away. Being entertained like a master in many ways by the minister, he passed the night like a moment. At the end of the night the minister conducted the prince to the palace. The king met him like a newly-risen sun with a reception-gift, et cetera. The king gave him his daughter without asking about his family, et cetera. For experts certainly know all that just by appearance. The prince married her, covering hand with hand, as if to unite completely their affection for each other.

One day Brahmadatta, while playing, asked her secretly, "Why did your father give you to me, alone, whose family, et cetera were unknown?" Śrikāntā, whose petal-lip gleamed with rays from her beautiful teeth, said:

"In Vasantapura Śabarāsena was king. His son, my father, after he was installed on the throne, was overthrown by cruel kinsmen and he took refuge in this settlement with his army and transport. Having made the Bhillas bend, like a current of water reeds, my father supports his followers by plundering villages, et cetera. I was born, very dear to my father, a daughter after four sons, like Śrī after the four methods. When I was grown, he said to me, 'All the kings

are my enemies. He will be considered your husband, whoever is desired by you staying here, after you have seen him.' From that time I, remaining constantly on the bank of the pool like a cakravāki, look at all travelers one by one. There is no success for my wishes. You, exceedingly difficult to obtain even in a dream, have come here from the accumulation of my good fortune, husband."

One day the village-chief went to plunder a village and the prince went with him. For that is the course of kṣatriyas. When the village had been looted, Varadhanu came and fell like a haṅsa at the lotus-feet of the prince on the bank of a pool. After embracing the prince's neck, he wept with all his might. Pains are renewed at the sight of a loved one. The minister's son was questioned by him, after consoling him with very gentle speeches like draughts of nectar, and told his experiences.

"When I left you at that time under a banyan tree, I went for water, lord. A little ahead I saw a large pool like a tank of nectar. After taking water in the hollow of a lotus-leaf for you, as I was coming back, I was surrounded by armed soldiers like messengers of Yama. 'Ho Varadhanu! Say where Brahmadata is to be found.' Being questioned so by them, I said, 'I do not know.' Beaten unhesitatingly by them like robbers, I said that Brahmadata had been devoured by a tiger.' Told, 'Show the spot,' I wandered here and there deceitfully. When I came to the road leading to seeing you, I made a gesture to escape. I threw a pill given by the ascetic into my mouth and, unconscious by its power, I was abandoned by them thinking I was dead. After they had been gone for a long time I took the pill from my mouth and, roaming to look for you like something lost, I came to a village.

There I saw an excellent mendicant like a heap of penance in person and I paid homage to him. He said to me: 'I am Vasubhāga, a friend of Dhanu, Varadhanu. Where is Brahmadata, illustrious sir?' Feeling confidence (in him), I told him the whole truth and he, his face dark from the smoke

of an evil story, said again to me:

'At the time when the combustible house was burned, at dawn Dīrgha saw one burned skull, but not three skulls. He saw the tunnel there and at its end horses' tracks and, knowing that you two had escaped by Dhanu's wit, he was very angry with him. He gave orders to patrols in every direction with un stumbling progress like the light of the sun to capture you and take you in. Minister Dhanu escaped but your mother was thrown into the caṇḍāla-quarter like hell by Dīrgha.'

Wounded by that news that was like a boil upon a boil, having pain coming on top of pain, I went to Kāmpilya. There I became a fictitious kāpālika and constantly entered house after house in the caṇḍāla-quarter, like a spy. When I was asked by the people there the reason for my roaming, I said, 'This is the practice of a caṇḍāla-magic art of mine.' Friendship, the vessel of confidence, was created by me roaming there in this way. What is not accomplished by deceit on the part of the one without a protector?

One day I said to the mother through them, 'Kaundinya, an ascetic, a friend of your son, salutes you.' On the next day I went myself and gave the mother a citron containing a pill and she became unconscious from it when it had been eaten. The city-superintendent went and reported to the king, 'She is dead,' and his own men were ordered by the king to see to her cremation.

When they came there, I said to them, 'If her cremation takes place at this moment, there will be a great misfortune to you and the king,' and they went to their house. I said to the guard, 'If you help, I shall acquire a charm by means of the corpse of this woman who has all the marks.' The guard agreed and at evening, accompanied by him alone, I took my mother to the cemetery far away. On the bare ground I made circles, et cetera craftily and then sent the guard to make an oblation to the city-goddesses.

When he had gone, I gave the mother another pill and she

arose, conscious, yawning as if at the end of sleep. After making myself known and restraining her weeping, I led her to Kacchagrāma to the house of Devāsarma, a friend of my father. Wandering here and there, searching for you, I came here. By good fortune you were seen now like a heap of merit of mine before my eyes. After that time, lord, how did you set out and how did you fare?" So questioned by him, the prince made known his adventures.

Then a man came there and told them: "In the village, Dirgha's soldiers, showing a track marked by a double shape like you (two), say, 'Have such men come here?' After hearing their speech, I saw you here. Do what is pleasing to you." When this man had gone, they fled into the forest like young elephants and in the course of time came to the city Kauśāmbī. There in a garden they saw a cock-fight, on which there was a wager of a lac, between the cocks of Sheth Sāgaradatta and Buddhila. Flying up repeatedly the cocks fought violently with claws like hooks for drawing out life and beak against beak. In this fight Buddhila's cock defeated the pure-bred, powerful cock of Sāgaradatta, like a miśra-elephant³¹⁵ a bhadrā-elephant.

Then Varadhanu said, "If you wish, Sāgara, I will examine him, to see how your pure-bred cock was defeated by him." Looking at Buddhila's cock with Sāgara's approval, he saw iron needles, like messengers of Yama, on his feet. Observing this, Buddhila offered him half a lac secretly; and he told the prince of this incident in an aside. Brahmadata removed the iron needles and had Buddhila's cock fight again with Sheth Sāgara's cock. Without needles Buddhila's was defeated instantly by (Sāgara's) cock. Whence is there victory of low persons without trickery?

Sāgaradatta, delighted, had them get into his chariot and conducted them, excellent friends from the gift of victory, to his house. While they were living in his house like their

³¹⁵ 307. Mixed, the worst of the 4 kinds of elephants. See I, n. 128.

own, a servant of Buddhila came and told Varadhanu something. When he had gone, Varadhanu told the prince, "Now see the half of a lac that Buddhila wished to give me." Then he showed him a necklace which gave an imitation of the planet Śukra (Venus) with spotless, large, round pearls. Brahman's son saw a letter marked with his own name fastened to the necklace; and a female ascetic, named Vatsā, came like a message embodied. After throwing unhusked rice on their heads accompanied by the pronouncement for a blessing, she took Varadhanu aside, told him something, and went away.

The minister's son began to tell that to Brahman's son: "This woman asked for an answer to the letter fastened to the necklace. 'Explain this letter marked with Śrī Brahmadata's name. Who is Brahmadata?' Questioned so by me, she said:

'There is a sheth's daughter, named Ratnavatī, in this city, like Rati who has assumed maidenhood on earth in another form. On the day of the cock-fight of Sāgaradatta and her brother Buddhila, she saw this Brahmadata. From that time distressed, wounded by love, she does not rest, but says constantly, 'Brahmadatta is my refuge—he alone.' One day she herself wrote the letter fastened to the necklace and handed it to me, saying, "Deliver it to Brahmadata." I sent the letter by a slave.' After saying this, she waited and I dismissed her, after delivering your answer."³¹⁶ From that day the prince, burned by Māra hard to control, like an elephant burned by the midday sun, was not happy.

One day men sent by Dīrgha to the lord of Kauśāmbī came to search for them there, like an arrow lost in the body. When the search for them had started in Kauśāmbī at the king's order, Sāgara put them in an underground house and concealed them like a treasure. As they wished to leave,

³¹⁶ 325. Brahmadata has written no reply, so far as we know. He has had no opportunity. But in the Māhārāṣṭrī version, Varadhanu delivers a reply, which he must have written himself. See Meyer, p. 39.

at night Sāgara put them in a chariot, escorted them on the road some distance and then returned. As they went forward, they saw in a garden a woman seated in a chariot full of missiles, like a goddess in Nandana. She addressed them respectfully, "Why has so much time passed on your part?" and they replied, "How do you know who we are?" She said:

"There was in this city a very wealthy sheth, named Dhanaprabhava, like a brother of Dhanada. I am in addition to eight sons of this excellent sheth, like the Śri of discrimination to the (eight) intellectual qualities.³¹⁷ Since I have been grown, I have prayed very much to the Yakṣa in this garden to obtain a very superior husband. There is no other desire of women. Pleased by my devotion, the best of Yakṣas gave me this boon: 'Cakravartin Brahmadata will be your husband. He, whom you see at the cock-fight of Sheths Sāgara and Buddhila, marked with a śrīvatsa, accompanied by a friend, of unusual beauty, must be recognized by you. Your first meeting with Brahmadata will take place when you are staying at my temple.'

So I know that you are he, sir. Come! Come! Calm me suffering from the fire of separation for a long time here by a meeting now like a stream of water."

He consented and took command of the chariot as well as her strong affection and asked her, "Where must we go?" She said: "In the city Magadha, there is my paternal uncle, Sheth Dhanāvaha. He will show us much honor. So we must go from here to there." At this speech of Ratnavati, Brahman's son had the horses urged on by the minister's son as charioteer.

After crossing Kauśāmbi-territory in a moment, Brahman's son arrived at terrifying large forest that was like an amusement-place of Yama. There two chiefs of a robber-band, Sukaṇṭaka and Kaṇṭaka, besieged Brahmadata, like two dogs a great boar. Immense like sons of the night of the

³¹⁷ 333. See III, p. 339.

destruction of the world, simultaneously with their soldiers they covered the sky with arrows, like a pavilion. The prince took a bow and, shouting, kept down the band of thieves with arrows, like a cloud a forest-fire with streams of water. As the prince was raining arrows, they escaped with their soldiers. Indeed! when a lion attacks, how can deer remain?

The minister's son said to the prince: "You are tired from the battle. Sleep for an hour, master, staying right here in the chariot." Brahmadata went to sleep in the chariot with Ratnavati, like a young elephant with a cow-elephant on a mountain-ridge. At daybreak, when they had reached a river, the tired horses stopped and the prince awoke. Awake, he did not see the minister's son in the chariot. Thinking, "Has he gone for water?" he called him repeatedly. As he did not receive an answer and saw the front of the chariot smeared with blood, wailing, "Oh! I am killed," he fell in the chariot in a faint. Being conscious again, he got up and wailing like ordinary people, "Oh! Oh! friend Varadhanu, where are you?" was enlightened by Ratnavati.

"So long as it is not known for certain that your friend is dead, it is not fitting to do anything inauspicious for him, even in speech, lord. Doubtless he has gone somewhere on your business. Ministers go on their lord's business without asking their lord. He, guarded by his very devotion to you, will surely come. For the power of devotion to the master is an armor for servants. When we have arrived at a settlement, we will have men search for him. It is not fitting to remain in this forest—a garden of Death."

At her speech he drove forward the horses and came to a border-village of Magadha. What is very far for horses and Maruts? The village-chief, who was in the assembly-hall, saw him and conducted him to his own house. Great persons, even though unknown, are honored because of their appearance.

Questioned by the village-chief, "Why do you seem overcome by grief?" he said, "My friend, fighting with thieves,

has gone somewhere.” “I will bring news of him, like Māruti of Sitā,” and with these words the village-chief penetrated the whole forest. Then the chief returned and said: “No one has been seen in the forest. However, I found this arrow which had fallen in fighting.” “Varadhanu has certainly been killed,” and then night came, the abode of darkness, like the grief of Brahman’s son thinking this. During the fourth watch of the night, thieves attacked there, but they were defeated by the prince, like persons absent from home by Māra.

Then, followed by the village-chief, he went gradually to Rājagṛha. He left Ratnavatī at a hermitage outside the city. Entering the city, he saw two girls, just grown, standing at a window of a palace, like Rati and Prīti in person. They said to him: “When you went away at that time, abandoning people devoted to you, does that appear fitting to you?” The prince said, “Oh! What devoted persons and when were they abandoned? Who am I and who are you?” “Please come and rest, lord.” And Brahmadaṭṭa entered their house, as well as their hearts, as they made such conversation. Remaining, they related their own true story to Brahman’s son who had a bath and a meal.

“There is a mountain, Vaitāḍhya by name, the abode of Vidyādhara, made of slabs of silver, like a tilaka of the earth. In the city Śivamandira in its southern row there is a king, Jvalanaśikha, like Guhyaka in Alakā. There is a wife, Vidyucchikā, of the Vidyādhara-lord, like lightning (the wife) of a cloud, by whose brilliance the surface of the sky is lighted. We are their daughters, dearer than life, named Khaṇḍā and Viśākhā, younger sisters of a son, Nāṭyonmatta.

One day our father, as he was talking with a friend, Agniśikha, in his palace, saw gods going through the air to Mt. Aṣṭāpada. Then he set out on a pilgrimage to holy places and made us and his friend Agniśikha go. For he would endow him, beloved, with dharma. When we arrived at Aṣṭāpada, we saw the statues made of jewels of the

Tirthanāthas, possessing (the right) size and color. After we had made the bath, anointing, and pūjā properly and had made the circumambulation three times, we paid homage with deep concentration. When we left the temple, we saw two flying-ascetics under a red aśoka tree, like penance and tranquillity embodied. After bowing to them and sitting down in front of them, we listened with faith to a sermon, moonlight for destroying the darkness of ignorance.

Agnīśikha said, 'Who will be the husband of these girls?' They said, 'The man who will kill their brother.' Our father became black from that speech, like the moon from winter. Because of the speech containing disgust with existence, we said: 'Just now we heard a sermon whose essence was the worthlessness of worldly existence. Why are you defeated by a savage in the form of fear of it, father? Enough for us of these various pleasures arising from sense-objects.' From that time we began to protect our brother.

One day my brother in his roaming saw Puṣpavati, the daughter of your maternal uncle, Puṣpacūla. His mind was captivated by her beauty, wonderful grace, and merit and he, of little wit, abducted her. Intelligence is in accordance with karma. Unable to endure her glance, he went to acquire a magic art. You know fully what happened after that.

At that time Puṣpavati told us of our brother's destruction. She removed sorrow by formulas of faith, like a teacher of wisdom. Furthermore Puṣpavati said: 'When he has come, he must be met (with honor). For the words of the muni, "Let Brahmadata be your husband," are not false.' We agreed to that and she from haste waved a white pennant. You had abandoned us and gone away then. When you did not come and were not seen from the imperfection of our good fortune, we came here, depressed, after wandering everywhere. You have been met because of merit. You were chosen before for our husband because of Puṣpavati's speech. You alone are our fate."

He married them with a gāndharva-wedding. For a king

is the recipient of women like the ocean of rivers. Sporting with the two of them like Śiva with Gaṅgā and Umā, Brahman's son passed the night there. "Until I obtain my kingdom, you must stay with Puṣpavati," he said and dismissed them. They said, "Very well," respectfully; and the people and the palace and everything disappeared like a city in a mirage.

Then Brahman's son went to the hermitage to look for Ratnavatī. Not seeing her there, he asked a man of good appearance: "Have you seen yesterday or today a woman wearing divine garments and adorned with jeweled ornaments, good sir?" He said: "Yesterday I saw a woman, crying, 'Lord! Lord!' Recognizing her as my granddaughter, I entrusted her to her paternal uncle." Told by him, "You are her husband," Brahman's son agreed and was conducted by him, delighted, to her uncle's house. The uncle married Brahmadata to Ratnavatī with great magnificence. Everything requires little effort on the part of the rich.

Experiencing pleasures of the senses with her, one day he began Varadhanu's funeral rites. While the Brāhmins were eating, like visible ghosts, Varadhanu came there disguised as a Brāhmin and said, "If you give food to me, that is to Varadhanu in person." His speech was heard by Brahman's son, like nectar to the ear. When he had seen him, making him one with himself, as it were, by an embrace, bathing him as it were with tears of joy, he conducted him into the house. Questioned by the prince he told his adventures.

"At that time, when you were asleep, I was attacked by thieves like Dirgha's soldiers. I was hit by an arrow by a thief inside the trees. I fell to the ground and concealed myself in the vines. When the thieves had gone away, concealing myself in the trees like an āṭi³¹⁸ in water, gradually I reached a village. Learning news of you from the village-chief, I came here. By good fortune I saw you, like a peacock

³¹⁸ 407. The āṭi is an aquatic bird (MW and Abhi. 4. 404), but the comparison does not seem very felicitous.

seeing a cloud." Then Brahmadata said: "How long shall we, like eunuchs, stay without manly action?" Just then the festival of spring, which had Makaradhvaja (Kāmadeva) attained as sovereign, the intoxicator of young men like wine, took place.

At that time a rutting elephant of the king broke his post, threw off his chain, and went away, like the younger brother of Death, all the people being terrified. The elephant seized with his trunk a girl burdened with the weight of hips, with a stumbling gait, after pulling her up like a lotus. With the miserable-eyed girl begging for protection, weeping, the cry "Ha! Ha!", like the first syllable of universal grief, arose. "Oh, miserable elephant! you are an outcaste. Are you not ashamed, seizing a woman?" So addressed by the prince, he abandoned her and approached him. Jumping up, setting his foot on the stair of his tusk, the prince mounted him easily and seated himself on his withers. Then the prince quickly tamed him by means of voice, foot, and goad,³¹⁹ like a yogi himself with good yoga.

Hailed by the people, "Well done! Well done! Long live! Long live!" the prince led the elephant, like a cow-elephant, to the post and tied him. Then the king came there and was astonished, when he saw him. To whom do not his appearance and strength cause surprise? "Who is he? Where from? Is he Sūrya or Vāsava incognito?" At these words of the king, Ratnavati's uncle described him. Then the king, considering him to have merit, held a festival and gave maidens to Brahmadata, like Dakṣa (his daughters) to the moon.³²⁰ After he had married them and was staying there comfortably, he was told one day by an old woman, who had come and twitched the border of his garment:

"There is a rich man here, named Vaiśravaṇa, like another

³¹⁹ 416. With a play on yoga meaning 'a means of control of an elephant' and 'self-concentration.' See II, p. 71 and note 132.

³²⁰ 420. Dakṣa gave 27 daughters as wives to the Moon.

Vaiśravaṇa (Kubera) in wealth. He has a daughter, named Śrīmatī, like Śrī from the ocean. She, who was saved from the rogue-elephant like a digit of the moon from Rāhu, longs for you alone. She has been depressed from that time. Save her from Smara, as you saved her from the elephant. Take her hand as you have taken her heart."

The prince married her with many auspicious rites of marriage. Furthermore, Varadhanu married Minister Subuddhi's daughter, Nandā. Remaining there, they became very famous in the land because of their power. Then they set out energetically for Vārāṇasī. Hearing that Brahmadata had come, the Lord of Vārāṇasī went to meet him like a Brāhman out of respect and conducted him to his house.

Kaṭaka gave him his daughter, named Kaṭakavatī, and a four-part army like the Śrī of Victory embodied. Kareṇudatta, King of Campā, the minister Dhanu, and other kings, Bhagadatta and others, came, when they heard of his arrival. After appointing Varadhanu general, like Ārṣabhi (Bharata) Suseṇa, Brahman's son set out to lead Dīrgha on the long road. A messenger from Dīrgha came and said to King Kaṭaka,

"It is not fitting to abandon your friendship from childhood with Dīrgha."

Then Kaṭaka said: "In the past together with Brahman we were friends like five full brothers. When Brahman died, his son and realm which had been entrusted to him for protection, were claimed by Dīrgha. Even a witch does not devour what has been entrusted. Would even an outcaste do the very great crime which Dīrgha did in regard to Brahman's son and goods, without considering it for a long time? So go. Tell Dīrgha, 'Brahmadatta approaches. Fight or die.'" With these words he dismissed the messenger.

Then, with unbroken marches Brahman's son went to Kāmpilya and besieged it together with Dīrgha, like a cloud covering the sky together with the sun. Dīrgha left the city with a full army, the essence of battle, like a snake, pressed by a stick, leaving a hole. At that time Culani, because of

extreme disgust with existence, took the vow under the head-nun, Pūrṇā, and in course of time attained emancipation.

King Dīrgha's front-line soldiers were killed by the front-line soldiers of Brahman's son, like the aquatic monsters of a river by the sea-monsters of the ocean. Dīrgha, frowning, like a boar with the tusks raised from anger, ran forward and began to kill the enemy. Brahmadata's army, infantry, chariots, cavalry, et cetera, was overthrown by Dīrgha, swift as a river's current. Then Brahmadata, red-eyed from anger, himself roaring, fought with Dīrgha roaring, like an elephant with an elephant. Both, exceedingly strong, destroyed arrows with arrows, like the ocean stirred up at the end of the world destroying waves with waves.

Then Brahmadata's cakra, with light streaming forth, victorious over the circle of the heavens, knowing the proper, time like a servant, approached. Then Brahman's son quickly took Dīrgha's life with it. What struggle is there of the lightning in the killing of a lizard? Saying, "Long live the cakrin," like bards, the gods rained flowers on Brahmadata. Looked on as a father, as a mother, as a deity by the townspeople, he entered the city Kāmpilya like Sutrāman entering Amarāvati. The king had his wives, previously married, brought from all places and installed the woman-jewel, named Kurumati.

Expedition of conquest (449-470)

One day the cakravartin set out with immeasurable forces, following the cakra, eager for the conquest of Bharataḥsetra. In the past there was holy Vṛṣabhalāñchana, best of kings, and he gave his kingdom to his eldest son, Bharata. Making a division the Master gave countries to his other ninety-nine sons. He himself practiced penance and attained emancipation.

The countries with their names are these: in the east: Pragama, Mastaka, Putra, Aṅgāraka, Malla, Aṅga, Malaya, Bhārgava, Prāgjyotiṣa, Vaṅśa, Magadha, Māsavartikā; in the south: Bāṇamukta, Vaidarbha, Vanavāsika, Mahiṣaka, Vanarāṣṭra, Tāyika, Aśmāka, Daṇḍaka, Kaliṅga, Iṣika, Puruṣa,

Mūlaka, Bhogavardhaka, Kuntula; in the west: Durga, Sūparika, Arbuda, Ārya, Kalli, Vanāya, Sāksika, Nartasādhika, Māheka, Ruru, Kaccha, Surāṣṭrā, Narmada, Sārasvata, Tāpasa; in the north: Kuru, Jāṅgala, Pañcāla, Sūrasena, Paṭaccara, Kaliṅga, Kāśi, Kausilya, Bhadrakāra, Vṛka, Arthaka, Vigarta, Kauśala, Ambaṣṭa, Sālva, Matsya, Kuniyaka, Mauka, Bālhika, Kāamboja, Madhudeśa, Madraka, Ātreya, Yavana, Abhīra, Vāna, Vānasa, Kaikaya, Sindhusauvīra, Gāndhāra, Katha, Toṣa, Daseraka, Bhāradvāja, Camūra, Vaprasthāla, Tārṇakarnaka; these behind the Vindhya: Tripura, Āvanti, Cedi, Kiṣkindha, Naiṣadha, Daśārṇa, Kusumārṇa, Naupala, Antapa, Kausala, Padāma, Vinihotra, Vaidiśa; Videha, Vatsa, Bhadra, Vajra, Siṅḍimbha, Saitava, Kutsa, Bhaṅga—these occupying the middle part of Madhyadeśa.

Conquering the lord of Māgadha, the god-lord of Varadāman, Prabhāsa, Kṛtamāla, and others in turn, his commands kissing the heads of the circle of kings, Brahman's son himself conquered these ninety-nine countries. The king made the six-part land a one-part land by rooting up, as it were, boundaries that had grown up under different masters. After crushing his enemies, the king set out for Kāmpilya, his commands cherished by crowned kings, covering the earth with soldiers and the sky with dust which they stirred up, with the road shown by the cakra like a door-keeper going in advance, lord of the fourteen jewels and the nine treasures, traveling with unbroken marches, the king arrived at the city. King Brahmadata entered the city Kāmpilya, which had a concert undertaken from joy, as it were, in the guise of the noise of the drums. Then his coronation lasting for twelve years, like that of Bharata, was commenced by kings coming from every direction.

Story of the faithful Brāhman (471–484)

When in the past Brahman's son was wandering alone, there was a Brāhman, a companion, sharing pleasures and pains. "When you have heard that I have obtained the realm,

you must come quickly, reverend sir." Invited in these words, he (the Brāhman) came to his neighborhood at that time. Owing to the obstacle of the royal coronation, he did not gain admittance; (but) he began to serve the king, just as a door-keeper.

At the end of the coronation, the king went outside and the Brāhman made a banner of worn-out shoes to make himself known. Seeing this banner different from other banners, the king asked the door-keeper, "Who is the bearer of this unusual banner?" He said, "For twelve years he has done service to Your Majesty." The king summoned him and said, "What is this?" He said: "While I was wandering with you, so many shoes of mine were worn out. You did not make me even that gift, lord." Then he recognized him and laughed. He appointed him to service and saw that he was not barred by the door-keepers.

The king, occupying his audience-hall, summoned him and said, "Reverend sir, what can be given you?" He said, "Give me food." The king said, "That is very little. Ask for a district or something like that." He, who had a greedy tongue, said: "Even in the case of royalty, food is compensation. So, have food given me everywhere in Bharatakṣetra and a dinar for a fee, beginning with your house." The king thought, "Certainly so much is his due," and gave him food in his house and a dinar cash. At the king's command the Brāhman began to eat in Bharata; and he thought, "Since I have eaten everywhere, I shall eat in the palace." But the Brāhman did not obtain royal food even after a long time. Passing time uselessly, he died at some time or other.

Reunion with Citra's soul (485-511)

One day at a musical play a slave-girl delivered to him a bouquet of various flowers, like one arranged by Apsarases. When Brahmadata saw it, thinking, "Such as this I have seen somewhere before," he employed inner ūha and apoha again and again. From the rising of the memory of five former

births just at that time he swooned, and realized, "I saw such a one in Saudharma." Sprinkled with sandal-water, he recovered, and he thought, "How will my brother in a former birth be found?"

Wishing to know him, he gave a samasyā ³²¹ of a half-śloka: "We two were slaves, deer, haṅsas, caṇḍālas, and gods likewise." He had proclaimed in the city: "I shall give half the kingdom to the one who completes my samasyā of half a śloka." Everyone, reciting the half-śloka which he had learned by heart like his own name, made a second half. But no one completed it.

At that time Citra's soul, the son of a rich man, who had become a mendicant from memory of his former births, came from Purimatāla, as he was wandering alone. Then in the garden Manorama where he occupied a bare spot of ground free from life, he heard the half-śloka from a water-drawer who was reciting it. "This is the sixth birth of us (now) separated from each other." After supplying the second half of the śloka, he taught it to him (the water-drawer). The water-drawer recited the second-half of the śloka to the king and questioned by him, "Who is the poet?" said it was the muni. Giving him a gratuity, he went eagerly to the garden to see the muni like a tree of dharma that had sprung up.

After paying homage to the muni, his eyes full of tears, the king sat down near him, feeling affection from former births. After the muni, an ocean with water of compassion, had pronounced a blessing, he began a sermon as a favor to the king.

Sermon (499-502)

"Your Majesty, in this worthless worldly existence, there is nothing else of value. Dharma alone is of value, like a lotus in mud. The body, youth, wealth, lordship, friends, relatives—all those are as wavering as the border of a banner

³²¹ 489. A part of a stanza to be completed.

lifted by the wind. Just as you conquered external enemies to gain the earth, so conquer internal enemies to gain emancipation. Take the duties of sādhus; abandon everything else, after separating them. For a rājahaṅsa takes milk after separating it from water."

Brahmadatta then said: "By good fortune you have been seen, brother. This sovereignty is yours alone. Enjoy pleasures as you like. For pleasures are the fruit of penance. Why do you practice penance? Who would struggle, when his purpose has been self-accomplished?"

The muni said: "My wealth was like Dhanada's. I abandoned it like straw from fear of wandering in births. You, your merit exhausted, have come to this earth from Saudharma. Your merit being exhausted, do not go from here to a low state of existence, king. After obtaining a human birth in an Āryan country in a highest family, which confers emancipation, you gain pleasures by that, like cleansing the feet with nectar. Recalling how we wandered in low categories after falling from heaven, our merit exhausted, why are you confused, king, like a child?"

Even so enlightened by him, the king did not become enlightened. How is there any growth of the seed of enlightenment on the part of those who have made a nidāna? After enlightening him who was most unenlightened, the muni went elsewhere. How long do reciters of spells remain after a bite by a serpent commanded by Death? The muni attained brilliant omniscience by destruction of destructive karmas; after destroying the karmas prolonging existence, he attained the highest step (emancipation).

Story of the Nāga and Nāgiṇī (512-571)

Brahmadatta continued to be served by kings, passing years with the splendor of a cakrin, like Śakra on earth. One day a horse with marks like one of the seven horses of the Sun was sent by the lord of the Yavanas as a present. Brahmadatta

quickly mounted him to test whether or not his speed was equal to his matchless form. The elephant of kings, accompanied by horsemen, elephant-riders, charioteers, and infantry, left the city, bestriding the horse. The cakrin, whose courage was great, pressing both sides of the horse with his thighs, eager to see his speed, struck him with a whip. Like a boat driven by a wind behind it, urged by the whip, the horse went with excessive speed and became invisible in a moment. Although the king pulled him to turn around, the horse did not stop, but went unchecked into the forest, like the mind of a man without restraint. In the forest terrifying from cruel wild animals the horse stopped of its own accord from weariness, like a flying bird (resting) on a lake. The cakrin, who was suffering from thirst, wandered here and there, looking for water; and he saw a pool with a garland of dancing waves. The king unsaddled the horse and watered him, led him to the bank, and tied him to a tree-root with the bridle.

Then Brahmadata himself bathed like a forest-elephant and drank the water fragrant with the perfume of lotuses as he liked. After the cakrabhṛt had come out of the pool, as he was walking on the bank, he saw a Nāga-maiden with a wealth of matchless beauty and grace. While he stood astonished by her beauty, a serpent, a boa constrictor, came out of the banyan tree, like its living foot. The Nāga-maiden instantly assumed the form of a female serpent and agreed to union with the boa constrictor.

The king thought: "Alas! This woman is extremely in love with that low serpent. Water and women seek the low. This mixing of castes can not possibly be disregarded by me, since everyone on earth must be set on the right road by the king."

With this reflection, the king separated them, struck both with a whip and, his anger allayed, released them. They went away somewhere. The king reflected again: "Surely, a Vyantara, assuming the form of a boa constrictor, dwells (here) to dally with that Nāga-maiden." As the king was so

reflecting, by following the horse's track he came to the entire army which was delighted at the sight of the king. Attended by the army the cakrin went to his own city.

The Nāga-maiden went and tearfully told her husband such a story: ³²² "Brahmadatta, sovereign of the world of mortals, is lustful. Roaming about, he came just now to the forest, Bhūtaramaṇa. I, going in attendance on a Yākṣiṇī, surrounded by women-friends, was seen by him as I emerged from a lotus-pond after a bath. Wounded by Love at sight of me, wishing to dally, he asked me; and beat me, unwilling and weeping, with a whip. Though I told your name, he, intoxicated with power, beat me for a long time and left me for dead."

After hearing that, the Nāga-prince, angered, approached Brahman's son to kill him, entering his house at night. Just then the chief-queen said to Brahmadatta, "Lord, what did you see when you were carried away by the horse?" The king related the wicked story of the female serpent and the boa constrictor, the punishment administered by himself, and the checking of their evil conduct. The Naga, concealed, heard all that and his anger was allayed instantly, as he had learned by himself his wife's fault.

At that time the king left the house for care of the body and saw the Nāga by whose splendor the sky was lighted up. The Nāga said: "Long live King Brahmadatta, who is the chastiser on earth of the evilly-behaved. The Nāga-maiden whom you beat is my wife. You were described to me by her, 'Lustful for me, he beat me,' though you are a chastiser. Because of her story, king, I came here, eager to burn you. Just now I heard secretly her bad behavior from your mouth. She, a harlot, was properly punished by you devoted to the law. Pardon that I thought of something evil against you because of her story."

The king said, "There is no fault on your part. Truly,

³²² 531. The Joseph and Potiphar motif. Cf. Pārśva., p. 199.

women conceal their own fault by deceit, blaming some one else." The Nāga said: "It is the truth that women are deceitful. I am delighted by your conduct. Tell me, what can I do for you, sir?"

The king replied: "May there be nowhere in my kingdom any adultery, theft, nor violent death at all." The Nāga said: "Let it be so. Again I am delighted with that request of yours beneficial to others. Now ask something for yourself." After considering, the king asked: "King of Nāgas, make it so that I can understand properly the speech of all creatures." The Nāga said: "This is hard to give, but it is given by me to you. But if you tell anyone else, your head will split into seven pieces." With these words, the king of Nāgas went away.

One day the king went to the toilet-house with his wife. A female lizard said to a lizard, "My dear, bring me the king's ointment which will satisfy my pregnancy-whim." The lizard said, "Am I of no use to you by myself?" The king understood their speech and laughed. The queen asked the king, "Why did you laugh suddenly?" The king, afraid of death if he told that, said, "For no reason." She said: "Certainly you must tell me the reason for laughing. Otherwise, I shall die. Why must it be concealed from me?" The king said: "If it is not told, you may or may not die. But if it is told, I shall die at once undoubtedly." Not believing that, she said again, "Tell me. We shall both die. May our condition of existence be the same."

The king, who had fallen into women's persistence, had a pyre made in a cemetery. He went near the pyre and said, "I, ready to die, am going to tell that." Then after bathing, the king mounted on an elephant and went with her to the pyre, watched by the tearful townspeople. In order to enlighten the cakrin, one of the family deities created a figure of a goat and a pregnant doe. Thinking, "The king understands all languages," the pregnant doe said to the goat in pure goat-language: "My dear, bring me here a bundle of barley from that pile of barley. When I have eaten it, my pregnancy-whim

will be satisfied."

The goat said: "This barley of Cakrin Brahmadata is guarded for the horses. There would be death to me in taking it." The doe said, "I shall die, if you do not bring the barley."

The goat replied, "If you are dead, I shall have another wife."

She said again, "Look! The cakrin gives up life to please his wife. He is the quintessence of affection, but you have no affection for me, alas!"

The goat said: "The husband of many women is ready to die at the speech of one woman. That is folly. I am not a fool like him. If the queen dies with him, there will be no union in the next birth. People's states of existence have different paths, depending on their karma."

After he heard their talk, the cakrin reflected: "The goat spoke well. Why should I, bewildered by a mere woman, die?" The king, delighted, put a gold necklace and a garland of flowers on the goat's neck and went home. He restrained the queen, saying, "I shall not die on your advice." And he directed the realm again, with a cakravartin's splendor unbroken. Thus sporting in many ways, Brahmadata passed seven hundred, less sixteen, years from birth.

Brahmadatta's blinding (572-596)

One day a Brāhman, an old acquaintance, said to him, "Cakravartin, give me the (same) food that you eat yourself."

Brahmadatta said: "Brāhman, my food is very hard to digest; but when it is digested for a long time, it leads to a great frenzy."

Then Brāhman said, "You are very stingy in giving food. Shame on you!" and the king fed him and his household with his own food. During the night a tree of insane love with a hundred branches appeared violently in the Brāhman from his porridge like a seed. The Brāhman and his sons, like cattle, committed sins in love with mother, sister, and daughter-in-law unrecognized. Then at the end of the night the Brāhman

and his household were not able to show their faces to each other from shame. Thinking angrily, "I and my household have been derided by the king with cruel food," the Brāhman went outside the city.

As he was wandering outside, he saw in the distance a goatherd perforating the leaves of a fig tree with pieces of gravel. Reflecting, "He is capable of effectuating my hostility," after gaining him over with honor as well as money, he said to him: "By throwing little balls (of rock) you must put out the eyes of the one who goes on the highway, mounted on an elephant, with a white umbrella and chauris." The goatherd agreed to the Brāhman's command. Cattleherds act without reflecting, like cattle.

Taking his place inside a hut, throwing two little balls at the same time, he knocked out the king's eyes. The command of Fate is not to be transgressed. The goatherd was caught by his bodyguards, like a crow by a hawk, and when he was beaten, confessed that the Brāhman alone was the cause of his crime.

After hearing that, the king said: "Shame, shame on the tribe of Brāhmans! Wherever they eat, they, wicked, break the dish. Better a gift to a dog than to him who becomes master of the giver. Certainly it is not fitting to give to ungrateful Brāhmans. Whoever created deceivers, cruel men, wild animals, meat-eaters, and Brāhmans, he must be blamed first of all."

Saying this, the king, very angry, had the Brāhman killed, together with his sons, brothers, friends, like a handful of flies. Blind in both eyes, a promise having been made in his heart in anger, he had all Brāhmans, family priests, et cetera, killed. He instructed the minister, "Fill a big dish with eyes of Brāhmans and set it before me." Knowing the king's cruel state of mind, the minister filled a dish with fruit of the sebesten and put it before him. Brahmadatta was delighted, touching them frequently with his hand, saying, "The dish is well filled with eyes of Brāhmans."

Just as Brahmadata had no pleasure in the touch of the woman-jewel, Puṣpavati,³²³ so he did have pleasure in the touch of the dish. At no time did he have the dish taken away from in front of him, like a drunk man a cup of wine, the cause of a low state of existence. He crushed the sebestens with the idea they were Brāhmans' eyes, as if gratifying the pregnancy-whim of the tree of evil ready for fruit. His cruel state of mind grew worse, as it was unhindered. Everything pertaining to the great, favorable or unfavorable, is great.

Death of Brahmadata (597-600)

So sixteen years passed, while the king was practicing cruel meditation—a boar in the mud of evil. Twenty-eight years passed while Brahmadata was prince; fifty-six while he was governor of a district; sixteen years in the conquest of Bharataṣetra, six hundred in guarding the rank of cakravartin. Seven hundred years having passed from the day of his birth, saying frequently “Kurumati,” he went to the seventh hell which accorded with the fruit of developments connected with injuries (committed by him).

³²³ 593. Earlier and later she is called ‘Kurumati.’

CHAPTER II

PREVIOUS BIRTHS OF PĀRŚVANĀTHA

Homage to Śrī Pārśvanātha, Protector, Supreme Spirit, tree for the support of the creeper of all the auspicious occasions (kalyāṇa). Now the very purifying life of Pārśvanātha is celebrated for the benefit of the whole world and for my own benefit.

Incarnation as Marubhūti (3-55)

In this zone, named Bharata, of this same Jambūdvīpā, there is a city Potanapura like a new piece of heaven. The ornament of the earth, a habitation for meetings with Śrī, it is frequented by kings, like the lotus-bed of a river by haṅsas. Rich men there shone like younger brothers of Śrīda because of their wealth and like full brothers of a wishing-tree because of their great generosity. It was magnificent beyond the sphere of words from its resemblance to Amarāvati; or rather, Amarāvati was magnificent because of a resemblance to it. Its king was named Aravinda, bee to the lotus-feet of the Arhat, the abode of Śrī, like the ocean. Just as he was unique among the powerful, so he was among the discerning. Just as he was chief of the wealthy, so he was of the glorious. Just as he divided money among the poor, protectorless, and unfortunate people, so he divided day and night among the aims of existence. Corresponding to the king, there was a Brāhman, a family-priest, an advanced layman, who knew the Principles—soul, non-soul, et cetera, named Viśvabhūti. He had two sons, Kamaṭha and Marubhūti, older and younger, borne by Anuddharā. Varuṇā was the name of Kamaṭha's wife and Vasundharā of Marubhūti's, endowed with beauty and grace. Both (the sons) had learned the arts and both were competent in the acquisition of property, affectionate towards each other, a source of joy to their parents. Recalling the formula of homage to the

Pañcaparameṣṭhins, engaged in concentrated meditation, Viśva-bhūti died and became a chief god in Saudharma. His wife, Anuddharā, worn out by fever because of separation from him, her body dried up by sorrow and penance, died, engaged in the formula of homage.

The brothers performed the funeral rites of their parents and in course of time, enlightened by Ṛṣi Hariścandra, became free from sorrow. Kamaṭha remained there, always occupied with domestic affairs. When the father has died, generally the elder son is the head of the house. Marubhūti, always knowing the worthlessness of worldly existence, became averse to sense-objects, like an ascetic to food. Devoted to precepts of undertaking study and fasting, engaged in concentrated meditation, he passed days and nights in the fasting-house. Having desisted from everything objectionable, Marubhūti's idea was always, "I shall wander near a guru."

Intoxicated by the wine of negligence, always confused by wrong-belief, Kamaṭha on the other hand became devoted to other men's wives and gambling without restraint. Vasundharā, Marubhūti's wife, with fresh youth became the causer of delusion to people, like a living poisonous creeper. But she was never touched at all by Marubhūti, an ascetic by nature, even in sleep, like a desert creeper by water. Then she, desirous of sense-objects and not having any union with her husband, considers her youth like a jasmine in a forest. Kamaṭha, who was naturally lustful, undiscerning, after seeing his sister-in-law again and again, addressed her affectionately.

One day Kamaṭha, seeing her alone, said: "Why do you waste away daily like a ḍigit of the black half of the moon, fair-browed lady? Even if you do not tell it from shame, nevertheless I know your trouble. I think my younger brother, foolish, behaving like a eunuch, is the cause of that." After hearing that improper speech of his, trembling, she began to flee, her hair and upper garment disheveled. Kamaṭha ran after her, held her by the hand, and said: "Foolish girl, why this fear of yours at the wrong time? Bind up your loose

hair and put on your garment which has fallen off." With these words he did it himself, though she was unwilling.

She said: "Elder brother, what is this? You are to be honored like Viśvabhūti. This is not right for you or for me, leading to disgrace of both families."

Kamaṭha smiled and said: "Do not say this from simplicity. Do not make your own youth, deprived of pleasure, in vain. Enjoy pleasure of the senses with me, fair-eyed lady. Enough of this eunuch Marubhūti now, since the law (smṛti) is:

'If the husband has disappeared, dies, become an ascetic, is impotent, or outcaste—in these five calamities, of women another husband is prescribed.' " 324

So advised by him she, very desirous of pleasure in the beginning, seated on his lap first, abandoned shame together with propriety. Then Kamaṭha, wounded by love, dallied with her. In this way there were constantly secret opportunities, always concealed, for them.

Finding this out, Varuṇā, bereft of compassion, red-eyed, jealous, told Marubhūti everything. Marubhūti said to her: "Lady, this ignoble conduct does not exist in the elder brother, like heat in the moon." Though restrained by him in this way, she told that day after day. He reflected, "Who can be certain from confidence in some one else?" Being averse to sexual pleasure, in order to be a witness himself, he went to Kamaṭha and said, "I am going to the village now." After saying this, Marubhūti went away, but returned at night in the guise of an exhausted begger by changing his dress and speech.

He said to Kamaṭha, "Sir, give me, a traveler from afar, shelter in your house," and he gave it unhesitatingly. He stayed in the window shown him, pretending to go to sleep, wishing to see the evil conduct of the two blinded by love. Vasundharā and Kamaṭha, evil-minded, dallied for a long time, unafraid from the thought, "Marubhūti has gone to the

village." Marubhūti, staying where he was, saw what should not be seen, but did not do anything hostile, fearing people's censure. He went and told everything to King Aravinda. Intolerant of evil conduct, he gave instructions to his guards:

"Kamaṭha, committing a crime, must not be killed because he is the son of the house-priest. After seating him on a donkey with mockery, he is to be banished."

After seating him on a donkey, they expelled Kamaṭha, his body spotted with mineral-mixtures, accompanied by drums sounding forth harshly. Watched by the townspeople, his head bent, unable to retaliate, Kamaṭha went to the forest, with a desire for emancipation. Then he became an ascetic under the ascetic Śiva and Kamaṭha began fool's penance in the forest.³²⁵

Marubhūti suffered remorse: "Shame on what I did, that I told the king about my brother's stumbling conduct. This stumbling of mine was greater than his stumbling. I shall go now and ask forgiveness of my elder brother." With these thoughts, he asked the king and, though restrained by him, went to Kamaṭha and fell at his feet. Recalling the former disgrace at that time, Kamaṭha angrily raised a big stone and threw it at his head, as he was bowing. Taking it up even again, Kamaṭha threw the rock on him injured by the blow, as well as (throwing) himself completely into hell.

Second incarnation as elephant (56-108)

Dying from the injuries from the blows, in a state of painful meditation, he was born an elephant, the leader of a herd on the Vindhya mountains, tall as Vindhya. Varuṇā, blind with anger, died and became a cow-elephant, wife of the same lord of the herd. Happy from unbroken pleasure, the lord of the herd plays with her especially on mountains, in rivers, et cetera as he liked.

³²⁵ 50. I.e., foolish kinds of penance that produce no results See III, p. 224, n. 285.

And now Arvinda, Lord of Potana, was amusing himself with the women of his household on top of the palace in autumn. While he was amusing himself, he saw a newly-risen cloud, filled with a rainbow and lightning, spreading over the sky in a moment. While the king was saying, "Look at its beauty!" the cloud, struck by a strong wind, dispersed like a bunch of cotton. After seeing that, the king reflected: "Other things in saṁsāra are like this. The body, et cetera are gone as soon as seen. What confidence in that (saṁsāra) is there on the part of a discerning man?"

As the king was reflecting assuredly to this effect, his knowledge-obscuring and conduct-deluding karma reached destruction and quiescence. With clairvoyance produced at once, the king installed his son Mahendra in his place and took the vow at the feet of Ācārya Samantabhadra. With his guru's permission, engaged in solitary wandering and fasts, Muni Aravinda wandered, as if to cut the road of births. As he wandered, indifferent to the body, there was no stopping at all in a solitary place, dwelling, village, or city.

One day, his body emaciated by penance, having made numerous special vows, he went to Aṣṭāpada with the caravan of the trader, Sāgaradatta. Sāgaradatta asked the muni, "Where are you going?" He replied, "We are going to Mt. Aṣṭāpada to pay homage to the gods." Again the trader asked: "What gods are on that mountain? By whom were they made? How many are they? What fruit is there for you in their worship?"

Knowing that he had attained suitability for emancipation, Rṣi Aravinda said to him, "No others, except the Arhats, are worthy to become gods, sir." "Who are the Arhats?" "They who are free from pāssion, omniscient, worshipped by Śakra, saviors of the whole universe by teaching of dharma. Cakrin Bharata, Rṣabha's son, had the statues of the twenty-four Arhats, Rṣabha and the others, made of jewels there (Aṣṭāpada). The chief fruit of homage to them is emancipation, but other incidental fruit is attainment of the rank of

king, Indra, Ahamindra, et cetera and such things. How can others, themselves engaged in injurious acts, facing a bad state of existence, causing delusion in everyone, become gods, sir? ”

Enlightened by him with this and other speeches, the caravan-leader abandoned wrong belief quickly and in his presence undertook to be a layman. R̥ṣi Aravinda told him religious stories daily; and gradually he reached the forest inhabited by Marubhūti. At meal-time the caravan-leader with the caravan camped on the bank of a pool there, an Ocean of Milk of water. Some went for wood; some for water; some for grass; some remained in the caravan, engaged in cooking food, et cetera.

At that time the elephant Marubhūti, surrounded by female elephants, came there and drank water from the pool, like a cloud from the ocean. After making for a long time the (sport of) tossing up his trunk filled with water with the cow-elephants, he left (the pool) and climbed up the edge. Looking around in all directions, he saw the caravan encamped there and he ran forward, his face and eyes red from anger, like Krtānta. His trunk made into a circle, both ears motionless, the heavens filled with his trumpeting, he scattered the members of the caravan. Men, women, draft-animals, elephants, et cetera fled in all directions to save their lives. Everyone wishes to live.

Knowing by clairvoyance that the time for the elephant's enlightenment was near, the Blessed Aravinda held the kāyotsarga-posture, motionless. After running from a distance from anger, seeing him, he went near, his anger appeased from the power of the Śrī of his (Aravinda's) penance. At once, his body motionless from the desire for emancipation and compassion that had arisen, he stood before the muni, like a new disciple. The muni finished his kāyotsarga for his benefit and began to enlighten him in a voice deep from tranquillity.

“ Sir! Sir! Do you not remember your own birth as

Marubhūti? Do you not recognize me, King Aravinda? Have you forgotten the dharma of the Arhats accepted in that birth? Remember everything. Dismiss delusion which results in (birth in) the category of wild animals.”

Immediately he attained recollection of the birth through the muni's speech, and the elephant bowed to the muni with his head. Again the muni said:

“In this existence which resembles a play, a creature, like an actor, assumes a different form from moment to moment. So, on the one hand, you were then a Brāhman, intelligent, knowing the Principles, a layman; on the other hand, now you are an elephant, your soul confused by the nature of your category (as an animal). Accept again the layman-dharma of your former birth.”

He agreed to the muni's speech with gestures of his trunk, et cetera. Varuṇā, who had become a cow-elephant and had stayed just there, attained the remembrance of (former) births at that very time, like the noble elephant. For the sake of firmness (in faith) the ṛṣi explained again householders' dharma to him. After becoming a layman and bowing to the muni, the elephant went away. Amazed by the elephant's enlightenment, many people there became mendicants and many became laymen at that time. Then Sāgaradatta, too, became a distinguished layman, his heart firm in the Jinas' dharma, not be shaken even by the gods. Having gone to Mt. Aṣṭāpada, the great muni Aravinda paid homage to all the Arhats and went elsewhere in his wandering.

The elephant-layman, having become a yati in spirit, roamed, devoted to care in walking, et cetera, practicing penance—the two-day fast, et cetera. Drinker of water heated by the sun, breaking a fast with dried leaves, et cetera, the elephant remained averse to play with cow-elephants, his mind disgusted with existence. He reflected:

“They are fortunate, who take the vow as humans. The vow is the fruit of being human, like the gift of money in a dish. Alas! Being human then was wasted by me, like

money by a rich man, as I did not take initiation. Now, what can I, an animal, do?"

Thus meditating, his mind firm in his guru's teaching, he continued passing the time, comfortable in pleasant and unpleasant circumstances.

Kamaṭha's second incarnation (104-115)

Now, Kamaṭha, unappeased by the murder of Marubhūti, not being made to speak by the guru, blamed by the other ascetics, died, engaged in especially painful meditation; he became a kukkuṭa-serpent³²⁶ and roamed, destroying creatures like a winged Yama. One day as he roamed he saw the Marubhūti-elephant drinking pure water heated by the sun's rays in a pool. He happened to be mired in mud at that time and was unable to get out because of his emaciation from penance and he was bitten on the boss by the kukkuṭa-serpent. Knowing his own death (at hand) from the stream of the poison, the elephant rejected the four kinds of food, engaged in concentrated meditation.

Marubhūti's third incarnation (109)

Recalling the homage to the Five, engaged in pious meditation, he died and became a god in Sahasrāra with a life-term of seventeen sāgaras.

Varuṇā's third incarnation (110-115)

The cow-elephant Varuṇā practiced very severe penance, so that she became a goddess in the second heaven, after death. There was no god in Īśāna whose heart was not won by her wealth of fascinating beauty and grace. But she did not pay any attention to any god at all, absorbed in thought of meeting the god with the soul of the elephant. The god with the soul of the elephant had great affection for her and, knowing by clairvoyance that she was in love, had her brought to Sahasrāra.

³²⁶ 105. Part serpent and part cock. See III, n. 276.

The god made the goddess the crest-jewel of his harem. For affection connected with former births in very strong. Enjoying sensuous pleasure, suitable to the heaven Sahasrāra, with her, he passed the time, foreseeing no separation.

Kamaṭha's third incarnation (116-117)

In course of time the kukkuṭa-serpent died and became a hell-inhabitant in the fifth hell, with a life-term of seventeen sāgaras. Kamaṭha's soul always experienced pains suitable for the fifth hell and never attained any rest at all.

Marubhūti's fourth incarnation as Kiraṇavega (118-146)

Now, in the East Videhas in the province Sukaccha on Mt. Vaitāḍhya there is a city, named Tilakā, rich in money. In it there was a Khecara-lord, Vidyudgati by name, by whom all the Khecaras had been made to bow, like another Indra. His chief-queen was Kanakatilakā, who took the part of a tilaka of the harem from her wealth of beauty. Some time passed as King Vidyudgati enjoyed sensuous pleasure with her.

And now the elephant-soul fell from the eighth heaven and descended into Queen Kanakatilakā's womb. In the course of time she bore a son who had all the favorable marks of a man. He was named Kiraṇavega by his father. Cherished by nurses, he grew up gradually. He became the depository of arts and sciences and gradually attained youth. After requesting him, Vidyudgati had him take his kingdom and he himself took initiation under the guru Śrutasāgara.

Not greedy, he guarded his ancestral royal wealth and, not intent upon it, he enjoyed sensuous pleasure, intelligent. He had a son, Kiraṇatejas, the sole abode of splendor, borne by Padmāvati. In course of time he became of military age with the sciences learned, noble, like a second form of Kiraṇavega. A muni, Suraguru, came there and made a stop. Kiraṇavega went there and bowed to him with great devotion.

Then the sādhu delivered a sermon for the benefit of Kiraṇavega seated at his feet.

Sermon (131–133)

“ A human birth, which is capable of obtaining the fourth object of existence (emancipation), is very hard to win in this forest of births. A foolish man with an undiscerning soul, even when he has won it, wastes it in service to sense-objects, like a low person a fine jewel for a little money. Sense-objects, served for a long time, lead only to a fall into hell. Therefore, the dharma taught by the Omniscient, which has emancipation as its fruit, must be served.”

After hearing this sermon which was like nectar to the ears, disgusted with existence, he placed his son, Kiraṇatejas, on the throne. He himself became a mendicant at the side of Suraguru and, after finishing his studies, became in course of time like an embodied chapter of traditional learning. With permission of his guru, he engaged in wandering alone. One day he went through the air to Puṣkaradvīpa. After bowing to the eternal Arhats there he stood in pratimā in a spot on Mt. Hema near Vaitāḍhya. The muni continued passing the time, practicing severe penance, enduring trials, sunk in tranquillity.

Kamaṭha's fourth incarnation (139–145)

The soul of the kukkuṭa-serpent, having risen from hell, was born as a great serpent in a thicket of Mt. Hema. He wandered day and night in this forest for food, destroying many creatures, like a long arm of Kāla (Death).

One day in his roaming the serpent saw Ṛṣi Kiraṇavega standing in a bower, his mind fixed on meditation, motionless as a pillar. Because of his hostility from a former birth, the serpent, red-eyed from anger, at once surrounded the sādhu, like a sandal tree, with coils. The serpent, pouring poison into his fangs, bit the muni in many places with fangs terrible

with poison. The muni thought: "Surely this serpent is conferring great benefits on me for the destruction of karma; he is not causing injuries in the least. Even if I lived for a long time, the destruction of karma must be made by me. Now it has been made by him. My purpose is accomplished in any case."

Meditating in this way, he made confession, begged forgiveness from all the world, recalling the homage to the Five, engaged in pious meditation, and observed a fast.

Fifth incarnation (147-148)

After death he became a chief-god in the palace Jambūdrumāvarta in the twelfth heaven, with a life of twenty-two sāgaras. Always sunk in pleasure there, brilliant with many kinds of magnificence, attended by gods, he passed the time.

Fifth incarnation of Kamaṭha (149-150)

The serpent, roaming on Mt. Hema's slope, was burned by a forest-fire and was born in the hell Dhūmaprabhā, with a life-term of seventeen sagaras. With a body of one hundred and twenty-five bows, he experienced there the sharp pains of hell, deprived of an atom of comfort.

Sixth incarnation as Vajranābha (151-194)

Now in this Jambūdvīpa in the province Sugandha, the ornament of West Videha, there is a fine city, Śubhaṅkara by name. The king there, named Vajravīrya, whose strength was irresistible, was like Indra in person, pious, the chief of the rulers of the earth. He had a chief-queen, Lakṣmīvati by name, like another Lakṣmī in form, who had attained the ornamentship of the earth.

Kiraṇavega's soul fell from Acyuta when its life-term had been completed, and descended into Lakṣmīvati's womb, like a haṅsa into a pool. At the right time she bore a son possessing a pure form, an ornament of the earth, named

Vajranābha. Moon to the night-blooming lotus of the world, cherished by nurses, he gradually grew up, with joy to his parents. In course of time he attained youth, expert in weapons and sciences; and he was installed on the throne by his father himself on a pure day. Vajravīrya took the vow with his wife; but Vajranābha guarded properly the kingdom given by him.

In time there was a son, like another form of Vajranābha, named Cakrāyudha, like Cakrāyudha (Viṣṇu) in strength. Cakrāyudha—the bee to the lotus-hands of nurses—grew along with the desire for mendicancy on the part of his father who was terrified of worldly existence. Complete with the arts like the moon with digits, the prince attained youth and his father begged him: “Take the kingdom. But I, depressed by existence, the burden being taken now by you, shall undertake mendicancy, the only means of emancipation.”

Cakrāyudha said: “Because of what fault committed from thoughtlessness and irresponsibility is there such disfavor to me? Pardon that, lord. Guard the kingdom as well as myself for a long time. Do not abandon me, father, after guarding me for so long.”

Vajranābha said: “There is no fault on your part, faultless one. But sons, like horses, are guarded for lifting a burden. Do you, having been born and having reached military age, fulfil my wish in the sphere of mendicancy now. For it has been known even from your birth. If I, even though you were born, weighed down by the burden, fall into the ocean of existence, then who will strive for good sons?” Saying this, the king installed him on the throne, though he was unwilling, by his own command. For the command of the elder is very powerful for the well-born.

Then the Blessed Jina, Kṣemaṅkara, came and stopped in a garden outside the city. After hearing that, Vajranābha thought: “The coming of the Arhat because of (my) merit is favorable to my wish.” He, wishing to become a mendicant, went with great magnificence at once and paid homage to the

Jina, and listened to a sermon he delivered. At the end of the sermon, his hands folded in obeisance, he said to the Blessed One:

“Master, favor me by giving me the long-desired vow. Though I have acquired another good sādhu as guru because of merit, I have especial merit since you have come here as guru. I, wishing initiation, have installed my son on the throne now. I am ready for your favor characterized by giving mendicancy.”

The master himself at once initiated him saying this. He studied a section of the scriptures and practiced severe penance. Wandering alone by his guru's permission, observing the pratimā-posture, his body emaciated by penance, the great sage wandered in cities, et cetera. By unbroken principal vows and firm lesser vows, the muni acquired in course of time the magic art of going-through-the-air, as if he had wings. One day flying up, the yati went to the province Sukaccha, like another sun in the sky from his excessive brilliance from penance.

Sixth incarnation of Kamatha (179–196)

The serpent, after wandering through births after hell, was born in that very place in a great forest on Mt. Jvalana as a Bhilla, named Kuraṅgaka. When he had grown up, he roamed daily in the forest with a strung bow, killing creatures for a livelihood. In his wandering Vajranābha reached that same forest inhabited by wild animals like soldiers of Antaka (Death). Unterrified by the cruel animals, female yaks, et cetera, the great sage went to Mt. Jvalana. Just then the sun set. From the habit of staying wherever he was when the sun set, he stayed in a cave of Mt. Jvalana in kāyotsarga, like a new peak of the mountain. Darkness spread over the directions, like a flock of flesh-eaters that had arisen. Owls with their hoots sounded like sporting birds of Death. Wolves howled aloud like singers belonging to Rakṣases; tigers wandered, striking the ground with their tails like a drum

with drum-sticks. Witches in various forms, female demons, female Vyantarās, by whom cries of “kila! kila!” were made, met at that time by agreement. The Blessed One, motionless, remained at that same time and in that same place very terrifying by nature, fearless as if he were in a garden. As he was practicing meditation, the night passed and the light of the sun appeared, like the light of his penance. Then the muni set out to wander over the earth whose creatures had gone from the touch of the sun’s rays, his gaze fixed at the distance of six feet.

Just then the hunter Kuraṅgaka came forth, cruel as a tiger, wearing a tiger-skin, carrying a bow and quiver. Then he saw muni Vajranābha approaching and he became exceedingly angry, thinking, “This ascetic is a bad omen.” Angry because of the hostility of previous births, his bow drawn at a distance, Kuraṅgaka struck down the great sage like a deer. Reciting, “Homage to the Arhats,” he sat down, after brushing off the surface of the ground, free from painful meditation, though he was wounded by the blow. After confessing fully to the Siddhas, he undertook a fast, asked pardon of everyone, being especially free from attachment.

Seventh incarnation (195)

Engaged in pious meditation he died and became a god of the highest magnificence, named Lalitāṅga, in the middle Graiveyaka.

Seventh incarnation of Kamaṭha (196–197)

After seeing him dead from one blow, feeling pride, Kuraṅgaka rejoiced at the thought, “I am a great bowman.” After living from hunting from birth, Kuraṅgaka died and was born in the abode Raurava in the seventh hell.

Eighth incarnation as Suvarṇabāhu (198–309)

Now, in this Jambūdvīpa in the East Videhas there is a broad city, Purāṇapura, resembling a city of the gods.

Kuliśabāhu, resembling Indra (Kuliśabhṛt), was king there, his command borne like a wreath by hundreds of kings. His chief-queen was Sudarśanā, fair in form, the recipient of extreme affection. He experienced pleasures of the senses, sporting with her like the earth embodied, without doing injury to the other objects of existence.

His life completed, in course of time the god Vajranābha fell from Graiveyaka and descended into her womb. At dawn, lying on her couch, Queen Sudarśanā saw the fourteen great dreams indicating the birth of a cakrabhṛt. Delighted by the dreams as explained by her husband, she passed the time. At the right time she bore a son, like the east bearing the sun.

After holding the birth-festival, the king gave him the name, Suvarṇabāhu, with a great festival again. Being passed from lap to lap by nurses and kings, he crossed childhood slowly, like a traveler a river. He learned all the arts easily from the impression on his mind from previous births and he reached fresh youth, the abode of Love. Suvarṇabāhu was without a counterpart in the world in beauty, invincible in courage, and gentle with a wealth of good-breeding. The king, depressed by existence, knew that his son was competent and, after importuning him, installed him on the throne, but became a mendicant himself. With his command unbroken on earth he (Suvarṇabāhu), like Indra in Saudharma, continued to enjoy pleasures, immersed in the nectar of happiness.

One day he went out for sport, attended by thousands of kings, mounted on a new horse that was like an eighth horse of the Sun's horses.³²⁷ Wishing to test the horse's speed, the king struck him with a whip and he ran away very fast like a deer, a mount of Marut.³²⁸ The more the king pulled on the bridle, the faster he ran because of inverted training. Like Garuḍa on foot, like the wind embodied, the horse outdistanced

³²⁷ 211. The sun has seven horses.

³²⁸ 212. God of wind.

the soldiers in a moment. Whether touching the earth or going through the air, the horse could not be seen because of his speed. It was conjectured, "The king has gone with him, certainly, mounted on him."

In a moment the king reached a forest very far away, full of various trees, crowded with all kinds of animals. The king saw a pool spotless as his own heart and the horse, thirsty, panting hard, stopped at the sight of it. Then the king took off the saddle, bathed and watered the horse; and the king himself bathed and drank. Then after coming out (of the pool) and resting a moment on its bank, the king started out and saw ahead a charming ascetics' grove. The king was delighted, seeing it with trees whose water-basins were being filled by young ascetics holding young deer on their hips.

As the king was entering it, his right eye twitched, indicating new happiness to him expert in proper procedure. As he went forward, delighted, the king saw on the right a girl-ascetic with a girl-friend sprinkling the trees with pitchers of water. He thought, "Indeed, there is no such beauty of the Apsarases nor of the Nāga-women, nor of mortal women. She is superior to the three worlds." While the king, hidden in the trees, was considering her, she entered a bower of mādHAVI³²⁹ with her friend. After loosening the firmly-fastened bark-garment, the maiden began to sprinkle the bakula, her mouth giving joy to the bakula.³³⁰ Again the king reflected:

"On the one hand, the beauty of her, lotus-eyed; on the other hand, this work suitable for an ordinary woman. She is not an ascetic-maiden, since my mind is attached to her. Surely she is some princess who has come here from some place."

Just then a bee flew into her face with the idea that it was a lotus, causing terror to her shaking two fingers. When the bee did not leave her, then she said to her friend, "Save

³²⁹ 224. Gaertnera racemosa.

³³⁰ 225. Indian medlar, which poetically blossoms from the nectar of a woman's mouth.

me from this Rākṣasa of a bee. Save me!" The friend said: "Who is able to save you except Suvarṇabāhu? Follow the king alone, if your object is protection."

"Who, pray, threatens you, when the son of Vajrabāhu ³³¹ is protecting the earth?" With these words the king, knowing that it was a suitable time, appeared before them. Seeing him suddenly, they were alarmed and did not do or say anything suitable. Knowing they were frightened, the king said to them again, "Does some one interfere with your unhindered penance here, fair lady?"

Regaining composure, the friend said: "While Vajrabāhu's son is king, who is able to make an obstacle to penance of ascetics here? This girl was only stung on the face by a bee with the idea that it was a lotus. The timid-eyed maiden said, 'Save! Save!'" The king sat down on a seat which she offered at the foot of a tree and was questioned by her with a pure mind in a voice like nectar.

"You are shown to be some one uncommon by your form which is beyond criticism. Then say who you are—a god or a Vidyādhara?" The king himself was unable to name himself and said: "I am the attendant of King Kanakabāhu. At his order I have come here to the hermitage to restrain those causing obstacles. The king's effort in this is great."

The king said to the friend who was thinking, "He is the king himself," "Why is the girl tormented by that work?" Sighing, she said: "She is the daughter, Padmā, borne by Ratnāvalī, of the Khecara-king, lord of Ratnapura. Her father died as soon as she was born and his sons, seeking his kingdom, fought with each other and destruction of the kingdom took place. Ratnāvalī took this girl and came to the house in the hermitage of her brother, Abbot Gālava. One day a sādhu who had divine knowledge came here and Gālava asked him, "Who will be Padmā's husband?" The great

³³¹ 231. A variant of the earlier Kuliśabāhu.

muni replied, "The son of Cakrabhṛt Vajrabāhu, come hither, carried away by his horse, will marry the girl."

The king reflected: "This sudden running away of the horse with me is surely a design of the Creator for union with her." He said: "Lady, tell me where the abbot is now. At the sight of him now may I have a shoot of joy." The friend replied: "He has gone now to follow the muni who has started to wander elsewhere. After he has paid homage to him, he will return." Then an old nun said: "Oh, Nandā,³³² bring Padmā. It is time for the abbot's return." The king, by whom the arrival of soldiers was known from the noise of the horses' hooves, said, "You go. I shall keep the army from the hermitage." Then Padmā was led away from the place by Nandā with difficulty, as she was looking at King Suvarṇabāhu, her head turned. The abbot and Ratnāvalī came at that time and the friend told the story of Suvarṇabāhu excitedly.

Gālava said: "The muni's knowledge is exceedingly trust-worthy. The noble Jain sages do not speak anything false. He, the chief of the caste and order, must be honored with hospitality. And he is Padmā's future husband. We will go with Padmā to him." Then the abbot, accompanied by Ratnāvalī, Padmā, and Nandā, went to the king's presence and was honored by the king who had risen.

The king said to Gālava: "Eager to see you today, I have wished to come. But why have you yourself come?"

Gālava said: "Any one else who has come to the hermitage must be honored with hospitality, but specially you, our protector. An omniscient predicted that Padmā here, my sister's daughter, would be your wife. You have come because of her merit. So, marry her now."

So advised by the muni, Svarṇabāhu married Padmā, like another Padmā (Lakṣmī), with Gāndharva rites. Then Ratnāvalī said to the king, who held a festival, "Always be

³³² 249. Who must have been in another part of the hermitage.

the sun to the lotus of Padmā's heart." Just then Ratnāvalī's son, Padmottarā, a king of Khecaras, came to that place with his wives, bringing gifts, covering the sky with aerial cars. He came to the place and, announced by Ratnāvalī, after bowing to Svarnabāhu with hands folded respectfully, he said:

"After learning this story of yours, I have come here to serve you alone, Majesty. So give me your orders, king. Do you, rich in splendor, come to my city on Mt. Vaitāḍhya. There the Lakṣmī of the lordship of the Vidyādharas awaits you."

At his importunity the king assented to his proposal. Padmā bowed to her mother and said with sobs: "I shall go with my husband, mother. Henceforth, there is no home for me elsewhere. So tell me. When shall I see you again? Alas! How shall I abandon the trees of the garden like brothers, the young deer like sons, the ascetic-maidens like sisters! Before whom will the peacock display the art of the tāṇḍava with a voice pleasing with the sixth note, when the cloud thunders? Without me who will now make the bakula, aśoka, and mango trees drink water, like sons drinking milk, mother?"

Ratnāvalī said: "Child, you have become the cakravartin's wife. Then forget, alas! your mode of life resulting from living in the forest. You must now follow your husband, the cakrin, Vāsava on earth. You will be a queen in his abode of joy. Enough of sorrow." After saying this, kissing her on the head, embracing her ardently, and taking her on her lap, Ratnāvalī, shedding tears, advised her:

"Child, when you have gone to your husband's house, always be submissive. Eat, when your husband has eaten. Lie down, when he has lain down. The cakrin's wife, you must always treat co-wives with courtesy, even though they practice rivalry. For that is suitable for greatness. Your face covered by a veil, your eyes always downcast, child, you should adopt not-seeing-the sun, like a night-blooming lotus. You should practice attendance at your father-in-law's lotus-feet,

like a haṅsī; by all means do not show pride caused by being the cakrin's wife. Always consider your husband's children by co-wives like your own nurslings and have them come to the couch of your lap."

After drinking the nectar of this speech of advice with the hollows of her ears and after bowing to her, she took leave of her mother and became a follower of her husband. Padmottara, after bowing to Ratnāvalī, said to the king, "Adorn my aerial car, master."

Then the king took leave of Gāvala and Ratnāvalī and got into Padmottara's car with his attendants. Then Padmottara conducted Svarnabāhu accompanied by Padmā to the city Ratnapura, the crown on the head of Vaitāḍhya. The Khecara gave King Svarnabāhu a palace made of jewels like a palace of the gods. Obeying orders, standing at his side like a servant of the king, he arranged the usual procedure with bath, food, et cetera. Staying there, Svarnabāhu attained lordship over all the Vidyādharas in the two rows by a great wealth of merit. He married many Vidyādhara-maidens there and was consecrated in lordship over all Vidyādharas by the Vidyādharas. Then accompanied by the Khecaris, Padmā and others, whom he had married, Svarnabāhu went to his own city with his retinue.

The fourteen great jewels³³³ gradually appeared to King Svarnabāhu ruling the earth properly. Following the path of the cakra, he subdued the six-part orb of the earth with ease, attended even by gods. Sporting with various sports, Vajrabāhu's son remained there, surpassing all brilliance by (his own) brilliance, like the sun.

One day, when he was on top of the palace, he saw with astonishment a group of gods flying up and down in the air. He heard that the Lord of the World, the Tirthanātha, had come and he went to pay homage to him, his mind filled with faith. After paying homage to the Jinendra and sitting down in the proper space, he listened to a sermon from him, which

³³³ 287. For the 14 jewels, see I, n. 290.

resembled unexpected nectar. After enlightening many souls capable of emancipation, the Blessed One went elsewhere. King Svarṇabāhu went to his own house.

The king recalled again and again the gods who had come to the Tirthakṛt's sermon, "Where have I seen them before?" and reached remembrance of former births by using ūha and apoha. Seeing his former births, he reflected: "To me striving for human birth, there is no end to existence by that (human birth). One, who has attained the state of a god, delights in mortal state. What bewilderment is this of the soul whose nature is hidden by karma? A creature goes to heaven, the world of mortals, an animal birth, and hell, lost from the road to emancipation, like a traveler on different roads. Therefore, I shall strive especially for the road to emancipation only. The wealth of self-reliance is the root of every purpose."

After making this decision, King Svarṇabāhu installed his son on the throne. At that time the Lord Jina, the Lord of the World, came in his wandering. Vajrabāhu's son went to the Tirthanātha's presence and became a mendicant. Practicing severe penance, he finished his studies in time. By means of some of the sthānas, devotion to the Arhats, et cetera, being practiced, he, intelligent, gradually acquired the body-making karma of a Tirthakṛt. One time in his wandering he went to a great forest, Kṣīravaṇa, terrifying from various wild animals, near Mt. Kṣīra. There, facing the sun, like another sun in brilliance, he continued practicing penance, maintaining firm statuesque posture.

Eighth incarnation of Kamatha (304-308)

Kuraṅgaka, risen from hell, became a lion on that mountain and by chance came there in his roaming. Hungry because he had not obtained food the day before, he, resembling Death, saw the great sage from a distance. Angry from hostility of former births, the lion ran forward, his mouth wide open, splitting open the earth, as it were, with blows of his tail. The lion with ears erect, filling the caverns with loud

roars, approaching by leaps, made an attack on the muni from the ground. The muni, knocked to the ground by the lion, free from desire for the body, made rejection of the four kinds of food, engaged in concentrated meditation. The muni made confession, asked forgiveness of all creatures, and continued in pious meditation, his heart unchanged even toward the lion.

Ninth incarnation as a god (310)

Torn by the lion, the muni died and became a god in the palace Mahāprabha in the tenth heaven, with a life-duration of twenty sāgaras.

Ninth incarnation of Kamaṭha (310)

The lion, too, died and went to the fourth hell with a life-duration of ten sāgaras. He was born in animal-births, experiencing many and various pains.

CHAPTER III

BIRTH, YOUTH, INITIATION, AND OMNISCIENCE OF ŚRĪ PĀRŚVA

Tenth incarnation of Kamaṭha (1-8)

Then the lion's soul, experiencing pains in worldly existence, was born as a son in a poor Brāhman family in some hamlet. His father, brothers, et cetera had died soon after he was born. He had been kept alive by the people from compassion; and he was called Kaṭha. He survived childhood and had reached youth, always in a miserable condition. Ridiculed by the people, he got food with difficulty.

One day, seeing rich men wearing jewels and ornaments, disgust with existence having developed at once, Kaṭha reflected: "These thousands of gluttons, adorned with various ornaments, are like gods. I think that is the fruit of penance in a former birth. I, always craving mere food, surely did not perform penance. So I shall practice penance now." Reflecting to this effect, from desire for emancipation, he took the vow of an ascetic and practiced the penance of the five fires, et cetera, his food consisting of bulbs, roots, et cetera.

Incarnation as Pārśvanātha (8-366)

Now in this Jambūdvīpa, there is a city, Vārāṇasī, on the Gaṅgā, the ornament of Bharataḷṣetra. Banners on its shrines looked like waves of the Jāhnavī. The golden finials were like lofty lotus-calyxes. The rays of the full moon, rising above its wall, gave the appearance of a silver coping at night. Maidens, who are guests in the houses there whose floors are paved with sapphire, are laughed at because they put their hands (on the floors) with the idea that they are water. Its shrines with rising smoke of burned incense, that was like blue garments that had been put on, shone for the destruction

of the evil-eye.³³⁴ The peafowl there utter their cries all the time as if it were the rainy season, mistaking the sounds of drums in concerts for thunder of the clouds.

His parents (14-21)

Aśvasena of the Ikṣvāku-family was king there, by whom other regions on all sides had been made into a court-yard by armies and horses. Śrī³³⁵ was on his chest, the goddess Vāc in his lotus-mouth, the sword on the couch of his hand, and the earth on his arm. With great ease he conquered his enemies; with great ease he ruled the earth; with great ease he gave wealth; with ease he did everything. A mountain-peak for the river of good conduct, a tree for the bird of virtues, he became the tying-post for the cow-elephant, Lakṣmī, on earth. Kings, even though always ill-behaved like serpents, did not transgress the command of the lotus of kings.

His chief-queen, the crest-jewel of fair-eyed women, without deceit even toward her co-wives, was Queen Vāmā. She wore good conduct like the spotless glory of her husband, like a second Jāhnavī with inherent purity. She became exceedingly dear to her husband because of these various virtues. Yet she did not take the least pride in this favor.

Birth (22-34)

Now, after enjoying the greatest magnificence of a god in the heaven Prāṇata, King Suvarṇabāhu's jīva completed its life. On the fourth of the black half of Caitra, (the moon being) in Viśākhā, having fallen, at night he descended into Lady Vāmā's womb. Then Queen Vāmā saw the fourteen great dreams indicating a Tīrthakṛt's birth enter her mouth. The dreams being interpreted by the Indras, her husband,

³³⁴ 12. Dark blue and black are anti-evil eye colors. Cf. Crooke, An Introduction to the Popular Religion and Folklore of Northern India, p. 190. See also III, pp. 260, 344.

³³⁵ 15. In the form of the śrīvatsa.

and astrologers, the queen, delighted, passed the time, carrying her embryo.

On the tenth of the dark half of Pauṣa, (the moon) in Rādhā (Viśākhā), she bore a son, dark blue in color, marked with a serpent, like the ground at the foot of a mountain bearing a jewel. The fifty-six Dikkumāris came there instantly and performed the birth-rites of the Arhat and the Arhat's mother. Śakra came there, gave the queen a sleeping-charm, made an image of the Arhat and put it at her side. He created five forms; with one he took the Lord, with two he took chauris, and with another the umbrella over the Lord. Twirling the thunderbolt with another, going ahead with beautiful leaps, his gaze fixed on the Master's face, his head turned, he went quickly.

Śakra arrived at the rock Atipāṇḍukambalā on Meru in a moment, seated himself on a lion-throne, and took the Lord on his lap. The sixty-three Indras, Acyuṭa and the others, went there quickly and performed the Lord's birth-bath properly. After placing the Lord on Īśāna's lap, Saudharma's Indra bathed him properly with water gushing from the bulls' horns.³³⁶ After making the anointing and worship of the Lord of the World, Vāsava, his hands folded respectfully, began a pure hymn of praise.

Stotra (35-41)

“Homage to you, the color of priyaṅgu,³³⁷ the source of kindness to the world, the sole bridge for the crossing of saṃsāra hard to cross. Homage to you, Blessed One, sole treasury of the jewels of knowledge, having the color of a blooming blue lotus, sun for the lotuses of bhavyas. Homage to you with the sign of a serpent, with the one thousand and eight favorable marks of a man, moon for dispelling the darkness of karma. Homage to you, purifier of three worlds,

³³⁶ 33. For the bulls, see I, p. 125.

³³⁷ 35. I.e., very dark.

possessor of three kinds of knowledge, spade for the ground of karma, virtuous. Homage to you, receptacle of all the supernatural powers, possessing unlimited compassion, receptacle of all magnificence, supreme spirit. Homage to you whose passions are far removed, the Ocean of Milk of joy, free from love and hate, on the way to emancipation. If there is fruit from service at your feet, Supreme Lord, then may I have this alone—devotion to you in birth after birth.”

After praising the Arhat thus, he took him and put him down near Vāmā; and he took away the sleeping-charm and the Arhat's image. Then Śakra went to his own place.

Childhood (43–52)

At dawn Aśvasena held his son's birth-festival accompanied by releases from prison, et cetera. While he was still in the womb, his mother saw a serpent creeping at her side on a dark night and at once told her husband. Recalling that and deciding, “That was the power of the embryo,” King Aśvasena gave his son the name Pārśva. The Lord of the World, cherished by nurses appointed by Indra, grew up in course of time, going from lap to lap of the kings. Nine cubits tall, he gradually reached youth, a pleasure-grove of Love, a charm for (attracting) women. From the blue color of his body Pārśva looked as if made from the essence of blue lotuses, or rather, of the Śris of blue lotuses. Long-armed, the Lord looked like a tree with long branches; and having a broad, firm chest, he looked like an immovable mountain. From his hands, feet, face and eyes, Aśvasena's son had the beautiful appearance of a pool with a bed of blooming lotuses. Marked with the thunderbolt, et cetera, slender-waisted, flat-bellied, the Lord had mortise, collar, and pin joints.³³⁸ After seeing the Lord with such beauty, goddesses reflected, “They are blessed on earth, whose husband he will be.”

³³⁸ 51. The best kind of joints. See I, n. 133.

Story of Prabhāvatī (53-211)

One day King Aśvasena, who was devoted to stories of the Jain religion, sitting in his council, was told by the door-keeper who approached him: "O king, there is a man at the door of good appearance who wishes to make a request of the Master. Favor me by giving instructions." King Aśvasena said: "Have him enter quickly. For all who wish to make a request must be recognized by kings who observe the law." Admitted by the door-keeper, he bowed to the king and sat down on a seat indicated by the door-keeper. The king said to him: "Sir, whose son are you? Who are you? For what reason have you come here to my presence?" The man said:

"Master, here in Bhārata there is a city Kuśasthala, like the playground of Śrīs. The king there, Naravarman, is like armor for those seeking a refuge, the only wishing-tree of beggars, powerful. He subdued many kings on the border of his country, shining with sharp brilliance like the sun at the end of the world, O king. Always devoted to Jaina dharma, eager to listen to sādhus, he directed his kingdom for a long time, powerful from unbroken law. One day, depressed by existence, he abandoned sovereignty like straw and became a mendicant in the presence of the guru Susādhu."

When his story was thus half-told, the king, devoted to co-religionists, delighted, and causing delight to his councillors, said: "Oh! King Naravarman is discerning, knowing what is right, who thus abandoned his kingdom like straw and took the vow. For a kingdom which is acquired by kings by the exertions of many battles at the risk of their lives, is difficult to abandon even at the end of life. The wives, who are the breath of life either from themselves or from wealth, and the sons, et cetera who are guarded, living, are difficult to abandon. Naravarman abandoned everything at once, wishing to abandon this existence. He did well. Now tell me the sequel."

Again the man said: "In the kingdom King Naravarman

had a son, Prasenajit, an ocean to the rivers of armies. He has a daughter, Prabhāvati, who is now grown, like a goddess come to earth, whose beauty is unequaled. The Creator made her face from moon-dust, as it were, her eyes from blue lotuses, her body from gold-dust, her hands and feet from red lotuses, as it were, her thighs from the inside of plantains, her nails from rubies, and her creeper-like arms from lotus-fibers, as it were.

Seeing her with unequaled beauty and grace, grown up, Prasenajit became anxious about a suitable husband for her. He examined many princes, but he did not consider any one suitable in beauty for his daughter. One day Prabhāvati went to a garden accompanied by her friends and heard a song in ślokas being sung by Kinnaris: 'The son of Aśvasena, king of holy Vārāṇasi, Śrī Pārśvanātha, excels with a wealth of beauty and grace. She, by whom he will be obtained as a husband, is victorious on earth. But whence is there such maturing of merit with a husband; hard to attain?'

Hearing such celebration of Śrī Pārśvanātha's virtues, Prabhāvati became infatuated with him, as if absorbed in him. Kāma, defeated by Pārśva in beauty, struck the infatuated girl with arrows pitilessly as if from hostility. Abandoning other amusement and modesty, like a doe she listened again and again to their song, her mind on one thing. By her very listening to that song, Prabhāvati's love for Pārśva was seen by her friends. For what is overlooked by the experts? Prabhāvati continued for a long time to look up at the Kinnaris who had flown up, her mind distracted, in the power of the demon Smara. Her friends, intelligent, made her move and led her to her house, meditating on Pārśvanātha, like a yoginī.

An ornament became like a fire; a fine garment like a fire of chaff; a necklace like the blade of a sword for her with her mind fixed on him. There was heat in her body (enough) to cook a handful of water and a succession of tears to fill sauce-pans cooking a measure of grain. Neither in the

morning nor in the evening, neither by night nor by day, did the girl get rest, broken by the fever of love. Knowing that her illness was incurable by itself, her friends, with the wish to protect her, told her parents. The parents were delighted when they learned that she was in love with Pārśva; and to reassure them, they said repeatedly:

‘It is a good thing that Prince Pārśva, crest-jewel of three worlds, suitable for her, has been chosen as a husband by our daughter, intelligent. Our daughter alone is at the head of ambitious women. Such a desire of another girl does not arise anywhere. We shall marry our daughter to Prince Āśvaseni. For generally a wish is in accordance with the obtaining of fruit.’

Her friends went and told her father’s speech to this effect; she rejoiced at that speech like a peahen at thunder. Restored by that hope of a husband, she passed the days, counting them on her fingers, like a yogiṇī a muttering of charms. Like a digit of the new moon, she became so thin that she looked like another bow of Kāma. Seeing their daughter very miserable, day after day, the parents decided to send her, who had chosen her husband, to Pārśva. A lord of the countries, Kaliṅga and others, named Yavana, hard to control, learned about that and said in the assembly: ‘When I am available, why does some Pārśva marry Prabhāvati? Who is this King of Kuśasthala who will not give her to me? Or, if mere beggars take the object given here, heroes will take all their wealth, after snatching it away.’

Saying this, his power unequalled because of many soldiers, he blockaded Kuśasthala quickly in many ways. There was no entry nor exit of anyone there, like of wind in the body of a master yogī engaged in meditation. I, being sent by the king, escaped from the city at night. I am Puruṣottama, son of the minister Sāgaradatta. I came here to tell you this news. Henceforth, let your Majesty do what is fitting both for your own people and the enemy-people.”

Then Āśvasena, angered, his aspect dreadful from a

frown, spoke a very firm speech, terrifying like the noise of a thunderbolt. "Who is this wretched Yavana? Or what fear is there, so long as I live? I shall march with an army to protect the city Kuśasthala." With these words, Aśvasena had the drum sounded and his soldiers assembled quickly at its sound.

Defense of Prasenajit (105-172)

Pārśva, playing in a playhouse, heard the sound of the drum and the noise of the soldiers assembling at that time. Saying, "What is this?" Pārśva, perplexed, went to his father's side and he saw the generals ready for battle coming there. After bowing to his father, the prince said decisively: "Has a demon, a Yakṣa, a Rākṣasa, or some one else transgressed? On account of which there is this exertion of the father himself, powerful? I do not see anyone your equal or your superior."

Pointing to Puruṣottama, Aśvasena said, "King Prasenajit must be protected from King Yavana." Again the prince said: "Compared with the father there is no god nor asura in battle. Of what importance is this King Yavana in the matter? Enough of the father's going. I shall go myself. I shall at once give a lesson to him who does not know (his own) strength."

Aśvasena said: "Son, my mind is pleased by your festival of sport, not by injurious battle-marches, et cetera. I know the strength of arm, capable of conquering the three worlds, of my own son, but my delight is in you playing in the house."

Pārśvanātha replied: "This is play for me, father. There is no measure of effort in it. So let Your Honor remain right here."

At his son's insistence like this, knowing his strength of arm, he agreed to that speech devoid of anything objectionable. Dismissed by his father, Śrī Pārśva, mounted on an elephant, followed by Puruṣottama, set out at an auspicious moment from the festival. When the lord had gone one day's march,

Śakra's charioteer came, bowed, got down from his chariot and said with folded hands:

"Indra, knowing that you wish to fight for sport, master, sent a battle-chariot with me as a charioteer. He knows that the three worlds are like straw compared with the master's strength. Nevertheless, Śakra shows his devotion to you at the right time."

As a favor to Śakra, the Master got into the great chariot filled with various weapons, which did not touch the surface of the ground. Śrī Pārśvanātha advanced, hymned by the Vidyādharas, with the chariot going through the air, with great splendor like the sun. The Lord's army, skilled in battle, adorned with soldiers looking up to see the Master again and again, followed on the ground. The Master, able to go in a moment, alone competent for victory, went with short marches at his soldiers' request. In some days he reached Kuśasthala and then camped in a seven-storied palace made by the gods in a garden.

"This is the custom of warriors," the Lord, impelled by compassion, sent an intelligent messenger with instructions to Yavana. He went to Yavana and said eloquently from the Master's power: "Prince Śrīmat Pārśva instructs you by my mouth: 'King Prasenajit, who has sought protection from my father, must be freed from the siege and hostility by you now, O king. I, after restraining with difficulty my father who had started, have come to this country merely for that reason. Return to your own place. Submit at once. This transgression of yours can be tolerated only if you go away.'"

Yavana, his brow terrible from frowns, said: "Messenger, why do you say this! Do you not know me? Who is this boy Pārśva who has come here for battle from a caprice? Who is the old man Aśvasena who started first? Both of them and other kings, their partisans—what do they amount to? Therefore, go! Let Pārśva go also with the desire for his own welfare. You are not to be killed because you are a messenger, though saying harsh things. Escaping alive, go and tell

everything to your master.”

Again the messenger said: “The lord sent me to enlighten you from compassion, not from weakness, evil-minded man. As the lord wishes to protect the King of Kuśasthala, likewise he does not wish to kill you, if you obey his command, sir! Breaking the master’s command, unbroken even in heaven, you die yourself, like a stupid moth touching a bright fire. On the one hand, a fire-fly; on the other, a sun lighting up the whole universe. On the one hand, you are a mere king; on the other, Pārśva, the lord of three worlds.”

Yavana’s soldiers, their weapons raised, rose up angrily and said defiantly to the messenger saying this: “Is there some hostility of yours toward your own master that you make this threat, villain? You are well-skilled in stratagem, wretch!” While they were talking in this way and wishing to kill him from anger, an old minister said in contemptuous and harsh words: “He is not an enemy of his master, but you are an enemy (of yours) who thus cause injury to your lord from your own desire. To cross the command of Pārśvanātha, lord of the universe, is not for your welfare, fools, to say nothing of killing his messenger. The master is thrown at once into a thicket of evil by such servants like untamed horses that have dragged him along. Messengers of other kings have been attacked before by you. In those cases it turned out well for you, for our lord was stronger than they. What is this quarrel of our lord, caused by badly-behaved worms of men, with one of whom the sixty-four Indras are servants!”

All the soldiers, reprimanded in this way, terrified, became quiet. Taking the messenger by the hand, the minister spoke with conciliation. “What these men, who make their living by arms alone, said to you from ignorance, you must pardon. You are a wise servant, ocean of tolerance. We shall follow you ourselves to take the honored Pārśva’s commands on our head. Do not tell such a thing to your lord.” After informing the messenger to this effect and entertaining him, he dismissed him.

Desiring his welfare, he said earnestly to his own lord: "Master, was this, which has evil consequences, done after reflection? (But) even by so much there is not ruin. Resort to Pārśvanātha whose birth-rites goddesses performed, whose nurse-duties goddesses discharged, whose birth-bath the Indras and gods gave. What is this inclination of yours for a quarrel with him, of whom gods and asuras with the Indras are footmen, like that of a goat with an elephant? Here Garuḍa, there a raven; here Meru, there a mustard-seed; here the serpent Śeṣa, there a heron-snake; here Pārśva, there such as you. As soon as you are allowed by the people, then with desire for your own good tie an axe to your neck and approach Aśvasena's son. Accept the rule of Pārśva Svāmin, ruler of the world. The ones who are under his rule are fearless in this world and the next."

After reflection Yavana said: "I have been well enlightened by you. I, stupid, have been saved from this evil, like a blind man from a well." With these words, Yavana tied an axe to his neck and with his retinue went to the garden adorned with Śrī Pārśva Svāmin. Yavana was extremely astonished when he saw his army adorned with seven lacs (of soldiers) resembling horses of the sun; with bhadra-elephants by the thousand resembling elephants of Mahendra; with chariots like aerial cars of the gods; with foot-soldiers like Khecaras.

Being watched at every step by the soldiers with astonishment and scorn, gradually Yavana arrived at the door of the Master's palace. He was announced by the door-keeper and, admitted to the council, bowed from a distance to the lord like the sun. The axe on his neck being removed by the master, Yavana bowed again, approached before him, and said, his hands folded respectfully:

"Compared with him, whose commands all the Indras execute, what am I—a worm of a man, a heap of straw before a fire! Showing compassion, just now you gave me orders by sending a messenger. Why am I not reduced to ashes merely by your frown? This rude behavior of mine has become a

virtue, master, since I have seen you purifying the three worlds. How can I say, 'Pardon,' when there is no anger on your part? To say, 'I give,' to you, yourself lord of the house, is not suitable. 'I am your servant,' is a poor speech to you who are served by Indras. What sort of speech is, 'Give freedom from fear,' to the bestower of fearlessness himself? Nevertheless, from ignorance I say, 'Be gracious. Take my wealth. I am your servant. Bestow freedom from fear on me, terrified, lord.' "

Śrī Pārśvanātha said: "Good fortune to you, sir. Do not fear. Rule your kingdom. Do not do such a thing again." The Teacher of the World rewarded him, who agreed to this, by the gift of much favor. For such is the custom of the great. At once the siege of Kuśasthala was raised and Puruṣottama left, after obtaining permission from Pārśvanātha. He related the story to King Prasenajit and joy became the sole umbrella in the city at that time.

Prasenajit reflected, pleased: "I am fortunate in every way and my daughter Prabhāvati is fortunate in every way. The wish—Prince Pārśvanātha, worshipped by gods and asuras, will purify my city—has not taken place. Taking this same Prabhāvati as a present, I shall go to Prince Pārśvanātha, a benefactor." After these reflections, Prasenajit, delighted, went with a delighted retinue to Pārśvanātha, taking Prabhāvati.

With folded hands he bowed to Pārśva Svāmin and said: "By good fortune, your arrival, master, was like rain without clouds. Yavana, though an enemy, was a benefactor to me in the quarrel because of which you, the lord of three worlds, did me a favor. As you did me a favor from compassion by coming here, likewise do me a favor by marrying Prabhāvati. She, seeking what is hard to obtain, is infatuated with you from a distance. Show compassion for her. You are compassionate by nature."

Prabhāvati thought: "The prince, formerly heard about from Kinnaris is now seen. The eye agrees with the ear. Courteous in speech, compassionate, he is heard and seen.

Now he is well importuned by my father for my sake. Yet I am frightened now from lack of confidence in my good fortune, filled with anxiety whether or not he will approve my father's proposal."

While she was thinking this, Prince Pārśva, his voice deep as thunder, said to Prasenajit who was waiting: "By the father's command we have come to protect you, Prasenajit, but not to marry this daughter of yours. So do not insist on this uselessly, Lord of Kuśasthala. Having executed the father's command, we are going to the father's presence."

Hearing that, Prabhāvati, very depressed, thought: "Such a speech from him is like a fall of fire from the moon. He was compassionate to every one, but cruel to me. How will you exist, alas! unfortunate Prabhāvati? Family deities always worshipped, now show my father some device at once. For his devices are destroyed now."

Prasenajit thought: "He himself is free from all desire, but he will do what I wish at Aśvasena's insistence. I shall go with him under pretext of wishing to see Aśvasena. I shall importune Aśvasena to accomplish that wish." Having caused friendship to be made with him so reflecting, Pārśvanātha honored and dismissed King Yavana. Prasenajit, being dismissed, said to Pārśvanātha, "I shall go, wishing to bow to honored Aśvasena, lord." Taking Prabhāvati, he went with Śrī Pārśva, who had said, "Very well," to the city Vārāṇasī.

Pleasing Aśvasena by the protection of those who had come for protection, Pārśvanātha approached and made him rejoice by the sight of himself. When Pārśva had gone to his own house, Prasenajit approached and went before him, accompanied by Prabhāvati. Aśvasena rose to greet him, raised him falling at his feet, embraced him with both arms, and said, perplexed:

"I hope your rescue took place. I hope that things are well with you, king. I wonder what the reason is that you have come here yourself."

Prasenajit said: "Always I, of whom you, a sun in splendor,

are the ruler, have protection and prosperity. But the request for something hard to obtain alone troubles me now. It will be accomplished by your favor, elephant of kings. Take my daughter, Prabhāvati, for Prince Pārśvanātha from regard for me, king. Do not do otherwise.”

Aśvasena said: “Our Prince Pārśva has always been disgusted with worldly existence. I do not know what he will do. That desire of ours, too, is always in our heart: ‘When will our son’s marriage-festival with a suitable bride take place?’ Now from affection for you we shall make Pārśvanātha marry, even by force, though he has been unwilling from childhood.”

With these words, the king went with him to Pārśva and said, “Marry Prasenajit’s daughter.” Śrī Pārśva said: “Father, possession of wives, et cetera is a life-saver of the tree of worldly existence even when it is almost destroyed. How can I marry his daughter for undertaking worldly existence? I intend to cross the ocean of worldly existence, completely free of possessions.”

Aśvasena said: “Fulfill our wish characterized by marriage with King Prasenajit’s daughter. The ocean of existence must certainly be crossed by you who have such an intention. You should act for your own advantage at the right time, after marrying and having a son.” Pārśva was not able to transgress his father’s command and he married Prabhāvati to destroy pleasure-karma. At the people’s insistence, the Lord passed the days, sporting with her in gardens, pleasure-peaks, et cetera.

One day Pārśva, occupying the terrace on the top of the palace, began to watch the city Vārāṇasī from curiosity. The Lord saw men and women of the city going outside in haste, carrying baskets of flowers as offerings. Pārśva asked his attendants, “What great festival is there today that the people, wearing many ornaments, are seen going in haste?” Some one explained: “Today there is no great festival, but another reason is present, Majesty. Today an ascetic, named Kaṭha, has come here outside the city. He is observing the penance

of five fires,³³⁹ et cetera. The people of the town go to worship him." Pārsvanātha went with his retinue to see the show; and saw Kaṭha engaged in the penance of the five fires. The Lord, who had three kinds of knowledge, saw a great serpent being burned inside a piece of wood which had been thrown into a firepit. When he saw that, the Blessed One, an ocean of compassion, said: "Alas for wrong knowledge! Since even in penance there is wrong knowledge, not compassion. What sort of river is it without water; what sort of night without a moon; what sort of a rainy season without a cloud; what sort of dharma is it without compassion? How is there dharma of a creature, like an animal, pitiless, not having a trace of the principle of dharma, allowing bodily torments?"

Hearing that, Kaṭha said: "Rājputs know horses, elephants, et cetera certainly; but we munis know dharma." Then the Master ordered his servants: "Pull that piece of wood out of the firepit. Split it open carefully that he may be convinced." They pulled out the wood, split it carefully, and a very large serpent came out hastily. For the serpent burned somewhat in it the Blessed One had namaskāras recited by men and the renunciation of everything made instantly. The serpent, absorbed in meditation, pure-minded, accepted that, watched by the Blessed One with eyes moist from compassion. By the power of the namaskāras and the sight of the Master, he became after death a Nāga-king, named Dharāṇa. "Oh, the knowledge of the prince! Oh, such discernment!" Being so praised by the people, the Master went to his house.

After seeing and hearing that, Kaṭha practiced penance especially—foolish or pernicious. Whence is there knowledge of persons with wrong belief? After he died, Kaṭha became an Asura, named Meghamālin, in the Meghakumāras in the Bhuvanavāsins.³⁴⁰

³³⁹ 216. One in each direction and the sun overhead.

³⁴⁰ 230. See II, p. 106. Meghakumāras = Stanitas; Bhuvanavāsins = Bhavanapatis.

His initiation (231-246)

Now Pārśva, the Blessed One, knew that the fruit of his own pleasure-karma had been consumed and set his mind on mendicancy. As if knowing his intentions, the Lokāntika gods came at that time and announced to Pārśva, "Lord, found a congregation." Then the Master began to give gifts for a year with money furnished by the Īrmbhakas instructed by Vaiśravaṇa. The initiation-ceremony of Pārśva, the Supreme Lord, was held by the Vāsavas, Śakra and others, and by the kings, Aśvasena and others. He got into a litter, Viśālā by name, carried by gods and mortals and went to the garden Āśramapada. The Blessed One, son of Aśvasena entered the garden whose surface was darkened by the dense masses of marjoram; which was making an invocation to Love, as it were, by the bees of the jasmynes; with swarms of bees kissing the multitude of mucukundas; ³⁴¹ fragrant from the pollen of the lavalī ³⁴² floating in the air; with singing gardeners seated on the edge of sugar-cane fields.

The Lord Pārśva, wearing (deva-)dūṣya given by Vāsava, got out of the palanquin, and laid aside ornaments, et cetera, ³⁴³ thirty years old. On the forenoon on the thirteenth of the dark half of Pauṣa, the moon being in Rādhā, observing a three-day fast, the Master became a mendicant with three hundred kings. At that time the Lord's knowledge called "mind-reading" arose. For it arises at the initiation of all the Arhats.

³⁴¹ 237. *Pterospermum suberifolium*. It has fragrant white flowers.

³⁴² 237. The lavalī is one of Hemacandra's favorites in the botanical world, but it is difficult to identify. MW calls it *Averrhoa Acida* and Dutt calls it *Phyllanthus longifolius*, which is the same (Roxb.). This is a tree and Hem.'s lavalī is a creeper. *Artabotrys suaveolens* or *odoratissima* has been suggested, but their flowering seasons do not agree with lavalī's. See I, pp. 156. 223; III, pp. 72.96.138.233.

³⁴³ 239. In this instance the pulling out of his hair is not described. Pārśva., p. 115, n. 4, says that Pārśvanātha was the first Jain to practice this austerity, but that is an error. Ṛṣabha and all the Arhats did so, as is said above in this same note.

On the next day the Lord broke his fast in a hamlet, Kopakaṭa, with a milk-pudding in the house of the householder Dhanya. The gods made there the five things, rain of treasure, et cetera.³⁴⁴ But Dhanya made a footstool on the ground of the Master's feet.³⁴⁵ Unhindered like the wind, the Lord wandered in villages, mines, cities, et cetera, an ordinary ascetic, his gaze fixed six feet ahead. One day in his wandering the Master came to a hermitage near a town and the sun set. The Teacher of the World stood in pratimā under a banyan tree near a well, motionless as its foot.

Attacks by Meghamālin (247-295)

Now the Meghakumāra, the Asura Meghamālin, knew by clairvoyance his own crime in a former birth. Recalling his hostility to Pārśva in each birth, the Asura blazed inside with anger like an ocean with submarine fire. Meghamālin, the basest of gods, blind from anger, approached to attack Pārśvanātha, like an elephant to split a mountain.

The god created tigers, their mouths terrifying from saw-like teeth, with claws the shape of hooks, tawny-eyed. They beat the top of the ground with their tails again and again and gave loud roars resembling the words of a charm of Death. The Blessed One was not shaken by them, his eyes motionless in meditation; they went away somewhere as if from fear of the fire of his meditation.

Elephants, created by him, attacked, trumpeting, dripping with mada, their trunks lifted, lofty like living mountains. The Master was not disturbed by them terrifying even to the terrifying. They fled quickly and went somewhere, as if ashamed. Bears, filling the heavens with their growls, devoid of pity; many panthers, cruel, like an army of Yama; scorpions, splitting rocks even with the tip of the sting; serpents, burning trees by their glance, were created there by him with the

³⁴⁴ 243. See I, p. 180 f.

³⁴⁵ 243. I.e., he made a platform where Pārśva had stood. Cf. I, p. 183.

intention of attacking the Lord. The Lord did not stir from meditation on their account, like the ocean from its boundary.

Then he created vampires holding knives, like clouds with lightning, with projecting teeth, giving loud cries of "Kila! kila!" With pendent tongue and liṅga like trees with hanging serpents, with long legs and feet, just as if mounted on palm-trees, discharging long flames from the mouth, like a stomach-fire, they attacked the Lord on all sides, like dogs an elephant. The Lord was not shaken by them, absorbed in the pool of nectar of meditation. They too fled somewhere, like owls at dawn.

Then exceedingly angered, the Asura Meghamālin himself created clouds in the sky like the night at the end of the world. Lightning flashed in the sky, terrifying like a tongue of Death; thunder, splitting open the universe, as it were, spread over the skies. A terrible darkness took place, taking away the function of the eye. Heaven and earth became one as if sewed together. With the evil intention, "I will destroy this former enemy," Meghamālin began to rain like a cloud at the end of the world. He beat the earth with streams of water like pestles, or like arrows, as if digging it up with spades. The sleeping birds flew up and flew down from the trees; boars and buffaloes, et cetera moved here and there. Creatures were dragged away by the streams of water terrifying from speed; even big trees were rooted up from the roots.

In a moment the water reached Pārśva Svāmin's ankles; in a moment his knees, in a moment his hips, in a moment his neck at that time. In that wide-spread water, the Lord had the beautiful appearance of the great lotus, the home of Lakṣmī, in the lake Padma. The Master was motionless in the water, like a jeweled pillar, and, his eyes fixed on the end of his nose, did not move at all from his meditation.

When the water reached the tip of Śrī Pārśva Svāmin's nose, then the throne of Dharāṇa, the Indra of the Uragas (Nāgas) shook. He knew by clairvoyance, "Oh! Kaṭha,

practicing foolish penance, attacks my lord, considering him an enemy." Then the Nāga-king went with his wives to the Teacher of the World with speed, as if competing with the mind. Dharāṇa bowed to the Master and placed beneath his feet a tall lotus with erect stalk, resembling the seat of an omniscient. The serpent-king covered the Lord's back, sides, and breast with his own coils and made an umbrella with seven hoods over his head. The Blessed One, standing comfortably on the lotus with a stalk the length of the water, absorbed in meditation, looked like a rājahaṅsa.

Dharaṇendra's wives, their minds penetrated by devotion, sang, danced, et cetera before Pārśva Svāmin. The loud sound of flutes and lutes, the intense sound of the drums spread there, imitating hand-clappings many-fold. A dance was displayed with various beautiful dance-steps, splendid with dramatic actions³⁴⁶ of the hands, et cetera, with various aṅgahāras and karaṇas. Absorbed in meditation, the Lord remained indifferent to both the Nāga-lord Dharāṇa and the Asura Meghamālin. This being so, when he saw Meghamālin raining angrily, the Nāga-king, angered, said to him with contempt:

"O villain, what is this undertaking for your own disadvantage, evil-minded wretch. I am the servant of the Compassionate. Henceforth, I will not tolerate it. What crime against you was committed by the Lord, when he showed the snake being burned inside the log, if you were prevented from sin at that time? Good advice then led to your hostility, villain, like rain-water on saline soil. You are an enemy for no reason to the Lord here who is a brother (to everyone) for no reason. Villain, if you have injured him in this way, you will die today."

After hearing that speech, Meghamālin looked down and saw Pārśva standing so, attended by the Nāga-Indra. Terrified, he thought: "My power, great as it is, is useless against him, like that of the Payomucs (Meghamukhas), partisans

³⁴⁶ 280. For abhinaya, see I, n. 235.

of the Mlecchas, against the cakrin.³⁴⁷ He, an ocean of compassion, able to grind mountains with his fist, does not reduce me to ashes. Nevertheless, I am afraid of Indra Dharāṇa. I can not remain in the three worlds because of the crime against him, the lord of the three worlds. Where shall I go for a refuge, if this lord is a refuge? ”

Thus reflecting, he destroyed at once the expanse of water; terrified, he went to the Master himself, bowed, and said: “ If there is no anger on your part, Lord, toward me committing a crime, I am delighted; nevertheless, I am terrified by my own act. After doing such a wicked act, shameless, I ask you: Save me, save me, miserable, afraid of falling, Lord of the World.” With these words, the god Meghamālin asked forgiveness of the Lord of the World, bowed to him, and remorsefully went to his own home. Knowing that the Lord was free from attacks, after hymning him and bowing to him, the Naga-king went to his own house. The dawn appeared.

His omniscience (296–310)

The Lord of the World went from that place to the city Vārāṇasī and stood at the foot of a dhātakī in the garden Āśramapada. At that time when eighty-four days had passed since the day of the Master’s initiation, his destructive karmas broke. In the forenoon on the fourth of the dark half of Caitra, the moon being in Viśākhā, Śrī Pārśva’s omniscience arose. The gods, Śakra, et cetera knew it by the shaking of their thrones and made Śrī Pārśva Svāmin’s samavasaraṇa at once.

Attended by the gods shouting “ Hail! Hail!, the Lord entered the samavasaraṇa by the east door. The Master circumambulated the great caitya-tree, twenty-seven bows tall, like the sun the peak of Meru. Saying, “ Homage to the congregation,” Lord Pārśva sat down on the principal jeweled lion-throne, facing the east. At once by his power the Vyantara-gods created images of the Master in the other three

³⁴⁷ 288. See I, p. 242 ff.

directions. Gods, goddesses, men, women, sādhus, sādhis bowed to the Master and remained in their usual places.

Then a gardener saw the Lord's splendor, went to King Aśvasena, bowed, and said: "By good-fortune you are prosperous today, master. Now Pārśva Svāmin's omniscience, which destroys the ignorance of the world, has arisen. Endowed with miraculous powers,³⁴⁸ attended by Śakra, et cetera, the Lord of the World is seated now in a divine samavasaraṇa." Then the king gave him a suitable gift and he told Queen Vāmā with haste made by the desire to see him. Aśvasena went with Queen Vāmā and his retinue to the samavasaraṇa, a boat for the ocean of existence. After circumambulating the Lord and bowing to him, the king sat down behind Śakra, his mind filled with joy. After bowing to the Master again, his folded hands placed on his head, King Aśvasena and Śakra began a hymn of praise.

Stuti (311-319)

"Glory to your spotless omniscience, giving light to all present, past, and future living creatures everywhere. You alone are the boat for creatures to cross the boundless ocean of existence. You alone are the pilot. This day is the king of all days, Lord of Three Worlds, on which the great festival of the sight of your feet took place for us. The darkness of ignorance, thief of the eye of men's discernment, does not go away without the juice of the herb of your teaching. Now your congregation in worldly existence, ah! becomes an enterprise for helping creatures cross (existence), like a new ford at a river. Homage to you, having the four infinities of Siddhas,³⁴⁹ possessing all the supernatural powers, submerged in indifference, alone gracious. There is compassion on your part toward Meghamālin, evil-minded, who committed serious injuries in each birth. In what instance is there not compassion

³⁴⁸ 307. 'Caitya-tree' should be inserted after 'four-fold face and body,' in I, n. 11.

³⁴⁹ 317. Infinite perception, knowledge, power, and bliss.

on your part? Wherever I stay, wherever I go, may the protection of your lotus-feet not leave my heart.”

After this hymn of praise, the Indra of Saudharma and Aśvasena stopped speaking and Śrī Pārśvanātha, the Blessed, delivered a sermon.

Sermon (321–354)

“In this great forest of worldly existence, the sphere of old age, disease, and death, there is no other protector but dharma. Therefore it alone must be served. It is two-fold with complete and partial self-control. The first belongs to ascetics and is ten-fold: self-control, et cetera.³⁵⁰ The second belongs to house-holders and is considered twelve-fold;³⁵¹ the five lesser vows, the three meritorious vows, and the four disciplinary vows. The vows with transgressions do not lead to virtue. Then transgressions—five to each vow—must be avoided.³⁵² Binding from anger, cutting the skin, loading with excessive burdens, beating, limitation of food, et cetera are known (as transgressions) in non-injury. Teaching of wrong belief, a false accusation suddenly,³⁵³ telling of secrets, betrayal of confidential deliberation, and false writing are transgressions in truthfulness. Abetment in theft, receiving stolen goods, crossing an enemy’s realm, counterfeiting, falsification of measures are (transgressions) joined to non-theft.

Going to a woman who has been taken for a short time,³⁵⁴ going to one who has not been taken,³⁵⁵ another marriage, excessive persistence in love, and love-sport are prescribed (as transgressions) in chastity. Exceeding the amount

³⁵⁰ 322. For a full exposition of yatidharma see I, n. 38 and II, p. 274 f.

³⁵¹ 323. For the 12 lay vows in detail see I, p. 207 f.

³⁵² 325. This sermon follows closely the Yog. 3.90 (p. 189) ff. I have followed the commentary, but not all its alternative interpretations and details.

³⁵³ 326. Without thinking.

³⁵⁴ 328. Itvarāṭṭā, a courtesan. The Yog. offers several explanations for the meaning, but the PH cites itvara only as ‘small,’ ‘for a short time.’

³⁵⁵ 328. A courtesan who has not been taken of her own free will, or respectable widow or maiden.

of money and grain, of base metal, of cattle, et cetera, of fields and possessions, of wrought and unwrought gold (are transgressions) in non-possession for one who has taken the vow it is not fitting (to act) in five ways—in regard to acquisition, existence, offspring, joining, and gifts.³⁵⁶

Forgetfulness, exceeding (distance in the) upper, lower, and horizontal directions, increasing the ground: these five are prescribed (as transgressions) in the vow of limitation of direction.

Food with life, food joined with something that has life, food mixed with something that has life, fermented liquids, slowly ripening food: these belong to the standard of things of single and repeated enjoyment. These must be avoided in regard to food. In regard to work, cruel work must be avoided. In this vow one should avoid the fifteen sins—the undertaking of (sinful) work.

Livelihood from charcoal, a forest, carts, wages, splitting; trading in tusks, lac, rasa, hair, and poison; pressing in a machine, marking domestic animals, keeping worthless creatures,³⁵⁷ burning a forest, drying up a pond: one should avoid these fifteen. Livelihood from charcoal consists in making charcoal, in making frying-pans, in making pitchers of iron, or gold, working in copper, et cetera, in baking bricks. The selling of leaves, flowers, and fruit of plants cut in two or not;

³⁵⁶ 330. This śloka is quite unintelligible as it stands, but is explained elaborately in the com. (p. 195 ff.) to Yog. 3.96. A transgression of bandhana, 'acquisition,' would be, e.g., waiting until after the term of his vow to acquire something; or keeping it in storage to use later. A transgression of bhava, 'existence,' would be, e.g., to make two piles of base metal into one, thus keeping within the limit. In regard to offspring (garbha), it would be a transgression to have pregnant cattle, so the number would exceed the permitted one. In joining (yojana) he might erase the boundary, so two farms would count as one. In regard to gifts, (dāna), he might receive a gift which would cause his limit to be exceeded, in which case he might give it to some one else on condition that he would return it—which would, of course, be a transgression.

³⁵⁷ 335. Asatī is collective.

living from splitting and grinding of grain: they are livelihood for forests. The sale of carts, the making of their parts, and also driving them: that is known as livelihood from carts. A living from driving the loads of oxen, buffaloes, camels, donkeys, mules, and horses of carts—that is livelihood from wages. Living from work of digging ponds, wells, et cetera and crushing rock, combined with injury to the earth—that is livelihood from splitting. The taking of tusks, hair, nails, bones, skin, and down from their place of origin in a movable creature for the sake of trading—that is livelihood from trading in tusks. The sale of lac, red arsenic, indigo, dhātakī,³⁵⁸ borax, et cetera—that is called trading in lac, the abode of evil. The sale of fresh butter, lard, honey, wine, et cetera; the sale of two-footed and four-footed creatures—that is trading in rasa and hair. The sale of objects destructive of life, such as poison, weapons, plows, machines, iron, sulphuret of arsenic—that is called trading in poison. The pressing of sesame, sugar-cane, mustard seed, castor beans in water-machines, et cetera and the making of oil from their leaves are known as pressing by machine. Piercing the nose, branding, cutting the testicles, overloading,³⁵⁹ cutting the ears and tail—that is called marking. The keeping of a maina, parrot, cat, dog, cock, peafowl, and of a slave-girl for the sake of money—they know as keeping of worthless creatures. A forest-fire could be of two kinds: from a calamity or from the idea of acquiring merit.³⁶⁰ Drying up of ponds is the flooding of water from ponds, rivers, lakes, et cetera.

Superintendence of combined things,³⁶¹ excess of repeated

³⁵⁸ 342. The *Grislea tomentosa*, because its bark and flowers are used in making wine.

³⁵⁹ 346. A surmise, but it must be something of the sort. The Com. says: *pr̥ṣṭhagālanam karabhānām*.

³⁶⁰ 348. E.g., burning the old grass would be a good thing—an idea still prevalent.

³⁶¹ 349. I.e., two objects, either of which is harmless, but injurious when combined, e.g., bow and arrow.

pleasure, garrulity, bad gestures,³⁶² love are connected with purposeless injury.

The evil activity of body, voice, and speech, want of zeal, not keeping (sāmāyika) in mind are prescribed (as transgressions) in the sāmāyika-vow.

Employment of a servant,³⁶³ having something brought (from outside), throwing out of matter,³⁶⁴ consequences of sound and form³⁶⁵ (are transgressions) of the vow of time and place.

Not having inspected and cleaned (the bare ground for) excretions, things accepted, and covers, want of zeal, no earnest thought (are transgressions) of the pauṣadha-vow.³⁶⁶

Throwing something into something with life, covering with something with life,³⁶⁷ transgression of time,³⁶⁸ anger,³⁶⁹ pretext of some one else³⁷⁰ are prescribed in the fourth disciplinary vow. Cherishing the vows devoid of these transgressions, even a layman, pure-minded, is freed from the bondage of existence."

After hearing the Lord's sermon, many became mendicants; many became laymen. Certainly the speech of the Arhat is not fruitless.

Aśvasena, enlightened, gave his kingdom to his son,

³⁶² 349. Gestures to produce love.

³⁶³ 351. To do something not permitted for him to do himself.

³⁶⁴ 351. E.g., bricks, wood, etc. for other people to use.

³⁶⁵ 351. While staying in the prescribed space, he summons others by a cough, etc. and lets them see him.

³⁶⁶ 352. When the layman lives like a sādhu.

³⁶⁷ 353. He throws something that should be given into something with life, or covers it with something with life, so the sādhus will not accept it.

³⁶⁸ 353. He sets a time after the usual time for sādhus to take alms, or he eats before that time.

³⁶⁹ 353. He is angry at being asked for something and does not give it, even if he has it; or, he gives something from jealousy because some one else has given so much. In that case, he acquires no merit.

³⁷⁰ 353. He pretends that something belongs to some one else, so he can not give it.

Hastisena, then and there, and became a mendicant, noble-minded. Queen Vāmā and Prabhāvati became afraid of worldly existence because of the Lord's sermon and adopted mendicancy which results in emancipation.

The Lord had ten gaṇadharas, Āryadatta and others. The Master taught them the three steps: permanence, origination, and perishing. From the three steps they all composed the twelve aṅgas. To the intelligent teaching is like a drop of oil in water. The Lord delivered his sermon in the full first watch. In the second watch Āryadatta delivered a sermon. Then Śakra and the others bowed to the Supreme Lord and they all went to their respective places, recalling the Master's sermon.

Śāsanadevatās (362-365)

Originating in that congregation, the Yakṣa Pārśva, with a tortoise for a vehicle, dark, elephant-faced, splendid with an umbrella of serpent-hoods, four-armed, holding an ichneumon and a serpent in his left hands, a citron and a serpent in his right hands, became the Lord's messenger-deity.

Likewise the goddess Padmāvati, with a kurkuṭa-serpent for a vehicle, gold colored, carrying a lotus and a noose in her right hands, a fruit and a goad in her left hands, became the second messenger-deity of Lord Śrī Pārśva. The Lord, his vicinity unceasingly presided over by the messenger-deities, wandered over the earth, attended by reverent gods and others.

CHAPTER IV

THE WANDERING AND EMANCIPATION OF PĀRŚVANĀTHA

Then the Teacher of the World, wandering for the benefit of all the world, went one day to the country Puṇḍra, which was like a tilaka of the earth.

Story of Sāgaradatta (2-49)

Now there was at that time in the city Tāmaliptī in the eastern territory a merchant's son, Sāgaradatta, knowing the arts, young, intelligent. He was always averse to women from the memory of former births which had taken place and he did not wish to marry any woman, even though beautiful. For he, a Brāhman in a former birth, had been abandoned, unconscious, somewhere else by his wife who had given him poison, because she was in love with another man. He had been restored to life by a herd-girl and he became a mendicant. He died and became the merchant's son, with memory of his former birth, averse to women. The herd-girl, devoted to worldly matters, died in course of time and became the beautiful daughter of a merchant in the same city.

She, won with dignity, was chosen for Sāgaradatta by his brothers together with the idea, "His eyes should take pleasure in her." Yet his mind did not relax even on her. For he considered women to be messengers of Yama, because of his experience in his former birth. The merchant's daughter thought: "There is some memory of a former birth. He has been mistreated by some courtesan in a former birth."

After reflecting thus in her mind, at the right time she herself wrote a śloka on a leaf and sent it. He read: "It is not fitting for a man, who has been burned by a milk-pudding, to abandon curds. Are small creatures that originate in a little

water present in milk?" After considering carefully the meaning, he wrote and sent a śloka. She read: "A woman takes delight in an undeserving person; a river flows to low ground; the cloud rains on the mountain; Lakṣmī resorts to a man devoid of merit." After considering the meaning, in order to enlighten him, she again wrote and sent a śloka. He read: "Where is the fault of the writer? Why the abandonment of her by one so great? Surely the sun does not abandon the devoted twilight." Pleased by such words, Sāgaradatta married her and, delighted, enjoyed pleasures daily.

Then one day Sāgaradatta's father-in-law went with his sons to the town, Pāṭalāpatha, to trade. Sheth Sāgaradatta also began to do business and sometimes went to another coast with a very large ship. Seven times his ship was wrecked in the ocean and, when he returned, he was laughed at by the people, "He is without merit." His money lost, he did not abandon effort.

One day in his roaming he saw a boy drawing water from a little well. Seven times the water did not come, but it came the eighth time. After seeing that, he thought, "Men's efforts are fruitful. Even Fate fears those, for whom it has made obstacles, whose energy is unhindered by obstacles and who do not abandon an undertaking, and it (Fate) is broken."

With this thought, he tied an omen-knot,³⁷¹ set out for Siṅhala by boat, and arrived at Ratnadvīpa because of the wind. There he sold his merchandise, bought collections of jewels; filled the boat with them and started to his own city. The sailors, coveting the jewels, threw him in the ocean at night. By chance he reached a plank from a boat wrecked before and he swam out. He reached Pāṭalāpatha on the coast, where his father-in-law saw him and took him to his house.

After bathing, eating, and resting, Sāgara told the affair of the sailors from the beginning and his father-in-law said: "You stay here. The sailors will not go to Tāmaliptī from fear

³⁷¹ 23. Śakunagranthi. See Appendix II.

of your relatives, but, stupid, will come here." Sāgara agreed and his father-in-law told the story to the king. For that is the rule of the far-seeing.

One day the ship came to that shore and was recognized by the king's agents from signs described by Sāgara. The king's men asked all the wretched sailors:³⁷² "Who is the owner of the cargo? What is the cargo? And how much is here?" They, terrified and answering one way and another, were observed and the agents quickly summoned Sāgaradatta. When they saw Sāgara, terrified, they bowed and said: "At that time we, caṇḍālas in acts, did a wicked thing, lord. Yet you were saved by your merit, but we have been brought to the edge of capital punishment on your account. Do what is fitting to be done by the master."³⁷³ Compassionate Sāgara had them released by the king's men, gave them some food for the journey, and dismissed them, pure in mind. He, noble-minded, was highly honored by the king, saying, "He has merit," and he acquired much money from the merchandise on the boat.

He gave gifts and, seeking dharma, asked the teachers of dharma:³⁷⁴ "I wish to make the god of gods in jewels. Say who he is." There was no agreement among them who had no trace of the truth about god. Then a learned man said: "Do not ask stupid men like me. After practicing penance, and investing a jewel with divinity,³⁷⁵ concentrate your thoughts. The gods will tell you who is the supreme god."

Sāgara did so and at the end of a three-day fast, a deity showed him a purifying statue of a Tirthakara. The deity said to him, "Sir, this is the Supreme God, whose true nature the munis—no others—know." With these words, the deity

³⁷² 31. Pejorative -ka? MW quotes karnadhara, 'sailor,' karnadhara, 'helmsman.' But as there were several persons concerned here, they must have been the sailors.

³⁷³ 34. The instrumental presents a difficulty here. I have found no other MS reading. It seems necessary to supply a verb.

³⁷⁴ 37. Not Jainas, of course. Pārśva., p. 169, n. 4 is an error.

³⁷⁵ 39. See Pārśva., p. 199.

went away. Sāgara, delighted, showed the sādhus the golden statue of the Arhat. The sādhus taught him the dharma taught by the Arhats and he became a layman.

One day he asked the sādhus: "Of which Arhat is this the image? By what procedure must I install it? Now do your Reverences tell me." The sādhus said: "Śrī Pārśva is now stopped in the district Puṇḍravardhana. Go and ask him." Sāgara went at once, bowed to Śrī Pārśva and asked him about the procedure suitable for the jeweled statue in all respects. The Master explained to him with reference to his own samavasaraṇa all the supernatural powers of the Arhats, the worship of the Jinas, and the installation (of the statue). He had it installed in accordance with the procedure prescribed by the Jina, thinking, "It is the statue of a Tīrthakṛt." The next day he became a mendicant in the presence of the Master. Then the Blessed One with his retinue, attended by gods and asuras, endowed with all the supernatural powers, went elsewhere.

Story of Bandhudatta (50-297)

Now in the city Nāgapurī, there was a king, Sūrtejas, the chief of the glorious, like the Indra of the serpents in the city of the Nāgas. There was a rich man, Dhanapati, friend of the king, and Dhanapati's wife Sundarī, fair in conduct. They had a son, Bandhudatta, who had his grandfather's name, well-bred and virtuous, and he reached youth. Mānabhaṅga, by whom his enemies' minds were broken, was king in the city Kauśāmbī in the country Vatsa. There was a rich man,* Jinadatta, devoted to the religion of the Jinas, who had a wife Vasumatī and a daughter, Priyadarśanā. She had a friend, the daughter of the Vidyādhara, Aṅgada, named Mṛgāṅkalekhā, devoted to the Jinas' doctrine. The two friends passed the days with worship of the gods, service to the guru, study of dharma, et cetera.

One day it was said by a sādhu, who had come in his wandering, to a second sādhu, in reference to Priyadarśanā,

"After bearing a son, she noble, will become a mendicant." Mṛgāṅkalekhā rejoiced at hearing that, but did not tell anyone.

Dhanapati asked for Candralekhā, the daughter of Vasunanda, a sheth of Nāgapurī, for his son and he gave her. On an auspicious day at an auspicious hour the wedding of Bandhudatta and Candralekhā took place with a great festival. Candralekhā, whose hand had just been marked with the wedding-ribbon in the afternoon, was bitten by a snake at night and died. In the same way six wives of his, just married, died on the same day as the wedding from the maturing of karma.

"Bandhudatta has a poison-hand." Then, though asking, he did not obtain another maiden even with much money. He thought, "What is the use of money to me deprived of a wife," and wasted away day by day, like the moon of the dark half. Dhanapati thought, "My son, grieved, will die. I shall put him in business to make him forget his grief." After this decision, the sheth instructed Bhanudatta, "Son, go to the Siṅhalas or somewhere else to trade."

At his father's command Bandhudatta took much goods, embarked on a boat, crossed the ocean, and went to the Siṅhalas. He pleased the lord of Siṅhala with valuable gifts; and he exempted him from customs and dismissed him with favor. After selling his goods there and making the desired profit, he bought goods in exchange and started for his own city. When he, going by sea, had come near his own country, his ship, rocked by a storm, was wrecked. He got hold of a wooden plank by the favor of Fate and reached Ratnadvīpa, the ornament of the sea-coast.

After landing and bathing in a tank in a grove of mangoes bearing fruit, he ate the sweet mangoes, an herb for the disease of hunger. Taking fruit along the road in this way, he went to Mt. Ratna, climbed it and saw a jeweled shrine. He entered the shrine of Ariṣṭanemi there, paid homage to the image in it and to the munis living there. He was questioned about news about himself first by the eldest muni; and gradually he told about the death of his wives, the wreck of his ship, et cetera.

Enlightened by the muni, he accepted the Jinas' religion, showing pleasure at his arrival there which had borne fruit.

A Vidyādhara, Citrāṅgada, said to him: "You are my co-religionist because of Jinadharma, fortunately. Shall I give you the magic art 'going-through-the-air,' or shall I take you to a desired place, or shall I give you a maiden?" Bandhudatta said: "Whatever magic art you have is surely submissive to me. That place only, where there is sight of such gurus, is desired by me."

After saying this, he became silent and the Khecara reflected: "He wishes a maiden. Certainly there is approval of what is unopposed. Investigating fully, I shall give him, noble, a virtuous maiden who will not die as soon as married to him." After deciding so, he led Bandhudatta to his own house, honored him especially with suitable bath, food, et cetera.

Citrāṅgada asked all his Khecaras, "Has any maiden been seen in Bhāratavarṣa who is worthy of him?" Mṛgāṅkalekhā, the daughter of his brother, Aṅgada, said: "Father, do you not know my friend, Priyadarśanā? She, like the woman-jewel in beauty, is my friend in Kauśāmbī, the daughter of Sheth Jinadatta. Formerly I walked at her side. 'After bearing a son, she will become a mendicant,' a muni said, with reference to her, and I heard it."

Citrāṅgada instructed Khecaras, Amitagati and others, to arrange for Priyadarśanā, suitable for Bandhudatta, to be given to him. The Khecaras took Bandhudatta and went to Kauśāmbī. They camped in a garden outside ornamented with a shrine of Pārśva. Bandhudatta entered the shrine with the Khecaras, paid homage to Pārśva and the sādhus and listened to dharma from them. Jinadatta, to whom co-religionists were dear, had gone there and, after inviting them, took Bandhudatta and the Khecaras to his house. After Jinadatta had entertained Bandhudatta and the Khecaras with dignity with baths, seats, et cetera, he asked the reason for their coming.

The Khecaras, thinking, "This is an enterprise of love ;

falsehood is a branch of love,"³⁷⁶ at once made up this story and said: "We have come from Mt. Ratna, having undertaken a tour of the holy places. We went to Mt. Ujjayanta and paid homage to Nemi. We were honored with food, et cetera by Bandhudatta, who belonged there, like a brother because we were co-religionists. Because he was devoted to dharma and was always averse to women, a very strong affection developed between him and us. We came from Ujjayanta here to pay homage to Śrī Pārśva and Bandhudatta came also, drawn by affection for us."

After hearing this speech of the Khecaras and after seeing Bandhudatta, Jinadatta reflected, "He is a suitable husband for my daughter." So reflecting, Jinadatta had him urged by the Khecaras and said to Bandhudatta, "Marry my daughter." Bandhudatta considered, as if portraying unwillingness for that. At that same time, Amitagati announced Citrāṅgada. Citrāṅgada having come with the procession of the bridegroom's friends, Jinadatta married Bandhudatta to his daughter. After giving instructions to Bandhudatta, Citrāṅgada went to his home and Bandhudatta remained there, delighting Priyadarśanā. He had a car-procession of Śrī Pārśva made and, thus devoted to dharma, he remained there for four years.

As time passed, Priyadarśanā conceived and saw an elephant entering her lotus-mouth in a dream. One day Bandhudatta told his wife that a desire to go his own home had arisen. She told Jinadatta and Jinadatta loaded him with very great wealth and dismissed him with his wife. "I am

³⁷⁶ 92. As the first half of this śloka was not clear to me, I consulted four Indian Sanskritists. Each one had a different interpretation, but they agreed that it referred to the tradition that falsehood is permissible in five cases.

Udvāhakāle ratisamprayoge prāṇātyaye sarvadhanāpāhare |

Viprasya cārthe hyanṛtam vadeyuḥ pañcāṅṭānyāhurapātakāni ||

Vāsiṣṭhadharmaśāstra, 16.36.

The same idea is expressed in the Mahābhārata, 8.69.33 and 69. (Gorakhpur ed.).

going to Nāgapurī.” He put the people who had set out with him because of the announcement in front like brothers and going very slowly, a great traveler on the right road, reached the forest Padma, the sole abode of evil.

Guarding the caravan, worried, after traversing the forest three days, he had the caravan stop on the bank of a pool. As the caravan was camped there, in the last watch of the night an attack by the village-chief, Caṇḍasena, took place. After seizing the property of the caravan and leading away Priyadarśanā, the soldiers turned her over to Candasena. When Caṇḍasena had seen her, sad-faced, his compassion aroused, he thought, “Shall I send her to her own home?”

As he was considering, he saw a slave-girl, Cūtalatā near her. “Who is she? Whose daughter? Tell me everything.” The slave-girl said: “She is the daughter of Jinadatta, a merchant of Kauśāmbī. Her name is Priyadarśanā.” On hearing that, he fainted at once. When he had regained consciousness, the village-chief said to Priyadarśanā:

“My life was saved in the past by your father. Do not be afraid. Hear from the beginning: I am a noted chief of thieves. One day when I had gone out for stealing, I went to a mountain-village in the country Vatsa at the beginning of night. Surrounded by thieves, drinking wine, I was found there by the guards and was handed over to Mānabhaṅga by the ones who captured me. He had me beaten. As I was being led out to execution, my release was obtained by your father, compassionate, going to break his fast at the end of pauṣadha. After giving me clothes and money, your father dismissed me. You are the daughter of (my) benefactor. Therefore, instruct me. What can I do?”

Jinadatta’s daughter said, “Brother, now find Bhanudatta, my husband, who was separated (from me) by the attack.” “I will do so,” the village-chief replied and escorted Priyadarśanā to his house with exceeding devotion and considered her like his own divinity. Then Caṇḍasena himself went to look for Bandhudatta, after comforting Priyadarśanā with the gift of

fearlessness.

Now Bandhudatta, separated from his wife, standing in a grove of date trees, unhappy, thought: "Separated from me, she, long-eyed, will not be able to live a day. My wife is probably dead. With what hope can I live in future? Death is a suitable refuge. There is no other course for me. No! I shall die, hanging myself from this big saptacchada." With these thoughts he moved forward.

When he got near to the saptacchada, he saw a big pool in front of it and in it a rājahaṅsa grieved by separation from his mate. Seeing him miserable like himself, he was very grieved. For the unhappy man knows the mental suffering of the unhappy. While Bandhudatta stood so, in a moment the rājahaṅsa was united closely with the haṅsī seated in the shade of a lotus-bed. After seeing him united with his wife Bandhudatta thought:

"Again the union of the living with the wife takes place. I shall go to my own city. Penniless, how shall I go there? Going to Kauśāmbī without my wife is not suitable. After going to Viśālā and taking money from my maternal uncle, giving it to the general of the thieves, I shall obtain the release of my wife. After going with my wife to Nāgapurī, from my own house I shall give the money to my maternal uncle by some means, remembering what was done.

With this plan, going east the next day, he went in great distress to a place named Giristhala. While he rested in a Yakṣa's temple concealed by a tree, near the road, a traveler suffering from fatigue came. Asked by Bandhudatta, "Whence have you come?" the traveler announced clearly, "I am from Viśālā." "Is the caravan-leader there, Dhanadatta, all right?" asked by Bandhudatta, the traveler, sad-faced, said:

"When Dhanadatta was away on business, his eldest son, sporting with his wife at home, paid no attention to the king as he was passing by. Angered by that offense, the king seized his goods and put his household, sons, wives, et cetera in

prison. Dhanadatta has come to his sister's son, Bandhudatta, for the sake of a balance of a crore of rupees of a ransom. Traveling (on the way), he was quit by me yesterday."

Bandhudatta thought: "Alas! What has Fate done! The one in whom I had hope, has fallen into an ocean of calamities. Let it be so. Staying right here, I shall see my uncle. After I go to Nāgapurī, I shall get the money for him quickly." So reflecting, he stayed. On the fifth day his uncle came with a caravan, with few companions, very distressed. Dhanadatta sat under a tamāla tree in the garden of the Yakṣa's temple and was seen by Bhanudatta.

In order to test him, Bandhudatta said: "Tell from where you came here and where you are going." Dhanadatta said: "I have come from Viśālā and I am going to the city Nāgapurī, good sir." Bandhudatta said: "I too am going to Nāgapurī, but who of your family lives there? Tell." He said, "My nephew Bandhudatta is there," and Bandhudatta replied, "Bandhudatta is a friend of mine."

After ascertaining that he was his uncle, Bandhudatta stayed there without disclosing himself and they ate and slept together. At dawn Bandhu went to the river for bathing and saw that the dust of the ground in a thicket of kadamba was tinged with the color of jewels. He dug up the ground with a sharp horn and came to a copper box filled with jewels and ornaments. After taking the box secretly, going to Dhanadatta, and telling him how it had been obtained, he said politely: "I have obtained all the news from you, a traveler. Accept this box because of your merit, uncle of my friend. After both of us have gone to Viśālā and paid money, we will release our men from the king's imprisonment and then we will go to Nāgapurī."

With these words, Bandhudatta set the box down in front of him and became silent. Dhanadatta said: "Shall we see your friend Bandhudatta because of having the men released, good sir? After that, he is the authority." Bhanudatta bowed and announced who he was. Dhanadatta said, "Oh! how

have you reached such an unfortunate state?" When his experiences had been told by Bhanudatta, Dhanadatta said, "Son, first we shall rescue Priyadarśanā from the Bhillas."

Just then the king's armed soldiers came quickly and arrested all the travelers camped there on the suspicion that they were robbers. While Dhanadatta and Bandhudatta were throwing the object into the Yakṣa's temple, they were caught by the king's men. "What is this?" questioned by them, they said, "From fear of you, we hid this object of our own." The king's soldiers took them with the box and the other travelers before the king's minister.

After examining and releasing the other travelers, the minister questioned the uncle and nephew zealously, "Where are you from and what is this?" "We have come from Viśālā and now we have started to Lātadeśa, taking this money acquired before." The minister said, "If this is your property, in that case tell everything that is in the box with some sign of proof." Not knowing (what was in the box), terrified, they said, "If the box has been stolen, open it yourself, minister, and let it be examined."

The minister himself opened the box and saw ornaments in it marked with the king's name. Remembering that these objects had been lost for a long time, the minister reflected: "This has been deposited by these two from objects stolen before. The robbers will be caught through these two being beaten." With this idea he had the whole caravan seized by his men. He had the two beaten severely by guards like messengers of Yama. Distracted by heavy blows, they said: "We came yesterday with the caravan. If that is not so, we must be killed by you then, after consideration."

A man of the place said in reference to Bandhudatta, "I saw him in this caravan five days ago." Asked by the minister, "Do you know him?" the caravan-leader said, "Who, indeed, knows such travelers going in a caravan?" After hearing that, the minister, angered, had the nephew and uncle detained in a prison resembling hell.

Now Caṇḍasena, after wandering for a long time through the forest Padma without finding Bandhudatta, went home, ashamed. Before Priyadarśanā he promised: "I will bring your husband within six months, or I will enter the fire." After making this promise the village-chief sent spies to Kauśāmbī and Nāgapuri to find Bandhudatta. After some days they returned and said to Caṇḍasena, "We, roaming about, have not seen Bandhudatta."

Caṇḍasena reflected: "Miserable from separation from his wife, surely he is dead by leaping from a precipice or entering a fire. Four months have passed from the limit of my promise. Now I shall enter the fire. Bandhudatta is hard to find. Or rather, I will stay until Priyadarśanā gives birth. After taking her son to Kauśāmbī, I shall enter the fire."

While he was reflecting thus, the door-keeper came and said: "By good fortune you prosper today. Priyadarśanā has borne a son." Delighted, the village-chief gave him a gratuity and said to the goddess of the forest Padma, named Caṇḍasenā: "If my sister and her son are well for one month, I will give you an offering of ten men." When twenty-five days had passed safely, he sent men in every direction to bring men for the sacrifice.

Now Bandhudatta and his maternal uncle passed six months in that prison resembling hell. Then a great thief was found by the guards at night—a mendicant with money—and they arrested him and handed him over to the same minister. "Mendicants do not have such money. So he must be a robber." After this decision, the minister ordered him to be killed. As he was being led out for execution, thinking, "The muni's speech is not false," he said with remorse: "No one, except me, robbed the city. All the loot is in the mountains, rivers, gardens, et cetera. The goods should be returned to those from whom it was stolen. It is deposited like a treasure. Then kill me."

The guards told the minister and the minister saw all the goods in the places described, except one box. The minister

said to the mendicant: "Why this conduct of yours repugnant to (your) belief and appearance? Tell fearlessly, clever man."

Story of the thief (193-225)

"This same act is customary for those devoted to sense-objects, (but) without money in the house. If there is anything unusual, hear: In the city Puṇḍravardhana, I am the son, Nārāyaṇa, of the Brāhman Somadeva. I constantly taught the people that heaven was from killing living creatures, et ceterā.

One day I saw some sad-faced men arrested on the suspicion that they were thieves. 'All these rogues should be killed,' I said at that time. A muni said, 'Oh! the wicked ignorance!' I bowed and asked the muni, 'What ignorance?' and he said: 'The imputation of non-existent crime, causing great pain to another. These men have fallen into misfortune from the ripening of former karma. Why do you invent a non-existent crime of thievery? Soon you will find the full fruit of acts committed in a former birth. So do not impose a false crime on another.'

Asked by me again about the full fruit of former acts, the muni, who had supernatural knowledge, his mind filled with compassion, said:

Former birth of thief (201-214)

'In this same Bharatakṣetra in the city Garjana, there was a Brāhman, Āṣāḍha by name, and his wife Racchukā. Now in the fifth birth (before this) you were their son, Candradeva, and you were taught the Vedas by your father. Considering yourself learned, you were much honored by King Virasena. Another mendicant, named Yogātman, intelligent, was there. There was a child-widow, Viramatī, the daughter of Sheth Vinīta, and she went off with a gardener, Siṅhala. Yogātman had been worshipped by her and by chance he went somewhere else on the same day without telling

any one because of freedom from attachment.

“Viramatī has gone,” was the gossip among all the people. You reflected, “Surely Yogātman has gone with her.” “Viramatī has gone somewhere,” was the talk in the palace and you said definitely, “She has gone with Yogātman.” The king said, “He has given up association with his wife, et cetera,” and you said, “For that very reason he, a heretic, has taken other men’s wives.” On hearing that, the people became lax in religion and on account of that sin the other mendicants expelled Yogātman.

Having acquired in this way sharp, firmly bound karma,³⁷⁷ after death you became a goat in the hamlet Kollaka. Having a putrid tongue from the fault of that karma, after death you became a jackal in a great forest of Kollaka. After the jackal had died from cancer of the tongue, you became the son of Madanalatā, a courtesan of the king in Sāketa.³⁷⁸

One day you, a young man, intoxicated, were restrained by a prince when you were insulting the king’s mother and you insulted him, also, deeply. He cut off your tongue and you, ashamed, fasted and died. Now you became a Brāhman. The rest of your actions you know already.’

After hearing that, having disgust with existence which had been produced, I became a mendicant at the feet of Suguru, eager for obedience to a guru. The magic arts of ‘going-through-the air’ and of ‘opening-locks’ were given to me by the guru as he was dying and I was instructed earnestly: ‘These magic arts must not be invoked in any other calamity except the rescue of a righteous person; and no falsehood must be spoken even in jest. If a falsehood is told through carelessness, you should recite the magic arts one thousand and eight times, standing in water up to the navel, holding the arms erect.’

Devoted to sense-objects I have done the reverse. Yesterday I told a falsehood in front of the habitation in the garden.

³⁷⁷ 210. Nikācīta. See I, p. 402.

³⁷⁸ 212. Pārśva., p. 175, has Yogātman dying from mouth-disease, but this is an error. The text, 8.156, agrees with our account.

Yesterday some young women, after bathing, came to worship the god in the habitation and asked me the reason for taking the vow. I said carelessly the reason was the separation from a dear wife and I did not make the prayer prescribed by the guru, standing in water. At night in order to steal I entered, like a dog, Sheth Sāgara's house whose door happened to be open. As I was leaving after taking the gold, silver, et cetera, I was caught by the police; and the magic art, 'going-through-the air,' did not manifest itself, though recalled."

The minister asked him again: "Only a box of ornaments has not been found. Were you mistaken about the place?" He said: "The box was taken from the place where it was buried by some one who came and learned about it by chance."

After hearing that the chief-minister released the ascetic and he remembered the uncle and nephew who had taken the box. He thought: "Surely the box was taken by them in ignorance and they lied because they were terrified. They must be questioned without fear on their part." He summoned them and questioned them unafraid. When they had told everything in detail, they were released by the minister conversant with right conduct.

They stayed two days because of emaciation and left on the third day; and they were caught by Caṇḍasena's men who were looking for men. They were both thrown into the midst of prisoners by Kirātas for the sacrifice to the goddess Caṇḍasenā. Taking Priyadarśanā with slave-girls and her son, Caṇḍasena approached for the worship of Caṇḍasenā. Saying, "Merchants' wives are not able to look at this terrible goddess," he covered Priyadarśanā's eyes with a cloth. After taking the boy himself, Caṇḍasena by a signal of his eye had Bandhudatta brought, the very first one by chance. The village-chief said to Priyadarśanā, "After having your son bow to the goddess and having him give her red sandal, have him worship her."

He himself, completely pitiless, drew his sword from its

scabbard, but miserable Priyadarśanā thought:

“Alas! this sacrifice with men to the goddess is for my sake. How has this inglorious thing been caused by me! Oh! Oh! I have become a Rākṣasī.”

Bandhudatta, knowing that death had come, pure-minded, began to recite namaskāras, virtuous. Hearing his voice, at once Priyadarśanā opened her eyes and saw her husband. She said to Caṇḍasena, “Brother, you have been faithful to a promise, since this is Bandhudatta, your sister’s husband.” Falling at his feet, Caṇḍasena said to Bandhudatta: “Pardon this crime of ignorance. You are master. Give orders.”

Delighted, Bandhudatta said to Priyadarśanā, “What crime is there of this man who has reunited me with you?” Then giving orders to Caṇḍasena, Bandhudatta had the men released from prison and said to him, “What is this?” and the Bhilla-king told the story ending in the offering for the fulfilment of his wish.

Bandhu said: “Pūjā with living creatures is not fitting. You should worship the goddess with flowers, et cetera. You should avoid injury, other people’s money and wives, and falsehood. Be a vessel of contentment.” He agreed, “Very well,” and the goddess, being near, said, “Beginning with today, my worship must be made with white lotuses, et cetera.” Hearing that, many Bhillas became bhadrakas at once.

The son was handed over to Bandhudatta by Priyadarśanā. Bandhudatta handed over his son to Dhanadatta and told his wife, “He is my maternal uncle.” She veiled herself and bowed from a distance to her father-in-law. He gave a blessing and said, “A name for the son is fitting today.” Since he had given joy to his relatives by the gift of life, his parents gave him the name Bāndhavānanda.

After conducting Bandhudatta and his uncle to his house, the Kirāta-chief gave them food and then handed over the loot that he had taken. Caṇḍasena, his hands folded respectfully, brought tiger-skins, chauris, elephant-tusks, pearls, fruit, et cetera to Bandhudatta. Bandhu dismissed the prisoners,

like brothers, with suitable gifts and, having helped Dhanadatta to accomplish his purpose, sent him to his own home.

Bandhudatta went to the city Nāgapurī with the caravan, his son and Priyadarśanā, accompanied by Caṇḍasena. His brothers, who came delighted, and the king had him mount an elephant and enter the city with much honor. Bestowing gifts, Bandhudatta went to his own house and told his whole story to his brothers at the end of a meal.

Again he said to all: "Everything in this existence is worthless except the doctrine of the Jinas. This is my experience." The people became devoted to the doctrine of the Jinas from Bandhudatta's speech. Bandhudatta entertained Caṇḍasena and dismissed him. Bandhudatta lived there in comfort for twelve years. One day in autumn Śrīmat Pārśva stopped in a samavasaraṇa. Bandhudatta went there with Priyadarśanā with great magnificence, bowed to Śrī Pārśvanātha and listened to a sermon.

Previous birth of Bandhudatta (261-293)

He then asked the Lord: "Because of what acts did six wives die as soon as married and why did my separation and imprisonment take place?" The Master related:

"Here in Bharata on Mt. Vindhya there was a Śabara-lord, named Śikharasena, intent on doing harm, devoted to sense-objects. Priyadarśanā was his wife, named Śrīmatī, and you continued playing with her in mountain-thickets at that time. One day a group of sādhus, who had lost the way, came there wandering in the forest and was seen by you with a compassionate mind. You went and asked the sādhus, 'Why do you wander here?' They told you, 'We have lost the way.'

śrīmatī said to you, 'After feeding them with fruit, et cetera, help these munis cross the Vindhya-forest difficult to cross.' You brought bulbs, et cetera and they said: 'This is not proper. If there is anything devoid of color, odor, et cetera, give us that. Or fruit, et cetera, that was gathered a long time ago, is suitable for us.' On hearing that, you fed

them with such bulbs, et cetera. You led the sādhus to the road and they taught dharma. After giving you the formula 'homage to the five,' they instructed you as follows:

'On one day in a fortnight you, staying in solitude, with all censurable activity given up, must recall this formula of homage. If some one should threaten you then, do not be angry at him. If you practice dharma in this way, the glory of heaven is not hard to attain.' You said, 'So be it.'

One day a lion approached you as you were doing just so and Śrīmatī was at once afraid of him. Saying, 'Do not be afraid,' you seized a large bow, (but) you were reminded by Śrīmatī of the self-control advised by the guru. Then you, motionless, and noble Śrīmatī were devoured by the lion and you became gods in Saudharma with a life-term of a palya.

After falling, you became the son of King Kurumṛgāṅka and Bālacandrā in Cakrapurī in the West Videhas. Śrīmatī, falling from heaven, became the daughter of King Subhūṣaṇa, brother-in-law of Kurumṛgāṅka, and Kurumatī. You two, Vasantasenā and Śabaramṛgāṅka by name, gradually attained youth, living in your respective places. She fell in love with you from hearing your virtues; and you with her from the sight of a painting of her figure brought by an esteemed painter. You were married to her by your father, knowing your affection. Your father became an ascetic and you became king. At that time the karma originating in your Bhillā-birth, caused by separating animals, matured. Hear the full truth, noble sir.

In that same province, a powerful king, lord of Jayapura, named Vardhana, angry for no reason, said to you through agents: 'Send me Vasantasenā and accept my command. In that case enjoy your kingdom; if not, fight with me.' Hearing that with anger, mounted on an elephant, you set out with an army for battle, being prevented by the people from seeing unfavorable omens. At that time King Vardhana, being defeated, fled; and a powerful king, named Tapta, fought with you.

You, your army destroyed by him who had defeated you,

died and, because you were subject to cruel meditation, you became a hell-inhabitant in the sixth hell. Vasantasenā entered the fire, grieved by the separation, died, and was born at that time in the same hell. You, having risen from hell, became the son in the house of a poor man in Bharata in Puṣkaradvīpa and she became a daughter of a caste equal to his. The marriage of the two took place when they were grown and, though the pain of poverty was present, you two sported constantly.

One day you two were at home and saw some sadhvis. Getting up with devotion, you presented them with food and drink zealously. Questioned, the sadhvis said, 'Our head is Bālacandrā and there is shelter in the house of Sheth Vasu.' At the end of the day, you two went there, your minds purified, and were taught dharma completely by the head-nun, Bālacandrā. You both adopted lay-dharma at her feet and, after death, became gods with a life of nine sāgaras in Brahmaloḥa. After falling, you became these two (you are now). You made severe separation of animals in your Bhilla-birth and she approved it. By the maturing of that (karma) you experienced the death of your wives, separation, and the pains of capture, imprisonment, et cetera. For the maturing of karma is painful."

Bandhudatta bowed again and said to the Blessed One: "In future where shall we go and how long will our existence be?" The Master replied: "After death, you will go to Sahasrāra. Falling, you will be a cakrin in East Videha and she will be your chief-queen. After enjoying the pleasures of the senses for a long time and after becoming mendicants, both will go to emancipation." Hearing that, Bandhudatta and Priyadarśanā took the vow at that very time under the Master, Śrī Pārśva.

One day a king, a lord of nine treasures,³⁷⁹ went to pay homage to Pārśva who had stopped in a samavasaraṇa near

³⁷⁹ 298. For the nine treasures, see I, pp. 252 f.

his city. "By what acts in a former birth did I attain this magnificence?" So questioned by him, the Blessed One, Lord Pārśva said:

"In a former birth you were a gardener, Aśoka by name, in a village, Hellūra, in the country Mahārāṣṭra. One day after selling flowers, you started home. Half-way on the road, you entered a layman's house where the statue of an Arhat was set up. Seeing the Arhat's statue there, looking for flowers, you put your hand in the basket and found there nine flowers. You put them on the Arhat and acquired great merit.

One day you presented a priyaṅgu-blossom to the king. You were installed by the king as the head of the guild and, when you died, you became lord of nine lacs of drammas ³⁸⁰ in Elapura. After death you became lord of nine crores of money ³⁸¹ in the same place. When you died, you became lord of nine lacs of gold in the city Svarṇapatha. After death you became lord of nine crores of gold in the same place. After death you became master of nine lacs of jewels in Ratnapura. In course of time you died and became master of fully nine crores of jewels in the same city, Ratnapura. You died and became a king, the son of King Vallabha in Vāṭikā, lord of nine lacs of villages. Then you died and became such a king—lord of nine treasures. From this birth you will go to the Anuttara-palace."

After hearing the Master's account, the king, very devout, became a mendicant at that time.

The Congregation (311–315)

As the Lord wandered, his retinue from the day of

³⁸⁰ 304. Drama, according to PH, equals a gold mohar, which was probably about 15 rupees in Hemacandra's time. But he is supposed to be richer in each birth and, if he starts with a gold coin, what would his nine lacs of 'gold' be? I think probably drama here should be taken as about a rupee.

³⁸¹ 305. I strongly suspect that the 'dravya' of the edition should be read 'dramma.'

omniscience consisted of sixteen thousand ṛṣis (sādhus), thirty-eight thousand noble sadhvīs, three hundred and fifty who knew the fourteen pūrvas, fourteen hundred who had clairvoyant knowledge, seven hundred and fifty who had mind-reading knowledge, one thousand omniscients, eleven hundred who had the art of transformation, six hundred noble disputants, one lac and sixty-four thousand laymen, and three lacs and seventy-seven thousand laywomen.

His emancipation (316-321)

Knowing that his emancipation was near, the Lord went to Mt. Sammeta, accompanied by thirty-three munis, and fasted for a month. The Teacher of the World, together with the thirty-three munis, attained the place from which there is no return on the eighth of the white half of Śrāvaṇa, (the moon being) in Viśākhā.

Thirty years as householder, seventy in keeping the vows—so the age of Śrī Pārśva Svāmin was one hundred years. The emancipation of the Supreme Lord, Śrī Pārśvanātha, took place eighty-three thousand, seven hundred and fifty years from the day of Śrī Nemi's emancipation. The lords of gods, Śakra and the others, came to Mt. Sammeta's peak, accompanied by the gods. Subject to an excess of grief, they celebrated splendidly the emancipation-festival of the Supreme Lord, Pārśva.

The ones who, believing, bring the biography of Pārśvanātha, purifying the three worlds, within the range of hearing—from them misfortunes go away; and they would be remarkably prosperous, and they go to the final abode. What else?

APPENDIX I
ADDITIONAL NOTES

p. 138 (8. 3. 916). I have debated long about the meaning of āsana in this connection, whether 'withers' or 'howdah.' Neither seems to fit perfectly. First I favored 'withers.' But "he shock his withers" seems an abnormal phrase. So in the proof I changed to 'howdah.' In a parallel passage in the Kathākośa, p. 220, Tawney has 'howdah.' The original of Tawney's Kathākośa (ed. by J. Śāstri, Lahore, 1942) does not help. It is as ambiguous as Hemacandra. But that is not entirely satisfactory, either. In either case, the repetition of 'āsana,' seems unnecessary. Also, an elephant tied to a post would not normally have a howdah. I suspect strongly that 'sprṣṭāsano' should read 'prṣṭhāsano,' probably 'prṣṭāsano' in the MS. The MSS that I have used are like the text, so I do not make the emendation. It would remove all difficulty by specifying that the elephant had a howdah. "With a howdah on his back, he shook the howdah by the wind (of his running)."

P. 179 (8. 5. 418). In all the discussion of the location of Kṛṣṇa's Dvārakā, I have not seen any reference to the Triṣaṣṭi° passages. Bhattasali (IHQ X, 541 ff.) thinks there were two Dvārakās in Kṛṣṇa's time: one "under the shadow of the Raivataka or Gomanta hill" and the other at "Mūla Dvārakā on the sea, about 22 miles east of Prabhāsapattana or Somnāth." Hemacandra gives no indication that he has more than one place in mind, but his allusions to its location are not consistent. In 8. 5. 361 Kṛṣṇa is directed to go to the ocean-shore in the west and to found a city where Satyabhāmā bears twin sons. In 8. 5. 397-8 Kṛṣṇa asks Suthita for the return of the site of the city of the former Śārṅgins, which had been covered

by the ocean. He obtains it and Kubera builds his city there. In 8. 6. 25 Dvārikā is on the western ocean. In 8. 7. 140 Dvārikā was made on "a site given by the ocean." In 8. 11. 106 it was covered by the ocean, after it was burned. *But* in 8. 5. 391, just previous to his interview with Sushita, he made his camp to the north-west of Mt. Raivataka. There Satyabhāmā bore twin sons. In 8. 5. 418 its location is described very exactly: Raivataka was to the east of it, Mālyavat to the south, Mt. Saumanasa to the west, and Gandhamādana to the north—which certainly would not apply to Mūla-dvārakā, but might to Junagaḍh. In 8. 7. 195 Kṛṣṇa left Dvārikā and went to the north-east for 45 yojanas and stopped at Sinapalli, where Ānandapura was later founded (8. 8. 28). LAI (p. 266) identifies Ānandapura with Vaḍnagar in North Gujarat. In 8. 11. 100 he leaves Dvārakā and goes to the southeast to the Pāṇḍavas' city, Pāṇḍumathurā. LAI (p. 271) takes Dvārakā to be Junagaḍh.

- P. 228 (8. 7. 258). Or perhaps, Bhānuka. Satyabhāmā had twins, Bhānu and Bhāmara (p. 177); a son named Bhānuka (p. 188); and a son Anubhānuka, (p. 214). His other name was Bhīru. Mahābhānu was also a son of Kṛṣṇa.
- P. 235 (8. 7. 371). After asking for years many Sanskritists for suggestions for brahmasūtra, at the last minute I was offered an interpretation that made sense. I, and everyone else, had correlated brahmasūtreṇa with asinā, but Mr. T. Venkitram Shastri of the Rāmāyaṇa Dept., O. I., interprets it quite differently: "Anādhṛṣṭi, light-handed, using trickery, cut Hiraṇya's body along the sacred thread, like a piece of wood." I.e., he cut the body diagonally along the line of the sacred thread. He cited a passage in the Rāmāyaṇa, 6. 81. 30, where the same method is used.
- P. 265 (8. 9. 282). The cakora, a kind of partridge, is supposed to live on moonbeams.
- P. 281 (8. 10. 115). This incident is mentioned in the Cauppaṇṇamahāpurisacariya, p. 197 (Prakrit Text Society

- Series, No. 3); but no details are given there, either.
- P. 343 (9. 1. 414). With a play on mātaṅga meaning 'elephant' and 'outcaste.'
- P. 351 (n. 22). This is not a true example of the Joseph and Potiphar motif, as the Nāgini had not tried to seduce Brahmadata.
- P. 354 (9. 1. 578). The Yogaśāstra (p. 90a) has krūreṇānena, which seems to me a little better.
- P. 373 (9. 2. 249). Note 332 applies to the "old nun," not to Nandā, who was Padmā's friend.
- P. 396 (9. 3. 280). Karaṇa is defined in the Nś. as "the two feet moving (together)" in 11. 2. and as "combined (movement of) hands and feet" in 4. 30-34. An aṅgahāra consists of a number of karaṇas. Nś. 4. 30-34.
- P. 410 (n. 376 to 9. 4. 92). The commentary to Rāmāyaṇa, 2. 107. 6, (Gujarati Printing Press edition) also quotes these lines about the five lies.

APPENDIX II

NEW AND RARE WORDS

In making this list, the determining factor was whether the word is in Momier-Williams Sanskrit-English Dictionary, ed. 1899. The references to -L. and grammarians are from that dictionary. However, if the word has been found in some other lexicon, the fact has been noted. Many words, or kindred ones, not found in earlier lexicons, are quoted in Schmidt's Nachträge (abb. PS) to the Petersburg Wörterbuch. The references to the text of the Triṣaṣṭi° are illustrative, not exhaustive. The list is intended to include new words, words cited only from lexicographers and grammarians, additional meanings of words cited, and variants in form. Possibly some variants are only MS errors. That question always arises to plague lexicographers.

- akṣavāṭa, m. 8. 5. 270, arena, L.
akṣivat, adj. 8. 3. 62, like an eye.
akṣepa, m. 8. 2. 298, without delay.
akhātasaras, n. 8. 3. 588, natural pool.
agandhana, m. 8. 10. 281, a species of serpent, PH.
aṅgaśesa, adj. 8. 7. 310, uninjured.
aṅghāra, m. 9. 3. 280, a number of karaṇas. Ns. IV. 30-34.
atinirmala, adj. 8. 3. 560, entirely harmless.
atyāhita, n. 8. 3. 541, calamity, PH. accāhia.
adhibhū, m. 9. 4. 307, master, L.
adhiropaṇa, n. 9. 4. 197, imputation.
anāsakta, adj. 9. 2. 126, indifferent.
anāhata, adj. 8. 3. 541, unavoidable.
anutsikta, adj. 8. 2. 47, without pride.
anudvāta, adj. 8. 1. 421, wet. PH. s. v. uvvāa.
anuvara, m. 8. 5. 46, best man (at wedding).

- anūna, adj. 8. 1. 141, great.
 antadvīpa, m. n. 8. 2. 218, a city.
 aparathā, ind. 8. 6. 422, otherwise.
 aparibhū, 8. 3. 8, to become boundless.
 apāci, 8. 11. 122, to the south.
 apāṭava, n. 8. 2. 390, lack of cleverness.
 abdhi, m. 9. 1. 519, lake, L.
 abhimukhya, n. 8. 9. 130, disposition.
 abhiyāna, n. 8. 3. 320, approaching, L.
 ambāmukha, m. 8. 3. 415, child (?).
 ayogra, n. 8. 7. 435; 8. 12. 81, pestle, L.
 ariṣṭamayi, adj. 8. 5. 198, made of a black jewel named ariṣṭa.
 arocakin, adj. 8. 8. 82, not liking.
 ardhajarati, f. 8. 4. 46, middle-aged woman.
 ardhaśāradā, f. 8. 3. 175, half-moon (?).
 alaktarasa, m. 8. 3. 196, lac. L.
 avatāraṇa, n. 8. 3. 1000, worship, L.
 avasthā, caus. 8. 3. 229, keep, cause to remain.
 aśuci, f. 8. 9. 105, impurity, PH.
 aśvahr̥daya, 8. 3. 982, horsemanship, L.
 asammātr̥, adj. 8. 3. 747, not contained in.
 astāgha, adj. 8. 9. 293, deep.
- ācārin, adj. 9. 2. 274, practicing, L.
 ājñā, f. 9. 2. 103, teaching, PH.
 āḍambara, m. 8. 3. 121, outward show.
 ātāpanā, f. 8. 6. 346; 9. 2. 303, enduring heat of the sun.
 ātodya, n. 2. 3. 249, surely 'drum' here.
 ātmaśaṣṭha, adj. 8. 10. 43, himself the sixth.
 ānāya, m. 8. 11. 93, a fisherman's net. Only Pāṇ.
 āpaṇin, m. 8. 6. 417, shopkeeper.
 āpāna, m. 8. 11. 25, a bar, drinking place.
 āranāla, 8. 3. 513. vinegar. Deśi. 1.67.
 ārādhanā, f. 8. 3. 857, a ritualistic performance, including
 confession, prayer, and fasting unto death. See n. 148.
 āroha, m. 8. 3. 531, couch.

ārya, m. 8. 5. 248, et passim, elder brother.

ālīḍha, adj. 8. 3. 143, grazed.

āsana, n. 8. 3. 916, withers of an elephant, L.; or, howdah.

āsphālita, adj, 8. 3. 421, in close array.

itvara, 9. 3. 328, a short time, PH.

indhanāya, nom. 8. 5. 366, to act as fuel.

ibhajivika, m. 8. 3. 917, elephant-man.

iṣ, 9. 1. 310, to offer.

iṣuvegavatī, f. 8. 2. 248, name of river.

ikṣin, adj. 8. 5. 143, looking at; 9. 4. 229, looking for.

uñccha, m. 8. 12. 94, food.

uḍḍāha, m. 8. 10. 280, criticism, PH.

utpaṭ, caus. 8. 12. 119, lift up.

utprasravastana, adj. 8. 10. 112, with streaming breasts.

udanya, nom. 8. 3. 716, to be exceedingly thirsty. Only Pāp.
(MW).

udaraja, m. 8. 10. 95, son.

uddhr, intransitive, 8. 1. 185; 8. 2. 287, to rise from.

udvāhapūrvaka, adj. 8. 2. 422, accompanied by marriage,
i.e. lawful.

udveṣṭana, n. 9. 3. 171, raising of siege.

udvoḍhr, m. 8. 1. 484, one who marries, with acc., i.e. husband.

unmanyu, adj. 8. 1. 410, excited.

upajña, adj. 8. 5. 260, committed, done.

upamātr, f. 8. 3. 19, nurse, L.

upalakṣita, adj. 8. 3. 834, recognized.

urabhra, m. 9. 3. 152, seems 'goat' rather than 'ram.'

ullocā, m. 8. 3. 185, canopy, L.

kakṣānāḍi, f. 8. 3. 929, girth. Nāḍi, a strap of leather, L.

kathita, adj. 8. 3. 148, shown.

karāṇa, n. 9. 3. 280, movement in danse. See p. 426.

karketana, m. 8. 3. 141, quartz, L.

karnādhāraka, m. 9. 4. 31, sailor.

- kartikā, f. 8. 3. 594, knife. PH, kattiyā (karttikā).
 kaladhauta, n. 9. 1. 370, silver.
 kalasvana, adj. 8. 3. 35, having a charming voice (as a bird), L.
 kalāpa, m. 8. 3. 926, neck-rope, L.
 kākā, f. 8. 9. 341, *Ficus oppositifolia*.
 kāñjikā, f. 8. 3. 633, vinegar, L. H. kāñji.
 kāṇaya, nom. 9. 1. 579, to perforate.
 kātarākṣī, f. 9. 2. 235, timid-eyed woman.
 kādambarī, f. 8. 11. 24, a kind of wine, L.
 kāndarpika, m. 8. 2. 416, an amorous god. PE, kandarpa,
 amorous sport. PH = 'jester-gods,' but that would not
 do here.
 kānduka, m. 8. 11. 112, confectioner. Cf. H. kānda.
 kārpaṭika, m. 8. 1. 406, = kārpaṭa, beggar, L. The editor of
 the text interprets the word, in 9. 4. 152 as 'traveler'
 which suits better. Also in 9. 4. 172.
 kālakūṭa, n. (L) 9. 1. 76, the poison produced at the churning
 of the ocean.
 kālaprṣṭha, m. 8. 7. 332, n. of Karṇa's bow.
 kiri, m. 9. 1. 52, hog. Only Un. (MW).
 kiśoraka, m. 8. 5. 217, colt, L.
 kukūla, m. or n. 9. 3. 83, fire of chaff. L. PS.
 kukkuṭāhi, m. 9. 2. 107, cock-serpent, L.
 kuṇṭa, m. 8. 3. 1028, dwarf, PH.
 kuberakāntā, f. 8. 3. 208, pleasing to Kubera, the n. of a ring.
 kumārī, f. 8. 9. 343, n. of various plants in MW, all L. PH,
 ghikumārī, aloe.
 kuśārtadeśa, m. 8. 2. 5. n. of country.
 kusumasamṛddha, m. n. 8. 3. 673, n. of a palace.
 kūpikā, f. 9. 4. 20, small well, MW.
 kṛpīṭayoni, m. 9. 3. 163. fire, L.
 kolika, m. 8. 10. 236, weaver, PH. Deśī. 2. 65.
 kaukucya, n. 9. 3. 349, bad gestures to produce love); PH,
 s. v. kukkua.
 kramelaka, m. 8. 3. 375, camel, L.
 kriḍanīya, adj. 8. 9. 42, be allowed to play.

kṣamāśramaṇa, m. 8. 3. 220, a Jain ascetic, MW (HPariś.).
 kṣayānala, m. 8. 11. 72 = kṣayavāyu, wind at the end of the world.

khagāminī, f. 8. 2. 427, going-through-the-air, n. of vidyā.
 kharvāṅga, m. 8. 4. 24, dwarf.
 khātikā, f. 8. 5. 400, moat, L.
 khecaranāri, f. 8. 3. 9. female Khecara.
 kheṭana, n. 9. 3. 338, driving.

gajārohaṇa, n. 8. 3. 919, management of elephants.
 gata, n. 8. 9. 263, loss.

gandhana, m. 8. 10. 283, a kind of snake that can be made to
 such the poison from a wound it has made. See SBE, XLV,
 p. 118.

gandhāntara, n. 8. 6. 231, change in odor.

gama, m. a move in a game played with dice and men.

garjā, f. 8. 3. 586, rumbling of clouds, L.

gahvara, m. 8. 1. 129, arbor, L.

gālana, n. 9. 3. 346. See pṛṣṭhagālana.

girikarṇikā, f. 8. 9. 343, a variety of Achyranthes with white
 blossoms, L.

girisāra, m. 8. 5. 204, iron, L.

grhagola, m. (ā, f.) 9. 1. 551, house-lizard = grhagodhā.

genduka, m. 9. 1. 485, bouquet.

gehinī, f. 8. 9. 232, a housewife, L.

gokulini, f. 9. 4. 6, a woman cow-herd.

gocaracaryā, f. 8. 10. 263, search for alms.

grahilatā, f. 9. 3. 151, 'madness.

ghana, m. 8. 10. 30, vessel (?).

cakkalaṇḍā, f. 8. 5. 15, a kind of serpent. Deśi, 3. 5. Deśi & PH
 have cakkulaṇḍā.

cañcācañcavi, ind. 9. 1. 306, beak to beak.

cara, m. 8. 3. 398, a move in a game played with dice and men,

- caramadeha, m. 8. 5. 189, last body (before emancipation).
 caramavigraha, m. 8. 5. 40, the last body before emancipation.
 caramāṅga, m. 8. 11. 102, the last body before emancipations.
 carcā, f. 9. 3. 34, anointing.
 carcarī, f. 9. 1. 36, 37, chorus. PH. caccarī.
 caityavandanā f. (°a, n.) 8. 3. 734, worship of an image of a
 Jina, PH.
- chāyāvṛkṣa, m. 8. 5. 38, shade-tree.
- jaṇyayātra, f. 8. 6. 412, wedding procession (of bridegroom's
 friends.)
- jalakuṭṭima, m. n. 8. 3. 132, inlaid floor that looks like water.
 jalaukas, m. 8. 7. 74 = jalaukasa, leech, L.
 jāṅgulī, f. 8. 3. 565, snake-charm.
 jāmeya, m. 8. 1. 413, a sister's son, L.
 jāreya, m. 8. 11. 9 = jarākumāra.
 jijivasu, adj. 9. 2. 83, wishing to live.
 jñānin, m. 8. 6. 146, omniscient.
- ṭaṅka, 8. 6. 131, n. of a rock.
- ṭhathāratva, n. 9. 3. 336, working in copper. PH, ṭhathāra
 (deśī).
- tatratya, adj. 9. 4. 94, belonging there. Whitney's Sanskrit
 Grammar, 1245 b.
- talavarga, m. 8. 8. 38, city-guard, PH.
- tāraka, m. 9. 2. 71, helmsman, L.
 tāraṇa, m. 9. 3. 309, a boat, L.
 tūrya, n. 8. 2. 356, drum.
- dakagarbha, n. 8. 3. 174, cloud.
 dattapatrā, f. 8. 6. 106, challenge.
 dadhisāra, n. 8. 5. 143, butter, L.
 dantabhūmi, f. 8. 9. 27, mountain-peak.
 darśayāminī, f. 8. 3. 248, new moon-night, L.
 dāpana, n. 8. 5. 82, causing the giving of, L.

- dinātyaya, m. 8. 9. 347, night, L.
 dīrghapatha, m. 9. 1. 430, road to death.
 durāyati, adj. 9. 3. 150, having evil consequences.
 durdeya, adj. 9. 1. 550, hard to give.
 durvāta, m. 9. 4. 70, storm.
 devana, m. 8. 3. 438, 1055, a die, L.
 devasthāna, n. 8. 1. 239, temple.
 dogunduka, m. 8. 1. 110, a class of very sportive gods, PE.
 dorbhṛt, adj. 8. 7. 301, powerful.
 druha, m. 8. 5. 340, enemy, L.
 dvārabhūmika, f. 8. 3. 186, door-area.

 dhanurdaṇḍa, m. 8. 5. 238 = dhanuryaṣṭi, bow.
 dharmaputra, m. 8. 3. 675, adopted son, MW. Rather, like
 a son.
 dhānyarandhani, f. 8. 7. 57, cook.
 dhvani, m. 8. 10. 74, word, L.

 nadīcara, adj. 8. 9. 94, river-ranging.
 narāda, m. 8. 2. 353, rākṣasa.
 nastita, adj. 8. 5. 264, nozzled, L.
 nāṭaṇa, m. or n. 8. 3. 74, making.
 nindu, f. 8. 5. 90, a woman bearing a dead child, L.
 niyuddhajīvin, m. 8. 5. 279, professional fighter.
 niyojana, m. 9. 1. 12, = niyoja, duty.
 nirgara, adj. 8. 3. 361, free from poison.
 nirnidāna, adj. 8. 9. 238, unceasing.
 nirbhraṣṭa, adj. 8. 6. 46, cooked.
 niryāma, m. 8. 7. 344; 9. 3. 313, pilot, L.
 nirvṛti, f. 8. 3. 1017, n. of śāsanadevi.
 nīrājanā, f. 8. 3. 290, waving of light, only W. (MW).
 nemin, m. 8. 7. 261, Neminātha.

 paṭṭabandha, m. 8. 3. 501, binding or crowning the head with a
 turban or tiara, L.
 paramārhatī, f. 8. 3. 612, 8. 3. 666, advanced laywoman.
 paricita, m. 9. 1. 572, an acquaintance.

- parispanda, m. 8. 3. 411, retinue, L.
 pāna, n. 8. 10. 224, 235, sizing (?).
 pāparddhi, f. 8. 3. 219, hunting, PH. s. v. pāradddhi; m. 9. 2.
 190, hunter.
 pārāya, caus of pṛ, 8. 12. 43, to break fast.
 pāvita, adj. 8. 9. 100, shining, bright.
 pittalā, f. 9. 1. 156, brass. Abhi. 4. 113.
 pitriya, nom. 8. 3. 851, act like a father.
 pīndībhū, 8. 11. 73, to become a solid mass, L.
 pīta, m. or °ā f. 8. 8. 56, datura.
 putrikā, f. 8. 4. 48, like a daughter; or, lesser daughter.
 pūta, m. 9. 4. 11, small creature, PH, s.v. pora.
 pṛṣṭhagālana, n. 9. 3. 346, overloading (?).
 pṛṣṭhata, ind. 8. 1. 132, finally, the last of several.
 prakrānta, adj. 8. 3. 188, begun, commenced, L.
 praṅga, n. or m. 8. 6. 292, preparation.
 praṅghoṣa, m. 8. 12. 82, rumor.
 pracchadavati, f. 8. 3. 515, covering.
 pratiropa, m. 8. 3. 474, resetting.
 pratilābhana, n. 8. 3. 230, gift of food and drink to sādhus.
 pratilābhaya, 8. 3. 229, to give food and drink to sādhus.
 pratilekha, m. or n. 9. 1. 319, letter,
 pratyākhyāna, n. 9. 3. 225, final rejection of all food.
 pratyeṣ, 9. 3. 148, to take.
 pramadavana, n. 8. 3. 147, 149, garden attached to the king's
 harem, PH.
 pravartini, f. 8. 9. 377, head of the nuns, PH.
 priṅga, adj. 8. 9. 178, friendly.

 banditā, f. 9. 4. 260, imprisonment.
 bandipuṅs, m. 9. 4. 230, prisoner.
 bandha, m. 8. 3. 398, a play in a game played with dice and
 men.
 bahalī, f. 8. 3. 244, n. of country.
 bālavidhavā, f. 9. 4. 204, child-widow.
 bāhubhṛt, adj. 8. 7. 175, powerful.

- bimbikā, f. 8. 9. 158, the plant *Momordica monadelpha*.
 bijākṣara, n. 9. 1. 413, the first syllable of a mantra or spell, L.
 brahmasūtra, n. 8. 7. 371. See n. 225 and App. I.
- bhāṭa, m. 8. 5. 292, hero.
 bhadraka, adj. 8. 1. 108, tinged with right-belief.
 bhadrakatā, f. 8. 12. 50, inclination toward right-belief.
 bhinnamūrdhan, adj. 8. 10, 143, having a broken neck.
 bhujāṅga, m. 9. 4. 186, thief, PH.
 bhujabhṛt, adj. 8. 2. 434, powerful. Cf. PH. bhujavat, having
 powerful hands, s.v. bhuāla.
 bhrūṅa, m. 8. 5. 103, 308, child, L.
 bhrūvallarī, f. 8. 3. 7, arched eyebrow.
- marāla, nom. 8. 3. 1057, acts like a marāla.
 malla, adj. 9. 3. 144, strong, L.
 mahāpuṅs, m. 8. 3. 292 = mahāpuṅsa, a great man.
 mahābhujā, adj. 8. 1. 289, powerful.
 mātaṅga, m. 8. 2. 300, n. of a Vidyādhara-line.
 māsurī, f. 8. 3. 328, beard, L.
 mukhabandhana, n. 8. 9. 10, bridle.
 mukharajju, f. 9. 1. 521, bridle, L.
 mucukunda, m. 9. 3. 237, *Pterospermum suberifolium*, L.
 mṛgadhūrtaka, m. 9. 4. 211, jackal, L.
 mṛṣodya, m. 8. 9. 317, liar, L.
 meṣaka, m. 8. 2. 249, goat. See IV, n. 117.
 maithunika, m. 8. 6. 21, marriage.
 mokṣa, m. 8. 3. 398, a play in a game played with dice and men.
- yantraśālabhañji, f. 8. 3. 83, mechanical doll.
 yāpyayāna, m. or n. 8. 3. 266, palanquin. See PH, yāpay, s v.
 java.
- yugamātra, n. 9. 2. 189, six feet, L.
 yautrika, n. 8. 5. 310, rope.
- rajanijāni, m. 8. 1. 453, moon.

- rathakāraka, m. 8. 12. 56, carpenter, L.
 rājabaṭu, m. 8. 3. 822, a young Brāhman in the king's service.
 rājasabhāva, m. 8. 3. 230, passionate nature = rajoguṇa.
 riṅkhaṇa, n. 8. 3. 298, the crawling of children, L.
 rora, adj. 8. 2. 15, poor.
 rohiṇī, f. 8. 10, 192, a therapeutic mountain-herb.
 raukmin, adj. 8. 7. 401, connected with Rukmin.
 latāveśma, n. 8. 9. 51, = °grha, arbor of creepers.
 lalla, adj. 8. 3. 20, having indistinct sound, PH.
 lavaṇa, 8. 9. 343, perhaps = lavaṇā, f. *Cardiospermum halicabum*, L.
 luṭh, caus. loṭhyamāna, 8. 9. 38, being poured.
 lumbī, f. 8. 9. 385, bunch.
 lohītākṣa, m. 8. 3. 141, a red jewel.
 vaktratimilā, f. 8. 3. 299, a musical instrument; mouth-organ (?)
 vaṭavāsin, m. 8. 3. 720, a Yakṣa, L.
 vaṇḍa, m. 8. 9. 102, eunuch.
 vadhū, f. 8. 6. 57, sister-in-law.
 vargīya, m. 8. 8. 68, partisan, Only Pāṇ.
 varṇāntara, n. 8. 6. 231, change in color.
 vasanta, m. 8. 9. 48, n. of a rāga. *Bharatakośa*, p. 591.
 vāta, m. 8. 11. 161, tetanus (?).
 vāmalūra, n. 8. 3. 377, ant-hill. Only m. (MW).
 vikṛti, f. 8. 3. 608, luxurious food.
 viḍvara, m. 9. 2. 242, destruction (?).
 vinīla, adj. 9. 3. 12, dark blue, L.
 vibrū, 8. 7. 281, 344, to shout.
 vṛt, caus. vārtaya, 8. 3. 73, 226, talk with.
 vṛthābhujā, m. 8. 2. 495, useless arm.
 veṇikā, f. 8. 2. 300, = veṇī, braid of hair, L.
 vaidagdhya, n. 8. 2. 208, social experience.
 vyañjana, n. 8. 9. 350, ordinarily, 'sauce,' 'condiment,' but
 Yog., p. 167, says here it = śāka, 'vegetable.'
 vyatipāta, m. 8. 3. 291, evil portent, L.
 vyāvāṇay, 8. 3. 432, to praise. Cf. PH, vaṇṇa.

- śaṅsana, n. 8. 9. 266, reciting, L.
 śakunagrān̥thi, m. 9. 4. 23, a knot tied on observing something as a prognostic of a future event or as an indication of some passing occurrence in a distant region; to preserve in the mind a lively expectation of it. MC s.v. śakunagān̥tha.
 śayāna, m. n. 8. 9. 247, lying on. MW only adj.
 śaradā, f. 8. 9. 387, autumn, L.
 śāstrāśāstri, ind. 8. 4. 33, weapon against weapon.
 śīroratna, n. 8. 1. 3, crest-gem, L.
 śūkara, m or n. 8. 9. 344, n. of a kind of bean, Yog. p. 166b.
 šeṣikṛ, 8. 11. 114, to leave over, to allow to survive.
 śaiveya, m. 8. 7. 283, son of Śivā = Neminātha.
 śrīnandana, m. 8. 3. 342, Kama, L.
 śrīvalli, f. 8. 3. 239, Acacia concinna, L.
 śrotas, n. 8. 3. 448, ear, L.

 saṁrohaṇa, n. 8. 1. 352, treatment.
 saṁskarṭṛ, m. 8. 9. 325, dresser of meat, Yog. p. 160a.
 saṁhāra, m. 8. 12, 85, perishing, as one of the 3 steps.
 sajj, caus. 9. 1. 595, to satisfy.
 sandhāna, n. 9. 4. 363, pickle, L.
 sanniyasta, m. 9. 2. 18, ascetic.
 sarvala, m. or n. 8. 9. 83 = sarvalā, iron club, L.
 sārāṅgamada, m. 8. 3. 328 = mṛgamada, musk.
 siṅhakesara, m. 8. 10. 101, sweetmeat ball = Guj. laḍḍu, PH.
 sitacchada, m. 8. 3. 37, swan, L.
 sukhasukham, ind. 8. 5. 365, very willingly. Cf. sukhasukhena, Pāṇ.
 sudhāvartī, m. 8. 6. 16, collyrium made from nectar. Only HPariś.
 surabhoga, m. 8. 9. 202 = devabhoga, pleasure of the gods.
 sū, m. 8. 2. 419, son.
 sṛṣṭi, f. 8. 12, 85, origination as one of the three steps.
 sevāla = śevāla, m. 8. 3. 250, duckweed.
 sauvida, m. 8. 3. 126, guard, L.

- skund, 8. 8. 27, to jump. Only Dhātup.
 skhalya, m. 8. 9. 40, obstacle, hindrance.
 stāgha, m. or n. 8. 10. 83, shallowness. Cited only as adj.
 strikārya, n. 8. 8. 81, women's business.
 sthiti, 8. 12. 85, permanence, one of 3 steps.
 svarabhaṅga, m. 8. 9. 351, stammering, L.
 svarṇamedini, f. 8. 2. 251, n. of country.
 svarvāsin, m. 8. 6. 493, god.
 svasthībhū, 8. 3. 573, to be comfortable.
 svāgatika, adj. 8. 10, 68, 8. 3. 77, welcoming.
 svāyatta, n. 8. 9. 128, what belongs to one's self.
 hiṇḍi, f. title to sarga 4, wandering, PH.

TEXT CORRECTIONS

	For		Read
8. 1. 2	सिन्धु		सन्ध
8. 1. 48	दशा		दशी
8. 1. 61	क		कः
8. 1. 62	ती सं		तीसं
8. 1. 281	जन्हु		जहु
8. 1. 332	पकर्तु		पहर्तु
8. 1. 336	स्तः		स्तः
8. 1. 350	क्षी भ		क्षीभ
8. 1. 380	ज्ञा		ज्ञा
8. 1. 386	पुःश्रि		पुःश्रि
8. 1. 397	वो		वो
8. 1. 397	नरो		वरो
8. 1. 399	वा प		वाप
8. 1. 421	दान		दान
8. 1. 443	घजन्		घजत्
8. 1. 446	जा		जां
8. 2. 12	मादी		मादी
8. 2. 88	युद्धं		युद्धं
8. 2. 131	स्म		स्म
8. 2. 134	कितः		कितम्
8. 2. 235	स		च
8. 2. 261	हु		हु
8. 2. 332	जित		जातं
8. 2. 341	दृश्यो		दृश्यो
8. 2. 381	द्र		द्र
8. 2. 381	द्रां		द्रां
8. 2. 382	ता		तां
8. 2. 382	द्रो		द्रो
8. 2. 395	सा		चा
8. 2. 445	भूः		सूः

	For	Read
8. 2, 576	°ज्जान्ह°	°ज्जाह्
8. 2. 579	°कर्म°	°कार्म°
8. 3. 11	°नः कु°	°नःकु°
8. 3. 50	°ष्टा°	°ष्टीऽ
8. 3. 103	°धी°	°द्रुगि°
8. 3. 120	तत्र°	तत्°
8. 3. 121	°ई°	°ई°
8. 3. 148	°सी क°	°सीक°
8. 3. 149	°गं प्रा°	°गप्र°
8. 3. 183	°कर°	°किर°
8. 3. 209	°का°	°कां°
8. 3. 227	°धी°	°धी°
8. 3. 251	°रू°	°रु°
8. 3. 286	°अ°	°अ°
8. 3. 229	°ष्य°	°षिप°
8. 3. 305	या	यां
8. 3. 305	°पाडु°	°पासु°
8. 3. 305	°स्ता°	°स्तां°
8. 3. 307	°व्य°	°व्य°
8. 3. 314	°तः श°	°तःश°
8. 3. 328	°णी पा°	°णीपा°
8. 3. 334	°रि त°	°रित°
8. 3. 340	°न्ह°	°ह्°
8. 3. 392	°वाचब्द°	°वाब्द°
8. 3. 425	°दांरु°	°दांरु°
8. 3. 440	तु	तु
8. 3. 497	°शुचि°	°सुचि°
8. 3. 519	°आत्मानमा°	°अ धृतिमा°
8. 3. 599	स्पश°	स्पृश°
8. 3. 602	°यस्त्रि°	°शस्त्रि°
8. 3. 632	°विद्रूप°	°विद्रूपं°
8. 3. 674	कवेषा	कैषा
8. 3. 776	°स च°	सच°
8. 3. 778	°दा च	दोचे

	For	Read
8. 3. 811	समं	समः
8. 3. 856	वृ	ऽवृ
8. 3. 866	वृ	वृ
8. 3. 878	अग्निं	अग्निञ्च
8. 3. 939	तार्थं	तार्थं
8. 3. 961	एकैव	एकैकः
8. 4. 5	जररकुं	जररकुं
8. 5. 46	वरं	वरं
8. 5. 46	यांचां	याच्यां
8. 5. 63	क्तौ	क्तौ
8. 5. 75	रुक्	रुक्
8. 5. 106	घी	ह्यो
8. 5. 107	तम्	ताः
8. 5. 133	देस्व	देस्व
8. 5. 141	मोहा	स्नेहा
8. 5. 143	क्षु	क्षि
8. 5. 159	मीः	मी
8. 5. 160	न्सु	न्सु
8. 5. 170	वृ	शी
8. 5. 173	घी	ह्यो
8. 5. 226	स्थितः	स्थित
8. 5. 256	वीरं	वीरः
8. 5. 264	स्थि	रितं
8. 5. 267	न्सु	न्सु
8. 5. 268	दि वा	दिघा
8. 5. 274	चाणु	चाणू
8. 5. 275	सोअं	सोअपि
8. 5. 358	हेण	हेचो
8. 5. 400	सु	सं
8. 5. 410	हा	हा
8. 5. 411	हा	हा
8. 6. 108	नं	मां
8. 6. 120	किमरा	किमण्या
8. 6. 150	दथु	दथू

	For	Read
8. 6. 232	ऽदृष्टा°	दृष्ट्या°
8. 6. 236	ते न	तेन
8. 6. 242	°द्वा	°द्वा°
8. 6. 243	द्वन्ना°	द्वन्ना°
8. 6. 272	मद्भ्या°	मद्भ्या°
8. 6. 312	°द्या°	°द्या°
8. 6. 360	म°	मा°
8. 6. 391	जमत्यपि	जगत्पतिः
8. 6. 441	द्वु°	द्वु°
8. 7. 15	°कक्ष°	°काङ्क्ष°
8. 7. 22	°भाया	°भामा
8. 7. 28	°भं सं°	°यसं°
8. 7. 35	°म्ना तु भा°	°म्नानुभा
8. 7. 91	°द्या	°द्यां
8. 7. 185	भा°	भा°
8. 7. 185	°ध्व°	°दध्वा°
8. 7. 191	सात्य°	°सत्य°
8. 7. 196	सेनपत्न्यां	स्तिनपत्न्यां
8. 7. 244	°जराकु°	°जराकु°
8. 7. 247	धरः	धरः
8. 7. 249	मही°	महा°
8. 7. 254	°ध्र°	°ध्रु°
8. 7. 259	°ध्व°	°दध्व°
8. 7. 279	°दाः	°तः
8. 7. 302	°भ्य°	°भ्य°
8. 7. 305	°त्वा	°त्वा°
8. 7. 320	मायि	°मया°
8. 7. 332	°प्रष्टो	°प्रष्टो
8. 7. 347	त्समार°	त्सामापा°
8. 7. 355	°ष्टित°	°ष्टिस्त°
8. 7. 368	°क्षो°	°क्षयो°
8. 7. 379	°क्षो°	°क्षो°
8. 7. 343	°स्तकु°	°राकु°
8. 7. 438	माया	मायां
8. 7. 452	°स्तु°	°स्तु°

	For	Rea l
8. 8. 10	स्थाम्	स्थाप्
8. 8. 49	ध्	धा
8. 9. 27	वेन	वन
8. 9. 27	न्दत्	दन्त
8. 9. 94	नन्दीवर	नदीचर
8. 9. 200	रे	रो
8. 9. 215	सद्येवं	सद्येदं
8. 9. 215	ग्वा	ग्वा
8. 9. 218	दा	दां
8. 9. 258	तेभि	तेमे
8. 9. 307	भी ब	भीब
8. 9. 344	ग	गु
8. 9. 353	न	नु
8-10. 203	गता	गच्छता
8. 10. 224	पात्	पान
8. 10. 230	रीम्	री
8. 10. 251	बहु	साधु
8. 10. 262	वा ला	वाला
8. 10. 283	गन्धिनी	गन्धने
8. 11. 6	रत्कु	राकु
8. 11. 52	मम	ऽममः
8. 11. 54	पृथिवीश जनादेन	भ्रममाख्यस्य केशवः
8. 11. 82	कृतेन	कृते नः
8, 11. 112	श्रंगु	श्रंगु
8. 11. 138	रत्कु	राकु
8. 11. 154	जारे	जारे
8. 11. 154	स्तु	कु
8. 11. 159	बन्ध	बन्ध
8. 11. 159	जिरे तं	जुरेतं
8. 11. 161	शुग्घातवातैस्तैर	शुग्घातवातैर
8. 12. 3	कृन्त	कृत्
8. 13. 6	ध्	ध्
8. 12. 21	धिनी	धिनीः
8. 12. 43	स्वा पा	स्वापा

	For	Read
8. 12. 56	कार	कार
8. 12. 103	नः प	नःप
8. 12. 121	ला	लेऽ
9. 1. 34	सु	सु
9. 1. 48	शा	जा
9. 1. 52	कार	कार
9. 1. 68	पाण	पान
9. 1. 76	ता म	ताम
9. 1. 89	जप	जुप
9. 1. 89	निरम्भो	निरम्भो
9. 1. 107	पुण्यन्	पुण्यन्
9. 1. 119	स्तुन्द	स्तुद
9. 1. 141	क्षा	क्ष्या
9. 1. 144	मत्र	मन्त्र
9. 1. 145	माकूरं	माकूतं
9. 1. 147	स्पृ	स
9. 1. 156	मितिः	मिति
9. 1. 167	सुमि	समि
9. 1. 181	स्या	स्य
9. 1. 265	जम्भ	जम्भ
9. 1. 278	प्रावृत	प्रवृत्
9. 1. 279	कुटि	कुटि
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T. = Tirthaṅkara; K. = king.

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XXVIII	21	agree	agrees
16	3	Sumitra	Sumitra,
36	20	Eight	Eighth
65	3		
75	19	thus	this
79	25	bloomig	blooming
99	13	Śāntinātha	Śāntinātha,
156	2	Jivayaśas	Jivayaśas
191	21	Arthatdharma	Arhaddharma
195	195	power	powder
203	5	Yudīṣṭhira	Yudhiṣṭhira
203	36	„	„
204	8	„	„
234	10	Bhogadatta	Bhagadatta
242	30	Koṭīśilā	Koṭīśilā
242	31	„	„
263	25	soon	son
269	10	hālāhala	halāhala
270	15	gudūci	guḍūci
276	29	Kṛṣṇa	Kṛṣṇā
291	4	and	and,
307	16	one	one,
307	27	durvā	dūrvā
324	13	śaileśi	śaileṣī
324	12	Kataka	Kaṭaka
336	20	bread	bred
344	16	King	the King
400	3	possession for	possession. For
401	17	sesame	sesame

CORRIGENDA

Page	Line	For	Read
39	9		delete with existence
115	32	not even rising from	aroused by the shaking of
123	32	heaven."	heaven and emancipa- tion."
362	36	in a dish.	to a suitable person.
378	10	thousands of gluttons,	filling the stomachs of thousands.
414	17		insert quickly

