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Vol. IV

Books VI and VII

TRISAṢṬIŚALĀKĀPURUṢACARITRA
OR
THE LIVES OF SIXTY-THREE ILLUSTRIOUS
PERSONS

BY
ĀCĀRYA ŚRĪ HEMAÇANDRA

Vol. IV

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY

HELEN M. JOHNSON, Ph.D.

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TO
THE MEMORY
OF
LITTLE RĀMA

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PREFACE

Volume IV of the translation of the *Triṣaṣṭīśalākā-puruṣacaritra*, as well as Volume III, was completed in India under a grant from the American Philosophical Society. The press copy of the translation of the text was delivered to the publisher in May, 1948. I received the last of the galley proof of the text in September, 1951.

As for the earlier volumes, I had the advice and assistance of Śāntamūrti Muni Śrī Jayantavijayaji, disciple of the late Ācārya Vijaya Dharma Sūri, through Book VI. His death in December, 1948, was a great loss to Indological scholarship, as well as to the Jain community. His devotion to pure scholarship was unusual and of great benefit to all students with whom he came in contact. He was especially generous with his time to foreign students. I am under obligation to H. M. Shah, B.A., of Ahmedabad, for his help as interpreter-correspondent for many years.

I am indebted to Śrī Muni Puṇyavijayaji, disciple of Caturvijayaji, for information and assistance throughout my stay in Baroda, especially on Book VII. He is a learned scholar, most liberal with his time and knowledge.

As always, I received every assistance from the staff of the Oriental Institute, especially from the Jain Pandit, L. B. Gandhi, from whose thorough knowledge of Jain texts I have always profited; from Pandit K. S. Ramasvami Shastri Siromani for information on Brahmanical points; from J. S. Pade, M.A., Librarian, and Mr. M. A. Joshi, Technical Assistant. The Director, Dr. B. Bhattacharyya, gave me every facility until his retirement during the publication of this volume.

Prof. P. E. Dumont of Johns Hopkins University was kind enough to discuss some Brahmanical questions.

In addition to the Poona and Bhavnagar MSS that I used for the preceding volumes, I had loans from the Jñāna

Mandir in Baroda and one from the collection in Chāṇī, an excellent MS, a copy, they said, of a very old one. I am deeply appreciative of the liberality of the Jain libraries in lending their MSS, which so far exceeds that of the libraries in this country.

Where words are spelled sometimes with a long and sometimes with a short vowel, e.g. Malli and Mallī, I have followed the text.

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. These entries are illustrative, not exhaustive. Complete references will be found in the Sanskrit Index.

OSCEOLA, MO.

HELEN M. JOHNSON.

February II, 1953.

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.
Auṣadhi = Bṛhannighaṇṭu.
Āva. = Āvaśyakasūtra, Malayagiri's com.
Āvacūrṇi. = Āvaśyakacūrṇi.
ĀvaH = Āvaśyakasūtra, Haribhadra's com.
ĀvaHH = Hāribhadriyāvaśyakavṛttiṭippanaka.
B. = Barnett's ed. of Antagaḍadasāo and Anuttarovavaiyadasāo.
Balfour = Cyclopaedia of India.
Bate = Bate's Hindi Dictionary.
Bhag. = Bhagavatisūtra.
Bṛhat. = Bṛhatsaṅgrahanī.
Chand. = Chandonuśāsana.
Clements = Introduction to the Study of Indian Music.
Crooke = Religion and Folklore of Northern India.
DeśiH = Deśināmamālā.
DH = Daśavaikālikasūtra, Haribhadra's com.
DLF = Devchand Lalbhai Jain Pustakoddhar Fund.
Dutt = Materia Medica.
Fox-Strangways = Music of Hindostan.
G. = Der Jainismus.
GOS = Gaekwad's Oriental Series.
Guj. = Gujarātī.
Guṇa. = Guṇasthānakramāroha.

- H = Hindī.
 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. = Jñātādharmakathā.
 K. = Die Kosmographie der Inder.
 Kirfel = do.
 Kan. = The Study of Jainism.
 Kāvya. = Kāvyañuśāsana by Hemacandra.
 Kāvya. V. = Kāvyañuśāsana by Vāgbhaṭṭa.
 KG = Karma Granthas.
 Km = Kāvyañimānsā.
 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.
 O. of J. = Outlines of Jainism.

- Oppert = On the Weapons, Army Organisation and Political Maxims of the Ancient Hindus.
- Pañca. = Pañcapratikramanasūtra.
- Pañcaprati. = do.
- Pañcā. = Pañcāśakagrantha.
- PE = Ardha-Māgadhī Koṣa.
- Penzer = Ocean of Story, trans. of Kathāsaritsāgara.
- PH = Pāiasaddamahāṇṇavo.
- PJP. = First Principles of Jain Philosophy.
- Pk. = Prakrit.
- Popley = Music of India.
- Pra. = Prajñāpanā.
- Praś. = Praśnavyākaraṇa.
- Pravac. = Pravacanasāroddhāra.
- Rāja. = Rājapraśnīyasūtra.
- Rājendra. = Abhidhānarājendra.
- Roxb. = Flora Indica.
- Śabda. = Śabdāsāgara.
- 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.
- Uttar. B. = Uttarādhyayana with Bhāvavijaya's com.
- Uttar. K. = Uttarādhyāyana with Kamalasaṃyama's com.
- Uv. = Uvāsagadasāo, Hoernle's ed.
- 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, *Trisaṣṭīśalākāpuruṣacaritra*. Vol. LI, GOS.

II = Vol. II, ————. Vol. LXXVII, GOS.

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

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INTRODUCTION

Book VI of the *Trisaṣṭīśalākāpuruṣacaritra* includes the biographies of two *Tīrthaṅkaras* who were also *cakravartins*, of two *cakravartins*, *Balabhadras*, *Vāsudevas*, and *Prativāsudevas* each.

Kunthunātha and *Aranātha* are comparatively obscure and not popular with authors of the *Tīrthaṅkaras'* biographies. *Hemacandra's* biographies are routine and brief. It is only the story of *Virabhadra*, which is introduced into *Aranātha's* biography, that lends interest to it.

Mallinātha is outstanding as the only woman *Tīrthaṅkara* and is fairly popular as a biographical subject. The reason she was born as a woman is in itself interesting and strictly Jainistic.

Munisuvrata is perhaps better-known to the faithful than *Kunthunātha* and *Aranātha*, but his life as described by *Hemacandra* was uneventful. An account of the origin of the *Harivaṅśa* and a short story about an enlightened horse redeem the biography from complete aridity. All the biographies contain sermons invaluable for the comprehension of Jainism.

The biography of *Cakravartin Subhūma* includes the story of the destruction of the *kṣatriyas* by *Paraśurāma* and that of *Brāhmins* by *Subhūma*. This version differs greatly from Hindu epic versions. The story of the 'three steps' saves the biography of *Cakravartin Mahāpadma*. *Hemacandra's* version of the 'three steps' also differs markedly from the epic one.

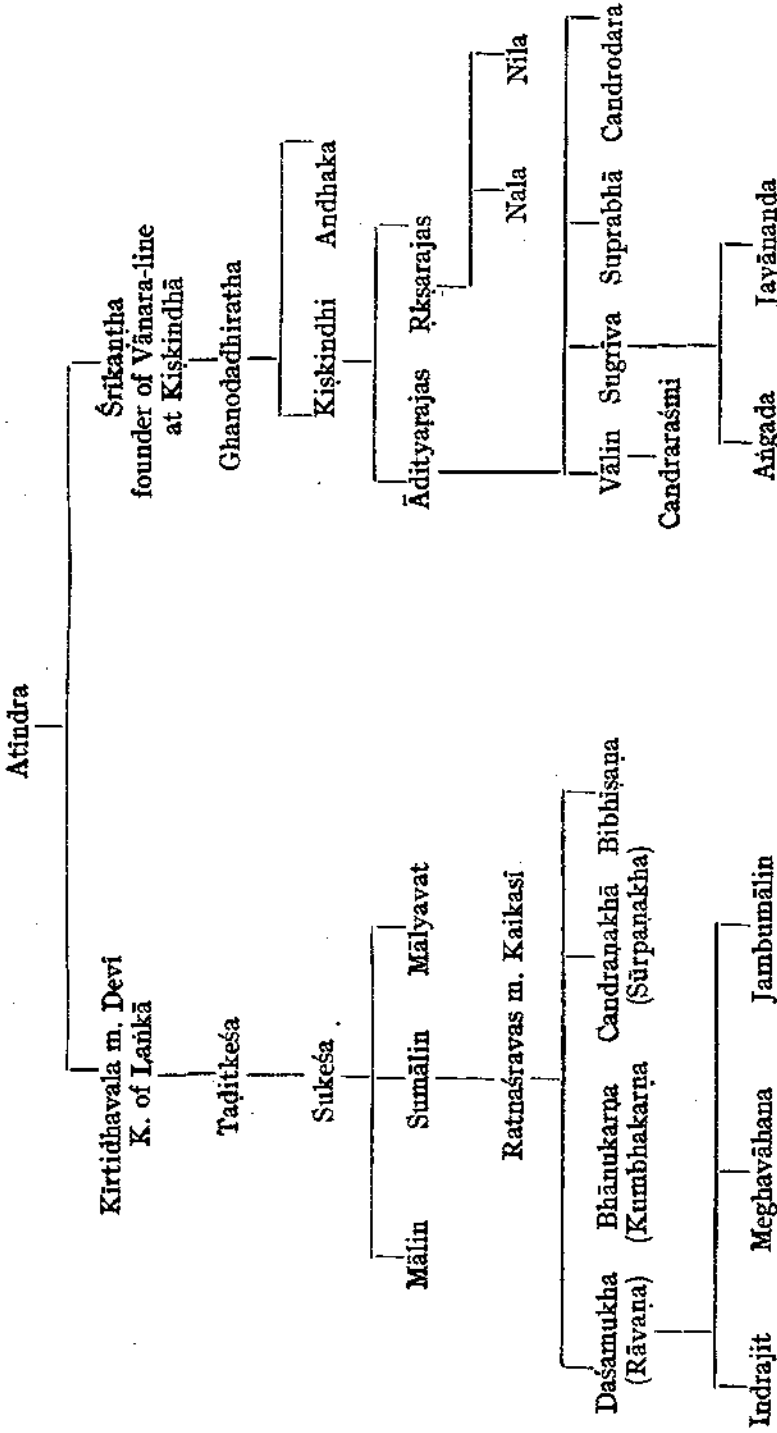
The biographies of the two *Balabhadras*, *Vāsudevas*, and *Prativāsudevas* are stereotyped and of little interest.

The first ten chapters of Book VII constitute an elaborately detailed *Jaina Rāmāyaṇa*. This includes the lives of *Rāma*, the eighth *Balabhadra*, of *Lakṣmaṇa*, the eighth *Vāsudeva*, and *Rāvaṇa*, the eighth *Prativāsudeva*.

Naturally, it is very different from the Hindu Rāmāyaṇa. Other Jain versions are discussed in the article, The Jaina Rāmāyaṇas, by D. L. Narasimhachar.

Chapter XI of Book VII is a brief routine biography of Naminātha. Chapters XII and XIII are stereotyped accounts of the tenth and eleventh cakravartins.

I append a genealogical table of the principal characters of the Rāmāyaṇa.



BOOK VI

CHAPTER I

ŚRĪ KUNTHUSVĀMICARITRA

May the teaching of victorious Kunthu Svāmin, which resembles the current of a river for destroying the stones of dense delusion, prevail. I narrate (herewith) the purifying biography of Kunthu, master of the three worlds, which resembles Mt. Manthana in stirring the ocean of worldly existence.

Previous Incarnations (3-13)

In this very Jambūdvīpa, in the East Videhas, in the fair province Āvarta which surpassed heaven in beauty, in the capital, Khadgī, King Siṅhāvaha was the receptacle of boundless virtues, the crest of the leaders in justice. He was like a mountain of justice, like an axe to crime, like the family-home of law, like the native land of intelligence. His good counsel, as well as his mind, was difficult for even the experts to penetrate; the excellence of his army and treasure was like that of Śakra; his energy was like that of Hari.¹ He himself, like the ocean, did not cross the boundary of propriety; powerful, he held the world also within the bounds of propriety. The sound of his bow was like a charm for attracting Śris; like a charm for destroying enemies; like a charm for protecting the earth. He ruled the earth for justice only, but not for wealth. It is always an attendant result for those devoted to dharma. Experiencing pleasures without devotion to them, like an ascetic consuming food, he, the foremost of those knowing the Principles, passed some time.

One day, feeling extreme disgust with existence, he went to Ācārya Saṁvara, and took initiation, which was like the boundary of the ocean. Observing strict vows,

¹ 6. See II, n. 117.

he acquired the body-making-karma of a Tirthakṛt by means of the sthānakas, devotion to the Arhats, et cetera.² In the course of time he died, possessing right belief and engaged in concentrated meditation, and became a god in the palace Sarvārthasiddha.

His parents (14-26)

Now in Bhārataśeṭra in this same continent Jambū-dvīpa there is a great city Hāstinapura. In its shrines dharma, constantly rejoicing, dances ardently, as it were, in the guise of white banners. In its houses with the ground of the court-yards paved with jewels the very word 'mud' (kardama) occurred only in yakṣakardama.³ Rutting elephants gave blows with their tusks at their own reflections in its wall made of jewels with the idea that they were other elephants. In the royal palaces, in the houses of the people, in the gateways, and other places—all that was filled with images of the Arhats like the sky with planets.

Śūra, like a new sun in brilliance, was king in this city, like Dhaneśvara in Alakā. Dharma alone dwelt constantly in his heart like a second soul; but wealth and love remained outside like a body. Of him who had subdued the quarters by his splendor the weapons became only ornaments of the arm, like armlets and bracelets. He did not become angry at any one and he protected the earth. The moon lights up everything without harshness.

His wife was Śrī, like Śrīdevī of Hari, the embodiment of beauty, grace, and virtue, endowed with spotless conduct. She, fair-faced, dripping nectar in her speech, looked like a stream of nectar, or like a goddess of the moon. She, whose body was faultless, moved and spoke very slowly, the wife of him, like a haṁsī of a rājahaṁsa. King Śūra, absorbed in unhindered happiness, enjoyed pleasures with the queen, like a god in a heavenly palace.

² 12. See I, pp. 80 ff.

³ 16. A fragrant ointment.

Birth-rites (27-39)

Now Siṅhāvaha's soul completed its life of thirty-three sāgaras in the palace Sarvārthasiddha. His soul fell on the ninth day of the dark half of Śrāvaṇa, the moon being in Kṛttikā, and descended into Śrī's womb. A white, four-tusked elephant; a bull the color of the night-blooming lotus;⁴ a lion with a high mane; Lakṣmī, beautiful from sprinkling; a five-coloured wreath of flowers; a full moon; a shining sun; a flag-staff with a banner; a full golden pitcher; a pool filled with lotuses; an ocean with high waves; a palace made of jewels; a lofty heap of jewels; a smokeless fire—she saw these fourteen dreams. At dawn the king explained the dreams described by the queen, "According to these dreams your son will be a Cakrabhṛt and a Tīrthakṛt."

Then in nine months, seven and a half days, on the fourteenth day of the dark half of Rādhā, the moon being in Kṛttikā, the planets being exalted, Queen Śrī bore a son marked with a goat, golden, complete with all the favorable marks. For a moment there was comfort to the hell-inhabitants and light in the three worlds. Then the thrones of Śakra and the other Indras shook. The fifty-six Dikkumārīs approached instantly like servants, at the shaking of their thrones, and performed the birth-rites. Śakra became five-fold and took the Lord to Mt. Meru, and the sixty-three Indras bathed him with water from the sacred places. Śakra set the Lord on Īśāna's lap and bathed him then, made a pūjā, et cetera, and began to praise him aloud.

Stuti (40-47)

"Today the waters of the oceans, Kṣīroda, et cetera, the lotuses and water of the lakes, Padma, et cetera, the herbs of the mountains, Kṣudrahimavat, et cetera, the flowers of the gardens, Bhadraśāla, et cetera, sandal from the ground at the foot of Malaya, et cetera, have their

⁴ 19. White.

purpose accomplished by means of bathing you, Lord of the World. The power of all of the gods has its purpose accomplished by celebrating the festival of your birth-kalyāṇa,⁶ god. Today Meru, adorned by you, like a palace by a statue, has become the most important mountain; today it has become a sacred place. Today eyes have become eyes; hands have become hands by seeing and touching you, Lord of the Earth. Today our inborn clairvoyance was fruitful since we made your birth-festival after knowing your birth, O Jina. Just as you were on my heart today at the time of your bath, may you be within my heart for a long time, Lord."

After praising the Lord of the World in these words, Purandara took him quickly, went to Hāstinapura and put him at Queen Śrī's side.

Life as king and cakrin (49-68)

His son's birth-festival was celebrated also by king Śūra; or rather, the world had a continual festival because a Tīrthanātha had arisen. Because the queen had seen a heap of jewels, called 'kunthu,' while he was in the womb, his father gave the Master the name Kunthu. Sucking nectar put in his thumb by Śakra, the Blessed One gradually grew up, thirty-five bows tall. At his father's command he married princesses at the proper time. It is not possible to destroy pleasure-karma otherwise.

When twenty-three thousand, seven hundred and fifty years had passed since his birth, the Lord took the kingdom at his father's command. When an equal number of years had passed with the Lord as ruler, the cakra-jewel appeared in his armory. The son of Śūra, the object of worship by the world, worshipped the cakra-jewel. For the noble always show courtesy even to servants. Following the cakra-jewel the Lord conquered in turn the lord of Māgadha and the lords of Varadāman and Prabhāsa. He himself conquered the goddess of the Sindhu

⁶ 43. See I, n. 147.

and Kṛtamālaka, the prince of Mt. Vaitāḍhya, and had the district of the Sindhu conquered by the general. The Lord entered and left Tamistrā, the door having been opened by the general, and had the Mlecchas named Āpātas conquered. The second district of the Sindhu was subdued by the general and the Master went and conquered the prince of Kṣudrahimavat. Saying, "It is the custom," the Lord wrote his own name on Ṛṣabhakūṭa and then, following the cakra-jewel, he returned from the place. The Lord went to Vaitāḍhya and was worshipped by the lords of the Vidyādhara belonging to the two rows with many kinds of presents. The Lord himself conquered the goddess of the Gaṅgā and Nāṭyamāla, and had the district of the Gaṅgā filled with Mlecchas conquered by the general. The Lord and his retinue entered by the cave Khaṇḍaprapātā opened by the general and left Vaitāḍhya. The nine treasures, Naisarpa, et cetera, living at the mouth of the Gaṅgā, submitted to the Lord voluntarily. The Lord had the second district of the Gaṅgā conquered by the general. So Bharatakṣetra was conquered in six hundred years. Then Śrī Kunthu, the requirements of a cakrabhṛt having been completed, attended by men and gods, returned to Hastināpura. The Lord's coronation as emperor was celebrated by gods and men and a festival took place in the city for twelve years. Twenty-three thousand, seven hundred and fifty years passed while Śrī Kunthu Svāmin had power as cakravartin.

Initiation (69-79)

Reminded by the Lokāntikas, "Found a congregation," the Lord gave gifts for a year and the kingdom to his son. The Master, whose departure-festival was held by kings and gods, went to Sahasrāmraṇa, seated in the palanquin Vijayā. The Lord entered the garden which was delightful from the south wind, like a young man, kissing the shoots of the campakas, shaking the branches of the mangoes, making the vāsantikās dance, delighting the

nirguṇḍis, embracing the lavalis, touching the new jasmines, making open the trumpet-flowers, approaching the lotuses, going near the aśoka-shoots, favoring the plantains ; which was made beautiful by women engaged in swinging ; with rich young people from the city occupied in the sport of gathering flowers ; giving a welcome, as it were, from the sweet cries of the excited cuckoos and the humming of bees.

The Lord got out of the palanquin, abandoned his ornaments, et cetera, and became a mendicant together with a thousand kings, while observing a two-day fast, on the fifth day of the black half of Vaiśākha in the afternoon, (the moon being) in the Kṛttikās. He attained the fourth knowledge called 'mind-reading.' On the next day the Master broke his fast with rice-pudding in the house of King Vyāghrasīṅha in the city Cakrapura. The five things, the stream of treasure, et cetera, were made there by the gods ; but a platform of jewels was made by Vyāghrasīṅha on the place of the Lord's feet.

His omniscience (80-90)

Free from attachment, unhindered like the wind, the Lord wandered over the earth for sixteen years as an ordinary ascetic. One day in his wandering the Lord came to Sahasrāmravaṇa and stood in pratimā under a tilaka tree, observing a two-day fast. The Lord's omniscience appeared from the destruction of the destructive karmas on the third day of the bright half of Caitra, the moon being in Kṛttikā. The four classes of gods with their Indras came immediately and made a samavasaraṇa adorned with three walls. Setting his feet on golden lotuses moved by the gods, the Lord entered the samavasaraṇa by the east door. There the Teacher of the World, the Dharmacakrin, circumambulated the caitya-tree which was four hundred and twenty bows high. Saying "Reverence to the congregation," the Master sat down, facing the east, on the eastern lion-throne on a dais

beneath it (the tree). By his power the Vyantaras at once created such images of 'the Master in the other directions. The holy fourfold congregation stood in the proper places, and the animals within the middle wall, and the vehicles within the lowest one. When the scion of the Kurus⁶ knew that the Lord was in the samavasaraṇa, he came, bowed, and sat down with folded hands behind Śakra. After bowing to the Master again, the Indra of Saudharma and the scion of the Kurus began a hymn of praise, carrying joy in their hearts.

Stuti (91-98)

"We praise you, teacher of fourfold dharma, four-bodied, four-faced, lord of the fourth object of mankind (mokṣa). You took off the fourteen jewels because of freedom from attachment; you put on the irreproachable three jewels, Lord of the World. You win the heart of everyone; yet you are free from affection. You, the color of heated gold, resembling the moon, are meditated on. Though free from interest, you are powerful. Though you are meditated on (by others), you are the abode of meditation. Though surrounded by crores of gods, you possess solitude.⁷ You show love for everyone, yet you are free from love yourself. Though poor, you are for the supreme wealth of the world. Homage to you, protector, whose power is undiscernible, whose form is unknown, Blessed One, the seventeenth Arhat. Reverence to you, Lord, is an inconceivable wishing-gem of men; how much more meditation with the mind and praise with the voice. May I always continue reverence, praise, and meditation with you as an object, Lord. Enough of other wishes."

After this hymn of praise the Lord of the Gods and the King of the Kurus stopped, and the Blessed One, Śrī Kunthunātha, delivered a sermon.

⁶ 89. I.e., the King of Hastināpura.

⁷ 94. Kaivalya, with reference also to its meaning 'omniscience.'

Sermon on purity of mind (100-112)

“This ocean of births, terrifying from its eighty-four lacs of birth-nuclei, is certainly the source of great pain. Purity of mind, powerful from victory over the waves of the senses, is a vessel for crossing the ocean, sufficient for the discerning. Purity of mind alone is an unextinguished light, showing the path to nirvāna, handed down by the wise. When purity of mind exists, virtues even though non-existent, become existent; if it does not exist, even though they are existent, they become non-existent. Therefore it alone must be practiced by intelligent persons. Whoever practice penance for the purpose of emancipation without cultivating purity of mind, they are trying to swim the ocean after giving up a boat. To an ascetic who has become devoid of purity of mind always, meditation is useless, like a mirror to a person deprived of eyes. A wavering mind, like a wind, tosses somewhere else persons practicing penance, wishing to go to emancipation.

The Rakṣas of the mind, wandering unchecked fearlessly, makes the three worlds fall into the whirlpool of worldly existence. Whoever puts faith in yoga, if his mind is unrestrained, is an object of ridicule, like a lame man wishing to go on foot to a village. The karmas are blocked completely in one whose mind is restrained; in one whose mind is unrestrained they advance. This monkey of the mind is eager to wander about everywhere. He must be restrained resolutely by persons wishing their emancipation. Therefore, by all means purity of mind must be practiced by the one seeking emancipation. What is the use of other physical punishments, such as penance, study, self-control? Victory over love and hate is made by purity of mind alone, by means of which the soul remains in its true form without stain.”

After hearing the Lord's sermon many persons became mendicants and there were thirty-five gaṇabhrts, Svayambhū, et cetera. At the end of the first watch the Lord

ceased preaching and Svayambhū, occupying the Master's foot-stool, delivered a sermon. At the end of the second watch he ended his sermon; and the gods, et cetera, bowed to Śrī Kunthu and went to their respective abodes.

Śāsanadevatās (115-119)

Originating in the congregation, the Yakṣa Gandharva, with a haṅsa for a vehicle, dark, with one right arm in the boon-granting position and one holding a noose, with left arms holding a citron and a goad, became the messenger-deity of Śrī Kunthunātha. Originating in that congregation, the goddess Balā, fair-bodied, with a peacock for a vehicle, with right arms holding a citron and a trident, with left arms holding a muṣaṇḍhī⁸ and a lotus, always near, became the Lord's messenger-deity.

His congregation (120-125)

Then the Teacher of the World, never deserted by them, wandered elsewhere from that place for the benefit of souls capable of emancipation. Sixty thousand monks, the same number plus six hundred nuns, six hundred and seventy who knew the fourteen pūrvas, twenty-five hundred who had clairvoyant knowledge, thirty-three hundred and forty who had mind-reading knowledge, thirty-two hundred omniscients, forty-nine hundred who possessed the art of transformation, two thousand disputants, one lac and nine hundred and twenty laymen, and three lacs and eighty-one thousand laywomen composed the Lord's retinue as he wandered from the time of his omniscience.

⁸ 119. A round club of wood, studded with iron nails, according to Hemacandra's Śeṣanāmamālā 151 (1693 in ed. in Bibl.), quoted in com. to Abhī. 3. 451. The spelling there used is muṣaṇḍhī, one of the numerous variations which include bhūṣaṇḍhī and its variants. Its meaning is also variously interpreted (see II, n. 128), but Hem.'s definition should apply to his own use. My former leaning toward 'firearm' must be revised.

His emancipation (127-131)

When twenty-three thousand, seven hundred and thirty-four years had passed from the time of his omniscience, knowing that it was time for his emancipation, the Lord went to Mt. Sammeta and began a fast with a thousand munis. At the end of a month, on the first day of the black half of Rādha, the moon being in the Kṛttikās, the Master and the munis attained an eternal abode. The Lord's life was ninety-five thousand years, equally divided as prince, king, emperor, and monk. Kunthunātha's emancipation took place half a palyopama after Śrī Śāntinātha's emancipation. The emancipation-festival of the Supreme Lord was held by the Indras and the gods; and the teeth, et cetera, were taken to their respective abodes to be worshipped properly.

CHAPTER II

ŚRĪ ARANĀTHACARITRA

May the Lord Jina Ara, the tilaka of the Ikṣvāku family, who is the beautiful color of gorocanā,⁹ the haṅsa in the pool of the fourth division of time, grant protection. I shall relate the brilliant life of the holy Lord Jina Ara, a moon for the delight of the night-blooming lotus of the three worlds, supreme lord.

Previous incarnations (3-11)

In the city Susīmā in the broad province Vatsa on the north bank of the river Sītā in the East Videhas of this very Jambūdvīpa, there was a king Dhanapati, unlimited in wealth of heroism, rich in glory and dharma. Binding, beating, breaking of limbs, punishment, et cetera of no one took place, while he, the essence of command, ruled the earth. Because the people were free from quarrels with each other and were friendly with each other, the whole earth was like a monastic retreat. The dharma taught by the Jina played ardently, like a haṅsa, in the choice pool of his mind filled with the water of compassion. Then disgusted with valueless worldly existence, knowing the (comparative) value of everything, he became a mendicant in the presence of Muni Saṁvara, having undertaken the blocking of karma (saṁvara). Guarding his vows strictly, practicing severe penance, wise, he wandered over the earth, observing many restrictions. A merchant's son, Jinadāsa, fed the great muni with faith when he broke a four-month fast. Though an enemy of karma, Muni Dhanapati acquired the body-making-karma of a Tīrthakṛt by the sthānas, devotion to the Arhats, et cetera.

⁹ 1. I.e., golden. Cf. I, n. 177.

In the course of time he died, his mind concentrated in meditation, and became a powerful god in the ninth Graiveyaka.¹⁰

His parents (13-25)

Now, there is a very magnificent city, Hāstinapura, in Bhāratakṣetra in this Jambūdvīpa. Kings who have come there for the sake of service act like subjects; but subjects, having divine vehicles and finery, act like kings. The circular moat around it looks like a line given at his order by the Creator, in order to make beauty permanent. Numerous gold, crystal, and sapphire shrines there resemble peaks of Mts. Meru, Kailāsa, and Añjana. There Sudarśana, whose appearance was fair like the moon, was chief of kings, like Vṛtrahan of the gods. Dharma, attendance on whom was never abandoned—neither on the throne nor on the couch, neither in the city nor outside, was like a friend of his. Since his prestige, resembling an efficacious charm, spread, his fourfold collection of soldiers was merely for effect. Daily, elephants that were presents from kings laid the dust in his courtyard with heavy streams of ichor.

His wife was named Devī, the chief-queen, like some goddess who had come, the crest-jewel of the harem. Of course, she did not show anger, even affectionately, toward her husband and, noble by nature, she did not feel jealous of her co-wives. Her husband's favour, her beauty, et cetera did not cause her to be proud; nevertheless she was the crest-jewel among women.¹¹ A likeness of her, whose body was irreproachable, a stream of loveliness, was seen in mirrors, nowhere else. Enjoying pleasures with her, the chief of kings, handsome-armed Sudarśana passed some time like a god.

His birth (26-32)

Now Dhanapati's soul in Graiveyaka, immersed in pure bliss, completed its life. It fell on the second day of

¹⁰ 12. See II, p. 124.

¹¹ 23. Pramadā, with a play on mada.

the bright half of Phālguna, the moon being in Revatī, and descended into the womb of the chief-queen Devī. The queen, comfortably asleep, in the last part of the night saw the fourteen great dreams indicating the birth of a Tīrthakṛt. The embryo, possessing three kinds of knowledge, grew secretly, not causing her any pain, increasing the beauty of her body. On the tenth day of the bright half of Mārga in Revatī, she bore a son, the color of gold, marked with a nandyāvarta, with all the marks. The fifty-six Dikkumāris performed the birth-rites and the sixty-four Vāsavas gave the bath on Meru. After he had anointed him, made a pūjā, waved the light, et cetera, the Indra of Saudharma began to praise the Master.

Stuti (33-40)

“Reverence to you, the eighteenth Arhat of whom the eighteen faults¹² are destroyed, to be meditated upon by those having the eighteen kinds of chastity,¹³ Lord. Just as the three kinds of knowledge were at home in you from the womb, so were all of these three worlds, Tīrthanātha. The world has been overpowered for a long time by the robbers—love, hate, et cetera, who gave a sleeping-charm of delusion. Now rescue it, Master. Like a chariot on the road by the weary, like a river by sufferers from thirst, like the shade of a tree by persons burned by the sun, like a raft by drowning persons, like a cure by the sick, like a light by those blind from darkness, like the sun by sufferers from cold, like a guide by persons lost on the road, like a fire by persons afraid of tigers, you have been found now as a lord by us bereaved of a lord for a long time, Tīrthanātha. Obtaining you as a lord, gods, asuras, and men

¹² 33. Obstacles to giving, to receiving, to strength, to enjoyment of objects used once, to enjoyment of objects used repeatedly, laughter, liking (for objects), dislike (of objects), fear, disgust, sorrow, sexual love, wrong-belief, ignorance, sleep, lack of self-control, love, hatred. Abhi. I. 72-73 and com.

¹³ 33. See I, p. 206.

come from their respective places joyfully as at the new moon. Lord, I do not ask anything else from you, but I ask this: May you always be my lord in birth after birth."

Life before initiation (41-47)

After this hymn of praise, the Vāsava of Saudharma took the Lord, went to Ibhapura (Hastināpura), and put him at Queen Devī's side. King Sudarśana celebrated his son's birth-festival and named him Ara because Devī had seen a spoke of a wheel (ara) in a dream. Allowed to play with playthings by goddesses who were in the form of nurses and gods who had become friends, the Lord gradually grew up. At the proper time, Aranātha, thirty bows tall, married princesses, because of respect for his father's command. When twenty-one thousand years had passed since his birth, the Supreme Lord took the burden of the kingdom at his father's command.

When the same amount of time had passed with the Lord as king, the cakra-jewel which moves in the air appeared in the armory. Following the cakra with the thirteen other jewels, Lord Ara conquered Bharata in four hundred years.

Initiation (48-59)

When the same amount of time had passed with the Master as cakrin, he was told by the Lokāntikas, "Found a congregation." After giving gifts for a year, he gave the kingdom to his son Aravinda and went to Sahasrāmraṇa in the palanquin Vaijayantī. The Jina, whose mark is a nandyāvarta, entered the garden whose trees were occupied by cuckoos as silent as monks vowed to silence; whose travelers were halted by the songs of milk-maids in the purple cane-plantation;¹⁴ made into a refuge by peacocks whose tails had been shed, as if ashamed at the sight of the wealth of hair of the sporting women from the city;

¹⁴ 50. Roxburgh describes a 'purple sugar-cane,' which kṛṣṇekṣu would be presumably, with also an allusion to Kṛṣṇa and the gopis.

with bees excited by the fragrance of the blossoms of the punnāga; the sky made tawny by the fruit of the jujube¹⁵ and orange; adorned on all sides with the opening buds on the tips of the lavalī, phalinī, jasmine, mucukunda, like smiles of the winter season, with the face of the sky darkened by the pollen of the lodh flowers. After descending from Vaijayantī, on the eleventh day in the bright half of Mārga, the moon being in Pauṣṇa, in the last division of the day, the Lord became a mendicant together with a thousand kings, observing a two-day fast; and at that same time mind-reading knowledge arose. On the next day the Master broke his fast with rice-pudding at the house of King Aparājita in the city Rājapura. The five things, the stream of treasure, et cetera, were made by the gods and a jeweled platform was made by the king over the Master's footprints.

Omniscience (59-66)

The Lord wandered over the earth for three years as an ordinary ascetic, never seated, never lying down, observing many restrictions. One day, as he wandered, the Lord came again to Sahasrāmraṇa and stood in pratimā under a mango tree. The Lord's omniscience arose from the destruction of the destructive karmas on the twelfth day of the bright half of Kārttika, the moon being in Revatī. At once the gods made a samavasaraṇa and the Teacher of the World entered by the east door. The Lord circumambulated the caitya-tree, which was three hundred and sixty bows tall, and said, "Reverence to the congregation." The Lord sat down on the eastern lion-throne, facing the east, and the Vyantaras created images in the other directions. The venerable congregation occupied the proper places. When he knew that the Lord was in the samavasaraṇa, the scion of the Kurus came there. After bowing to the Blessed One, he sat down behind Śakra and then Śakra and the scion of the Kurus began a hymn of praise.

¹⁵ 52. The fruit of the jujube is yellow when ripe (Roxb.).

Stuti (67-74)

“Hail! Lord of the Three Worlds. Hail! Sole friend to everyone. Hail! Ocean of Compassion. Hail! Thou adorned with supernatural powers! Always there is illumination of the universe by the unfailing rays of the sun; there is removal of heat from the universe by the moonlight of the moon; there is enlivening of the world by the waters of the rainy season-cloud, refreshing of the world by the blowing of the wind. Just as there is no ulterior motive in this, so hail to your practices for the benefit of the three worlds, Supreme Lord. The world was dark or blind; but now it has been made light or to have eyes by you. Henceforth, the road will be free from hells, Lord, and existence in animal-births will be very slight. The heavens will be near people, like the interior of border-villages, and emancipation will be not too far away. While you are wandering over this earth for the benefit of all, what happiness will not be, even though inconceivable?”

After this hymn of praise, the Indra of Saudharma and the King of the Kurus paused and the Blessed Aranātha delivered a sermon.

Sermon on rāga and dveṣa (76-93).

“Mokṣa is the chief of the four objects of existence, the ocean of pure bliss. Meditation is the best way to accomplish that and it is subject to the mind. The mind of yogis here, who make it subject to the soul, is made subject to other things by love, et cetera that have conquered it. After love, et cetera, have gained possession of a mind, though guarded, even a little, they disturb it again and again, like Piśācas. People who are led by a mind whose knowledge has been destroyed by the darkness of love, et cetera, fall into hell like a blind man, led by a blind man, into a well. Passion (rati) for and joy (prīti) in objects, et cetera, are called love (rāga); the wise call dislike (arati) and discontent (apṛīti) with these same objects hate (dveṣa). These two, very powerful, a bond for all people,

are known as the root and bulb of the tree of all pains. Who would be open-eyed with astonishment in happiness, who would be pitiable in sorrow, who would fail to reach emancipation, if there were no love and hate here? There would be no hate without love and no love without hate. In the avoidance of one of these, both would be abandoned. The faults, sexual love, et cetera, are servants of love; false belief, arrogance, et cetera are attendants of hate. Delusion (moha) is their father, their seed, their leader, their supreme lord, not to be separated from them, the grandfather of all faults.¹⁶ It must therefore be guarded against. So these three are faults. Henceforth there is no other fault. Because of these all creatures wander in the ocean of existence. The soul, pure as crystal by its own nature, shares the same nature with these (faults) that have become attributes. Alas! the universe is without a king since people's wealth of knowledge, though in its own form, is stolen by these (faults), robbers before their eyes. Whatever creatures among the nigodas,¹⁷ or whoever have emancipation near, their army, untouched by compassion, falls on them all. Why is their hostility for emancipation, or rather for those wishing it, because of which the union of the two is prevented from taking place? Just as a muni is not afraid of tigers, rogue-elephants, water, and fire, so he fears very much love, et cetera, which injure the two worlds. Alas! the road which is used by yogis is very narrow, at the side of which love and hate, a lion and tiger, lurk. Victory over the enemies, love and hate, must be won through tranquillity by men free from slackness, eager for emancipation."

Many people became mendicants from the Lord's sermon and there were thirty-three gaṇabhṛts, Kumbha,

¹⁶ 85. I.e., delusion is the parent of love and hate, the sources of all faults.

¹⁷ 89. A sādharmaṇa jīva, i.e., plant-lives with many souls in one body. See I, n. 29. They are one extreme and people near emancipation the other.

et cetera. At the end of the first watch the Lord ceased to preach; and the gaṇabhṛt Kumbha, occupying his foot-stool, delivered a sermon. He also ceased preaching at the end of the second watch. Śakra and the others bowed to the Lord and went to their respective homes.

Śāsanadevatās (97-101)

Yakṣendra, six-faced, three-eyed, dark, with a conch for a vehicle, his six right arms holding a citron, an arrow, a sword, a hammer, a noose, and bestowing fearlessness, his six left arms holding an ichneumon, a bow, and shield, a trident, a goad, and a rosary; a goddess Dhāriṇī, blue-bodied, with a lotus-seat, with two right arms holding a citron and a blue lotus, with two left arms holding a red lotus and a rosary, became the Lord's messenger-deities, always near at hand.

With them always in close attendance the Blessed One wandered over the earth and one day stopped in a samavasaraṇa in the town Padminīkhaṇḍa. When Lord Ara had stopped after delivering a sermon, Kumbha, like the Master, preached a sermon destroying all doubt.

Story of Vīrabhadra (103-376)

A certain dwarf who had come to hear dharma sat down, and then Sheth¹⁸ Sāgaradatta bowed to Kumbha and said:

“Blessed One, by the nature of existence all creatures are afflicted by pain. I am especially afflicted since there is not an atom of comfort. By my wife Jinamati I had a daughter, Priyadarśanā, who excelled goddesses in beauty. She attained an unusual skill in the arts and reached adolescence distinguished by a wealth of beauty and

¹⁸ 103. Śreṣṭhin seems to be used throughout this story quite in its modern use in the form Sheth (śeṭha), which is a form of address for persons prominent in the business world, generally Jains or Hindus of the vaiśya caste.

cleverness. I was troubled because I did not see a suitable husband for her and Jinamati asked me, 'Why are you anxious, husband?' 'I am worried, fair lady, because I do not find anywhere a suitable husband for your daughter, though I am searching for him.' Jinamati said, 'Sheth, you must find the best husband, some one for whom we will feel no regret, husband.' I said, 'Fate is in control in this case. For everyone desires his own good. No one desires little for himself.'

After this conversation I went to the bazaar and saw Rṣabhadatta, a wealthy trader who had come from Tāmra-līpti. Because of the same religion, we had friendly conversation about business-news, like old friends. One day he came to my house for some reason and looks at my daughter Priyadarśanā for a long time. He asked me, 'Whose daughter is she?' and I replied, 'She is my daughter. Why do you look at her for a long time?' Rṣabhadatta said: 'Sheth, I have a son, named Vīrabhadra, grown-up, well-behaved. He surpasses Kandarpa in beauty, Kavi (Śukra) in skill in poetry, Vācaspati in eloquence, Vardhaki (Tvaṣṭṛ) in skill in crafts, Hūhū in song, Tumbaru on the lute, Bharata in drama, Nārada in sports. He changes his form like a god by the use of pills, et cetera. What is the use of saying more? There is no art which he does not know as well as the Creator. I have not seen anywhere a girl suitable for him, but this girl whom I have seen after a long time is suitable for him.'

I said: 'This daughter of mine is very expert in the arts. For a long time I have been worried about a suitable husband. By a favorable fate this meeting of ours was a good thing. At last let our children be united as bride and groom.'

Delighted at finding a suitable daughter-in-law he went to his own city and sent Vīrabhadra with a large procession of friends. When I saw Vīrabhadra, I felt great satisfaction because I saw that his beauty and virtues agreed with his father's description. On an auspicious day

Virabhadra married my daughter Priyadarśanā accompanied by blessings and auspicious songs of high-born women. He stayed for a few days and then went to his own city with his wife. For wise persons do not stay long in the house of their parents-in-law.

One day I heard that Virabhadra had deserted my daughter in the last watch of the night, while she was asleep, and had gone somewhere alone. A certain dwarf brought me the news just now, but he did not explain clearly. Explain it to me clearly, Lord."

Thus informed by Sāgaradatta, the blessed Kumbha, the chief gaṇadhara, an ocean of compassion, said:

"Your son-in-law thought during the night: 'I am versed in the arts and many charms have been acquired. The uses of divine pills are known, the source of astonishment, and much skill in all the crafts has been gained. All this is without result from lack of any demonstration at all, since I am restrained here by embarrassment in the presence of my elders. Alas! I am a contemptible man, like a frog in a well, if I remain. I will go to other places and show my own merits.' With these reflections he got up, but again he thought, 'If my wife is pretending sleep, that would be an obstacle to my going.' Then he aroused his wife for sport, and she said, 'I have a headache. Why do you disturb me, husband?' He asked, 'Whose fault is it that you have a headache?' She said, 'Your fault.' 'Why?' he asked, and she replied, 'Because of this clever talk of yours at this time.' He said, 'Do not be angry with me, dear. I will not do such a thing again.'

Talking to her this way with a purpose, he made love to her ardently and she went to sleep, fatigued by love, not knowing his deceitful speech. Thinking, 'She is really asleep,' he left her and, his garments girded firmly, Virabhadra left his own house, like a hero. By means of a pill he made himself dark-complexioned. For the form becomes different from a change in color, like poetry from

a change in letters. He wandered at will in villages, cities, et cetera, like a Vidyādhara, showing his superiority in all the arts and crafts. Priyadarśanā took leave of her parents-in-law and went to her father's house. For living elsewhere is not suitable for high-born women without husbands.

One day Vīrabhadra went in his wandering to the city Ratnapura, ruled over by King Ratnākara, in Siṅhaladvīpa. He sat down in the shop of Sheth Śaṅkha, who had a wealth of virtues fair as a conch, and was asked, 'Where are you from, sir?' Vīrabhadra replied, 'I left my own home in Tāmralipti in anger and came here in the course of wandering, father.' Sheth Śaṅkha said: 'Going to a foreign country like that was not well done by you, a delicate youth, son. That crooked act of yours was made straight by fate, since you have come uninjured here into my presence, son.'

With these words Sheth Śaṅkha took him to his house like his own son, had him bathed and fed and said to him affectionately: 'You alone are a son to me to whom no son was born. Having become master, enjoy and give my wealth. Amusing yourself, magnificent as a god, give satisfaction to my eyes. For wealth is easy to acquire, son, but a son to enjoy it is difficult to acquire.' Vīrabhadra, said politely: 'Though I left my father's house, I came to a father's house. I submit to your command. I am your disciple always. For one's own son is the son of evil,¹⁰ but I am a son in religion.'

Then he dwelt pleasantly in the house of Sheth Śaṅkha, making the townsmen show open astonishment at his skill in arts and crafts.

King Ratnākara had a daughter, the only fair one of the universe, Ananḡasundarī by name, who hated men. Vinayavatī, the sole abode of good-breeding, the daughter of Sheth Śaṅkha, went to visit her daily. One day

¹⁰ 151. I.e. of worldly existence.

Virabhadra asked her with brotherly affection, 'Where are you going, sister?' and Vinayavatī told him how it was. 'With what amusements does your friend pass the time, sister?' Virabhadra asked and she replied, 'With the lute, et cetera.' He said, 'I am going with you,' and she said, 'Admittance is not allowed to any man, not even a boy. How will you get it?' 'I shall assume a woman's appearance completely.' She agreed and he immediately put on women's clothes, like an actor. He went with her and when asked by Anaṅgasundarī, 'Who is this girl with you, friend?' she said, 'It is my sister.'

Then Anaṅgasundarī began to paint a swan grieved at separation (from her mate) on a tablet with lovely new paints. Virabhadra said to her, 'You began to paint her grieved by separation, but her eye, et cetera are not right.' Anaṅgasundarī said, 'You paint it,' and gave the tablet and paints to Virabhadra. Virabhadra painted such a swan immediately and handed it to her. After examining it, she said, 'Indeed, skill in painting shows the inner emotions. Just so, her eye is shedding tear-drops. The face is sickly looking; the bill is holding a lotus-stalk feebly; the neck is languid; the wings are unable to rise. This desolate appearance clearly describes her condition grieved by the separation, even though it is not described itself. Why, friend, did you not bring her, so skilled in the arts, for so long? Why did you put her in a house and keep her like a secret?'

Virabhadra said, 'My sister did not bring me from fear of our elders. There is no other reason.' Anaṅgasundarī said, 'In future you must come every day with your sister. What is her name, fair lady?' Virabhadra said quickly, 'My name is Viramatī.' The princess said again, 'Do you know other arts also?' Vinayavatī said, 'You will soon know, yourself. There is no confidence in wonderful accomplishments described by others.' Anaṅgasundarī, delighted, said, 'Very well,' and, after entertaining Vinayavatī, dismissed her together with him (Virabhadra).

Virabhadra laid aside his women's clothing at the house and went back to the shop to join the merchant, restrained by devotion to his father. Then the sheth said to him affectionately, 'Son, where have you been all this time? I have been embarrassed to reply to men asking for you here.' Virabhadra said, 'Father, I have gone to the garden.' The sheth replied, 'If that is so, you did a good thing.'

On the next day he, a depository of arts, went there in the same way, and saw Anaṅgasundarī playing the lute, Virabhadra said to her, 'This string does not have the proper tone, because there is a human hair fastened to it. fair lady.' 'How do you know that?' He replied, 'I know from observation of the performance of the melody you began.' Then she handed the lute to Virabhadra and he, knowing the truth, unfastened the string immediately. He drew out a human hair from its center, like an arrow from the heart, and showed it to her, astonishing her. Then he replaced the string and fastened it again on the neck, and played the lute, surpassing Tumbaru in skill. He produced notes with very clear intervals in a stream and tānas and kūṭatānas and distinct vyañjanadhātukas.²⁰ Employing a kind of playing, he developed on the lute a melody with soft sounds and loud sounds, nectar to the ears. Anaṅgasundarī and her retinue, experiencing great joy, stood as if painted in a picture. Does, too, are to be caught by song. When she had heard the song of the lute, the princess reflected, 'Such an accomplished person is hard for even the gods to find. Moreover, my birth

²⁰ 182. Fox-Strangways (p. 82) calls tāna a 'melodic figure,' of which there are 49; he also says (p. 287) that it = "'division' in our eighteenth century sense of the word." Clements says (p. 59) of kūṭatāna: "The latter are simply permutations of a given number of svaras, such as sā ri ga, sā ga ri, ri ga sā, etc." See also Saṅgītamakaranda 1. 99 for kūṭatāna. It gives 84 tānas (1. 97). For vyañjanadhātu, a musical composition for the lute, see I, p. 375 and n. 412.

is useless without her. A statue, though complete, is beautiful only with a wreath of flowers.'

He showed her his skill in other arts, seizing a proper occasion, a thief of the wealth of her mind. Virabhadra perceived that Anaṅgasundarī was in love with him and one day said to Sheth Śaṅkha secretly: 'Following Vinayavati, I have gone every day to Anaṅgasundarī, disguised as a woman. Do not fear that I shall do anything that will be a discredit to you; rather, there will be honor. If the king wishes to give you his daughter for me, you must not consent at first. There is honor, when there is great insistence. The sheth said, 'You will know best, superior in intelligence, but one thing we will say: Your own welfare must be observed.' Virabhadra replied, 'Do not worry, father. Soon you will see your son's creditable conduct with successful results.' 'Son, you know best,' and the sheth was silent.

Then there was a rumor in King Ratnākara's council: 'A young man from Tāmralipti has come to the house of Sheth Śaṅkha. He distinguishes himself daily in the city by various arts. Because he comes from a foreign country, his family is not known, but his appearance indicates that he comes from a well-born family.' Then the king thought: 'This young man is like Manmatha in beauty, of good habits, of good appearance, an ocean of arts, intelligent. If he, suitable, pleases my daughter as a husband, there is no fault on the part of the Creator arranging a suitable alliance.'

Virabhadra said to Anaṅgasundarī privately, 'Why are you averse to pleasure in such entirety, friend?' Anaṅgasundarī replied: 'Who does not like pleasure? However, a husband suitable for myself, well-born, is hard to find. Better a gem by itself than set in a glass ring; better a river without water than one filled with sea-monsters; better a house entirely empty than one filled with thieves; better a garden without trees than one with poisonous trees; better a woman unmarried, though young and

beautiful, than one mortified by an ignorant, low-born husband. For so long a time I have not seen a suitable husband, friend. Why should I be an object of ridicule by choosing a husband with few attainments?’

Virabhadra said: ‘Do not say, “There is no husband, superior, suitable for me.” This earth is full of jewels. Shall I find a suitable husband for you this very day? Otherwise pleasure will not please you, you with fastidious taste.’ Anaṅgasundarī said: ‘Do you tear out my tongue by giving hope or are you lying? If you are speaking the truth, show me a suitable husband, that my arts, youth, beauty, et cetera may be satisfied.’

After this speech of hers, Virabhadra disclosed his own form and she said: ‘I am, indeed, submissive to you. You are my husband.’ He said: ‘Very well. There must be no gossip. In future I shall not come here. You must inform the king, so he will say urgently to Sheth Śaṅkha, “Anaṅgasundarī should be given to Virabhadra.”’ She agreed and Virabhadra went to his own house. She summoned her mother at once and said: ‘For so long I have been only a source of worry to my parents, like an arrow in the breast, from lack of a suitable husband, mother. I have discovered a husband, suitable because of his own arts, beauty, et cetera—Virabhadra, the son of Sheth Śaṅkha. Give me to him this very day. Then inform my father that he may ask Sheth Śaṅkha for him for me.’ Delighted at this speech, the queen went and said to the king: ‘Fortunately you are to be congratulated today on finding a suitable husband for your daughter. The son of Sheth Śaṅkha, a young man named Virabhadra, has been discovered by Anaṅgasundarī herself as a husband suitable for her.’ The king said: ‘To me considering this matter, you have come with this news like a wishing-gem or like a cow of plenty. Indeed, our daughter showed perseverance and cleverness in discovering a husband, since such a husband was chosen after she had waited so long.’

Summoned at once by the king, Sheth Śaṅkha, accompanied by many merchant-princes, came there and bowed to the king. Then the king said to Sheth Śaṅkha: 'A certain young man has come to your house from Tāmralipti. He is reported to be proficient in the ocean of all the arts, possessing unique beauty and grace, and eligible from the number of good qualities.' Śaṅkha said, 'Your Majesty, the people know his merits.' The king asked, 'Is he subject to your command or not?' Sheth Śaṅkha said, 'Master, why do you say this? To him alone all the people are subject, won by his merits.' The king replied, 'Take Anaṅgasundarī for him this very day, sheth. At last, let the union of these two suited to each other take place.' The sheth said, 'You are our master. We are your subjects to be protected. Alliance and friendship are desirable between equals only.' The king commanded, 'Do you refuse me indirectly? Obey my command without hesitation. Go and prepare at once.'

Respecting the king's command, Śaṅkha went home and told Virabhadra all the king's command. Then Anaṅgasundarī's and Virabhadra's wedding was celebrated with great magnificence at an auspicious moment on an auspicious day. Their delight in each other increased from day to day. It should be very great on the part of husband and wife who are chosen by themselves. Teaching her the Jain doctrine, Virabhadra made her a laywoman. May the union of the good in this world result in joy in the next world also. He himself painted an image of the Arhat and the fourfold congregation on canvas, gave it to her, and enlightened her.

One day, Virabhadra thought, 'She appears devoted to me. But there is no certainty of the stability of women fickle by nature. Very well. I shall find out her true disposition.' After these reflections, agreeable from cunning, he said to Anaṅgasundarī: 'Dearest, nothing is dearer to me than you. Nevertheless, I am going to leave you to go to my own country. Since my parents, pained by the

long separation from me, are very unhappy, I shall go and comfort them. You stay here, fair lady. I shall return quickly. I cannot endure to stay any place else without you.'

Turning pale, she said: 'That is well-said by you, at the mere hearing of which my life wishes to depart. It is evident that you are hard-hearted, since you are able to say that. If I were like you, I would be able to hear it.'

At this reply Virabhadra said, 'Do not be angry, dear. I have thought of this means of taking you along.'

Then Virabhadra asked the king persistently for permission to go to his own country with Anaṅgasundarī. Reluctantly the king allowed Virabhadra to leave with his wife. For whom is separation from a daughter and son-in-law generally not hard to bear? Then they set out by water, embarked on a ship. Travel by land- or sea-routes is the same for the bold. The boat started, propelled by a favorable wind, like an arrow shot from the bow, like a bird started from the nest. When the ship had covered a certain distance, a great wind blew, like the wind at the end of the world. The sea rose as if at the end of the world, very terrifying, and lifted the boat, like an elephant lifting a bundle of straw. After being lifted up repeatedly and tossing about for three days, it split on a rock, like a crushed bird's-egg. At the time the ship split, Anaṅgasundarī reached one of its planks. There is no death of one whose life-period is unbroken. Tossed up and down by the waves like a haṅsī, after five nights Anaṅgasundarī reached a shore covered with woods. Because of separation from her relatives and going to a foreign country, because of separation from her husband, the destruction of the ship, the loss of money, the pounding by waves, miserable from hunger and thirst, like a water-animal out of water, she had fallen as if unconscious and was seen by a young ascetic compassionate by nature with a sympathetic eye.

He lifted her up and led her like a sister to the hermitage. 'Stay here without fear, daughter,' the abbot said

to her. Cared for by the ascetics for several days she recovered and remained as if in her father's house. The abbot reflected, 'If she remains here, she will certainly destroy the concentration of the ascetics because of her extraordinary beauty.' Then the old ascetic said to her: 'Child, there is a town Padminikhanda not far from here. People, for the most part good and wealthy, live there. If you stay there, you will have the greatest degree of comfort. Certainly you will meet your husband there. So go there, child, with some old ascetics.'

At this command of the abbot, she went to Padminikhanda, like a hañsī to a lotus-bed, escorted by elderly ascetics. Saying, 'It is not permitted us to enter the city,' the ascetics left her outside the city and returned home. Making the sky bloom with lotuses, as it were, by her glances; looking in all directions like a doe lost from the herd, she saw a head-nun, Suvratā, like her own mother, surrounded by nuns, coming for care of the body. She remembered, 'These have been shown to me by my husband, painted on a canvas with his own hand, above reproach, worshipped by the world.' Remembering this, she approached quickly and paid homage to Suvratā and the nuns in accordance with the rule learned before. 'Praise the shrines of Siñhaladvīpa by my voice, mother,' she said to the nun Suvratā, her hands folded together. Suvratā said to her, 'Have you come from Siñhaladvīpa? And why are you alone? For there is not a good appearance without attendants.' 'I shall tell everything when I am safe,' she said; and the head-nun Suvratā went with her to her rest-house quickly. Paying homage to the nuns with extraordinary devotion, she was seen there by your daughter Priyadarśanā. Questioned by Suvratā and Priyadarśanā, she told her story up to the sight of Suvratā. Priyadarśanā said to her, 'Everything, the arts, et cetera, fits Virabhadra, fair lady. What complexion was he?' 'Dark.' Priyadarśanā said, 'The complexion alone does not fit my husband Virabhadra, high-born lady.' The

head-nun said, 'Priyadarśanā here is your sister in religion. Devoted to the practice of religion, stay with her, child.' So advised by Suvratā, Anaṅgasundarī stayed there, with great affection shown her by Priyadarśanā.

Now, Virabhadra also clung to a plank when the ship was broken and was pounded by the waves. On the seventh day he was seen by a Vidyādhara-chief, named Rativallabha, and was taken to the top of Vaitāḍhya. Childless himself, he presented him to his wife, Madana-mañjukā, as a son, with great joy. Questioned by them, he told the story of his own and his wife's fall into the ocean from the beginning, and said, 'Father, I was snatched from the ocean, like the mouth of Yama, by you; but I do not know how Anaṅgasundarī fares.' Rativallabha found out by means of the vidyā Ābhoginī and told him, 'Your two wives, Anaṅgasundarī and Priyadarśanā, are in the rest-house of Suvratā in the city Padminikhaṇḍa, practicing dharma like sisters.'

At the good news about both his wives, he breathes as if sprinkled with nectar on his body. At the very time that he was taken out of the ocean, he removed the pill that had made him dark and had resumed his natural fair color. Rativallabha married his daughter, Ratnaprabhā, borne by Vajravegavati, to him. He announced there that his name was Buddhadāsa and enjoyed mundane happiness with Ratnaprabhā.

One day he saw Vidyādharas going in a crowd and asked his wife, 'Where are they going in a hurry?' She replied, 'These Vidyādharas are hurrying to make a pilgrimage to the eternal Arhats on this mountain.'

After hearing this, he, a layman, named Buddhadāsa, wise, climbed the peak of Mt. Vaitāḍhya with her. There he paid homage to the statues of the eternal Arhats devotedly; and Ratnaprabhā danced, sang, et cetera before the god. He said, 'This god is new to me, since I live in Siṅhaladvīpa and Buddha is our family-deity, my dear.' She replied, 'Lord, for that reason only you say,

“This god is new to me.” For this lord is god of gods, omniscient, by whom the faults, love, et cetera have been conquered, worshipped by the three worlds, telling facts as they are, god, Arhat, supreme lord. Buddha, Brahmā, et cetera are not gods, causing people to fall into the whirlpool of the ocean of existence, wearing rosaries, et cetera, indicating their own delusion, et cetera.’ As the two amused themselves daily with various amusements, immersed in an ocean of pleasure, a certain length of time passed.

One day during the last part of the night he said, ‘Dear Ratnaprabhā, after a long time we are going to amuse ourselves pleasantly today in the southern half of Bharata.’ She agreed and the two, she and he, went to Suvratā’s rest-house in Padminikhaṇḍa by means of a vidyā. Stopping at the door of the rest-house, Virabhadra said to her, ‘You stay right here until I return, after sipping water.’ With these words he went a short distance and stayed in the same place, like a king’s spy, for her protection. Alone, separated from her husband like a cakravākī, after a moment she began to cry aloud. Such is the nature of women. Hearing the pitiful sound, the head-nun, a river of compassion, herself opened the doors and saw her. The head-nun said: ‘Child, who are you and where are you from? How is it you are alone and why are you crying?’ She bowed and said: ‘I came here with my husband from Vaitāḍhya. My husband went just now to sip water and delays a long time. He can not endure an hour without me. I fear the reason for his delay and hence I am much distressed, noble mother. My mind is like an ichneumon on hot ground on his account. Now I can not hold on to life.’ Suvratā said to her compassionately, ‘Do not be afraid, devoted wife. Remain comfortably here in the rest-house until your husband comes.’ Thus advised by the head-nun she entered the rest-house.

When Virabhadra had seen his wife enter the place, he went away. Assuming the form of a dwarf at will, he wandered about the city for amusement, and fascinated the citizens' minds, showing various arts. He delighted King Īśānacandra exceedingly. For even one art would fascinate the mind, to say nothing of all the arts.

Ratnaprabhā was asked by Anaṅgasundarī and Priyadarśanā, 'Who is your husband and what is he like?' She said, 'My husband is a native of Siṅhala, fair, a depository of all the arts, named Buddhādāsa, a Smara in beauty.' Priyadarśanā said, 'My husband agrees with that description exactly, except the living in Siṅhala and the name Buddhādāsa.' Anaṅgasundarī said, 'The color, the living in Siṅhala, and the name Buddhādāsa differ from my husband.'

They remained in the hermitage like three sisters, devoted to penance and study, not receiving any news of their husbands. The fictitious dwarf saw his three wives daily and was delighted with their surpassing good behavior.

One day there was a rumor in King Īśānacandra's council that in this city in the rest-house of the nun Suvratā there were three young women, beautiful, noble, purifying the earth like three jewels. Best among good wives, moving on the path suitable for a good family, no man is able to make them speak. The fictitious dwarf said, 'I shall make them speak in turn. See my ability in this difficult task also.' Attended by ministers and royal servants and accompanied by some citizens also, he went to the head-nun's rest-house. Stopping at the door of the rest-house, he instructed his companions, 'There you must ask, "Tell some story."' With a small retinue he entered the rest-house and paid homage to Suvratā and the other nuns with spotless vows. The fictitious dwarf went away and sat down in the door-pavilion. The three (wives) came with the nuns from curiosity to see him.

The dwarf said, 'Until time to go to the king, we shall stay here, our minds charmed by amusement.' A royal servant said, 'Tell us some interesting story.' The dwarf said, 'Shall I tell you a kathā or vṛttaka?' Questioned about the difference between a kathā and a vṛttaka the dwarf said, 'A vṛttaka is one's own experiences; a kathā is the adventures of men of former times.' 'Tell a vṛttaka.' The dwarf related:

'Here in Bharata there is a large city Tāmraliptī. A merchant, Ṛṣabhadatta, with very excellent qualities, lives there. One day he went to the town Padminī-khaṇḍa on business. There he saw Sāgaradatta's daughter, Priyadarśanā, and married her to his son, Virabhadra. With her Virabhadra experienced mundane happiness. Once upon a time, during the night he aroused her pretending to be asleep. "Do not disturb me. I have a headache." "Whose fault is that?" "Your fault," she said. Questioned by him about his fault, she said, "Why at such a time is there this artful talk on your part, husband?" Saying, "I shall not do so again," he caressed her; and leaving her, when she had really fallen asleep, her husband went to a foreign country.'

After the dwarf had related this, he got up hurriedly, saying, 'Now the time for my attendance in the palace is passing.' As he got up, he was asked further by Priyadarśanā eagerly, 'Tell where Virabhadra has gone. Surely you know, dwarf.' The dwarf replied, 'I do not talk with another man's wife, always afraid of a blemish on my own family.' She said, 'Indeed, is your conduct suitable for a good family? To answer politely, certainly that is the first characteristic of a well-born man.' 'I shall tell you tomorrow.' Saying this, the dwarf went away. This story was told the king by his servants and he was astonished.

The next day he (the dwarf) went to the nun's rest-house in the same way and told a story to them very eager.

'He left the city, turned dark by a pill and, wandering through many countries, reached Siṅhaladvīpa. There he sat down in Sheth Śaṅkha's shop in Ratnapura and, when he had learned his story, the sheth took him to his own house. He was accepted as a son by the best of merchants and remained comfortably in that city, causing astonishment by his arts. He went in women's attire with Vinayavatī, the merchant's daughter, to the house of princess Anaṅgasundarī. His character being made known gradually, he married her whose mind was fascinated by his arts, bestowed by her father, and enjoyed pleasures with her for a long time. As he was going with her to the city Tāmraliptī, by chance the boat was broken up in that same ocean. Now I am going, for it is time for attendance on the king. For without service the livelihood of servants perishes.' Then Anaṅgasundarī said to him with importunity, 'Sir, where is Virabhadra now? Explain fully.' Saying, 'I shall tell you tomorrow,' he went to the palace. The king's agents told this story also to the king.

On the third day the dwarf came there and related: 'By chance Virabhadra reached a plank. Then a Vidyādhara, named Rativallabha, came, saw him, and took him to his own house on Mt. Vaitāḍhya. Just as he was taken out of the ocean, he removed the pill that made him dark and became fair as when in Tāmraliptī. When asked, he, very dear to Rativallabha, said that he lived in Siṅhala and was named Buddhadāsa. At his instructions he married his daughter Ratnaprabhā and continued amusing himself pleasantly in pleasure-groves, et cetera. With her he came here one day to sport, left her here under the pretext of sipping water, and went elsewhere. Now I am going.' And he got up, after saying this. Ratnaprabhā asked, 'Where is Buddhadāsa now?' 'I shall tell more tomorrow,' saying, he got up and went away. The three women were greatly pleased at the concurrence of their husbands as one. The dwarf is your son-in-law, Sheth Sāgara.

The husband of the three, he caused a separation as a joke."

Bowing to the best of gaṇabhṛts, the dwarf said, "It happened just as it was seen by your eye of knowledge, not otherwise."

Kumbha, the chief-gaṇabhṛt, stopped preaching at the end of the second watch. Such is the length of the sermon. After bowing to Gaṇadhara Kumbha, Sheth Sāgaradatta, delighted, went with the dwarf to the rest-house. When the three noticed the dwarf approaching, they went to meet him immediately. Who is not pleased at receiving news about a husband?

Sāgaradatta said, "He is the husband of the three of you." They asked, "How is that?" and he related the whole affair. The three and the head-nun, also, were amazed. Going inside, the dwarf laid aside his character of dwarf. First he became such as he was when Anaṅga-sundarī saw him. Next, he laid aside his dark color and assumed a fair color. Recognized by all the women, surrounded by them eager, he was asked by the nun, "Why did you do this?" He replied, "Madam, I left home for a joke; and for a joke the desertion of these three was disregarded by me."

The nun Suvratā spoke this true speech: "At a distance, in a foreign country, in a forest, on a mountain, even on the ocean, or in any other unpleasant place, wherever the righteous go, there they obtain measureless pleasure just as if at home. The teaching of the Arhats is, 'Pleasures are the consequence of gifts to suitable persons.' To whom did he give? We shall ask the Jineśvara Ara." The chief-nun, Sāgaradatta, and Virabhadra with his wives went to Ara Svāmin and bowed properly. Suvratā asked the Supreme Lord, "What did Virabhadra do in a former birth that had pleasure as its fruit?" He explained: "In my next to the last birth,²¹ as a merchant's son named

²¹ 370. I.e., the first birth in this biography.

Jinadāsa, he gave me alms with devotion in the city Ratnapura at the end of a four-month fast as I was wandering over the earth observing the vows, after abandoning a powerful kingdom in the East Videhas. From that good deed he became a god in Brahmāloka. Then he fell and was born in Kāmpīlya in Airāvata in Jambūdvīpa, enjoying great wealth. There also he practiced layman's duties, being very powerful. After death he became a god in Acyuta and then he fell and became who he is now. By merit added to merit he enjoys pleasures in this birth. Merit attends upon men everywhere."

After explaining this and enlightening many persons, the Blessed One went elsewhere, wandering, destroying the world's delusion. After enjoying pleasures for a long time, Virabhadra became a mendicant in course of time and, seated in the chariot of firm merit, went to heaven.

His congregation (377-382)

Fifty thousand noble monks, sixty thousand nuns with strict vows, six hundred and ten who knew the fourteen pūrvas, twenty-six hundred who had clairvoyant knowledge, twenty-five hundred and fifty-one who had mind-reading knowledge, twenty-eight hundred who were omniscient, seventy-three hundred who had the art of transformation, sixteen hundred disputants, two hundred thousand, less sixteen thousand, laymen, and three hundred and seventy-two thousand laywomen constituted the retinue of the Lord wandering over the earth for twenty-one thousand years, less three years, from the time of his omniscience.

Knowing that it was time for his emancipation the Master went to Sammata with a thousand munis and commenced a fast. At the end of a month on the twelfth day of the bright half of Mārga, the moon being in Pauṣṇa, the Master and the munis went to the eternal abode.

The Lord lived for eighty-four thousand years, equally divided as prince, king, cakrin, and monk. The

emancipation of Śrī Ara Jineśvara took place a fourth of a palya less one thousand crores of years after the emancipation of Śrī Kunthu. The Indras came, held with devotion the emancipation-festival of Aranātha who had attained emancipation with the munis, and cremated the bodies at the same time.

CHAPTER III

ĀNANDAPURUṢAPUNḌARIKABALICARITRA

Now the lives of the sixth Bala and the sixth Śāringin and of the Pratiṣṭu Bali in the congregation of Aranātha are narrated.

Previous births of the three (3-9)

In the city Vijayapura Sudarśana was king, fair as the moon, giving joy to the world. After hearing Jain doctrine from Muni Damadhara, his mind being disgusted with existence, he became a mendicant, practiced penance, and became a god in Sahasrāra.

Also here in Bharataṣetra in the city Potana, Priya-mitra was king, who resembled the rising of the sun for lotuses in the form of friends. Suketu²² kidnaped his wife and he, disgusted with existence from that humiliation, became a mendicant at Muni Vasubhūti's side. Afflicted with grief at his wife's kidnaping, he practiced severe penance and made a nidāna²³ for killing his wife's kidnaper. He fasted and died without confessing the nidāna and was born a powerful god in the heaven Māhendra.

Birth of Bali (9-11)

Now in the city Ariñjaya on Mt. Vaitāḍhya there was a well-known Vidyādhara-king, Meghanāda, to whom power over the two rows (of cities) had been given by Cakrin Subhūma. He was the father of Padmaśrī, the wife of the same cakrabhṛt. Suketu's soul, after it had wandered through existence was born as the Pratiṣṭu Bali in Meghanāda's family in this same city. He, with a life-term of fifty thousand years, black, twenty-six bows tall, became the ruler of three parts (of Bharata).

²² 5. Pre-birth of Bali.

²³ 7. See II, n. 29.

Birth of Ānanda (12-21)

In the southern half of Bharata in Jambūdvīpa there is a city Cakrapura, the ornament of the earth. Its king was Maḥāsīras, by whom, like another lokapāla, the important heads of kings had been made to bow. Of him, whose conduct was remarkable, the crest-jewel of kings, the intelligence was adorned with discernment like his Śrī with power. There is no art which was not apparent in him, like the species of lives in the ocean Svayambhūramāṇa.²⁴ While he was ruling the earth, there were no reports of thieves; only he himself stole the minds of the noble. Causing joy in the one and fear in the other, he did not leave the heart of the noble nor of the wicked.

His wife was named Vaijayantī, surpassing even Apsarases in beauty; and his second wife was Lakṣmīvati, like Lakṣmī.

The god, King Sudarśana, fell from Sahasrāra and descended into the womb of the chief-queen Vaijayantī. Queen Vaijayantī, delighted by the four dreams indicating the birth of a Bala, conceived the best of embryos. When the time was completed, she bore a son, spotless as a full moon, twenty-nine bows tall, named Ānanda.

Birth of Puruṣapūṇḍarīka (22-25)

Priyamitra's soul fell from the fourth heaven and descended into the womb of the chief-queen Lakṣmīvati. Delighted by the seven great dreams indicating the birth of an Upendra (Vāsudeva), Queen Lakṣmīvati carried the embryo. At the right time she bore a son, twenty-nine bows tall, dark, named Puruṣapūṇḍarīka.

The two brothers increased in size along with their father's wishes, always carrying banners with the garuḍa and palm tree²⁵ and wearing dark blue and yellow garments. Shaking the earth, as it were, they walked easily. The

²⁴ 15. The last ocean. See II, p. 123.

²⁵ 25. Inverted order—the garuḍa-banner was the Vāsudeva's.

nurses were not able to lift them even when they were children. Gradually they attained youth purifying the eyes and they became skilled in the ocean of all the arts.

Fight with Bali (29-40)

Upendrasena, lord of the city Rājendra, gave his daughter Padmāvati to the Viṣṇu Puṇḍarīka. Having heard that she excelled the wife of Anaṅga in beauty, Pratiṣṇu Bali came there to kidnap her. Then Ānanda and Puṇḍarīka attacked Bali puffed up with pride in his strength of arm, despising the strength of the world. Weapons, the bow, plough, et cetera, were delivered immediately to the two of them by gods like attendants at an armory. Their army was destroyed by the stronger forces of Bali and they (Bali's forces) gave lion's-roars announcing their master's victory. Ānanda and Puṇḍarīka rushed in their chariots to the business of fighting, delighted. For a battle-field is a source of joy to heroes. Then Puṇḍarīka blew Pāñcajanya loudly and the enemy-army disappeared from the battle-field like a group of sea-monsters from the ocean. Śārṅgin twanged the bow, like an echo of the conch, as it were, and the miserable remnant of the enemy disappeared at its loud sound. Bali himself approached to fight, exceedingly strong, raining arrows constantly like a cloud streams of water. Viṣṇu destroyed his arrows and he destroyed Viṣṇu's arrows. So, angry again at the destruction of his arrows, Bali took the cakra. "Villain, you do not exist!" saying, powerful Bali whirled the cakra and hurled it at Viṣṇu Puṇḍarīka. Dazed for a moment by the blow of its hub which struck with a slap, Viṣṇu recovered consciousness instantly and took the cakra himself. Saying, "Villain, *you* do not exist!" Janārdana whirled the cakra and cut off Bali's head.

Then, accompanied by Ānanda, Viṣṇu made an expedition of conquest, destroying hostile kings, and became an ardhacakrin. Viṣṇu lifted a great stone, Koṭīśilā, as easily as an anklet (tulākoṭi). When he had passed the

sixty-five thousand years of his life, he went to the sixth hell because of his harsh karma. Puṇḍarika spent two hundred and fifty years as prince, the same number as king, sixty in the expedition of conquest, sixty-four thousand, four hundred and forty as ardhaçakrin.

Ānanda, whose life-term was eighty-five thousand years, alone, joyless without his brother, passed the time with difficulty. He took initiation from Sumitra because of strong disgust with existence from separation from his brother. Seeking spiritual knowledge, he attained omniscience and arrived at the eternal abode, the abode of joy.

CHAPTER IV

SUBHŪMACAKRAVARTĪCARITRA

The life of the eighth Cakrin, Subhūma, in the congregation of Tīrthakṛt Ara will be related in its turn.

Previous births (3-5)

There was a king, named Bhūpāla, who observed the vows of a kṣatriya, in the city Viśāla in this same Bharata-kṣetra. One day he was defeated in a battle by many enemies who had united. For a crowd is very strong. Defeated by his enemies, his face blackened by the disgrace, he became a mendicant under Muni Sambhūta. As a result of penance he made a nidāna which had as its object the enjoyment of army and treasure, fasted to death, and became a god in Mahāśukra.

Story of Jamadagni and Paraśurāma (6-100)

Now, Ṛṣabhanātha had a son Kuru, after whom Kurudeśa was named. He had a son Hastin, after whom Hāstinapura was named, the native land of Tīrthakṛts and cakrins. Anantavīrya, belonging to this line, was king there, long-armed. Now, in the town Vasantapura in Bharatakṣetra there was a youth, Agnika, whose family had perished completely. One day he left that place for another country and, wandering about without a caravan, he came to a hermitage. The abbot, Jana, received Agni like a son and he received the name of Jamadagni among the people. Practicing severe penance, like a visible fire, because of his splendor hard to bear he became known throughout the world.

Then a god, a layman in a former birth, Vaiśvānara by name, and Dhanvantari, devoted to (Brāhman) ascetics, had an argument. One said, "The religion of the Arhats is

authority"; the other said that of the ascetics. They made an agreement in this dispute, "Whoever is the most obscure among the followers of the Arhats and whoever is most distinguished among ascetics must be tested by us to see which one excels in good qualities."

Just at that time holy Padmaratha, adorned by a new religion,²⁶ set out from the city Mithilā over the world. As he went to Campā to take initiation from Vāsupūjya, he, a yati by nature, was observed on the road by the two gods. Though hungry and thirsty, the king refused food and drink offered by them with a desire to test him. For the resolute do not depart from the truth. The gods made pain for the king's tender lotus-feet with pebbles and thorns cruel as saws. Nevertheless, he walked beautifully on such a road, as if it had a surface of cotton, with his feet dripping with blood. They sang, danced, et cetera to disturb the king; but that was in vain against him like a divine weapon against a relative.²⁷ They assumed the forms of siddhaputras²⁸ and appeared before him. "Sir, now life is long and you are young. Enjoy its pleasures at will. What sense is there in austerities in youth? Who, even though energetic, would perform the duties of night at dawn? When youth has been passed, the cause of weakness of the body, you should undertake penance, like a second old age, dear sir."

The king said, "If life is long, there will be much merit. The lotus-stalk grows according to the measure of water. The penance which is practiced in youth when the senses are fickle, *that* is penance. He is called a hero who is a hero on the battle-field with cruel weapons." Saying, "Good! Good!" to him who was not shaken from

²⁶ 15. I.e., a recent convert. Cf. Kathākośa, pp. 22 ff.

²⁷ 20. Cf. I, 321.

²⁸ 21. Defined by PH as 'a man in the state between a Jain sādhu and a layman.' I.e., a layman who is very advanced in indifference to worldly matters, almost a sādhu.

the truth, they went to test Jamadagni, the most distinguished of the ascetics. They saw him with the ground touched by his spreading matted hair like a banyan-tree, the extremities of his feet covered with ants, subdued. The two gods made by magic a nest in the mass of creepers of his beard at once, assumed the form of a pair of sparrows, and stayed. The cock said to the hen, "I am going to Mt. Himavat." She scorned him, saying, "You will not come back, devoted to another." "If I do not come back, wife, I am guilty of the sin of a cow-killer." The hen said again to the cock who had made this promise, "If you would swear with the words, 'I am guilty of the sin of this sage,' I would let you go there, husband. May your journey be happy."

Hearing this speech, Jamadagni was angered and seized the two birds with his hands. Then he said, "What kind of sin, like darkness in the sun, is in me performing difficult penance?"

Then the cock-sparrow said to the sage: "Do not be angry. Your penance is useless. Have you not heard the sacred saying that there is no progress of the soul of a sonless man?" Thinking, "That is true," the muni reflected, "My penance is strung in water since I have no wife nor son."

Seeing him disturbed, thinking, "I have been deceived by the ascetics," Dhanvantari became a (Jain) layman. Who is not convinced by proof? Then the two gods became invisible, and Jamadagni went to the city Nemika-koṣṭaka. Wishing to win a girl, like Hara Gaurī, he went to King Jitaśatru who had many daughters. The king rose to greet him and, his hands folded, asked, "Why have you come? Tell what can I do?"

The muni said, "I have come for a girl," and the king said, "Take the one who is willing from a hundred girls." He went to the maidens' quarters and said to the king's daughters, "Some one of you be my wife." They made a spitting noise and said, "Are you not ashamed to say this,

you whose hair is matted, who are gray, emaciated, living by alms?"

Muni Jamadagni, angry, like a wind made the girls hunch-backed like the wooden part of bows that have been strung. Then he saw a daughter of the king playing in sand-piles in the courtyard and he called her 'Renukā.' He showed her a citron, saying, "Do you want it?" She stretched out a hand indicating the taking of the hand (in marriage). The muni held her to his breast, like a poor man money, and the king gave her to him properly, with cows, et cetera. From the bond of affection he restored his wife's sisters, the ninety-nine girls, by the power of penance. Alas for the waste of penance of the foolish! The muni took her to the hermitage and affectionately reared her whose appearance was simple and gentle, trembling-eyed like a doe. While the ascetic counted the days on his fingers, she attained youth, the beautiful pleasure-grove of Kandarpa. Making a blazing fire a witness, Muni Jamadagni married her properly, like Bhūteśa (Śiva) Pārvati.

At the time for conception he said to her, "I will prepare an oblation that a son may be born, fortunate, head of the Brāhmins." She said, "My sister is the wife of King Anantavīrya in Hastināpura. Prepare an oblation belonging to Kṣatriyas for her." He prepared an oblation suitable for Brāhmins for his wife, and another suitable for Kṣatriyas for her sister to eat to obtain a son. She reflected, "Though I became a forest-doe, may my son not be like me," and ate the Kṣatriya-oblation. She gave the Brāhman-oblation to her sister. Sons were born to both, Rāma to Renukā and Kṛtavīrya to her sister.

One day a Vidyādhara came there, suffering from dysentery. He had forgotten his magic art for going through the air because of the pain from the dysentery. He was cured by Rāma, like a brother, by medicines, et cetera and gave the magic art of the axe (pāraśarī) to Rāma who had attended him. Going into a cane-field,

Rāma subjugated the magic art and from that time was known as Paraśurāma.

One day Reṇukā took leave of her husband and, eager for her sister, went to Hāstinapura. Nothing is at a distance for affection. Caressing the tremulous-eyed Reṇukā with the thought, "She is my wife's sister," Anantavīrya enjoyed her. Surely love is unchecked. The king experienced a wealth of pleasure and happiness at will with the sage's wife, like Purandara with Ahalyā.²⁹ A son was born to Reṇukā from Anantavīrya, as to Mamatā, wife of Utathya, from Bṛhaspati.³⁰ The muni took Reṇukā with that son home. For people infatuated with women generally see no fault. Paraśurāma, angered, killed her and her son, like a vine that had borne fruit at the wrong time, with the axe. When the news was told to Anantavīrya by her sister, it kindled anger, like wind a fire. Then King Anantavīrya, whose strength of arm was irresistible, went to Jamadagni's hermitage and destroyed it, like a mad elephant. After terrifying the ascetics and taking the cows, et cetera, he returned, marching very, very slowly like a lion. When Paraśurāma had heard the confusion of the terrified ascetics and had learned the story, angered, he ran like Death visible to the eye. The son of Jamadagni, eager for battle with troops of soldiers, cut him (Anantavīrya) to pieces, like a piece of wood, with the sharp axe.

Kṛtavīrya, powerful, though he was young, was established in his kingdom by the ministers. His chief-queen was starry-eyed Tārā and they enjoyed pleasures unhindered, like gods.

Birth of Subhūma (72-78)

King Bhūpāla's soul completed its life-term, fell from Mahāśukra, and descended into Tārā's womb. One day

²⁹ 61. Ahalyā was the wife of the sage Gautama and was seduced by Indra.

³⁰ 62. The epic version of the story is found in Mahābhārata I, 104.

Kṛtavīrya heard his father's story from his mother and went and killed Jamadagni, like a snake that had been pointed out. Rāma was angered at his father's murder, went quickly to Hastināpura and killed Kṛtavīrya. What is at a great distance from Yama? The son of Jamadagni established himself in the kingdom. For sovereignty is dependent on power. Succession and lack of succession are not authority. Kṛtavīrya's queen left the city conquered by Rāma, though she was pregnant, and went to a hermitage of ascetics, like a doe from a forest that is scented with tigers. The compassionate ascetics put her, like a deposit, in an underground room, and protected her from cruel Paraśurāma. A son, who had been indicated by the fourteen great dreams, was born to her. Because he took ground easily, he was named Subhūma.⁸¹

Death of Rāma (79-100)

Wherever there was a Kṣatriya, there Paraśurāma's axe blazed like the fire of anger embodied. One day Rāma went to that hermitage and the axe blazed, indicating a Kṣatriya like smoke a fire. The ascetics were questioned by Rāma, "Is a Kṣatriya here?" and they replied, "We are Kṣatriyas who became ascetics." Because of his anger Rāma made the earth clear of Kṣatriyas seven times, like a forest-fire clearing a mountain-slope of grass. Rāma filled a dish with the crushed teeth of the Kṣatriyas, giving the appearance of a full dish of Yama whose desire had been fulfilled.

One day Rāma asked the astrologers, "From what source will my slaying come?" For always people engaged in hostilities fear death from an enemy. They said, "Your slaying will come from him who, occupying the lion-throne here, eats the teeth made into a rice-pudding." Rāma had an asylum built, quite open, and had a lion-throne set in the front part, and the dish in front of it.

⁸¹ 78. See Abhi. 3. 357.

Then Subhūma, golden, twenty-eight bows tall, attained marvelous growth in the hermitage like a tree in a court-yard. One day the Vidyādhara, Meghanāda, asked the astrologers, "To whom should my daughter Padmaśrī be given?" They designated Subhūma as the very best husband for her. He gave the girl to him and became a follower of him alone. The sole protector (of the earth), Subhūma, like a frog in a well, asked his mother, "Is the world just so large or is there more of it?" His mother explained: "The world is endless, son. This hermitage is only a fly-speck on the world. There is in the world a city, named Hastināpura. Your father Kṛtavīrya, was a long-armed king there. Rāma killed your father and took possession of the kingdom himself. He made the earth free of Kṣatriyas and we stay here from fear." Then Subhūma, blazing like Bhauma,⁸² went to Hastināpura, hostile and angry. The brilliance of a Kṣatriya is hard to bear. He, fair-armed, went to the asylum, sat down on the lion-throne like a lion, and ate the teeth which had become rice-pudding. The Brāhmins who were guardians there arose for battle and were killed by Meghanāda, like deer by a tiger. Then Rāma, his teeth and hair sparkling, biting his lips with his teeth, came there, as if drawn by Yama's noose, in anger. The axe was hurled furiously by Rāma at Subhūma. It was extinguished immediately in him, like a spark in water. Because of the lack of a weapon, Subhūma scooped up the dish of teeth. It became a cakra instantly. What can not result from a wealth of merit? Then he, the eighth cakravartin, cut off Paraśurāma's head, like cutting off a lotus.

Conquest of Bharata (101-108)

As Rāma had made the earth free of Kṣatriyas seven times, so he (Subhūma) made it free of Brāhmins twenty-one times. Making new rivers flow with the blood of the masses of destroyed kings, elephants, horses, infantry, he

⁸² 94. Mars.

conquered the east first. With the ground adorned with the trunks of many soldiers cut down, he crossed the south like another regent of the southern quarter (Yama). Making the ocean's shore bristle with soldiers' bones like oyster-shells, he conquered the west. A Mt. Mandara in strength, the cave in Vaitādhyā having been opened easily, he entered the north part of Bharata to conquer the Mlecchas. With the surface of the ground spread with a mass of blood spurting up, he destroyed the Mlecchas there, like an elephant sugar-cane. Cakrabhṛt Subhūma gave the rank of lord of the Vidyādhāras of the two rows on Mt. Vaitādhyā to Meghanāda.

Death of Subhūma (108-110)

Having a life of sixty thousand years, roaming in every direction, killing soldiers, he subdued the six-part earth. Extirpating the living in this way, his soul always blazing with the fire of constant cruel meditation, Subhūma died in the course of time and went to the seventh hell. He was prince for five thousand years, king for the same time, spent five hundred years in conquest, and was cakrabhṛt for half a lac less five hundred years.

CHAPTER V

DATTANANDANAPRAHLĀDACARITRA

In Ara's congregation there were the Viṣṇu, the Bala, and the Pratyardhacakrin—Datta, Nandana, and Prahlāda, respectively. Their history is narrated (herewith).

Previous births of Nandana (2-3)

There is a city Susīmā, the ornament of East Videha of this Jambūdvīpa and there was a king there, Vasundhara. After he had guarded the earth for a long time, he took the vow under Muni Sudharma, and went to Brahma-loka after death.

Previous births of Datta (4-9)

Now in this southern half of Bharata in Jambūdvīpa there was a king, Mandaradhīra, in the city Śīlapura. He had a son, powerful, long-armed, an ocean of the jewels of good qualities, named Lalitamitra, the sun to the lotuses of friends. The minister Khala⁸⁸ affirmed, "He is arrogant," rejected him, and established the king's brother as heir-apparent. Then Lalitamitra, disgusted with existence from this humiliation, became a mendicant under Muni Ghoṣasena. Practicing austerities, evilly-disposed, he made a nidāna: "By this penance may I be able to kill the minister Khala." He died without confessing the nidāna and became a powerful god in the heaven Saudharma.

Birth of Prahlāda (10-11)

After the minister Khala had wandered through the forest of births for a long time, he was born as the Prati-ṣṇu Prahlāda, a lord of Vidyādhara, in the city Siṅhapura, the tilaka of the north row on Mt. Vaitāḍhya in this Jambūdvīpa.

⁸⁸ 6. Pre-birth of Prahlāda.

Birth of Nandana and Datta (12-22)

Now in this southern half of Bharata in Jambūdvīpa there is a city Vārāṇasī sought by the Gaṅgā like a friend. Its king was Agnisīṅha of the Ikṣvāku family, like a fire in brilliance, like a lion in strength. The haṅsa of his glory did not cease flying around in the world constantly with constancy and energy like wings. After seeing the bow bent by him with ease on the battle-field, hostile kings bowed as if bearing his command.⁸⁴ Tied to the very strong pillar of his arm, like a cow-elephant, by his firm virtues, Śrī became motionless.

He had two wives, Jayantī and Śeṣavatī, surpassing all the women of the world in beauty. The god, King Vasundhara, fell from the fifth heaven and descended into the womb of the chief-queen Jayantī. At the proper time a son, whose incarnation as a Rāma had been indicated by four dreams, named Nandana, a joy to the world, was borne by her.

Lalita fell from Saudharma and became the son of Śeṣavatī, whose incarnation as a Kṛṣṇa had been indicated by seven dreams, named Datta. The two of them, twenty-six bows tall, fair and dark like Kṣīroda and Kāloda,⁸⁵ grew to manhood. Wearing dark blue and yellow garments, with palm tree- and garuḍa-banners, they acted as if they were the same age, though they were elder and younger.

Fight with Prahlāda (23-33)

One day the Pratiṣṇu, lord of half of Bharata, heard about a fine elephant that resembled Airāvata and asked them for it. When this choice elephant was not given by Nandana and Datta, Prahlāda became angry at once like an insulted lion. Viṣṇu and Pratiṣṇu attacked each other, angered like forest-elephants, with their full army-strength. When their army had been reduced to a miserable condition

⁸⁴ 15. Tadvelām. Cf. āttavela in 2. 3. 302 and II, p. 348.

⁸⁵ 21. See II, p. 123.

at once by Prahlāda, Śirin and Śārṅgin went into battle in chariots. Datta blew Pāñcajanya, the best destroyer of an enemy's force, and twanged his bow, a drum of pre-eminent victory. Prahlāda, making the heavens resound with the sounds of the bow, ran up, strong-armed, like Daṇḍapāṇi (Yama) enraged. Both Hari and Pratihari discharged arrows angrily. Both, eager for victory over each other, destroyed each other's arrows. Both, expert in destruction, destroyed each other's club, hammer, staff, and other weapons. Prahlāda whirled the cakra, which was filled with a hundred flames like the sun with meteors at the end of the world, in the air and hurled it at Hari. Hari took the same cakra, which had been useless and was standing near him, hurled it at Prahlāda and cut off his head. Likewise he conquered the half of Bharata by making an expedition of conquest. Then he lifted Koṭīśilā and became an ardhacakrin.

There were two hundred years of Śārṅgin Datta as prince, fifty years each as governor and in the expedition of conquest.⁸⁶ After he had passed fifty-six thousand years, Datta went to the fifth hell because of his karma.

After the death of Śārṅgin Datta, Halāyudha, whose age was sixty-five thousand years, passed the time with difficulty. Intensely disgusted with existence by the death of his brother and meditation on existence, Nandana took initiation, adorned by the world. He observed severe vows without transgression; and after that he went to a dwelling in the place of emancipation.

⁸⁶ 34. I am convinced that there is something wrong with the text here. The figures for the Vāsudevas' lives follow a fixed pattern throughout the Triṣaṣṭi° with this one exception. The time in kaumāra and maṇḍalitva should be the same or nearly the same. However, I have found nothing different in MSS and can find nowhere else figures for Datta's life. Two hundred years each as prince and governor and fifty years in conquest would fit the pattern.

CHAPTER VI

ŚRĪ MALLINĀTHACARITRA

May Mallinātha's words, spotless as a wreath of jasmine, eagerly sipped by the bees of people capable of emancipation, prevail. Now we shall narrate Śrī Malli Svāmin's life, wonderful, like a stream of nectar for the ears of the listeners.

Incarnation as Mahābala (3-21)

In this same continent, Jambūdvīpa, there is a city Vītaśoka in the province Salilāvātī in the West Videhas. Bala was its king, like a large army in strength, an elephant for rooting up the forest of a hostile army, like a god in appearance. A son, named Mahābala, having complete power, indicated by the dream of a lion, was borne to the king by his wife Dhāriṇī. . When he was grown, Mahābala married on one day five hundred princesses, Kamalaśrī and others. He had childhood-friends, Acala, Dharāṇa, Pūraṇa, Vasu, Vaiśravaṇa, and Abhicandra. One day King Bala listened to religion in the presence of munis who had come to the garden Indrakubja in the northeast direction outside the city. He was permeated with disgust with existence, established Mahābala in the kingdom, became a mendicant, and attained emancipation.

A son, indicated by a dream of a lion, Balabhadra, was borne to Mahābala by the chief-queen, Kamalaśrī. After he had grown up in course of time, Mahābala made him his heir-apparent like another form of himself.

With his six childhood-friends King Mahābala listened to the religion of the Arhats because of friendship from the same nature. One day he said to his friends, "Listen! I am afraid of existence. I am going to become a mendicant. What will be your course in the future?" They said, "As we have enjoyed together worldly

pleasures, so we shall enjoy together the bliss of emancipation in future." Then Mahābala installed Balabhadra on the throne; and each one of the friends installed his son on his throne. Then powerful Mahābala and his six friends became mendicants at the feet of Muni Varadhama. The seven noble men made an agreement, "Whatever penance one of us performs, the rest of us must do."

So they, this agreement having been made, equally eager for the fourth object of existence, practiced equal penance, one-day fasts, et cetera.

From a desire for superior results Mahābala deceived them, making excuses such as, "Today my head hurts; today my stomach hurts; today I am not hungry," et cetera, did not eat on the day to break fast, and performed superior penance. Because of penance mixed with deceit, he acquired woman-inclination-karma⁸⁷ and also the body-making-karma of a Tīrthakṛt because of the sthānas, devotion to the Arhats, et cetera.

Incarnation as a god (22-23)

When the seven were eighty-four lacs of pūrvas old and had preserved their vows for eighty-four thousand years, at the end of their lives they performed the twofold samlekhanā,⁸⁸ took a vow to fast, died, and were born as gods in the heavenly palace Vaijayanta.

Her parents (24-35)

Now in Jambūdvīpa in the southern half of Bharata there is a city Mithilā, whose inhabitants are unshaken in dharma. Its palaces with golden finials resemble the eastern mountain with the sun risen above it. When people had seen this city made of all the jewels, they believed in other cities, Alakā, et cetera, made of jewels which appeared in stories. The gods, now in heaven, now

⁸⁷ 21. Strīveda, i.e., he would be born as a woman.

⁸⁸ 23. See I, p. 357.

in the city; now in the city, now in heaven, were delighted constantly with its charming young women.

Its king was Kumbha, a pitcher of the nectar of the Ocean of Milk in the form of the Ikṣvāku-family, the abode of Lakṣmī, like a pitcher of treasure. He alone was the resort of the Śrīs like the ocean of rivers; he was the source of good behavior like Rohaṇa of jewels. Intelligent, he knew both the sciences and weapons; he took toll from the earth and gave it to the unfortunate. He, wise, had a greed for glory but not for wealth; a liberality in money but not in frontiers; a devotion to dharma but not to dice, et cetera.

His chief-queen was named Prabhāvati, who surpassed the moon in beauty of face, like Śacī the queen of Vajrin. She alone was the ornament of the earth and virtue was her ornament; armlets, anklets, et cetera were merely for the sake of formality. Purifying the whole earth by her spotless wifehood, the source of happiness, she shone like a living tīrtha. King Kumbha enjoyed pleasures with the queen always fascinating, like the Moon with a Dākṣāyaṇī.³⁹

Her birth (36-42)

Its life completed, Mahābala's jīva fell from Vaijayanta on the fourth day of the bright half of Phālguna, (the moon) in the constellation Aśvayuj. It descended into Queen Prabhāvati's womb, the splendor of an Arhat being indicated by the fourteen dreams. In the third month that it was in the womb, the queen had a pregnancy-whim to sleep on garlands, and it was granted by the gods. At the full time, on the eleventh day of the bright half of Mārga in the constellation Aśvayuj, she bore a daughter because of the female-birth karma produced by deceit in a former birth, the marvelous nineteenth Arhat, marked with a water-jar, dark blue in color, with all the favorable

³⁹ 35. A 'lunar mansion,' of which there are 27, considered a daughter of Dakṣa and the wife of the Moon.

marks. The Dikkumāris came and performed the birth-rites; the Indras conducted her to the top of Meru and bathed her in turn. After the bath Śakra anointed and worshipped her himself, waved the light, and recited a hymn of praise with intense devotion.

.Stuti (43-50)

“Reverence to you, depository of the three kinds of knowledge, chief of the three worlds; reverence to the nineteenth Arhat. By good fortune I am favored with the sight of you, after a long time. For, O Arhat, a god is not seen by people with ordinary merit. Today the divinity of the gods has its purpose accomplished after a long time by the sight of the birth-festival of you, the god of gods. Do you, O you who are wise in equal favor to the Lord of Acyuta at one time and to a mere mortal at another time, protect us falling into existence. You shine brilliantly, set like a sapphire in this Mt. Meru which has become a golden crown of the earth. You are born for the emancipation of a desireless person just by the remembrance (of you). For what are you asked by one who has seen and praised you? From that the fruit is exceedingly great. All good works on one hand, the sight of you on the other hand; because of the magical results obtained, a second (sight) is superfluous. Not in the rank of Indra, not in the rank of Ahamindra, I think not even in emancipation can there be such happiness as that of the man falling at your lotus-feet.”

Childhood (52-53)

After this ardent hymn of praise to the nineteenth Arhat, Śakra took her to Mithilā and laid her down near her mother. Because her mother had a pregnancy-whim to sleep on garlands, while she was still in embryo, the king gave her the name Malli.⁴⁰ Tended daily by five

⁴⁰ 52. Malli means ‘jasmine,’ not ‘garland’; but the jasmine is very generally used in making garlands.

nurses appointed by Indra, she gradually grew up like a flower.

Reincarnations of her six former friends (54-143)

Acala (54-66)

Now Acala's jīva fell from Vaijayanta and became King Pratibuddhi in Sāketa in Bharata. His wife, the crest-jewel of the women of all harems, was named Padmāvati, like Padmā in person in beauty. Now in this city in the northeast in a Nāga-temple there were Nāga-statues that fulfilled requests. One day Queen Padmāvati asked the king for permission for a procession of them and Pratibuddhi gave her his consent. After procuring flowers, et cetera, Pratibuddhi himself went with her to the temple of the chief Nāga-statue on the day of the procession. Looking at the bower of flowers,⁴¹ the cluster of flowers, and his wife also, Pratibuddhi said to Svabuddhi, his chief-minister, "You have gone to many royal palaces on my service. Have you seen such a jewel of a woman or such a cluster of flowers?"

Svabuddhi replied: "When I went to King Kumbha at your command, I saw his daughter Malli. On the birthday of her, first among woman-jewels, a cluster of flowers, such as is not found in heaven, was prepared. A cakrin's woman-jewel; Rati, the wife of Smara; goddesses, Śacī, et cetera, are like straw compared with her. Whoever has once seen the daughter of King Kumbha, would not forget her beauty like a taste of nectar. No woman, neither of mortals nor gods, is the equal of Malli. Indeed, her unique beauty is not within the sphere of words."

Because of the affection of the former birth Pratibuddhi sent at once his messenger to ask for her in marriage from King Kumbha.

⁴¹ 59. The puṣpamaṇḍapa is the flowers strung above the pratimā in the inner shrine.

Dharaṇa (67-86)

Now, Dharaṇa's jīva fell from Vaijayanta and became a king, named Candracchāya, in the city Campā. There was a Jain layman, Arhannaya, living in this city, who made ocean-voyages, embarked on a boat, for commerce. Then Śakra praised him in his assembly, saying, "There is no other layman equal to Arhannaya." Then a god who was jealous went to the ocean and created instantly a calamitous wind and mass of clouds. At once the sailors, trembling from fear of the boat's destruction, sought favors from their favorite deities. But Arhannaya thought, "If I am to die from this calamity, I should fast," and, having made the rejection of all worldly interests, he remained absorbed in meditation. The god assumed the form of a Rakṣas and, standing in the air, said to Arhannaya: "Give up the religion of the Arhats and obey my command. Otherwise, I shall break the boat like a potsherd and make you and your attendants food for sea-animals."

As he remained unshaken from his religion notwithstanding, the god was astonished, asked his pardon, and told about Śakra's praise. He gave him two pairs of beautiful earrings, destroyed the terrible clouds, wind, et cetera and departed.

In course of time Arhannaya disembarked from the ocean on dry land and went to Mithilā with all his merchandise. Arhannaya, knowing what was proper, noble-minded, made a gift of one pair of earrings to King Kumbha. King Kumbha gave it at once to his daughter Malli and, urbane, entertained Arhannaya and dismissed him. After he had sold and bought merchandise, he went to Campā with untroubled mind and gave the second pair of earrings to Candracchāya. The king asked him, "O merchant, where did you get this pair of earrings?" He told the story of the acquisition of the earrings without any deceit, just as it was. In connection with the gift of the other similar pair of earrings, he described in detail the exceeding beauty

of Malli. "If her face is raised, let the moon depart vanquished by it; if there is light from her body, enough of emeralds⁴²; if there is a stream of her loveliness, there is no need of the water of the Jāhnavī; if there is her beauty of form, do not speak of goddesses. Your Majesty, men's eyes are useless if she is not seen by them. What use are haṅsas that do not see at all the blooming lotus-bed?" Because of affection from the former birth, King Candracchāya sent his chief-messenger to Kumbha to ask Malli in marriage.

Pūraṇa (87-96)

Now Pūraṇa's soul fell from Vaijayanta and became a king, named Rukmin, in Śrāvastī. By his wife Dhāraṇī he had a daughter Subāhu, endowed with remarkable beauty like a serpent-maiden. Because of the king's affection, he had a special bathing ceremony⁴⁸ made carefully by her attendants in the four months' (rainy season). One day when she had been bathed especially by her attendants and had put on divine ornaments, she went to pay her respects to her father. Her father seated her on his lap and said to the eunuch, "Has such a bathing-ceremony of a girl been seen anywhere?" He replied: "When I went at your command to Mithilā, I saw a better one on the birthday of Malli, the daughter of Kumbha. Her beauty, my lord, whose equal has not been seen, is incomprehensible even when described, but my word must be taken for it. After I have seen this jewel of a woman, never seen before, my tongue has taken a vow of silence in describing other women. Compared with her, other women are faded like left-over flowers. What value have mango-shoots compared with the shoot of a wishing-tree?"

⁴² 83. See I, n. 213 on color.

⁴⁸ 89. This elaborate bath is described in Jñātā. 71 (p. 140, AS ed.). An ornamental bath-house is built and the princess bathed by attendants and gorgeously dressed and ornamented.

After hearing this, because of affection that was created, King Rukmin at once sent a messenger to Kumbha to seek Malli.

Vasu (97-105)

Now Vasu's jīva fell from Vaijayanta and became King Śaṅkha in Vārāṇasī. One day Malli's pair of divine earrings was broken and his goldsmiths were ordered by the king to mend it. "Your Majesty, we cannot mend this divine article," they said, and the king in a rage expelled them from the city. They went to Vārāṇasī and told King Śaṅkha the whole story as the cause of their exile. They described to the king Malli's marvelous beauty, which was connected with the business of the earrings, which they had seen entirely uninjured. The moon became a subject of comparison with her face, the bimba with her lips, the conch with her neck, the lotus-stalk with her arm, the middle part of a thunderbolt with her waist, an elephant's trunk with her thigh, a river's whirlpool with her navel, a mirror with her hip, a deer's leg with her leg, a lotus with her hand and foot—(all of) which had been the objects of comparison⁴⁴ in the case of others. As a result of the bond of former affection and the hearing of her beauty, Śaṅkha sent a messenger to seek Malli from Kumbha.

Vaiśravaṇa (106-119)

Vaiśravaṇa's jīva fell from Vaijayanta and became King Adīnaśatru in Hastināpura. Now Malli's younger brother, named Malla, had a picture-gallery painted by painters out of curiosity. Among them one excellent painter had the art of painting the body as it was from the sight of one part, creating amazement by his painting. After he had seen Malli's toe through the screen, he painted her figure just as it was with all the limbs and minor parts.

⁴⁴ 104. Upamāna, in contrast with upameya, the subject of comparison.

Malla went there to play, saw Mallī in the picture and, thinking that it was Mallī in person, left hurriedly in embarrassment. Questioned by the nurse, "What is it?" the prince said, "My sister Mallī is present. How then can I play here?" The nurse investigated carefully and said, "She must be recognized not as Mallī herself, but in a picture. So do not go away." Prince Malla, angered, banished the painter of the picture, after cutting off the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. He went to Hastināpura, told the story to King Adinaśatru, and described Mallī as follows:

"There is no beautiful woman, a digit of the moon of the sky of the whole world, except Mallī, never was, and never will be. A man, who would look at another girl after seeing her, would look at a piece of glass after seeing a fine sapphire. She alone is first of women, like the Jāhnavī of rivers, because of her beauty, grace, gait, and other gestures."

After giving this description of her, the best of painters pulled out the painting and showed her in the picture. After seeing her, astonished and eager from his former affection, he sent his agent to King Kumbha to ask for her.

Abhicandra (120-143)

Now Abhicandra's jīva fell from Vaijayanta and became King Jitaśatru in Kāmpīya. He had a thousand wives, of whom Dhāriṇī was first, like a band of Apsarases drawn from heaven by merit. Now a clever mendicant nun,⁴⁵ Cokṣā, came to Mithilā and told in the houses of kings and lords: "Dharma always has a root in liberality, also arises from sprinkling with the waters of sacred places, and is the source of heaven and emancipation.

⁴⁵ 122. Parivrājikā in Hemacandra means a Hindu nun, in contrast with its use in Hindu texts. Cf. Bloomfield, *On False Ascetics and Nuns in Hindu Fiction*, JAOS, 44. It is an error to say there are no Brahmanical nuns.

Our words to this effect are true.” So making the people of the cities and the country progress in this religion, she came one day in her wandering to the house presided over by Malli. Carrying the triple staff, wearing reddish garments, after sprinkling the ground with water from the water-jar with darbha grass,⁴⁶ she sat down on her mat.

She explained (her) dharma as it was to Malli, as she had to other people; but Malli, having the three kinds of knowledge, said: “Liberality alone does not lead to dharma. If it did, the feeding of cats, cocks, et cetera would be for its sake. How can purity be from sprinklings with water from sacred places which are rooted in destruction of life? Does a smear of blood become clean by being washed with blood? Dharma has its root in discernment; there is none of one lacking in discernment. Penance on his part results merely in torment of the body without a doubt.”

Spoken to in this way by Malli, Cokṣā was ashamed, her face downcast. By whom can a proper speech by a superior be resisted? She was reviled by slave-girls, et cetera saying, “How long have you deceived the world by your false teaching, O heretic?”

Cokṣā reflected: “Since I have been abused as they liked by her, arrogant because of royal prestige, and by her attendants following their mistress’s wish, I will cast her among many co-wives by my own wit, to pay the debt of their hostility.”

She went away, her mind inflamed with anger, and went to King Jitaśatru in Kāmpīlya. She was received by the king with great respect; after she had bestowed a blessing, auspicious in speech, she sat down on her mat. She was honored with devotion by the king and the women of his family; and there also she explained dharma as caused by liberality and sprinkling with holy water. The king said:

⁴⁶ 125. A bunch of darbha is kept in the mouth of the water-jar and is used to sprinkle the water.

“Blessed lady, you have wandered over the whole earth independently. So I ask you: Have you seen before anywhere else such a fine group of women as this of mine, Cokṣā?”

Cokṣā said, smiling: “O king, do you think these women of yours of any importance, like a frog in a well thinking the well big? In the city of Mithilā there is Malli, King Kumbha’s daughter, a jewel of a maiden, the crest-jewel of gazelle-eyed women. Such beauty is not seen in goddesses and Nāga-maidens as there is in her mere finger. The beauty of her figure is extraordinary; her beauty is extraordinary; her wealth of grace is extraordinary. What else is to be said?” Because of this speech of hers and his former affection, Jitaśatru sent a messenger at once to King Kumbha to ask for her.

The device of the statue (144-201)

Seeing the thought of the six kings, her friends in a former birth, by means of clairvoyant-knowledge, Malli had made a golden statue of herself and installed it on a beautiful jeweled platform in an interior room in a palace in a grove of aśokas. The statue had lips of ruby, hair of sapphire, and eyes of sapphire and crystal, hands and feet of coral, a stomach with a hollow tube to the palate, a hole in the palate covered with a golden lotus, and exceedingly beautiful limbs. Kumbha’s daughter had six doors with double doors and lattices made in the front wall of the statue’s private room. She had six little private rooms made in front of the doors and one door in the wall behind the statue. Daily she threw a ball of all the foods into the statue’s palate, covered it with the golden lotus, and then ate.

Now the messengers of the six kings arrived simultaneously before the King of Mithilā. The first messenger said: “The lord of Sāketa, whose lotus-feet are rubbed by the heads of many vassals, long-armed, very brave, a Makaradhvaja (Kāma) in beauty, a moon in gentleness,

a sun in splendor, Bṛhaspati in wisdom, King Pratibuddha asks to marry your irreproachable daughter Mallī. The maiden must surely be given to some one by her father. You can make him your kinsman by giving her to him."

The second messenger said: "The king of Campā, young, whose arms are like a yoke, broad-shouldered, fair-eyed, well-bred, clever, faithful to his word, powerful in battle, learned in all the sciences and practiced in weapons, like the moon in light, King Candracchāya seeks Mallī from you. Be pleased to give her to him."

The third messenger said: "The king of Śrāvastī, the wishing-gem of mortals and the crest-jewel of warriors, the refuge of those seeking protection, the best among the heroic, the play-house of the Śris of victory, the garden of the trees of virtues, King Rukmin seeks your daughter. Arrange the union of the suitable, O king, You know what is suitable."

The fourth messenger said: "The lord of Kāśī, by whom Puṇyajaneśvara (Kubera) is surpassed in wonderful power, eloquent, Kandarpa in beauty, destroyer of the insolence of enemies, a traveler on the path of good conduct, Pākaśāsana in command, his glory as brilliant as a fragment of a conch, King Śaṅkha asks you for your daughter. Give your consent, O king."

The fifth messenger said: "The lord of Hāstinapura, Hastimalla in strength, light-handed, long-armed, successful in many battles, broad-chested, intelligent, young, a shoot of the creeper of glory, the only Rohaṇa of the jewels of virtues, the support of the poor and protectorless, King Adinaśatru seeks your daughter Mallī. Give her, King of Videha."

The sixth messenger said: "The lord of Kāmpīlya, unshakable by enemies like a mountain by elephants; adorned by many armies like an ocean by rivers, by generals with invincible powers, like Sunāsira, King Jitaśatru, all of whose enemies have been conquered, asks through my speech for your daughter. Give her without hesitation."

King Kumbha said: "Who are they, insolent, seekers of death, foolish villainous kings! Even the gods, Śakra et cetera, are not suitable to marry this jewel of a maiden of mine, the crest-jewel of the three worlds. The wish of your malicious lords is made in vain. So go, base messengers! Leave my city."

Thus humiliated by the king, they went to their respective masters quickly and told his words, a wind to the fire of anger. The six kings, having been equally insulted, sent messengers to each other and decided on an attack on Kumbha. The six advanced, like the mountain-ranges of the zones in strength, covering the earth with soldiers, and arrived at Mithilā. Expert in blocking the places of entrance and exit, they besieged it, having surrounded it like serpents a sandal tree.⁴⁷

In a few days Kumbha was distressed by the siege and, when he was torn by anxiety, Malli approached. She asked, "Why do you seem so alarmed, father?" and King Kumbha told her the cause of his alarm. Malli said, "Father, inform each one of the six through spies, 'I shall give Malli to you.' At evening they must be brought in succession, concealed by a white garment, to the private rooms in front of my statue." The king did so and they came so, and they saw the statue of Malli through the lattices in the doors.

"Ah! She, beautiful, lovely-eyed, was won by my merit," the kings reflected lovingly, thinking that it was Malli. Malli entered by the door back of the statue, screened by the statue, and took off the lotus which covered the palate. Immediately there arose the odor of the putrid food that had been thrown in formerly, unbearable as the odor of filth, hurting the nostrils intensely. It entered their private rooms through the lattices in the doors, splitting the noses of the six kings, as it were.

⁴⁷ 177. The sandal tree has a special attraction for serpents.

Covering their noses with their garments, they turned away from the odor, like cowards from enemies.

“Well, sirs, why are your backs turned?” asked by Malli, they replied, “We can not bear that terrible smell,” Malli said: “That is a golden statue. Such an odor comes from the throwing of food into it every day. What shall we say of that which originates in the womb from the semen and blood of the parents; afterwards becomes an embryo, then a fetus; then nourished by a liquid from food and milk made by the mother, plunged in the hell of the placenta, made to live in the excrement of the body? What is the value, even small, of the body originating in this way, the store-house of filth, itself characterized by chyle, blood, flesh, fat, bone, marrow, and semen,⁴⁸ the sole channel of urine, a bag of skin for phlegm, having an evil odor, resembling a city-sewer? In this case the means of the funeral pyre, fragrant camphor, et cetera, become dirt, like a rain of nectar becoming salt in saline soil. How can discerning people show the least devotion to this body disgusting inside and outside? Do you, foolish, not recall the penance that you performed with me as mendicants in the third birth (before this)?”⁴⁹

To the kings considering Malli’s words, the memory of the birth arose. What may not result from the favor of the Arhat?⁵⁰ Then Malli opened the latticed doors and the six, enlightened, approached her and said:

“We recall that in a former birth we seven friends practiced severe penance together by agreement. It is well that we have been enlightened by you; it is well that we have been saved from hell. Henceforth, teach what is right. You are our guru, lord.”

“At the right time you must become mendicants,” saying, Malli dismissed the six kings and they went to their respective cities.

⁴⁸ 192. The 7 dhātus, or elements. See I, n. 74.

⁴⁹ 196. I.e., the birth next to the last.

⁵⁰ 197. I.e., Malli.

Founding of congregation (202-215)

Told by the Laukāntikas, "Found a congregation," Mallī gave gifts for a year with money supplied by the Jṛmbhakas. When she was one hundred years old, twenty-five bows tall, her departure-festival being held by King Kumbha, Indras, et cetera, Mallī got into the jeweled palanquin, named Jayantī, and went to the best garden, Sahasrāmraṇa. The Teacher of the World entered the garden which was adorned with fields of dark sugar-cane⁵¹ in some places, like the rising dark half of the moon; in some places with fields of white sugar-cane, like the bright half of the moon being up; marked with the ripe fruit of orange trees like rubies, shining with marjoram all over as if paved with sapphires,⁵² with well-water being sipped and banyan trees being frequented by travelers suffering from cold, because of (their) warmth like a woman's breast,⁵³ adorned with blooming jasmines like the laughter of the Lakṣmī of winter.⁵⁴

After a three-day fast Lord Mallī became a mendicant with proper ceremony with a thousand men suitable for an outside retinue and three hundred women suitable for inside attendants on the eleventh day of the bright half of Mārga in the afternoon, the constellation being Aśvayuj. Mallī's mind-reading knowledge arose just then, and on the same day omniscience arose at the foot of an aśoka. The samavasaraṇa was made by the gods, Śakra, et cetera, adorned with a caitya-tree three hundred bows high. Mallī entered by the east door, circumambulated the caitya-tree, and said, "Reverence to the congregation." She sat on the eastern lion-throne, facing the east, and the Vyantara-gods made images in the other directions at once. The holy

⁵¹ 205. Kṛṣṇekṣu must be the dark purple cane.

⁵² 206. Neither of these comparisons seems very felicitous, but cf. I, n. 213.

⁵³ 207. See III, n. 137.

⁵⁴ 208. Kunda, *Jasminum pubescens*, blooms in winter.

fourfold congregation stood in the proper places, and Kumbha and the six kings sat down behind Śakra. The king of the gods (Śakra) and King Kumbha bowed to the Teacher of the World and praised him joyfully, their souls cleansed by faith.

Stuti (217-224)

“By good fortune the rays from the nails of your feet are like tilakas of protection on the foreheads of those bowing (before you), terrified of existence. Because of celibacy from birth, there was initiation on your part even at birth. I think even your birth resembled the repetition of vows. Of what use is heaven where there is no sight of you? This earth is better, purified by the sight of you. Your samavasaraṇa is a citadel for men, gods, and animals terrified of the enemy of existence, a place of refuge, Lord. Other actions, except bowing at your feet, are bad actions by which karma alone is produced, the cause of continuing in existence. Other meditations, except the meditation on you, are evil meditations by which the soul is firmly bound like a spider by its own web.⁵⁵ Stories, except the story of your virtues, are poor stories, by which one comes to disaster, like a partridge by talking.⁵⁶ May there be cessation of birth by the power of attendance on your lotus-feet, Teacher of the World; or may there be devotion to you in existence after existence.”

After this hymn of praise, the Indra of the gods and the king of mortals became silent and Śrī Malli delivered a sermon to the congregation eager to hear.

Sermon on sāmīya (226-246)

“The boundless ocean of worldly existence grows of itself very much from love, et cetera, like the ocean from

⁵⁵ 222. See III, p. 337.

⁵⁶ 223. I have not been able to find a specific story to which this might refer. The partridge calls frequently and so would attract the attention of hunters.

the day of full moon. The dirt of love and hate is destroyed at once for men who plunge into the water of tranquillity which produces great joy. Men who have adopted tranquillity destroy karma in half a moment which they would not destroy by severe penance in crores of births. The monk, who has complete understanding of the soul comprehended, divides karma and the soul, which are joined, by the splinter of tranquillity. When the destruction of the darkness of love, et cetera has been made by the rays of tranquillity, yogis see the true nature of the supreme soul in themselves.

By the power of the monk who possesses tranquillity even for his own sake, creatures who have always been hostile to each other become affectionate. Tranquillity is said to exist on the part of one whose mind is not confused by intelligent and unintelligent behavior intent upon the condition of being loved or not loved. It is the highest tranquillity when the state of mind is unaltered if the hands are anointed with sandal or cut with a knife. He is immersed in tranquillity whose mind does not distinguish between a friend who praises and one blind with anger who reviles.

Nothing is sacrificed; no prayers are whispered; nothing is given; emancipation is bought without money, indeed, by tranquillity alone. Enough of love, et cetera attracted with effort, made to suffer, served. Tranquillity, which is to be won without effort, gentle, producing bliss, must be followed. Heaven and emancipation may be denied by rejecting invisible objects. Even an atheist does not deny the delight of tranquillity which is visible. Is there bewilderment at the nectar popular in poetical works? The nectar that is visible, look you! the elixir of tranquillity, must be drunk. Even the monks, who are averse to the flavors of things to be eaten, to be licked, to be sucked,⁶⁷ to be drunk, frequently drink the nectar

⁶⁷ 239. Lehya, such as syrup; cūṣya, such as sugar-cane.

of tranquillity voluntarily. He is lord of tranquillity to whom a serpent falling on his neck is not a matter for displeasure, nor a wreath a matter of pleasure. There is nothing abstruse and no other summary of a teacher.⁵⁸ Tranquillity alone is the cure for the disease of existence for those of simple, pure intelligence. There are very cruel acts of yogis with suppressed passions since they destroy the categories of love, et cetera, with the weapon of tranquillity. Let this supreme power of tranquillity be admitted: its drinkers reach⁵⁹ an immortal abode in half a minute. Hail to powerful tranquillity. If it is present, the three jewels bear fruit; if absent, they do not bear fruit. Even in a multitude of calamities, even when death is present, there is no better expedient suited to that time than tranquillity. Therefore, tranquillity, the only seed of the tree of emancipation, giving wonderful

⁵⁸ 241. The printed text reads: na gūḍhaṁ kiṁcanāvāryamuṣṭiḥ kācinna vāparā. This seems to me very unsatisfactory. If °āvāryamuṣṭi is taken to be 'concealing fist,' i.e., something like an 'iron curtain,' I can not see the point to aparā. In the com. to Yogaśāstra 4. 54 there is a quotation (?) of these ślokaś. Here °ācāryamuṣṭiḥ cāparā is the text. While c or v in MSS can have little weight one way or the other, I think this reading is better, though two Indian Sanskritists prefer the Triṣaṣṭi° text reading. If °āvāryamuṣṭi is retained, I would prefer to take it as avāryamuṣṭi, 'irresistible fist.' My Triṣaṣṭi° MSS could be either; but one MS of the Yogaśāstra which I consulted has °ācārya° unmistakably. I would interpret ācāryamuṣṭi as upadeśasamkṣepa. Sāmya is the sum and substance of teaching and there is no other. This exaggeration occurs in many of the sermons with reference to the subject-matter of a particular sermon.

⁵⁹ 242. I think pāpinaḥ should undoubtedly be corrected to pāyinaḥ, though the Yogaśāstra in the passage mentioned above also reads pāpinaḥ. The MSS of the Yoga° and the Triṣaṣṭi° are no help. It might be p or y in them all. Throughout the sermon samatva has been treated as a *liquid* and I think the context clearly requires pāyinaḥ. The icchati of the text is unintelligible. My MSS have the impossible ivrate. I owe the correction to ivrate to Muni Punyavijayaji. This is supported by the Yogaśāstra, *ibid*.

delight here, must be striven for by the one seeking victory over love and hate.”

From that sermon the six other kings became mendicants, and then Kumbha and others became laymen. There were twenty-eight gaṇabhṛts, Bhiṣaj and others, and at the end of the Blessed One's sermon the gaṇabhṛt delivered a sermon. On the next day in the same grove Lord Malli broke her fast with rice-pudding from King Viśvasena. The gods, Indra and the others, and the kings, Kumbha and the others, bowed at Malli's feet and went to their respective abodes.

Śāsanadevatās (251-254)

The Yakṣa Kubera, originating in the congregation, the color of the rainbow, fourfaced, with an elephant for a vehicle, with four right arms, one in boon-granting position, one holding an axe and one a trident, one bestowing fearlessness; with four left arms holding a citron, a spear, a hammer, and a rosary; and Vairoṭyā, originating in the congregation, black-bodied, with a lotus for a seat, adorned with two right arms in boon-granting position and holding a rosary, with her two left arms holding a citron and a spear, became the two messenger-deities of the Arhat, Śrī Malli.

The congregation (255-260)

From that place the Lord wandered elsewhere over the earth in villages, mines, cities, et cetera to enlighten souls capable of emancipation. Forty thousand noble ascetics, fifty-five thousand nuns practicing penance, six hundred and sixty-eight who knew the fourteen pūrvas, twenty-two hundred who possessed clairvoyant knowledge, seventeen hundred and fifty with mind-reading knowledge, twenty-two hundred omniscients, twenty-nine hundred with the art of transformation, fourteen hundred with the art of disputation, one hundred and eighty-three thousand

laymen, three hundred and seventy thousand laywomen constituted the Lord's retinue as she wandered over the earth for fifty-five thousand years less one hundred years.

Her emancipation (262-266)

Malli went to Mt. Sammeta and undertook a fast with five hundred nuns and monks each. At the end of a month on the tenth day of the bright half of Phālguna in the constellation Yāmya, she reached emancipation with the nuns and monks. Lord Malli, the Jina, lived for fifty-five thousand years as a maiden and in observance of the vows. Śrī Jina Malli's emancipation took place a thousand crores of years after the emancipation of Aranātha. The Indras and gods by the crore came from all sides at that time and celebrated properly Lord Śrī Malli's emancipation-festival.

CHAPTER VII

ŚRI MUNISUVRATANĀTHACARITRA

May the waves of the Ocean of Milk of knowledge, by which the earth has been purified, the color of teeth, be victorious in the teaching of Munisuvratanātha. Lord Munisuvrata's life will be narrated, spotless, coming from Sarasvatī, as it were, for the increase of knowledge of the wise.

Incarnations as Suraśreṣṭha and a god (3-II)

In this same Jambūdvīpa in the East Videhas in the province Bharata, there is a broad city Campā. Here Suraśreṣṭha was king, like the chief of the gods, long-armed, having extraordinary power. He was a fourfold hero: a protector of the poor, eager in battle, resembling a kalpa tree in granting wishes, the head of the Jaina religion. He showed skill in weapons at the times of military exercises, to be sure, but not on battle-fields, subduing kings by his commands. Even munis, observing silence, destroyed their silence, describing his virtues, reverence, et cetera, day and night.

One day he, wise, paid homage devotedly to Muni Nandana, giving joy to the heart, who had stopped in a garden. After hearing his sermon, he attained meditation on disgust with existence, a flood for the mud of delusion. He became a mendicant at the feet of the same muni and observed the vow properly, a crest-jewel of the noble. He acquired body-making karma of a Tirthakṛt by the sthānas, devotion to the Arhats, et cetera and became a chief-god in Prāṇata after his death.

Incarnation as Suvrata (12-247)

Origin of the Harivaṅśa (12-110)

After falling from there he became an Arhat in the Harivaṅśa. Hence the origin of the line is told first. It is as follows: In the zone Bhārata of Jambūdvīpa there is the city Kauśāmbī, ornament of the country Vatsa. Its king was Sumukha, by whose glories like fragrant sandal-paste the face of the heavens was adorned. His command was not to be transgressed by kings, like a jungle by serpents, and his power became unique like that of Vajrapāṇi. He was conciliating those suitable for conciliation like a tender-hearted father, bestowing gifts on those to be won by gifts, like a sorcerer on spirits, making a division among the crafty, like a loadstone in iron, carrying a staff for the guilty, like another Daṇḍapāṇi (Yama).⁶⁰

One day when the spring season, a kinsman of Love, had arrived, the king started for the garden, eager for sport. As he went along on his elephant, he saw the lotus-eyed wife, Vanamālā, of the weaver, Vīra. Seeing her with swelling, high breasts, with arms soft as lotus-fibres, with a waist small as a thunderbolt, with hips like a broad sandy beach, with a navel deep as the whirlpool in a river, with thighs like an elephant's trunk, with hands and feet reddish like a young red lotus, with arched brows, holding with her left hand the garment falling from her hips and with her right hand the upper garment falling from her breasts, the king was instantly distracted by love and, slowing his elephant's gait, reflected:

“Is she an Apsaras fallen from the sky because of some one's curse, or is she a forest-Lakṣmī herself, or the Śrī of spring herself, or Rati separated from Smara, or a Nāga-maiden come to earth, or a jewel of a woman made by the Creator from curiosity?”

⁶⁰ 16. The 4 upāyas. See Abhi. 3. 400.

With these reflections the king made his elephant roam about in the same place and did not go forward, as if waiting for some one. The minister, wishing to know his intention, said to the king, "Master, the whole company has arrived. Why is there a delay now?" Collecting his thoughts with difficulty at this speech of the minister, the king went to the large garden, Yamunodvarta. But the king took no pleasure in a grove of mangoes very beautiful with clusters of blossoms, nor in a grove of aśokas with an abundance of dancing young shoots, nor in a cluster of medlars filled with bees, nor in a thicket of plantains whose leaves had become fans, nor in a grove of karṇikāras whose blossoms were earrings for the Śrī of spring, nor in anything else, his mind carried away by thoughts of her. Minister Sumati, knowing his heart, but pretending not to know it, said to the king thus depressed in mind:

"Is there some perturbation or has fear been caused by enemies? There could not be a third cause of confusion on the part of kings. There could not be fear of enemies on your part by whose power the world has been subdued. If there is some perturbation and if it must not be kept secret, tell me."

The king said: "Enemies were reduced to subjection by you whose power is without trickery. My arms are witnesses. Even in some perturbation of the mind, you would surely have a remedy. That is my opinion. So why should I not tell you? As I was coming along just now, I saw on the road a woman, the thief of the wealth of beauty of all women. My mind, wounded by love, was seized by her. For that reason I am depressed. Make a suitable scheme in this matter, minister."

The minister said, "I know her, lord. She is the wife of a weaver, Vira, named Vanamālā. I will get her for you very quickly, lord, but the master should go to his house with his retinue." At these words the king got into his palanquin, distrait like a sick man, and went to his own abode, thinking of Vanamālā. Then Sumati sent a

mendicant nun,⁶¹ Ātreṃyikā, who was skilled in various schemes, to Vanamālā. Ātreṃyī went immediately to Vanamālā's house, was honored by her, and said with a blessing, "Child, why are you pale today like a lotus at the coming of winter? Why are your cheeks pale like digits of the moon in the daytime? Why do you keep on meditating, casting vacant glances? Formerly you told me everything. Why do you not tell me your trouble?"

Vanamālā sighed and said, with folded hands: "What story, consisting of longing for an object hard to obtain, shall I tell? On the one hand, a she-ass, on the other hand, the king of steeds, noble Uccaikṣravas; on one hand, a young jackal, on the other, a young lion; here, a miserable hen-sparrow, there, the king of birds; here, I, a weaver-woman, there, a lover hard to win. Even of those a union might take place some way or other by the will of the Creator; but his union with me lowborn would never take place even in a dream."

Ātreṃyikā said, "I will accomplish your wish. What cannot be accomplished by the virtuous who know charms and spells?" Vanamālā said, "Today I saw the king on the road, seated on an elephant, like Manmatha in person. From the sight of him, which was like a stream of sandal, a powerful fever of love shot up in my body. A union with him, like the crest-jewel of Takṣaka as a remedy for fever, is hard for wretched me to obtain. What shall I do, Blessed Lady?" Ātreṃyī said, "Shall I drag down a god, a demon, the moon, the sun, or a Vidyādhara? What talk of charms in this case? I will cause your union with the king at dawn, innocent girl, or I will enter a blazing fire. Have confidence."

After comforting Vanamālā in this way, the mendicant nun went away and told the minister Sumati that the king's business was as good as done. The minister told the king this and comforted him. Generally the hope of

⁶¹ 42. Not a Jain, needless to say. See above, n. 45.

winning the beloved is a source of delight. At dawn Ātrejikā went to Vanamālā's house and said: "King Sumukha has been made affectionately disposed toward you by me. Get up, child. Now let us go to the king's house. Sport with the king as you like, like a queen." Vanamālā went with her to the king's house, and the infatuated king placed her in the harem.

Wandering with her in pleasure-gardens, rivers, tanks, peaks, et cetera, King Sumukha experienced blissful pleasure.

Now the weaver, Vira, separated from Vanamālā, wandered about as if possessed by a demon, as if crazy, as if intoxicated. His body gray with dust like a piece of an old rag, his hair disordered, the hair on his body and his nails long, attended by boys of the town with loud tumult, crying: "Vanamālā, Vanamālā, where are you? Let me see you. Why have you deserted me, innocent, alone, suddenly? Or rather, you have deserted me as a joke. It is not right for so long a time. Or have you been kidnaped by a Rakṣas, a Yakṣa, a Vidyādhara or some one greedy for beauty?" at the junctions of three roads and four roads in the city, he passed the time, wretched like a poor man.

One day, crying aloud in this way, he went to the palace-courtyard, surrounded by crowds of children like a monkey. Covered with garlands made from the flowers left from sacrifices, looking like a piśāca, he was surrounded immediately by the king's servants eager to see a spectacle. King Sumukha heard the noise of outcries mixed with the noise of loud clappings from the people following him. Wishing to know "What is this?" King Sumukha went with Vanamālā to the courtyard of his own palace. When they saw him so changed in appearance, dirty, vacant-minded, being abused by the people, tormented by dust, crying out "Vanamālā, Vanamālā, where are you?" Vanamālā and the king thought: "Alas! We, badly behaved like butchers, have committed this cruel act. Oh! he, unsuspecting, was deceived. I think in future no

other crime will be pre-eminent, for *we* are foremost among the pre-eminently wicked. We are more debased than traitors even, since we made this wretched man have a living death. Shame, shame on this lust for sense-objects on the part of people with dull discrimination. Even in hell there is no place for us because of that crime. They are fortunate, who, high-minded, their senses always subdued, abandon pleasures of the senses which are the cause of pain in the end. The ones who listen to and practice the religion of the Jinas day and night, who benefit everyone, they are to be praised.”

As they were blaming themselves and praising those devoted to dharma, a stroke of lightning struck them and killed them. Because of the development of their mutual affection and of their pure meditation, after death they became twins in Harivarṣa. Their parents named them Hari and Hariṇī and they were never separated day or night, husband and wife as in the former birth. Their wishes were fulfilled by the ten wishing-trees and they remained there happily, enjoying themselves like gods.

When Vanamālā and the king were killed by the stroke of lightning, the weaver Vira performed severe ‘fool’s penance.’⁸² After death he became a god of the rank kilbiṣaka⁸³ in the heaven Saudharma, and he saw his own former birth by clairvoyance, and also Hari and Hariṇī. Red-eyed from anger at once, terrible with frowns like Yama, wishing to destroy them, he went to Harivarṣa. The god reflected: “Here they are inviolable and after death will certainly go to heaven from the power of the country. I shall take these enemies of a former birth to another place which will bestow death even unseasonably through the persistence of misfortunes.”

Thus resolving, the god took them both with wishing-trees to the city Campā in this Bharata. Just then the king in this city, Candrakīrti, belonging to the Ikṣvāku

⁸² 84. See III, n. 285.

⁸³ 85. The lowest rank among the gods. See II, p. 125.

family, had died without a son. Then the ministers began to search on all sides for a man suitable to be king, like yogis searching for the soul. The god, astonishing all the people by his divine magnificence, standing in the air like a mass of light, said, "Listen! Royal counselors, ministers, vassals, etc. Your king has died without a son and so you are seeking a king. As if inspired by your merit, I have brought here this very day a twin, suitable to rule, named Hari, from Harivarṣa. This is his wife, Hariṇī, born at the same time. I have brought these wishing-trees to provide them with food. Therefore let him be your king, marked with the śrīvatsa, fish, pitcher, thunderbolt, and goad, lotus-eyed. The unimpaired fruit of the wishing-trees, the flesh of cattle and birds, and wine must be given to the twins for food."

Saying, "So be it," they bowed to the god, put the couple in a chariot, and took them to the palace. Then the vassals, et cetera, installed Hari on the throne accompanied by auspicious songs by priests, bards, and musicians. By his own power the god made their life of short duration, their height a hundred bows, and then went away, his purpose accomplished. Hari was king at the time of Śītala Svāmin's congregation and from that time the Harivaṅśa has been on earth, named from him.

King Hari subdued the earth girdled by the ocean, and married many royal maidens resembling Śrīs. When some time had passed, a broad-chested son, named Pṛthvīpati, was born to Hari and Hariṇī. Hari, who had accumulated sin, died with Hariṇī, and their son, Pṛthvīpati, became king. After guarding the kingdom for a long time, he put his son Mahāgiri on the throne, practiced severe penance, and went to heaven. Mahāgiri in turn put his son Himagiri on the throne, practiced penance, and went to an imperishable abode. Then Himagiri put his eldest son Vasugiri on the throne, became a mendicant, and reached emancipation. Vasugiri put his son Giri in his place, adopted mendicancy, and went to emancipation,

his karma destroyed. Giri put his son Mitragiri on the throne, became a mendicant, and went to heaven. So in succession there were numberless kings in the Harivaṅśa. Some reached emancipation and some heaven as a result of penance.

His parents (III-123)

Now in this same Bharataṣṭra there is a city Rājagṛha, the ornament of Magadha, like a svastika of the earth. There heaps of pearls from necklaces broken by amorousness of young people are swept up by the sweepers in each house at dawn. In every house there are horses; in every house charity; in every house picture galleries, in every house theaters. Like a pond for the marālas, like a garland of flowers for the bees, there was always service for the noble munis also.

Its king was Sumitra, like a spotless pearl of the Harivaṅśa, a sun in dazzling brilliance. The punisher of the wicked, the husband of the Śrīs of victory, the priest of his family, the guide of all kings, he bore the weight of the earth like a ninth elephant of the quarters, like an eighth mountain-range, like a second serpent Śeṣa. Whatever virtues there are—generosity, firmness, dignity, etc., they were visible in him like signs at the coming of the Jina. Padmāvati was his wife, like the goddess Padmā of Hari, by whom the earth was purified. The king's glory was adorned by her, the source of joy for the eyes of all the world, like the sky by a digit of the moon. By her own fragrant virtues, good conduct, et cetera, she perfumed the king's heart, like perfuming a cloth with fragrant powder. Even Brhaspati could not enumerate her collection of virtues like the groups of stars in the sky. Sumitra, lord of the earth, enjoyed pleasures with her, who was like the earth that had become alive, from affection.

His birth (124-130)

Now the god Suraśreṣṭha, immersed in an ocean of bliss, completed his life in Prāṇata. He fell and descended

into the womb of Queen Padmāvati on the full moon of Śrāvaṇa, the moon being in Śrāvaṇa. Then the queen, comfortably asleep, saw the fourteen great dreams, which indicate the birth of a Tīrthakṛt, during the last part of the night.

On the eighth day of the dark half of Jyeṣṭha, the constellation being Śrāvaṇa, at the proper time she bore a son, black as a tamāla,⁶⁴ marked with a tortoise. After the birth-rites had been performed with devotion by the Dikkumāris, the twentieth Arhat was taken to Meru by Bidaujas. The sixty-three Indras gave the birth-bath to the Teacher of the World seated on Śakra's lap with pure water from the sacred places. Śakra also gave the bath, made a pūjā, et cetera to the Lord of the World seated on Īśāna's lap and began a hymn of praise.

Stuti (131-138)

“Lotus of the best pool of the present avasarpinī, by good fortune you have been found by us, like bees, after a long time. Today the best fruit of voice, mind, and body has come to me from praise, meditation, worship, et cetera of you, O god. Just as my devotion to you becomes strong, Lord, so former karma becomes light. This birth would be purposeless for us lacking in self-control, if the sight of you did not take place, Master. This is dependent on merit. Our senses have accomplished their purpose by touching you, by praising you, by smelling the flowers left from sacrifices to you, by the sight of you, by hearing your virtues sung. This peak of Meru shines with you, the color of sapphire, giving delight to the eyes like a rainy season cloud. You omnipresent, though being in Bharatavaṛṣa, appear to us wherever we are since you are recalled to destroy pain. At the time of falling from heaven, may the memory of your feet be present to me so

⁶⁴ 127. See III, App. I.

⁶⁵

that it may exist in a future birth from the purifying ceremony of the former birth."

After he had praised the twentieth Arhat in these terms, Vajrabhṛt took him, and put him down by Queen Padmāvati's side according to custom.

Life before initiation (140-146)

King Sumitra held his son's birth-festival at dawn, delighting the people by releases from prison and by gifts, et cetera. While he was still in the womb, his mother observed the vows like a muni, so his father gave him the name Munisuvrata. Though his soul was purified by the three kinds of knowledge, pretending lack of knowledge to the people by childish play, the Lord gradually grew up. When he had become a young man, twenty bows tall, he married princesses, Prabhāvati, and others. Then Queen Prabhāvati bore a son, named Suvrata, to Lord Munisuvrata, like the east the moon. When seven and a half thousand years had passed, the Lord assumed the burden of the kingdom imposed by his father. The Lord spent fifteen thousand years directing the earth and knew from his knowledge that "Karma which results in pleasure must be consumed."

Initiation (147-157)

Reminded by the Laukāntikas, "Found a congregation, Master," the Supreme Lord gave gifts for a year. Munisuvrata set his son Suvrata, whose supreme wealth was the military code of ethics, the bee to the lotus of law, on the throne. His departure-festival was celebrated by the gods and King Suvrata and he entered a palanquin, Aparājītā, which required a thousand to carry it. The Lord of the Three Worlds went to a garden, named Nīlaguhā, which was adorned with mango trees which had teeth, as it were, from the bursting forth of new buds; and which had tongues, as it were, from the shooting up of twigs; summoning the approaching beauty of spring, as it were, by the frequent rustlings of old leaves scattered

here and there by the wind; occupied by jasmines humiliated, as it were, unable to endure seeing the irresistible wealth of blossoms of the sinduvāras;⁶⁶ giving delight with the perfume of the blooming wormwood, possessing a wealth of coolness.

In the afternoon of the twelfth day of the bright half of Phālguna, (the moon being) in Śravaṇa, the Lord adopted mendicancy with a thousand kings, observing a two-day fast. On the next day the Blessed Munisuvrata broke his fast with rice-pudding in King Brahmadata's house in Rājagrha. The gods made the five things, the stream of treasure, et cetera, and King Brahma made a jeweled platform where the Master stood. Free from attachment, free from self-interest, enduring all trials, the Lord wandered for eleven months as an ordinary ascetic.

Omniscience (158-164)

In his wandering the Lord came again to the garden Nilaguhā and stood in pratimā under a campaka tree. On the twelfth day of the dark half of Phālguna, the moon being in Śravaṇa, the Lord's omniscience arose from the destruction of the ghātikarmas. A samavasaraṇa was made by the gods, Śakra and others, and an aśoka tree two hundred and forty bows tall. The Master entered there, circumambulated the caitya-tree, said, "Reverence to the congregation," and sat down on the eastern throne. The Vyantaras made images of him in the other directions and the holy fourfold community remained in the proper places. Then Suvrata learned that the Master was in the samavasaraṇa, came, bowed to the Master, and sat down behind Śakra. After bowing again to the Master, with folded hands touching their foreheads Śakra and Suvrata recited this hymn of praise filled with devotion.

⁶⁶ 152. For the sinduvāra, see the Sinduvāra Tree in Sanskrit Literature by M. B. Emeneau, Univ. California Publications in Classical Philology 12, 333 ff.

Stuti (165-171)

“This power comes from just the sight of your feet: that such as I am able to describe your virtues. At the time of the sermon we honor your cow of merit which is the mother here of the calf of a chapter of sacred knowledge. People become virtuous at once from understanding your virtues, just as a vessel becomes oily from contact with an oily object. Whoever abandon other tasks and listen to your teaching, they become free at once from former acts. This world is armored by the protective spell of your name. Henceforth, it will not be devoured by Piśācas of sin, O god. No one has fear, Lord, since you bestowed fearlessness on everyone; but I have fear arising from separation from you when I go to my own place. Not only do outer enemies,⁶⁶ blind from eternal hostility, become calm in your presence, but also inner enemies, Master. May the recollection of your name alone, a cow of plenty for granting desires in this world and the next, be present to me wherever I am.”

When Śakra and Suvrata had become silent after this hymn of praise, the Master delivered a sermon for the enlightenment of all.

Sermon on yatidharma and householders' dharma (174-190)

“An intelligent person should take dharma, the most valuable part, from this valueless ocean of existence, like a fine jewel from the Salt Ocean. Self-control, truthfulness, purity, chastity, poverty, austerities, forbearance, humility, sincerity, freedom from greed—it has these ten divisions.⁶⁷ One who is free from desire even in his body, free from interest even in himself, always indifferent to the one showing him reverence or to the one doing him an injury, able to bear attacks and trials to a great extent, his mind penetrated constantly by the mental attitudes,⁶⁸

⁶⁶ 171. See I, n. 5.

⁶⁷ 175. See I, n. 38.

⁶⁸ 177. See I, n. 56.

friendliness, et cetera, forbearing, reverent, his senses subdued, eager for the instruction of the guru, endowed with the virtues of good birth, et cetera, he is capable of yatidharma. The roots of right belief are the five lesser vows, the three meritorious vows, and the four disciplinary steps.⁶⁹ This is the dharma of householders. One whose wealth has been lawfully acquired; who praises cultured behavior; whose marriage is with those of another gotra with the same family customs; afraid of evil; observing the established customs of the country; censuring no one, especially kings, et cetera; whose house does not have many outside doors,⁷⁰ and is situated in a place not too public and not too private, with good neighbours; who associates with respectable people; honors his father and mother; abandons a place afflicted by calamities; does not engage in disapproved actions;⁷¹ makes expenditure according to his income; and dresses according to his means; is endowed with the eight qualities of intelligence;⁷² listens daily to dharma; stops eating in case of indigestion; eats at the right time from habit; gains the three objects in life without interference with each other; entertains properly an unexpected guest, respectable or poor; is never obstinate; has a partiality for good qualities; avoids conduct unsuitable to the country and time; knows his own strength and weakness; honors those who observe good usage and those advanced in knowledge; supports those who should be supported; is far-seeing; has special knowledge;⁷³ is grateful for benefits; is popular with people; is modest; compassionate; gentle; eager to benefit

⁶⁹ 179. See I, p. 26.

⁷⁰ 182. As a protection against thieves.

⁷¹ 183. I.e., acts that can be criticized from the standpoint of country, caste, or family.

⁷² 184. See III, App. I.

⁷³ 188. I.e., he knows how to distinguish between what should and should not be done, or he knows the characteristics of virtues or faults of the soul. Yog., p. 55.

others; devoted to the destruction of the six internal enemies; whose senses are under control, is suitable for householder's dharma.⁷⁴ In this worldly existence lay-dharma must be practiced by a man who wishes consciousness as the fruit, but is not capable of yatidharma."

After hearing the Lord's sermon many people became mendicants and some became laymen. For the Arhats' teaching is never in vain. The Master had eighteen gaṇadharas, Indra, et cetera. After the Lord had finished his sermon, Indra delivered one. When he also had finished preaching, every one, Vajrabhṛt, Suvrata, et cetera, paid homage to the Jineśvara and went to his own house.

Śāsanadevatās (194-197)

Originating in that congregation, the Yakṣa Varuṇa, three-eyed, four-faced, white, with matted hair, with a bull for a vehicle, with four right arms holding a citron, club, arrow, and spear, and four left arms holding an ichneumon, rosary, bow, and axe; and Nārādattā, likewise originated, fair, placed on a throne, shining with two right arms, one in boon-granting position and one holding a rosary, with two left arms holding a citron and a trident, became the two messenger-deities of Suvrata Svāmin.

With these two nearby, the Lord wandered over the earth and one time stopped in the large city Bhṛgu-kaccha. King Jitaśatru mounted his high-bred horse, went to pay homage to the Lord, and listened to a sermon. King Jitaśatru's horse also listened to the Master's sermon, his hair erect, motionless, his ears pricked up. At the right time the gaṇabhṛt asked the Supreme Lord, "Master, who adopted dharma in this samavasaraṇa?" The Master replied, "No one here adopted dharma except King Jitaśatru's high-bred horse." Jitaśatru, astonished, asked the Teacher of the World, "Who is this horse, Lord, who adopted dharma?" The Blessed One related the story:

⁷⁴ 189. These ślokaś on the qualities of a layman occur also in the *Yogaśāstra* I. 47-56 with com., pp. 50-56.

Story of the horse (204-220)

“Once upon a time there was a merchant, a layman, Jinadharmā by name, in the city Padminikhaṇḍa. He had a friend, Sāgaradatta, the head of the whole city, who went with him every day to the shrines because of a tendency to right-belief. One day he heard from the sādhus, ‘Whoever has statues of the Arhats made, he will obtain dharma, which destroys worldly existence, in another birth.’ After hearing this, Sāgaradatta had a golden statue of the Arhat made and had it installed by the sādhus with great magnificence.

Outside the city there was a lofty temple of Śiva, which he had had built formerly, and he went there on the winter solstice. Jars of congealed ghī had been stored there before and the priests of Śiva began to drag them out in a hurry to eat the ghī. Ants had formed clusters beneath the jars and many of them stuck to the jars and fell in the path. Seeing them crushed by the priests as they walked, Sāgara began to remove them with his garment from compassion. One of the priests said, ‘Say! have you been taught by the white mendicants?’⁷⁶ and crushed the ants with kicks. The merchant Sāgaradatta was embarrassed at once and then looked at their ācārya’s face for instructions from him. He too being indifferent to their sin, Sāgara thought: ‘Alas! these men are pitiless. How can they, cruel, be worshipped with the idea they are gurus, when they make themselves fall into an evil state of existence by performing sacrifices?’ With these reflections, Sāgara performed the rites at the insistence (of the ācārya), died without right-belief being found, possessing liberality and good conduct naturally, devoted to the care of wealth gained by large enterprises, and was born as this high-bred horse of yours. I came here to enlighten him. From the power of the Jina’s statue he had made

⁷⁶ 212. I.e., by the Śvetāmbaras.

in the former birth, he was enlightened at once by hearing our teaching.”

When the Blessed One had related this story, the horse was praised by the people many times and was set free by the king who asked his forgiveness. From that time the city Bhṛgukaccha became a sacred place, named Aśvāvabodha, famous among the people, very pure.

After he had finished his sermon, wishing to benefit the world, the Lord stopped one day in his wandering in Hastināpura. In this city Jitaśatru was king and there was a Jain layman, Kārtika, a merchant, the head of a thousand merchants. There was in the city a Vaiṣṇavite ascetic, wearing reddish garments, who fasted for a month at a time and was much worshipped by the citizens. At each fast-breaking he was invited by the people with great devotion, but not by the merchant Kārtika whose supreme treasure was right-belief. Devoted to searching for a weakness in the merchant, like a demon, he was invited one day by King Jitaśatru for his fast-breaking. The ascetic said, “If Kārtika waits on me, then I shall eat at your house, O king.” The king said “Very well,” went to Kārtika’s house and asked him, “You must wait on this holy man, good sir.” “Master, it is not fitting for us to do this among heretics, but this must be done at your command,” he agreed.

“If I had become a mendicant before, I would not do this,” reflecting in distress, the merchant went to the palace. The ascetic showed contempt for Kārtika while he was waiting on him by frequent pointing with his finger. The merchant was penetrated with disgust with the world from this unwilling service and together with a thousand merchants became a mendicant under the Master. Knowing the twelve Aṅgas, Kārtika kept the vow for twelve years completely, died, and was born as the Indra of Saudharma. The ascetic died also and because of ābhiyogya-karma became the elephant Airāvaṇa, his vehicle. When he saw Śakra, angry, he began to run away; Śakra

restrained him forcibly and mounted him. For he was lord. Then he made two heads and Vāsava became twofold, so there were as many Vāsavas as there were heads. Running away again, jealous from the former birth, he was quickly made submissive by Vajrin striking him with the thunderbolt.

The congregation (237-242)

Seven and a half thousand years, less eleven months, passed as Suvrata Svāmin wandered over the earth after his omniscience. Thirty thousand noble ascetics, fifty thousand nuns practicing penance, five hundred wise men who knew the fourteen Pūrvas, eighteen hundred endowed with clairvoyance, fifteen hundred who had mind-reading knowledge, eighteen hundred who were omniscient, two thousand who had the art of transformation, twelve hundred disputants, one hundred and seventy-two thousand laymen, three hundred and fifty thousand laywomen were the Lord's retinue as he wandered.

His emancipation (243-247)

At the time of nirvāṇa Śrī Munisuvrata went to Sammeta and commenced a fast with a thousand munis. At the end of a month on the ninth day of the dark half of Jyēṣṭha, (the moon being) in the constellation Śravaṇa, the Master attained emancipation with the munis. Seventy-five hundred years as prince and in the vows each, fifteen thousand in the kingdom—so Lord Suvrata was thirty thousand years old. The emancipation of Śrī Munisuvrata took place fifty-four lacs of years after the emancipation of Śrī Malli Svāmin. The Indras and the gods, very reverential, came and celebrated properly the great emancipation-festival of Munisuvrata who had gone to an eternal abode with the munis.

CHAPTER VIII

ŚRĪ MAHĀPADMACAKRICARITRA

Now, while the Jinendra Munisuvrata was wandering, Cakrin Mahāpadma was born, and his biography is narrated (herewith).

Previous birth (3-5)

There is a city Śrīnagara in the province Sukaccha, ornament of East Videha in this Jambūdvīpa. There King Prajāpāla, devoted to the care of his subjects, was a cloud for the scattering of the haṅsas of the glory of other kings.⁷⁶ One day, when he saw a sudden flash of lightning, disgusted with existence, he took the vows in the presence of Muni Samādhigupta. For a long time he kept the vows like the blade of a sword and, after he died, was born as the Indra of Acyuta. For even a little penance is not fruitless.

Birth of elder brother (6-9)

Now in Bharataśetra of Jambūdvīpa there is a city Hāstinapura which resembles a city of the gods. Its king was named Padmottara, who belonged to the Ikṣvāku-family, like a lotus in the great lake Padma, the abode of Padmā. His chief-queen was named Jvālā who had shining virtues, the ornament of the harem, surpassing goddesses in beauty. Her first son, indicated by a dream of a lion, was born like a young god in beauty, named Viṣṇukumāra.

Birth of Mahāpadma (10-13)

Prajāpāla's jīva completed its life, fell from Acyuta, and descended into Queen Jvālā's womb. A son, indicated by fourteen great dreams, was borne by Queen Jvālā, named Mahāpadma, the abode of all the Śrīs. The two

⁷⁶ 13. Haṅsas do not like rain.

brothers grew up gradually and acquired all the arts through a teacher. King Padmottara knew, "He wishes to be a conqueror," and wisely gave Mahāpadma the rank of heir-apparent.

Story of Namuci and Viṣṇukumāra (14-203)

Now in the city Ujjayinī Śrīvarman was king and he had a well-known minister, named Namuci. One day, Ācārya Suvrata, initiated by Munisuvrata, came to this city in his wandering and made a halt. King Śrīvarman, occupying the top of his palace, saw the people going from the city with great magnificence to pay homage to him. The king, whose mind was transparent, asked Namuci, "Where are the townspeople going with great magnificence when there is no religious procession?" He replied, "Some ascetics have come to a garden outside. They are going in haste to honor them with devotion." "We also shall go," the king said, and Namuci answered, "If you wish to hear dharma, I myself will teach it." The king said again, "We shall go there, certainly." The minister said: "The master must occupy an impartial position. I shall silence them all and defeat them in debate, for the learning of the heretics is spreading even among the common people."

After this speech the king, the minister, and all the royal household went to Ācārya Suvrata, with various thoughts. Speaking as they liked, they asked the munis about dharma, but the munis remained silent at their loud speeches. Then Namuci, angered, blaming the teaching of the Arhats, said to the sūri, "Look! Do you know anything worth while?" Ācārya Suvrata said to the minister though rude, "If your tongue itches, then we shall talk about something." Then a disciple said to Ācārya Suvrata: "It is not fitting for you yourself to talk with this man thinking himself learned. I shall defeat him in debate. Do you look on, having become only a spectator. Let him, a learned Brāhman, speak. I shall demolish his argument thoroughly."

The Doctor Namuci, his voice harsh from anger, said: "Impure heretics, always outside of the three Vedas, you are not fit to live in our realm. That is my thesis. What is said by you in reply?"

The disciple replied: "They know sexual pleasure to be impurity. One devoted to it, he to be sure is a heretic, outside the three Vedas. In the three Vedas this is the meaning: a water-jar, a mortar, a grindstone, a fireplace, a broom—these five means of slaughter lead to sin on the part of householders. The ones who make use of these instruments of slaughter, they certainly are outside the Vedas. How are we, deprived of these five means, outside the Vedas? For us free from sin, living among sinful people like Mlecchas of the lowest castes is not suitable."

Contradicted in this way by the disciple with good arguments, the minister went to his own place, and the king, and the king's attendants. During the night the minister got up, furious like a Rākṣasa, blazing, as it were, with excessive anger, and went to kill him. He was transfixed by a charm at once by the messenger-goddess,⁷⁷ like a serpent charmed by a snake-charmer, and was seen by the astonished people at daylight. When the king and many people had seen the miracle and had listened to dharma, they became quiet like elephants free from rut.

Because of the humiliation Namuci went to Hastinā-pura. For a foreign country is the place for proud persons who have been humiliated. The heir-apparent, Mahā-padma, made him his own minister. For when the minister of another king approaches, kings are eager.

Now, King Siṅhabala lived on the border, very strong because he occupied a fortress, like a Rākṣasa occupying the sky. He attacked Mahāpadma's kingdom repeatedly and entered his own fortress again, and no one

⁷⁷ 36. The goddess attendant on the Tirthaṅkara, but she assists others also. If any one prays for assistance with faith, he will receive it. These śāsanadevatās hold office until others come. Mahāvira's śāsanadevatās are still on duty.

was able to capture him. Then Mahāpadma, angry, said to the minister Namuci, "Do you not know any means of any kind of capturing Siṅhabala?" He replied, "How shall I utter the words, 'I know,' Your Majesty? The reproach, 'He shouts defiance at home,' is easily gained by those boasting at home. After I have employed a device, I shall show it to the master by results alone. Even the learned are timid about explaining their plans."

Immediately instructed by Mahāpadma with delighted heart, he went to the fortress (of Siṅhabala), unstumbling like the wind. By a clever plan he broke into the fortress, captured Siṅhabala, like a lion a deer, and went to Mahāpadma. Filled with joy, Mahāpadma said, "Choose a boon," and the minister Namuci said, "I shall take a boon at the proper time." His object accomplished, Mahāpadma looked after his duties as heir-apparent with Namuci as minister very well.

Mahāpadma's adventures in voluntary exile (49-116)

Then a chariot for the Arhat's statue was made by Jvālā, Mahāpadma's mother, like a karnīratha,⁷⁸ for crossing the ocean of births. The mother of a co-wife, a wrong-believer, named Lakṣmī, had made a chariot for Brahmā, wishing to do something in opposition to her. Lakṣmī asked the king, "Let Brahmā's chariot go through the city first and then the Arhat's chariot." Jvālā said to the king, "If the Jain chariot does not make the first procession in the city, then I shall fast." Beset by doubts, the king stopped the procession of both chariots. What other course was there for an impartial person? Then, much troubled by his mother's grief, Mahāpadma left Hastināpura at night while the people were asleep. As he went along at random, his face upturned, he came to a large forest and, wandering in it, he saw a hermitage. Being hospitably entertained by the ascetics who enjoyed

⁷⁸ 49. Abhi. 3. 417, a kind of litter.

the arrival of guests, Mahāpadma decided to stay there like his own house.

Now King Janamejaya in Campā was besieged by King Kāḷa, fought with him, and perished. The city was breached and the women of the harem scattered like deer in a forest-fire, confused about directions. Nāgavatī, the wife of the King of Campā, fled with her daughter Madanāvali and came to that hermitage. Padma and Madanāvali, missiles of love for each other, saw each other and love developed immediately. Knowing that she had fallen in love, her mother said: "Daughter, do not do anything rash. Remember the speech of the astrologer. You were told by the astrologer, 'You will be the chief-queen of the lord of six-part Bharata.' Then do not fall in love with just any man. Be restrained. At the right time the cakrin will marry you."

Afraid of misfortune to her, the head of the hermitage said to Padma, "Son, go back where you came from. Peace be with you, good sir."

Hearing (what had been said), the prince thought, "There cannot be two cakrins at the same time. I alone am a future cakrin here. So she will be *my* wife." With these reflections, Mahāpadma left the hermitage and came to the town Sindhusadana in his wandering. At that time the women of the town were engaged in various sports in a garden outside at a spring-festival, occupied with the commands of Kandarpa. Hearing the tumult of their sport, King Mahāsena's elephant pulled up his post like a piece of a plantain tree.⁷⁹ Throwing off the two riders at once like dust clinging to a bed, not enduring the touch of the wind even on his body, his hair erect, freed from the elephant-drivers unable to do anything from a distance, he went instantly to the vicinity of the townswomen. They could not run away but stood rooted to the spot from terror and screamed very loud like marālis seized by a

⁷⁹ 68. Noted for its frailty

crocodile. Seeing them screaming, Padma ran toward him from compassion and scolded him, "Oh! rogue-elephant, arrogant from ichor, look this way." The rogue-elephant turned facing the prince, angrily, shaking the earth as if hollow with blows from his feet. "To protect us some noble man has thrown himself in front of the elephant like Yama's face," the women said. Just as soon as the rogue-elephant came near him, facing him, Padma tossed up a piece of cloth. A trick is advantageous sometimes. The elephant tore the clothing repeatedly with the idea that it was the prince. Anger alone (leads) to blindness. How much more when augmented by pride.⁸⁰

Then the people of the town collected because of the loud tumult and King Mahāsenā with vassals and generals. Mahāsenā said to Padma: "Go away quickly, brave man. What is the use of inopportune death from this enraged elephant?" Padma said: "That is a proper thing for you to say, O king, but it would be a source of shame to me if I abandoned something I had undertaken. Watch this rogue-elephant being checked by me, made submissive as if it had been tame from birth. Do not be timid from kindness." The elephant, whose head was lowered to tear up the garment, was struck by the prince with the thunderbolt of his fist. When the elephant rose up to seize the prince, he mounted him with a leap as quick as lightning. Moving about on the front and sides in different positions, the frog-position, et cetera, he harassed him. By slaps on the boss, blows on the neck, and kicks on the back he was bewildered by Padma. The people watched him in astonishment, saying "Well done!" and the king described his heroism like a brother. The first among elephant-drivers, the prince made the elephant walk about and made him furnish amusement, as he liked, as easily as if he were a young elephant. He turned the elephant over to another driver

⁸⁰ 76. With reference also to the rut-fluid.

and holding to a girth, putting his foot on another, he dismounted.

The king conjectured, "He is from a high family, judging by his strength and beauty," and led him to his own house. The king married his hundred daughters to him. For such a bridegroom, come to the house, is gained by merit alone. Even though he was enjoying pleasures with them day and night, the memory of Madanāvalī was like a constant wound in the prince.

One day as he was sleeping at night on a couch, like a haṅsa on a lotus, he was kidnaped by the Vidyādhari, Vegavatī, swift as the wind. Saying, "Why did you kidnap me, wretched girl, destroyer of sleep?" the prince raised his fist like a ball of adamant. She said: "Do not be angry, powerful one. Listen patiently. There is a city named Sūrodaya on Mt. Vaitādhya. Its king is Indradhanus, lord of Vidyādharas. His wife is named Śrīkāntā, and they have a daughter Jayacandrā. Because no suitable husband had been found, Jayacandrā became a man-hater. For women without husbands are dead while alive. I painted on canvas the pictures of the kings in Bharataḷṣetra and showed them to her but none pleased her.

One day I had painted your picture and showed it to her and quickly a home was made in her heart at will by Love. Formerly hating men, then she hated life, thinking you a husband hard to win. 'Either Padma, the son of Padmottara, becomes my husband or death is my refuge,' she vowed to me. I told her parents that she was in love with you, and they were instantly delighted at the desire for a suitable husband. I, Vegavatī, possessing a great vidyā, was sent by them to bring you, lord. To console her in love with you, I said: 'Fair maiden, be at ease. I shall go there today. I shall bring you Mahāpadma, sun to the lotus of the heart, or I shall enter the fire. Control your grief.' Comforting her with these words, I came here and am taking you, a depository of nectar, for

her comfort. You are conferring a benefit. Do not be angry." Then, permitted by him, she took him to Sūrodaya with speed almost equal to the chariots of the Ābhiyogya-gods. Honored at dawn like the sun by the Lord of Sūrodaya, he married Jayacandrā like the moon marrying Rohiṇī.

Two sons of Jayacandrā's maternal uncle, Gaṅgādhara and Mahīdhara, possessing great vidyās, insolent from pride in their vidyās and from pride in their arms, heard of her marriage and at once became very angry. For the desire for one object is the cause of great hostility. The heroes came together to Sūrodaya with all their army to fight Jayacandrā's husband. Padma, with a retinue of Vidyādhara, his strength of arm irresistible, left the city, eager for battle without trickery. Terrifying some, striking some down, beating some, he overcame easily the enemy-soldiers, like a lion elephants. When the Vidyādhara-lords, Gaṅgādhara and Mahīdhara, had seen their armies destroyed, they fled to save their lives.

Then the jewels, the cakra, et cetera, having appeared, the son of Padmottara, powerful, conquered six-part Bharataṣṭra. The magnificence of the cakrin was complete except for the woman-jewel, like the fullness of the fourteenth day of the bright half of the moon except for one digit. Recalling the woman-jewel, Madanāvalī, whom he had seen before, Padma went again to the hermitage as if in sport. The hermits entertained him and King Janamejaya,⁸¹ who had come there in his wandering, gave him Madanāvalī.

Return as cakravartin (117-132)

With the complete magnificence of a cakradharin he went to Hastināpura and, extremely delighted, bowed as before to his delighted parents. After hearing their

⁸¹ 116. Her father.

son's adventures which were like nectar to their ears, his parents expanded like watered trees.

Then Ācārya Suvrata, initiated by Munisuvrata, came there in his wandering and made a stop. King Padmottara went with his retinue, bowed to him, and listened to his preaching, the mother of disgust with worldly existence. The king said to the ācārya, "Wait here, Master, until I come for initiation after I have installed my son on the throne." "Do not show negligence," told by the sūri, the king paid homage to his feet and entered his own town. After summoning the chief men, his ministers, vassals, et cetera, King Padmottara said to Viṣṇukumāra:

"Worldly existence is an ocean of pain and activity of the body increases it, as the desire for something unsuitable on the part of a sick man increases the disease. To me falling into existence, Lord Suvrata has come here by my merit, like a man offering an arm to a blind man who has gone near a well. So today, let Viṣṇukumāra be installed on the throne. I am going to take the vow under Suvrata, certainly."

Viṣṇu replied, "I have no use for the throne, father. I shall become a mendicant after you. I shall travel by your path." Then the king summoned Padma and spoke to him urgently, "Child, take the throne, so we may become mendicants." His hands folded in submission, Padma said: "That is not fitting, father, while my elder brother, Viṣṇukumāra, the same as a father, is living. Viṣṇu, competent in the world, should be installed on the throne, but I shall become his heir-apparent, like a footman." The king said, "He does not wish the kingdom, though asked to take it, but he wishes to become a mendicant with me."

Then Padma became silent and was inaugurated as king by King Padmottara at the same time he was inaugurated as cakrin. His departure-ceremony celebrated by Padma, King Padmottara took the vow at Suvrata's feet, together with Viṣṇukumāra.

Padma had his mother's chariot with the statue of the Arhat make the circuit of his city, and it was worshipped by all the people like his rule on earth. Suvratasūri with Padmottara and others was in that same city at the time of the chariot-procession. An advancement of the Jaina doctrine, as well as of his own family, was made by Cakrin Padma, distinguished by marvelous conduct. He had lofty shrines, like newly-risen mountains, built by crores in villages, mines, cities, towns approached by land and water, et cetera.

After wandering with his guru and observing the highest vows, Muni Padmottara, who had become omniscient, attained emancipation. Muni Viṣṇukumāra practiced extraordinary penance and acquired many labdhis⁸² by the power of penance. Tall as Meru, going through the air like Garuḍa, changing his form like a god, handsome as Mīnaketu (Kāmadeva)—he was able to assume many appearances, these and others; but he did not. For there is no use of the labdhis by sādhus inopportunately.

One day Ācārya Suvrata, attended by sādhus, settled in Hastināpura to pass the rainy season. When he knew that the ācārya had come, the minister Namuci wished to take revenge for the former hostility and declared to Mahāpadma:

“Grant me the boon formerly promised, best of kings. Among the noble there is no loss of something promised, like a deposit.” “Ask it,” the king said. He said, “I wish to make a sacrifice. Grant me your kingdom until it is finished. Remember your promise.” Keeping his promise, the king installed the minister Namuci on the throne and he himself went to the women's apartments. Namuci left the city for the sacrificial enclosure deceitfully and was installed (as sacrificer), wicked, evil-minded like a crane.⁸³ All the subjects came to hold his coronation-

⁸² 139. See I, pp. 75 ff.

⁸³ 147. The crane is a symbol of deceit.

festival and all the ascetics came except the Śvetabhikṣus.⁸⁴ Thinking "All the ascetics came to me, but not the Śvetabhikṣus from jealousy," evil-minded, he made that an excuse in the beginning. He went to Ācārya Suvrata and said tauntingly: "Whoever is king, the ascetics resort to him. Because these groves where penance is performed must be guarded by the king, the king must be approached by those rich in penance. In this way he is made to share a sixth part of the penance.⁸⁵ But you, censuring me, were fixed in one spot, base heretics, unrestrained makers of hostility to king and people. Therefore you must not stay in my kingdom. Go somewhere else. Any one of you who remains here, he, evil-minded, will be killed by me."

The sūri said, "We did not go to your coronation, because that is not proper for us. We do not censure anything at all."

Angry, he said again, "Enough of details, ācārya. Whoever remain here after seven days will be punished by me like robbers." With these words he went to his own house and the sūri said to the munis, "What are we to do in this case? Speak as you can and as you think." One sādhu said, "Viṣṇukumāra has practiced penance for six thousand years. He is now on Mandara. He is the elder brother of King Padma. At his command Namuci will become quiet. He is his master, as well as Padma's. Let some sādhu who possesses the art of flying⁸⁶ go and bring him. The use of magic arts in work for the community is not wrong."

⁸⁴ 148. I.e., the Jains.

⁸⁵ 151. It is a Brāhman belief that the king is entitled to the benefit of a sixth part of penance performed by ascetics; or a householder, if the ascetic stays in his house. It is the owner of the land who benefits. If the land belongs to a private person, the king does not benefit. The ascetic does not lose any of his merit, but the king, or landowner, acquires an additional sixth. Muni Jayantavijayaji.

⁸⁶ 159. Vidyā here evidently is vidyācaraṇa. See I, n. 114.

A sādhu said, "I am able to go there through the air, but not to return. Tell me what I must do in this case." Assured by his guru, "Viṣṇu surely will bring you back," he flew up like a garuḍa and went through the air to Padma's elder brother in a moment. Viṣṇu saw him and reflected: "The muni's coming in haste indicates some important business of the community. Otherwise, there would be no moving about of sādhus during the rainy season and they would not make such use of the magic arts." While the chief of munis was so reflecting, the muni approached, paid homage, and explained the reason for his coming. Instantly Viṣṇukumāra took the sage, went through the air to Hastināpura, and paid homage to his guru. Then, surrounded by sādhus, Viṣṇu went to Namuci and was honored by all the kings, et cetera, except Namuci.

Viṣṇu said gently, accompanied with religious discourse: "Let these munis remain here in the city during the rains. They themselves do not stay in one place for a long time, but moving about during the rains is not permitted because of the abundance of insect life. What injury will it do you, wise sir, for mendicant monks like us to live in this very large city, living by begging alms? Sādhus were honored by Bharata, Āditya, Soma, and other kings. If you do not do that, yet permit them to stay, sir."

The minister, addressed in this way by Viṣṇu, spoke harshly from anger, "Enough of words, ācārya. I do not permit you to stay here." Viṣṇu, patient though powerful, said again, "Let them live in the garden outside the city." The man calling himself a minister, impatient, said to the great sage: "I cannot endure even your odor. Enough of requests to stay. There will be no living in the city nor outside the city of the white-clothed who are devoid of good behavior, like robbers. If you value your lives, go quickly. Otherwise, I shall destroy you, like Garuḍa destroying snakes." Inflamed by this speech, like a fire

by an oblation, Viṣṇu said, "Nevertheless, permit us to occupy here the space of three steps." Then Namuci said, "I give you the space of three steps, but whoever steps outside the three steps will certainly be killed." "Very well. Give it." With these words, the muni grew tall, wearing a diadem, earrings, wreath, and carrying a bow, thunderbolt, and knife. Making the Khecaras fall like old leaves, with loud screams, shaking the earth like a lotus-leaf with stampings of his feet, raising the oceans like the wind at the end of the world, making rivers flow backwards, like a dike, overturning the circles of stars like heaps of stones, splitting the best mountains like ant-hills, he, very powerful, very brilliant, terrifying gods and demons, growing gradually, assuming various forms, became equal to Meru.

Seeing the disturbance of the three worlds, Sahasrākṣa instructed singing goddesses to quiet him. They sang in his ear unceasingly the following, charming with the gāndhāra scale, in accordance with the teachings of the Omniscient: "From anger here men are consumed; they are often confused in regard to their own good. After death they go to hell having endless pain." The women of the Kinnaras, et cetera, sang these words and danced before Muni Viṣṇu to calm his anger. After throwing Namuci on the ground, the muni, the elder brother of Padma, whose feet are to be praised by the world, took a step which included the ground between the east and west oceans.

When Padma heard the news, he came in haste, trembling at his own carelessness and his minister's crime. After he had paid homage with great devotion to the great sage, his elder brother, his hands folded in submission, his feet bathed in tears, he said:

"Just today my father Padmottara is in my thoughts, O master, who are victorious, having extraordinary qualities. I have not known that the holy community is being injured by this scoundrel of a minister. No one told me. Yet I am guilty, for this wretch is my

servant. It is asserted in moral precepts that masters are affected by the crime of the servant. Likewise I am your servant. You are my ultimate master. You are affected by my crime. Therefore restrain your anger. The three worlds fear for their lives because of the crime of that villain. Noble sir, reassure them (the three worlds) which are bestridden by you, ocean of compassion."

Thus other kings, gods, asuras and the fourfold community soothed the sage with various speeches. Since he had attained a growth that was past the range of speech, he did not hear them until they all touched his feet with devotion. From the touching of his feet, he saw his brother below in front of him and also the fourfold community; gods, asuras, and kings. The muni thought:

"This holy community is devoted to compassion; this brother of mine is unhappy; the gods, et cetera are terrified. They are soothing me simultaneously in order to remove my anger. The community is entitled to respect. Padma and the others are entitled to sympathy from me." With these reflections, the great muni destroyed the increase in size of his body and remained in his natural condition, like an ocean whose high waves have gone. At the request of the community the great muni released Namuci, and Padma at once banished the scoundrel of a minister. From that time because of the 'three steps' the muni acquired the purifying name 'Trivikrama' in the three worlds. Having performed the work of the community, calmed, having practiced severe penance, having become omniscient, Viṣṇukumāra reached emancipation.

Emancipation of Padma (204-206)

Padma also, afraid of existence, abandoned his kingdom like straw and became a mendicant at the lotus-feet of a noble guru. Five hundred years as prince, the same as governor, three hundred in conquest, eighteen thousand and seven hundred as cakrabhṛt, ten thousand in the vow—so Cakrabhṛt Padma lived for thirty thousand years.

After he had practiced severe penance fair with various and numerous special vows, and had acquired the wealth of omniscience by the destruction of the ghātikarmas, Padma went to the place which is the home of eternal delight.

In this section two who were both Jinās and cakrins, two Jinās, two cakrins, two Rāmas, two Haris (Vāsudeva), two Pratiharis have been celebrated. Fourteen⁸⁷ noble illustrious persons have the quarters of the sky pervaded by their fame. May this noble conduct of theirs be the guest of the ears of the world.

⁸⁷ I.e., in making up the total of 63, the ones who were both Cakrins and Jinās are counted twice. Thus the 12 persons whose biographies are given in this parvan count as 14.

BOOK VII

JAINA RĀMĀYAᅆA

CHAPTER I

ORIGIN OF THE RAKṢASAVAṆŚA AND VĀNARA- VAṆŚA

Herein are related the lives of Baladeva Padma, of Viṣṇu Nārāyaṇa, and of Pratiṣṇu Rāvaṇa, whose births took place in the congregation of Śrī Suvrata Svāmin whose complexion was the color of antimony,⁸⁸ the moon of the Hari-line.

Rāvaṇa's lineage (3-143)

At the time that the Arhat Ajita was wandering (over the earth), Ghanavāhana was the bulb of the Rakṣas-line in Laṅkā on the Rakṣodvīpa in this same Bharata. He, very wise, settled his kingdom on his son, Mahārakṣas, became a mendicant at the feet of Ajita Svāmin, and attained emancipation. After he had enjoyed the kingdom for a long time, Mahārakṣas also bestowed it on his son, Devarakṣas, became a mendicant, and attained emancipation.

After innumerable lords of Rakṣodvīpa had come and gone thus, Kīrtidhavalā was lord of the Rākṣasas in the congregation of Śreyāṅsa.

At that time there was a renowned king of Vidyā-dharas, Atīndra, in the city Meghapura on Mt. Vaitādhya. By his wife, Śrīmatī, he had a son, Śrīkaṅṭha, and a daughter, Devī, like a goddess in beauty. The Vidyādhara-lord, Puṣpottara, lord of Ratnapura, asked the fair-eyed maiden in marriage for his son Padmottara. By the decree of fate, Atīndra did not give her to him, though he was meritorious and distinguished, but he gave her to Kīrtidhavalā. When King Puṣpottara heard that she was married to Kīrtidhavalā, he, a destroyer of arrogance, became hostile to Atīndra and Śrīkaṅṭha.

⁸⁸ I. Antimony trisulphide. I.e., black.

One day, the daughter of Puṣpottara, Padmā, like (the goddess) Padmā in beauty, was seen by Śrīkaṇṭha as he returned from Meru. Mutual affection, a cloudy day for the excessive brilliance of the ocean of the emotion of love, sprang up at once between Śrīkaṇṭha and Padmā. The maiden stands with the lotus of her face turned up to Śrīkaṇṭha, as if throwing a svayaṃvara-wreath with affectionate glances. Śrīkaṇṭha discerned her desire and, suffering from love, seized her and quickly started to fly through the air. "Some one is carrying off Padmā," the servants screamed. Powerful Puṣpottara armed himself and pursued them with an army. Śrīkaṇṭha took refuge promptly with Kīrtidhavalā⁸⁹ and gave him a complete account of the kidnaping of Padmā. Puṣpottara soon arrived there, covering the directions with troops in solid ranks, like the ocean covering the earth with water at the end of the world. Kīrtidhavalā sent word by a messenger to Puṣpottara: "This preparation for war has been made needlessly without reflection. The maiden must surely be given to some one. If she herself has chosen Śrīkaṇṭha, then he is not at fault. Therefore it is not suitable for you to fight; but, rather, after learning your daughter's intentions, it is fitting for you to celebrate now the wedding-rites of the bride and groom." Just at that time Padmā sent word by a female-messenger: "I chose him, myself. He did not abduct me." Upon hearing this, Puṣpottara was instantly appeased. Certainly, the anger of persons who know correct conduct is usually easily appeased. After he had celebrated the wedding of Śrīkaṇṭha and Padmā with a great festival, Puṣpottara went to his own city.

Kīrtidhavalā said to Śrīkaṇṭha: "You stay here, since you have many enemies on Mt. Vaitādhya now. Not far to the northwest of this very Rākṣasadvīpa, there is Vānaradvīpa, three hundred yojanas long. There are other islands of mine, too, Barbarakūla, Siṅhala, and others, that resemble pieces of heaven that have fallen to earth, my

⁸⁹ 17. His brother-in-law in Laṅkā.

friend. In some one of them, establish your capital and stay with me in comfort, not separated because of the close proximity. Even if you do not have the least fear of your enemies, nevertheless you can not leave from fear of separation from me." Urged affectionately by him in this way and very fearful of separation from him, Śrīkaṇṭha agreed to live on Vānaradvīpa. After he had founded his capital, named Kiṣkindhā, on Mt. Kiṣkindha on Vānaradvīpa, Kīrtidhavalā installed him in his kingdom. King Śrīkaṇṭha saw many monkeys roving about on the island. They were handsome, with large bodies, and lived on fruit. He proclaimed that they should not be killed and had food, drink, et cetera given them. Others, also, treated them well. Like king, like subjects. From that time on for amusement the Vidyādhara made monkeys both in paintings and plaster models and in insignia on banners, umbrellas, et cetera. The Vidyādhara who lived there were called Vānara (Monkeys) from the kingdom of Vānaradvīpa and from the monkey-insignia.

A son, named Vajraṇṭha, was born to Śrīkaṇṭha. He was zealous in the sports of battle, his strength unblunted in them all.

As Śrīkaṇṭha was sitting in his own assembly-hall, he saw the gods going to Nandiśvara for a festival to the eternal Arhats. As a horse on a village-road follows horses going on the highway, he, full of devotion, followed the gods. As he was going, his aerial car stumbled on Mānuṣottara, like the current of a river on a mountain which was on its course. "I must have performed little penance in a former birth. For that reason my desire for the Arhats' festival in Nandiśvara was not fulfilled." Attaining disgust with existence at that thought, he became a mendicant at once, practiced severe penance, and went to emancipation.

Since the time of Śrīkaṇṭha many kings had come and gone, Vajraṇṭha and others. At the time of the congregation of Munisuvrata Ghanodadhiratha was king. At

that time in the city Laṅkā there was a lord of the Rākṣasas, named Taḍitkeśa. Between these two there was a strong friendship. One day, Taḍitkeśa went with the women of his household to sport in a choice garden, named Nandana. While Taḍitkeśa was engaged in sport, a monkey descended from a tree and scratched the breast of Śricandrā, Taḍitkeśa's chief-queen, with his nails. His hair standing on end from anger, Taḍitkeśa struck the monkey with an arrow. For injury to women is not to be endured. Injured by the blow with the arrow, the monkey went a short distance and fell at the feet of a sādhu engaged in pratimā. He gave him the namaskāra,⁹⁰ provisions for the journey to the next world. By its power he became an Abdhikumāra after his death. Knowing his former birth by clairvoyance he approached the sādhu and paid homage to him. For the sādhu who confers benefits is especially to be honored by the noble.

He saw other monkeys being killed by Taḍitkeśa's soldiers and at once blazed with anger. He created (by magic) many figures of large monkeys and attacked the Rākṣasas, overwhelming them with masses of trees and stones. Recognizing that it was the device of a god, Taḍitkeśa worshipped him ardently and said: "Who are you? Why do you attack us?" Then the Abdhikumāra, his anger appeased by the worship shown him, related the slaughter of himself and the power of the namaskāra. Laṅkā's lord and the monkey together approached the sādhu and asked, "Lord, what is the reason for the monkey's hostility toward me?" The ascetic related: "You were formerly a minister's son, named Datta, in Śrāvastī; he was a hunter in Kāśī. One day, after you had adopted mendicancy, you were going to Vārāṇasī. He saw you and killed you, struck by the thought, 'That is a bad omen.' You became a god in Māhendrakalpa and, when you fell, were born here, such as you are. He passed

⁹⁰ 48. The sādhu recited the namaskāra so the monkey could hear it.

through a hell-birth and became a monkey. This is the reason for the enmity."

After paying homage to the great sādhu, a universal benefactor, and taking leave of the lord of Lāṅkā, the god departed. After hearing that, Taḍitkeśa bestowed his kingdom on his son, Sukeśa, became a mendicant, and went to the final abode. Ghanodadhiratha bestowed the kingdom, Kiṣkindhā, on his son, named Kiṣkindhi, took initiation, and attained emancipation.

Now in the city Rathanūpura on Mt. Vaitāḍhya at that time there was a Vidyādhara-king, Aśanivega. He had a son, Vijayasiṅha, victorious, and a second, Vidyudvega, like additional arms for him. On that same mountain in the city Ādityapura there was a Vidyādhara-king, Mandiramālin, and he had a daughter, Śrīmālā. He summoned the kings of the Vidyādharas to her svayaṃvara and they sat on the daises like constellations above celestial palaces. Śrīmālā brushed the chiefs of the Vidyādharas, as they were described by the female doorkeeper, with her glance, like a canal brushing trees with water. Passing over all the other Vidyādharas in turn, she came to a stop before Kiṣkindhi, like Jāhnavī before the ocean. Śrīmālā threw around his neck the groom's garland which was like a priceless pledge for the future embrace of the creeper of her arm. Then Vijayasiṅha, addicted to rashness like a lion, his face terrifying from frowns, said aloud angrily:

"These men, always of bad character, were formerly banished from the capital of Vaitāḍhya, like thieves from a good kingdom. By whom were these men, of bad character, of low family, brought here? To make sure they will never return, I shall kill them today like cattle." After saying this and standing up, powerful, resembling Yama, he advanced, raising his weapon to kill King Kiṣkindhi. The Vidyādharas, not to be restrained from heroic deeds, rose up for battle. Some, Sukeśa and others, were on Kiṣkindhi's side; others were on Vijayasiṅha's side. Then a battle started, cruel as the end of the world, with

the sky sparkling with elephants engaged tusk against tusk; with horsemen meeting, lance against lance; with charioteers meeting, arrow against arrow; with infantry attacking, sword against sword; with the ground muddy with blood. After they had fought for a long time, Andhaka, Kiṣkindhi's younger brother, made Vijayasiṅha's head fall, like a fruit from a tree, by means of an arrow. The Vidyādhara-lords, Vijayasiṅha's followers, were terrified. Whence is there courage for people without lords? Verily, a leaderless army is defeated.

Kiṣkindhi took Śrīmālā along, like the Śrī of victory in person, flew up, and went to Kiṣkindhā with his followers. When he heard the news of his son's death, which was like a stroke of lightning from the sky, Aśanivega hastened to Mt. Kiṣkindhi. He surrounded the city Kiṣkindhā with many soldiers, like the stream of a river surrounding the high ground of a large island with water. The heroes, Sukeśa and Kiṣkindhi, came out of Kiṣkindhā with Andhaka, eager to fight, like lions from their den. Then Aśanivega, very impatient, a hero, regarding the enemy as straw, began the battle with an attack with the whole army. Then in the front line of battle, blind with anger, Aśanivega, powerful, cut off the head of Andhaka who was the lion to the elephant of Vijayasiṅha. Then the monkey-soldiers with the Rākṣasas ran in all directions like a mass of clouds scattered by wind. The leaders of Laṅkā and Kiṣkindhā went to Pātālalaṅkā with their wives and retinues. Sometimes retreat is strategy. When he had struck down his son's murderer, like an elephant a driver, the anger of the King of Rathanūpura was appeased. Delighted with the destruction of his enemies, he, the authority for setting up kings, installed a Vidyādhara, named Nirghāta, on Laṅkā's throne. Then King Aśani returned to his city Rathanūpura on Vaitāḍhya, like the king of the gods to Amarāvati.

One day King Aśanivega, in whom a desire for emancipation had arisen, bestowed the kingdom on his son,

Sahasrāra, and took initiation. In the city Pātālalaṅkā sons were borne to Sukeśa by Indrāṇī—Mālin, Sumālin, and Mālyavat. Two long-armed sons, named Ādityarajas and Rkṣarajas, were borne to Kiṣkindhī by Śrīmālā. One day Kiṣkindhī made a procession to Sumeru in honor of the eternal Arhats and on his return he saw Mt. Madhu. Kiṣkindhī's mind dwelt more and more on sporting in a beautiful garden, which extended in all directions on it like another Meru. He, energetic, founded Kiṣkindhapura on it (Mt. Madhu) and settled there with his followers, like the King of Yakṣas (Śiva) on Kailāsa.

When Sukeśa's sons heard that their kingdom had been taken by enemies, they, full of heroism, flamed with anger like three fires. They went to Laṅkā and killed the Khecara, Nirghāta. Verily, enmity with heroes may result in death even after a long time. Then Mālin became king in Laṅkā and Ādityarajas king in Kiṣkindhā at Kiṣkindhī's command.

Now, in the city Rathanūpura on Mt. Vaitādhya a god of high rank fell and descended at once into the womb of Citrasundarī, the wife of King Sahasrāra, Aśanivega's son, an auspicious dream having been seen. In course of time she had a pregnancy-whim for union with Śakra, which was difficult to fulfill, difficult to tell, the cause of physical weakness. Questioned persistently, with difficulty she told her husband about her pregnancy-whim, her head bowed from shame. Sahasrāra assumed the form of Sahasrākṣa by a charm and, known by her as 'Śakra,' satisfied the whim. At the right time she bore a son, whose strength of arm was not deficient, who was named Indra because of the whim for union with Indra. When he was grown, endowed with knowledge of vidyās and with strength of arm, Sahasrāra gave him the kingdom and became absorbed in dharma himself.

He (Indra) conquered all the lords of the Vidyādharas and he began considering himself Indra because of his birth from the Indra-pregnancy-whim. He established

four Dikpālas, seven armies and generals, three assemblies, the thunderbolt as his weapon, his elephant as Airāvaṇa, his courtesans as Rambhā, et cetera, his minister as Bṛhaspati, and the leader of his infantry with the same name as Naigameṣin. So he ruled his whole kingdom by Vidyādhara with the same names as the retinue of Indra with the idea, "I myself am Indra." Mākaradhvajī, sprung from the womb of Ādityakīrti, lord of Jyotiṣpura, became Soma, the regent of the east. The son of Varuṇā and Megharatha, a Vidyādhara, lord of Meghapura, became Varuṇa, the regent of the west. The son of Sūra and Kanakāvālī, lord of Kāñcanapura, was called Kubera, the regent of the north. The son of Kālāgni and Śrīprabhā, lord of Kiṣkindhanagara, became Yama, regent of the south.

King Mālin could not endure Indra, the Indra of the Vidyādhara, priding himself on the thought, "I am Indra," just as a rutting elephant can not tolerate another elephant. With brothers, ministers, and friends whose strength was unequalled, he set out for battle. For there is no other charm of the powerful. Other heroes among the Rākṣasas, together with the Vānaras, advanced through the air with lions, elephants, horses, buffaloes, boars, bulls, et cetera, as vehicles. Crows, donkeys, jackals, and cranes cried out, with bad fortune as the fruit (of seeing them), even though they were on the right.⁹¹ There were other unfavorable omens and bad signs and wise Sumālin tried to prevent Mālin from starting. Scorning his advice, Mālin, proud of his strength of arm, went to Mt. Vaitāḍhya and summoned Indra to battle. Indra went to the battle-field, mounted on Airāvaṇa, brandishing a thunderbolt in his hand, accompanied by his generals, Naigameṣin, et cetera, and by the regents, Soma and others, carrying various weapons, and by other Vidyādhara-soldiers. The

⁹¹ 115. With a play on 'right' and 'left' as 'favorable' and 'unfavorable.'

soldiers of the Rākṣasa and Indra attacked each other, terrifying with missiles in the air, like clouds with lightning.

In some places chariots fell like mountain-peaks; in other places elephants fled like clouds scattered by the wind. Here soldiers' heads fell, causing fear of Rāhu;⁹² there horses, of whom one foot had been cut off, moved as if they were hobbled. Mālin's army was divided by Indra's army angrily. What can an elephant do, even though strong, when it has been caught by a lion? Then Mālin, the king of the Rākṣasas, followed by Sumālin and others like a forest-elephant by his herd, attacked with violence. He, lord of the wealth of heroism, attacked Indra's army with clubs, hammers, and arrows, like a cloud with hail. Indra with his regents of the quarters, his army, and generals in full force, mounted on Airāvaṇa, hastened to action in battle. The soldiers began to fight, but Indra fought with Mālin, the regents and others with Sumālin and others. For a long time there was fighting between them, putting each other's life in jeopardy. For generally life is like a straw to those who desire victory. Without any trickery in fighting Indra soon killed Mālin, who was crowned with heroism, with his thunderbolt, like a cloud killing a lizard with lightning. When Mālin was killed, the Rākṣasas and Vānaras were terrified and, commanded by Sumālin, went to the Laṅkā that is in Pātāla. Indra at once granted Laṅkā to Vaiśramaṇa, the son of Viśravas, sprung from Kauśikā's womb, and went to his own city.

A son, Ratnaśravas, was borne by his wife, Prītimatī, to Sumālin who remained in the city Pātālaṅkā. When he had grown up, one day Ratnaśravas went to a charming flower-garden for the purpose of acquiring vidyās. He remained there in a secret place, holding a rosary, muttering prayers, his gaze fixed on the end of his nose, as motionless as if painted. While he was standing thus, a certain

⁹² 122. Rāhu is depicted as a bodiless head.

Vidyādhari, a young maiden with an irreproachable form, stood near him at her father's command. Then she said aloud to Ratnaśravas, "I am a mahāvidyā, by name Mānavasundarī, and have been won by you." Ratnaśravas, by whom a vidyā had been won, dropped the rosary, looked at the Vidyādhari standing in front of him, and said to her: "Why have you come here? Whose daughter are you? Who are you?" She replied: "In Kautakamaṅgala, the home of many curiosities, there is a famous king of Vidyādharas, Vyomabindu. His elder daughter, Kauśikā, my sister, is married to King Viśravas, lord of Yakṣapura. She has a son, skilled in polity, named Vaiśramaṇa, who now rules in Laṅkā by order of Śakra. But I, Kaikasī, Kauśikā's younger sister, have come here, given to you by my father in accordance with an astrologer's prediction." Sumālin's son summoned his relatives and married her on the spot; founded the city of Puṣpāntaka, and remained there, amusing himself with her.

Birth of Rāvaṇa (144-164)

One day in a dream Kaikasī saw a lion, in the act of tearing an elephant's boss, enter her mouth. At dawn she related the dream and Ratnaśravas interpreted, "You will have a son, who will be arrogant to all, powerful." From the time of that dream the wife of Ratnaśravas constantly made offerings in the shrines and carried her very precious embryo. From the time of the embryo's conception Kaikasī's speech became very harsh and her body firm, free from fatigue. She looked at her face in a sword, even if a mirror were at hand; she began to give orders fearlessly even in dominion over the gods. Without any cause she spoke harshly with contemptuous expressions. She did not bow her head at all even to gurus. For a long time she wished to put her foot on the heads of the wise. From the power of her embryo she acquired cruel characteristics such as these.

She bore a son, who made the seats of his enemies shake, with a life-term of more than twelve thousand years. Leaping about on the birth-couch, very strong, shaking the earth, resting on his back, with a proud red lotus of a foot, with his hand he drew a necklace made of nine rubies from a casket standing near, a necklace which was a present in the past from Indra Bhīma.⁹³ From inherent arrogance the child put the necklace around his neck and Kaikasī and her attendants were amazed. She told Ratnaśravas: "The necklace which the king of the Rākṣasas gave to your ancestor, King Meghavāhana, in the past and which has been worshipped like a deity by your ancestors up to this time, which could not be lifted by others, which was made of nine rubies and guarded by a thousand Nāgas—this necklace has been seized by your child and put around his neck." At once Ratnaśravas gave him the name 'Daśamukha'⁹⁴ because his face was united with the nine rubies. He related the following: "A certain sage was questioned by my father Sumālin when he had gone to Meru to pay homage to the shrines. The possessor of four kinds of knowledge said, 'Whoever shall lift your ancestral necklace, made of nine rubies, he shall be an Ardhaçakrin.'" Kaikasī bore another son, indicated by the dream of a sun, named Bhānukaṛṇa, and also called by another name, Kumbhakaṛṇa. Kaikasī bore a daughter, named Candraṇakhā, because her nails were like the moon. She was called Śūrpaṇakhā by the people. After some time had passed Kaikasī again bore a son, named Bibhiṣaṇa, indicated by the dream of a moon. The three full brothers, full sixteen bows tall, played agreeably day by day, fearless, in play suitable for their ages at that time.

⁹³ 153. The Indra of the Rākṣasas. See II, p. 165.

⁹⁴ 158. I.e., 'Ten-faced.'

CHAPTER II

RĀVAṆA'S EXPEDITION OF CONQUEST

One day Daśamukha and his younger brothers saw King Vaiśravaṇa coming through the air, seated in an aerial car, very magnificent. Questioned by him, "Who is this?" their mother said: "He is the son of my elder sister, Kauśikā. He is the son of a Vidyādhara-lord, Viśravas; and he is the chief soldier of Indra, the lord of all Vidhyādharas. After Indra had killed in battle your grandfather's elder brother, Mālin, he granted him our city Laṅkā and Rākṣasadvīpa. From that time the desire to recover Laṅkā has existed. Your father is here, son; for that is fitting in the case of a powerful enemy.

Bhīma, the lord of Rākṣasas, gave Laṅkā and Rākṣasadvīpa with Pātālalaṅkā and the vidyā called 'Rākṣasī' to King Meghavāhana, the first bulb of the Rakṣovaṅśa, his son in a former birth, for revenge on enemies. As their ancestral capital has been seized by enemies, your father and paternal grandfather stay here like dead men. The thought that 'Enemies move about in it freely, like bulls in an unguarded field,' is a living wound in your father always. When shall I, unfortunate that I am, see you, having gone there with your younger brothers, seated on your grandfather's throne? When shall I, having seen the robbers of Laṅkā fettered in prison, be the crest-jewel among the mothers of sons? Because of these wishes, son, that are like heaps of flowers in the sky, I waste away from day to day, like a flamingo in a desert."

Then Bibhiṣaṇa, his eyes terrifying from anger, said: "Be depressed no longer, mother. You do not know the power of your sons. Who is Indra compared with the powerful elder brother, Daśakaṇṭha, queen? Who is Vaiśravaṇa? Who are the other Vidyādharas? For this kingdom of Laṅkā to belong to enemies has been endured

by Daśāsya because he did not know it before, like the trumpeting of an elephant endured by a sleeping lion. Let the elder brother, Daśagrīva, sit quietly. The elder brother, Kumbhakarna, also is able to destroy enemies, even if superexcellent soldiers. Leave aside the elder brother, Kumbhakarna. At their command I shall destroy the enemy suddenly, like the falling of a thunderbolt, mother."

Then Rāvaṇa, biting his lower lip, said: "You are hard as diamond, mother, since you have borne this severe sorrow for a long time. I shall destroy the enemy, Indra and others, with the strength of one hand. Do not speak of sword against sword; for they are really like straw to me. Even if I am able to conquer the enemy by strength of arm, nevertheless, the power of vidyās, which was inherited, is suitable for use. I shall subdue completely the vidyās which are above reproach. With your permission my younger brothers and I shall go to subdue them."

With these words, he bowed to his parents and, after he had been kissed on the head by them, went to a terrible forest with his younger brothers. Accompanied by his two brothers, he entered the forest whose trees nearby were shaken by the breathing of lizards and pythons, whose ground was burst open by the blows of the tails of arrogant tigers, whose thickets of trees were terrible from the hooting of large owls, which had stones from mountain-slopes falling from the stamping of dancing demons, terrifying even to the gods, the abode of calamities.

Wearing crowns of matted hair like ascetics, carrying rosaries, their glances fixed on the ends of the bridges of their noses, dressed in white, in two watches the three subdued the eight-syllable vidyā which grants all desires. They began to mutter the sixteen-syllable charm, the muttering of which for ten thousand crores of times gives results.

Just then a god, named Anādṛta, lord of Jambūdvīpa, came there with his harem to play and saw them. The

Yakṣa-lord sent his girls to make a pleasant attack as an obstacle to their subduing the vidyās. The girls came to disturb them, but they themselves were disturbed by *their* very fair forms, the instructions of their master forgotten. Seeing their resolute figures, unchanged, silent, they spoke, helpless from the absorption in genuine love. "Sirs! sirs! you are dull from meditation. Look carefully in front of you. Goddesses have become submissive to you. What accomplishment of yours is superior to that? Why this effort to subdue vidyās? Enough of that trouble. What will you do with vidyās? For we, goddesses, are subdued by you. Sport with us at will like gods in different charming spots of the three worlds, as you like."

Talking lovingly in this way to them possessing much firmness, the Yakṣa-girls became embarrassed. For one can not clap with one hand. Then the Yakṣa, lord of Jambūdvīpa, said to them (the brothers): "What bad conduct is this that you, foolish, have undertaken? I think you have been taught a heresy by some untrustworthy wicked heretic, for the sake of death suddenly. Go, go now, leaving this wicked persistence in meditation. Speak! I, compassionate, shall grant your desire."

Angry, he said to them who were silent after these remarks, "On whom else do you meditate, ignoring me, a god before your eyes?"

The Yakṣa, whose speech was cruel, instructed his servants, who were within the forest, by raising his eye-brow, in regard to molesting them. Then, crying, "Kila! kila!" assuming many forms, some rooted up mountain-peaks and threw them in front of them. Some became serpents and twined around them like sandal trees; some became lions and gave terrible roars in front of them. In the bodies of bears, wolves, tigers, cats, et cetera they performed terrifying acts; but they were not shaken, nevertheless. They created Kaikasi, Ratnaśravas, and their sister, Candranakhā, bound them, and threw them before them quickly.

The unreal Ratnaśravas and the others then cried in pathetic tones, their tearful eyes upraised :

"We are being killed by these people devoid of pity, who have bound us, like animals by hunters, while you look on. Get up! Get up, son! Protect us, Daśakan-dhara! How can you, devoted to one purpose,⁹⁵ be so indifferent to us? Where is that strength of arm now of him who, a mere boy, put the great necklace on his neck? Where now has your arrogance gone? Kumbhakarṇa, why do you not listen to our words, that you look at us miserable, like one indifferent? Bibhīṣaṇa, you did not become lacking in devotion in a moment; why now are you averted as if by an evil fate?"

They did not move at all from meditation because of them lamenting in this way. Then the Yakṣa-servants cut off their (the relatives') heads in front of them. Their minds subject to meditation, they were not disturbed in the least, not seeing, as it were, this cruel act even if it took place before them. They made his younger brothers' heads fall in front of Rāvaṇa and Daśagrīva's head before them by magic. Kumbhakarṇa and Bibhīṣaṇa were shaken a little from anger. Devotion to the elder was the reason of this, not small purity. Rāvaṇa, knowing the highest good, not considering it worthless, remained motionless like a high mountain, absorbed in preeminent meditation. "Well done! Well done!" was the cry of gods in the sky, and the Yakṣa-servants departed quickly, terrified.

One thousand vidyās, the sky being lighted up by them, came to Daśāsya, saying aloud, "We are subject to you." Prajñaptī, Rohiṇī, Gaurī, Gāndhārī, Parā,⁹⁶ Nabhaḥsañcārīṇī, Kāmadāyīnī, Kāmagāminī, Aṇimā, Laghimā, Akṣobhyā, Manaḥstambhanakārīṇī, Suvidhānā, Taporūpā, Dahanī, Vipulodarī, Śubhapradā, Rajorūpā, Dinarātrividhāyīnī, Vajrodarī, Samākṛṣṭī, Adarśanī, Ajarā, Amarā, Analastambhanī, Toyastambhanī, Giridāraṇī,

⁹⁵ 48. I.e., meditation.

⁹⁶ 59. This may not be a proper name. It is impossible to tell.

Avalokanī, Vahni, Ghorā, Dhīrā, Bhujāṅginī, Vāruṇī, Bhuvanāvadhya, Dāruṇī, Madanāśinī, Bhāskarī, Rūpa-sampannā, Rośanī, Vijayā, Jayā, Vardhanī, Mocanī, Vārāhī, Kutilākṛti, Cittā, Udbhavakarī, Śānti, Kauberī, Vaṣakāriṇī, Yogesvari, Balotsādā, Caṇḍā, Bhīti, Pradhār-ṣiṇī, Durnivārā, Jagatkampakāriṇī, Bhānumālinī: great vidyās beginning with these were subdued by noble Daśāsya in just a few days because of his former good acts.

Five vidyās, Saṁvṛddhi, Jṛmbhaṇī, Sarvāhāriṇī, Vyo-magāminī, Indrāṇī, were subdued by Kumbhakarṇa. Four vidyās, Siddhārthā, Śatrudamanī, Nirvyāghātā, Khagāminī, were subdued by the younger brother of Kumbhakarṇa.

The lord of Jambūdvīpa asked Rāvaṇa's forgiveness. For humble submission is atonement for a sin against the great. The Yakṣa, expert, made a city, Svayam-prabha, for Rāvaṇa, as if wishing to make atonement for hindering. When they heard of his subduing of vidyās, his parents, sister, and kinsmen came there and paid homage. The three brothers remained, creating bliss, a rain of nectar to their parents' eyes, a festival to their relatives. Then by six one-day fasts Daśāsya acquired the best sword, Candrahāsa, serving for subjugating the quarters.

Rāvaṇa's marriage (74-100)

Now, on Mt. Vaitādhya in the city Surasaṅgīta, the ornament of the southern row, there was a Vidyādhara-lord, Maya. His wife was named Hemavati, the abode of virtues, and their daughter, born of her womb, was named Mandodarī. When he had observed that she was grown, King Maya thought over the merits and defects of the princes of the Vidyādharas, seeking a husband for her. As he did not find a suitable husband, King Maya was sunk in gloom until the minister said:

“Master, do not worry at all. There is a suitable husband for her, Daśānana, the powerful and handsome son of Ratnaśravas. There is no one among Vidyādharas

who is his equal, like mountains compared with Meru, as he has subdued a thousand vidyās and can not be shaken even by gods."

"Very well," said Maya, delighted. After having himself announced by agents, he took Mandodarī and went to Svayamprabha, accompanied by his kinsmen, soldiers, and the women of his household, to give her to Daśamauli. There the elders of the clan, Sumālin and others, noble, consented to receive Mandodarī for Daśāsya. The fathers-in-law,⁸⁷ Sumālin and others and Maya and others, had their marriage celebrated on an auspicious day. After the wedding-festivals were over, Maya and others went to their city. Rāvaṇa sported for a long time with his excellent wife.

One day Rāvaṇa went for amusement to the mountain Megharava which has wings, as it were, with layers of clouds clinging to its sides. He saw six thousand Khecara-maidens bathing in a pool there like Apsarases in the Ocean of Milk. Desiring a husband, they looked at him with affection, their lotus-eyes wide-open, like day-blooming lotuses looking at the sun. Casting aside modesty at once, afflicted by strong love, they themselves asked him, "Be our husband." Among these was Padmāvati, daughter of Sarvaśrī and Surasundara, and another, named Aśokalati, daughter of Manovegā and Budha, and Vidyutprabhā, daughter of Kanaka and Sandhyā, and others belonging to families known throughout the world. All the infatuated girls married the infatuated Daśagrīva with a gandharva-wedding.

Their guards went to their fathers and reported, "Some man is leaving now, after marrying your daughters." Amarasundara, angered, and Vidyādhara, their fathers, ran impetuously, intending to kill Daśakandhara. Naturally timid, the brides said to Daśagrīva: "Start your car

⁸⁷ 83. Vaivāhika is not father-in-law, but a son's or daughter's father-in-law, a connection for which there is no word in English. Sumālin was not, in fact, the bride's father-in-law, but grandfather-in-law.

quickly, master. Do not delay. This is a Vidyādhara-lord, Amarasundara, who is invincible, accompanied besides by Kanaka, Budha, and others."

Astonished at this speech, Daśāsya said to the fair maidens, "Watch the fight between them and me like that between snakes and Garuḍa." As he was saying this, the Vidyādhara-soldiers came, obscuring him with weapons, like clouds a great mountain. Rāvaṇa, having cruel strength, broke missiles with missiles and, not wishing to kill them, bewildered them at once with the missile Prasvāpana.⁹⁸ Daśānana bound them like cattle with magic nooses and released them, asked by his wives for their fathers as a boon. Then they went to their own cities, and Rāvaṇa went with his wives to Svayamprabhapura. A great reception was given by the delighted people.

Marriages of Kumbhakarna and Bibhīṣana (101-104)

Then Kumbhakarna married the daughter of King Mahodara, lord of Kumbhapura, borne by Queen Surūpanayanā, just grown, named Taḍinmālā, resembling a flash of lightning in color, with curving breasts like full jars. Bibhīṣana married the daughter of Vira, lord of Jyotiṣpura in the south row of Vaitāḍhya, borne by Queen Nandavatī, named Paṅkajaśrī, whose eyes were thieves of the beauty of lotuses.

Rāvaṇa's sons (105-106)

Then Queen Mandodarī bore a son, Indrajit, having wonderful strength, equal to Indra in splendor. After some time she bore a second son, Meghavāhana, delighting the eyes like a cloud.

After they had heard of the hostility between their fathers, Kumbhakarna and Bibhīṣana were always attacking Laṅkā ruled over by Vaiśravaṇa. Then Vaiśravaṇa sent word to Sumālin by a messenger, "Control your own sons,

⁹⁸ 98. I.e., 'sending to sleep.'

look you! these younger brothers of Rāvaṇa. They, insolent, thinking themselves heroes, do not know the (comparative) strength of themselves and others. Living in Pātālaṅkā, they are like frogs in a well. They make attacks on our city through trickery, excited by having the semblance of conquerors. For a long time I have paid no attention to them. If you do not control them, little fellow, I shall send them with you, too, by the path of Mālin.⁹⁹ You do not know our strength."

Noble Rāvaṇa, angry, replied with these words: "Sirrah! who is this Vaiśravaṇa, who is tributary to an enemy? Is he who rules Laṅkā at another's command not ashamed of himself, speaking so? This is great audacity on his part, indeed! You are a messenger. Therefore, I shall not kill you. Go!"

So addressed by Daśamauli, the messenger went to Vaiśravaṇa and related everything as it happened. Immediately after the messenger, Daśakaṅṭha started to Laṅkā with his brothers and his army in great anger. His advance having been announced by the messenger who had gone ahead, Vaiśravaṇa went forth from Laṅkā with his army to fight. Daśakandhara destroyed his army in a moment, like a wind destroying a forest, advancing unchecked. When his army had been destroyed by Rāvaṇa, considering himself destroyed, Vaiśravaṇa reflected, the fire of anger extinguished:

"Shame upon the continued existence of a proud man broken by enemies, like a pool whose flowers have been plucked, like an elephant whose tusks have been broken, like a tree whose branches have been cut, like an ornament without gems, like a moon whose moonlight has been destroyed, like a cloud whose water is gone. Or rather, let there be continued existence of him striving for emancipation. A man who has abandoned little, desiring much, is not an object of shame.¹⁰⁰ Enough for me of this

⁹⁹ III. Indra had killed Mālin and given Laṅkā to Vaiśravaṇa.

¹⁰⁰ 121. The 'little' is the kingdom and the 'much' is emancipation.

kingdom bestowing many worthless objects. I shall adopt mendicancy, the door to the house of nirvāṇa. Even Kumbhakarna and Bibhīṣaṇa, who did injuries to me, have become my benefactors by showing such a path. Rāvaṇa was a relative¹⁰¹ in the beginning; now he is a relative from his acts. For this intention of mine would not exist except for this coming here on his part."

Reflecting in this way, Vaiśravaṇa abandoned weapons, et cetera completely and adopted mendicancy by himself, absorbed in the Principles. Rāvaṇa bowed to him and said to him, his hands folded respectfully: "You are my elder brother. Pardon the sin of the younger brother. Make your kingdom even in Laṅkā without fear, brother. We shall go elsewhere. Earth is not lacking."

The noble Vaiśravaṇa, absorbed in pratimā, destined for emancipation in that birth, answered nothing at all to him saying this. Realizing that Vaiśravaṇa was free from desire, he asked his forgiveness, bowed to him, and took his car Puṣpaka together with Laṅkā. He got into Puṣpaka, a flower on the creeper of the Lakṣmī of victory, and went to the peak of Mt. Sammeta to praise the statues of the Arhats. At Rāvaṇa's descent from the mountain after he had honored the statues, a forest-elephant trumpeted at the noise of the army. Then a door-keeper, named Prahasta, said to Daśānana, "He is a jewel of an elephant, Your Majesty. He deserves to be the vehicle of a god." Then Daśānana made him submissive in sport and mounted him whose tusks were large and long, whose eyes were yellow like honey, like a spire with a lofty finial,¹⁰² like a mountain with a cascade of ichor, seven cubits high, nine cubits long. He gave him the name Bhuvanālaṅkāra, imitating the splendor of Śakra mounted on the elephant Airāvaṇa. After tying the elephant to a

¹⁰¹ 124. A cousin, as were they all.

¹⁰² 133. With play on kumbha, the finial of a spire and the boss of an elephant.

post, Daśāsya camped in the same place for the night and at dawn presided over the assembly with his retinue. A Vidyādhara, Pavanavega, wounded, came there, announced by the door-keeper, bowed, and said:

"Your Majesty, Sūryarajas and Ṛkṣarajas, sons of King Kiṣkindhi of Pātālalaṅkā, went to Kiṣkindhā. A fight took place between them and King Yama who put life in doubt, very terrible like another Yama. After they had fought for a long time, Sūryarajas and Ṛkṣarajas were bound firmly by Yama and thrown at once into prison like thieves. He arranged dwellings in hell near Vaitaraṇī and made them and their followers undergo pain of cutting, piercing, et cetera. These are your hereditary servitors, Daśakandhara. Have them released. Your command is not to be transgressed. The insult is to you alone."

Rāvaṇa replied: "That is so beyond a doubt. A dependent is injured because of the weakness of the protector. I shall show the result of my vassals being bound by him secretly with evil intent and being thrown into prison."

With these words he, whose strength of arm was formidable, eager for war, went with his army to the city Kiṣkindhā ruled by the Dikpāla Yama. Daśakandhara saw there seven hells cruel with drinking of tin, beating with rocks, cutting with axes, et cetera. Daśānana, angered, saw his own vassals being tortured and he terrified the Paramādhārmikas¹⁰⁸ there, like Garuḍa terrifying snakes. He had his own vassals released and also others in the place. For whom is the coming of the great not a means of removing trouble quickly?

The guards of the hells went at once and reported the release of the hell-dwellers to Yama, with groans and with arms raised. Red-eyed from anger, Yama left the city at once to fight, stage-manager of the play of battle, like

¹⁰⁸ 147. See I, n. 58.

another Yama. Soldiers fought with soldiers, generals with generals, but Yama, angry, fought with Daśamauli, angry. After they had sent arrow against arrow for a long time, Yama attacked quickly, raising his cruel staff, like a rogue-elephant his trunk. Daśagrīva broke it into pieces with a sharp-edged arrow, like a piece of a lotus-stalk, esteeming his enemies as eunuchs. Again Yama covered Rāvaṇa with arrows and Rāvaṇa checked them, like greed all the virtues. Then Daśānana, raining many arrows simultaneously, weakened Yama, like old age causing loss of strength. Then Yama escaped from the fight, and went in haste to Indra the Vidyādhara-lord, chief of Rathanūpura. Yama bowed to Śakra and said, his hands folded submissively:

“The handful of water ¹⁰⁴ has been given by me now to the rank of Yama, lord. Neither angry nor pleased, I shall not hold the position of Yama. For Daśagrīva has risen. Now he is Yama even of Yama. He put to flight the guards in hell and released the hell-inhabitants; and I have escaped alive from battle only by a wealth of heroism. After he had conquered Vaiśravaṇa in battle, Laṅkā was seized and his car Puṣpaka; and Surasundara was defeated.”

Then Śakra, angered, wished to fight and was restrained by the hereditary ministers by various means, as they feared a battle with the powerful Rāvaṇa. Then Indra gave the city Surasaṅgīta to Yama and he, himself, remained as usual in Rathanūpura, amusing himself.

Now, Daśāsya gave the city Kiṣkindhā to Ādityarajas and the city Rkṣapura to Rkṣarajas. He himself went to Laṅkā, his power adequate for anything, praised like a deity by relatives and citizens. Daśāsya ruled his grandfather's great kingdom, established in Laṅkā like Indra in Amarāvati.

Now, a son was borne to Ādityarajas, the king of the Kapis, by his chief-queen Indumālīnī, named Vālin,

¹⁰⁴ 157. That is, funeral rites have been performed, as it were.

powerful. Vālin, abundantly endowed with strength of arm, constantly circumambulating Jambūdvīpa bounded by the ocean, paid homage to all the shrines. There was another son of Ādityarajas, Sugrīva, and a younger daughter, Suprabhā.

Rkṣarajas had two sons by his wife Harikāntā, famous throughout the world, Nala and Nīla.

King Ādityarajas gave his kingdom to Vālin, powerful, became a mendicant, and reached emancipation, after practicing penance. Vālin made Sugrīva heir-apparent, who possessed right-belief, knew the law, was compassionate, powerful, like himself.

One day, Daśagrīva went to Mt. Meru, riding an elephant, accompanied by his wives, to pay homage to the shrines. Just then a Khecara, Khara, the son of Meghaprabha, saw Candranakhā and kidnaped her, having fallen in love with her and she with him. He went to Pātālalaṅkā, expelled King Candrodara,¹⁰⁵ the son of Ādityarajas, and took it himself. When he heard of the kidnaping of Candranakhā, Daśakandhara went at once from Meru to Laṅkā and was very angry. Daśānana started out to kill the Khecara, Khara, like an angry lion to hunt an elephant. Then Queen Mandodarī said to Rāvaṇa: "What haste is this at the wrong time? At least, reflect a little, honored sir. The maiden must certainly be given to some one. If she herself chooses a husband, agreeable and well-born, that is a good thing. The elder brother of Dūṣaṇa is a suitable husband for Candranakhā. He will be a faultless vassal of yours, powerful. Send distinguished men and marry her to him. Give Pātālalaṅkā to him and grant your favor."

His younger brother also said the same thing and, after suitable deliberation, he married her to him, having despatched Maya and Mārica.¹⁰⁶ Then he (Khara) enjoyed

¹⁰⁵ 174. This is the first mention of Candrodara. The sons of Ādityarajas were Vālin and Sugrīva, mentioned just above.

¹⁰⁶ 181. This is the first mention of Mārica.

pleasures freely in Pātālalaṅkā with Candranakhā, executing Rāvaṇa's command.

Candrodara, who had been expelled by Khara at that time, died in course of time. His wife, Anurādhā, who was with child, escaped into a forest.

In the forest she bore a son, like a lioness bearing a lion, powerful, named Virādha, the vessel of virtues, prudent conduct, et cetera. Grown up, a traveler across the ocean of all the arts, he wandered over the earth with unstumbling progress, long-armed.

Now, because of his fondness for stories in his council, Rāvaṇa heard that Vālin, the king of the Vānaras, was very brilliant and powerful. Rāvaṇa could not endure another's brilliance, like the sun, and despatched a messenger with instructions to King Vālin. He went to Vālin, bowed, and announced in a firm voice:

"I am a messenger from Daśakaṅṭha. Hear his message, O king. 'Your ancestor, Śrikanṭha, fleeing from his enemies, came for protection to my ancestor, Kīrtidhavalā. After protecting his brother-in-law from his enemies, afraid only of separation from him, Śri Kīrtidhavalā established him here in Vānaradvīpa. From that time many kings in both our families have come and gone with the relation of master and servant between them. And there was King Kiṣkindhi, your grandfather, and Sukeśa, my paternal great-grandfather. The relation between them endured just the same, and then King Sūryarajas was your father. The people know how I dragged him from Yama's prison and how I installed him in the kingdom of Kiṣkindhā, that also is well known. Now Vālin, you are his son, knowing what is proper. Therefore do service to me as before because of the relation of master and servant.'"

Angered but his expression unchanged, a śamī tree¹⁰⁷ for the fire of pride, noble Vālin said in a deep voice:

"I know the relation of affection between the two families. Until today it was unbroken between the kings

¹⁰⁷ 106. The śamī is used to kindle fire by friction with the aśvattha.

of the Rakṣases and the Vānaras. Our ancestors formed a mutual friendship in prosperity and in misfortune. Affection was the cause of that, not the state of being served and giving service. We do not know anyone to be served except a god, the omniscient Arhat, a sādhu and a good guru. What is this delusion of your master? Today, thinking himself to be served and us to be servants, he has broken the hereditary thread of affection. I myself, afraid only of censure, shall do nothing to him, sprung from a friendly family, not knowing his own strength. If he shows hostility, I shall make requital; (but) I shall not be the first to cut down the tree of former affection. Your master may act according to his power. Go, fellow!"

Thus dismissed by Vālin, he went and told Daśamauli. Broad-shouldered Daśānana, the fire of whose anger was inflamed by that speech, went quickly to Kiṣkindhā with his soldiers. Then putting on his armor, King Vālin, resplendent with strength of arms, approached him. Verily a guest in battle is dear to the powerful. Then a battle started between the soldiers on both sides, stone against stone, tree against tree, club against club. In it chariots were broken into a hundred pieces like cakes of meal that have been dropped. Even great elephants were divided like balls of clay. Horses were broken like melons here and there; foot-soldiers were made to fall to the ground like straw-men. Seeing this destruction of life, the compassionate king of the Vānaras, a hero, came in haste and said to Daśānana:

"Killing of any living thing is not suitable for persons with discernment, to say nothing of five-sensed creatures, elephants, et cetera, alas! Even if it should lead to victory over enemies, nevertheless it is not worthy of the powerful. For the powerful seek victory by their own strength alone. You are powerful and you are a (Jain) layman. Therefore stop the battle between soldiers which leads to hell for a long time because of the destruction of many lives."

Thus enlightened by him, Daśāsya, knowing dharma, began to fight in person, skilled in all weapons. Whatever weapon Daśagrīva hurled, the king of the Kapis destroyed it by his own weapons, like the sun the brilliance of strong fires. Rāvaṇa even discharged his magic missiles, Sarpa, Varuṇa, et cetera, and Vālin destroyed them by his missiles, Tārksya, et cetera. Then Daśamukha, angered by the failure of his weapons and magic missiles, drew his sword Candrahāsa, cruel as a great serpent. Like a mountain with one peak, like an elephant with one tusk, holding Candrahāsa aloft, Daśakandhara attacked Vālin. Vālin seized the lord of Laṅkā with Candrahāsa, like a tree with its branches, easily with his left hand. Setting him in the hollow of his hand like a ball, adroit, the lord of the Kapis wandered in a moment over the four oceans. Just then, having come there,¹⁰⁸ King Vālin released Daśakandhara whose neck was bent in shame and said:

“No one at any time is entitled to homage from me except the Arhat, free from desire, omniscient, authoritative, to be worshipped by the three worlds. Alas for that pride, an enemy arising within the body, deluded by which you have reached this condition, eager for homage from me. Now I have freed you, recalling former benefits. Rule the realm of the world given (to you) with unbroken command. If I wished to conquer, how would this earth be yours? Can elephants live in a forest inhabited by lions? Therefore, I shall take mendicancy, the source of the sovereignty of emancipation; but let Sugrīva be king in Kiṣkindhā, subject to your command.”

After saying this, he installed Sugrīva in his own kingdom at once and he himself took the vow at the feet of Ṛṣi Gaganacandra. Observing many restrictions, devoted to penance, practicing pratimā, meditating, free from affection, Muni Vālin wandered over the world. Magic powers gradually developed in reverend Vālin, like the wealth of a tree, flowers, leaves, fruit, et cetera. He went

¹⁰⁸ 220. To the starting-point.

to Mt. Aṣṭāpada and practiced kāyotsarga, his arms hanging down, like a tree to which swings have been fastened. Abandoning kāyotsarga at the end of a month, he broke his fast and again and again he broke fasts in this way at its abandonment.

Now Sugrīva gave Śrīprabhā¹⁰⁹ to Daśakaṇṭha, like a water-canal for the tree of former affection which was drying up. Then Sugrīva, his glory brilliant as moonlight, made Vālin's son, powerful Candrarāśmi, heir-apparent. Daśānana, whose command was acknowledged by Sugrīva, married his sister, Śrīprabhā, took her and went to Laṅkā. Rāvaṇa married by force beautiful daughters of other Vidyādhara-kings, also. Then he set out to marry Ratnāvālī, daughter of the Vidyādhara-lord, Nityāloka, in Nityālokapura. As he was going above Mt. Aṣṭāpada, his car Puṣpaka stumbled suddenly, like an army of enemies against a wall. When Daśānana saw that his car's progress was hindered, like a boat with the anchor dropped, like an elephant tied, he became angry.

"Who wishes to resort to Yama's face because of the stumbling of my car?" saying, he descended and looked at the top of the mountain. Beneath the car he saw Vālin standing in pratimā, like a new peak of the mountain that had arisen. Rāvaṇa said in anger: "Even now you are hostile to me. You observe the vow hypocritically, wishing to deceive this world. Before, by some trick you carried me around, like a vāhika.¹¹⁰ You became a mendicant, fearing requital for that act from me, certainly.

Now, indeed, I am here and these are my arms. Therefore I shall requite you for your act at the proper time.

¹⁰⁹ 231. Called Suprabhā, above.

¹¹⁰ 241. Vāhika is, to me, doubtful here. It is defined in the Lexs. as the name of a people of low standing. However, in 5. 5. 504 it is used clearly of litter-bearers. Possibly the tribe engaged in such occupations. It seems to me a similar meaning would suit here, 'porter.' But Muni Puṣyavijayaji favors taking the tribal name to mean a rough, low person, something like a goonda,

Just as you wandered over the oceans, carrying me with Candrahāsa, so I shall lift you up with the mountain and cast you into the Lavaṇa Ocean.”

After saying this, Daśagrīva split open the earth at the foot of Mt. Aṣṭāpada and entered it, like a thunderbolt that has fallen from the sky. Daśakandhara recalled the thousand vidyās simultaneously, and lifted up the mountain, difficult to lift, with unbounded pride in his strength of arm. The great muni, knew by clairvoyance that the mountain, whose Vyantāra-gods were terrified by the noise, ‘taḍat, taḍiti,’ with the lower world filled by the ocean moving to and fro with the sound, ‘jhalat, jhaliti,’ whose forest-elephants were crushed by rocks falling with a ‘khaḍat, khaḍiti,’ with the trees in the groves on its slopes broken down with the sound, ‘kaḍat, kaḍiti,’ was being raised by him (Rāvaṇa) and, pure-minded, the ocean of many rivers of labdhis, thought :

“Alas! how this fool spreads far and wide sudden destruction of many lives today because of jealousy of me! Now, having damaged the shrine of Bharateśvara, he tries to destroy the holy place, the ornament of Bharataḷṣetra. I have given up associations and am free from interest in my own body even, devoid of love and hate, plunged in an ocean of tranquillity. Nevertheless, I shall punish him a little, without any love or hate, in order to protect the shrine and save lives.”

Thus reflecting, the blessed Vālin pressed lightly the top of Mt. Aṣṭāpada with his toe. Daśāsya’s limbs became contracted at once all around like the shadow of the body at mid-day, like a tortoise out of water. His arms bent sharply, vomiting blood from his mouth, he cried out, making the earth cry. From that he became ‘Rāvaṇa.’ Hearing his pitiful cry, compassionate, Vālin released him quickly. The act was merely for punishment, not from anger. Daśakaṇṭha came forth, bereft of dignity, repentant, approached Vālin, bowed to him and spoke, his hands folded in submission :

"Again and again I, shameless, have committed crimes against you. But you, very compassionate, noble as well as powerful, have endured it. I think you abandoned the earth before, showing compassion to me, not from weakness, lord; but I did not know that before. From ignorance, lord, this strength of mine was tested by me, like an elephant struggling to overturn a mountain. Now the difference is recognized between you and me, like that of a mountain and an ant-hill, or a garuḍa and a vulture. Life was given by you, master, to me who had approached to the point of death. Reverence to you who had this thought for one who had injured him."

After saying this with firm devotion, and asking Vālin for forgiveness, Daśānana circumambulated him three times and bowed to him. The gods rained flowers on Muni Vālin, delighted with such nobility, saying, "Well done! Well done!" After bowing again to Vālin, Rāvaṇa went to the shrine made by Lord Bharata which resembled a crown on the mountain. Laying aside his weapons, Candrahāsa, et cetera, he himself with the women of his household made the eightfold pūjā to the Arhats, Ṛṣabha and others. Having drawn out a muscle and having wiped off the tendon, Daśānana, very impetuous, played on the lute of his arm with devotion. While Daśānana was playing the lute charmingly with grāmarāgas¹¹¹ and his women were singing delightfully with the seven notes,¹¹² Dharāṇa, the lord of serpents, came there to pay homage to the shrine and worshipped the Arhats with a pūjā. Seeing Rāvaṇa singing songs devoted to the Arhats' virtues, with clever introductory verses, et cetera, accompanied by the lute, Dharāṇa said:

"This song of yours consisting of praise of the Arhats' virtues is indeed a good thing in accordance with your own character. I am pleased with it, Rāvaṇa.

¹¹¹ 268. See I, n. 163.

¹¹² 268. See I, p. 133 and n. 173.

Emancipation is the chief fruit of praise of the Arhats' virtues. Nevertheless, I have a wholesome respect for you. What can I give you? Choose, sir!"

Rāvaṇa said: "It is proper that you are pleased with the praises of the virtues of the god of gods (Arhat). For devotion to the Master belongs to you, Lord of Nāgas. Just as your devotion to the Master is embellished by your giving something, mine would certainly be tarnished by my accepting anything."

Again the Lord of Nāgas said: "Rāvaṇa, showing respect to the noble, I am especially pleased with your lack of greed." Saying this, he gave Rāvaṇa the spear, Amoghavijayā (Unerring Victory), and the vidyā which makes changes in appearance and went to his own abode.

After paying homage to the Tirthanāthas, Daśānana went to Nityālokapura, married Ratnāvalī, and went back to Laṅkā.

Then Vālin's brilliant omniscience developed and a great festival of omniscience was made by gods and asuras. Then in time from the destruction of the karmas that prolong existence, possessing the four infinities of the Siddhas, he went to the place from which there is no return.

Now, in the city Jyotiḥpura on Mt. Vaitāḍhya there was a Vidyādhara-lord, Jvalanaśikha. He had a beautiful queen, Śrīmatī, and by her a bright-eyed daughter, Tārā. One day Sāhasagati, the son of Cakrāṅka, a Vidyādhara-king, saw her and was immediately wounded by love. Sāhasagati asked Jvalana for her through agents and also Sugrīva, king of the Vānaras (asked for her). For many seek a jewel. The father asked an astrologer: "Both of them are well-born, handsome, powerful. To which should the maiden be given?" "Sāhasagati will have a short life and the king of the Kapis a long life," the astrologer said, so he gave her to Sugrīva. Sāhasa did not attain forgetfulness at all because of disappointment in his wish, as if touched by charcoal day by day. Two sons, strong as elephants, Aṅgada and Jayānanda, were born to Sugrīva

dallying with Tārā. Sāhasagati, in love with Tārā, his mind stirred by love, reflected:

“When shall I kiss the fawn-eyed girl's lotus-mouth covered with petals of her lips like a ripe bimba? When shall I touch her full breasts with my hand? When shall I make them small by a tight embrace? I shall take her by force or trickery!”

With these reflections he recalled the vidyā Śemuṣī (wisdom) which changes the form. The son of King Cakrāṅka went to Mt. Kṣudrahimavat, stood in a cave, and began to subdue her.

Rāvāna's conquests (293-654)

Now Daśānana left Laṅkā, like the sun the slope of the eastern mountain, for an expedition of conquest. After conquering the Vidyādhara and the kings living within the continent, he went to Pātālalaṅkā. There he was humbly honored with gifts by Candranakhā's husband, Khara, soft-spoken, like a servant. Khara, attended by fourteen thousand Vidyādhara, set out with Rāvāna who wished to conquer Indra. Then King Sugrīva with his army followed the powerful king of the Rakṣases like a fire following a wind. Daśānana advanced with un stumbling gait, with heaven and earth covered with many armies, like an agitated ocean. Then Daśānana saw the river Revā flowing down from the Vindhya mountain, like a charming young woman, which had a tongue joined, as it were, by the groups of cooing marālas, adorned with hips, as it were, by the broad sandy beach, wearing curls, as it were, with the curling waves, casting glances often with the leaps of the śaphara, as it were. Daśakandhara camped on the bank of the Revā with his army like a powerful elephant-leader surrounded by his herd. He took a bath in the river, put on white clothes, set the jeweled image of the Arhat on a jeweled seat, bathed it with water from the Revā and, firmly seated in concentrated meditation, began a pūjā with blooming lotuses. Then suddenly a

flood, like an ocean-wave, reached Daśagrīva occupied with the pūjā. The water advanced, uprooting trees by the roots as easily as bunches of grass, above the high banks. High waves in succession crushed like oyster-shells the boats that were tied to the banks with blows against the banks in every direction. The water filled up great caves in the banks resembling caverns in Pātāla, like food filling gluttons. The river covered the islands completely like moonlight of the full moon the aerial cars of the circle of heavenly bodies. The flood uncovered fish by its great waves advancing, like a fast wind the shoots of trees. The foamy, muddy water came swiftly and carried away the Arhats' pūjā from Daśakaṇṭha as he was making it. More angered by the carrying away of the pūjā than by cutting off his head, Daśagrīva approached with harsh speech:

"Say! What enemy without cause released this water hard to restrain because of its speed to make an obstacle to the Arhats' pūjā? Is some heretic-king present, or a Vidyādhara, or a demon, or a god?"

Then a Vidyādhara explained to Daśamauli: "Ahead of here there is a large city Māhiṣmatī. In it there is a powerful king, Sahasrāṅśu, like another sun, served by kings by the thousand. He obstructed the water in the Revā by a dam for the sake of water-sports. What is impossible for the powerful? Now this Sahasrāṅśu is playing comfortably in the water with a thousand queens, like an elephant with cow-elephants. His body-guards to the number of a lac, fully armed, stand on the two banks, with weapons raised like those of Hari. There is an assurance, never seen before, on the part of him having unequaled strength, so they are merely for looks, or rather, as witnesses of the action.

The water-goddesses were terrified and the water-animals were put to flight by the vigorous blows in water-sports of him, powerful. This water was surely rolled up because of the excessive obstruction and the overflow caused by him and a thousand women. After this high

water had inundated both banks quickly, it submerged your pūjā to the gods here, Daśānana. Look at these remains of the garlands of his wives, actually floating on the bank of the Revā. That is the first indication. This water, very turbid from the women's cosmetics made of musk, et cetera, is hard to restrain, O restrainer of heroes."

At hearing this Daśānana was inflamed very much, like a fire that has received an oblation, and said:

"Listen! This pūjā to the gods was spoiled by that water spoiled by his own body by him wishing to die, like devadūšya spoiled by collyrium. Therefore, go, soldiers of the Rākṣasas! Bind that wretch who thinks himself a soldier and bring him here, sirs, like fishermen a fish."

Instructed emphatically to this effect, his followers, the Rākṣasa-soldiers, ran by the lacs, like extraordinary waves of the Revā. The Rākṣasas engaged in battle with Sahasrāṅśu's soldiers standing on the banks, like elephants with elephants inside a forest. Standing in the air, bewildering very many of them by vidyās, they attacked them like clouds attacking śarabhas with hail.¹¹⁸ Seeing his men being attacked, his lip trembling with anger, Sahasrāṅśu reassured his wives by waving his hand like a pennant. Sahasrāṅśu left the Revā, like Airāvaṇa leaving the heavenly Sindhu, and strung his bow. Sahasrāṅśu, long-armed, put the Rakṣas-heroes in the air to flight with arrows, like a wind bunches of straw. When he saw that his men had been turned from the battle, Rāvaṇa himself, angered, approached Sahasrāṅśu, raining arrows. Both angry, both very strong, both determined, they fought for a long time with various weapons. Realizing that he could not be defeated by strength of arm, Rāvaṇa seized the king of Māhiṣmatī, after bewildering him like an elephant with a vidyā. Praising him as very heroic, Daśagrīva himself conducted him to the camp, very humble, considering himself conquered even though he had conquered.

¹¹⁸ 331. See I, n. 302.

While Daśānana was seated in his council, delighted, a flying ascetic, named Śatabāhu, arrived. Daśāya left his lion-throne, took off his jeweled slippers, and stood to receive him, like a peacock a cloud. Rāvaṇa fell at his feet, touching the ground with five parts of the body, considering him equal to a gaṇadhara of the Arhats. After seating the muni on the seat offered by himself, Daśagrīva bowed to him and sat down on the ground. Like confidence embodied, a brother to reassurance of all the world, he gave him the blessing, 'Dharmalābha,'¹¹⁴ the mother of good fortune. The best of munis, questioned by Rāvaṇa with folded hands about the reason for his coming, replied with the harmless speech:

"I am Śatabāhu. I was king of Māhiṣmatī. I am afraid of this living in worldly existence, like a tiger afraid of fire. I bestowed my kingdom on my son, Sahasrakiraṇa, and resorted to the vow which resembles a chariot on the road to emancipation."

When this was half-spoken, Daśagrīva said, his head bowed: "Is he your reverence's powerful son?" The muni said, "Yes," and Daśānana said:

"I came here to the river-bank in course of an expedition of conquest. Camp was made on that bank and, as I had made worship of the Jinās with blooming lotuses, I became absorbed in that, my mind concentrated on one object. When the pūjā was submerged by water which he caused to overflow, impure from his bathing, I did this in anger. I think he, noble, did that in ignorance. Why would your son show any disrespect at all to the Arhats?"

Saying this, Daśānana bowed and brought Sahasrāṅśu, and he bowed to his father, the muni, his face bowed in shame. Rāvaṇa said to him: "Henceforth, you are my brother. Muni Śatabāhu is my father as well as yours. Go, rule your own kingdom. Take additional territory,

¹¹⁴ 343. 'May you obtain dharma.'

also. For you are a fourth to us three,¹¹⁵ taking a part of (our) wealth.”

Sahasrāṅśu, freed and so addressed, said: “For the future I have finished with the kingdom and the body. I shall resort to the vow to which my father resorted, which destroys worldly existence. For this road of the noble leads to emancipation.” Saying this, he entrusted his son to Daśāsya and he in his last body took the vow at his father's feet. At the very time because of their friendship he sent word to King Anarāya that he had become a mendicant. The king of Ayodhyā thought, “There was an agreement between my dear friend and me that we would take the vow at the same time.” Recalling his promise to this effect he gave his kingdom to his son Daśaratha and, having the wealth of truth, took the vow.

After paying homage to the ṛṣis, Śatabāhu and Sahasrāṅśu, Daśānana installed Sahasrāṅśu's son on the throne and left through the air.

Story of Nārada (362-514)

Then Muni Nārada, weak from blows with clubs, et cetera, lamenting, “This was a crime,” told Rāvaṇa:

“King, in Rājapura there is a king, named Marutta. He is a heretic and makes sacrifices, influenced by wicked Brāhmins. I saw innocent animals, crying out, bound, being led by his Brāhmins like butchers for slaughter in a sacrifice. Then I, compassionate, descended from the sky and questioned Marutta who was surrounded by Brāhmins, ‘Look! What is taking place?’ Then Marutta said: ‘This is a sacrifice ordered by the Brāhmins. The animals must be sacrificed here in the sacrificial ground to please the gods. This is a well-known righteous act for the sake of heaven. Therefore I shall make a sacrifice today with these animals, sir.’ Then I said to him: ‘The

¹¹⁵ 354. Rāvaṇa and his two brothers.

body is the sacrificial ground; the soul is the sacrificer; penance is the fire; knowledge is said to be the gñi; karma is the fuel; anger, et cetera are considered the animals; truth is the sacrificial post; protection of all living things is the fee for the sacrifice. If a sacrifice has been made in accordance with the Vedas, with the understanding the three Vedas are the three jewels, by a different means, the attainment of emancipation results. The people who, like Rākṣasas, make a sacrifice by killing goats, et cetera, will remain in a terrible hell, suffering pain, for a long time after they have died. You spring from the best family; you are intelligent and wealthy. O king, turn from that crime suitable for hunters. If heaven were possible for people by the killing of living creatures, then this world of the living would be empty in a few days.'

At hearing this speech of mine, the Brāhmans flamed with anger like the fires of a sacrifice and started up with staves and boards in their hands. Then I was beaten by them, escaped, and reached you, like one injured by the current of a river reaching an island, Rāvaṇa. Protect the innocent animals who are being killed by these human-animals. I, on the other hand, am protected just from seeing you."

Then Daśāsya descended from his car with the intention of looking at that (the sacrifice), and was honored by the king with water for the feet, the lion-throne, et cetera. Daśānana, angry, said to King Marutta: "Sirrah! Why is this sacrifice being made by these men facing hell? For how can dharma taught by the omniscients benefiting the three worlds to be from non-injury result from a sacrifice consisting of injury to animals? Do not make this sacrifice hostile to the two worlds. If you make it, you will dwell in my prison in this world and in hell in the next." Then King Marutta stopped the sacrifice at once. For Rāvaṇa's command, terrifying to every one, is not to be transgressed. Daśāsya asked Nārada, "How did these sacrifices consisting of slaughter of animals originate?" and Nārada related:

Story of origin of animal sacrifices (383-502)

"There is a city, Śaktimatī, famous throughout the world. It is adorned by the river Śaktimatī like a pleasure-companion. When many kings had come and gone since Munisuvrata of good vows, Abhicandra, best of kings, was king in this city. Abhicandra had a son, Vasu by name, very intelligent, known for speaking the truth. Under the guru Kṣīrakadamba, his son Parvatāka, Prince Vasu, and I—the three of us—studied. One night when we were asleep on the top of the house from fatigue from study, two flying ascetics were talking to each other, as they went through the air. Kṣīrakadambaka heard, 'One of these will go to heaven, but the other two will go to hell.'

Hearing this, Kṣīrakadamba was crushed and thought: 'Oh! oh! With me as a teacher, two of my pupils will go to hell. Which one of these will go to heaven and which to hell?' Wishing to know this, the teacher summoned the three of us at the same time. The guru gave each one of us a dough-cock and said, 'Kill these where no one sees.' Vasu and Parvatāka went to deserted places and destroyed the dough-cocks as well as a state of existence beneficial to themselves. I went to a very distant place outside the city, stopped in a spot without any people, looked in all directions, and thought: 'Though the order was given by the guru, "Son, you must kill this cock where no one sees," he (the cock) sees, I see, and the Khecaras see, the Lokapālas see, and the jñānins¹¹⁶ see. There is *no* place where no one sees. "The cock certainly must not be killed," is the meaning of the guru's speech. The reverend guru, compassionate, always averse to injury, surely gave this command to test our intelligence.'

With these reflections I returned without killing the cock and explained to the guru the reason for not killing the cock. The guru embraced me with pride, thinking,

¹¹⁶ 395. This would include persons with the 3 higher kinds of knowledge. See I, pp. 201 ff.

'He will go to heaven,' and said, 'Well done! Well done!' Vasu and Parvataka returned later and said, 'We killed the cocks where no one could see.' The guru reviled them, 'O wretches, you saw in the first place; the Khecaras, et cetera saw. Why were the cocks killed?' The idea of teaching forgotten because of that pain, the teacher thought: 'My trouble in teaching Vasu and Parvata was wasted. The teaching of the guru develops here according to the recipient. Rain-water becomes pearls or brine according to the difference in place. My son Parvataka is dear to me; Vasu is dearer than a son even. They will go to hell. So enough for me of being a householder.' From disgust with existence at these thoughts, the teacher became a mendicant then and Parvata sat at his feet, expert on occasion of exposition. As I had become expert in all the sciences by favor of the guru, I returned to my own place then.

Abhicandra, the moon of kings, took the vow at the proper time and then Vasu became king, equal to Vāsudeva in splendor. He acquired a reputation through the world, 'He tells the truth,' and he spoke only the truth in order to protect his reputation.

Then one day a hunter, who was deer-hunting, shot an arrow and it stumbled on the intervening slope of the Vindhya. He went to find out the reason for the arrow's stumbling on it and, touching it with his hand, found it was atmospheric crystal. He thought: 'I think I saw the deer moving somewhere else reflected in this, like the shadow of the earth reflected in the moon. Unless you touch it, this is not observed at all. Surely this is suitable to give to King Vasu.' The hunter went to the king secretly and told him about the stone. The king accepted it with delight and gave him much money. He (the king) had a base for his throne made from it in secret and had the artisans killed. For kings are subject to no one. The king of Cedi's lion-throne was set on this base and the people believed that it stood in the air from the power of

truth: 'Pleased by the truth, gods attend him,' and so his strong reputation spread over the world. Kings, terrified by his reputation, submitted to him. For reputation, whether true or false, conquers men.

Dispute over meaning of aja (418-454)

One day I went there and saw Parvata commenting on the Ṛgveda to intelligent pupils. He explained the phrase, 'Sacrifice must be made with aja(s),' as meaning with 'meṣa(s).' ¹¹⁷ I said to him, 'Brother, what are you saying by mistake? Aja is so-called because three-year old rice does not reproduce. Why have you forgotten that it was so explained by our guru?'

Then Parvataka said, 'The father did not say that. Moreover, aja(s) were said to be meṣa(s) and are called the same in the lexicons.'

I said: 'The determination of the meaning of words is primary and secondary. In this case the guru taught the secondary. The guru is a teacher of dharma alone; and sacred knowledge consists of dharma alone. Do not commit a sin by falsifying both, friend.'

Parvata replied scornfully: 'The guru said aja(s) meant 'meṣa(s)'. Do you acquire dharma by transgression of the meaning of words taught by the guru? False and arrogant speech on the part of men should not exist from fear of punishment. Let us make a wager of cutting out the tongue on the confirmation of our own opinion. King Vasu, the fellow-student of us both, can be the authority.' I agreed to that, for there is no fear on the part of those speaking the truth. Secretly Parvata's mother, though occupied with household matters, said to him: 'I heard your father say, "Aja means three-year old rice." That

¹¹⁷ 419. It is difficult to see why Hem. uses the word meṣa here, which means 'ram' and *only* 'ram.' Aja can mean either 'goat' or 'ram.' But it usually means 'goat' and certainly in the Brāhmanic sacrifices, it was a goat, chāga, and not a sheep. See Mīmāṃsādarśana with Śabara's bhāṣya, 6. 8. 10.

you made a wager to cut out your tongue from arrogance was improper. People acting without reflection are the home of calamities.'

Parvata said, 'Just as I did such a thing, so I do not know the reason for doing it, mother.'

Wounded in the heart by grief over Parvata's calamity, she went to King Vasu. What is not done for the sake of a son? Vasu said, 'Now I see Kṣīrakadamba, mother, when I see you. What can I do for you or what can I give you?' She said, 'Give me the boon of a son, king. For without a son what is the use to me of other money and grain, son?'

Vasu said: 'Mother, Parvata must be protected and honored by me. For it is said in the sacred texts, "One must treat the son of the guru like the guru." Whose (name-) leaf has been turned up by angry Fate unseasonably? Who wishes to kill my brother? Tell me, mother. Why are you grieved?'

She told the story about the interpretation of aja and her son's wager and, saying 'You have been made the authority,' she asks, 'Say that aja means "meṣa" and protect your brother. For the great confer benefits just by existing, how much more by speech.'

King Vasu said: 'How can I lie, mother? For truthful persons do not lie even when in danger of life. Not even any other lie can be told by the one fearing evil, to say nothing of misrepresenting the guru's words and bearing false witness.'

'Choose between your guru's son and adherence to your vow of truth,' she said angrily, and the king consented to her speech. Then Kṣīrakadamba's wife went away, delighted, and Parvata and I went to King Vasu's assembly. The councilors, endowed with the quality of impartiality, met in the council, haṅsas for (separating) the milk and water of the truth and falsehood of the disputants. The head of the council, Vasu, adorned his lion-throne on the base of the atmospheric crystal like the moon adorning the

sky. Then Parvataka and I explained our respective opinions about the interpretation to the king, saying, 'Tell the truth.' The Brāhman-elders said: 'The decision depends on you. You are their authority, an eye-witness, like the sun of the heaven and earth. The magic instruments,¹¹⁸ the pitcher, et cetera, act from truth, the cloud rains from truth, the gods have power from truth. This world has been founded on truth by you yourself, O king. Why do we speak to you on this subject? Speak in accordance with your vow of truthfulness.'

After hearing their speech, Vasu cast aside his reputation for truthfulness and testified, 'The guru explained aja as meṣa.' Angered by that lie, the gods split the crystal base then and there. King Vasu fell to the ground at once, as if announcing in advance his fall into hell. Then King Vasu, destroyed by the gods who were angered by that falsehood, went to a terrible hell. Vasu's sons, Pṛthuvāsa, Citravāsu, Vāsava, Śakra, Vibhāvāsu, Viśvāvāsu, and the seventh, Śūra, and the eighth, Mahāśūra, seated at their father's feet, were killed by the gods at that time from anger. The ninth son, Suvasu, fled to Nāgapura and Vasu's tenth son, Bṛhaddhvaja went to Mathurā.

Much ridiculed by the citizens, Parvata was banished from the city and was received by the Asura Mahākāla."

Story of Mahākāla (455-502)

Asked by Daśamukha, "Who is this Mahākāla?" Nārada related: "There is a city here, Cāraṇayugala. Its king was Ayodhana and his wife's name was Diti, and they had a beautiful daughter, Sulasā. Summoned by her father to her svayaṃvara, all the kings came and King

¹¹⁸ 445. When a king had to be chosen from among the people, because there was none by succession, when a suitable person was found, the elephant trumpeted, the horse neighed, the pitcher sprinkled him, the chauri fanned him, and the umbrella stood over him. Cf. Penzer's Ocean of Story, V, 175ff. and the Kathākośa, p. 4.

Sagara was first among them. At Sagara's command a woman door-keeper, named Mandodarī, went to King Ayodhana's palace every day. One day Diti went into a plantain-house in the palace-garden with Sulasā and Mandodarī went also. Wishing to hear their conversation, Mandodarī clung to the creepers. Diti said to Sulasā:

'Child, there is great anxiety to me in this svayaṃvara of yours. The choice depends on you. So listen to the whole thing from the beginning. There were two sons of Ṛṣabha Svāmin, Bharata and Bāhubali, who had descendants, whose sons were Sūrya and Soma. My brother, Tṛṇabindu, was born in the Soma-line; your father, King Ayodhana, was born in the Sūrya-line. Ayodhana's sister, Satyayaśas, became the wife of King Tṛṇabindu and their son was Madhupiṅgala. I wish you to be given to him, fair maiden, but your father wishes to give you to a husband chosen at a svayaṃvara. I do not know whom you will choose. This is a worry to me. You must choose my nephew among the kings.'

Sulasā agreed to her instructions and Mandodarī told King Sagara what she had heard. Sagara instructed his family-priest, Viśvabhūti, and he, a poet, immediately composed a treatise on the characteristics of kings. In this he wrote in such a way that Sagara became endowed with all royal characteristics and Madhupiṅgala was devoid of them. He put the book in a box as if it were ancient and took it into the royal council one day at the king's command. At the beginning Sagara said that whoever was deficient in proper characteristics according to this book when it was read should be killed and abandoned by every one. As the priest read the book, Madhupiṅgala became ashamed because he was lacking in proper characteristics. Madhupiṅgala went away and Sulasā chose Sagara. The wedding took place at once and they all went to their respective homes.

Madhupiṅgala practiced foolish penance because of his humiliation and died; he became an Asura, named

Mahākāla, lord of sixty thousand. Then he knew by clairvoyance Sagara's scheme which was the cause of his own humiliation in Sulasā's svayamvara. The Asura said, 'I will kill King Sagara and other kings also,' and, as he was looking for opportunities, he saw Parvata at the river Śuktimatī. Then he assumed the dress of a Brāhman and said to Parvata, 'I am a friend of your father, named Śāṅḍilya, noble sir. Formerly, Kṣīrakadamba and I together studied with the wise teacher Gautama. Hearing that you had been injured by Nārada and the people, I came. I shall make your side successful, bewildering every one by charms.'

Together with Parvata the Asura bewildered the whole people by means of wicked practices to make them fall into an evil state of existence. He produced afflictions, such as diseases, bhūts, et cetera, everywhere among the people and made them free from afflictions when the opinion of Parvata had been adopted. By the instructions of Śāṅḍilya Parvata allayed illness and, as he had benefited them repeatedly, he fixed the people in his opinion. The Asura created diseases, severe and very numerous, in Sagara's city, harem, and attendants. Even Sagara turned to Parvata because of the people's confidence and he with Śāṅḍilya allayed diseases everywhere.

What he taught (485-501)

'Drinking wine in the Sautrāmaṇī¹¹⁹ is not wrong according to the rules. Illicit relations with women must be practiced in the sacrifice named 'Gosava.'¹²⁰ In the mātṛ-medha the mother must be killed and in the pitṛmedha¹²¹

¹¹⁹ 485. See Śatapathabrāhmaṇa, Kāṇḍa V. 5. 4 and XII. 7. ff., SBE, XLI, XLIV.

¹²⁰ 485. For the Gosava, see p. 157 of Caland's Das Jaiminiya Brāhmaṇa in Auswahl; II. 113 of original. Also Garbe's Śrautasūtra of Āpastamba, 22. 13.

¹²¹ 486. Pitṛmedha is the oblation made to the Pitṛs and is described in the Śatapathabrāhmaṇa XIII. 8. 1. ff. (SBE, XLIV). But

the father must be killed at the sacrificial-ground; and there is no sin in it.

After making a fire on the back of a tortoise, one should satisfy (the fire) with an oblation, after saying, "Hail to Juhvaka," zealously. When a tortoise can not be found, then a Brāhman should throw the oblation, having lighted a blazing fire on the head, resembling a tortoise, of a pure Brāhman, bald, of a tawny color, motionless, immersed in pure water up to his mouth.¹²²

Everything is one and the same god: what has been; what will be; who is lord of immortality; what grows by food.¹²³ Since there is one god, who perishes here? Hence, kill as many animals as you like in the sacrifice. Eating of their flesh must be done in the sacrificial rites by the one sacrificing repeatedly. For an act committed at the direction of the gods is pure.'

By him advising in this way Sagāra was converted to his doctrine and had animal-sacrifices made in Kurukṣetra, et cetera in the sacrificial-ground. Having begun, he made the sacrifices at the coronations of kings, et cetera, and the Asura showed those killed in sacrifice occupying heavenly palaces. Then the people converted to Parvata's opinions, trusting him, fearlessly made sacrifices consisting of injury to animals. I saw that and said to a Vidyādhara named Divākara, 'All the animals at the sacrifice must be taken away by you.' He agreed with me; (but) when he took the animals in the sacrifice, a base god, a Paramā-

it is a description of funeral rites and does not involve the slaying of a father or mother. I have not been able to find an explanation of this statement. See Appendix I.

¹²² 487. The sacrifice of a tortoise appears in the building of the fire-altar, but it does not correspond with this. See Śata. Br. 7. 5. 1. (SBE, XI, I). The rest of the rite here corresponds very closely with Taitt. Br. 3. 9. 15. But that concerns the aśvamedha and a tortoise has nothing to do with it. I can not locate any rite to which Hemacandra's description applies. See Appendix I.

¹²³ 490. This is Rgveda 10. 90. 2.

dhārmika, knew it. Mahākāla set up a statue of Rṣabha to destroy his vidyā and the Khecara stopped (rescuing the animals). Then I went elsewhere silently, my scheme having been destroyed; and he encouraged Sagara in the sacrifices by deceit. He sacrificed Sagara with Sulasā in the sacrificial fire and, his purpose accomplished, Mahākāla went to his own abode. Thus sacrifices consisting of injury to animals were made by the Brāhmins through Parvata, a mountain of wickedness. They must be stopped by you."

Daśānana consented to that, bowed humbly to Nārada, asked his forgiveness because of Marutta and dismissed him.

Nārada's birth (503-514)

Marutta bowed to Rāvaṇa and said, "Who is this ocean of compassion who stopped us from that sin through you, master?"

Rāvaṇa replied: "There was a Brāhman, Brahmaruci, who was an ascetic. His wife, Kūrmī, became pregnant. One day some monks came there and one of them said: 'It was, indeed, well done, that living in a house was abandoned from fear of worldly existence. How, pray, does living in a forest differ from living in a house, if you have relations with your wife again, your mind injured by sense-objects?'

Hearing that, Brahmaruci accepted the teaching of the Jinas and became a mendicant at once and Kūrmī became a laywoman next. Devoid of false belief, living there in the hermitage, she bore a son who was exempt from crying, et cetera, named Nārada. When she had gone somewhere else (one day), the Jṛmbhaka gods kidnaped him. Because of sorrow for the boy, she became a mendicant under Indumālā. The gods took care of him and taught him the sciences; and in course of time gave him the vidyā 'going through the air.' Observing the lesser vows, he reached charming youth. As he always wore the topknot, he was neither householder nor ascetic.

Eager to watch quarrels, interested in singing and dancing, he was always very devoted to bad conduct and talkativeness about love. The creator of peace and dissension between heroes and lovers, with an umbrella under his arm and his mat in his hand, elevated on shoes, because he had been reared by the gods Nārada became known on earth as a god-ṛṣi, a celibate in general ¹²⁴ and doing as he pleased."

Conquest of Mathurā (515-550)

When the Lord of Laṅkā had told this, Marutta asked his forgiveness for the sin arising from the sacrifice which was made because of his own ignorance. Then King Marutta gave his daughter, Kanakaprabhā, to Daśāsya, and Daśāsya married her. Destroyer of Marutta's sacrifice, strong like the wind, he went then to the city Mathurā, very powerful. Its king, Harivāhana, came to Daśagrīva with his son Madhu, who had a spear, like Iśāna. Daśakandhara, delighted, talked with him who was standing near with devotion and asked him, "Where did your son get this spear for a weapon?" Madhu, instructed by his father by a gesture of his eye-brow, replied gently :

"This was given to me by the Indra Camara, my friend in a former birth. Camara said: 'In the continent Dhātakikhaṇḍa in Airāvatakṣetra in the large city Śatadvāra there were a prince, Sumitra, and a boy of good family, Prabhava. They were friends like Vasanta and Madana. In childhood they learned the arts under one teacher and they played together as inseparable as the two Aśvins. When they had grown up, Sumitra became king in that city and he made Prabhava very magnificent like himself.

One day the king's horse ran away with him and went to a large forest; and the king married the daughter of the head of a village in it. The king returned to his

¹²⁴ 514. I.e., he was a celibate, but did not observe all the details of the strict celibacy of monks.

own city with her and she, young and beautiful, was seen by Prabhava. Tormented by love at first sight of her, he became thinner day by day like the moon in the dark fortnight. The king, realizing that he who was not susceptible to charms and spells had become very thin, said, "What is troubling you? Tell me fully, friend." Prabhava replied, "This can not be spoken which even in my mind amounts to a family disgrace." Questioned persistently by the king, the well-born youth said, "Love for Vanamālā is the cause of my bodily weakness." The king said, "For your sake, I would abandon even a kingdom, to say nothing of a mere woman. Take her this very day." With these words he dismissed him and sent her after him, like a messenger, to his house at nightfall.

She said: "The king has given me, a life-giving herb, to you, suffering. Therefore, command me. The husband's command is very powerful for me. For your sake my husband would give up his life, to say nothing of a slave like me. Why do you seem indifferent?"

Prabhava said, "Alas! alas for me shameless! He indeed is noble whose friendship for me is such a kind. Even life is given for another, but not a wife. So an evil thing has been done today by him for my sake. There is nothing unaskable, like the improper speech of slanderers, for people like me; and nothing ungivable for people like him, like wishing-trees. By all means, go. You are (like) a mother. Henceforth do not look at this person (me) nor speak to such a heap of evil even at your husband's command."

The king had come there secretly and had heard his speech, and was greatly delighted at seeing his friend's virtue. After bowing to Vanamālā and dismissing her, Prabhava took a cruel sword and started to cut off his own head. Sumitra showed himself and took the sword from his hand, saying, "Do not do anything rash." Prabhava, his head bowed from shame, as if wishing to enter the earth,

was restored to his natural state by Sumitra some way or other. They ruled for a long time, devoted friends as before. Sumitra became a mendicant, died, and became the god *Iśāna*. Then he fell and became you, the son of *Harivāhana*, king of *Mathurā*, named *Madhu*, strong-armed, son of *Mādhavi*. *Prabhava* wandered through births for a long time and became the son of *Viśvāvasu* and *Jyotirmatī*, named *Śrikumāra*. He practiced penance with a *nidāna*, died in the course of time, and became I, the *Indra Camara*, your friend of a former birth.'

After relating this, he gave me this trident, which goes up to two thousand *yojanas* and returns, after doing its work." After hearing this, *Daśagrīva* gave his daughter, *Manoramā*, to Prince *Madhu*, conspicuous in devotion and power.

Then *Daśakandhara* went to worship the shrines in *Paṇḍaka* on *Svarṇādri* eighteen years from the day he left *Laṅkā*. *Daśakaṇṭha* paid homage to the shrines ardently with concerts, *pūjās*, and festivals held with great magnificence.

Taking of Durlaṅgha (551-577)

At *Daśagrīva*'s command *Kumbhakaṛṇa* and others went to capture *Indra*'s *Dikpāla*, *Nalakūbara*, in the city *Durlaṅgha*. By means of the *vidyā* *Āśāli* *Nalakūbara* made a wall of fire, which was a hundred *yojanas* high, in his city. And on it he made machines made of fire alone making a fire in the sky, as it were, with masses of flames. *Nalakūbara* stood near the wall, surrounded by soldiers, blazing with anger like a *Vahnikumāra*. *Kumbhakaṛṇa* and the others approached and were not able even to look at him, like men aroused from sleep looking at the midday sun of summer. "This city *Durlaṅgha* is hard to cross," they declared to *Daśāsya*, after they had retreated, their eagerness destroyed, with difficulty. *Daśāsya* himself went there and saw the wall such as it was.

Not seeing any means of capturing it, he considered for a long time with his friends.

Then Nalakūbara's wife, Uparambhā, fell in love with Daśāsya and sent a woman-messenger who said to him: "Uparambhā, like the Śrī of victory embodied, wishes to dally with you. Her mind has been carried away by your virtues. Only in body does she remain there. She will make the vidyā Āśālī, the guardian of the wall, as well as herself, submissive to you, honored sir. By it you will capture the city and Nalakūbara and the divine cakra, Sudarśana, will fall to you here."

Bibhīṣaṇa, at whom Daśāsya looked laughingly, said, "Very well," and dismissed the woman-messenger. Daśagrīva said to Bibhīṣaṇa angrily: "Look here! What is this you have done which is derogatory to the family? No one in our family has given his heart to another man's wife, foolish man, nor his back to the enemy in battle. This new stain on the family has been made by you just by speech. O Bibhīṣaṇa, what was your idea in saying this?" Bibhīṣaṇa said, "Be calm, powerful elder brother. Mere speech is not sufficient for family-disgrace to pure-minded men. Let her come and give you the vidyā. Let the enemy become submissive. Do not possess her. You should dismiss her with an appropriate speech."

While Daśānana gave approval to Bibhīṣaṇa's speech, Uparambhā came, eager for his embraces. She gave him the vidyā Āśālikā, which had been made into a wall in the city by her husband, and unerring weapons in charge of Vyantaras. Daśāsya destroyed the wall of fire by means of the vidyā and entered Durlaṅgha with his army and transport. Then Nalakūbara armed himself for battle and rose up and was seized by Bibhīṣaṇa like a leather-bag by an elephant. There Rāvaṇa came into possession of the cakra named Sudarśana, invincible even to gods and demons, irresistible to Śakra's kinsman.¹²⁵

¹²⁵ 572. I think this must refer to Nalakūbara himself, who was Indra's Dikpāla. He must be the Śakra meant here.

Daśāsya gave the city to him when he had submitted. Just as the rich are not greedy for money, neither are the powerful greedy for victory.

Then Daśāsya said to Uparambhā in a manner suitable for their families:

“Fair lady, honor your husband who has shown respect to me. You are now in the place of a guru to me because of giving me the vidyā. I look upon other married women as sisters and mothers. You are the daughter of Kāmadhvaja and Sundarī. Do not let any stain come from you, inimical to both families.”

Talking to her in this way, he returned her to King Nalakūbara, uninjured like a woman who had come to her father’s house because she was angry.

Defeat of Indra (578–633)

The elder brother of Kumbhakarna, worshipped by King Nalakūbara, set out with his army for Rathanūpura. When he heard that Rāvaṇa was coming, wise Sahasrāra said to his son Indra affectionately because of affection for his son:

“Son, our family has reached the highest position through you, who are very powerful, being born in it, and has taken away prosperity from other families. This has been done by you by power alone. Now you must give attention to principles of policy. Power alone sometimes leads to calamity. Śarabhas, et cetera perish from power alone. The earth produces stronger than the strong. Do not be conceited at the thought, ‘I am stronger than all.’ Now a hero has appeared, the thief of all heroism, a sun in splendor, the restrainer of Sahasrāṅśu by whom Kailāsa was easily uprooted, the destroyer of Marutta’s sacrifice, he whose mind was unshaken by the Lord of Jambūdvīpa, the Indra of the Yakṣas, who has the trustworthy spear Amoghā from Dharaṇendra, whose mind was delighted by song with the lute of his arm in the presence of the

Arhat, powerful from the three regal powers,¹²⁶ haughty from two brothers like himself, like his arms, Rāvaṇa, Lord of Laṅkā, sun of the family of Sukeśa. He crushed Yama and your vassal, Vaiśravaṇa, with ease and he made a vassal of the king of the Vānaras, Sugrīva, the brother of Vālin. The younger brother¹²⁷ of him who had entered the city Durlaṅgha with its wall of fire hard to cross bound and captured Nalakūbara. Now he is approaching you, violent as the fire at the end of the world. He must be calmed by the rain of nectar of humility, not otherwise. Offer him your beautiful daughter, Rūpavati. So you will have the best alliance because of the connection."

When he had heard this speech of his father, he said angrily:

"How can one's own daughter be given to him, an enemy? Besides, the hostility with him is not recent, but inherited. Remember that my father Vijayasiṅha¹²⁸ was killed earlier by his adherents. What I did to his paternal grandfather, Mālin,¹²⁹ I shall do to him. Let the wretch come! Do not be timid from affection. Depend on your natural fortitude. Do you not know your son's strength which you have always seen?"

As he was saying this, Daśakandhara, irresistible, came and surrounded his city, Rathanūpura, with an army. First, Daśāsya, whose strength was celebrated, sent a messenger, who approached Indra and said to him confidently:

"Whatever kings are here who are proud of their vidyās and strength of arm, Daśakandhara must be worshipped by them coming with gifts, et cetera. Through Daśakaṅṭha's forgetfulness and because of your simplicity, so long a time as this has passed. Now it is time for

¹²⁶ 586. See II, n. 117.

¹²⁷ 589. Bibhiṣaṇa.

¹²⁸ 593. Really his uncle.

¹²⁹ 594. His great-uncle.

devotion to him from you. Show devotion to him or show your power now. If you are lacking in devotion and power, in that case you will perish."

Indra said: "Rāvaṇa has been worshipped by wretched kings, so he is crazed (with pride). Even crazed, he asks for a pūjā. Just as the time for Rāvaṇa's happiness has passed, so the time, having the form of death, is present now for him. Go and show me your master's devotion or power. If he is deficient in devotion and power, he will perish in that case."

When Rāvaṇa had been so informed by the messenger, he, harsh from anger, very impetuous, armed himself and all the soldiers. Indra armed himself quickly and left Rathanūpura. For heroes can not endure a lot of conceit in other heroes. Vassals with vassals, soldiers with soldiers, generals with generals of the two armies fought together. There was a conflict between the two armies raining weapons, like Puṣkarāvarta clouds at the end of the world. Saying, "What is the use of these wretched soldiers being killed like flies?" Rāvaṇa himself mounted the best of elephants, Bhuvanālaṅkāra, his bow strung for battle, and attacked Indra seated on Airāvaṇa. Indra's and Rāvaṇa's elephants met, weaving magic snares over each other's faces, as it were, by coilings of their trunks. The two elephants, having great endurance, struck tusk against tusk, making sparks fly as if from rubbing a fire-stick. A row of golden circlets fell to the ground at once from their tusks from their blows against each other as if from the arms of women separated from their husbands. Streams of blood flowed from their heads crushed by the blows with their tusks, like streams of ichor from their cheeks. Now with darts, now with arrows, now with hammers Rāvaṇa and Indra fought like the two unequalled elephants. Very powerful, they ground missiles to pieces with missiles mutually. One was not inferior to the other, like the east and west ocean. The two of them, who had been initiated in the ceremony of battle, fought with

magic missiles which quickly participated in the state of oppressed and oppressor like a general rule and the exception. While the two elephants, Airāvaṇa and Bhuvanā-laṅkāra, were closely joined like two pieces of fruit on one stalk, Rāvaṇa, knowing tricks, leaped from his elephant, went to Airāvaṇa, killed the mahout, and captured Indra as well as the Indra of elephants. The elephant was entirely surrounded below by the Rakṣas-soldiers making a loud noise from joy, like a piece of honey by bees. When Śakra (Indra) had been captured by Rāvaṇa, his army fled in all directions. When the lord has been conquered, the soldiers are surely conquered. Rāvaṇa led Indra with Airāvaṇa to his own camp and he himself became chief in the two rows (of cities).

Then Daśakandhara returned to Laṅkā, threw Śakra into prison, like a parrot into a wooden cage. Sahasrāra, with the regents of the quarters, came to Laṅkā, bowed to Rāvaṇa, his hands folded submissively like a footman, and said:

“We are not ashamed because we were conquered by you, powerful, who lifted up Kailāsa as easily as a piece of rock. You being such as you are, a petition is not a reason for shame at all. So I ask you: release Śakra and give me the alms of a son.”

Rāvaṇa said: “If I free Śakra, he with the regents and attendants must always do such work (as this). He must constantly keep the city Laṅkā everywhere as clean from grass, wood, et cetera, as the floor of a house. At every dawn he must sprinkle the city all over with divine perfumes like a cloud¹⁹⁰ with water, having made a waving of garments. After gathering and tying flowers himself

¹⁹⁰ 628. Celotkṣepam. PE interprets celotkṣepa as a ‘rain of clothes,’ and it is often so interpreted, I believe. But Hemacandra makes it plain in other passages that he does not mean a shower of clothes, but a waving of garments. See I. 3. 300, where there is a comparison with chauris, 2. 3. 291, 3. 1. 308, 3. 2. 115. One MS has the reading celaknopam, which has some appeal.

always, like a gardener, he must present them on suitable occasions of the gods, et cetera. So performing various tasks, your son may take his kingdom again and rejoice in my favor."

Sahasrāra said, "He will do so," and Rāvaṇa released Śakra from his prison and entertained him like his own brother. Returning to Rathanūpura, Indra was exceedingly depressed. For loss of prestige to those having prestige is harder to bear than death.

One day a jñānin, Nirvāṇasaṅgama, stopped there and Indra went to pay him homage.

"Blessed One, because of what act did I suffer this humiliation from Rāvaṇa," asked by Śakra, the muni said:

Previous incarnation of Indra (635-647)

"In the past there was a Vidyādhara-chief in the beautiful Ariṅjayapura, named Jvalanasīṅha. His wife was named Vegavatī. They had a beautiful daughter, Ahilyā, and all the Vidyādhara-lords came to her svayamvara. Ānandamālin, lord of Candrāvartapura, came there and Taḍitprabha, lord of Sūryāvartapura, who was you. Ignoring you, though you had come together, Ahilyā chose Ānandamālin of her own accord and you were humiliated. From that time you were jealous of Ānandamālin, thinking, 'He married Ahilyā, though I was present.'

One day Ānandamālin took the vow from disgust with the world and wandered with great sages, practicing severe penance. One time in the course of his wandering, he went to Mt. Rathāvarta. You saw him and remembered Ahilyā's svayamvara. Absorbed in meditation, he was bound and beaten many times by you, but, immovable as a mountain, he was not moved in the least from meditation. But his brother, chief of ascetics, possessing illustrious qualities, saw (your actions), and discharged a hot flash¹⁸¹ at you, like a stroke of lightning at a tree. Pacified by

¹⁸¹ 643. See I, n. III.

your wife, Satyaśrī, by assurance of devotion, he restrained the hot flash and you were not burned at that time. Because of the sin produced by the humiliation to the muni, you wandered through several births and, after acquiring pure karma, you became Indra, the son of Sahasrāra. This defeat by Rāvaṇa is the result at hand of the karma arising from the abuse and beating of the muni. For the acts of every one, from Purandara to a worm, certainly bear fruit, even after a long time. Such is the condition of worldly existence."

After hearing this, Indra gave his kingdom to his son, Dattavīrya, and became a mendicant, practiced very severe penance, and became emancipated.

One day Rāvaṇa went to Mt. Svarnatuṅga to pay homage to the sage Anantavīrya whose omniscience had arisen. After he had paid homage, Daśakandhara sat down in the proper place and listened to a sermon, a channel of nectar to the ears. At the end of the sermon Daśāsya asked the great sage, "How shall I die?" and the Blessed One replied, "The death of you, a Prativīṣṇu, will be at the hands of a future Vāsudeva because of a sin connected with another man's wife, Daśānana."

He took a vow before the same muni, "I will not enjoy another man's wife against her will."

After bowing to the best of munis, an ocean of the jewels of knowledge, Daśavadana went to his own city in Puspaka, equal to the moon for giving a wealth of joy to the blue night-blooming lotuses of the eyes of all the women of the city.

CHAPTER III

HANUMAT'S BIRTH AND VARUᅆA'S SUBJECTION

Now, here on Mt. Vaitādhya in the town Ādityapura there was a king, named Prahlāda, and his wife, Ketumatī. They had a son, Pavanañjaya, victorious like the wind because of his strength and manner of moving through the air.

Story of Pavanañjaya and Añjanasundarī (3-278).

Now in this same Bharata on Mt. Dantin near the ocean there was a Vidyādhara king, Mahendra, in the city Mahendra. By his wife Hᅇdayasundarī he had a daughter, Añjanasundarī, besides a hundred sons, Arindama, et cetera. When she was grown and her father was thinking about a husband, the ministers described young Vidyādharas by the thousand. At Mahendra's instructions the ministers had accurate pictures made on canvas of each one and brought them and showed them to him. Among these one day the minister showed Mahendra the portrait of Vidyutprabha, the son of the Vidyādhara-lord, Hiraᅇyābha, and his wife, Sumanas, and the handsome portrait of Pavanañjaya, the son of Prahlāda. The king said to the minister, "These two are handsome and well-born. Which one of them is the husband for the girl?" and the minister replied: "Vidyutprabha will attain emancipation at eighteen years of age. So the astrologers have already stated clearly, master. But Prahlāda's son, Pavanañjaya, will have a long life. So he is a suitable husband. Give Añjanasundarī to him."

Just then all the Vidyādhara-kings and their retinues went with great magnificence to Nandīśvara for a festival. Prahlāda saw the girl and said to Mahendra, "Please give

your daughter, Añjanasundarī, to my son." Mahendra agreed, for that was his intention in the beginning. Prahlāda's request was merely a reason.

They said, "The wedding must take place on the third day from this at the best of lakes, Mānasa," and went to their proper places. Then Mahendra and Prahlāda went to Lake Mānasa joyfully with their households and built a house.

Pavanañjaya said to his friend, Prahāsita, "You have seen Añjanasundarī. Tell me what she is like."

Prahāsita laughed a little and said: "I think Añjanasundarī is fairer than Rambhā, et cetera. Her unequalled beauty, as it is seen by the eye, can not be described by the voice even by Bᅇhaspati."

Pavanañjaya said: "The time of the wedding is far away. How can she be brought within my range of vision, friend? To those eager from love an hour becomes a day, a day becomes a month. How much more three days!"

Then Prahāsita replied: "Be calm. By going there at night, you will see your beloved, unobserved." Flying up, Pavanañjaya left with Prahāsita for the seven-storied palace presided over by Añjanasundarī. Concealing themselves like spies, Pavanañjaya and his friend succeeded in seeing Añjanasundarī fully. "You are lucky to get Pavanañjaya for a husband," her friend, Vasantatilakā, said to Añjanasundarī. "Friend, who is to be praised as a husband, except the noble Vidyutprabha, who has his last body?"¹³² her friend Mīśrakā said. The first one said, "Foolish girl, do you not know anything? How can Vidyutprabha with a short life be suitable for the mistress?"

The second one said, "Friend, it is you who are stupid. Even a little nectar is better than a lot of poison."

Hearing this conversation of theirs, Pavanañjaya thought, "This is certainly agreeable to her, as she does

¹³² 26. This is his last birth.

not stop it." Angry at this thought, Pavanañjaya drew his sword and appeared like a Rākṣasa who has suddenly risen from darkness. Saying angrily, "I shall cut off the heads of the two in whose hearts is Vidyutprabha," Pavanañjaya started. Holding him by the arm, Prahasita said: "Do you not know that a woman, even though guilty, must not be killed, like a cow? How much more Añjanasundarī entirely innocent. She did not stop the girl talking in this improper way from bashfulness."

Restrained by Prahasita urgently, Pavanañjaya flew up and went to his own abode and stayed awake, grieving. At dawn he said to Prahasita: "Friend, what would be the good of her for a wife? Even a servant who is indifferent is a source of trouble, to say nothing of a wife. So, come. Let us go to our own city, employing great haste. What is the good of food, even though sweet, if it does not please one?"

Even as he was saying this, Pavanañjaya started, but Prahasita held him and reasoned with him gently.

"The transgression of one's own promise is not suitable for the great, to say nothing of a promise made by the elders who are not to be sinned against. Whether one sells for money or gives as a favor, the elders are the authority for the noble. There is no other course. Moreover, in this case there is not an atom of blame in Añjanasundarī. My friend's heart is hurt by the fault of fate. If you go away because of your own wilfulness, brother, will you not put to shame the noble parents, hers and yours, who are well-known?"

Pavanañjaya reflected at this talk of Prahasita's and remained as before, somehow or other, with a thorn in his heart, as it were. On the appointed day, Pavanañjaya's and Añjanasundarī's wedding-festival took place which was a moon to the night-blooming lotuses of their parents' eyes. Prahlāda was honored affectionately by Mahendra and went to his own city joyfully with the bride and groom and his household.

Prahlāda gave Añjanasundarī a seven-storied palace for a home like a heavenly palace placed on earth. Pavanañjaya did not salute her even with words. For the proud do not forget a slur from any source at all. Without Pavanañjaya, like the night without the moon, her face dark from tears, she remained a receptacle of distress. The nights seemed very long, like a year, to her tossing against both sides of the couch, again and again. Giving her undivided attention, her lotus-face resting on her knee, she spent the days only with paintings of her husband. Even when her friends talked to her often with flattery, she did not abandon silence, like a cuckoo in winter.

One day, as time passed in this way, a messenger from the king of the Rākᅇsasas came to King Prahlāda and said:

“Now the wicked king of sea-animals (Varuᅇa) is at intense enmity with the lord of the Rākᅇsasas, disregarding submission. Asked for homage, the wretch, a mountain of conceit, looking at his arms, said: ‘Who, indeed, is this Rāvaᅇa? What has he done? I am not Indra, nor Kubera, nor Nalakūbara! I am not Sahasraraᅇmi, nor Marutta, nor Yama, nor Mt. Kailāsa; but I am *Varuᅇa*! If there is arrogance on the part of the wretch because of the jewels presided over by deities,¹⁸⁸ let him come and I shall remove his insolence accumulated for a long time.’

Angered by this speech, Rāvaᅇa marched to battle with an army and surrounded his city, like ocean waves a mountain on the coast. Varuᅇa came out of the city for battle, red-eyed, surrounded by his sons, Rājīva, Puᅇᅇarīka, et cetera, and fought. Khara and Dūᅇana were led away (prisoners) by the heroes, the sons of Varuᅇa, who had fought and captured them in this great battle. Then the army of the Rākᅇsasas was destroyed completely and Varuᅇa entered his own city, considering his purpose

¹⁸⁸ 56. See above, p. 117.

accomplished. Rāvaṇa sent messengers to summon the Vidyādharas, one to each, and now I was sent to you."

When Prahlāda himself started to give aid to Daśāsya, Pavanañjaya said to him, "Stay here, father. I shall satisfy Daśagrīva's wish. I am your son." Saying this persistently, Pavanañjaya obtained his father's consent, talked with the rest of the people, and started out. Añjanā heard about her husband's expedition from the people's talk and, eager, came down from the top of the palace like a goddess from the zenith of the sky.

Leaning against a pillar, in order to see him, she stood like a puppet, her eyes unwinking, her heart shaken by anxiety. As he went along, Pavana saw Añjanā resting against the door-post, thin as a new moon, her forehead covered with disheveled hair, without any cosmetics, the vines of her arms, relaxed and feeble, resting on her hips, the blossoms of her lips gray without the red of the betel, her face washed with the water of tears, standing before him, her face upturned, her eyes devoid of collyrium.

Observing her, Prahlāda's son thought at once: "Oh! the shamelessness and the fearlessness of this evil-minded woman! Yet I knew her evil-mindedness before, but I married her, afraid to disobey my father's command."

She fell at his feet and said, her hands folded submissively: "You have talked with every one else, but not at all with me. Nevertheless, you are asked that I should not be forgotten by you. May your paths be blessed with a quick return."

Completely ignoring her so speaking, miserable, though with excellent conduct, Pavanañjaya went to victory. Wounded by her husband's contempt and by separation from him, after she had gone into the house, she fell to the ground, like the bank of the Sindhu whose ground has been penetrated by water. Then Prahlāda's son flew up like the wind, went to Lake Mānasa, and stopped there at night-fall. Pavanañjaya created a palace there and inhabited it. A vidyā of the Vidyādharas alone is a cow

of plenty for all supernatural powers. Occupying his couch there on the ground near the lake, he saw the cakravākī grieved by separation from her mate. Seeing her not eating even the lotus-tendrils gathered before, burned from the cold like hot water, pained by the moonlight like a mass of flames, crying pitifully, he reflected :

“The cakravākīs enjoy themselves with their mates all day, but are not able to endure separation from them at night. The woman who was deserted by me at the wedding, to whom I have never spoken, who was scorned, like another man’s wife, by me when I went away, crushed completely by a load of sorrow like a mountain, how, alas! will she be happy at an unforeseen union with me! Shame! Shame! She, miserable, is dying from my lack of discernment. Where shall I go, evil-faced from the sin of her murder?”

He told Prahāsita these thoughts. For no one, except a friend, is a suitable person for telling one’s grief. Prahāsita said: “It is well that you have realized this even after a long time. She is, indeed, perishing now from separation, like a blue crane.¹⁸⁴ She is suitable for you to console even now. After taking leave of her with friendly words, you should fly again on your own business.” Urged by his friend, like his heart, agreeing with his inclination, Māruta¹⁸⁵ flew up and went to Añjanasundarī’s house. Pavanañjaya stopped a little way off, just at the door, and Prahāsita went ahead and entered the house. Prahāsita saw Añjanasundarī there tossing on her couch like a large fish in a little water, distressed by the moonlight like a lotus by the cold, the pearls of her necklace bursting from the heat in her heart, the wreaths of hair waving from the deep sighs breathed out, with broken jeweled bracelets on her feeble and relaxed arms against the sides of the bed, being consoled repeatedly by her friend,

¹⁸⁴ 86. Proverbial as inseparable. H.P., p. 210.

¹⁸⁵ 88. Pavanañjaya.

Vasantatilakā, her eyes vacant, her mind vague, as if she were made of wood.

“Who has come here suddenly like a Vyantara?” she said to him, relying on her courage, though terrified. “Say! Who are you who have come here? Or rather, it is enough to know that you are a strange man. Do not remain here in the house of another man’s wife. Vasantatilakā, take him by the arm and put him outside. I am as pure as the moon. I can not even look at him. No one, except Pavanañjaya, has authority to enter this house of mine. Why do you hesitate?”

Prahasita bowed and said: “Mistress, by good fortune you have occasion to rejoice from meeting Pavanañjaya who has come eagerly after a long time. I am Prahasita, his friend, like Mādhava of Manmatha. I have come in advance. Know that your husband has followed.”

Añjanā said: “Do not ridicule me who have been ridiculed by Fate indeed. This is no time for joking, Prahasita. And yet this is not your fault, but the fault of my past actions—that such a well-born husband should abandon me. How can it be otherwise? Twenty-two years have passed since the wedding when I was deserted by my husband. I, wicked, am alive even yet.”

Then Pavanañjaya, to whom the former load of her sorrow had been transferred, went inside and said, his voice choked with tears:

“From the time of our marriage you, though faultless, have been burdened with faults. You have been scorned by me, wretch that I am, ignorant, thinking myself wise. You have reached such an evil condition hard to bear from my fault, my dear. Though having been driven to death, by my good fortune you have barely escaped death.”

Embarrassed when she had seen her husband saying this, she rose up to honor him, leaning on the rail of the couch, her face downcast. Taking hold of her with his arm encircling her, like an elephant taking a vine with

the trunk, Pavanañjaya sat down on the couch. Pavana said to her again, "You, blameless, have been troubled by me of little wit. Forgive me for that, my dear."

Añjanā said, "Do not say this, husband. I am your slave always. Bestowing forgiveness is not suitable for me."

Prahasita and Vasantatilakā went away. For clever people do not stay near when husband and wife are together privately. Añjanā and Pavanañjaya enjoyed themselves as they liked there. The night stopped at the entrance of love, like one watch. When Pavanañjaya noticed that night had become day, he said: "I am going away for conquest, wife. Otherwise, the elders will know. In future, do not worry. Remain surrounded by your friends comfortably. When I have discharged my duty to Daśāsyā, I shall return, fair lady."

She said: "That duty is certainly incumbent on you, powerful. When your duty has been performed, return quickly, if you wish me to live. Moreover, I have just taken a purifying bath. If conception should take place, in your absence slanderers would criticize me."

Pavana said: "I shall return quickly, honored wife. When I have come, how will there be the slightest opportunity to criticize you? Yet take this ring with my name showing that I have been here. You can show it at the proper time."

Pavanañjaya gave her his ring, flew up, and went to his camp on the shore of Lake Mānasa. Then he went through the air like a god to Laᅇkā with his army and bowed to Rāvaᅇa. Rāvaᅇa entered Pātāla with his army and went to Varuᅇa, like a newly-risen sun in brilliance.

Now, Añjanasundarī conceived on that day, and her whole body became extremely fair. Her mother-in-law, Ketumatī, saw her face with cheeks somewhat pale, her breasts dark and swelling, her gait extremely languid, her eyes wide and shining, and the other signs of conception apparent in her body and said contemptuously:

“Friend, what have you done, bringing disgrace on both families, that you are pregnant when your husband is in a foreign country, wretch! My son’s fault through ignorance in his contempt for you I knew, but for so long a time I did not know that you were licentious.”

Abused in this way by her mother-in-law, Añjana-sundarī tearfully showed the ring as a token of her husband’s visit. Her face bent from shame, she was reviled again by her mother-in-law:

“How would there be any meeting with him who has not spoken your name? How can you deceive us by a mere ring? Licentious women know many kinds of deceit. Leave my house now, harlot! Go to your father’s house. Do not stay here. This is not such a place.”

Blaming Añjanā in this way like a pitiless Rākṣasī, she instructed guards to take her to her father’s house. They put her in a conveyance with Vasantatilakā, took her near the town Mahendra and, weeping, set her free. After bowing to her like a mother and begging forgiveness, they went away. For servants have the same conduct for the master’s child as the master. Then the sun set, as if pained by her pain. For the noble can not endure seeing a calamity of the noble. She passed the night miserably, awake, her ears burst, as it were, by the terrible hootings of owls, by the calls of female jackals, by the howls of packs of wolves, by the many noises of porcupines, and by the sounds of ichneumons, like concerts of Rākṣasas. At dawn she got up, wretched, and went slowly from shame, like a modest woman, to the door of her father’s house, unattended like a mendicant nun.¹³⁶ After the door-keeper had seen her and questioned her respectfully, he told the king her condition as described by her friend. His face dark and bowed from shame, the king thought: ‘The conduct of women is as unpredictable as the results of destiny. Añjanā, unchaste, has come to the house to

¹³⁶ 136. But Vasantatilakā accompanied her. Bhikṣuki would not be a Jain nun. They never went alone.

the disgrace of the family. Even a speck of collyrium spoils a clean cloth."

As he was reflecting thus, his son, Prasannakīrti, intent on prudence, his face becoming ungracious, said to him: "She should be sent away quickly. For the family has been injured by her. Does not a wise person cut off his finger if bitten by a snake?"

Then the minister, Mahotsāha, said to the king: "In case of trouble with the mother-in-law, the refuge of daughters is the protection of the father. Moreover, the mother-in-law Ketumatī, cruel, would banish her, though innocent, having invented some fault. Until there is an explanation of guilt or innocence, protect her here secretly. Because she is your daughter, show compassion."

The king said: "A mother-in-law is like this everywhere. But nowhere should there be such conduct of young women. Moreover, we heard in the beginning that she was disliked by Pavana. How then could her embryo originate from Pavana himself? She is certainly guilty and was properly banished by her. She must be banished from here quickly. We will not look upon her face."

At the king's command the door-keeper drove away Añjanā who was watched unhappily by the people lamenting and sad. Hungry, thirsty, tired, sighing, weeping, red-dening the earth with blood from her feet pierced by thorns, stumbling at every step, resting at every tree, Añjanā went with her friend, making the very heavens cry out. Into whatever city or village she went, she was prevented from stopping by the king's agents who had been there in advance. On her wandering, she came to a large forest, sat down at the foot of a tree in a mountain-thicket, and lamented:

"Alas! From lack of consideration on the part of my elders, first there was punishment of me, unfortunate; afterwards consideration of the fault. Ketumatī, the disgrace to the family was warded off by you, well-done! Father, you decided well from fear of the connection!

The mother is the source of comfort to women in trouble. Mother, I was disregarded by you in accordance with your husband's wish. Brother, there is no fault on your part, the father being alive. Husband, you being far away, everyone is hostile to me. Certainly, I, a woman without a husband, alone, should not live. For I, alone, live as the crest-jewel of the unfortunate."

Lamenting so, Añjanā was led by her friend, who informed her first, and she saw Muni Amitagati in meditation in a cave. Bowing to the flying-ascetic with reverence, they sat down on the ground in front of him and he finished his meditation. Raising his right hand, he gave the blessing 'Dharmalābha,' which is the sole water-channel to the great garden of happiness of meditation. After bowing again with devotion, Vasantatilakā told him all of Añjanā's trouble from the beginning.

Asked by her friend: "Who became her embryo and because of what act has she been reduced to such a wretched condition?" the muni related the following story:

Previous birth of Añjanā (163-185)

"In Bharataṣṭra of this very Jambūdvīpa in the town Mandara there was a merchant, Priyanandin. By his wife, Jayā, he had a son, Damayanta, devoted to self-control, a depository of arts, like the moon. One day as he was playing in the garden, he saw monks engaged in study and meditation and, pure-minded, listened to dharma from them. He accepted right-belief and took numerous limitations and gave a suitable irreproachable gift to the monks. Grounded in penance and self-control, he died in the course of time and became a magnificent god in the second heaven.

When he fell, he became the son, Siṅhacandra, of King Haricandra, lord of the city Mṛgāṅka, by Priyaṅgulakṣmī. He professed the Jain faith, died in the course of time and attained divinity. When he fell, he became the son,

Sinhavāhana, of King Sukanᅇha and Kanakodarī in the city Vāruᅆa on this same Vaitāᅇhya. After enjoying sovereignty for a long time, he took the vows under Muni Lakᅇmīdhara in the congregation of Śrī Vimala. After practicing severe penance, he died, and became a god in Lāntaka. Then he fell and descended into your friend's womb. Her son will be a powerful Vidyādhara, the abode of virtues, having his last body, irrefragable.

Furthermore, in the city Kanakapura there was a king, named Kanakaratha, crest-jewel of great warriors. He had two wives, Kanakodarī and Lakᅇmīvati, and Lakᅇmīvati was always an ardent laywoman. She set up a statue of the Jina made of jewels in the house-shrine, had pūjās made to it and worshipped it twice a day daily. Crazy from jealousy, Kanakodarī took the Arhat's statue and threw it into the impurity of a trash-pile. At that time Jayaśrī, the head of a group of nuns, came there in her wandering, saw that, and said to her: 'Why are you doing this, honored lady? By you, throwing here the Arhat's statue, this soul (of yours) has been made the receptacle of the pains of many births.'

At these words, remorsefully she took the statue, cleaned it, asked forgiveness, and set it in its proper place. From that time, possessing right belief, she observed the Jain faith, died in time, and became a goddess in the heaven Saudharma. Then she fell and became Mahendra's daughter, your friend, the result of her throwing the Arhat's statue in an improper place. In that birth you were her sister and approved of that act and experience its consequences with her. The consequences of that evil deed of hers have been experienced for the most part. Adopt the Jain religion. It has favorable results in birth after birth. Her uncle will come suddenly and take her to his house, and soon a meeting with her husband will take place."

After telling this, the muni confirmed them both in the religion of the Arhats and flew up in the air like Garuᅇa.

They saw a young lion approaching, bursting open the ground with blows with his tail, as it were, with the thickets in all directions filled with roars, terrible with the blood of elephants, his eyes blazing, his fangs like a vajrakanda,¹⁸⁷ his teeth cruel as a saw, his mane like a flame, his nails resembling iron goads, his breast like a slab of stone. While they stood trembling, as if wishing to enter the ground, like does running away, Manicūla, a Gandharva, lord of the cave, created by magic the figure of a śarabha and destroyed the lion. After destroying the śarabha and resuming his own form, he and his wife sang a hymn in praise of the Arhats' virtues for their delight. Comfortably established in a cave in the vicinity which he presided over, they set up a statue of the god Munisuvrata and worshipped it.

Birth of Hanumat (194-218)

One day Añjanā bore a son, his feet marked with the axe, goad, and discus, like a lioness bearing a superior lion. Vasantatilakā looked after her birth-rites with fuel, water, et cetera collected joyfully by herself. Añjana-sundarī took her son on her lap, grieving, tearful, making the cave cry out, as it were, cried out, "What kind of birth-festival can I, wretched, devoid of merit, make for you born in this forest, noble one?" A Vidyādhara, Pratisūrya, saw her crying, approached, and in a gentle voice asked her the cause of her sorrow. Then her friend, weeping, told in detail the reason for Añjanā's grief from the time of the marriage up to the birth of her son. Weeping, he said at once: "I am the lord of Hanupura, son of Sundarimālā, younger brother of Citrabha, brother of your mother Mānasavegā, child. Thank heaven! I have seen you while you are still living. Be comforted for the future."

¹⁸⁷ 188. I have been unable to find any indications of the identity of vajrakanda (a bulbous plant). The Pravac. 236 includes it in a list of underground plants, but gives no information.

After knowing that he was her uncle, she wept more and more. Generally grief becomes renewed at the sight of a friend. After he had stopped her crying, Pratisūrya asked an astrologer, who had come along, about the son's birth, et cetera. He said:

"This child, possessing merit, born at a moment when auspicious planets prevailed, will certainly be a great king, and will reach emancipation in this same birth. Likewise, this lunar day is favorable, the eighth of the dark half of Caitra, the constellation is Śravaṇa, the lord of the day (of the week) is the Sun. The Sun is in Aries, having resorted to a high house, the Moon stands in Capricorn in the middle house, Mars is in Taurus in the middle house, Mercury is in the middle house in Pisces, Jupiter is presiding over the highest house in Cancer, Venus is high in Pisces, and Saturn is in the same. All this is auspicious at the ascendency of Pisces in the division of time, named Brahman.

Pratisūrya put his niece with her friend and son into the best of aerial cars and started for his city. The child wished to take hold of the little bells of the high jeweled garlands hanging in the car and jumped up from his mother's lap. He fell on the top of the mountain like a thunderbolt that had fallen from the sky. The mountain was reduced to pieces from the destructiveness of his fall. At once Añjanāsundarī beat her breast with her hand and, screaming, made the caves scream with echoes. Pratisūrya flew down rapidly, picked up his niece's child and returned him uninjured like a deposit that had been lost. Pratisūrya went with them in his aerial car Manovega to the city Hanuruha, which celebrated immediately. He conducted Añjanā to his own house joyfully, set her down there, and the women of the harem honored her like a household-goddess who had come.

Since he had come to the city Hanuruha as soon as he was born, the uncle gave the name Hanumat to her son. And because the mountain had been reduced to powder

by his fall from the car, he gave him another name also, Śrīśaila. Hanumat grew up, playing happily, like a young rājahaṅsa in a bed of lotuses in Mānasa.

Añjanā was always sad, like one with an internal dart, at the thought, "The guilt that was laid upon me by my mother-in-law, how will it leave?"

Now Pavana made peace, released Khara and Dūṣaṇa from Varuṇa, and satisfied Rāvaṇa. Then Rāvaṇa and his followers went to Laṅkā; Pavana took leave of him and went to his own city. After bowing to his parents, he went to Añjanā's house and saw that it was without Añjanā, like the moon without moonlight. "Where is Añjanā, my wife, the sight of whom is nectar-like collyrium for the eyes?" he asked a woman who was there. She explained: "A few days after you had gone on your expedition, she was banished by Ketumatī because she was pregnant. She was taken near Mahendranagara by guards and turned loose in a forest by the scoundrels, terrified like a doe."

After hearing this, Pavana went to his father-in-law's town with the speed of the wind, eager for his wife, like a pigeon. Not seeing his wife, he asked a young woman, "Has my wife Añjanā come here or not?" She replied, "She came here with Vasantatilakā, but she was banished by her father because of immoral behavior." Struck by those words like a thunderbolt, Pavanañjaya wandered about on mountains, in forests, et cetera to search intensively for his wife. He did not find any news of her and he said in despair, like a god crushed by a curse, to his friend Prahasita:

"Friend, go tell my parents that up to now I, wandering over this earth, have not seen Añjanasundarī anywhere. But I shall search for her, wretched, in the forest. If I find her, very well; if not, I shall enter the fire."

So instructed, Prahasita went quickly to Ādityapura and gave the message to Prahlāda and Ketumatī.

Ketumatī, struck to the heart by hearing that as if by a stone, fell to the ground in a faint and said, after she had regained consciousness: "Has he, determined on destruction, a friend (of yours), been left alone in the forest with this cruel intention, Prahasita? Yet she, entirely innocent, was banished by me, giving orders without reflection, wicked. The consequences of imputing guilt to her innocent are realized by me right here. For even in this world the consequences of extremely strong good and evil are felt."

Prahlāda stopped her crying somehow or other and went with troops to search for his son as well as Añjanā. He sent men to all the Vidyādhara-kings who were his friends to search for Añjanā and Pavana. Looking for his son and daughter-in-law with the Vidyādharas, he himself, whose haste was apparent, went to the forest Bhūtavana in his wandering. In the meantime Pavana had prepared a funeral-pyre in the forest, and had lighted it when Prahlāda saw him. Pavana stood near the pyre and said:

"O gods of the forest, I am the son of the Vidyādhara-king, Prahlāda, and Ketumatī. My wife Añjanā, a virtuous wife, though without fault was mistreated by me, evil-minded, from the time of the wedding. Leaving her, I went on an expedition on my master's business. Finding out by chance that she was without fault, I flew back again. After enjoying her freely and leaving her a token, I flew back to camp without my parents' knowledge. When my wife became pregnant from my fault, she was banished by my elders fearful of guilt (on her part). Where she is now is not known. Now she, innocent in the beginning, has suffered a cruel lot from the fault of ignorance on my part alone. Shame! shame on an ignorant husband. I have wandered over the whole earth searching for her thoroly; but I, unfortunate, have not found her, like a jewel in the ocean. So now I shall sacrifice this body of mine in this fire. The fire

of separation as long as I live is unbearable to me living. If you see my wife, tell her this, 'Your husband has entered the fire because of separation from you.'"

After this speech, Pavana flew up in the air to jump into the blazing fire on the funeral-pyre. After hearing that speech, Prahlāda quickly took him by the arms and pressed him eagerly to his breast. "What is this obstacle to my death, the remedy for the pain of separation from my wife?" Pavanañjaya said. Prahlāda said tearfully: "I, your father, am the criminal, who allowed the banishment of an innocent daughter-in-law. That one thing was done in the first place by your mother without thinking. Do not do a second. Be firm. You are intelligent. Vidyādharas have been sent by me by the thousands to search for the daughter-in-law, son. Wait their arrival."

At that time some of the Vidyādharas that he had sent went to Hanupura, looking for Pavana and Añjanā. They described to Pratisūrya and Añjanā Pavana's determination to enter the fire from grief at separation from Añjanā. Añjanā heard that speech painful to hear and, crying, "Oh! I am killed," fell to the ground in a faint, as if she had drunk poison. Sprinkled with sandal and water, fanned with palm-leaf fans, she became conscious, got up, and cried in a pathetic voice:

"Faithful wives enter the fire from grief over a husband, for life is a source of pain to them without a husband. But to wealthy husbands who enjoy thousands of women, grief for a wife is only temporary, so why enter the fire? This has become reversed in the case of you entering the fire, while I, alas! live even in separation for so long a time. Now this difference between you, very noble, and me, little noble, is noticeable, like that between a sapphire and a piece of glass. This is no fault of my parents-in-law, no fault of my father. Such a fault is because of the karma of unfortunate me, no one else."

Pratisūrya enlightened her crying and put her with her son in his best of cars and went in search of Pavana.

He came in his travel to that same forest, Bhūtavana, and was seen at a distance by Prahāsita, tearful. Prahāsita told Prahlāda and Pavanañjaya triumphantly that he (Pratisūrya) was coming immediately with Añjanā. Then Pratisūrya and Añjanā got out of the car and bowed to Prahlāda at a distance, their heads touching the ground from devotion. Prahlāda embraced Pratisūrya, set his grandson on his lap, and said earnestly in a loud voice: "You alone have rescued me and my family who were drowning now in the ocean of disaster. You are a relative at the head of relatives. This daughter-in-law who had become a joint of the bamboo of my family, a means for the continuance of the branches, abandoned without fault (on her part), was well-rescued by you."

Pavana, delighted, the fire of grief having been extinguished, was turned away at once from the shore of disaster like the ocean. All the Vidyādhara-lords held a great festival, the moon to the ocean of joy, by the power of vidyās. Then all went joyfully to the city Hanuruha, making the sky composed of heavenly bodies, as it were, by their aerial cars. Mahendra also came there with Mānasavegā and Queen Ketumatī and all the other relatives came. The lords of the Vidyādharas held a great festival, finer than former festivals, with mutual connections and relatives. Then taking leave of each other, all went to their respective cities. Pavana with Añjanā and Hanumat stayed there.

Hanumat's early career (279-303)

Hanumat grew up with his father's wishes and he acquired all the arts and subdued all the vidyās. Expert in military science, with arms as long as the king of serpents, Hanumat gradually grew up, a sun in brilliance. Now Rāvaᅇa, first among the impatient, broke the peace and, a mountain of firmness, set out to conquer Varuᅇa. All the Vidyādhara-lords went, summoned by messengers, making his camp like the ridge of Vaitādhya. When

Pavana and Pratisūrya started out, Hanumat, the sole mountain of self-importance, said:

“Fathers, you remain here. I shall conquer the enemy. Who would fight with his arm, if a sharp weapon were at hand? I am not to be pitied because of my youth, since in the case of the members of your families, age is no standard, when the time for heroic actions has been reached.”

After persuading them persistently with such talk and after taking leave of them, kissed ardently on the head by them, an auspicious ceremony of departure having been made, surrounded by hundreds of great vassals, generals, and armies, he, whose strength was irresistible, went to Rāvaṇa's camp. Seeing Hanumat who had come, like victory itself, Daśakandhara set him joyfully on his lap, when he bowed. Rāvaṇa halted for battle near Varuṇa's city and Varuṇa and Varuṇa's hundred powerful sons went forth. Varuṇa's sons came and fought with Rāvaṇa and Varuṇa fought with the heroes, Sugrīva and others. The sons of Varuṇa, powerful, red-eyed, worried Daśakandhara in battle, like well-bred dogs a boar.

Just then Hanumat, cruel, hard to restrain from anger, came and attacked Varuṇa's sons, like a lion attacking elephants. Hanumat transfixed the sons of Varuṇa by the power of vidyās and bound them like cattle, his jaw red from anger. When Varuṇa had seen them, he attacked Hanumat angrily, shaking down Sugrīva, et cetera, like an elephant trees on the road. As he attacked, Rāvaṇa made him stumble on the way, like a mountain blocking rivers, raining a succession of arrows. Blind with anger, Varuṇa fought hard with Rāvaṇa for a long time, like a bull with a bull, an elephant with an elephant. Crafty Rāvaṇa bewildered Varuṇa with all his strength and, flying up, bound him like Indra.¹³⁸ Craft is equal to strength

¹³⁸ 297. See above, p. 159.

always. Then the heavens having been made talkative with cries of "Victory! Victory!" Daśakandhara, broad-shouldered, went to his camp. There Rāvaᅆa released Varuᅆa who had become submissive with his sons. For the anger of the great is ended by submission.

Varuᅆa gave his daughter, Satyavati, to Hanumat. For, indeed, such a son-in-law, whose worth has been seen by one's self, is hard to find. Rāvaᅆa went to Laᅆkā and, delighted, gave Candraᅆakhā's daughter, Anaᅆga-kusumā, to Hanumat.

Sugriva gave Padmarāgā to him; Nala gave Hari-mālini; and others gave him their daughters to the number of a thousand. Then Hanumat, lord of the powerful, was dismissed joyfully by Daśamukha with a close embrace and he went to Hanupura. The other Vidyādharas, the king of the Vānaras and others, went with pleasure to their respective cities.

CHAPTER IV

THE BIRTH, MARRIAGE, AND RETREAT TO THE FOREST OF RĀMA AND LAKṢMAṆA.

Now in the city Mithilā there were a king in the Hari-vaṅśa, Vāsavaketu by name, and his wife, Vipulā. Their son, with no less glory, became king, Janaka by name, like a father (janaka) of his subjects, famous on earth.

Rāma's lineage (3-110)

Now since the time of the kingdom of Ṛṣabha Svāmin in the city Ayodhyā there had been innumerable kings in the solar race in the Ikṣvāku-line, of whom some had attained emancipation and some had gone to heaven. In the expanding congregation of the twentieth Arhat, there were a king Vijaya and his wife, Himacūlā; and they had two sons, Vajrabāhu and Purandara.

Story of Kīrtidhara and Sukośala (6-65)

Now in the city Nāgapura lived King Ibhavāhana and his wife, Cūḍāmaṇi, and daughter, Manoramā. When she had reached rising youth, Vajrabāhu married her with a great festival, like the moon marrying Rohiṇī. He took Manoramā and started for his city with his wife's brother, Udayasundara, accompanying him from devotion. As he went along, he saw the great muni, Guṇasāgara, practicing penance on Mt. Vasanta, like the sun on the eastern mountain, powerful with the brilliance of penance, looking up like a spectator of the road to emancipation, engaged in endurance of the sun's heat. Delighted at seeing him, like a peacock at the sight of a cloud, the prince halted his mount at once and said:

"Look! Some noble muni worthy to be honored has been seen by me, like a wishing-gem, because of great merit." Udayasundara said, "Prince, do you wish to

take mendicancy?" He said, "That is my thought." Udaya said again in a joke, "If that is your intention, then do not hesitate now. I will be your companion in this." The prince said, "Do not abandon this agreement of yours, like the ocean its shore," and he said, "Certainly not."

The prince got down from his vehicle like delusion and climbed Mt. Vasanta, accompanied by Udayasundara and others. Then the son of Ibhavāhana said to Vajrabāhu: "Master, do not become a mendicant today. Shame on me joking. It was a joke on our part. What fault is there in its transgression? For a joke is generally not true, like auspicious songs.¹⁸⁹ You will be a companion even in all misfortunes. Do not destroy our families' hopes suddenly in this way. *Now* there is this auspicious ribbon¹⁴⁰ on your wrist. How can you abandon suddenly the pleasures that are the fruit of this marriage? How will Manoramā, deceived by the taste of worldly happiness, live, abandoned like grass by you, lord?"

Prince Vajrabāhu said to Udayasundara: "Fair fruit of the tree of human birth is a characteristic of good conduct. Even your joke became the highest good for us, just as rain-water in Svāti¹⁴¹ becomes pearls in pearl-oysters. If your sister is well-bred, she will take mendicancy; if not, good luck to her. But enough of pleasures for me. Give your approval of the vow for me and do you follow us. Surely the keeping of an agreement is the family-religion of kṣatriyas."

After enlightening Udaya in this way, Vajrabāhu approached the sage Guṇasāgara, an ocean of the jewels of virtues. Vajrabāhu became a mendicant at his feet, and also Udaya, Manoramā, and twenty-five princes.

When King Vijaya heard that Vajrabāhu had become a mendicant, he became disgusted with existence at the

¹⁸⁹ 18. Such as are sung at weddings. Cf. I. 2. 786.

¹⁴⁰ 20. The wedding-ribbon.

¹⁴¹ 23. See I, n. 107.

thought, "He, though a boy, is better than I." Then Vijaya installed his son, Purandara, in his kingdom and took the vow under Muni Nirvāṇamoha. Purandara put on the throne his son, Kirtidhara, borne by Pṛthivī, and became an ascetic under the sage, Kṣemaṅkara. Then King Kirtidhara enjoyed pleasures of the senses with his wife Sahadevī, like Purandara with Paulomī.

One day, when he was desirous of becoming a mendicant, the ministers said to him: "Taking the vow is not suitable for you while you have no son. If you take the vow, childless, this earth will be without a lord. So wait until you have a son, master."

Then in the course of time a son, Sukośala, was borne by Sahadevī to Kirtidhara who had remained a householder. Sahadevī concealed him as soon as born with the idea that "My husband will become a mendicant, if he knows that the boy has been born."

The king found out about the boy even though hidden. Who is able to conceal the sun when it has risen? Then the king, expert in his own good, put Sukośala on the throne and took the vow under Sūri Vijayasena. Practicing severe penance, enduring the trials, he went elsewhere in his wandering which was solitary by permission of his guru.

One time, after he had fasted for a month, he came to Sāketa to break his fast and wandered about in it at noon for alms. Sahadevī, who was on the roof of the palace, saw him and reflected: "When he, my husband, became a mendicant, I was bereft of a husband in the past. If my son Sukośala should become a mendicant now after seeing him, then I would have no son." After that, I would be deprived of husband and son. Therefore he, though innocent of crime, though my husband, though an ascetic, must be banished from the city because of a desire to preserve my son's government."

With this thought, the queen expelled him with the other ascetics. How long would there be discernment

on the part of minds overcome by greed? Sukośala's nurse wept unrestrainedly, when she knew that her master observing the vow had been expelled from the city. Asked by King Sukośala, "Why do you weep?" she explained in words choked from grief: "Your father, Kirtidhara, put you on the throne, when you were a child, and became a mendicant. Today he entered this town for alms. Your mother had him expelled because she was afraid you would take the vow now at the sight of him. I am weeping because of this sorrow."

After hearing that, Sukośala went into his father's presence, his hands folded submissively, his soul disgusted with existence, and asked him for the vow. His wife, Citramālā, who was pregnant, came with the ministers and said, "Master, you ought not to abandon the kingdom without a master." The king said, "A son of yours by me, though in your womb, has been installed on the throne, noble lady. For usage is like the past."

After saying this and talking with all the people, Sukośala became a mendicant under his father and practiced severe penance. Free from selfishness, free from passions, the father and son, great munis, wandered together, purifying the earth. Grieving at the separation from her son, Sahadevī, absorbed in painful meditation, died and became a tigress in a mountain-cave. Now, the two munis, Kirtidhara and Sukośala, their minds subdued, free from attachment to their own bodies, devoted to study and meditation, remained in a mountain-cave to pass the four months of the rainy season, having a well cared-for appearance. When the month Kārtika came, as they went to break fast, they were seen on the road by the tigress, who was like an evil messenger of Yama. The tigress ran toward them swiftly with her mouth yawning. From afar the approach of enemies and friends is the same. Even when the tigress attacked them, the two excellent Jain ascetics who were engaged in pious meditation remained in kāyotsarga. The

tigress fell like lightning on Sukośala first and knocked him to the ground by the blow of her leap from a distance. Splitting his skin repeatedly with the hooks of her nails with the sound, 'caṭat, caṭiti,' wicked, she drank his blood unsatisfied, like a desert-traveler drinking water. After tearing his flesh again and again with her fangs with the sound 'traṭat, traṭiti,' she devoured it like a poor woman a cucumber. Cruel, she made his bones the guests of her teeth, making the sound 'kaṭat, kaṭiti,' like an elephant crunching sugar-cane. Thinking, "She is an assistant in the destruction of karma," the muni did not blench, but had a coat of mail of hair erect from joy all over. While he was being eaten by the tigress, he reached pure meditation and, omniscience having arisen at that time, Muni Sukośala reached emancipation. Muni Kirtidhara, whose omniscience had arisen, in turn reached the place which is the abode of pure happiness.

Story of Naghuṣa and Siṅhikā (66-85)

Now Citramālā, King Sukośala's wife, bore a son, Hiranyagarbha, the joy of the family. When he, who had been king from the time he was in the womb, grew up, gazelle-eyed Mṛgāvati became his wife. Mṛgāvati bore King Hiranyagarbha a son named Naghuṣa, like another (Naghuṣa)¹⁴² in form. One day, Hiranyagarbha saw a gray hair on his head, which was like a pledge of approaching old age. Feeling disgust with existence immediately, the king installed his son Naghuṣa on the throne and took the vow under Muni Vimāla.

Siṅhikā was the wife of the man-lion Naghuṣa and he ruled his ancestral kingdom, delighting in her. One day, Naghuṣa went to conquer the kings in the north country and left Queen Siṅhikā in his own realm. Thinking, "Naghuṣa is not here," the kings in the south besieged

¹⁴² 68, Viṣṇu-kṛṣṇa.

Ayodhyā. Enemies are devoted to trickery. Then Queen Siṅhikā attacked them like a man, defeated and put them to flight quickly. Does a lioness not slay elephants? After conquering the north, Naghuṣa returned one day and heard the news of his wife's victory. He reflected:

"This action, in which boldness is displayed, difficult even for men like me, is not suitable for women belonging to noble families. Now certainly she is not a good wife. For good wives, whose husbands are their gods, do nothing except service to their husbands, to say nothing of such a thing."

With this decision the king put aside Siṅhikā quickly, though very dear, like a broken statue. One day, a burning fever developed in Naghuṣa and, like an evil enemy, did not become extinct even from a hundred remedies. To show her wifely fidelity and to destroy her husband's pain, Siṅhikā took water and went near him. She took an oath, "If I have never looked at any other man except you, may your fever leave you." Then she sprinkled her husband with water and just then he became free from fever, as if cleansed by nectar. The gods sent a rain of flowers on Siṅhikā and the king esteemed her highly from that time as before.

In the course of time a son, Sodāsa, was borne to King Naghuṣa by Queen Siṅhikā. One day, King Naghuṣa handed over the kingdom to Sodāsa and took mendicancy, the one means to emancipation.

Sodāsa (86-105)

At the time of an eight-day festival to the Arhats in King Sodāsa's realm, the ministers proclaimed a cessation of slaughter as in the former realms. They said to Sodāsa, "Your ancestors did not eat meat during the eight-day festival to the Arhats. You also should not eat it." Sodāsa who had always been fond of eating meat said to his cook, "In future you must get meat secretly."¹⁴⁸

¹⁴⁸ 88. The first 'black market'?

The cook could not find meat anywhere because of the cessation of slaughter that had been proclaimed. For the unlawful is not obtained anywhere by anyone, like a flower in the sky. "This failure to find meat at the king's command worries me. What am I to do?" thinking, the cook saw a dead boy. The cook took the flesh of the same dead boy, perfected it by various arts and gave it to Sodāsa. Sodāsa praised the flesh as he ate it, "Indeed, there is a very pleasing flavor to this meat," and he asked the cook, "This has an origin new to me. Tell me by all means of what sort of an animal is this the meat?" The cook said, "Human flesh," and the king said, "In future, beginning today, give me human flesh daily, after preparing it." The cook kidnaped young children daily in the city for that purpose. For there is no fear of committing crimes at the command of kings. Finding out that the king was engaged in such cruel acts, the ministers seized him and abandoned him in a forest like a serpent that has appeared in a house. Sodāsa's son, Siṅharatha, was crowned king by them and Sodāsa wandered over the earth, eating flesh unchecked.

One day, as he wandered in the south, Sodāsa saw a great sage and asked him about dharma. Knowing that he was fit to be enlightened, the muni explained to him the dharma of the Arhats which is pre-eminent in avoidance of wine and meat. When Sodāsa had heard that dharma, he became frightened and became a very excellent layman, having become gentle in disposition.

Now, a certain king died childless in Mahāpura and Sodāsa became king there, consecrated by the five divine instruments.¹⁴⁴ Sodāsa sent a messenger to Siṅharatha and the messenger said to him, "Execute Sodāsa's command." The messenger was dismissed by Siṅharatha, after he had abused him very much, and he went to King

¹⁴⁴ 101. See above, n. 118.

Sodāsa and told just what had happened. Then Sodāsa marched to fight Siṅharatha and he to fight King Sodāsa and the two fought together. After Sodāsa had defeated Siṅharatha, he took him by the hand, gave him the two kingdoms, and became a mendicant himself.

Siṅharatha's son, Brahmaratha, became king next, then Caturmukha, Hemaratha, Śataratha, Udayapṛthu, Vāriratha, Induratha, Ādityaratha, Māndhātṛ, Virasena in turn, King Pratimanyu, King Pratibandhu, King Ravi-manyu, Vasantatilaka, Kuberadatta, Kunthu, Śarabha, Dvirada in turn, then Siṅhadaśana, Hiranyakaśipu, Puñjasthala, Kakutstha, Raghu. Among these kings some reached emancipation and some heaven.

Rāma's parents (III-126)

In Sāketa there was a king, Anaraṇya by name, the refuge of those seeking a refuge, discharging the debts of friends. He had two sons by Queen Pṛthivī, one named Anantaratha and the other Daśaratha. Now Anaraṇya's friend, King Sahasrakiraṇa, was defeated in battle by Rāvaṇa and took the vow from disgust with existence. From friendship for him, Anaraṇya settled the sovereignty on his younger son, when he was a month old, and took the vow with Anantaratha. Anaraṇya went to emancipation and Muni Anantaratha wandered over the earth, practicing severe penance.

Though a child, ruling, King Daśaratha attained growth in age and strength gradually. He shone, a king among kings, like the moon among stars, like the sun among planets, like Sumeru among mountains. While he was master, the people had misfortune never seen before, like a flower in the sky, arising from the circle of enemies, et cetera. Giving money, ornaments, et cetera to beggars in accordance with their wishes, he was like an eleventh wishing-tree added to the Madyāṅgas, et cetera.¹⁴⁵ First of the zealous, he kept always the dharma of the

¹⁴⁵ 119. See I, p. 30.

Arhats faultless as well as his sovereignty inherited from his family. The king married the pure daughter of King Sukośala, lord of the city Dabhrasthala, born of Amṛta-prabhā, Aparājitā by name, endowed with beauty of form and grace, like the Śrī of victory in battle. Daśaratha married in Kamalasaṅkula the daughter of Subandhutilaka and of Queen Mitrā, named Kaikeyī for a first name, with another name, Sumitrā, because she was born of Mitrā and was good-tempered, like the moon marrying Rohini. He married another princess, faultless, the embodiment of virtue, grace, and beauty, named Suprabhā. With these the best of kings enjoyed sensuous pleasure without injuring duty and wealth—he, the crest-jewel of discernment.

Plan to kill Daśaratha and Janaka (127-149)

Now, while Daśakandhara was enjoying half of Bharata, present in his council, he asked an expert astrologer: "Even the immortals are immortal in name only, not in fact. Death is certainly inevitable for everyone in the ocean of worldly existence. Will my death come from natural course of time or from an enemy? Tell me that fearlessly. For the wise speak clearly." He replied, "Your death will result from a future son of Daśaratha because of a future daughter of Janaka."

Bibhiṣaṇa said: "Even if his speech is always true, I shall quickly make that speech of his untrue. I shall kill Janaka and Daśaratha, who have become the seed of the worthless son and daughter. May we be successful. For if their very birth is prevented by the destruction of the seed, then the astrologer's words will be false, surely."

Rāvaṇa agreed and Bibhiṣaṇa went to his own house. Nārada, who had been present and heard that, went to Daśaratha. Daśaratha got up to greet the divine sage while he was far off, bowed to him, and seated him with honor, like a guru. Asked, "Where have you come from?" Nārada said: "I have gone to Puṇḍarīkiṇī in East Videha

to see the departure-festival of Śrī Śimandharanātha celebrated by gods and demons. After seeing it I went to Meru. After paying homage to the Lords of the Tirtha there, I went to Laṅkā. After I had bowed to Śānti in Śānti's temple, I went to Rāvaṇa's house. There I heard an astrologer predict the slaying of Rāvaṇa by a son of yours because of a daughter of Janaka. When Bibhīṣaṇa heard that, he vowed to kill you and Janaka and he will come here soon, long-armed. After learning all that, I came here in haste from Laṅkā to tell you from friendship because you are a co-religionist."

Nārada was dismissed quickly by the king with reverence after hearing that; and he told the same thing to King Janaka. The king told the ministers and handed over the kingdom to them and went away like a yogi wishing to deceive death. The ministers put an image of Daśaratha, which had been anointed, in the palace to delude the enemies in the dark. Janaka and his ministers did likewise; and Daśaratha and Janaka wandered over the earth, unobserved. Bibhīṣaṇa came in dense darkness in haste and cut off the head of the anointed statue of Daśaratha with a sword. A tumult arose in all the city and a loud sound of lamentations in the harem. The vassals and the bodyguards armed themselves and ran to the attack; the ministers with secret plans held the funeral ceremonies. Knowing that Daśaratha was dead, Bibhīṣaṇa went to Laṅkā; but he did not kill the lord of Mithilā, alone, destitute.

Marriage with Kaikeyī (150-174)

Maithila and Aikṣvāka wandering together, united, in the same condition, friends, went to the north country. They heard of a svayaṃvara of Kaikeyī, the daughter of King Śubhamati in the city Kautukamaṅgala, borne by Pṛthvīśrī, sister of Droṇamegha, a depository of the seventy-two arts, and they went to the pavilion. They sat down on the platform in the midst of the kings

headed by Harivāhaṇa, like haṅsas on a lotus. Kaikeyī, a jewel among maidens, decorated with jeweled ornaments, came to the svayamvara-pavilion like Lakṣmī in person. Leaning on the arm of a woman door-keeper, looking at the kings in turn, like a digit of the moon looking at the constellations, she passed by many. She came in turn to Daśaratha, like the Gaṅgā to the ocean, and stood on the same spot like a ship whose anchor has been dropped in water. At once, her body horripilated, joyfully Kaikeyī threw her groom's garland, like the tendril of her arm, on him. The kings, Harivāhaṇa, et cetera, thinking themselves humiliated, proud, blazed with anger, like a blazing fire.

"This wretch, solitary, ragged, was chosen by her. How will he protect her, miserable girl, if she is carried off by us?"

Talking at length in this way angrily, they went to their camps and all put on their armor with their whole heart. King Śubhamati armed himself eagerly with his fourfold army on Daśaratha's side. "Wife, you act as charioteer that I may crush the enemy," Rāghava (Daśaratha), alone at that time, said to Kaikeyī. Kaikeyī took the reins and got into the chariot. For she, wise, was learned in the seventy-two arts. Carrying his bow and quiver, armored, King Daśaratha got into the chariot, esteeming his enemies like grass, though alone. Kaikeyī alone joined rapidly his chariot with the chariot of Harivāhaṇa, et cetera, each one separately just as if simultaneously. Shooting rapidly, Daśaratha destroyed their chariots one by one, his strength unbroken like another Ākhaṇḍala. Thus he put to flight all the kings and married Kaikeyī like a living earth.

King Daśaratha, charioteer, said to his bride, "Ask for a boon, queen. I am delighted by your charioteering." "I shall ask at the right time, master. Let my boon be kept on deposit," Kaikeyī said and the king agreed. The king went to Rājagṛha with Kaikeyī like Śrī, with the

enemies' soldiers taken by force, accompanied by innumerable attendants. King Janaka went to his own city. For when the wise know it is the right time, they do not delay. King Daśaratha conquered the Lord of Magadha and remained there, but did not go to Ayodhyā because of fear. The king had his own harem, Aparājītā and others, brought there. The kingdom of the powerful is everywhere. Sporting with the queens, the king remained there in the city for a long time. For the earth itself is gained especially for the delight of kings.

Birth of Padma (Rāma) and Lakṣmaṇa (175-193)

Then Aparājītā one day saw the elephant, lion, moon, and sun in a dream, which indicated the birth of a Bala, in the last part of the night. Then a powerful god fell from Brahmāloka and descended into her womb like a marāla into a lotus-bed. Then Aparājītā bore a son with all the favorable marks resembling a white lotus in color, a white lotus among men. The king rejoiced exceedingly at the sight of this lotus, the jewel of a first son, like the ocean at the sight of the full moon. The king gave gifts to beggars, like a wishing-gem. For imperishable gifts are the custom of the people, when a son is born. Then the people made a great festival themselves, for they rejoiced more than King Daśaratha. The citizens brought auspicious dishes, full dishes, together with durvā, flowers, fruits, et cetera. Everywhere melodious songs were sung, everywhere piles of saffron, everywhere rows of festoons were made in the city. Then presents from kings, sent unexpectedly, came to the king from the power of his son. The king gave the name Padma to his son, a lotus abode of Padmā (Lakṣmī), and he became known by the name Rāma also.

Sumitrā saw an elephant, lion, sun, moon, fire, Śrī, and ocean in a dream at dawn, which indicated the birth of a Viṣṇu. Then a powerful god fell from heaven and

descended into Queen Sumitrā's womb. At the proper time Sumitrā bore a jewel of son, the color of a rainy-season cloud, with all the favorable marks, a friend of the world. Then the king made an especial eight-day pūjā accompanied by bathing (of the images) in all the shrines of the holy Arhats in the city. The king released the captive enemies imprisoned. Who does not live happily at the birth of superior men? Not only did the king bloom with his people but the goddess earth quickly expanded. The king held a bigger festival than he had at Rāma's birth. Who becomes satiated with joy? The king gave him the name Nārāyaṇa; he became known over the earth by another name, Lakṣmaṇa.

The two infants gradually reached a distinguished childhood marked by pulling their father's beard. The king looked at them, cherished by their nurses, again and again with extreme joy, as if they were other arms of his own. They passed from lap to lap of the councilors, raining nectar, as it were, on the laps of the kings by their touch. Gradually they grew up, always dressed in blue and yellow, and wandered about, shaking the earth with their footsteps. They acquired all the arts gradually, the teachers of the arts made into (mere) witnesses, like heaps of merit embodied. Very strong, they split mountains with a light blow of their fist as easily as a dish of snow. When their bows were strung on the drilling-ground, the sun trembled and remained high from fear of being hit. Considering as straw the power of enemies because of their strength of arm, they looked upon their own expertness with weapons just as a diversion. The king considered himself invincible to gods, asuras, et cetera, because of their great skill in weapons and missiles and strength of arm.

Return to Ayodhyā (202-203)

One day, gathering resolution from the power of the princes, the king went to Ayodhyā, the capital of the

Ikṣvākus. Daśaratha ruled the earth, shining with great brilliance at the passing of evil fate like the sun at the passing of clouds.

Birth of Bharata and Śatrughna (204–207)

There one day Kaikeyī bore a son indicated by an auspicious dream, the ornament of Bharata, named Bharata. Suprabhā also bore a son, a joy to the family, named Śatrughna, possessing power of arm to kill enemies. Bharata and Śatrughna, inseparable day and night from affection, looked like another Baladeva and Vāsudeva. King Daśaratha looked with his four sons like Mt. Meru with its mountains in the shape of elephants' tusks.¹⁴⁶

Previous births of Sītā and Bhāmaṇḍala (208–237)

Now in Jambūdvīpa in this same Bhāratākṣetra in the village Dāru there was a Brāhman, Vasubhūti. He had a son, Atibhūti, by his wife, Anukośā; and his son had a wife, Sarasā. One day she was kidnaped quickly by a trick by a Brāhman, Kayāna, who had become infatuated with her. What will not someone afflicted by love do! Atibhūti wandered over the earth, just like a ghoul, to search for her; and Anukośā and Vasubhūti went to look for their son and daughter-in-law. One day as they wandered about without seeing the son and daughter-in-law, they saw a sādhu and paid homage to him with devotion. After listening to dharma, they took the vow at his side and Anukośā went to the nun Kamalaśrī at her guru's instructions. They died and became gods in Saudharma. For if the vow is taken for one day only, one goes to heaven, nowhere else.

Then Vasubhūti fell and became King Candragati, lord of Rathanūpura on Mt. Vaitādhya. Then Anukośā fell and became the Vidyādhara-lord's wife, Puṣpavati, a

¹⁴⁶ 207. The 4 ranges named Vaksāra, have the shape of elephant-tusks. K. p. 233.

woman of noble conduct. At that time Sarasā also became a mendicant after she had seen a certain nun, died, and became a goddess in Īśāna. Atibhūti, grieved at the separation from Sarasā, died, wandered through births for a long time, and one time was born a young haṅsa. One day, as he was being devoured by a hawk, he fell near a sādhu, and the sādhu said the namaskāra to him as he was dying. From the very great power of the namaskāra, after death he became a god among the Kinnaras with a life-term of ten thousand years. He fell and became the son, Kuṇḍalamaṇḍita, of King Prakāśasiṅha by his wife Pravarāvalī in the city Vidagdha.

Devoted to pleasures, Kayāna wandered through the forest of existence for a long time and became the son, Piṅgala, of King Cakradhvaja's chaplain, Dhūmakeśa by name, by his wife Svāhā, in the city Cakrapura. Piṅgala studied under one teacher with Atisundarī, King Cakradhvaja's daughter. As time passed, they became attached to each other; and Piṅgala seized her by a trick and went to the city Vidagdha. Lacking in any skilled knowledge, he earned his living there by selling straw, wood, et cetera. For that is suitable for a worthless person.

Kuṇḍalamaṇḍita saw Atisundarī there and a mutual affection arose at that time. Prince Kuṇḍalamaṇḍita kidnaped her and from fear of his father made a village in an inaccessible region and remained there. Like a crazy man from separation from Atisundarī, wandering over the earth, one day Piṅgala saw Ācārya Āryagupta. After listening to dharma from him, Piṅgala took the vow, but did not give up his affection for Atisundarī at all. Remaining in his village, Kuṇḍalamaṇḍita always looted Daśaratha's territory by tricks, like a dog. Then at Daśaratha's orders the vassal Bālacandra made a night attack, made him prisoner, and took him before him (Daśaratha). In time Daśaratha freed Kuṇḍalamaṇḍita. For the anger of the great is appeased when the enemy is miserable, crushed. Roaming over the earth toward

his father's realm, Kuṇḍalamaṇḍita heard dharma from Muni Municandra and became a layman. Having died just as he was seeking (his) realm, he became the son of Videhā, the wife of Janaka in the great city Mithilā.

Sarasā became a chaplain's daughter after wandering through births, named Vegavatī, became a mendicant, died, and went to Brahmaloaka.

When she fell, she became the daughter of Videhā, a twin to the soul of Kuṇḍalamaṇḍita. At the proper time Videhā bore a son and daughter at the same time.

Kidnaping of Bhāmaṇḍala (238-249)

At that time the sage Piṅgala died and became a god in Saudharma. With clairvoyant knowledge he looked for his enemy Kuṇḍalamaṇḍita of a former birth, and he saw that he had become the son of Janaka. Angered because of his former hostility, he seized him as soon as he was born, and reflected:

“Shall I kill him quickly by crushing him on a stone? And yet I experienced in many births for a long time the fruit of the evil deed which I committed in a former birth. By chance having become an ascetic, I have reached such a rank. How shall I go through endless births again by killing the child?”

After these reflections the god decorated the child with ornaments, earrings, et cetera, so he had the appearance of a falling star, and dropped him gently in the garden Nandana, as if on a cushion, in the town Rathanū-pura in the southern row on Vaitāḍhya. Candragati saw him and thought in bewilderment, “What is this?” and went to the garden Nandana as a result of the child's fall. He saw there the child adorned with divine ornaments and the Vidyādhara-lord, who had no son, took him himself and made him his son. He delivered the child to his wife Puṣpavatī and had a proclamation made in the city, “The queen has borne a son today.” The king and the townsmen

held a great birth-festival and named him Bhāmaṇḍala from the presence of a halo. Tended by Khecaris, he began to grow, the moon to the lotus-eyes of Puṣpavati and Candragati.

Now, when her son had been kidnaped, Videhā, crying pitifully, plunged her kinsmen into an ocean of despair. Janaka sent men in every direction and had a search made, but did not get news of him anywhere, even after a long time.

Maithila (Janaka) gave the name of Sītā to his daughter, born as a twin, with the thought, "Here is the shoot from the grain of many virtues." In the course of time their grief became dulled. Men's grief and joy in this worldly existence come and go. Sītā grew up with a wealth of beauty and grace. She became gradually full of arts, like a digit of the moon.¹⁴⁷ When she was grown in the course of time, lotus-eyed, she looked like a river with waves of virtue and beauty, like a daughter of the lord of rivers (ocean).

"Who will be a suitable husband for her?" her father, King Janaka, pondered day and night. Examining each prince through the eyes of a spy, he debated with his ministers, but not one was satisfactory.

Rāma's aid to Janaka (258-287)

Then Janaka's territory was attacked by many kings of the Ardhabarbaras,¹⁴⁸ Ātaraṅgatama, et cetera, equal to demons. Unable to stop them like floods at the end of the world, the King of Mithilā sent a messenger to summon Daśaratha. Aikṣvāka (Daśaratha) summoned the messenger who had come in haste, seated him before him with favor, and said, noble-minded:

"I think from your coming that there is unique friendship on the part of our friend, though far away,

¹⁴⁷ 254. With a play on the meaning of kalāpūrṇa, 'moon.'

¹⁴⁸ 258. I.e. half-barbarians, Mlecchas.

toward me, like that of an ocean for the moon. I hope there is prosperity to the realm, city, clan, army, his own self, and everything else of the lord of Mithilā. Tell me the reason for your coming.”

The messenger said: “Though there are many respected friends of my lord, you alone are the heart of your friend, or the soul, long-armed one. Since you are always concerned with Janaka’s good and bad fortune, now in time of distress you are recalled by him, like a family-divinity. To the south of Mt. Vaitādhyā and to the north of Kailāsa there are many unaryan countries with terrifying people. Among these there is a country named Ardhabarbara, like a family of barbarians, exceedingly cruel with men of cruel customs. In the city Mayūramāla, the ornament of this country, there is a cruel Mleccha-king, Ātaraṅgatama. His sons by the thousands have become kings and enjoy territories also, Śuka, Maṅkana, Kāamboja, et cetera. Now, Ātaraṅga, surrounded on all sides by them as commanders of inexhaustible complete armies, ravages Janaka’s country. Hard-hearted, they destroy the shrines everywhere. For from birth the destruction of dharma is dearer to them than wealth. So rescue dharma and Janaka continually beloved. You have become their life.”

As soon as Daśaratha heard this, he had the war-drum beaten. For the noble do not hesitate at all in the rescue of the noble. Then Rāma said to Daśaratha: “If my father goes himself to destroy the Mlecchas, what will Rāma and his younger brothers do? Is it from affection for his sons, or am I considered incompetent by the father? Surely from the birth of Bharata heroic deeds have been accomplished by members of the Ikṣvākus. Be gracious! Stop! Command me to destroy the Mlecchas. Soon you will hear, master, the news of the victory of your son.”

After obtaining his father’s consent with difficulty in this way, Rāma and his younger brothers, surrounded by the army, went to the city Mithilā. Near the city

Rāma saw the Mleccha-soldiers like yaks,¹⁴⁹ leopards, tigers, and lions in a large forest. The Mlecchas, whose arms were itching for battle, with the semblance of conquerors, very powerful, began to rush at Rāma quickly. At the same time Rāma's army was blinded immediately by their missiles like dust blown up from the earth by great winds that have arisen. His soldiers thinking themselves conquered, his enemies thinking themselves victorious, Janaka thinking himself dead, the people thinking themselves destroyed, Rāma, thinking himself ridiculed, strung his bow, twanged the bow-string, the drum to the play of battle. Like a god who has come to earth, Rāma pierced them with his missiles by the crores, like a hunter shooting deer, without doing any damage to the earth.

"This Janaka is a wretched creature; his army is like flies; this army that came to assist him was reduced to a miserable state in the beginning. Say, where are these arrows, covering the sky like garuḍas, coming from?" saying to each other, Ātaraṅga and the other Mleccha-kings, angered and astonished, raining arrows at the same time, charged against Rāma. Rāghava, who hit from a distance, who struck firmly, who shot quickly, destroyed the Mlecchas easily, like a śarabha destroying elephants. The Mlecchas fled here and there like crows, and Janaka, together with the people of the country, became secure.

Contest for Sītā (288-354)

Janaka, delighted, gave his daughter Sītā to Rāma; so two things resulted from Rāma's coming: victory and the finding of a husband.

At that time Nārada heard of Jānakī's beauty from the people. He went there to see her from curiosity and

¹⁴⁹ 277. Deer (the Lex. definition of camūru) do not seem very suitable in this category. According to the Abhi. 4. 360, com. the camūru has a large neck, a white mane and tail. Muni Pūnyavijayaji takes it as = camara, yak, which does fight.

entered the maiden's house. Sītā saw Nārada, tawny-haired, tawny-eyed, with a prominent belly, carrying an umbrella, holding a staff, with a loin-cloth, emaciated, with a waving topknot, terrifying, and she, terrified, trembling, went to the interior of the house, crying, "O mother!" Then Nārada was blocked by the slave-girls, women door-keepers, et cetera, who seized him by the neck, topknot, and arms, creating a tumult. Because of their outcries royal servants came armed, like messengers of Yama, saying angrily, "Kill him!" Alarmed, Nārada freed himself from them somehow or other, flew up, and went to Vaitāḍhya, and reflected:

"I have escaped alive from the slave-girls, like a cow from tigresses. By good luck I have got to Vaitāḍhya which has many Vidyādhara-lords. There is here in the southern row, a young man, the son of Candragati, named Bhāmaṇḍala, powerful, whose power is like Indra's. I will paint Sītā on a canvas and show her to him, so he will take her away by force. I shall repay that (treatment) if this is done."

Nārada did just as he planned and showed Prince Bhāmaṇḍala Sītā's form which had never been seen before in the three worlds. At once Bhāmaṇḍala was overcome by Love like a demon. He could not sleep at all, like an elephant drawn to the Vindhya. He did not eat his food and did not drink his beverages, and remained silent like a yogi engaged in meditation. Seeing him thus distracted, King Candragati said: "Does some anxiety disturb you, or have you become ill? Or has an order been disobeyed by some one, or is it something else? Tell me, son, what is the cause of your grief?" Prince Bhāmaṇḍala bent his head from shame twice over. How can well-born young men tell such things to their elders?

His friends told the reason of Bhāmaṇḍala's distress—that he was in love with a young woman whose portrait had been brought by Nārada. The best of kings had Nārada brought to his house with respect quickly and

asked of the portrait-lady, "Who is she? Whose daughter is she?" Nārada said: "She is the daughter of Videhā and Janaka, Sītā, who was portrayed by me on canvas. I am not able to paint her as she really is in beauty, nor is anyone else. She is truly extraordinary in form. Such beauty as Sītā's is not to be found among goddesses, nor among women of the Nāgas, nor among the Gandharvīs, to say nothing of humans. The gods are not able to create (by magic) such a form as it really is; gods and men are not able to imitate it; Prajāpati is not able to make it. There is a certain extreme sweetness in her appearance and her voice; and a certain deep redness in her hands and feet and throat. Yet, just as I am not able to paint her just as she is, I am not able to describe her. I tell the exact truth about that. Deciding in my own mind, 'She is suitable for Bhāmaṇḍala,' I painted her the best I could and showed the portrait, O king."

"She will be *your* wife; do not worry," the king consoled his son and dismissed Muni Nārada. Then the king instructed a Vidyādhara, Capalagati, to seize Janaka and bring him quickly. Seizing Janaka at night, unobserved, he brought him and delivered him to Candragati. The king of Rathanūpura embraced Janaka like a kinsman from affection, seated him and said with friendliness: "Your daughter Sītā has extraordinary qualities. My son Bhāmaṇḍala is not deficient in beauty. Let the union of the two in marriage, which is suitable, take place now, and mutual friendship between us because of the connection."

Janaka said, "I have given my daughter to Rāma. How can I give her to another? Maidens are given once for all."

Then Candragati said: "I have brought you here and asked you to promote our friendship. I am able to kidnap her. Even if your daughter Sītā has been *promised* to Rāma, nevertheless Rāma will marry her (only) after he has defeated us.

Two bows, Vajrāvarta and Arṇavāvarta, always attended by a thousand Yakṣas at the command of the gods, possessing unbearable brilliance, always worshipped by us in a shrine like family-divinities, were made for the future Rāma and Śārṅgin (Vāsudeva). Take them. If Dāśarathi strings one of these, then we are defeated by him. Let him marry your daughter."

Having obtained Maithala's consent to this proposal, though by force, he and his son took him and the bows to Mithilā. King Candragati released Janaka in the palace and he himself with his retinue camped on ground outside the city. At once Janaka told Queen Videhā what had happened in the night, which was like an arrow in her heart. Videhā wept: "Oh, cruel fate, having taken my son from me, you are not satisfied, but will take my daughter also. The choice of a husband is according to one's own wish among the people, not according to the wish of another. From fate this choosing of a husband at another's wish has fallen on me. If Rāma does not accomplish the stringing of the bow, which has been agreed on at another's wish, and some one else does, then there will be an undesirable bridegroom."

Janaka said: "Do not be afraid. I have seen Rāghava's strength, O queen. The bow will be like a creeper to him." After enlightening Videhā thus, Janaka worshipped the two jewels of bows at dawn and put them in the pavilion provided with a platform. Summoned by Janaka, the Vidyādhara-lords came there for Sītā's svayamvara and sat down on the platform. Then, escorted by her women-friends, wearing divine ornaments, Jānakī approached there like a goddess walking on earth. After making pūjā to the bow and setting Rāma in her mind, Jānakī stood there, a stream of nectar to the eyes of the people. Then at the sight of Sītā's beauty which agreed with Nārada's description, Bhāmaṇḍala's love assumed the character of a disease.

Then Janaka's door-keeper said: "Listen! all you kings, Vidyādhara and of earth. Janaka proclaims: 'If any one strings either one of these bows today, he may marry my daughter.'" One by one the powerful Vidyādhara and the kings approached the bow with the wish to string it. They were not able even to touch the bows surrounded by cruel serpents and very brilliant, to say nothing of taking them. Burned by sparks and flames emanating repeatedly from the bows, they withdrew and went elsewhere, their faces downcast from shame. Then Rāma, the son of Daśaratha, his golden earrings dangling, with the easy gait of a lordly elephant, approached the bow. Being watched with laughter by Candragati and other kings, and with anxiety by Janaka, the elder brother of Lakṣmaṇa, fearlessly touched with his hand the great bow Vajrāvarta, like Vajrapaṇi touching the thunderbolt, whose fire from the serpents became extinct at once. After placing it on an iron seat and bending it like a reed, Rāma, best of bowmen, strung the bow. Drawing it back to his ear, he twanged the bow with a noise that filled the space between heaven and earth, like the drum of his own glory. Maithali herself threw the svayaṃvara-wreath on Rāma and Rāmabhadra removed the bowstring from the bow. Lakṣmaṇa strung the bow Arṇavāyarta at once at Rāma's command, watched by the astonished people. Saumitra (Lakṣmaṇa) twanged it, making the sky deaf from the sound, removed the bowstring, and put the bow back in its place. Eighteen Vidyādhara, alarmed and astonished, gave their daughters, wonderful as goddesses, to Saumitra. Candragati and other Vidyādhara-lords, embarrassed, accompanied by Bhāmaṇḍala who was depressed, went to their respective cities. Then Daśaratha came quickly at Maithala's message and Rāma's and Sītā's wedding took place with a great festival.

Then Janaka's brother, Kanaka, gave Bharata his daughter Bhadrā borne by Suprabhā. With his sons and

daughters-in-law King Daśaratha went to Ayodhyā which had a festival prepared by the citizens.

Episode of the bath-water (355-371)

One day, King Daśaratha held a festival of great magnificence at the shrines and bathed Śānti. Then the king sent the bath-water by the chamberlain to the chief-queen first and afterwards to the other queens by slave-girls. But the slave-girls, moving with the speed of youth, delivered the bath-water to the (other) queens first and paid homage to them. But because the chamberlain moved slowly, like Śani,¹⁶⁰ from age, the chief-queen had not received the bath-water and reflected:

“The king has shown favor to all the queens by the Jina’s bath-water, but not to me, the chief-queen. Therefore, enough of life for me, unfortunate that I am! When pride has been destroyed, life is more painful than death.”

After these reflections, she went inside, resolved on death, and the proud lady began to hang herself with her garment. Just then the king came and saw her condition. Fearing her death, he set her on his lap and said: “Because of what disrespect have you commenced such a wicked, impulsive thing? Or have I by chance shown you any lack of respect?” Choking with sobs, she said, “You sent the Jina’s bath-water to each of all the queens, but not to me.”

Just as she said this, the chamberlain came, saying, “The king has sent you this bath-water of the Arhat.” He sprinkled her on the head with the pure water; and was questioned by the king, “Why have you delayed in coming?” The chamberlain said, “My old age is at fault. Look yourself, master, at me who am not able to do all tasks.”

Then, looking at him who was stumbling at every step as if about to die, his teeth moving like the tongue inside

¹⁶⁰ 358. Saturn in Indian astrology is represented as an old man.

a bell, a vessel of wrinkles, the hair on his body white, his eyes covered by his eye-brows, his flesh and blood dried up, the trembling of his whole body apparent, the king thought, "While we are not yet like that, we will struggle for the fourth object of existence." With such a wish the king passed some time in worldly existence, averse to objects of the senses, absorbed in disgust with the world.

Recognition of Bhāmaṇḍala (372-390)

One day, a muni who had four kinds of knowledge, Satyabhūti by name, came to this city and made a stop, attended by the congregation. King Daśaratha, with a retinue of his sons, et cetera, went and paid him homage and, wishing to hear a sermon, sat down. Just then King Candragati of Mt. Vaitāḍhya, accompanied by Bhāmaṇḍala consumed with love of Sītā and by Vidyādhara-kings, after worshipping the Arhats on Mt. Rathāvarta, came there in the air on his way back. When he saw the muni who had stopped, he descended, paid homage to him first and sat down, wishing to hear dharma. Knowing Bhāmaṇḍala's pain arising from love of Sītā, after he had delivered a sermon, Satyabhūti Sūri, speaking the truth, related the former births of Candragati, Puṣpavati, Bhāmaṇḍala, and Sītā, to turn them from sin.

The muni related the birth as twins of Sītā and Bhāmaṇḍala in this birth and the kidnaping of Bhāmaṇḍala just as it happened. When Prince Bhāmaṇḍala heard the muni's account, memory of his (former) birth was produced and he fell to the ground in a swoon. When he had regained consciousness, Bhāmaṇḍala himself told the story of his former births which had been related by Satyabhūti. Candragati and the others reached extreme desire for emancipation and Bhāmaṇḍala, intelligent, bowed to Sītā with the thought, "She is my sister." Sītā, very noble, gave him her blessing with joy, thinking, "He is my full brother who was kidnaped as soon as he was born."

Bhāmaṇḍala, well-bred and with friendship produced at once, bowed to Rāma, touching the ground with his forehead.

Candragati sent the best Vidyādharas and had King Janaka and Queen Videhā brought there. He said to him, "This is your son Bhāmaṇḍala," and told him the story of the kidnaping at birth, et cetera. Janaka rejoiced at that story like a peacock at thunder and his mother Videhā exuded milk. When Bhāmaṇḍala observed his parents, he bowed to them and they kissed him on the head and bathed him in tears. Then Candragati settled his kingdom on his son Bhāmaṇḍala and, wearied of existence, took the vow under Muni Satyabhūti. Bhāmaṇḍala bowed to Satyabhūti, Candragati, to his parents, and Anaraṇyaja (Daśaratha) and went to his own city. King Daśaratha bowed to the sage Satyabhūti and asked about his own former births. The muni related:

Previous births of Daśaratha (392-417)

"You were a merchant of noble character in Senāpura and you had a daughter, Upāsti, by your wife, Dīpikā. She became hostile to sādhus and wandered miserably through existence for a long time in births as animals, et cetera. After your soul had wandered in existence you became the son, Varuṇa, by his wife, Sundarī, of Dhana in Candrapura. Then naturally liberal, you gave superior gifts to sādhus unceasingly with faith, and died. You became a twin in the Uttarakurus in Dhātakīkhaṇḍa and after death you became a god and then you fell. In the city Puṣkalā in the province Puṣkalāvati you were born Nandivardhana, the son of King Nandighoṣa and Queen Pṛthvi. Nandighoṣa installed you, his son Nandivardhana, on the throne, was initiated by Muni Yaśodhara, and went to Graiveyaka. You, Nandivardhana, guarded your layman's duties, died, became a god in Brahmaloḥka, and then fell.

In East Videha in the city Śāśipura, the ornament of the north row on Vaitāḍhya, you became the long-armed son, Sūryañjaya, of the Vidyādhara-lord, Ratnamālin, by his wife Vidyullatā. One day Ratnamālin went to the city Siṅhapura to conquer an arrogant Vidyādhara-lord, Vajranayana. He began to burn by force the city Siṅhapura together with its children and old people, its women, its cattle, and gardens. Then a god, the soul of your chaplain in a former birth, named Upamanyu, came from Sahasrāra and said :

‘Listen! Noble sir! Do not commit such a great crime. You were a king, Bhūrinandana, in a former birth. Then you from discernment promised to abstain from meat and you were said by the chaplain Upamanyu to have broken the vow. One day the priest was killed by a man named Skanda, was born an elephant, and was captured by King Bhūrinandana. The elephant was killed in battle and then was born the son, Arisūdana, of King Bhūrinandana by his wife Gandhārā. The memory of former births took place, he became a mendicant, died, and became I, a god in Sahasrāra. Know me. King Bhūrinandana became a python in a forest, was burned by a forest-fire, and went to the second hell. He was enlightened by me who went to the hell from former affection, rose from there and became you, King Ratnamālin here. Do not burn this city, which will produce endless pain now, like the breaking of the vow to reject meat at that time.’

After hearing that account, Ratnamālin desisted from battle and installed Kulanandana, Sūrya’s son, on the throne. At that very time he took the vow with his son Sūryañjana in the presence of Ācārya Tilakasundara. The two died and became chief-gods in Mahāśukra. Then Sūryañjaya fell and became you, Daśaratha, sir. Ratnamālin fell and became Janaka. Upamanyu fell and became Kanaka, son of Janaka. Nandighoṣa, who was your father in your Nandivardhana-birth, became I, Satyabhūti, having fallen from Graiveyaka.”

Question of the succession (418-440)

After hearing that, Anaraṇyaja felt a desire for emancipation and, after paying homage to him, went home to settle the realm on Rāma, wishing to become a mendicant. Then the king summoned the queens, his sons, ministers, et cetera, and took leave of them properly, his speech like nectar.

Bharata bowed and said: "I will undertake complete self-control with you, lord. I will not remain without you. Otherwise, I will have two misfortunes very hard to bear, master. One is separation from you and the other is satiety with worldly existence." When Kaikeyī heard that, she thought, "In the future I shall have no husband and no son," and she said: "Master, you remember the boon you gave me yourself because of my work as charioteer at the svayamvara-festival? Give it to me now, O lord who are true to your promise. For a promise of the noble is like a line engraved in stone." Then Daśaratha said, "I remember the promise. Ask whatever is in my power except interfering with the vow."

Then Kaikeyī asked, "If you yourself become a mendicant, master, give this earth to Bharata." Daśaratha replied to her, "My kingdom may be taken at once," summoned Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, and said:

"In the past I gave a boon to Kaikeyī because of my satisfaction with her charioteering. Now she has asked for the kingdom for Bharata for this boon." Rāma, delighted, said: "This has been well asked by the mother—the giving of the kingdom to my brother Bharata, powerful. My father asked me about this as a favor. Nevertheless, this grieves me as an indication to the people of a lack of respect (on my part). If my father were satisfied, let him give the kingdom to a bard. There is no lordship on my part either in refusal or consent, considering myself a footman. Bharata and I are the same. The two are not

to be distinguished by you. So let Bharata be crowned with extreme joy."

While the king, astonished and pleased at hearing Rāma's speech, instructed the ministers, Bharata said, "Master, in the beginning I asked to take the vow with you. You can not do otherwise, father, at some one's advice."

The king said: "Do not make my promise false, son. The boon was given by me to your mother and has been deposited for a long time. It has been asked today by Kaikeyī in the form of giving you the realm, blameless one. You can not violate my command and that of your mother."

Rāma said to Bharata, "Even if you have no pride, nevertheless take the kingdom to preserve your father's word." His eyes filled with tears, Bharata fell at Rāma's feet and said in words choked by sobs, his hands folded submissively: "To give the kingdom is a suitable thing for the magnanimous father and elder brother, but to take it is not suitable for me. Am I not my father's son and my elder brother's younger brother? I am indeed foolish, if I show pride thus."

Retreat to the forest (44I-53I)

Rāma said to the king, "While I am here, Bharata will not take the kingdom. Therefore, I shall go and live in the forest." Rāma bowed with devotion to the king who agreed to this and went away with his bow and quiver, while Bharata wept aloud. When Daśaratha saw his son going to live in the forest, again and again he fell into a deep swoon, weak from affection. Then Rāma bowed to Queen Aparājītā and said:

"Mother, Bharata is just as much your son as I. Father has given him the kingdom to keep his promise. While I am here, he will not take it. So I must go into the forest. So you must look on Bharata with an especially

gracious eye. Do not become weak at any time because of separation from me.”

After hearing that, the queen fell to the ground in a faint. Sprinkled with sandal and water by slave-girls, she got up and said: “Oh! Why have I lived! For a swoon is an easy way to die. How shall I alive endure the pain of the separation from Rāma? My son intends to go to the forest; my husband intends to become a mendicant. Are you made of adamant, Kauśilyā, that you are not crushed at hearing that!”

Rāma said again: “Mother, you are my father’s wife. Why have you done this which is suitable for inferior women? The son of a lioness goes alone to wander in the forest. But the lioness remains happy and is not worried at all. This promised boon is an important debt of my father. While I stay here, how can he pay the debt, mother?” After enlightening Aparājītā by suitable speeches such as this, Lakṣmaṇa’s elder brother bowed to her and the other mothers and departed.

Sītā bowed to Daśaratha from a distance, approached Aparājītā and bowed to her, and asked for orders to follow Rāma. Queen Aparājītā seated Jānakī on her lap like a child, bathing her with warm tears, and said: “Child, my son Rāmabhadra, respectful, at his father’s command goes into the forest. That is not difficult for him, a man-lion. You have been cherished from birth like a queen with the best vehicles. How can you endure the pain of going on foot, child? Your body is soft as the inside of a lotus; distressed by heat, et cetera, it would cause distress to Dāśaratha, also. I can not deny permission to you to go because you would be following your husband and I can not give permission because of the undesired hardships.”

Sītā bowed to Aparājītā, fearlessly, her face like a lotus opened at dawn, and said, “May my devotion to you always confer happiness on the road. I shall follow Rāma, like the lightning the cloud.” With these words, Janaka’s daughter bowed to her again and departed, meditating

on Lakṣmaṇa's elder brother, like one rejoicing in the supreme spirit meditating on the soul. Sītā, going to the forest, was observed with difficulty by the women of the town who described her with voices choked by sorrow: "Oh! Jānakī has become the chief example of young women whose husbands are their gods by her exceedingly affectionate devotion to her husband today. Unafraid of hardship, Sītā, excellent among good wives, purifies her two families by very good conduct, indeed."

As soon as Lakṣmaṇa heard that Rāma had gone to the forest, the flame of anger was lighted at once and he thought: "Our father is honest by nature; women are dishonest by nature. After keeping the boon for so long, why on the contrary does she ask for it? The king, being such as he is, gave the kingdom to Bharata. His debt has been paid and our fear of the father's debt has gone. Now shall I fearlessly take the kingdom from Bharata, basest of the family, and bestow it on Rāma to stop my own anger? Yet, Rāma, noble, will not take the kingdom abandoned like straw, and that would cause pain to the father. May there be no pain to the father; let Bharata be king. I shall follow Rāma like a footman."

Thus reflecting, Saumitri bowed and took leave of the king, went to take leave of Sumitrā, bowed, and said: "Rāma is going to the forest and I am going to follow him. Lakṣmaṇa is not able to remain without the elder brother, like the shore without the ocean." Sumitrā took courage somehow or other and said: "Son, it is well you are my son since you follow your elder brother. After bowing to me, my son Rāmabhadra has been gone today for a long time and becomes at a distance from you. Do not hesitate, son." "That is well! That is well, mother! You are my mother," saying, Lakṣmaṇa bowed to her and went to bow to Aparājitā. Saumitri bowed to her and said, "My elder brother has gone alone for a long time. I have come to take leave of you, eager to follow my elder brother."

Kauśalyā said, weeping: "Oh, I, unfortunate, am destroyed, since you also are going to the forest, son, deserting me. Do you alone stay here. Do not leave, Lakṣmaṇa, to console me as I am afflicted by separation from Rāma."

Lakṣmaṇa said: "You are Rāma's mother, surely. Enough of this lack of self-control which is suitable for ordinary women, mother. My brother goes far away; I shall follow him, quickly. Do not hinder me, queen. I am always devoted to Rāma."

With these words Saumitri bowed to her and ran in haste after Sitā and Rāma, carrying his bow and quiver. The three of them left the city, their lotus-faces blooming, eager for a forest-dwelling like a pleasure-grove. Men and women in the city fell into a miserable state at the departure of Maithilī, Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa as if they were the breath of life. The townsmen ran after them quickly from very strong affection, abusing cruel Kaikeyī and fate. The king also, in tears, with his harem and attendants followed Rāma swiftly, drawn by the strings of love. Because the king and the people had followed Rāmabhadra rapidly, the city of Ayodhyā became entirely depopulated, as it were. Then Kākutstha (Rāma) stopped his father and mothers and made them return somehow or other by a speech which was the essence of propriety. Likewise he dismissed the townsmen with suitable words and proceeded with very great haste, accompanied by Sitā and Saumitri.

At every village he was urged to stop by the village-elders; at every city by the important men; but Kākutstha did not stop.

Now Bharata did not take the kingdom; but, on the contrary, reproached Kaikeyī and himself, not enduring the separation from his brothers. Eager to become a mendicant, the king despatched his vassals and ministers to bring back Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa for the kingdom. In great haste they reached Rāma going to the west and with devotion told him the king's command to return.

Though urged by these unhappy men, Rāghava did not return. For the promise of the great does not change, like the foot of a mountain. Though dismissed by Rāghava again and again, they all went along with hopes fixed on his return. Jānakī, Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa reached a forest on Pāriyātra¹⁵¹ which was the abode of terrible wild animals, with no human inhabitants, densely wooded. On the road they saw a river, Gambhīrā, terrifying from its deep whirlpools, with a wide stream. Rāma halted there and said to the vassals, et cetera: "Turn back at this place. For the road is very difficult beyond this. Go and tell good news of us to our father. In future serve Bharata like me, or rather, like my father." With repeated loud lamentations, "Shame on us who are not suitable for the noble Rāma," they turned back, their clothes wet with tears. Then Rāma with Sītā and Lakṣmaṇa crossed the river hard to cross, watched by them standing on the bank in tears.

When Rāma was out of sight, the vassals, et cetera, somehow went to Ayodhyā and reported to the king. The king said to Bharata, "Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa have not come. Take my kingdom. Do not be an obstacle to my initiation." Bharata said, "I will not take the kingdom in any way, but I myself will go and appease my elder brother and bring him here."

Then Kaikeyī went to the king and said: "You gave the kingdom to Bharata, O you who keep a promise. But your son, knowing what is proper, does not take the kingdom. There is great pain to his other mothers and to me, also. I, very wicked, did that, acting without reflection. Alas for the kingdom without a king though you are alive and have sons! My heart is breaking in two as I hear the cries hard to hear of Kauśalyā, Sumitrā, and Suprabhā. I shall go with Bharata to the sons, Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, and bring them with me after conciliating them. Give me permission, lord."

¹⁵¹ 496. The Western Vindhya range.

Commanded by the delighted King Daśaratha, she went with Bharata and ministers to Rāma, making haste. In six days Kaikeyī and Bharata reached the forest and saw Jānakī, Rāma, and Lakṣmaṇa at the foot of a tree. Kaikeyī descended from the chariot and, saying, "Son! Son!" kissed the bowing Rāmabhadra on the head. Embracing with her arms Vaidehī and Lakṣmaṇa who were bowing to her lotus-feet, she lamented in a very loud voice. Bharata, weeping, bowed to Rāma and fell into a faint from the penetration of the poison of sorrow. Restored by Rāmabhadra, Bharata, well-bred, said:

"Why did you come here, abandoning me like a stranger? Whatever censure there was for me, through my mother's fault, to the effect 'Bharata seeks the kingdom,' remove that by taking me with you. Or better, return to Ayodhyā and support the sovereignty. In this way, the arrow of improper conduct will leave me, brother. Saumitri, the friend of the world, will be your minister; I here your doorkeeper; and Śatrughna your umbrella-bearer."

When Bharata said this, Kaikeyī said: "Do as your brother says, son. You are always dear to your mothers. In this matter there is no fault of your father. There is no fault of Bharata. Kaikeyī's alone is the fault easy to acquire from the nature of women. Whatever faults women may have separately, all of them except unchastity have taken place in me, a store-house of faults. Pardon this act which I committed which caused grief to the husband, sons, and the mothers, since you are a son."

The elder brother of Lakṣmaṇa said to her who had spoken thus with tears: "How can I, the son of my father, break my promise? Our father gave him the kingdom with my approval. While the two of us live, how can our speech be false? Therefore, let Bharata be king at the command of both. I am not to be crossed by him, as my father is not to be crossed by me, mother."

With these words, Kākutstha himself sprinkled Bharata as king with water brought by Sītā, with all the vassals as witnesses. After bowing and speaking to Kaikeyī and also Bharata, Rāma dismissed them and set out to the south. Bharata went to Ayodhyā and, his commands unbroken, assumed the weight of the kingdom at his father's and brother's command. Daśaratha and a large retinue took initiation under Muni Satyabhūti. Bharata, wounded in the heart by his brother's dwelling in the forest, guarded the realm like a watchman, zealous in worship of the Arhat, wise.

Rāma, accompanied by Saumitri and the daughter of Maithila (Sītā), crossed the mountain Citrakuṭa on the road as he went and in a few days reached a place in the country Avanti, resembling a god placed on earth.

CHAPTER V

THE KIDNAPING OF SĪTĀ

Story of Vajrakarna (1-76)

Rāma seated Jānakī, who was worn out on the road, at the foot of a banyan tree to rest, like the lord of Guhyakas.¹⁶² After inspecting the place in every direction, Rāma said to Saumitri: "This country has become depopulated now from fear of some one. The gardens with canals with water, cane-fields with cane, and granaries with grain show that the depopulation here is recent." Then Rāma questioned a solitary man who was passing, "Why have the people of this country left and whither are you going, good sir?"

He replied: "In this country Avanti in the city Avantī there is a king, Siṅhodara, irresistible to enemies like a lion. In this territory he has a noble vassal, Vajrakarna, chief of Daśāṅgapura, who is subject to him. One day, when he had gone into the forest to hunt, he saw Muni Pritivardhana engaged in kāyotsarga. He asked the muni, 'Why do you stand in the forest here like a tree?' and he replied, 'For my own profit.' Again Vajrakarna said, 'How, pray, does any profit to you arise in this forest devoid of food, drink, etc.?' Knowing that he was a suitable person, the muni told him about the dharma which is beneficial and he, intelligent, at once became a layman before him. In his presence he made the firm resolution: 'I shall pay homage to no one except to a god, an Arhat, and sādhus.'

Then he paid respect to him (the muni) and went to Daśāṅgapura. Observing laymanship, he reflected, 'Since I have made a resolution, "There is to be no other homage

¹⁶² I. The banyan is a favorite haunt of the attendants of Kubera. Cf. Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folk of Northern India*, II, 98.

by me," Siñhodara will be hostile to me, if I do not bow to him.' Réflecting thus, he had an idea and had an image of Munisuvratanātha made of gems set in his ring. Bowing to that image in his ring, he deceived King Siñhodara. For deceit is a device against one more powerful. Some malicious person told King Siñhodara the story of Vajrakarṇa. Truly, the malicious destroy everything. At once Siñhodara was angry, hissing like a snake; and some man went and told Vajrakarṇa about his anger. Vajrakarṇa asked the man plainly, 'How did you know that he was angry at me?' and he explained:

Episode of Vidyudaṅga (19-30)

'In the city Kundapura there is a merchant, Samudrasaṅgama, a layman; his wife is Yamunā; and I am their son, Vidyudaṅga. In course of time I grew up, and came to Ujjayinī with merchandise to buy and sell. There I saw a doe-eyed courtesan, Kāmalatā, and became at once the abode of the arrows of Kāma. I made a meeting with her with the idea, "I shall spend one night with her," and was bound firmly by love like a deer by a snare. The large amount of money which had been acquired by my father with difficulty during his whole life, I wasted in six months, dominated by her. One day she said to me, "Give me earrings like those of Śrīdharā, the chief-queen of Siñhodara." "I have no money; for you I will steal them," saying, I rashly entered the palace at night by a tunnel. I heard Śrīdharā ask Siñhodara, "Lord, why do you not sleep, as if you were depressed?" Siñhodara said, "How can I sleep so long as Vajrakarṇa, opposed to bowing to me, lives? At dawn I am going to kill him and his friends, children, and relatives. Let the night pass for me sleepless until then, my dear."

After hearing that I abandoned the theft of the earrings and hurried here to tell you because of affection for a co-religionist.'

On hearing this, Vajrakarṇa at once supplied the city with an abundance of grass and grain and saw the dust of the enemy's army in the air. Immediately Daśāṅgapura was surrounded by Siṅhodara with strong forces on all sides like a sandal tree by serpents. Then Siṅhodara sent a messenger to Vajrakarṇa: 'Deceitful wretch! I have been deceived for a long time by your trick-bowing. Come and bow to me without your ring. Otherwise you and all your household will go to the house of Yama.' Vajrakarṇa replied, 'I have made the resolution: "I will not bow to any one except the Arhat and sādhus." There is no pride in heroism in this, but pride in dharma. Take everything of mine that you want except homage. Give me a concession¹⁵⁸ that I may go somewhere else for dharma. Let dharma alone be my wealth.'

He did not agree to this speech of Vajrakarṇa's. Certainly haughty men do not consider right or wrong. Siṅhodara besieged the city and Vajrakarṇa and has remained outside, looting, and the country has become depopulated from fear of him. I and my household have been ruined in this quarrel between kings. Today palaces here were burned. My hut is dilapidated. I am going in that direction, sent by a cruel wife, to bring household paraphernalia from the empty houses of rich men. There has been this auspicious fruit to me of her hard command. By fate I have seen you who resemble a god."

Raghūdvaha, an ocean of compassion, gave a cord made of gold and jewels to the poor man after he had told him this. Then Rāma dismissed him, went to Daśāṅgapura, bowed to Candraprabha in an outside shrine, and stopped there. At Rāma's command Saumitri entered the city at once and went before Vajrakarṇa. For that is the custom of straightforward persons. Vajrakarṇa recognized that he was a superior person of noble

¹⁵⁸ 36. Dharmadvāra has a peculiar Jain usage. It is the permission to leave with a certain amount of property. In *Āvacūrṇi*, I, p. 564, dharmadvāra is what can be taken in one chariot.

appearance and said, "Noble sir, be my guest for dinner." The younger brother of Rāma replied, "My lord and his wife are in a garden outside. I must see that he eats first." Then King Vajrakarṇa had food with many sauces taken to Rāma with Saumitri.

At the conclusion of the meal Lakṣmaṇa was sent by Rāma, who had instructed him, to the King of Avanti and said to him confidently, "King Dāśarathi, Bharata, of whom all kings are slaves, forbids your quarrel with Vajrakarṇa." Siṅhodara said: "Even Bharata shows favor only to his followers who are devoted, but not otherwise. This vassal of mine, Vajrakarṇa, is ill-disposed. He does not bow to me. How can I show him favor? Tell me." Lakṣmaṇa said again: "He is not disrespectful to you. His failure to bow arises from respect for his religion. Do not be angry at Vajrakarṇa. Bharata's command must be obeyed; for Bharata is ruler of the earth up to the ocean." Angered, Siṅhodara said, "Who, pray, is King Bharata, who, a partisan of Vajrakarṇa, crazy, says this to me?" Red-eyed with anger, the petal of his lip quivering, Saumitri said: "Villain, if you do not know Bharata, I shall make him known very soon. Rise for battle. Be completely armed. You cease to exist like a lizard struck by the lightning of my arm."

Siṅhodara with his army, eager to kill Saumitri, was like a child eager to touch a fire concealed by ashes. Lakṣmaṇa, who had pulled up by his arm an elephant-post like a lotus-stalk, like Death with a raised staff, beat the enemy. Then Saumitri, long-armed, lifted up Siṅhodara who was on an elephant, tied him with his garment by the neck like an animal. While the inhabitants of Daśāṅga-pura watched this remarkable thing, Lakṣmaṇa dragged him like a cow into Rāma's presence. When Siṅhodara had seen Rāma and bowed to him, he said: "I did not know that you had come here, scion of Raghu's family. Yet, why was this done to test me, Your Majesty? If you are devoted to tricks, enough of life for me. Pardon

me the fault of ignorance. Whatever must be done, give orders for that. Anger toward a servant is merely for discipline, like that of a teacher for a pupil."

Raghūdvaha instructed him: "Make peace with Vajrakarṇa" and Siṅhodara agreed, "Very well." Vajrakarṇa came there at Rāmabhadra's command and, standing respectfully before him, his hands folded submissively, said: "Rāma and Śarṅgin, lords of the line of R̥ṣabha Svāmin, by good fortune I saw you here; but did not know you for a long time. You are long-armed lords of the whole half of Bharata; I and other kings are servants of you alone. Free this lord of mine and instruct him that he may endure in future my resolution never to bow to others, lord. For the resolution, 'Except the Arhat and the sādhu no one is entitled to homage from me,' was taken from R̥ṣi Pritivardhana."

At a sign of his brow by Rāma, Siṅhodara agreed and, freed by Saumitri, embraced Vajrakarṇa. With extreme pleasure Siṅhodara gave Vajrakarṇa half of his kingdom with Rāghava as a witness, like giving it to a brother. The king of Daśāṅgapura asked the king of Avanti for Śrīdharā's earrings and gave them to Vidyudaṅga. Vajrakarṇa gave eight of his own daughters to Saumitri, and Siṅhodara and his vassals gave him three hundred maidens. Then Lakṣmaṇa said: "Now keep the maidens at your side, since our brother Bharata has been installed in the kingdom by our father. At the proper time when I have a kingdom promised, I shall marry your daughters; but now we are going to settle on Mt. Malaya." Vajrakarṇa and Siṅhodara agreed to this and went to their respective cities, having been dismissed by Rāmabhadra.

Story of Kalyāṇamāla (77-100)

Rāma passed the night there with Sītā and Lakṣmaṇa and started at dawn. In course of time he came to a place where there was no water. While Sītā, who was thirsty, rested under a tree, at Rāma's command Saumitri

went to get water. As he went, he saw a pool adorned with many lotuses, giving delight at a distance like a dear companion. Then the king of Kūbarapura, King Kalyāṇamāla, came there and saw Lakṣmaṇa. At once he was pierced by Kāma's arrows whose nature is to pierce and, bowing to Lakṣmaṇa, said, "Be my guest for dinner." Observing the agitation of love and bodily characteristics, Lakṣmaṇa thought, "She is a woman, but dressed as a man for some reason." With these reflections, Saumitri said, "My lord and his wife are in a place not far from here. I can not eat without him." He had Raghūdvaha and Sītā conducted to that place by distinguished men with good manners and gentle speech who had invited them. He, noble-minded, bowed to Rāmabhadra and Maithilī and had a tent set up at once for their use.

He approached Rāma there after he had bathed and eaten, accompanied by one minister, having a woman's appearance, and without attendants. Rāghava said to her whose face was bowed from embarrassment, "Why do you conceal that you are a woman by men's clothes, sir?"

Then the lord of Kūbara said: "In the city Kūbara there is a king, Vālikhilya, whose wife was named Pṛthvī. She became pregnant. One day Vālikhilya was taken away by Mleccha soldiers who had come for an attack and had captured him. Afterwards Queen Pṛthvī bore me, a daughter, and the minister Subuddhi proclaimed, 'A son was born.' The lord, Siṅhodara, when he was informed of the birth of a son, said, 'Let the boy be king there until the return of Vālikhilya.' I grew up gradually, wearing men's clothes from the beginning, unnoticed by others except my mother and ministers. Known by the name of Kalyāṇamāla, I exercise sovereignty from suitable advice of ministers. There can be truth even in pretense. I have sent a great deal of money to the Mlecchas for my father's release; they take the money but do not release my father. Be gracious. Release my father from them

now, just as King Vajrakarṇa was formerly released from Siṅhodara." Rāma said, "Continue wearing men's clothes and ruling your kingdom until we have gone and freed your father from the Mlecchas." The woman, wearing men's clothes, said, "That is a great favor," and the minister Subuddhi, "Let Lakṣmaṇa be her husband." Rāghava said, "At our father's command, we are going to a foreign country. When we have returned, Lakṣmaṇa will marry her." They agreed to this and Kākutstha stayed there for three days.

In the last part of the night while people slept, he departed with Sītā and Lakṣmaṇa. When she did not see Jānakī, Rāma, and Lakṣmaṇa at daybreak, she, downcast, went to her own city and ruled the kingdom as usual.

Story of the thief Kāka (101-122)

In time Rāma came to the Narmadā and crossed it, and entered the Vindhya forest, though restrained by travelers. First, a crow, seated on a thorn tree to the right, cawed harshly; but another on a fig tree cawed softly. Nevertheless, Rāma felt neither depression nor joy. For it is the weak who consider a favorable or an unfavorable omen. As he went along, he saw an army of Mlecchas with raised weapons coming, consisting of innumerable elephants, chariots, and horses, which had set out to devastate the country. Its young general saw Sītā there and, afflicted by love, uncontrolled in conduct, he instructed his own Mlecchas emphatically:

"Look! Either drive away or destroy these two men travelers; seize this excellent woman and bring her along for me." So instructed, they ran with him toward Rāghava, attacking with sharp weapons consisting of arrows and darts. Lakṣmaṇa said to Rāma: "Remain here, elder brother, with your lady, until I drive away these Mlecchas like dogs." With these words, Lakṣmaṇa strung his bow and made it sound; and at its sound the Mlecchas trembled like elephants at a lion's roar. Reflecting, "The sound of the

bow is unendurable, to say nothing of the shooting of the arrow," the Mleccha-king approached Rāma. His weapons laid aside, his face sad, he descended from his chariot and bowed to Rāmabhadra, watched angrily by Saumitra. He said: "Your Majesty, in the city Kauśāmbī there is a Brāhman, Vaiśvānara, and his wife Sāvitrī. I am their son, Rudradeva. Because of cruel karma, from birth I was a thief and devoted to other men's wives. There is nothing which I, wicked, did not do. Then one day I was found at the entrance to a tunnel by the royal servants and was led away to be impaled at the king's command. I, miserable, was seen near the stake, like a goat near the slaughter-house, by a merchant-layman and was freed because he paid a fine. Saying, 'Do not steal again,' the noble merchant dismissed me and I left the country. Wandering about, I came to this village and, known here by another name, Kāka, I gradually reached the village-headship. Remaining here, I had cities, etc. looted by robbers. I myself have gone and captured even kings and brought them here for ransom. I am obedient to you, like a Vyantara. Give me orders, master. What shall I, a servant, do? Pardon my lack of respect." The king of Kirātas was answered by Rāma, "Free Vālikhilya." He set him free and Vālikhilya bowed to Rāghava. At Rāma's command he was conducted by Kāka to Kūbara again and saw his own daughter, Kalyāṇamālā, dressed in men's clothes. Kalyāṇamālīkā and Vālikhilya related to each other the news about Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa. Kāka went to his own village and Rāma set forth and reached the river Tāpī, after crossing the Vindhya-forest.

Episode of Kapila (124-162)

After he had crossed the Tāpī, as he advanced Rāma came to a village, Aruṇagrāma, situated on the border of that country. As Sītā was thirsty, Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa went to the house of Kapila, who maintained the agni-

hotra,¹⁵⁴ and who was bad-tempered. His wife, Suśarmā, gave them each a seat and herself gave them fresh, cool water to drink. Then Kapila came, harsh as a Piśāca, and seeing them seated said angrily to his wife, "Why was admission to my house given by you to these impure persons, wretched woman! The agnihotra has been made impure." The younger brother of Rāma, angered, lifted up the cruel Brāhman scolding in this way, like an elephant, and began to whirl him around in the air. Rāma said, "What is this anger against this man, a mere worm! Turn him loose, calling himself a Brāhman, though making a false statement, honor-giver." At Rāma's command, Saumitri gradually released the Brāhman and Rāma with Sītā and Lakṣmaṇa left his house.

The rainy season (132-167)

As they went along, in time they came to another great forest; and the season with clouds black as antimony arrived. While it rained Kākutstha remained under a banyan tree. He said, "We will pass the rainy season in this same banyan tree." The god presiding over the banyan tree, a Yakṣa named Ibhakarna, was terrified at hearing that speech and went to his lord, Gokarna. Bowing to him, he said: "Master, I have been driven out of my own house, the banyan tree, by some persons with unbearable brilliance. Therefore, make a refuge for me shelterless, lord. For they are going to stay in my tree for the whole rainy season."

Gokarna knew from clairvoyance and wisely explained, "These are the eighth Rāma and Śārṅgin who have come to the house. They are to be worshipped." Going there at night, the god created for Rāma a city which was nine yojanas wide and twelve long, filled with money and grain, etc., with high-walled palaces and rows of shops filled with merchandise, named Rāmapurī. Awakened at

¹⁵⁴ 125. The oblation to Agni, consisting chiefly of milk, oil, and sour gruel, MW.

dawn by an auspicious noise, Rāma saw the magnificent city and the Yakṣa carrying a lute. He said to the astonished Rāma: "Master, you are my guest. I am a Yakṣa, Gokarṇa, and I made the city for you. Remain here comfortably, served day and night by my attendants and myself, as long as you like, master."

Thus urged by him, Rāma remained there comfortably with Sitā and Saumitri, served by the Yakṣa's men.

Now the Brāhman Kapila came to this great forest one day, when he was roaming about for fuel, et cetera, carrying an axe. He saw the city and thought to himself in astonishment, "Is this an illusion, or sorcery, or a mirage?" He saw there a Yakṣiṇī in human form, wearing beautiful clothes and ornaments, and asked her, "Whose is this new city?" She replied: "This new city was made by the Yakṣa Gokarṇa for Rāma, Sitā, and Saumitri. It is named Rāmapurī. Here Rāma gives money to the poor and such persons, an ocean of compassion. Every suffering person who comes here has his wishes gratified."

Abandoning his load of fuel and falling at her lotus-feet, he said, "Tell me, faultless lady, how I can see Rāma." She said: "In this city there are four gates and they are guarded constantly by Yakṣas. Entrance to these is hard to obtain. If you go to the east gate, after paying homage properly to the shrine there and after becoming a layman, then you can obtain admission." According to her speech, Kapila, seeking money, went into the presence of sādhus, honored the sādhus, and listened to religion from them. He became a layman, purified because of light karma; went home, and made a laywoman of his wife by teaching her religion.

Consumed by poverty from birth, they went to Rāmapurī to ask Rāma for money and bowed to the shrine. The Brāhman was greatly terrified, when he entered the palace and saw Maithilī, Rāma, and Lakṣmaṇa, recalling the abuse he had given. Saumitri, compassionate, said to him wishing to escape, "Do not be afraid, Brāhman.

If you are a beggar, come. Ask for money." Then Kapila went fearlessly to Rāma, gave him a blessing, and sat down before him on a seat assigned by Guhyakas. Asked by Rāma, "Whence have you come?" he said: "Do you not know me, the Brāhman living in Arunagrāma? Though you were my guest, I abused you with harsh speech. You, compassionate, had me released from him (Saumitri)." His wife, Suśarmā, sad-faced, sat down near Sītā, after bestowing a blessing, accompanied by a narrative of former events. Then the Brāhman's wishes were gratified with much money and, dismissed by Rāghava, he returned to his own village. Enlightened, the Brāhman gave gifts according to taste and took the vow under Sūri Nandāvataṅsa.

At the end of the rainy season Gokaṛṇa noticed that Rāghava wished to leave and he said to him respectfully, his hands folded submissively: "If you are going to leave here, master, be gracious to me. Pardon me for any stumbling in devotion to you. Who is able to show honor suitable for you, long-armed one?" With these words he gave Rāma a necklace called Svayamprabha, to Saumitri ear-ornaments made of divine jewels, and to Sītā a crest-jewel and a lute which played anything desired. Rāma received permission from the Yakṣa and set out according to his wish, and then the Yakṣa destroyed the city that he himself had made.

Story of Vanamālā (168-240)

Jānakī, Rāma, and Lakṣmaṇa, traveling day by day, having left the forest, reached Vijayapura at twilight. In a garden outside to the northwest they stopped under a very large banyan tree near the palace. The king in this city was named Mahīdhara, his wife was named Indrāṇī, and their daughter Vanamālā. Even as a child, Vanamālā desired Saumitri for a husband, no one else, because she had heard of his wealth of virtues and beauty. Mahīdhara heard at that time that King Daśaratha had

become a mendicant and that Rāma and Saumitri had departed, and he was much depressed. Mahīdhara promised Vanamālā to Surendrarūpa, the son of King Vṛṣabha in Candranagara.

When Vanamālā heard that, she determined to die and, alone, went by fate to that garden during that night (when they were there). After entering the temple, she made a pūjā to the forest-deity and said, "May Saumitri be my husband in another birth." She went to the banyan tree and was seen by Lakṣmaṇa who was awake, a watchman for the sleeping Jānakī and Rāma. Saumitri thought: "Is this a forest-deity, or the presiding deity of the banyan, a Yakṣiṇī?" While he was thinking, she climbed the banyan and Lakṣmaṇa climbed it also, wondering, "What is she going to do?" With hands folded submissively, she said: "Mothers! Goddesses of the forest, of the directions, of the sky! All of you hear my prayer. Since Lakṣmaṇa was not my husband in this birth, may he be in another birth, if there is devotion on my part to him."

With these words she made a noose from her outer garment, tied it to the banyan and quickly hanged herself. Saying, "Fair lady, do not be rash. I am Lakṣmaṇa," Lakṣmaṇa took off the noose and took her down. In the last part of the night Lakṣmaṇa related the complete story of Vanamālā to Rāma and Sītā who had wakened. Her face veiled from shame, Vanamālā at once bowed to the lotus-feet of Jānakī and Rāma.

Now Indrāṇī, wife of King Mahīdhara, missed Vanamālā and shrieked pitiably. Mahīdhara went out to search for Vanamālā and, wandering back and forth, saw her standing there. When the soldiers cried with raised weapons, "Kill! kill the kidnapers of the princess," the younger brother of Rāma stood up angrily. He put the string on the bow, like an eyebrow on the forehead, and made a twanging noise which destroyed the enemy's arrogance. The enemy were terrified, trembled, and fell at the sound of the bow; Mahīdhara stood before Saumitri

himself and looked at him. After observing him, he said, "Unstring your bow, Saumitri. You, longed for, have come because of my daughter's merit." When Saumitri had unstrung the bow, Mahīdhara, being comfortable, noticed Rāma, descended from his excellent chariot, and bowed to him. He said to him: "Even before, I intended this girl for your brother Saumitri, because she herself was in love with him. Now a meeting between them has taken place by my good fortune. Certainly, Lakṣmaṇa as a son-in-law is not easy to obtain, nor you as a connection." With these words Mahīdhara led Jānakī, Rāma, and Lakṣmaṇa to his own palace with great honor.

One day while they were there, a messenger from King Ativīrya came and said to King Mahīdhara while he was in the council: "The king of Nandyāvartapura, Ativīrya, an ocean of strength, summons you for assistance in a quarrel with Bharata that has arisen. Many kings have come in Dāśarathi's army. Therefore, you, very powerful, are summoned by Ativīrya." Lakṣmaṇa asked, "What is the reason for the quarrel of the king of Nandyāvarta with King Bharata?" The messenger replied: "Our master wishes homage from Bharata, but he is not willing to give it. That is the cause of the quarrel." Rāma asked the messenger, "Is Bharata a match for Ativīrya in battle, sir, that he disdains service to him?" The messenger said: "Our Ativīrya is very powerful; Bharata is no ordinary person. Therefore, which one of the two will be victorious is in doubt."

Saying to the messenger, "I shall come quickly," the king dismissed him and said to Rāma: "Alas for the ignorance of this Ativīrya of little wit that he intends to fight with Bharata, after summoning us. Going with a complete army we, our hostility being unknown, shall kill *him*, as if at Bharata's command." Rāma said, "You stay here. I shall go there with your sons and their armies and shall do whatever is suitable." He agreed,

“Very well!” and Rāma, Sītā, and Lakṣmaṇa, accompanied by his sons’ armies, went to Nandyāvartapura.

Rāma camped in a garden outside and the deity of the place said to him, “Noble sir, what wish can I perform for you?” Rāghava replied, “Nothing needs to be done for us,” and she said, “Nevertheless, I shall confer assistance. I shall turn you and your army into attractive women to disgrace him by people saying, ‘Ativīrya was defeated by women.’” Immediately his army became women, like a kingdom of Amazons; and Rāma and Saumitri became beautiful women. Rāma had the door-keeper announce to the king, “This is his army which was sent by Mahīdhara to your assistance.” Ativīrya said: “Mahīdhara himself did not come. Away with the army of this insolent man who wishes to die. I will conquer Bharata by myself. What need have I of any assistants? Expel this disgraceful army of his quickly.”

Then some one else said, “Not only did he not come himself, but he sent here an army of women to ridicule (us).” Hearing that, the king of Nandyāvarta became exceedingly angry. Rāma and the others came to the door in the form of women. Ativīrya gave orders, “Take these wretched women firmly by the neck, like slaves, and expel them from the city.”

His vassals arose with their soldiers on all sides and, powerful, started to attack the army of women. Rāma-bhadra pulled up a long elephant-pillar with his arm-pillar, turned it into a weapon, and felled them on all sides. Deeply incensed by the destruction of his vassals, Ativīrya himself rose up for battle and drew his terrifying sword. Then Lakṣmaṇa cut down the sword instantly, dragged him by the hair and bound him with his garment. Seizing him, like a tiger seizing a deer, the man-tiger set out, watched by the people of the city with eyes trembling from terror. Then Maithilī, compassionate, had him set free and Saumitri made him acknowledge service to Bharata immediately. Then the place-deity destroyed the women’s

clothes of them all and Ativīrya recognized Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa. Ativīrya made a great pūjā to them and, being a proud man, thought very much about disgust with existence because of the ruin to his pride.

“Shall I serve another?” Proud in his heart, he settled the kingdom on his son Vijayaratha, intending to take initiation. Though opposed by Rāma: “You are a second Bharata to me. Rule the earth. Do not become a mendicant,” he, noble-minded, became a mendicant. His son, Vijayaratha, gave his sister, Ratimālā, to Lakṣmaṇa and he accepted her. Rāma and his army went to Vijayapura, but Vijayaratha went to Ayodhyā to serve Bharata. Bharata, a mountain of dignity, knew his story and honored him when he arrived. For the good are devoted to the humble. He gave his sister, Vijayasundarī, younger than Ratimālā, the best of women, to King Bharata. Then in his wandering, Ativīrya came as a muni and King Bharata praised him and asked his forgiveness. Dismissed with favor by King Bharata, Vijayaratha went joyfully to Nandyāvartapura.

When Rāma was ready to go, having taken leave of Mahīdhara, Lakṣmaṇa said good-by to Vanamālā, intending to leave. Her eyes filled with tears, Vanamālā said: “Why did you save my life before, uselessly, lord of my life? A painless death *then* would have been better, my dear, than the pain, resembling a half-death, which comes from separation from you. Since you married me just now, take me with you, lord. Otherwise, death will take me away, using the pretext of separation from you.” Lakṣmaṇa pacified her: “I am my brother’s servant. Do not be an obstacle to my service by going along, proud lady. When we have found a very superior place such as desired, fair lady, I will join you again. For you are dwelling in my heart. To make you trust that I will return I will take any of the terrible oaths that you want me to take.”

She had Śaumitri take an oath, "If I do not come again, may I be seized by the sin of people eating at night."¹⁸⁵

Winning of Jitapadmā (241-259)

In the last part of the night Rāma, Sītā, and Lakṣmaṇa set out and, after crossing forests, reached the city Kṣemāñjali in course of time. In a garden outside Rāma consumed food growing wild, fruit, et cetera, brought by Lakṣmaṇa and prepared by Jānakī's hands. Having permission from Rāma, Saumitri entered the city from curiosity and heard a loud proclamation:

"Whoever can endure a blow from the spear of the king, to him he will give his daughter in marriage." He asked a man the reason for the proclamation and he said: "The king here is named Śatrudamana, very powerful. He has a daughter, borne by Queen Kanakā, most superior of maidens, named Jitapadmā, the sole abode of Padmā, lotus-eyed. The king undertakes this daily to test the strength of a husband. Such a man does not come."

Hearing this, Lakṣmaṇa went to the king in his council and was questioned, "For what reason and whither have you come?" He replied, "I am Bharata's messenger and hearing about your daughter as I was traveling on some business, I came here to marry her." The king asked, "Can you endure a blow from my spear?" "What does one amount to? I shall endure five," Lakṣmaṇa said. Just then the king's daughter, Jitapadmā, came there and was wounded by love as soon as she had seen Lakṣmaṇa. Though she, infatuated at once, tried to prevent him, the king hurled five spears, hard to endure, rapidly at Lakṣmaṇa. Lakṣmaṇa seized two with his hands, two under his arms, and one with his teeth along with the mind of Princess Jitapadmā. Jitapadmā herself threw the garland of choice on him and the king said, "Marry this maiden." Lakṣmaṇa said, "My elder brother,

¹⁸⁵ 240. It is forbidden for Jains to eat at night.

“Rāma, Dāśarathi, is in a garden outside. I am always obedient to him.” When he knew that they were Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, the king went instantly, bowed to Rāma, and conducted him to his own house. The king showed Rāma great honor. For even an ordinary guest must be honored, how much more the chief of men. Then, as Rāma was leaving, Saumitri said to the king, “I shall marry your daughter, when I return.”

Story of Kulabhūṣaṇa and Deśabhūṣaṇa (259-319)

Rāma set out in the night and at evening reached a town, Vaṅśasthala, situated on the slope of Mt. Vaṅśaśaila. Rāma saw its people and the king terrified and asked a man, “What is the reason for their fear?” The man explained: “This is the third day of a terrible noise that takes place on this mountain at night. From fear of it all the population goes elsewhere at night and comes back at dawn. This is the continual unfortunate state of affairs.” Then Rāma, from curiosity and urged by Lakṣmaṇa, climbed the mountain and saw two munis engaged in kāyotsarga. Jānakī, Rāma, and Lakṣmaṇa praised them with devotion and Rāma had the lute, which Gokarna gave, play before them. Saumitri sang pleasingly with beautiful grāmarāgas and Queen Sītā danced with various gestures and postures.

Then the sun set and the starry night unfolded. A god, Analaprabha, came with several vetālas created by magic. He himself had the form of a vetāla, and, hard-hearted, began to attack the two sages, splitting the sky with loud laughter. Leaving Vaidehī with the sādhus, Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, armed, got up to kill him, assuming the form of Death unseasonably. The god, unable to endure their flood of brilliance, went to his own place, and the sādhus’ omniscience arose. The gods held an omniscience-festival for them. Rāma bowed and asked them the reason for the attack. One of them, the sage Kulabhūṣaṇa related:

“There was a king, Vijayaparvata, in the town Padmini. He had a messenger, Amṛtasvara, and the messenger had a wife, Upayogā, and two sons, Udita and Mudita. There was a friend of the messenger, a Brāhman, Vasubhūti; and Upayogā was in love with him and wished to kill Amṛtasvara. At the king’s command Amṛtasvara went to a foreign country one day. Vasubhūti went with him and slew him on the road by a trick. Vasubhūti came to the city and told the people, ‘Amṛtasvara sent me back because of some business.’ He told Upayogā, ‘I killed Amṛtasvara on the road by using a trick, as he was an obstacle to our pleasure.’ She said, ‘You did well. Kill these boys also. Let be complete freedom from troublesome persons.’ He agreed to that. By chance Vasubhūti’s wife heard this plan and from jealousy told his sons, Udita and Mudita. Vasubhūti was felled at once by Udita in anger and, having died, was born a Mleccha in the village Nala.

One day the king listened to dharma from sage Mativardhana and became a mendicant; and they also, Udita and Mudita. Udita and Mudita set out to worship the shrines on Sammeta and came to the village, as they wandered on the road. The Mleccha, the soul of Vasubhūti, ran to kill them because of former enmity, as soon as he saw them, and was prevented by the Mleccha-king. The lord of the Mlecchas was a deer in a former birth and had been set free from a hunter by the jīvas of Mudita and Udita who were farmers in that birth. Henceforth protected by the Mleccha-king, they went to Sammeta, worshipped the shrines, and wandered for a long time. After fasting to death, they became very powerful gods in Mahāśukra, Sundara and Sukeśa.

After wandering through existence, the Mleccha, Vasubhūti’s jīva, attained a human birth with difficulty and in it he became an ascetic. After death he became a god among the Jyotiṣkas, named Dhūmaketu, possessing false-belief, hard-hearted.

The jīvas of Udiṭa and Mudita fell from Śukra and in Bhārata in the city Rīṣṭapura became the sons, Ratnaratha and Citraratha, of King Priyamvada by his wife Padmāvati. Dhūmaketu fell and became the son, Anudvara, of the same king by his wife Kanakābhā. He was jealous of Ratnaratha and Citraratha; but they did not feel any jealousy toward him. Priyamvada made Ratnaratha king and the two heir-apparents, fasted six days, and became a god. A certain king gave his daughter, Śrīprabhā, to Ratnaratha ruling the kingdom, though Anudvara had asked for her. Angered, Anudvara looted the land of Ratnaratha, who felled him in battle and captured him. By practicing much deceit he was released by Ratnaratha. He became an ascetic and practiced penance in vain because of his association with women. Then he died and after wandering through births for a long time, became a human. Becoming an ascetic again he practiced penance without knowledge. He died and became this Jyotiṣka-god, Analaprabha.

Ratnaratha and Citraratha took initiation. After death they became very magnificent gods, Atibala and Mahābala, in the heaven Acyuta. They fell and descended into the womb of Queen Vimalā, chief-queen of King Kṣemaṅkara in Siddhārthapura. In course of time Vimalā bore two sons: I, Kulabhūṣaṇa, and Deśabhūṣaṇa here. The king entrusted us to the teacher Ghoṣa for study and we studied all the arts for twelve years. In the thirteenth year we came with Ghoṣa into the king's presence and saw a maiden standing at a window in the palace. We fell in love with her at once and, disconsolate, went before the king and demonstrated all the arts. The teacher was honored by the king and went to his own house; we went to bow to our mother at the king's command. We saw the maiden there with our mother and our mother announced: 'This is your sister, Kanakaprabhā. She was born while you were living at your teacher's house, sons. Hence, you do not know her.' Hearing that, we were

ashamed of desiring our sister from ignorance. We experienced disgust with existence at once and became mendicants in the guru's presence. Practicing severe penance, we came here to the great mountain and stood in kāyotsarga, indifferent to the body.

Because of the separation from us, our father fasted, died, and became a lord of Garuḍas,¹⁶⁶ a god named Mahālocana. Knowing by the shaking of his throne the attack on us, he has come here now, distressed by his affection in a former birth. Out of curiosity the god Analaprabha went with the gods to the side of the kevalin, Muni Anantavīrya. At the end of the sermon he was asked by a disciple, 'Who will be a kevalin after you in Munisuvrata's congregation?' He replied: "At my emancipation two brothers, Kulabhūṣaṇa and Deśabhūṣaṇa, will become kevalins.' After hearing that, Analaprabha went to his own place and, learning by trickery that we were engaged in kāyotsarga here, attacked us cruelly because of enmity in a former birth in order to make false Anantavīrya's speech, because of wrong-belief. He attacked us resolutely for four days. Today you came here and he disappeared from fear of you. Our omniscience arose from destruction of karma and he was an aid in destroying karma by making his attacks."

The god Mahālocana, lord of Garuḍas said, "Kākutstha, you have done well. What can I do for you in return?" Rāma replied, "There is no reward for us," but the god said, "Nevertheless, I shall do you a favor sometime," and went away.

Then the lord of Vaṅśasthala, King Suraprabha, came there, bowed to Rāma, and honored him very much. At Rāma's command he had shrines to the Arhats made on the mountains and from that time the mountain was named 'Rāmagiri' from Rāma's name. Then the best of Raghus set forth after taking leave of Suraprabha and

¹⁶⁶ 309. I.e., Suparṇas, a division of the Bhavanavāsins. See I, p. 382.

fearlessly entered the extraordinary Daṇḍakāraṇya.¹⁵⁷ Kākutstha made his dwelling in a cave-house in a large mountain in it and remained as comfortable as in his own house.

Story of Jaṭāyus (324-377)

One day two flying ascetics, Trigupta and Sugupta, came through the air at dinnertime. They approached to break their fast, after fasting for two months, and the three—Rāma, Sītā, and Lakṣmaṇa—paid homage to them devotedly. Sītā entertained them with suitable food and drink and then the gods made showers of rain and jewels. Then Ratnajaṭin, lord of the Vidyā-dharas of Kambudvīpa, and two gods came there and, delighted, gave Rāma a chariot with horses.

A bird, named Gandha, came there because of the fragrance of the shower of perfume, having come down from a tree, which he inhabited, ill. At the mere sight of the muni, memory of his births was produced and he fell on the ground in a swoon, and Sītā sprinkled him with water. When he had regained consciousness, he fell at the sādhu's feet and was cured instantly by the magic art, the healing herb of touch,¹⁵⁸ of the sādhu. His wings became golden; his bill resembled coral; his feet were like rubies; and his body had the color of various jewels; his top-knots on his head resembled rows of pearls; and from that time the bird's name was Jaṭāyus.

Rāma asked the sages: "The vulture is evil-minded from flesh. Why did he become quiet at your feet? Blessed Ones, formerly his body was very lusterless. Why now was the color of a heap of gold and jewels produced instantly?"

Sugupta related: "Formerly there was a city, Kumbhakāraḥaṭa, and its king, Daṇḍaka. At that time in Śrāvastī there was King Jitaśatru; his wife was Dhāriṇī,

¹⁵⁷ 322. The name of a forest in the Deccan.

¹⁵⁸ 330. See I, pp. 75 ff. and n. III. Our sparśausādhi, of course, = āmarśausādhi.

and their son was Skandaka. They had a daughter, Purandarayaśas, and Daṇḍaka, the lord of Kumbhakāra-kaṭa, married her. One day Daṇḍaka sent a messenger, a Brāhman named Pālaka, to King Jitaśatru, on some business. At that time Jitaśatru was devoted to the fellowship of the Arhats' religion, but Pālaka, evil-minded, began to corrupt his religion. He, possessing false belief, hard-hearted, was silenced by Prince Skandaka by reasoning harmonizing with truth. At that time he was laughed at by the councilors and became angry at Skandaka. One day, dismissed by the king, he went to Kumbhakāra-kaṭa.

One day, Skandaka, disgusted with existence, together with five hundred rājputs took the vow under Munisuvrata. Saying, 'I shall go to Kumbhakāra-kaṭa to enlighten Purandarayaśas and the people,' he took leave of the Lord. The Lord said, 'If you go there, an attack ending in death will be made on you and your retinue.' 'Shall we attain emancipation or not?' Skandaka again asked Svāmin Munisuvrata. The Blessed One explained, 'All except you will attain emancipation.' Saying, 'All this is accomplished,' Skandaka set forth.

In course of time, Skandakācārya, accompanied by five hundred munis, reached the city Kumbhakāra-kaṭa. Seeing him, cruel Pālaka, recalling his defeat, had weapons implanted in the ground in the gardens suitable for the sādhus. Skandakācārya stopped in one of the gardens and Daṇḍaka came with his attendants to honor him. Skandaka delivered a sermon and many people rejoiced. At the end of the sermon King Daṇḍaka, delighted, went to his own house. Pālaka, evil-minded, went to the king secretly: 'Master, Skandaka is certainly a hypocritical heretic. A great rogue, he has come here with a thousand soldiers in the guise of monks to kill you and take your kingdom. Let the king believe this, when he has seen the weapons hidden secretly by the soldiers disguised as monks in the garden here, his own place.' Then the king

had the dwelling places of the monks dug up everywhere. He saw various weapons and was in deep despair. Without reflection the king instructed Pālaka: 'You were well-informed, minister. I am furnished with eyes by you. You yourself know what is suitable to do to this scoundrel. Do that. Do not ask me again, noble sir.'

So instructed, Pālaka had a machine made quickly and crushed the sādhus one by one before Skandaka. Even while they were being crushed Skandaka himself had them perform the right emancipation-rites accompanied by a sermon. When the youngest muni in the retinue was led to the machine, from compassion Skandakārya said to Pālaka, 'Crush me first. Do this request of mine, that I may not see the young muni being crushed.' Knowing that Skandaka would suffer from his crushing, Pālaka had the boy-muni crushed to pain him. All became omniscient and attained an eternal abode. But Skandaka rejected that and made a nidāna: 'May I be the means of destroying Daṇḍaka and Pālaka and their families and kingdoms, if there is fruit of penance.' Having made this nidāna, he was crushed by Pālaka, and he became a god, a Vahnikumāra, like the fire at the end of the world for their destruction. A bird seized his broom¹⁵⁹ which was made from the thread of a choice blanket given by Purandarayaśas and which was soaked with blood. Though it had been seized really with an effort with the idea that it was an arm, it fell by chance in front of Queen Purandarayaśas. Then she knew the destruction of her brother, the great sage. 'What crime have you committed, wretch?' she reviled Daṇḍaka. The messenger-deity lifted her up, while she was immersed in grief, and took her to Munisuvrata; and she became a mendicant. The Agnikumāra, Skandaka, knowing his former birth by clairvoyance, burned King Daṇḍaka with Pālaka and the people of the city. From that time this cruel,

¹⁵⁹ 365. The broom made of wool which the monks carry.

uninhabited forest has been known over the earth as Daṇḍakāraṇya' from the name of Daṇḍaka.

After Daṇḍaka had wandered in existence in birth-nuclei which were mines of pain, he became the bird, Gandha, very ill because of his karma. Memory of his former births was produced by seeing us and the diseases were destroyed by our magic art, 'the healing herb of touch.' "

Hearing that story, the bird, delighted, fell again at the muni's feet, listened to dharma, and became a layman. The great muni, knowing his desire, made for him the vow to cease destroying life, eating flesh, and eating at night. The muni said to Rāma: "He is your co-religionist. Devotion to a co-religionist is described by the Jinas as conducive to happiness." "He is our dearest brother," Rāghava said and, after he had praised the munis, they flew up in the air and went elsewhere. Jānakī, Rāma, and Lakṣmaṇa mounted their divine chariot and wandered elsewhere for sport, accompanied by Jaṭāyus.

Killing of Śambūka (378-410)

Now in Pātālalaṅkā there were two sons of Khara and Candranakhā, Śambūka and Suna, just grown up. Though restrained by his parents, Śambūka went one day to Daṇḍakāraṇya for the purpose of subduing the sword, Sūryahāsa. He stood in a bamboo-thicket on the bank of the Krauñcaravā and said, "I will kill anyone who hinders me." Enjoying solitude, pure-minded, chaste, his senses subdued, face-down, his feet fastened to a branch of a banyan tree, he began to mutter the vidyā which subdues the sword Sūryahāsa, which attains success after twelve years and seven days. When he had remained in the position of a bat for twelve years and four days, Sūryahāsa, wishing to yield, concealed by its scabbard, with fragrance bursting forth, came through the air to the bamboo-thicket.

As Saumitri was wandering here and there for amusement, he came there and saw the sword, Sūryahāsa, like a mass of rays of the sun. He took the sword and drew it from its scabbard. For warriors are curious at sight of a new weapon. To test its sharpness Lakṣmaṇa immediately cut the bamboo-thicket which was near, cutting off a stalk. He saw the lotus-head of Śambūka, who had been within the bamboo-thicket, fall, severed, to the ground in front of him. When Saumitri entered the bamboo-thicket before him he saw the corpse hanging from a branch of the banyan.

"I have killed a man who was not fighting, unarmed. Shame on me for that act," he réproached himself. He went and told the whole story to Rāmabhadrā and showed him the sword. Rāma said, "This sword is Sūryahāsa. You have killed its worshipper. Some assistant worshipper of it is certainly to be conjectured."

Just then Daśagrīva's sister, Candranakhā, thinking, "Today Sūryahāsa will yield to my son," hastily took food and drink for a pūjā and went there, delighted. She saw her son's head cut off, with dangling earrings. Crying, "Where are you, child! Oh! Śambūka, Śambūka," she saw the pleasing foot-prints of Lakṣmaṇa. "That is the track of the man who killed my son," and Candranakhā followed the foot-prints quickly. When she had gone a short distance, she saw Rāma with Sītā and Lakṣmaṇa, very delightful to the eye, standing under a tree. She was infatuated with Rāma as soon as she had seen him. There is a certain intentness on love in passionate women even in superabundant sorrow, alaṣ!

After creating the form of a maiden which resembled a Nāga-maiden, wounded by love, she approached Kākūtsthā, trembling. Rāmabhadrā said to her, "Fair lady, whence have you come here to this cruel Daṇḍakāraṇya, the sole abode of Kṛtānta?" She said: "I am the daughter of the king of Avanti. During the night while I was asleep on top of the palace, I was kidnaped by a Khecara. When

he had come here to the forest with me, another Vidyādhara, armed with a sword, saw him and said to him : 'Where are you going, after seizing this jewel of a woman like a kite a pearl-necklace? Villain, death, in me, is at hand for you.' Thus addressed, he released me here and fought with him for a long time. Both of them perished like rutting wild elephants. I ran away alone and, wandering here and there, found you, like a shadow a tree in the forest, because of my virtue in former births. Therefore, marry me, master, as I am a maiden belonging to a good family. Certainly the request of suitors is not in vain among the noble."

"Certainly some sorceress, disguised like an actor, producing a false play, has come here to deceive us." With these reflections, agreeing in their conjectures, Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa looked at each other for a long time with wide-open eyes. Then Rāma, his lips blossoming with a flood of moonlight of smiles, said to her, "I have my wife with me. Take Lakṣmaṇa without a wife." Lakṣmaṇa, asked by her in the same way, said, "You went to the elder brother. You are like an elder sister. Enough of this conversation."

Kidnaping of Sītā (411-460)

Extremely angered by the refusal of her request and the killing of her son, she went and told Khara and the others about the killing of her son which they had committed. Accompanied by fourteen thousand Vidyādharas, they went to attack Rāma like elephants attacking a mountain. "While I am here, will the elder brother himself fight with such people?" Lakṣmaṇa asked Rāma for permission to fight them. "Go, son, to victory. If there should be any difficulty, give a lion's roar to summon me," he instructed him. Agreeing definitely to Rāma's command, Lakṣmaṇa, accompanied by his bow, went and commenced killing them, like Garuḍa killing serpents.

The fight increasing, in order to strengthen her husband's army in the rear, Rāvaṇa's sister hurried to Rāvaṇa and said: "Two men, Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, have come to Daṇḍakāraṇya. Devoid of wisdom, they have led your sister's son to the sphere of Yama. Hearing of that, your sister's husband with his younger brother and an army went there and is now fighting with Saumitri. Proud of his younger brother's strength and his own strength, Rāma has stood apart, amusing himself with Sītā. Sītā, the crest of women, as it were, from her wealth of beauty and grace, is not a goddess, not a Nāga-maiden, not a mortal. She is something else. Her beauty, without parallel in the three worlds, by which all the women of gods and demons are reduced to slavery, is beyond the realm of speech. You whose commands extend from ocean to ocean—whatever jewels are on the earth, they all belong to you alone, brother. If you do not take this jewel of a woman, who stops winking of the eyes by her wealth of beauty, you are not Rāvaṇa."

Daśakandhara got into Puṣpaka and gave orders, "King of aerial cars, go quickly where Jānakī is." The aerial car went with very great speed to Jānakī as if in rivalry with Daśagrīva's mind going there. Daśakandhara was afraid of Rāma's very strong brilliance, when he had seen it, and stopped at a distance, like a tiger fearing a fire. He reflected, "Alas! On the one hand is Rāma, difficult to approach; on the other hand, the kidnaping of Sītā; on the one hand, a tiger; on the other, a bank." Then he recalled the vidyā Avalokanī and she was present immediately like a servant, her hands joined together. Daśānana ordered her immediately, "Give me assistance at once. I am on the point of kidnaping Sītā." She said: "Vāsuki's head-jewel can be taken easily, but not Sītā, even by gods and demons, when she is near Rāma. However, there is a means by which he would go to Lakṣmaṇa, namely, a lion's roar from him (Lakṣmaṇa). That is a signal between them." He told her, "Give one,"

and she went off to a distance and gave a lion's roar like Saumitri in person. Hearing the lion's roar, Rāma thought in confusion: "The younger brother has no equal in the world, like Hastimalla. I see no one by whom Saumitri meets trouble. Yet the lion's roar, the signal of trouble, is heard." While Rāma, noble-minded, was hesitating, Sītā, because of affection for Lakṣmaṇa, said to him: "Husband, why do you hesitate now when the boy is in trouble? Go quickly and protect Lakṣmaṇa." Urged by these words of Sītā and by the lion's roar, Rāma went quickly, even disregarding omens.

Then Daśagrīva got out of his aerial car, Puṣpaka, and began to put Janaka's daughter, screaming, in it. "Mistress, I am here. Do not be afraid. Stop! Stop, fiend!" saying this angrily, Jaṭāyus ran at him from a distance. The great bird furrowed Rāvaṇa's chest with the sharp ends of his bill and claws, like a great field with plows. Then Daśagrīva, angry, took his cruel sword, cut off his wings, and made the bird fall to the ground. Unhesitatingly Daśagrīva put Sītā into Puṣpaka and set out through the air, his wish almost fulfilled.

"Oh! my lord, Rāma, by whom enemies are destroyed; Oh! dear Lakṣmaṇa; oh! my father; oh! brother Bhāmaṇḍala, long-armed. Sītā is seized by this man through a trick, like an offering of food by a crow." So Sītā cried, making heaven and earth cry. A Khecara, Ratnajaṭi, son of Arkajaṭi, heard her cry and thought: "That is certainly Rāma's wife. Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa were tricked by that noise which was heard above the ocean and she is kidnaped by Rāvaṇa. I shall aid my lord Bhāmaṇḍala now." With this thought, drawing his sword he ran at Daśakandhara, attacking him. Daśānana laughed at him challenging him to battle and at once destroyed all his vidyā by the power of (his own) vidyā. When his vidyā had been destroyed, like a bird whose wings have been cut off, he fell and landed on Kambuśaila in Kambudvīpa.

Rāvaṇa went in his car by air above the ocean and, suffering from love, said to Sītā humbly: "You have attained the rank of chief-queen of me who am the lord of those who fly in the air and walk on the earth. Why do you weep? Enough of sorrow in the place of joy! When fate joined you with Rāma of poor destiny before, certainly it did an unsuitable thing. Now I did a suitable thing. Consider me your husband, queen, resembling a slave for service. If I am your slave, all the Khecaras, men and women, are your slaves."

While Rāvaṇa was making this speech, Sītā remained with bowed head recalling with devotion the two syllables 'Rāma' like a charm. Suffering from love, he fell with his head at Jānakī's feet; she drew away her feet, fearful of the touch of a strange man. Sītā reviled him, "Pitiless, shameless man! Soon you will meet death, the fruit of desire for another man's wife." Just then the ministers, Sāraṇa and others, and other Rakṣas-vassals came from all sides to meet the lord of Rākṣasas. Rāvaṇa, very impetuous, very foolhardy, his strength equal to any work, went to the city Laṅkā, which held a great festival.

"I will not eat until I receive news of the safety of Rāma and Saumitri," Sītā took this resolution firmly. Daśakandhara deposited Jānakī under a red aśoka, in the garden Devaramaṇa, the place of coquetry of Khecarawomen, which resembled a beautiful garden of the gods, to the east of Laṅkā. She was attended by Trijaṭā and guards. He, delighted, a depository of strength, went to his own house.

CHAPTER VI

BRINGING NEWS OF SĪTĀ

Restoration of Pātālalaṅkā to Virādha (I-58)

Now Rāma, carrying his bow, arrived quickly at the place where Saumitri was making sport of fighting with enemies. When he noticed Rāma approaching, Saumitri said, "Why have you come here, sir, leaving your lady alone?" Rāghava replied, "I came here, Lakṣmaṇa, summoned by your lion's roar, which was a signal of distress." Lakṣmaṇa said: "A lion's roar which was heard by the elder brother was not given by me. Therefore, we have certainly been deceived by some one. Certainly you have been led away because of a scheme to kidnap your lady. I think there was no reason at all for giving a lion's roar. Therefore, go quickly, sir, to protect your lady, powerful one, until I follow you, after killing my enemies."

So advised, Rāmabhadra went to his own place, did not see Jānakī there, and fell to the ground in a swoon. When he became conscious and got up, Rāmabhadra saw Jaṭāyus on the point of death and, sharp-witted, he thought: "My wife has surely been kidnaped by some one practicing deceit. This noble bird, angry because of the kidnaping, has been killed by that man." Then as compensation for the layman Jaṭāyus Rāma recited the formula of homage which is provender for the journey to another world. He (Jaṭāyus) died and became a chief-god in the heaven Māhendra. Rāma wandered here and there in the forest in search of Sītā.

Now, the hero Lakṣmaṇa set out alone to fight with Khara who had many soldiers. There is no friend of a lion in battle. Just then Trisiras, Khara's younger brother, a soldier, restrained his elder brother, "Why a

challenge on your part to this man?" Then the younger brother of Rāma slew the Rākṣasa, Trīśiras, as he was standing in his chariot, eager for battle, esteeming him like a moth.

Then Virādha, son of King Candrodara, lord of Pātāla-lāṅkā, came there with an army all equipped. Wishing to propitiate Rāma's brother, Virādha said: "I am your soldier, hostile to these enemies of yours. O powerful one, after expelling my father, Candrodara, these soldiers of Rāvaṇa seized Pātālalaṅkā. Who is a friend of the sun in the destruction of darkness? Or of you in the destruction of enemies? Nevertheless, command me for battle, lord, because I am a mere servant."

Smiling, Lakṣmaṇa said, "Watch these enemies as I slay them. Victory from the assistance of others would be to the shame of the powerful. From today my elder brother, the scion of Raghu, is your master. Today you have been installed in the kingdom of Pātālalaṅkā by me, sir."

Seeing him obstructing his own quarrel in the presence of Lakṣmaṇa, Khara very much angered, approached with his bow strung and said: "Where is my son, Śambūka, you slayer of the unsuspecting? Why are you protected now by your friend, the miserable Virādha?"

Saumitri smiled and said: "Your younger brother, Trīśiras, longing for his nephew, has been sent after him by me. If you have a very strong longing for your son and brother, I am ready with my bow strung to lead you there. Your son was killed by me by a careless blow like a small insect by a footstep, fool. There was no valor of mine in that. If now, considering yourself a soldier, you satisfy your desire, I, bestowing gifts even in a forest-dwelling, shall give delight to Yama with you."

The Rākṣasa Khara began to attack harshly Saumitri talking this way, an enemy, like an elephant attacking a mountain-side. Instantly Lakṣmaṇa covered the sky with arrows by the thousands, like the sun with rays. A

very fierce battle between them took place, terrifying to the Khecaras, the sole festival to the god Yama. There were words in the air, "Khara, whose strength is such in battle with Viṣṇu, is superior to a Pratiṣṇu." Saumitri himself, ashamed from impatience, thought, "Time is being wasted in killing him," and cut off Khara's head with a sharp knife instantly. Dūṣaṇa and his army, ready to fight with Lakṣmaṇa, were destroyed like an elephant and its herd by a forest-fire. Then Rāma's brother returned with Virādha; and a twitching left eye surely announced bad fortune to the two gentlemen. After going a long distance, he saw Rāmabhadra among the trees; and when he had seen him without Sītā, he became extremely dejected. The chief of the Raghus (Rāma), not seeing Saumitri standing before him, wounded by the arrow of separation from Sītā, said in the empty space:

"While wandering over this forest, I have not seen Jānakī. Have you seen her? Tell me, goddesses of the forest. Leaving Sītā alone in this terrifying forest filled with demons and wild animals, I have gone to Lakṣmaṇa, alas! Leaving Lakṣmaṇa alone in a battle with a thousand Rākṣasa-soldiers, I have come here again. Shame on the sense of stupid me! Oh! Sītā, how could I leave you in this unpeopled forest, my dear! Oh! dear Lakṣmaṇa, how could I leave you in the danger of a battle!"

With these words, Rāmabhadra fell to the ground in a swoon, powerful, seen by the birds even with lamentations. Lakṣmaṇa said to him, "What is this! Here is your brother, Lakṣmaṇa, before you, after conquering the enemy." Rāma regained consciousness from that speech, as if sprinkled with nectar, saw his younger brother before him, and embraced him. Weeping, Saumitri said, "This kidnaping of Sītā by some sorcerer was certainly the reason for the lion's roar. I intend to take away Jānakī together with his life. Let us try now to get news of her. Install Virādha in his ancestral kingdom of Pātālalaṅkā. For I promised him that in the battle with Khara."

Virādha despatched Vidyādhara-soldiers to bring news of Sītā, wishing to propitiate the two lords. The two Kākutsthas remained there, devoured by the fire of grief, sighing and biting their lips in anger, again and again. The Vidyādharas, sent out by Virādha, went a long distance and did not find any news of Sītā. They came there and stood with downcast faces. Knowing the facts from their depression, Rāma said: "You have tried as well as you could in the master's business. That news of Sītā was not obtained, what fault of yours, soldiers, is in that? When fate is adverse, who are you, or who is any one else!"

Virādha bowed and said: "Do not despair, lord. Freedom from despair is the root of glory. I am your servant, certainly. Come to install me now in Pātāla-lāṅkā. There news of Sītā will be easy for her husband to obtain." Then Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa went with Virādha and his army to territory near the city Pātālalaṅkā. There Khara's son, the Rakṣas Sunda, crusher of enemies, came, attended by a large army, ready for battle. Angry at his father's slaughter, Sunda made at once a terrible fight with the leader Virādha, his former enemy. When Kākutstha took part in the battle, at the command of Candraṇakhā Sunda fled at once from Laṅkā and went to Rāvaṇa for protection. Then the two chief Raghus entered Pātālalaṅkā and installed Virādha in his ancestral rank. Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa lived in King Khara's palace and Virādha, like a crown prince, in Sunda's house.

Sāhasagati as a false Sugrīva (59-118)

Now the vidyā Pratāraṇī was subdued in a cave of Mt. Himavat by Sāhasagati who had longed for Tārā for a long time.¹⁶⁰ Assuming Sugrīva's appearance by means of the vidyā, like a god that changes his form at will, he went to Kiskindhāpura, like a second sun in the sky. Sugrīva had gone at that time to a garden outside for

¹⁶⁰ 60. See above, p. 136.

recreation and he ¹⁶¹ went to the women's quarters adorned by Queen Tārā. The true Sugrīva went to the door and was stopped by the door-keepers saying, "King Sugrīva has gone ahead." Having seen the second Sugrīva, in doubt the son of Vālin hastened to the door to prevent violation of the women's quarters. The false Sugrīva was stopped as he was entering the apartments by Vālin's son, ¹⁶² like a river's current by a mountain on the road.

Then fourteen complete armies of soldiers assembled, summoned from everywhere like the whole wealth of the world. The soldiers did not know the difference between the two and half were on the true Sugrīva's side and half on the false Sugrīva's side. Then a battle started between the two armies, making the sky seem to have a fall of meteors from the fall of lances. Horseman fought with horseman, elephant-rider with elephant-rider, foot-soldier with foot-soldier, charioteer with charioteer. The earth trembled from the trampling of the formations of the fourfold armies like an innocent girl from meeting a bold lover.

Sugrīva, head erect, challenged the false Sugrīva to fight, "Come! come! You who enter other men's houses!" The false Sugrīva, having been threatened, gave a loud roar like a mad elephant and faced him in battle. The two great warriors, red-eyed with anger, fought, terrifying the world like brothers of Yama. They cut down sharp weapons with sharp weapons mutually, like cutting grass, both of them skilled in battle. The crowd of Khecarīs was injured by pieces of weapons flying up in the great battle of the two, like a group of trees in a fight between buffaloes. Their weapons being cut down, crest-jewels of anger with each other, they crashed in a prize-fight like living mountains. Leaping up in the air one moment, falling to the earth in another moment, the two of them, crest-jewels of heroes, looked like cocks.

¹⁶¹ 61. The impostor.

¹⁶² 64. Candrarāśmi.

Both of them being very powerful, they were unable to defeat each other and withdrew to a distance and stood like bulls. Sugrīva had summoned Añjanā's son for assistance and fought again with the fictitious Sugrīva of cruel acts. As Hanūmat looked on unable to distinguish the two, the false Sugrīva, ferocious, crushed Sugrīva. Again exhausted by fighting, his body exhausted, then Sugrīva went outside Kiṣkindhapura and took up an abode. The false Sugrīva remained just there, his mind uneasy, but did not enter the women's quarters because of Vālin's son.

Sugrīva reflected with bowed head: "Alas! who is this enemy of ours, greedy for women, clever in deceit? Even my own people, submissive from the sorcery of the enemy, have become not mine. Therefore that attack was with my own horses. How am I to kill the enemy powerful from the strength of magic? Shame on me whose strength is broken, causing disgrace to the name of Vālin. Vālin was fortunate, powerful, who, his heroic vows unbroken, abandoned the kingdom like straw and went to his final abode.

My prince, Candraraśmi, is more powerful than the world, but, unable to distinguish the two, whom shall he protect, whom shall he slay? It was well done, well done indeed, by Candraraśmi that he blocked that scoundrel's entrance to the women's apartments. To what very powerful person shall I resort to kill him powerful? Enemies must be killed certainly, either by one's ownself or by another. Shall I turn to Daśānana, the hero of the triad—earth, air, sky, destroyer of Marutta's sacrifice, in order to slay the enemy? But he is by nature lustful after women, a thorn to the three worlds. After killing him (the enemy) and me quickly, he himself will take Tārā. Such a calamity having been reached, Khara, very harsh, was able to give assistance, but he was killed by Rāghava. Therefore, I shall go and make friends with those two, Rāma and Saumitri. They restored the kingdom to Virādha

who made submission at that time. They, strong-armed and competent, are still there in Pātālalāṅkā at the urgent request of Virādha."

After thus reflecting and instructing himself, he despatched a trustworthy messenger to the city of Virādha. He went to Pātālalāṅkā, bowed to Virādha, told the story of his master's trouble, and said, "My master has fallen into such great trouble and wishes to seek protection from the Rāghavas through you." "Sugrīva may come quickly. There is union of good people from merit." So instructed by him, the messenger went to Sugrīva and reported that. Then Sugrīva set out, making all the directions vocal from the noise of the horses' necklaces and shortening distance by speed. He arrived at Pātālalāṅkā, like a house nearby, in a moment, approached Virādha who arose to greet him with pleasure.

Virādha, going in front, had him pay homage to Rāmabhadra as protector and explained his trouble. Sugrīva said, "In this trouble you are my refuge. When a sneeze is completely obstructed, the sun is a refuge."¹⁶⁸ Though in trouble himself, Rāma undertook to remove his trouble. For there is greater effort on the part of the great in others' affairs than in their own. Informed about Sītā's kidnaping by Virādha, Sugrīva said to Rāma, his hands joined: "There is no need of an agent for you protecting everyone like the sun giving light to everyone. Nevertheless, I say this, Your Majesty: My enemies being killed by your favor, following you with an army, I shall soon bring you news of Sītā."

Rāghava set out for Kiṣkindhā with Sugrīva and dismissed Virādha who was following him, after explaining to him. When Rāmabhadra was settled at the gate of Kiṣkindhā, Sugrīva challenged the false Sugrīva to battle. The false Sugrīva came shouting just because of the challenge. For warriors are eager for battle, like Brāh-

¹⁶⁸ 101. I am told there is a popular superstition that if one looks at the sun when a sneeze is checked, it *will* become unobstructed.

mans for food. Shaking the earth by their steps in battle hard to bear, both fought like mad forest-elephants. When Rāma saw them with the same appearance, he remained for a moment, as if indifferent, in doubt, "Which is ours and which is the enemy?" Then reflecting, "So be it," the chief of the Raghus twanged his bow named Vajrāvarta. At that twanging of the bow, Sāhasagati's vidyā, which made his second form, fled like a doe. Rāma abused him, "Hey, villain, string your bow, you who wish to dally with other men's wives, bewildering every one by magic." The descendant of Raghu took away his life with one arrow. There is no second blow of the lion in killing a deer. Rāma established Sugrīva, like Virādha, on his throne and Sugrīva was honored by his people as before.

His hands joined, the lord of the Vānaras offered to give Rāmabhadra his thirteen daughters who were exceedingly beautiful. Rāma said to Sugrīva, "Exert yourself in the search of Sītā. Enough about these maidens or anything else." With these words Raghūdvaha went to the garden outside (the city) and remained there. Sugrīva entered his own city at his command.

Attempts to seduce Sītā (119-172)

Now, in the city Laṅkā Mandodarī and the other women of Rāvaṇa's palace lamented at the news of the killing of Khara and others. His sister, Candranakhā, weeping, beating her breast with her hands, entered Rāvaṇa's house with Sunda. Seeing Rāvaṇa, she clung to his neck and, weeping very loud, said: "Alas! I am destroyed by fate. My son is killed, my husband is killed, my two brothers-in-law are killed, and fourteen thousand of the family-soldiers are killed. The capital, Pātālalaṅkā, which was turned over to you, is destroyed by insolent enemies, while you are alive, brother. Fleeing to save my life, I took refuge with you with my son Sunda, having come here. Where shall I stay? Tell me."

Daśāsya enlightened her confidently as she was weeping, "I shall soon kill the slayer of your husband and son." Suffering from that sorrow and also from illness because of separation from Sītā, he remained on his couch, having fallen like a tiger that has missed his jump.¹⁶⁴ Then Queen Mandodarī came to him and said, "Why, master, do you remain like a low person, as if you were helpless?" Rāvaṇa replied: "Because of a fever from separation from Vaidehī, I am not able to move, nor speak, nor think. If there is any advantage to you from me alive, abandon pride, proud lady. Go and induce Vaidehī to consort with me. Certainly, I shall not enjoy another's wife unwilling. In this matter there is a promise on my part with my guru as a witness, which is a bar."

Grieved by her husband's grief, she, high-born, went at once to the garden Devaramaṇa and said to Sītā: "I am Daśānana's chief-queen, Mandodarī. Turn to Rāvaṇa. I shall be your slave. Sītā, you alone are fortunate whom my husband wishes to serve, he whose lotus-feet are served by everyone, powerful. Now of what use is Rāma, an earth-dweller, a wretched creature, a mere soldier, as a husband, if Daśānana can be obtained as a husband?" Sītā spoke angrily: "Here a lion, there a jackal; here Garuḍa, there a crow; here Rāma, there your husband! Indeed, being husband and wife is fitting for that wretch and you. One of you wishes to enjoy other men's wives, and the other becomes his messenger! You are not fit even to see, much less quarrel with. Go! Go from this place. Get out of my sight!"

Then Rāvaṇa went there and said: "Why are you angry, Sītā? Mandodarī is your slave. I myself am your slave. Show me favor, queen. Why do you not favor this person even with a glance, Jānakī?"

Sītā, very virtuous, her face averted, said; "You are seen by Kṛtānta's glance, you, kidnaping me, Rāma's

¹⁶⁴ 126. See III, App. I.

wife. Shame on the hope of you whose hope is destroyed, seeker of the unsought (death), villain! How long will you live since Rāma and his younger brother are death to enemies?" Even though reviled by her in this way, again and again Daśānana spoke in the same way. Alas! the state of love is very powerful.

Just then, as if unable to look at Sītā plunged in disaster, the depository of light submerged in the western Lavaṇa Ocean. Dreadful night began and Rāvaṇa, possessing a terrible mind, blind with love and anger, launched attacks on Sītā. Huge owls hooting, jackals howling, wolves making various noises, cats fighting each other, tigers giving blows (on the ground) with their tails, serpents hissing, Piśācas, ghosts, vampires, ghouls with drawn knives, leaping up, like badly behaved councilors of Yama, created by Rāvaṇa, came to Sītā, terrifying. Sītā continued meditating on the formula of homage to the Five Supreme Ones and was unterrified in fact and, moreover, did not turn to Daśānana. At dawn Bibhiṣaṇa went near Daśagrīva, after hearing about the events of the night, and said to Sītā: "Fair lady, who are you? Where are you from? Whose daughter are you? Why are you here? Do not be afraid. Tell everything to me who am a brother to other men's wives."

Recognizing that he was a mediator, Sītā related with downcast face: "I am Sītā, the daughter of Janaka, sister of Bhāmaṇḍala, wife of Rāmabhadra, daughter-in-law of Daśaratha. I came with my husband and his brother to the forest Daṇḍaka. There one day my brother-in-law was wandering to and fro for amusement and saw a large sword in the air, and seized it from curiosity. He cut a nearby bamboo-thicket with the sword and unintentionally cut off the head of its subduer who was inside the thicket.

'Oh! I have killed some innocent man who was not fighting,' as if remorseful he came to his brother. Some woman friend of the subduer of the sword came there in anger, after my brother-in-law. Seeing my husband, an

Indra of wonderful beauty, afflicted with a desire for dalliance, she asked him and my husband scorned her. She went away and a large army of Rakṣases came. Lakṣmaṇa agreed on a lion's roar as a sign of distress and went to fight. A Rākṣasa gave a false lion's roar, led my husband far away, seized me for his own destruction, evil-minded."

After hearing this, Bibhīṣaṇa bowed to Rāvaṇa and said: "This action which you have committed, master, is a disgrace to the family. Before Kākutsīha comes here with his brother to kill us, take Sītā and release her in his presence." Rāvaṇa, red-eyed from anger at this speech, said: "What's this you say? Do you, timid, forget my valor? For Sītā, having been pacified, necessarily will be my wife. I shall kill the wretches, Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, if they come." Bibhīṣaṇa said: "Brother, the speech of the astrologer was true, that our family would be destroyed on account of Sītā, wife of Rāma. Otherwise, how can you disdain the speech of me, a devoted brother? How has Daśaratha, killed by me, lived so long? Even if a future event can not be otherwise, nevertheless, long-armed one, you are requested: Free Sītā who is the destroyer of our family."

Just as if he had not heard Bibhīṣaṇa's speech, he put Sītā in Puṣpaka and, wandering, showed her: "These are pleasure-mountains with peaks of jewels and sweet cascades. These groves resemble the garden Nandana. These are bath-houses with showers of anything desired. These are pleasure-rivers with haṅsas, lady with a haṅsa-walk. These are pleasure-houses resembling bits of heaven. Play with me in these wherever you wish, fair-browed lady." Meditating on Rāma's lotus-feet, like a haṅsī, the daughter of Janaka, like the earth in firmness, was not shaken at all by his speech. After wandering about for a long time in all the charming places, Daśānana released Jānakī again in the grove of aśokas.

Preparations for war (173-181)

Seeing that his elder brother was not within the sphere of reasoning by speech, like a madman, Bibhiṣaṇa summoned the family-ministers to take counsel. He said: "Gentlemen, ministers of the family, the internal enemies, love, et cetera—these are like demons. Among these even one crushes a careless man. The master is certainly suffering from love. Love alone is hard to subdue; how much more when assistance is given by a desire to dally with another man's wife. Henceforth, the lord of Laṅkāpurī, though powerful, will soon fall into a very great ocean of calamity."

Then the ministers said: "We are ministers in name only. You alone are minister by whose counsel such a state of affairs has been pointed out in advance. But what good is counsel to a lord subject to love, like instruction in Jain religion to a people having wrong belief? Rāghava's men, Sugrīva, Hanumat, and others are gathered together. Who does not support the party of noble men observing the law? The destruction of our family by Aikṣvāka (Rāma) with Sītā as its cause was predicted by the astrologer. Nevertheless, we must do what is suitable for the occasion in accordance with the dignity of heroes."

Then Bibhiṣaṇa had machines, et cetera mounted on the wall. For ministers look at the future with the eye of counsel.

Search for Sītā (182-280)

Now Rāma passed some time somehow or other, comforted by Saumitri, suffering from the separation. Lakṣmaṇa himself, sent by Rāma who had instructed him, marched to Sugrīva, carrying his quiver, bow, and knife. Splitting open the earth by his footsteps, shaking the mountain, felling trees on the road by the touch of his arms swinging from speed, his forehead terrible from a violent frown, his eyes red, the road deserted by terrified

door-keepers, he arrived at Sugrīva's house. Hearing that Lakṣmaṇa had come, the king of Vānaras left the women's apartments hastily and approached him, trembling from fear. Lakṣmaṇa said angrily:

"Have you performed your duties that you remain comfortable, fearless, surrounded by your queens, Vānara? Do you not know that your master, seated under a tree, passes days like years, and that your promise has been forgotten? Arise now to bring news of Sītā. Do not go Sāhasagati's path. It (the road) is not closed." Falling at his feet Sugrīva said, "Be gracious. Pardon my negligence alone since you are the lord." Conciliating Saumitri thus and putting him in front, the lord of Vānaras went quickly to Rāmabhadra and bowed with devotion. He instructed his own soldiers, "Listen! All of you who have arms, search everywhere for Maithilī, unstumbling." Thus ordered by him, the soldiers went to islands, mountains, rivers, chasms in the earth, and elsewhere in great haste. Then Bhāmaṇḍala heard of the kidnaping of Sītā, came to Rāma, and remained, exceedingly grieved like him. Virādha came with soldiers, pained by his master's trouble, and remained there like a footman of long-standing, wishing to serve.

Sugrīva himself reached Kambudvīpa in his traveling and Ratnajaṭin, having seen him from afar, reflected: "Has Sugrīva, the lord of Vānaras, powerful, been sent to kill me by Daśamaulin who has remembered some fault of mine? Before, my vidyā was taken away by Daśāsya, powerful, and now Sugrīva, the lord of Haris¹⁶⁶ will take away my life." As he was absorbed in these reflections, Sugrīva came to him quickly and said, "Why have you not come to meet me in an aerial car? Why are you indolent?" He replied, "My vidyā was destroyed entirely by Daśāsya, for I was present at the fight when he kidnaped Jānakī."

¹⁶⁶ 198. I.e. monkey = Vānara.

Then he was taken by Kapiketu (Sugrīva) to Rāma and at his request told the news about Sītā. "Your Majesty, the queen, the noble Sītā, was kidnaped by the cruel, evil king of Laṅkāpurī and my vidyā was taken from me angry (about it). 'Oh! Rāma! Dear Saumitri! Brother Bhāmaṇḍala!' I was angry at Daśamauli, when Queen Sītā was crying out these words."

Delighted by this news of Sītā, the chief of the Raghus embraced Ratnajaṭin, lord of Surasaṅgītapura. The descendant of Raghu asked again and again for the story of Sītā, and again and again he related it to satisfy his mind. Rāmabhadra asked the soldiers, Sugrīva, et cetera, "How far from here is Laṅkā, the city of this Rakṣas?" They replied: "What have we to do with this city near or far? We are all like straw, compared with Rāvaṇa, conqueror of the world." Rāma said: "Enough of this hesitation about being defeated or not defeated. Like a security for the sight (of him), just show him to us. You will soon know the power of him, merely pointed out, the blood of whose neck is being sipped by the arrow shot by Saumitri."

Lakṣmaṇa said: "Who, pray, is this Rāvaṇa who has accomplished this by a worthless trick, like a dog? I shall cut off the head of the trickster in accordance with warrior practices. You look on, just spectators of the battle-drama."

Jāmbavat declared: "Everything is suitable for you. But the man who lifts up Koṭṣīlā will kill Rāvaṇa. That was declared by the wise sādhu Anantavīrya. To give us confidence lift up the stone." "Very well," said Lakṣmaṇa and they took him at once in an aerial car to Koṭṣīlā. He lifted up the stone, like a creeper, with his arm and was hailed, "Well done! Well done!" by the gods with showers of flowers. With confidence inspired, they took Lakṣmaṇa in the aerial chariot as before to Kiṣkindhā into Rāma's presence.

Then the elders of the Kapis said: "The destruction of Rāvaṇa is your business. First a messenger must be

sent to the enemy. That is the custom of statesmen. If the purpose should be accomplished by a messenger, then enough of aggressive action of kings themselves. Let some messenger, capable and powerful, be sent there. For Laṅkā is known throughout the world as being difficult of entrance and exit. Having gone to Laṅkā, the messenger will talk to Bibhīṣaṇa for the surrender of Sītā. For he is the politic one in the Rakṣas-family. He will advise Rāvaṇa to release Sītā and, scorned by Rāvaṇa, he will go to you at once."

This speech of theirs was approved by Rāma and, having sent Śrībhūti, Sugrīva summoned Hanumat. Then Hanumat, like the sun in splendor, bowed to Rāma seated in council, surrounded by Sugrīva, et cetera. Then Sugrīva explained to Rāma: "In distress he is our best brother, the well-bred son of Pavanañjaya. There is no one else among all the Vidyādharas equal to him. Instruct him about obtaining news of Sītā, master."

Hanumat said: "There are many Kapis like me. King Sugrīva says this from affection. Gava, Gavākṣa, Gavaya, Śarabha, Gandhamādana, Nīla, Dvidida, Mainda, Jāmbavat, Aṅgada, Nala, and many other Kapi-chiefs are here, master. Completing their number, I am ready to do your work. Shall I lift up Laṅkā with Rākṣasadvīpa and bring it here? Or shall I capture Daśakandhara and his relatives and bring them here? Or, after killing Daśagrīva and his household right there quickly, shall I bring the queen, daughter of Janaka, uninjured?"

Rāma said: "Everything is possible for you. Therefore, go to the city Laṅkā and search for Sītā. Deliver this ring of mine to the queen as a token from me and bring here her crest-jewel as a token. Deliver this message from me: 'Queen, the elder brother of Lakṣmaṇa, exceedingly grieved at separation from you, remains thinking of you alone. Do not abandon life because of separation from me, beloved wife. Soon, indeed, you will see Rāvaṇa killed by Lakṣmaṇa.'" Hanumat said, "You remain here,

lord, until I return from Laṅkā, after executing your order."

With these words, Māruti bowed to Rāghava and went with his attendants to Laṅkāpurī in a very swift aerial car. As he went through the air, he saw the town, Mahendrapura, of his maternal grandfather, Mahendra, on the summit of Mt. Mahendra. Hanumat thought: "That is Mahendra's city, by whom my mother, though innocent, was banished at that time."¹⁶⁶ Remembering this, angry, he had the battle-drum beaten, splitting the atmosphere, as it were, by the echoes from the quarters of the heavens.

King Mahendra, having seen an enemy army, having the strength of Indra, went forth with his sons with soldiers for the business of battle. A great battle between the armies of Mahendra and Hanumat took place, terrifying with a rain of blood like a portentous cloud in the sky. Prābhāñjani destroyed enemy soldiers, like a wind destroying trees, in a moment, moving about in the battle rapidly. Prasannakīrti, son of Mahendra, fought with Hanumat, striking him unhesitatingly, not knowing that he was his sister's son. Though both were powerful and both were very angry, they acknowledged weariness from the close fight with each other. While fighting, Pāvani reflected: "Alas! I started this fight, delaying my master's business. These men who will be conquered in a moment—they are my mother's family. Nevertheless, they must be conquered to finish what was started."

With these reflections, Hanumat, angered, instantly bewildered Prasannakīrti with blows and captured him, his weapons, chariot, and charioteer being destroyed. After a hard fight, Māruti took Mahendra, bowed to him, and explained: "I am your grandson, son of Añjanā. At Rāma's command I am traveling to Laṅkā to set free Sītā. When I came here, I remembered my mother's

¹⁶⁶ 238. See above, p. 170.

exile for a long time. From anger at that, you were made to fight, father. Pardon me. I shall go on the master's business. You go to our master's presence."

Mahendra embraced him, powerful, and said, "I have heard of you before through popular report. By good fortune I have seen that you are strong, now. Go on your master's business. May your journey be prosperous." With these words Mahendra went to Rāghava with his army.

As Hanumat went through the air, he saw two munis standing in kāyotsarga on the island Dadhimukha. Not far from them he saw three maidens engaged in meditation, who had perfect forms, occupied with subduing a vidyā. Then a forest-fire blazed up on the whole island and the sādhus and the maidens were in danger from the fire. From friendliness toward them Hanumat took water from the ocean by means of a vidyā and extinguished the fire, like a cloud. Just at that time the maidens had the vidyā subdued and, after circumambulating the two munis engaged in meditation, they said to Hanumat: "You did well to prevent a calamity to the sādhus, devout layman. With your assistance the vidyā has submitted to us without wasting time." "Who are you?" he asked and the maidens said:

"In this city Dadhimukha there is a king, king of the Gandharvas. We are his daughters by Kusumamālā. Many lords of Khecaras have asked our father for us. A Khecara, Aṅgāraka by name, became crazy on our account. Our father did not give us to him nor any one else, for he was very fastidious. Our father asked a muni, 'Who will be my daughters' husband?' and he said, 'Whoever kills Sāhasagati, he will be.' Because of that speech our father is searching for him, but has not found him anywhere. To learn who he is, we undertook the subduing of the vidyā. The fire was made by Aṅgāraka to destroy the vidyā and was nobly extinguished by you, a disinterested friend. The vidyā, named Manogāminī, which

submits (usually) in six months, has become subject to us at once because of your assistance.”

Hanumat told them about the slaying of Sāhasagati by Rāma from the beginning and his own going to Laṅkā. Delighted, they told their father the whole story and he went at once to the descendant of Raghu with them and with his army.

Hanumat flew up and, as he went to Laṅkā, he saw the vidyā Āśalikā, terrible as the night of the destruction of the world. “Hey, Kapi! Where are you going? You have become food for me.” Saying this tauntingly, she opened her mouth. Holding a club, Hanumat entered her mouth, split her like the sun splitting a cloud, and came out. By the power of his vidyā the son of Marut destroyed quickly the wall of Laṅkāpurī which she had made, as easily as a potsherd. He, chief of those resorting to battle, killed also the guard of the wall, named Vajramukha, who was exceedingly angry, fighting with him. When Vajramukha had been killed, his daughter, Laṅkāśundarī, strong from vidyās, challenged Māruti to battle from anger. She behaved with skill in battle, like lightning in the sky, striking Hanumat frequently like a mountain. The son of Pavanañjaya destroyed her weapons with his own weapons and soon made her stripped of weapons like a creeper stripped of leaves.

“Who is he?” she went to look at Añjanā’s son from amazement and she was struck by Kāma with arrows. She said to Hanumat: “Hero, foolishly I made you fight, from anger caused by my father’s killing, without reflecting. A sādhu predicted formerly, ‘Whoever kills your father will be your husband.’ Therefore, lord, marry me willing. Who else in the whole world is a soldier equal to you! Then with you as a husband, I shall remain exceedingly proud among women.” Joyfully Hanumat married the maiden, who was so respectful, with a Gandharva-marriage with affection.

Description of sunset, moonrise and dawn (281-316)

Then the sun sank into the western ocean, as if he wished to bathe because of weariness from wandering in the forest of the sky. As the sun departed, after enjoying the western quarter, he took away her garments, as it were, in the guise of twilight-clouds. A row of red clouds shone in the west, as if brilliance had remained independently, after abandoning the sun when he set. Quickly the face of the East darkened from shame at the thought, "Deserting me, with a new love he has wooed the West who has a new color."

Lamentation was made by the birds in the form of twittering from grief at the abandonment of their play-grounds. The pitiful cakravākī became sad like a passionate woman whose husband is far away. The lotus covered her face entirely when the sun set,¹⁶⁷ like a faithful wife whose husband has gone to rest. The cows returned quickly from the forest, eager for their calves, worshipped by Brāhmins delighted at obtaining a bath from the wind.¹⁶⁸ When the sun set, he surrendered his own brilliance to fire, like a king surrendering sovereignty to his heir. Fires, which stole the beauty of a row of constellations descended from the sky, were lighted everywhere by women. When the sun had set and the moon had not (yet) risen, darkness¹⁶⁹ began to spread. Verily, mischievous persons are clever in deceit. Is this vessel of heaven and earth filled with dust from Mt. Añjana or with antimony? It was observed entirely filled with darkness. Neither dry land, nor water, nor directions, nor the sky, nor the earth—what need for many words—not even one's own hand could be seen at that time. The stars in the sky which was dark like a sword, anointed with darkness com-

¹⁶⁷ 287. The day-blooming lotus.

¹⁶⁸ 288. Refreshed by the evening breeze? I have found no ritual vāyavyasnāna.

¹⁶⁹ 291. Tamas, with a play on its meaning as the source of ignoble qualities.

pletely, resembled for a long time cowries on a gambling-board. The sky, dark as collyrium, with distinct constellations resembled a pool of the Yamunā with erect white lotuses. With the flood of darkness making everything one shape, penetrating in every direction, the whole universe became deprived of light like Pātāla. In dense darkness women-messengers, unafraid, eager for lovers' meetings, spread out as they liked, like carp in a pool. Women went to meet their lovers, their anklets pushed up to their knees,¹⁷⁰ their clothes dark as a tamāla, their bodies anointed with musk.

Then the moon rose, resembling the golden finial on a palace on the eastern mountain, the bulb for the shoots of moonbeams. The spreading darkness in the guise of the mark on the moon appeared to be having a fight with the moon from inborn enmity. The moon sported at will with the stars in the broad sky, like a bull with cows in the cow-pen. The moon with its spot clearly visible in the interior shone like a vessel of silver containing musk. The rays of the moon, tripped by lonely men with their hands held out, streamed ahead like arrows of Love. The bees abandoned the day-blooming lotus which had fallen into a poor state, though enjoyed for a long time, and resorted to the night-blooming lotus. Shame on friendship with the low! The moon made the śephāli's¹⁷¹ blossoms fall by strokes with its rays, as if to prepare arrows for its friend Puṣpeśu. Making the moonstones drip, the moon, by making new pools, caused panegyrics on his own good works, as it were. The moonlight which lighted up the face of the sky exhibited the sad faces of unchaste women moving about, like day-blooming lotuses. The son of Pavanañjaya passed the night without anxiety in dalliance with Laṅkāśundarī.

Then the sun rose, adorning the quarter dear to Prācinabarhis with rays resembling threads of gold. The

¹⁷⁰ 298. To keep them from tinkling.

¹⁷¹ 305. See II, n. 458.

rays of the sun, advancing unhindered, became missiles for causing sleep for the open night-blooming lotuses. The head-wreaths, discarded by the women awakened, cried out, as it were, with the sounds of the bees at separation from the knot of hair. Courtesans returned from the houses of their lovers, their eyes red from the exertion of keeping awake during the night. Rows of bees left the interiors of the open lotuses, like creepers of sighs from the lotus-mouths of deserted wives. The moon had the strength of its light stolen by the splendor of the risen sun and resembled a spider's web. The darkness which had not been contained in the space between heaven and earth was led away somewhere by the sun, like a cloud by a strong wind that has scattered it. The citizens began to attend to their respective duties, because of the departure of sleep that had been bound by the night, as it were.

Meeting of Hanumat and Sītā (317-408)

Then Hanumat took leave of Laṅkāsundarī with fair words and entered the city Laṅkā, possessing great power. Then the son of Pavanañjaya, the abode of strength, terrifying to enemy soldiers, went to the home of Bibhīṣaṇa. Questioned by Bibhīṣaṇa, after he had entertained him, as to his reason for coming, the son of Añjanā said, his voice deep from strength: "As you are the brother of Rāvaṇa, considering the consequences of proper action, have Sītā, the virtuous kidnaped wife of Rāma, freed from Rāvaṇa. The kidnaping of Kākutstha's wife by your brother, though powerful, is the cause of suffering both in this world and the next."

Bibhīṣaṇa said: "Well said by you, Hanumat. I have already told my elder brother to release Sītā. I shall ask my brother again urgently, if he will free Sītā now at my request." At these words of Bibhīṣaṇa the son of Añjanā flew up and went to the garden Devaramaṇa occupied by Vaidehī. There the son of Pavanañjaya saw Queen Vaidehī at the foot of an aśoka, her hair in

disorder on her cheeks, with the ground made into a pool from the repeated streams of tears, her lotus-face dark like a lotus nipped by frost, her body extremely thin like a digit of a new moon, the blossom of her lip suffering from the heat of passionate sighs, motionless like a yoginī, meditating "Rāma! Rāma!" her clothing soiled, indifferent to her body.

Hanumat thought: "Indeed, Sītā is a very virtuous wife. People are purified by the mere sight of her. Rāma is justly crushed by separation from her; Rāma who has such a pure wife, beautiful and virtuous. This wretched Rāvaṇa will perish twice over because of the great majesty of Raghūdvaha and his own great evil. Then making himself invisible by magic, Hanumat threw the ring into Sītā's lap and she rejoiced at seeing it. Just then Trijaṭā reported to Daśakaṇṭha: "Jānakī has been depressed for so long, but today she is cheerful." "I think she has forgotten Rāma and is now willing to stay with me. Go and remind her," he said to Mandodarī. Then Mandodarī went again as go-between for her husband and spoke to Sītā respectfully in order to seduce her:

"Daśānana excels in unique strength and good looks. You are unequalled also in beauty and grace. If a suitable union was not arranged for you two by an ignorant fate, nevertheless, let it take place now. Having approached him who deserves to be loved, love him loving (you), Jānakī. Let his other wives and me execute your commands, fair-browed lady."

Sītā said: "Wicked woman, acting as go-between for your husband, who can bear to look on your face or your husband's, evil-faced woman! Consider me at Rāma's side and that Saumitri has come here to kill quickly your husband and his brothers as he did Khara and others. Get up! Get up! wicked woman. I will not talk with you in future." Thus reviled by Sītā, she went away, angry.

Then Hanumat became visible, bowed to Sītā with joined hands, and said: "By good fortune Rāma and

Laṅkṣmaṇa are victorious. I have come here, ordered by Rāma to get news of you. After I have gone back there, Rāma will come here to destroy the enemy." Weeping, Sītā asked him: "Who are you? How have you crossed the ocean difficult to cross? My husband lives some place with Saumitri. Where have you seen him and how does he spend the time?"

Hanumat related: "I am the son of Pavana and Añjanā. I crossed the ocean in an aerial car by a vidyā. Rāma with Laṅkṣmaṇa is lord over Kiṣkindhā, having reduced Sugrīva, lord of all the Vānaras, to the status of a footman by killing his enemies. Rāma grieves day and night because of the separation from you and makes others grieve, like a mountain with a forest-fire. Like a calf separated from a cow, Laṅkṣmaṇa, separated from you, mistress, experiences no pleasure, looking at the empty sky constantly. Your husband and your husband's younger brother, one moment sorrowful, the next moment angry, are not happy, though consoled by Sugrīva. Bhāmaṇḍala, Virādha, Mahendra, and other Khecaras attend them, like the gods serving Śakra and Īśāna, having become footmen. I was recommended by Sugrīva and was sent by Rāma to deliver his ring and obtain news of you, queen. If your crest-jewel is taken by me as a token from you, your lord will know from seeing it that I have come here."

At Hanumat's insistence and from joy at news of Rāma, she ate at the end of the twenty-first day and night. She said to him: "Take my crest-jewel as a token from me and go quickly, friend. If you stay, there will be violence. If that cruel Rākṣasa knows that you have come here, he, strong, will surely come to kill you, like death." Smiling confidently, his hands joined, he said: "You say this to me from affection, being timid, mother. I am the footman of Rāma and Laṅkṣmaṇa, conquerors of the three worlds. Who is this miserable Rāvaṇa, even with his army, compared with me? Taking you too on my back,

mistress, I shall take you into the master's presence, having conquered Rāvaṇa and his army."

Sītā said with a smile: "You do not shame your lord, Rāmabhadra, speaking with such confidence, sir. Everything is suitable for you, a soldier of Rāma and Śārṅgin, but it is not proper for a strange man to touch me at all. That being so, go very quickly. You have done everything so that when you have gone my husband will make active preparation."

Hanumat said: "I am going, but I shall show these Rakṣases the fickleness of power. This Daśāsya, thinking himself a conqueror, scorns the strength of others. Let him know the power of Rāmabhadra's soldier." Saying, "Very well," Sītā gave him her crest-jewel. He bowed to her and departed, shaking the earth with his heavy footsteps.

He began to destroy that same garden Devaramaṇa by the strength of his hand reaching forth, like a forest-elephant destroying a forest. He began the sport of destruction, without pity for the red aśokas, without confusion among the bakulas, without compassion for mangoes, without motion among the campakas, with sharp anger for the coral trees, without mercy for the plantains and for other beautiful trees.¹⁷² Then the door-keepers at the four gates of the garden, who were Rākṣasas, ran to attack him with hammers in their hands. Their blows stumbled on Hanumat like ocean-waves on a mountain on the coast. Pāvani, angered, struck them with the same trees of the garden, without fatigue. Everything is a weapon for the strong. Quickly he destroyed the trifling Rākṣasa guards, as well as the trees, he—the Aikṣvāku soldier, unstumbling as the wind. Some men went and told the lord of Rākṣasas about the killing of the guards of the garden committed by Hanumat.

¹⁷² 367. There are puns on the adjectives and names of the trees which are purely a matter of sound and can not be reproduced.

Then the lord of Rākṣasas instructed Prince Akṣa, the destroyer of enemies, with an army to kill Hanumat. Pāvanañjayi said to Akṣa challenging to battle, "You fall to me in the beginning of battle like fruit at the beginning of a meal." "You thunder in vain, Kapi," the son of Rāvaṇa scolded and rained sharp arrows filling the range of the eye. Śrīśaila,¹⁷³ like a high-waved ocean, made the son of Rāvaṇa like an island by a heavy rain of arrows like water. After the son of Añjanā had made weapon against weapon for a long time from curiosity, wishing to put an end to the battle, he killed Akṣa like an animal.

Then Indrajit came quickly from anger at his brother's death, saying confidently, "Stay! stay, Māruti." Then a battle started between the two very powerful men, cruel as the end of the world, causing the universe to tremble for a long time. Raining unceasing streams of arrows like streams of water, they looked like PuṣkarāvartakacLOUDS in the sky. The space between them became hard to see at once from the constant clashing missiles, like an ocean with sea-animals. As many missiles as the son of Rāvaṇa, hard to restrain, discharged, Māruti destroyed them with many times as many missiles. All of Indrajit's soldiers, their limbs crushed by Hanumat's missiles, perished, like living mountains with rivers of blood. Seeing his army vanished and his own weapons made useless, the son of Daśāśya discharged the missile nāgapāśa¹⁷⁴ at Śrīśaila. The son of Pavana was bound from head to foot by the nāgapāśas which were very strong, just like a sandal tree. This binding by the nāgapāśas was endured by Hanumat. For from curiosity one is able to give temporary victory even to the enemy. Hanumat was led by the delighted Indrajit to Rāvaṇa, observed by wide-eyed Rākṣasas who were witnesses to the victory.

Rāvaṇa said to Māruti: "Wretch, what has happened that these two miserable men are supported by you who

¹⁷³ 377. Hanumat.

¹⁷⁴ 385. A sort of magic noose. Literally 'snake-noose.'

have belonged to me since birth? Living in a forest, eating fruit, unclean, wearing dirty garments, like Kirātas, what glory will they give to you when they are satisfied? In the circumstances why have you come here at their command, since you jeopardize your life just by coming here, stupid? These earth-inhabitants are clever that they have made you do this. For rogues pull out charcoal (from a fire) by another's hand. As you were the best of followers to me and now are the messenger of an enemy, you are not to be killed, villain, but you are ridiculed just to teach you."

Hanumat said: "When was I your follower? And when did you become my master? Are you not ashamed to talk so! Once upon a time your vassal, Khara, esteeming himself highly in battle,¹⁷⁶ was freed from capture by Varuṇa¹⁷⁶ formerly by my father from friendship for you. I too came to your assistance in the past, summoned by you. I guarded you from Varuṇa's sons in battle and in danger. You are not suitable for assistance *now*, engaged in crime. Even conversation with you, the kidnaper of another man's wife, is for evil. I do not see anyone among your people who will protect you now from Saumitri alone, to say nothing of Rāma, his elder brother."

Angered by that speech, terrible from the frown on his brow, Daśānana said, biting his lips: "Since you support my enemies and have made an enemy of me, you are surely anxious to die. Why do you have disgust with existence in this case? Just as no one kills a leper, even one who wishes to die, from fear of murder, who would kill a messenger, villain! Now you are to be led around every road in Laṅkā, surrounded by people, mounted on a donkey and with five tufts of hair (like an ascetic)."

Angry at these words, Māruti burst the nāgapāśas. For how long does an elephant remain bound by lotus-stalks? Flying up like a flash of lightning, Māruti broke

¹⁷⁶ 395. I.e. of little worth?

¹⁷⁶ 395. See above, p. 176.

the diadem of the lord of Rākṣasas into pieces with a kick. As Rāvaṇa cried, "Kill him! Seize him!" he destroyed the city with blows of his feet as if it had no lord. After furnishing amusement in this way, Pāvani flew up like Garuḍa, went to Rāma, bowed, and delivered Sītā's crest-jewel. Rāma put Sītā's crest-jewel over his heart, as if Sītā had come in person, touching it again and again. Questioned graciously by Dāśarathī who embraced him like a son, Hanumat related the humiliation of Daśavakra and all the news of Sītā in detail, the success of his strength of arm being heard by others.

CHAPTER VII

THE KILLING OF RĀVAṆA

Expedition to Laṅkā (I-13)

Then Rāma and Saumitri, attended by soldiers, Sugrīva, et cetera set out through the air for the conquest of Laṅkā. Bhāmaṇḍala, Nala, Nīla, Mahendra, Pāvanañ-jayi, Virādha, Suṣeṇa, and Jāmbavat, Aṅgada and other Vidyādharma-lords by crores went immediately to Rāma, covering the face of the sky with their armies. Many marching-drums, beaten by the Vidyādharas, filled the sky with very deep sounds. The Khecaras went through the sky in aerial cars and chariots, on horses, elephants, and other vehicles, proud of performing their master's work.

Crossing above the ocean with his army, in a moment Rāghava reached the city Velandhara on Mt. Velandhara. Two kings, Samudra and Setu, like oceans hard to restrain, began to fight excitedly with Rāma's vanguard. Nala captured Samudra and Nīla, long-armed, captured Setu and led them to Rāma, wise in their master's business. Kākutstha restored them as before. For the great are compassionate to enemies who have been defeated. Samudra gave his three daughters, very beautiful in form, the first among beautiful women, to Rāma's younger brother.

Having spent the night (there), at dawn Raghūdvaha followed Setu and Samudra and came very soon to Mt. Suvela. There Rāma conquered a king, Suvela by name, hard to conquer, spent one night, and set out at dawn. After conquering Haṅsaratha on Haṅsadvīpa near Laṅkā, the best of the Raghus camped there. When Kākutstha was nearby, like Saturn in Pisces, Laṅkā trembled in every direction, fearing the end of the world. Rāvaṇa's

vassals armed themselves for battle, Hasta, Prahasta, Mārica, Sāraṇa, and others by the thousand. Rāvaṇa, expert in beating enemies, had the cruel battle-drums beaten by the crore by servants.

Break between Rāvaṇa and Bibhīṣaṇa (17-44)

Then Bibhīṣaṇa went to Daśāsya, bowed, and said: "Be gracious for a moment. Consider my speech which would have good results. Before, without reflecting you kidnaped another's wife, causing destruction of two worlds. Your family was shamed by that. Kākutstha has come to take his wife with him. This alone is hospitality—surrender his wife. Otherwise, Rāma will take Sītā from you and will destroy your whole family with you. To say nothing of Rāma and Saumitri who caused the death of rash Khara, did Your Majesty not see Hanumat, *one* of his soldiers? Your glory is greater than Indra's glory. Do not destroy it because of Sītā. In this way your ruin of both kinds¹⁷⁷ would take place."

Then Indrajit said: "Our whole family has been disgraced by you timid from birth. You are not my father's brother. Thinking our father, who is the conqueror of Indra even, the leader of complete success, capable of such conduct, you certainly wish to die, fool. Formerly our father was tricked by you telling lies, since you did not kill Daśaratha after promising to do so. You wish to protect Dāśarathi, who has come here, from our father, you who show fear, born from earth-dwellers, shameless. I think you are a partisan of Rāma. Even in counsel you are not superior. Counsel by a wise minister has good results for kings."

Bibhīṣaṇa said: "I am certainly not a partisan of the enemy. But you have sprung up, an enemy in the form of a son, causing the destruction of the family. While

¹⁷⁷ 22. Life and glory.

your father here is blind from power and love, what do you, as if blind from birth, know, O foolish suckling! King, soon you will perish because of this son and your own conduct. I grieve in vain on your account."

Extremely angry, Rāvaṇa drew his terrifying sword and, corrupted by fate, got up actually to kill Bibhīṣaṇa. Bibhīṣaṇa, terrifying from a frown, pulled up a long post, like an elephant, and got up to fight Rāvaṇa. They were prevented from fighting by Kumbhakarna and Indrajit, who intervened quickly, and were led to their respective places like elephants to stables.

"Get out of my city. You are consuming your shelter like a fire." So ordered by Rāvaṇa, Bibhīṣaṇa went near Rāma. Thirty proud army divisions of Rākṣasas and Vidyādharas deserted the lord of Laṅkā at once and followed Bibhīṣaṇa. Seeing him approaching, Sugrīva and others trembled. For there is no confidence in an enemy like a witch. He announced himself by sending one of his men to Rāma first and Rāma looked at Sugrīva's face, a vessel of confidence. Sugrīva said: "Even if these trifling Rākṣasas are deceitful from birth by nature, nevertheless let him come here. We will learn from spies his intentions good or bad and we shall act here in accordance with his ascertained intention, lord."

A Khecara, named Viśāla, conversant with these affairs, said: "Bibhīṣaṇa alone among the Rākṣasas is noble and righteous. He was banished by his brother who was very angry because he spoke for Sītā's release. He has come to you for protection. This is not otherwise."

Hearing this, Rāma had Bibhīṣaṇa admitted by the door-keeper and hastened to embrace him whose head was bowed at his feet. Bibhīṣaṇa said: "I have left my elder brother who is unethical and have come to you. Command me devoted, like Sugrīva." Then Rāghava conferred on him the realm of Laṅkā. Sometimes submission to the great is not in vain.

War between the Rākṣasas and Vānaras (45-259)

Raghūdvaha spent eight days in Haṁsadvīpa and set out, attended by an army, to Laṅkā like the wind at the end of the world. Having obstructed twenty yojanas in width of ground with the army, Kākutstha remained ready for battle, a mountain of strength. The tumult of Rāma's army, like the roar of the ocean, deafened Laṅkā, as if the ground of the universe were bursting. Daśakandhara's generals, having unequaled universal strength, armed themselves at once, Prahasta and others, holding weapons erect. Heroes assembled around Daśānana, flying up simultaneously, some with elephants as vehicles, some with camels as vehicles, others in chariots drawn by tigers, and others in chariots drawn by donkeys; some with men as vehicles, like Kubera; others with rams, like Agni; some with buffaloes, like Yama; and others with horses like Revanta; some in aerial cars like gods, intent upon the business of battle.

Red-eyed from anger, armed, the eldest son of Ratnaśravas (Rāvaṇa) got into his chariot filled with many kinds of weapons. Bhānukarṇa, carrying a trident like another Yama, came and became Daśakanṭha's attendant. The princes Indrajit and Meghavāhana stood at Daśakanṭha's sides like arms. Other sons and powerful vassals by the crore, Śuka, Sāraṇa, Mārica, Maya and Suṇḍa and others came. Covering the heavens with innumerable thousands of army divisions skilled in fighting, Daśānana left his city. The heroes of Daśāsya's army—some of whom had tiger-banners, some śarabha-banners, some deer-banners, some elephant-banners, some peacock-banners, some serpent-banners, some cat-banners, some cock-banners; some of whom carried bows, some swords, some nail-studded clubs, some hammers, some tridents, some iron-bound clubs, some axes, some nooses—dispersed skilfully for the business of battle, calling by name the opposing heroes again and again. Covering the earth for fifty

yojanas with the width of his army like Vaitādhya, Rāvaṇa stepped for battle. Praising their own leaders, criticizing the enemy leaders, attacking each other, reciting each other's names, making weapons resound against weapons accompanied by hand-clapping, the soldiers of Rāma and Rāvaṇa joined each other like cymbals.

"Go! go! Stay! stay! Do not be afraid. Discharge your weapon! Take up your weapon!" Such were the speeches of the soldiers on the battle-field. Spears, darts, arrows, discs, iron-bound clubs, and clubs of the two armies flew up like birds in a forest. Then the sky seemed to have various Ketus and Rāhus from the swords that were broken by blows against each other and heads that had been cut off quickly.¹⁷⁸ The soldiers, making elephants roll on the ground with blows from hammers repeatedly, had the appearance of playing ball and stick. The five parts¹⁷⁹ of soldiers which had been cut off with axes by other soldiers fall like branches of trees. Heroes cut off heroes' heads and throw them on the ground like food suitable for hungry Kīnāśa (Yama).

In this battle between the powerful Rākṣasas and Vānaras victory was to be obtained after a long time like the money of heirs. When the battle had been going on for a long time, the army of the Rākṣasas was broken by the Vānaras like a forest by winds. When the army of the Rākṣasas was broken, Hasta and Prahasta, always securities for victory for the lord of Laṅkā, were eager to fight with the Vānaras. Two great Kapis, Nala and Nila, rose to oppose the two consecrated for sacrifice in battle. First, Hasta and Nala, opponents, powerful, mounted on chariots, met like retrograde and forward-moving planets. They strung their bows and twanged the bowstring, as if inviting each other to battle by the sound of the bowstring. The two rained arrows on each other so that their chariots

¹⁷⁸ 67. Ketu is represented as a sword and Rāhu as a head.

¹⁷⁹ 69. Hands, feet, and heads.

looked like porcupines with quills of arrows. Defeat and victory fell now to Nala, now to Hasta. No difference in their strength could be detected even by experts. Ashamed before his own soldiers who were witnesses, Nala, powerful, expert, cut off Hasta's head with a knife from anger. At once Nīla slew Prahasta, as Nala had slain Hasta, and a rain of flowers fell from the sky on Nala and Nīla.

From anger at the killing of Hasta and Prahasta, Mārica, Siṅhajaghana, Svayambhū, Sāraṇa, Śuka, Candra, Arka, Uddāma, Bībhatsa, Kāmākṣa, Makara, Jvara, Gambhīra, Siṅharatha, Aśvaratha, and others in Daśānana's army advanced. Madana, Aṅkura, Santāpa, Prathita, Akrośa, Nandana, Durita, Anagha, Puṣpāstra, Vighna, Pṛitikara, and other Kapis fought with Rākṣasas separately, leaping up and falling down, like cocks fighting with cocks. The Rakṣas Mārica fought resolutely and killed Santāpa; Nandana killed the Rākṣasa Jvara; the Rākṣasa Uddāma killed Vighna; the Vānara Durita killed Śuka; the Rākṣasa Siṅhajaghana killed the Vānara Prathita; and the sun set. Then the soldiers of Rāma and Rāvaṇa returned, purifying their own men, killed and unkilld.

At dawn the Rakṣas soldiers advanced to fight Rāma's army, like the demons fighting the sun. Daśāsyā, mounted on a chariot drawn by elephants, set out for the business of battle in the midst of his army like Mt. Meru in the center of the earth. Carrying many weapons, more terrifying than death even, burning his enemies, as it were, with his eye red at that time, considering each one of his own generals like Śatamanyu, scorning the enemy like straw, Rāvaṇa went to the battle-field. Rāghava's generals, very strong, approached with the soldiers for battle, watched by the gods in the sky. Very soon the surface of the battle-field had rivers in some places, as it were, from the deep waters of blood; had high mountains, as it were, in some places from the eminent Kapis that had fallen; had makaras piled up, as it were, from the faces of makaras that had fallen from the chariots; had

teeth, as it were, from the half-destroyed chariots; and was like a dancing-place in some spots with torsos dancing the tāṇḍava. The soldiers of the Kapis were broken by a full attack by all the Rākṣasas urged on by the twang of Rāvaṇa's bow. Angered by the rout of his soldiers, Sugrīva himself with his bow strung set out, shaking the earth with his mighty forces. Saying, "O king, stay here. See the strength of me alone," Hanumat restrained Sugrīva and started for the battle.

Hanumat plunged into the Rākṣasa-army haughty because of its numerous forces, like Māndara into the ocean with cruel sea-animals. Then Mālin,¹⁸⁰ with deep thunder like a rain-cloud, hard to conquer in battle, adorned with bow and quiver, attacked Hanumat. The heroes, Hanumat and Mālin, twanging their bows, shone like untamed lions giving slaps with their tails. Mālin and Hanumat attacked each other with missiles, destroyed each other's missiles, and reviled each other. After they had fought for a long time Hanumat deprived Mālin, abounding in strength, of weapons like the summer sun a pool of water. "Go! go! old Rakṣas. What is the use of killing you!" Vajrodara approached Śrīśaila saying this and said: "Oh, villain, you die, talking in this way, vile creature. Come! come! fight with me. You die. Do not go." Māruti heard that speech like a lion hearing a challenge and, very proud, roaring, covered him with arrows. Shaking off that rain of arrows, Vajrodara made him invisible with arrows, like the rainy season the sun with clouds. "Oh! Vajrodara is a hero adequate to Hanumat. Oh! Pāvani is a soldier who is adequate to the Rakṣas Vajrodara." Hanumat, unable to bear these speeches of the gods—spectators of the play of battle, victorious over enemies, a mountain of conceit, raining various missiles at the same time, like a cloud raining meteors, killed Vajrodara while the Rākṣasas looked on.

¹⁸⁰ 100. This must be Sumālin. Mālin was killed long ago.

Angry at the killing of Vajrodara, Jambumālin, the son of Rāvaṇa, reviling Māruti, challenged him, like an elephant-driver an elephant. Both very powerful, wishing to kill each other, fought for a long time with arrows, like snake-charmers with snakes. Returning twice as many arrows each time for the arrows (received), they reached the lowest and highest stage of debt alternately. Hanumat, angry, deprived the enemy of chariot-horses, chariot, and charioteer and struck him with a very heavy hammer. Jambumālin fell to the ground dazed and Mahodara, a Rakṣas-hero, jumped up angrily, showering arrows. Other Rākṣasa-soldiers, wishing to kill Hanumat, surrounded him completely like pure-bred dogs a boar. Some were struck on the arms, some on the face, some on the ankles, some on the heart, some in the abdomen, by Hanumat with sharp arrows. Like a fire in a forest, like the submarine fire in the ocean, the hero Māruti shone in the army of the Rākṣasas. At once the son of Pavanañjaya, crest-jewel of the powerful, scattered the Rākṣasas like the sun scattering darkness. Angered by the destruction of the Rākṣasas, Kumbhakarna, carrying a trident, like Iśāna descended to earth, himself ran to fight. Kumbhakarna killed the Kapis—some by kicks, some by blows with his fists, some by blows with his elbows, some by slaps, some by blows with a hammer and with a trident, and some in mutual conflict.

Having seen the younger brother of Rāvaṇa attacking violently like the ocean at the end of the world, Sugrīva ran up. Bhāmaṇḍala, Dadhimukha, Mahendra, Kumuda, Aṅgada, and others ran up, like an active fire. The chiefs of the Vānaras besieged Daśānana's younger brother, like hunters besieging a lion, all at once raining various missiles. The chief of the Night-goers (Rākṣasas) released the missile 'Go-to-sleep' against them, which was just like another night at the end of the world, unerring as the speech of a muni. Seeing his army going to sleep, like a night-blooming lotus by day, Sugrīva recalled

the vidyā 'Wake-up.' "Oh! Where is Kumbhakarna?" Making a loud tumult, like the birds at dawn, the Vānara-soldiers got up. Eminent Kapis, commanded by Sugrīva, highly-praised fighters, their bows drawn to their ears, attacked Kumbhakarna. Sugrīva destroyed Kumbhakarna's charioteer, chariot, and chariot-horses with a club, like a physician destroying diseases. Then Kumbhakarna, who had descended to the ground, with a hammer raised in his hand, like a mountain with one peak, ran to Sugrīva. Many Kapis fell from the very strong wind caused by him as he ran to fight, like trees from the touch of elephants. Unhindered by the Kapis like the current of a river by mounds, he struck Sugrīva's chariot with a hammer and reduced it to dust. Leaping in the air Sugrīva discharged a very large stone at Kumbhakarna, like Vajrin hurling a thunderbolt at a mountain. Kumbhakarna broke the rock to pieces with a hammer, showing a supernatural rain of dust to the Kapis, as it were. Vālin's younger brother discharged the powerful missile 'Stroke-of-lightning,' which made the noise, tadat, taditi, at Rāvaṇa's younger brother. Kumbhakarna fell to the ground, struck by 'Stroke-of-lightning,' with an appearance terrifying to the world, like a mountain at the end of the world.

Angered because his brother was dazed, Daśānana himself, like Death in person, advanced, terrifying with a frown on his brow. Indrajit bowed before him and said: "Neither Yama, nor Varuṇa, nor Kubera, nor Hari is before you in battle. How much less are these mere Kapis! Therefore stay here, Your Majesty. I, angry, shall go and kill them like a handful of mosquitoes." Having restrained Daśagrīva so, Śakrajit, his head erect from pride, powerful, striking blows, went into the midst of the Kapi-army. The battle-field was relinquished by the Kapis to him, powerful, as he attacked, like a pool to a buffalo by frogs. He said to the trembling Kapis: "Ho! ho! Stay here, Vānaras. I, the son of Rāvaṇa, do not kill non-combatants. Where is Māruti? Where

is Sugrīva? Or rather, what of them! Where are Rāma and Saumitri, who consider themselves heroes?"

As he was talking so from insolence because of his strength, Sugrīva, red-eyed from anger, challenged the son of Daśagrīva to battle. Bhāmaṇḍala began to fight Meghavāhana, the younger brother of Indrajit, like śarabha with śarabha. Clashing with each other, they looked like four elephants of the quarters, like four oceans, terrifying to the three worlds. The earth was shaken by the comings and goings of the chariots, and the mountains shook, and the earth trembled. No difference in the drawing and discharge of arrows could be detected on the part of them who were exceeding light-handed and expert. They fought for a long time with divine iron missiles, but no one of them was defeated by any one. Then Indrajit and Meghavāhana, angered, discharged the powerful missile Nāgapāśa (serpent-noose) at Sugrīva and Bhāmaṇḍala. Bhāmaṇḍala and the lord of the Kapis were bound by snake-nooses so that they were not able to breathe even.

Now Kumbhakarna regained consciousness and from anger struck with a club Māruti who fell to the ground unconscious. He picked him up with his arm encircling him like a serpent, like an elephant picking up something with his trunk, and put him under his arm. Bibhīṣaṇa said to Rāma: "Master, these two, very strong, are essential to the army, like eyes in a face. Vaidehin and Sugrīva have been bound by the sons of Rāvaṇa with great snakes. I intend to release them, so they will not be taken to Laṅkā. Hanumat, who is held by Kumbhakarna with his very strong arm, must be freed without his reaching Laṅkā, Raghūdvaha. Master, without Sugrīva, Bhāmaṇḍala and Hanumat, our army is without soldiers, as it were. Permit that I go."

Just as he was saying this, the soldier Aṅgada came rapidly, attacked, and fought with Kumbhakarna, skilled in fighting. Māruti escaped from the noose of his arm

which Kumbhakarna, blind from anger, raised, like a bird escaping from a cage. Bibhīṣaṇa approached in a chariot to fight with the sons of Rāvaṇa in order to release Bhāmaṇḍala and the lord of the Kapis. Indrajit and Meghavāhana thought: "Our father's younger brother comes himself to make battle with us. How, indeed, can we fight with him who is like a father? Departure from here is fitting. There is no disgrace to those fearing one entitled to respect. These two foot-soldiers, bound by nooses, will certainly die. Let them remain right here, so our father (uncle) will not follow us." With these reflections the wise sons of Rāvaṇa disappeared from the battle and Bibhīṣaṇa stood looking at Bhāmaṇḍala and the lord of Kapis. Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa stood there, their faces dark from anxiety, like the sun and moon whose bodies are concealed by a mass of snow. Then Rāmabhadra recalled the god Mahālocana, the best of the Suparṇa-gods, who had promised him a boon formerly. The god came, knowing (the situation) by clairvoyance, and gave to Padma the vidyā Sīḥanināda, the pestle, chariot, and plow. He gave Lakṣmaṇa the vidyā Gāruḍī, a chariot, and the club Vidyudvadanā which destroys enemies in battle. He gave both other divine weapons of water, fire, wind, et cetera and umbrellas. As soon as they had seen that Garuḍa had become the vehicle of Saumitri, the serpents of the nooses of Bhāmaṇḍala and Sugrīva disappeared. A cry of "Victory! Victory!" arose on all sides in Rāma's army and the god—the sun—went to rest as well as the army of Rākṣasas.

At dawn again Raghūdvaha's and Daśāsyā's soldiers went to the battle-field, the best parts of the whole armies. They commenced a great battle terrifying from flashing weapons resembling the teeth of Kṛtānta, commencing the encounter unexpectedly. The army of the Vānaras was stirred up by the angered Rākṣasas, like a pond by swine burned by the midday-heat. Seeing that most of the army was broken, Sugrīva and the others,

very powerful, entered the army of the Rākṣasas like yogis into the bodies of others. The Rākṣasas, subdued by the Kapi-lords, melted away like snakes overcome by garuḍas, like unbaked jars overcome by water. Angered at the destruction of the Rākṣasas, Rāvaṇa himself ran forward, splitting the earth, as it were, with the advance of the chariot. No one of the Kapi-heroes stood before him for an instant, as he advanced swift as a forest-fire, Bibhīṣaṇa respectfully restrained Rāma who had started to fight with him, came at once, and opposed Daśakandhara. Rāvaṇa said: "Oh, Bibhīṣaṇa, to whom have you resorted by whom you are thrown into battle with me angry, like a morsel of food into a mouth? This was well advised, indeed, a protection to himself by Rāma who sends you against me, the idea! like a hunter sending a dog against a boar. Even now I have affection for you, my boy. So go! For today I shall kill Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa with their soldiers. Do not complete the number of those being killed. Go to your own place. Today this hand (of mine) is at your back."¹⁸¹

Bibhīṣaṇa said: "Rāma advanced like Death himself against you, angered, and was restrained by me by a trick. I came here under pretext of a fight, wishing to enlighten you. Today free Sītā. Be gracious. Do what I say. I have not gone to Rāma from fear of death nor from greed for the kingdom, certainly, but from fear of censure, Daśānana. Remove censure by surrendering Sītā so that I may return to you, leaving the chief of the Raghus."

Angry, Rāvaṇa said: "Why do you show fear today, miserable Bibhīṣaṇa, evil-minded, cowardly? You have been talked to in this manner because of my fear of killing a brother, for no other reason." Saying this, Daśakandhara twanged his bow.

Then the brothers began to fight eagerly, drawing and raining various missiles unceasingly. Then Indrajit

¹⁸¹ 185. As a support.

and Kumbhakarna and the other Rākṣasas ran up from devotion to their masters, like servants of Kṛtānta. Rāma obstructed Kumbhakarna; Lakṣmaṇa Rāvaṇi; Nīla Siṅhajaghana; Durmaṣa Ghaṭodara; Svayambhū Durmati; Nalavīra Śambhu; Aṅgada Maya; Skanda Candranakha; and the son of Candrodara Vighna; King Bhāmaṇḍala Ketu; Śridatta Jambumālin; the son of Pavanañjaya obstructed Kumbha, the son of Kumbhakarna; the lord of Kiṣkindhā Sumāla; Kunda the Rākṣasa Dhūmrākṣa; the son of Vālin, Candrarāsmi, the Rākṣasa soldier, Sāraṇa. Other Kapis obstructed other Rākṣasas in this way and fought with them like sea-monsters with sea-monsters in the ocean.

While the battle, more terrible than the terrible, was taking place, Indrajit angrily discharged the missile of darkness at Lakṣmaṇa. Saumitri, causing pain to enemies, at once melted that missile by the missile of heat, like a ball of wax by fire. Saumitri angrily discharged the missile, serpent-noose, at Indrajit and he was bound by it quickly like an elephant in water by a rope. Daśāsya's son, his body bound by the serpent-missile, fell like a thunderbolt, splitting the earth. At Lakṣmaṇa's command Virādha threw him inside his chariot and quickly led him to his tent, like a prison-guard. The elder brother of Lakṣmaṇa bound Kumbhakarna with serpent-nooses and Bhāmaṇḍala led him to his camp at Rāma's command. Other enemy soldiers were bound by Rāma's soldiers, Meghavāhana, et cetera, and were led to their camps.

When Daśamukha saw that, filled with anger and sorrow, he hurled his spear, the root of the Śrī of Victory, at Bibhiṣaṇa. The younger brother of Rāma broke the spear into pieces in the air, as easily as a plantain-stalk, by means of sharp arrows. Daśagrīva, seeking victory, lifted the great spear, named Amoghavijayā, which had been given by Dharaṇendra. He whirled it in the sky, flaming with the crackling sound, dhagad, dhagiti, making the sound taḍat, taḍiti, like a flash of lightning from the

clouds at the end of the world. The gods in the air fled and the soldiers shut their eyes. After seeing it, none remained (where they were) comfortably, not even the gods.

Rāma said to Saumitri: "Bibhīṣaṇa, our guest, is being killed. Shame on us, destroying those who have taken refuge with us." Hearing Rāma's words, Saumitri, devoted to friends, went and stood in front of Bibhīṣaṇa, attacking Daśakandhara. When Daśānana saw Garuḍastha¹⁸² before him, he said: "This spear is not lifted against you. Do not die by the death of an enemy. Or rather, die; since you especially deserve to be killed by me. For the wretch, Bibhīṣaṇa, stood before me in your place."

Saying this, he whirled the spear and discharged it, which resembled an unexpected falling thunderbolt, at Rama's younger brother. Saumitri, Sugrīva, Hanumat, Nala, Bhāmaṇḍala, Virādha, and others struck it as it fell with their own weapons. Despising the strength of their weapons, like a rogue-elephant a goad, it fell on Lakṣmaṇa's breast like submarine fire into the ocean. Pierced by it, Lakṣmaṇa fell on the ground and a great cry "Ha! Ha!" rose on all sides in the army. Then angry, the elder Kākutstha, as if wishing to kill Rāvaṇa, began to fight him, standing in the chariot Pañcānana. At once he with the chariot Pañcānana made the enemy bereft of a chariot and Daśānana quickly got into another chariot. After he had broken chariots in this way five times, Kākutstha, whose valor was unique in the world, made Daśānana chariotless. Daśāsya thought, "This man himself will actually die from affection for his brother. So enough of fighting with him now." With this reflection, Daśagrīva went to Laṅkāpurī quickly and the sun set as if grieved at Rāma's sorrow. Rāvaṇa having been defeated, Rāma returned to Lakṣmaṇa and fell fainting to the ground, when he had seen him stretched on the ground.

¹⁸² 214. Lakṣmaṇa. Garuḍastha = Viṣṇu = Vāsudeva.

When Rāma had been sprinkled with sandal-water by Sugrīva and others, he recovered consciousness, sat down near Saumitri and, lamenting, said :

“What pains you, child? Speak. Why do you remain silent? Reply by raising an eyebrow even. Please your elder brother. These watch your face, Sugrīva and others, your followers. Why do you not reply with word or glance, you dear to the sight! Surely you do not speak from embarrassment at the thought, ‘Rāvaṇa left the battle-field alive.’ Therefore, speak. I shall fulfil your wish. Oh, miserable Rāvaṇa, stay! stay! where will you go? I shall soon start you on the long journey.”

When Raghūdvaha stood up, twanging his bow, the lord of the Kapis addressed him respectfully: “Master, it is night and the Rākṣasa has gone to Laṅkā. Our master is here, injured by a blow with a spear. Regain self-control. Know that Daśānana is as good as killed. Consider only a means of restoring Saumitri.” Rāma said again: “My wife has been kidnaped; my younger brother killed. Still Rāma survives. He is not torn into a hundred pieces. Friend Sugrīva, Hanumat, Bhāmaṇḍala, Nala, Aṅgada, Virāḍha and others, go now to your own houses, all of you. Friend Bibhiṣaṇa, you were in great sorrow from the kidnaping of Sītā and the killing of Saumitri, since you had not accomplished your purpose. But, at dawn, friend, see your brother, an enemy in the guise of a brother, being led by the path of my own brother. At dawn, after satisfying you, I shall follow Lakṣmaṇa. For without Lakṣmaṇa what good to me are Sītā and life?” Bibhiṣaṇa said: “Why this weakness, lord? For a man, even though struck by that spear, lives for a night. Try with all kinds of charms, spells, et cetera to find a remedy for the blow before dawn appears.”

Rāghava agreed; and Sugrīva and the others made seven walls with four gates around the two Rāghavas by means of a vidyā. At the gates in the east stood Sugrīva, Pāvanañjayi, Tāra, Kunda, Dadhimukha, Gavākṣa, Gavaya

in turn. On the north Aṅgada, Kūrma, Aṅga, Mahendra, Vihaṅgama, Suṣeṇa, Candrarāśmī stood in turn at the gates. In the west Nīla, Samaraśīla, Durdhara, Manmatha, Jaya, Vijaya, and Sambhava stood. Bhāmaṅḍala, Virādha, Gaja, Bhuvanajit, Nala, Mainda, and Bibhīṣaṇa stood in the south successively. Making the two Kākutsthas in the center in this way, Sugrīva and the others, powerful, were devoted to watching, intent as yogis.

Some one told Sītā that Lakṣmaṇa had been killed by the spear and at dawn Rāmabhadra would die from affection for his brother. Hearing that news terrible as a clap of thunder, Janaka's daughter fell to the ground in a swoon, like a creeper struck by the wind. Sprinkled with water by the Vidyādhari, Jānakī regained consciousness, got up, and lamented pitifully: "Oh! Lakṣmaṇa dear, where have you gone, leaving your elder brother alone! For he is not able to exist even a moment without you. Alas! I am unfortunate since on my account now such a thing has happened to my husband and brother-in-law who are equal to gods. O earth, split open, please, for my entrance. O heart, split open for the extinction of life."

A Vidyādhari, Avalokinyā, saw Sītā weeping so pitifully and, compassionate, said, "Queen, at dawn your brother-in-law will have an uninjured body and, coming with Rāmabhadra, will make you rejoice." Restored to a sound state of mind by that speech, Kākutstha's wife thought constantly of sunrise, like a wakeful cakravākī.

At the thought "Saumitri was killed today," Rāvaṇa rejoiced one minute; the next, having recalled the capture of his brother, sons, friends, he wept. "Oh! dear Kumbhakarna, you were like another best self of mine. Oh! Indrajit and Meghavāhana, you were like second arms of mine. Oh! sons, Jambumālin and others, like different forms of myself, how were you made to undergo capture, never undergone before, like elephants?"

Recalling repeatedly the recent capture, et cetera of his relatives, again and again Daśagrīva fainted and wept.

Cure of Lakṣmaṇa (260-301)

Now, a certain Vidyādhara approached Bhāmaṇḍala, who was guard at the east gate of the wall in Padma's army, and said: "Show me the honored Padma, if you are indeed a friend of his. I shall be able to tell you a restorative for Lakṣmaṇa. I am your benefactor." Bhāmaṇḍala took hold of his arm and led him to Padma's lotus-feet. He bowed and explained: "I am the son, Praticandra, of King Śaśimaṇḍala, lord of Saṅgītāpura, by his wife Suprabhā. For amusement one day I set out in the air with my wife and was seen by the Vidyādhara, Sahasravijaya. Then he fought me for a long time from hostility arising from my marriage and I was made to fall to the ground by the spear Caṇḍarava which struck me. Falling to the ground in the garden Māhendraḍaya in the city Sāketa, I was seen by your brother Bharata, very compassionate. At once the king sprinkled me with perfumed water and the spear went away from me like a thief from another man's house. I, astonished by the immediate healing of the blow, asked him about the power of the perfumed water and your younger brother related:

'A caravan-leader, named Vindhya, came here from Gajapura. One of his buffaloes, worn out by an excessive burden, fell on the road. The people of the city walked over him, stepping on his head, and the buffalo died from the great injury. From involuntary destruction of karma he became a god, a Vāyukumāra, named Pavanaputraka, lord of the city Śvetāṅkara. Knowing his former death by clairvoyance, angered, he made various and numerous diseases in this city and district. But there was no disease in the territory and house of my uncle, King Droṇamegha, though living in my country. I asked him about the reason for the freedom from disease and Droṇaghana said:

"My wife, Priyaṅkarā, was formerly severely afflicted by disease. By the power of the embryo which developed

she was freed from disease and in time bore a daughter, named Viśalyā. A plague of diseases developed in my country, as in yours, and the people became healthy sprinkled by Viśalyā's bath-water. One day I asked Muni Satyabhūtaśaraṇa and he said:

'The fruit of penance in a former birth of Viśalyā is the curing of wounds, the removal of darts, and the destruction of disease of people by her bath-water; and Lakṣmaṇa will be her husband.'

Because of the muni's speech the power of Viśalyā's bath-water was ascertained by myself from right belief and experience, also."

After telling this, Droṇamegha gave me Viśalyā's bath-water and because of it my country became free of disease. I sprinkled you, also, with her bath-water and look! at once the dart became powerless and the wound healed.'

So friendship between Bharata and me arose, lord. Before dawn bring Viśalyā's bath-water. So, hurry! Hurry! What will you do at dawn? When the cart is broken, indeed, what can the owner do?"

Raghūdvaḥ assigned Bhāmaṇḍala, Hanūmat, and Aṅgada to get Viśalyā's bath-water from Bharata. They went by car with the speed of the wind to Ayodhyā and saw King Bharata lying on the palace-roof. They sang to awaken Bharata, while in the air. For kings are aroused by some device even in the case of royal business. Bhāmaṇḍala was noticed by Bharata, who had awakened, and was questioned. Bowing before him, Bhāmaṇḍala told his business. For there is no preliminary praise of a friend from a friend.

Then Bharata said, "I shall go there and accomplish that," and got into his aerial car and went to the city Kautukamaṅgala. Asked by Bharata for Viśalyā, Droṇaghana gave her accompanied by a thousand women to be married at the same time. Bhāmaṇḍala dismissed Bharata in Ayodhyā and came eagerly with Viśalyā and his

retinue. Standing in his chariot with blazing lights, observed instantly by his own people terrified by the appearance of sunrise, he deposited Viśalyā near Lakṣmaṇa. The great spear left Lakṣmaṇa immediately when he had been touched by her hand, like a large serpent by a club. As the spear flew up, it was seized with violence by Hanūmat, who had flown up, like a quail seized in the air by a hawk. It, having the form of a goddess, said: "It was not my fault at all; for I, a sister of Prajñapti, was given to him by Dharāṇa. Unable to endure the brilliance of the penance in Viśalyā's former birth, I shall go. Release me, innocent because of a servant's rank."

So addressed, Māruti, long-armed, released the spear and the spear, as soon as released, went away, as if ashamed. Viśalyā touched Saumitri again with her hand and anointed him gradually with gośirṣa-sandal. Then Saumitri, his wound healed, got up soon as if from sleep and was embraced by Rāmabhadrā weeping from joy. Rāma told him the whole story of Viśalyā and he quickly sprinkled his own men and the others with her bath-water. At that very time at Rāma's command Saumitri married with due ceremony Viśalyā together with the thousand maidens. The Vidyādhara-kings held a great festival originating from joy at Saumitri's restoration to life and marriage, which was a source of astonishment to the world.

Negotiations (302-329)

"Saumitri is alive," spies informed the lord of Rākṣasas and he took counsel with the chief-ministers. "This was my idea: 'Saumitri, struck by the spear, will die at dawn. Then Rāma also, crushed from affection, (will die). The Kapis will flee and my brother and sons, Kumbhakarṇa, Indrajit, and others, will come here to me, themselves.' Now Lakṣmaṇa is alive from the contrariness of fate and how are Kumbhakarṇa, and the others to be released by me?"

The ministers replied to him: "There is no release of the heroes, Kumbhakarna and others, except by the release of Jānakī, but, on the contrary, misfortune. Master, so much having passed, protect, protect your own family, There is no other means in this case except conciliation of Rāma."

Scorning them, Rāvaṇa sent a vassal as a messenger to Rāghava, with instructions about conciliation, bribery, and punishment. He went, was announced by the door-keeper, bowed to Padmanābha surrounded by Sugrīva and others and announced in a firm voice: "Daśāsya says to you: 'Free the group of my relatives, permit Jānakī (to stay), and take half my kingdom. I shall give you three thousand maidens. Be satisfied with this. If not you will not have all this and you will not have your life.'" Padmanābha said: "There is no gain to me from sovereignty nor from enjoyment, even great, of a throng of other women. If Rāvaṇa will send Jānakī, having treated her well, then I shall free his brother and sons, not otherwise."

The vassal said again: "Rāma, this is not fitting for you, that you put your own life in danger for the sake of a mere woman. If Saumitri has been restored one time after being struck by Rāvaṇa, how will he stay alive now, or you, or these Kapis? Rāvaṇa alone is able to kill all these. His speech is worthy of respect always. Consider the consequences, yourself."

Angered by his speech, Lakṣmaṇa said: "Listen, miserable messenger! Even now Rāvaṇa does not know his own power nor others' power. His retinue of kinsmen having been killed, left with only wives, he makes a pretence of heroism. What impudence is that on his part! Like a tree of which all the branches have been broken off by a club and the root alone remains, how long will Rāvaṇa, alone, stand? So, go! Arm Daśakandhara for battle. My arm is ready, like Kṛtānta, to kill him."

Reviled by Lakṣmaṇa in this way, he, intending to reply, was expelled by the Vānaras who got up and seized him by the neck. He went and told Rāvaṇa everything said by Rāghava and Rāvaṇa said to the ministers, "Say what is to be done now." The ministers said: "The surrender of Sītā is suitable in this case. The result of contrariety has been seen. Consider the result of agreement, lord. Every action is considered from the viewpoint of agreement and contrariety. How have you fared from contrariety alone, Daśānana? Now your many kinsmen and sons are uninjured. Prosper with glory together with them set free by the return of Sītā."

Wounded in his heart very much by their speech about the return of Sītā, as if struck in a vital spot, Daśa-mukha reflected for a long time. Having decided in his heart on the subjugation of the vidyā Bahurūpā, Rāvaṇa, his passions subdued, went to Śrī Śānti's shrine. Daśānana, his face blooming with devotion, like Indra himself, made Śrī Śāntinātha's bath with pitchers of water. After anointing him with gośirṣa-sandal and making a pūjā with divine flowers, he recited a hymn of praise to Śrī Śānti.

Stuti (330-337)

"Homage to the god of gods, protector of the world, supreme spirit, Śrīmat Śāntinātha, sixteenth Arhat. Blessed Śrī Śāntinātha, guide in crossing the ocean of births, homage, homage to your name, a charm for Sarvārthasiddha. Whoever make the eightfold pūjā¹⁸³ to you, Supreme Lord, to them the eight magic powers,¹⁸⁴ becoming extremely small, et cetera, will be present. The eyes which see you daily are fortunate; the heart in which you, seen by them, are carried is more fortunate than they. O god, people may be spotless just from touching your feet. Does not iron become gold from

¹⁸³ 332. See II, n. 411.

¹⁸⁴ 332. See MW, s.v. siddhī.

contact with vedhiraśa?¹⁸⁵ May the row of callous spots on my forehead from bowing at your lotus-feet with constant falls to the ground become beautiful tilakas. May there be always fruit from the vine of my sovereignty from objects, flowers, perfumes, et cetera, having been presented to you, Lord. Again and again I ask only this from you, Lord of the World: Blessed One, may my devotion to you be ever stronger in birth after birth."

Defeat and death of Rāvaṇa (338-377)

After reciting this hymn of praise to Śānti, the lord of Laṅkā, occupying a jeweled slab before (him), began to subdue the vidyā, holding a rosary. Then Mandodarī said to the door-keeper, Yamadaṇḍa: "All the people of the city must be devoted to the Jinās' religion for eight days. Whoever will not do this, of him there will be punishment consisting of death.' Proclaim this in Laṅkā by beat of drums."

At her command the door-keeper had it proclaimed in the city accordingly and it was reported to Sugrīva by spies. Sugrīva said, "Daśānana must be subdued, master, before he subdues the vidyā Bahurūpinī." Padma smiled and said, "How can I seize Daśāśya when he is quiet, engaged in meditation, for I am not tricky like him?" Hearing this secret speech of Rāma, Aṅgada and others went to the lord of Laṅkā in Śānti's shrine for the subjugation of the vidyā. They, unhindered, made numerous attacks on him, but Daśakandhara did not move from his meditation in the least. Then Aṅgada said: "Why do you, who have found no refuge, commit this impiety from fear of Rāma, sir! In my lord's absence you seized his noble wife. I am going to seize your wife, Mandodarī, while you watch." With these words, with quick anger he dragged Mandodarī by the hair like one without a lord,

¹⁸⁵ 334. Cf. I, p. 76, where copper becomes gold from koṭivedharaśa.

weeping with the pathetic sound of an osprey. Rāvaṇa, absorbed in meditation, did not even see her. The vidyā appeared, lighting up the sky.

She said: "I am submissive to you. Tell what I can do, sir. I shall do everything according to your wish. Verily, the two Rāghavas are of little importance." Rāvaṇa replied: "Everything is brought about by you. You must come at the proper time when you are recalled. Now go to your own home." Dismissed by him, the vidyā went far away, and the Vānaras went to their own camp, flying up like the wind.

Daśānana heard the news about Mandodarī and Aṅgada and at once made a loud exclamation of contempt filled with pride. After bathing and eating, the lord of Laṅkā went to the garden Devaramaṇa and said to Sītā: "For a long time I have shown you respect. Now, abandoning restraint, frustration, and timidity, I shall enjoy you by force after killing your husband and brother-in-law."

Janaka's daughter swooned at that speech resembling poison and fell to the ground, like Daśāsya's hope of her, instantly. Recovering consciousness with difficulty, she took a vow to this effect: "If the death of Rāma and Saumitri should take place, then may I perish also." Hearing that, Rāvaṇa thought: "Her affection for Rāma is inherent. Therefore my love for her is like planting a lotus in dry ground. I did not behave properly in that Bibhiṣaṇa was scorned, the ministers were not respected, and my own family disgraced. If I should free her now, that would not be discerning, since it would be said, contrary to my fame, 'She was freed because he had been conquered by Rāma.' After capturing Rāma and Saumitri, I shall bring them here and then surrender her to them. For that would be in accordance with propriety and (my own) fame."

After making this resolution, the lord of Laṅkā passed the night and set out for battle, haughty, though

restrained by unfavorable omens. Again a battle started between the armies of Rāma and Rāvaṇa and the elephants of the quarters were terrified by the very loud slaps on the arms of the soldiers. Scattering the other Rakṣases, like a wind pieces of cotton, Lakṣmaṇa struck Daśakandhara with arrows. Seeing Saumitri's strength with anxiety, Daśakandhara recalled the vidyā, Bahurūpā, terrifying to all. The vidyā was present there just from being recalled and Rāvaṇa quickly created many terrible forms of himself. Lakṣmaṇa saw Rāvaṇas only on the ground, in the air, behind, in front, and at his sides, raining many weapons. The Tārṅṣyastha (Vāsudeva) Lakṣmaṇa, though *one*, slew the Rāvaṇas with sharp arrows produced by thought, as if he had as many forms (as Rāvaṇa). Daśakandhara, distracted by Nārāyaṇa's arrows, recalled the flaming cakra, the sign of being an Ardhaçakrin. Red-eyed from anger, Rāvaṇa whirled the cakra in the air and discharged it, the last weapon, at Rāma's younger brother. After making the circumambulation, it remained at Saumitri's right hand, like the sun on the peak of the eastern mountain. Depressed, Rāvaṇa thought, "The speech of the muni has become true and the considered judgment of Bibhiṣaṇa and others was true." Seeing his brother depressed, Bibhiṣaṇa said, "Brother, now free Vaidehī, if you wish to live." Angered Rāvaṇa said: "What are weapons, even the cakra, to me, villain? I shall kill the enemy, even if he has the cakra, very quickly with my fist."

As the lord of Rākṣasas was speaking in this way from arrogance, Lakṣmaṇa split open his chest, like a gourd, with the same cakra. Then Daśagrīva died in the last watch of the eleventh day of the dark half of Jyeṣṭha and went to the fourth hell.

At once a rain of flowers was made on Lakṣmaṇa by the gods crying, "Victory, victory," and a violent dance took place among the Kapis, having the bower of heaven and earth filled with the cries of "Kīla! Kīla!" instigated by extreme joy.

CHAPTER VIII

THE ABANDONMENT OF SĪTĀ

Rāvaṇa's funeral (I-16)

Then Bibhīṣaṇa, overcome by affection for his relatives, encouraged the fugitive Rākṣasas: "These two, Padma and Nārāyaṇa, the eighth Bala and Śārṅgin, yield protection. Unhesitatingly resort to them for protection." They all went to Padma and Saumitri and they showed them favor. For heroes are impartial toward subjects.

When Bibhīṣaṇa saw that his brother had been killed, in a paroxysm of grief he wished to die himself and drew his knife. Rāma seized Bibhīṣaṇa as he was striking his belly with it and weeping piteously, "Oh, brother! brother!" Padmanābha and Lakṣmaṇa enlightened him weeping with Mandodarī and others near Rāvaṇa: "Daśānana, who had such strength, must not be grieved for, at whose battles even the gods trembled at a distance. He has died with heroic conduct, the receptacle of fame. Therefore, perform his last rites. Enough of weeping."

With these words, Padmanābha, noble-minded, released Kumbhakarna, Indrajit, Meghavāhana, and others who had been captured. Bibhīṣaṇa, Kumbhakarna, Śakrajit, Meghavāhana, Mandodarī and others, shedding tears, at once cremated Daśagrīva's body with a blazing fire from gośirṣa-sandal mixed with camphor and aloes. Padma and they went to a lotus-pool, bathed, and gave Daśamauli the handful of water¹⁸⁶ together with warm tears. Rāma with Lakṣmaṇa said in a charming voice, as if pouring out nectar, to Kumbhakarna and the others: "Administer your respective kingdoms now as before. We are not concerned about your royal power. O heroes, peace be with you." So addressed by Padmanābha, feeling grief and

¹⁸⁶ 12. Of the funeral rites.

astonishment simultaneously, Kumbhakarna and the others said in a choking voice: "There is no advantage to us in kingdoms nor in subjects, O king. We intend to take mendicancy which results in the empire of emancipation."

Previous births of Indrajit and Meghavāhana (17-33)

Just then a muni, named Aprameyabala, who had four kinds of knowledge, came to the garden Kusumāyudha. In that same place at night his brilliant omniscience appeared and the gods held an omniscience-festival. At dawn Rāma and Saumitri, Kumbhakarna and others, went and paid homage to him and then listened to dharma. At the end of the sermon Śakrajit and Meghavāhana, who had reached extreme disgust with existence, asked about their former births. The muni said:

"In the city Kauśāmbī here in Bhārata you were two poor brothers, Prathama and Paścima. One day after hearing dharma from Muni Bhavadatta they took the vow and became mendicants, their passions subdued. Once upon a time they went to Kauśāmbī and saw King Nandighoṣa sporting with his wife Indumukhī in the spring festival. Seeing him, Paścima made a nidāna: 'By this penance may I become their son, engaged in such sport.' Though restrained by the monks, he did not retract the nidāna and after his death Paścima became their son, Rativardhana. In course of time having grown up, Rativardhana succeeded to the kingdom and, surrounded by his wives, engaged in numerous sports, like his father.

After his death the monk Prathama became a powerful god in the fifth heaven as a result of his penance free from a nidāna. Knowing by clairvoyance that his brother had become king there, the god went in the form of a muni to enlighten him. He sat down on a seat offered by King Rativardhana and related his former birth and his own from friendship for his

brother. Rativardhana became disgusted with existence from the recollection of his births which was produced, became a mendicant, and after death became a god in Brahmaloḥa. Then, having fallen, you became brothers, kings in Vibuddhanagara in the Videhas and went to Acyuta after becoming mendicants. After falling from Acyuta you became now the sons, Indrajit and Meghavāhana, of the Prativīṣṇu Daśāsya. Rativardhana's mother, Indumukhī, became your mother, Mandodarī, after wandering through births."

Reunion of Rāma and Sītā (34-45)

After hearing that, Kumbhakarna, Indrajit, Meghavāhana and others, Mandodarī and others, took the vow at that time. After bowing to the muni, his road shown by Bibhīṣaṇa, stooping, going ahead like a door-keeper, with blessings bestowed by Vidyādhari, with great magnificence like Indrā, Rama with Saumitri and the lord of the Kapis entered the city Laṅkā.

Kākutstha went to the garden on the top of Mt. Puṣpagiri and saw there Maithilī just as described by Hanumat. Lifting her up on his lap like a second life, considering her then (his) life, Rāghava held her. "Hail to this noble wife Sītā," the Siddhas, Gandharvas, et cetera sang joyfully in the air at that time. Sumitrā's son bowed with joy at Queen Sītā's feet, as if washing them with uninterrupted tears. "Long live! Long rejoice! Long be victorious with my blessing!" With these words Vaidehī smelled Lakṣmaṇa's head.¹⁸⁷ Bhāmaṇḍala bowed to Sītā and Sītā delighted him joyfully with a blessing which resembled the speech of munis. The lord of the Kapis and Bibhīṣaṇa, Hanumat, Aṅgada, and the others bowed to Janaka's daughter together with announcement of their names. Sītā with Rāma looked like a night-blooming lotus which has bloomed from a full moon after a

¹⁸⁷ 41. A method of showing affection. See II, p. 347.

long time. Rāghava and Sītā mounted the elephant, Bhuvanālaṅkāra, and went to Rāvaṇa's dwelling, surrounded by Sugrīva and the others.

Wishing to worship, he entered the shrine of Śrī Śāntinātha, the Lord Jina, marked with a thousand jeweled pillars, inside the palace. Kākutstha, together with Sītā and Saumitri, worshipped Śānti with articles, flowers, et cetera delivered there by Bibhīṣaṇa. At Bibhīṣaṇa's request Rāma with Sītā and Saumitri, accompanied by Sugrīva and the others, went to Bibhīṣaṇa's house. There Rāghava with his retinue performed the worship of the gods, bath, food, et cetera, honoring Rāvaṇa's younger brother. Bibhīṣaṇa, seated before Rāma who was seated on the lion-throne, put on both his garments and spoke, his hands joined:

"Take this treasure of jewels, gold, et cetera, these elephants, horses, et cetera, and this island of Rākṣasas. I am your footman. Now we shall make your coronation at your command. Purify the city of Laṅkā. Be gracious. Favor me."

Rāma said: "Noble sir, have you, confused by devotion, forgotten now that I gave the kingdom of Laṅkā to you formerly?"

Restraining him in this way, Padma himself, delighted, observer of promises, installed him at that very time in the kingdom of Laṅkā. Surrounded by Sītā, Saumitri, Sugrīva and the others, Rāma went to Rāvaṇa's house, like Adribhid to Sudharmā. There at Rāma's command the chief Vidyādharas brought the daughters of Siṅhodara, et cetera, who had been promised before, to be married. Then the two Rāghavas, auspicious songs being sung by Khecarīs, married properly the girls promised to each one. Enjoying pleasures there unhindered, Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, served by Sugrīva and the others, spent six years. In the meantime Indrajit and Meghavāhana attained emancipation on the Vindhya plateau and the tīrtha Megharatha came into existence.

Kumbhakarna went to emancipation at the river Narmadā and the tirtha named Pṛṣṭharakṣita arose.

Return to Ayodhyā (61-97)

Now in Sāketapura the mothers of Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa were much grieved because they had not had any news of them. At that time Nārada came there from Dhātākhaṇḍa and asked them who were bowed with devotion, "Why are you depressed?" Then Aparājitā said: "My sons, Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, went to the forest with my daughter-in-law, Sītā, at their father's command. Both of them, long-armed, went to Laṅkā because of Sītā's kidnaping and Lakṣmaṇa was struck with a spear in a battle with Rāvaṇa, it was said. Viśalyā was taken there to remove the spear-point. We do not know anything that happened and whether or not the boy lives."

After making this reply, she cried pathetically, "Oh, son! son!" and made Sumitrā cry hard. Then Nārada said to them, "Be comforted. I shall go to your sons and bring them here." With this promise to them Nārada went through the air to Rāma in Laṅkā, obtaining news from the talk of the people. Rāma himself welcomed him and asked, "Why have you come here?" and Nārada told him the whole story of their mothers' grief. At once Padma said with longing to Bibhīṣaṇa: "Forgetting our mothers' grief, I have stayed here too long from devotion to you. That our mothers may not die from grief over us, we shall go there today. Give your consent, sir."

Bibhīṣaṇa bowed and said, "Remain here for sixteen days until I have Ayodhyā beautified by my own artists." "Very well," said Rāma, and in sixteen days he had Ayodhyā made to resemble a city in heaven by Vidyādhara artists. Then Nārada, honored and dismissed by Rāma, went and told Rāma's mothers of the festival of their sons' arrival. On the sixteenth day the two Raghūdvahas together got into Puṣpaka with their retinues, like Śakra

and Īsāna, and set forth. Attended by the younger brother of Rāvaṇa, Sugrīva, Bhāmaṇḍala, and other kings, they went to Ayodhyā in a moment. Bharata and his younger brother saw them from afar as they came in Puṣpaka and went to meet them, mounted on an elephant.

At Bharata's approach Puṣpaka descended to the earth at Rāma's command, like Pālaka at Pākaśāsana's command. Bharata and his brother dismounted from the elephant first and Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa eagerly descended from Puṣpaka. Rāma embraced Bharata who had fallen, weeping, at his feet, made him stand up, kissing him on the head again and again. The chief of the Raghus raised Śatrughna also who was prostrate at his feet, dusted him with his own garment, and embraced him. Then Lakṣmaṇa, his arms stretched out, embraced closely and ardently Bharata and Śatrughna who were bowing to him.

Rāma got into Puṣpaka with his three younger brothers and gave orders for the entrance into Ayodhyā, speed having been made. Musical instruments being played on earth and in the sky, Rāma and Saumitri entered their own city, Ayodhyā, joyfully. Watched by the people, eager, with uplifted faces, with unwinking eyes, like clouds watched by peacocks, and praised ardently, received like the sun with respectful presents offered by the citizens at every step, Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa went to their own palace with gracious countenances.

Rāma, rejoicing the heart of his friends, descended from Puṣpaka with Saumitri and went to the mothers' dwelling. Rāma bowed to Queen Aparājitā and the group of other mothers and with Saumitri was wished prosperity by their blessings. Then Sītā, Viśalyā, and the others bowed to Aparājitā and the mothers-in-law, their hair being put at their lotus-feet. "May you, like us, be bearers of excellent heroes by our blessing" the mothers-in-law prayed aloud.

Queen Aparājitā, touching Lakṣmaṇa with her hand again and again and kissing his head, said: "By good

fortune you are beheld, son, and now you are born again, since you have come here victorious after making a trip to foreign countries. Rāma and Sītā have survived the various misfortunes arising from living in the forest because of *your* devotion."

Lakṣmaṇa said: "Cherished by my elder brother like a father and by Queen Sītā like you, I lived comfortably in the forest. Enmities to me and the elder brother were caused by persons ill-disposed of their own accord, the root of which was the kidnaping of Sītā. What else is to be said, queen? However, having crossed the ocean of hostility by your prayers, mother, the elder brother has come here safely with his retinue."

Then Bharata held a festival in Ayodhyā joyfully, observing the rank of a mere footman before Rāma.

One day Bharata bowed to Rāmabhadra and said: "Sir, for so long a time at your command I have borne the kingdom. I would have become a mendicant with the father at that time, lord, if your command to direct the kingdom had not been an obstacle. Permit me to take vows and you yourself take the kingdom. Now that you have come, I can not endure to remain longer, disgusted with existence."

Rāma, weeping, said: "Why do you talk so, dear boy? Do you alone exercise sovereignty here. We have come eager for you. Abandoning us with the realm, will you cause the pain of separation from you again, dear boy? Remain: Follow my command as before." When he (Bharata), knowing Rāma's insistence in this way, had bowed and departed, he (Rāma) stood up and was supported by Saumitri with his hand. Knowing that Bharata was going in this way, determined on taking the vows, Sītā, Viśalyā, and others went there in haste. Eager to make Bharata forget his persistence in taking the vows, they made repeated requests for water-sports. Because of their persistence Bharata, though disgusted with existence, went to the sport-pool with his retinue and

played for three-quarters of an hour. Leaving the water, Bharata stood on the bank like a rājahaṅsa and Bhuvanālaṅkāra went there, after pulling up the post (to which he was tied). Blind from passion, he became free from passion¹⁸⁸ at once at sight of Bharata; and Bharata also experienced extreme joy at the sight of him. Rāma and Saumitri approached hurriedly with their vassals to capture quickly the elephant that was causing the commotion. At Rāma's command the elephant was led to the elephant-post by the elephant-drivers.

Munis Deśabhūṣaṇa and Kulabhūṣaṇa came. Padma, Saumitri, and Bharata went with their retinues to pay homage to the munis who had stopped in a garden. After he had paid homage to them, Rāma asked, "Why did my elephant, Bhuvanālaṅkāra, become free from passion at the sight of Bharata?" Then Kevalin Deśabhūṣaṇa related:

Bharata's previous births (113-148)

"In the past four thousand kings became mendicants with Nābhi's son. They all became ascetics living in the forest, depressed because the Master wandered without eating, maintaining silence.¹⁸⁹ Among them two ascetics, Candrodāya and Sūrodāya, sons of kings Prahlādāna and Suprabha, wandered through existence for a long time. Candrodāya became the son, named Kulāṅkara, of King Harimati in Gajapura by his wife Candralekhā. In the same place Sūrodāya became the son, Śrutirati, of a Brāhman, Viśvabhūti, by his wife Agnikuṇḍā.

Kulāṅkara became king and, as he was going to the ascetics' hermitage, was addressed by the monk Abhinandana who was clairvoyant. 'There is a serpent in a log brought to burn by an ascetic there who is performing the penance of five fires.¹⁹⁰ The serpent was your paternal grandfather, Kṣemaṅkara, in a former birth. Have the

¹⁸⁸ 108. With a play on spiritual and physical mada.

¹⁸⁹ 114. See I, 168 ff.

¹⁹⁰ 119. I.e. a fire in each direction and the sun.

log split carefully, pull him out, and protect him, sir!' After hearing his words, the king, bewildered, went and had the log split and was astonished to see the serpent inside.

When the king wished to become a mendicant, the Brāhman Śrutirati said: 'This religion of yours is not according to the Vedas. But if you persist, initiation should be taken in the last period of life. Why are you troubled now?' The king's resolution to take initiation was broken a little by that speech and he remained thinking, 'What must I do in this matter?' His queen Śrīdāmā, who was always attached to the family-priest, evil-minded, was terrified at the thought, 'Now he has found out about me. I shall kill him so he can not kill us.' With the approval of the family-priest she gave poison to Kulañkara and killed him.

In course of time Śrutirati died and again both of them wandered through existence for a long time, falling into various kinds of birth-nuclei. One time they were born as twin sons, Vinoda and Ramaṇa, of the Brāhman Kapila by Sāvitrī in the city Rājagṛha. Ramaṇa went to a foreign country to study the Vedas. In time, when he had completed his study of the Vedas, he went to Rājagṛha at night. With the thought, 'This is an unseasonable hour,' he remained outside and slept in a Yakṣa-temple open to the public. Vinoda's wife, Śākhā, went there to keep an assignation with the Brāhman Datta and Vinoda went after her. She aroused Ramaṇa with the idea that he was Datta and embraced him. Then Vinoda drew a sword and killed him without hesitation. Then Vinoda was killed by Śākhā with Ramaṇa's sword.

After he had wandered through births for a long time he became a rich man's son, Dhana. Ramaṇa also wandered through births and became the son of Dhana himself by his wife Lakṣmī, named Bhūṣaṇa. Instructed by Dhana, he married thirty-two rich maidens. One time he was on the top of his house at night sporting with them. In

the fourth watch of the night he saw the festival held by the gods because the omniscience of Muni Śrīdhara had arisen. A religious inclination was produced and he descended at once from the house and set out to pay him homage. On the way he was bitten by a serpent.

After wandering for a long time in good conditions of existence because of the good inclination, in the city Ratnapura in West Videha in Jambūdvīpa he was born the son, named Priyadarśana, devoted to dharma, of Cakrin Acala by his chief-queen, Hariṇī. Though wishing to become a mendicant, at his father's insistence he married three thousand maidens, but, nevertheless, remained disgusted with existence. Having practiced severe penance for sixty-four thousand years even as a householder, he became a god in Brahmāloka.

After Dhana had wandered through worldly existence, he became the son, Mṛdumati, of the Brāhman Agnimukha and his wife Śakunā in Potanapura. Expelled from the house by his father because of bad behavior, he became a gambler accomplished in all the arts and went home again. He gambled with dice all the time and was never beaten by anyone. Every day he won a great deal of money from players. After enjoying pleasures of the senses with the courtesan Vasantasenā, he became a mendicant at the end of his life and became a god in Brahmāloka. Because of the fault of deceit in the former birth, when he fell, he became the elephant, Bhuvanālaṅkāra, on Mt. Vaitāḍhya. Priyadarśana's soul fell from Brahmāloka and became Your Honor's brother, long-armed Bharata. At the sight of Bharata memory of his former births was produced and the elephant became free from excitement at once. For there is no harshness in discernment."

Initiation and emancipation of Bharata and others (149-152)

When he had heard this account of his former births, Bharata became exceedingly disgusted with existence, took the vow with a thousand kings and attained emancipation.

The thousand kings observed the vow for a long time, acquired various supernatural powers, and reached a corresponding rank. The elephant performed many kinds of penance because of disgust with existence, fasted, died, and became a god in Brahmaloḳa. Bharata's mother, Kaikeyī, took the vow, kept it spotless, and reached the imperishable abode.

Śatrughna's capture of Mathurā (153-190)

When Bharata became a mendicant, the kings of earth and air begged Rāma urgently to be consecrated (as king). "Consecrate Lakṣmaṇa as Vāsudeva," Rāma instructed them and they did so quickly. They consecrated Rāma as Baladeva and the two ruled the kingdom, the eighth Bala and Śārṅgin. Padma gave Bibhiṣaṇa his ancestral Rakṣodvīpa, Sugrīva Kapidvīpa, and Hanumat Śrīpura. He gave Pātālalaṅkā back to Virādha, Rkṣapura to Nīla, and Hanupura to Pratisūrya, Devopagītanagara to Ratnajaṭin, and the city Rathanūpura on Vaitādhyā to Bhāmaṇḍala.

After he had made such gifts to the others, Rāma said to Śatrughna, "Take whatever country is pleasing to you, son." "Give me Mathurā," asked by Śatrughna, Rāma said: "The city Mathurā is very hard to conquer, dear fellow. A spear which was given in the past to King Madhu by Camara, destroys the entire army of an enemy at a distance and returns to his hand." Śatrughna said: "Your Majesty, death to the family of Rākṣasas, I am your brother, indeed. Who is his protector in a battle with me? Give me Mathurā and I myself shall find a remedy for Madhu, like a good physician for a disease."

Knowing that Śatrughna was exceedingly persistent, Rāma ordered him, "You must fight Madhu when he is deprived of his spear and careless." With this advice, Rāma gave him two quivers with indestructible arrows and instructed the general, Krtāntavadana, at the same

time. Lakṣmaṇa, hoping for a complete victory for him, gave him the bow Arṇavāvarta with worm-tipped and fire-tipped arrows.¹⁹¹ Then Śatrughna set forth and went with unbroken marches to the vicinity of Madhu's resting-place and camped on the river-bank.

There spies were sent out first and they returned and reported to him that Madhu had gone to the garden Kubera to the east of Mathurā. 'He is now amusing himself with his wife Jayanti. His spear is in the arsenal. This is the time to fight him.'

Then Śatrughna, expert in trickery, entered Mathurā at night and he himself blocked Madhu, when he was entering, with his army. At the beginning of the battle he killed Lavaṇa, Madhu's son, just as Nārāyaṇa had killed Khara at the beginning of Rāma's battles. Angered by his son's death, twanging his bow, Madhu, best of charioteers, advanced and fought with the charioteer, Dāśarathin. Cutting down each other's missiles, the two of them fought for a long time, weapon against weapon, like a god and demon. Daśaratha's fourth son recalled the bow, Samudrāvarta, and the agnimukha- and śilimukha-arrows which Saumitri had given him. The hero struck down Madhu, after stringing the bow which approached when he recalled it, with the fire-arrows, like a hunter striking down a tiger.

Bewildered by the arrow's blow, Madhu thought: "My spear has not come to my hand. Lakṣmaṇa's younger brother has not been killed. My birth has passed in vain, since the Lord Jina has not been worshipped, shrines have not been ordered built, gifts have not been made to suitable persons by me."

Madhu, having taken initiation by these meditations, died while engaged in the namaskāra, and became a powerful god in Sanatkumāra. The Vaimānikas rained

¹⁹¹ 166. Śilimukha is defined as an arrow with a point like a śili (Abhi. 3. 442), which is a worm (Abhi. 4. 269).

flowers on Madhu's body and chanted, "Long live the god Madhu."

The spear assumed the form of a divinity and told Camara about Śatrughna's slaying of Madhu which had taken place through trickery. Then Camara, angered by his friend's slaying, started out himself. Questioned by Venudārin, lord of the Tārksyas (Suparṇas), "Where are you going?" he explained, "I am going to kill my friend's slayer, Śatrughna, living in Mathurā." Venudārin said again: "The spear, which was received from Dharāṇa by Rāvaṇa, was overcome by Saumitri, an Ardhacakrin of maximum merit. He killed Rāvaṇa. Of what importance was Madhu, Rāvaṇa's footman? Śatrughna killed Madhu in battle at Lakṣmaṇa's order." The Indra Camara said, "At that time the spear was overcome by Saumitri through the maiden Viśalyā's power. Now her power has gone, as she is not celibate. All the more for that reason I shall go to kill my friend's slayer, lord."

Camara said this angrily and went to Śatrughna's territory and saw all the people there happy with good government. With the idea, "I shall attack Madhu's enemy first with calamities among the people," he spread numerous diseases among the people. Informed by his family-divinity of the cause of the diseases, Śatrughna went to Ayodhyā to Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa. At that time Rāma, Lakṣmaṇa, and Śatrughna paid homage to Deśabhūṣaṇa and Kulabhūṣaṇa who had come there. Rāma asked, "Why was Śatrughna so determined on Mathurā?" and Deśabhūṣaṇa said:

Śatrughna's former births (192-214)

"Śatrughna's jīva was born in Mathurā many times. He became a Brāhman, Śrīdhara, handsome, a follower of sādhus. One day as he went along the road, he was observed by the chief-queen, named Lalitā, and because of passion she had him conducted into her presence with a desire for dalliance. The king came unexpectedly and

Lalitā, excited, cried out, 'He is a thief,' and the king had the Brāhman seized. At the king's command he was led to the execution-ground for execution; but then Muni Kalyāṇa obtained his release at his promise to take the vow. After he was released, he wandered as a mendicant, practiced penance, and went to heaven.

When he fell, he became the son of King Candrabhadra in the city Mathurā. Son of Queen Kāñcanaprabhā, Acala by name, he was extremely dear to Candrabhadra. His eight elder brothers, sons of co-wives, Bhānuprabha and others, began to try to kill Acala, so he would not be king. Their plan was reported by a minister and Acala fled to another place. As he wandered in a forest, he was pierced by a very large thorn. As he went along the road he was observed by a man who lived in Śrāvastī, named Aṅka, who had been expelled by his father, carrying a load of wood. Aṅka put down the load of wood and removed the thorn. Delighted, he gave Aṅka the thorn and said: 'Well done, sir! When you hear that Acala is king in Mathurā, come there then. For you are the greatest of benefactors.'

Acala went to Kauśāmbī and there he saw King Indradatta studying archery with his teacher Siṅha. He demonstrated archery to Siṅha and Indradatta, and Indradatta gave him his daughter Dattā together with territory. He formed an army and conquered Aṅga and other territories. One day he went to Mathurā and fought with his elder brothers. He captured and imprisoned his eight brothers, Bhānuprabha, et cetera and Candrabhadra sent ministers to Acala to obtain their release. Acala told them the news about himself and when the ministers had heard it, they hastened to tell Candrabhadra. Delighted, Candrabhadra had Acala enter the city and in course of time settled him on his own throne, though he was the youngest. Somehow or other Acala kept under guard his brothers, Bhānuprabha, et cetera, who had been banished by his father, and made them secret attendants.

One day as Acala was standing in the arena,¹⁹² he saw Añka being beaten by door-keepers and had him conducted into his presence. Acala gave him Śrāvastī, his native land, and the two ruled together, unique friends. One day they became mendicants under Ācārya Samudra, died in the course of time, and became highest gods in Brahmaloaka. Then Acala's jīva fell and became Śatrughna, your younger brother, and he persisted in having Mathurā because of the delusion from his former birth. Then Añka's jīva fell and became this general of yours, Kṛtāntavadana by name, Rāghava."

Story of the seven ascetic-brothers (215-238)

Now seven sons were born in succession to Dhārāṇī, wife of Śrīnandana, lord of Prabhāpura: Surananda, Śrīnanda, Śrītilaka, Sarvasundara, Jayanta, Cāmara, and Jayamitra the seventh.

One day Śrīnandana established his son¹⁹³ who was a month old on the throne and with his sons became a mendicant under the teacher Pṛitikara. Śrīnandana went to emancipation and the seven, Surananda, et cetera, acquired the art of flying with their legs through the power of penance. In their wandering the sages reached the city Mathurā. At that time it was the rainy season and they stopped on Mt. Guhāgrha. They practiced the penances, the two-day and three-day fasts, et cetera, all the time; but they flew to far places to break their fast. They came back and stopped on Mt. Guhā at Mathurā, and by their power the disease arising from Camara disappeared.

One day they flew to Ayodhyā to break their fast and entered the house of the merchant Arhaddatta for alms. The merchant saluted them indifferently and thought:

¹⁹² 210. Naṭaraṅga (?).

¹⁹³ 216. An eighth son.

“Who are they? They do not live here. Dressed as monks, they are moving about even in the rains. Shall I ask them? Still, it is better not to talk with heretics.” As he was thinking this, they were given food by his wife.

The sages went to the dwelling of Ācārya Dyuti and were greeted respectfully by Dyuti who rose to meet them. They were not greeted by his monks with the idea, “They are wandering out of season.” Dyuti gave them seats and they broke their fast there. Saying, “We came from the city Mathurā and now we shall go there,” they flew up and returned to their own abode. Dyuti eulogized the merits of the leg-fliers and his monks who had shown disrespect felt remorse. Hearing that, the layman Arhaddatta felt remorse and went to Mathurā on the seventh day of the light half of Kārtika. After he had worshipped the shrines, he paid homage to the seven sages and asked them for forgiveness, relating the sin of disrespect that he had committed.

Śatrughna learned that his territory had been freed from disease by the power of the seven sages and he went to the city on the full moon-day of Kārtika. Śatrughna bowed to them and said, “Take alms in my house.” They replied, “Royal food is not suitable for monks.” Again Śatrughna said to them: “You are my benefactors. A disease sent to my country by a god has been allayed by your power. Remain here today at least as a favor to the people. For all your way of life is in order to benefit others.” They replied: “The rainy season has passed. This is the season for pilgrimages. Now we shall wander. Monks do not remain in one place. You should put a statue of an Arhat in each house of the people. Then no one in this city will ever have any disease.” Saying this the seven sages flew up and went elsewhere. Śatrughna did as they said and the people became free from disease. He put statues made of jewels of the seven sages in the four directions of the city Mathurā.

Lakṣmaṇa's household (239-252)

Now, in the city Ratnapura, an ornament of the south row on Mt. Vaitāḍhya, there was a king Ratnaratha. He had a grown daughter, named Manoramā (Charming), also charming in form, by Candramukhī. As the king was considering, "To whom must this maiden be given?" Nārada approached and said, "She is worthy of Lakṣmaṇa." Ratnaratha's daughter, angered because of family enmity, instructed the servants by lifting an eyebrow, "Beat this clown." Clever Nārada saw that they had got up with the intention of beating him, flew up like a bird, and went to Lakṣmaṇa. Nārada made a picture of the girl on canvas, showed it to Lakṣmaṇa, and related his own acts fully. Lakṣmaṇa fell in love at sight of her picture at once and went there with Rāma, surrounded by Rakṣases and Vidyādhars. Quickly conquered by Saumitri, Ratnaratha gave the maiden Śrīdāmā to Rāma and Manoramā to Lakṣmaṇa. After conquering all the south row of Vaitāḍhya, the two Rāghavas returned to Ayodhyā and continued directing the earth.

In Lakṣmaṇa's household there were sixteen thousand women. Among them were eight chief-queens: Viśalyā, Rūpavatī, Vanamālā, Kalyāṇamālikā, Ratimālikā, Jitapadmā, Abhayavati, and Manoramā, the eighth. There were two hundred and fifty sons and among these were eight born of the chief-queens: Śrīdhara, son of Viśalyā; Pṛthvīlaka, son of Rūpavati; the son of Vanamālā, named Arjuna; Śrīkeśin, son of Jitapadmā; Maṅgala, son of Kalyāṇā; Supārśvakīrti, son of Manoramā; Vimala, son of Ratimālā; and Satyakīrtika, son of Abhayavati.

Rāma's household (253-257)

Rāma had four chief-queens: Maithilī, Prabhāvati, Ratnibhā, and Śrīdāmā, the fourth. One time Sītā, after taking her purificatory bath, saw a dream at the end of the night: two śarabhas, that had fallen from a celestial car,

entering her mouth. When she had told about this, Rāma said: "Two heroes will be your sons. That the two śara-bhas have fallen from the celestial car will not be for my joy." "Everything will be favorable from the power of your righteousness, lord," Queen Jānakī said. At that time she conceived. Sītā, dear as life before, became especially moonlight¹⁹⁴ for the joy of Rāmacandra's eyes, when she had conceived.

Plot of the co-wives (258-275)

Her co-wives, jealous and scheming, said to her, "What did Rāvaṇa look like? Draw a picture of him and show us." Sītā said, "I did not see Rāvaṇa's whole figure. I saw only his feet. How can I draw him?" "Draw even his feet. We are curious to see them." So urged, she, naturally naïve, drew Daśāsya's feet. Rāma came to that place and they said to him: "Your wife, Sītā, remembers Rāvaṇa even now. With her own hand Sītā drew Rāvaṇa's feet. Look at them, lord. Know that Sītā prays to them alone." Even when he had seen it (the picture) just so, Rāma, noble-minded, from sagacity treated Queen Sītā just as before, without discrimination. The queens had the business of Sītā's fault made known to the people through their own slave-girls. Generally, slander is started by the people.

In the spring Rāma said to Sītā: "The Lakṣmī of Spring has come here as if wishing to amuse you depressed from your embryo. The trees, such as the bakulas and others, blossom with pregnancy-whims given by women. Let us go to play now in the garden Mahendrodaya." Sītā said, "I have a pregnancy-whim to worship the gods. Fulfil it with various fragrant flowers from the garden." Immediately Rāma had a pūjā to the gods celebrated and went to Mahendrodaya with Sītā and his retinue. There Raghūdvaḥa, comfortably seated, watched the spring

¹⁹⁴ 257. With a play on candrikā and his name.

festival with various town-sports, a festival with pūjās to the Arhat.

Just then Sītā's right eye twitched. Terrified, she told Rāghava at once. Rāma explained, "That is not favorable" and Sītā said, "Is not our fate satisfied yet by my living in Rakṣodvīpa? Will that fate give me now greater grief than the grief from separation from you? This omen is not false." Rāma said to her: "Do not worry, queen. Necessarily happiness and unhappiness must be experienced in accordance with karma. Therefore, go to your house. Worship the gods. Give gifts to suitable persons. In misfortune religion is a refuge." Sītā went to her house and with very great self-control made a pūjā to the Arhats and gave gifts like a glorious act.

Abandonment of Sītā (276-326)

The headmen of the capital, who had the sole responsibility of reporting the true news of the city, went to Raghunātha. They were Vijaya, Sūradeva, Madhumat, Piṅgala, Śuladhara, Kāśyapa, Kāla, and Kṣema. After bowing, they stood before Rāma, trembling like the leaves of a tree, but they did not speak. For royal brilliance is hard to endure. Rāmabhadra said to them: "Gentlemen, elders of the town, do not be afraid to speak, you who say only what is beneficial." The first among them, the elder Vijaya, spoke with the approval of all, confident from the lord's speech.

"Master, if something that must be reported is not reported, then the master would be deceived; and the report is very painful to hear.

Majesty, there is slander against the queen. Though difficult, it is taking place. For whatever is justifiable from suitability, that must be believed by an intelligent man. For instance Jānakī was taken all alone to his house by Rāvaṇa, who had kidnaped her because he was infatuated, and she lived there a long time, lord. Sītā, whether in love or not in love, would surely be injured by

enjoyment by voluptuous Daśāsya, either with consent or by force. The people say thus. We say likewise: that the rumor is in accord with probability. Do not endure it, Raghūdvaha. Do not stain your fame won from birth, spotless as your family, by enduring this slander."

Learning that Sītā had become the guest of a stain, Rāghava became silent from grief at once. Generally, affection is very hard to abandon. Recovering firmness, Kākutstha said to the elders: "You did well to tell me. Devoted persons are never indifferent. Certainly I will not endure dishonor for the sake of a mere woman." With this promise, Padma dismissed the elders. At night Kākutstha left his house secretly and listened to the people's talk here and there. "Sītā was taken away by Rāvaṇa and remained for a long time in his house. Sītā has been brought back by Rāma and he thinks she is a 'good wife.' How would it be possible that Sītā was not enjoyed by Rāvaṇa in love with her? Rāma has not thought about this. In love, he sees no fault." After hearing such censure of Sītā, Rāma went home and instructed his best spies to listen to it again.

Kākutstha reflected: "Has this happened to her for whose sake I made cruel destruction of the Rakṣas-family? I know that Sītā is a virtuous wife; Rāvaṇa is lustful; my family is spotless. Oh! What is Rāma to do?" Quickly the spies listened to the censure of Sītā outside and told it very clearly to Rāma and his younger brother and the king of the Kapis and the king of the Rakṣases.

Lakṣmaṇa, angered, said: "I shall be the death of the people who blame Sītā, a virtuous wife, making up faults from motives." Rāma said: "I was told about this before by the town-elders. I heard it myself and a similar report has been made by the spies. They (the elders) heard it, came to me and said openly, 'Do not let the people speak ill about the abandonment of Sītā as about the claiming of her.'" Lakṣmaṇa said: "Do not abandon Sītā because of the people's talk. How-

ever she is slandered, that is because the people are loose-mouthed. The people, even when well-off in the government, are devoted to the faults of the king. If they are not punished in that case, they must be disregarded by kings." Rāma said, "That is true. The people are like that always. But the hostility of the whole people must certainly be avoided by an illustrious man."

With these words Bala told the general Kṛtāntavadana, "Sītā, though with child, must be abandoned somewhere in the forest." Falling at Rāma's feet, weeping, Lakṣmaṇa said, "Abandonment of Sītā, a virtuous wife, is not fitting." "In future you must not say that," told by Rāma, Saumitri went weeping to his house, his face covered with a veil.

Rāma instructed Kṛtāntavadana, "Take Sītā into the forest under pretext of a pilgrimage to Sammeta. For that is a pregnancy-whim of hers." The general told Rāma's command for a pilgrimage to Sammeta, seated Sītā in a chariot, and set out quickly. Even amid bad omens and inauspicious signs Sītā, seated in the chariot, went a long way, unterrified because of her simplicity. After crossing the mouth of the Gaṅgā and going into the forest Siṅhanināda, Kṛtāntavadana stopped and reflected a while. Seeing his face dark with tears, Sītā said, "Why do you stand so, low-spirited, as if suffering from sorrow?" Kṛtānta spoke with difficulty:

"How can I say a thing cruel to say, after doing a cruel deed, corrupted by being a servant? Blameless queen, you have been ordered abandoned in this forest by Rāma who is terrified by the censure originating among the people because of your living in the Rākṣasa's house. When this censure was reported by spies, Lakṣmaṇa, red-eyed from anger against the people, restrained Rāma eager to abandon you. Restrained by Rāma, whose orders are executed, he left weeping and I was sent on this task. Oh, queen! I am wicked. Abandoned by me in this

forest filled with wild animals, sole abode of death, you will survive only by your own ability."

Hearing that, Sītā fell from the chariot to the ground in a faint and the general wept, considering himself wicked, with the idea that she was dead. Sītā recovered consciousness somehow from the forest-wind and again fainted and again regained consciousness. After a long time she recovered and said, "How far is it from here to Ayodhyā or where Rāma is?" The general said, "What is the use of asking how far Ayodhyā is? Enough of talk about Rāma whose commands are cruel." Hearing this, she, devoted to Rāma, said again: "Sir, by all means tell Rāma this message of mine: 'If you were afraid of censure, why did you not make a trial? In a case of suspicion, the people, all of them, accept the ordeal, et cetera. I, unfortunate, shall suffer in the forest the consequences of my own acts; but you did not act in accordance with discrimination and the family. Do not abandon the religion taught by the Jinas because of the speech of wrong-believers as you abandoned me instantly because of the speech of mischievous people.'" With these words she fell to the ground in a faint. When she stood up, she said, "How will Rāma live without me? Alas! I am killed. Tell Rāma, 'Good luck' and give my blessing to Lakṣmaṇa. May your paths be fortunate, friend. Go to Rāghava."

"Though fate and husband are behaving in a contrary way, she alone who is of such a kind is first among virtuous wives." Thus reflecting, Kṛtāntavadana bowed deeply and returned somehow without Sītā.

CHAPTER IX

SĪTĀ'S PURIFICATION AND TAKING OF THE VOW

Meeting with Vajrajaṅgha (I-18)

Distracted by fear, Sītā wandered here and there in the forest, blaming herself alone because injured by wicked acts of a former birth. Screaming again and again, stumbling at every step, going ahead, she saw a large army approaching. Seeing the army, Sītā stood, not at all terrified, with equal hope of life and death, occupied with reciting the namaskāra. When they saw her, the soldiers on the contrary were terrified, saying, "Who is this goddess here on earth?"

Having heard Sītā's scream, the general, expert in sounds, said, "She is some good woman with child." Compassionate, the king approached Sītā. Sītā, alarmed, offered him her jewelry. The king spoke: "Do not be afraid in the least. Let these ornaments remain on your person, sister. Who are you? Who, pitiless even among the pitiless, has abandoned you here? Speak. Do not be alarmed. I am troubled by your trouble." His minister, Sumati by name, said to Sītā: "This is King Vajrajaṅgha, Lord of Puṇḍarikapura, son of King Gajavāhana and Queen Bandhu, a devout Jain, noble, a brother to other men's wives. He came here to capture elephants and is leaving, having accomplished his object. Distressed by your grief, he came here. Tell your trouble."

Gaining confidence Sītā told her whole story, weeping and making the compassionate king and minister weep. Without guile the king said: "You are my sister in religion. For all who have professed one religion are relatives of each other. Come to my house. I am a brother like Bhāmaṇḍala. A brother's house is the proper

place for women, next to a husband's house. Rāma abandoned you because of the people's talk, but not of himself. I think even now he is unhappy, like you, from remorse. The son of Daśaratha, suffering alone like a cakravāka, miserable from separation, will soon search for you."

He, unperturbed, spoke so to her and Sītā, consenting, got into the palanquin which he had brought to her at once. She went to Puṇḍarikapura, like another Mithilā. Day and night she remained piously in the house assigned to her.

Now Rāma's general went to Rāma and said: "I have abandoned Jānakī in the forest Siṅhanināda. She fainted repeatedly and became conscious repeatedly. Finally recovering, she directed this message: 'In what place in the works on morals or in tradition is there such a principle: punishment of one party because of a fault alleged by another party? This order of yours without reflection, though you always act with reflection, is, I think, by fault of my fate. You are always free from fault. Do not abandon the religion of the Arhats because of the talk of wrong believers, as you have abandoned me, though innocent, because of the talk of mischievous persons.' Saying this, Sītā fell in a faint and, when she had recovered, she said, 'How will Rāma live without me? Alas! I am killed.' "

At hearing these words, Rāma fell to the ground in a faint and was sprinkled with sandal-water by Lakṣmaṇa who came in a hurry. Getting up, he said: "Where is Sītā, a virtuous wife? For she was deserted by me, alas! because of the talk of people always mischievous." Then Lakṣmaṇa said: "Master, now she is in the forest. A virtuous wife, surely she will be protected by her own power. Go and search and bring her yourself, lord, before Queen Sītā perishes from separation from you."

Hearing this, Rāma went with the same general and Khecaras in an aerial car to that very cruel forest. At

every dry place, at every water, at every hill, at every tree, Rāma searched and did not find Jānaki. After a long time Rāma thought with great grief, "I think Sītā has been devoured by a tiger or lion or some other wild animal." With hope abandoned of finding Sītā, he returned to his own city and was blamed repeatedly by the citizens, reciting Sītā's virtues. With a tearful face Padma performed Sītā's funeral rites, looking upon the universe as consisting of Sītā, or rather, as a void. She alone remained before Rāma's eyes in his heart and speech. "Sītā lives somewhere," but he did not know.

Her twin sons (35-116)

Now Vaidehī bore twin sons there, named Anaṅgalavaṇa and Madanāṅkuśa. Vajrajaṅgha held their birth- and name-festivals and, noble-minded, rejoiced more than at gaining a son of his own. Both grew up gradually, cherished by nurses, wayward in play, like the two Aśvins living on earth. They became suitable for acquiring the arts, long-armed, suitable for teaching, like young elephants, festivals for the king's eyes.

Then a far advanced layman, Siddhārtha by name, who had taken the lesser vows, endowed with a wealth of magic powers, expert in the arts and the Āgamas, flying through the air by jumps on pilgrimages to the shrines on Mt. Meru at dawn, noon, and sunset, came to Vaidehī's house for alms. He was refreshed gladly by Vaidehī with food, drink, et cetera and, questioned by her about his happy wandering, he told about it. Questioned by him also, Vaidehī told her own story from the beginning up to her sons' birth just as if to a brother. Siddhārtha, expert in the eight kinds of omens,¹⁹⁵ an ocean of compassion, said: "Why do you grieve uselessly when Lavaṇa and Aṅkuśa are your sons? Your sons, with preminent characteristics, like Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa in person, will soon fulfil your wish."

¹⁹⁵ 43. See III, p. 211.

Encouraged by these words of his, Sītā begged him persistently and he stayed in her house to teach her sons. Saying, "Your sons are capable of emancipation," he taught them all the arts so that the two became difficult for even the gods to defeat. With all the arts learned, they reached youth, companions like young Kandarpa and Vasanta.

Vajrajaṅgha married his daughter, Śaśicūlā, borne by Lakṣmīvati, and thirty-two other maidens to Lavaṇa. For Aṅkuśa he asked Pṛthu, king of Pṛthvīpura, for his daughter, Kanakamālikā, borne by Amṛtavati. Broad-powered Pṛthu said, "How can one's daughter be given to some one whose family is not known?" Hearing that, Vajrajaṅgha from anger attacked Pṛthu's ally King Vyāghraratha, captured him in battle and held him. Pṛthu summoned his friend, king of Potana, to his assistance. For friends, as well as counsel, must be remembered in adversity. Vajrajaṅgha had men bring his own sons to the battle and, though restrained by them, Lavaṇa and Aṅkuśa went.

The next day a battle took place between the two armies and Vajrajaṅgha's army was destroyed by the very powerful enemies. Angered at the destruction of their uncle's army, Lavaṇa and Aṅkuśa attacked, killing like unrestrained elephants. The enemy could not withstand at all the impetuosity of the powerful pair, like trees that of streams filled by the rains. When King Pṛthu and his army were defeated, Rāma's sons, smiling, said: "How is it, pray, that you from a known family have fled in battle from us whose family is unknown?" Hearing that speech of theirs, Pṛthu returned and said, "Your family is recognized by me because of that strength. My daughter was asked for Aṅkuśa by King Vajrajaṅgha. Where is such a bridegroom found with complete advantage to me?" With this fitting speech he gave the princess Kanakamālā, who had been sought before, to Aṅkuśa at that very time. King Pṛthu made an alliance with Vajrajaṅgha in the

presence of all the kings, desiring Aṅkuśa as a bridegroom for his daughter.

King Vajrajaṅgha encamped there and Muni Nārada came and was entertained by him very well. Vajrajaṅgha said to Nārada among the seated kings: "Pṛthu will give his own daughter to Aṅkuśa, muni. Tell him connected by marriage with us about the family of Lavaṇa and Aṅkuśa, so he will be satisfied when the family of his son-in-law is known." Then Nārada said with a smile: "Who does not know their family of which Blessed Ṛṣabhadhvaja is the bulb for its origin, et cetera. In their family were the cakrins, Bharata, and others, celebrated in story. Who does not know their actual fathers, Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa? Jānakī was abandoned by Rāma frightened by scandal arising among the people of Ayodhyā, while they were still unborn." Then Aṅkuśa laughed and said: "O Brāhman, that was not well done by Rāma who abandoned Vaiḍehī in a cruel forest. For there are many reasons for criticism of him in that repudiation. Why did he, though intelligent, do this?" Lavaṇa asked, "How far is this city in which my father dwells with his younger brother and attendants?" The muni said, "Ayodhyā, the city in which lives your father, who alone in the world is spotless, is a hundred and sixty yojanas from here." Lavaṇa said to Vajrajaṅgha respectfully, "We wish to go there and see Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa." He consented to that; and married Aṅkuśa with Kanakamālā, Pṛthu's daughter, with a great festival.

Accompanied by Vajrajaṅgha and Pṛthu, Lavaṇa and Aṅkuśa went to Lokapura, subjugating many countries. There they conquered on the battle-field its king, who was named Kuberakānta, endowed with fortitude and valor, proud. They conquered Ekakarna, King of the Lampākas, and next Bhrātr̥ṣata, king in the plateau Vijaya. Crossing the Gaṅgā, they went to the north of Kailāsa and there they subdued countries beautiful as Nandana. Defeating the kings, Ruṣa, Kuntala, Kālāmbu, Nandi, Nandana, Siṅhala,

Śalabha, Anala, Śūla, Bhīma, Bhūtarava and others,¹⁰⁶ they reached the other bank of the Sindhu and there subjugated many Aryan and non-Aryan kings. Having defeated thus the lords of many countries, they turned back with them and went to the city Puṇḍarikapura. Observed by the people of the city who murmured, "Vajrajaṅgha is fortunate to have such nephews," the two heroes went to their home, attended by heroic kings, and bowed to Jānakī's feet which purified the universe. Sītā kissed them on the head, bathed them with tears of joy, and said, "May you be equal to Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa."

They said to Vajrajaṅgha: "Uncle, before this, our going to Ayodhyā was approved by you. Now arrange that. Have Lampāka, Ruṣa, Kālāmbu, Kuntala, Śalabha, Anala, Śūla, and the other kings informed. Have the marching-drums sounded and the directions covered with armies. Now the power of him by whom our mother was abandoned must be ascertained."

Sītā, weeping immediately, said with sobs: "Sons, what is this unfortunate wish of yours because of that act! The heroes, your father and uncle, are difficult for even the gods to conquer, by whom the lord of the Rakṣases, a thorn to the three worlds, was defeated. If you are eager to see your father, boys, then go respectfully. For respect is due to the one entitled to honour."

They replied: "How can respect be shown to the man, even though our father, who abandoned you because he found a cause for hostility? How can we go before him and ourselves speak the words shameful to him, 'We, your sons, have come.' A challenge to battle, giving joy even to our powerful father, creating fame for both families, is fitting." With this reply, even though Sītā wept, they set out for Rāma's city with great eagerness and a great army.

¹⁰⁶ 79. These are really names of countries.

Ten thousand men, carrying axes and pickaxes, cut the trees, et cetera from their road and made the ground level. They advanced gradually, obscuring all the directions with the armies, and encamped near Ayodhyā, eager to fight, long-armed. Hearing that a large hostile army had come in front (of the city) outside, the two Rāghavas were astonished and amused. Saumitri asked: "Who are these enemies who, eager to die, have come like moths to the fire of the elder brother's power?" With these words, Saumitri, surrounded by Sugrīva and others, the sun to the darkness of enemies, went with Rāma to battle.

Now Bhāmaṇḍala heard from Nārada that Sītā was in Puṇḍarīkapura and hastened to go there. Sītā told him with tears, "Rāma abandoned me, brother. Unable to bear my desertion, your nephews have gone to fight." Bhāmaṇḍala said: "Rāma had you abandoned because of impetuosity; but he must not do the second thing: slaughter of his sons. So that Rāghava will not unknowingly kill his sons, get up. We are going there without any delay." With these words Bhāmaṇḍala put Jānakī in his aerial car and went to the camp of Lavaṇa and Aṅkuśa. Princes Lavaṇa and Aṅkuśa bowed to Sītā and also to Bhāmaṇḍala introduced by Sītā, "This is your uncle."

After he had kissed them on the head, seated them on his lap, his body horripilated from joy, he said, stammering: "In the past my sister was the wife of a hero. Now by good fortune she, spotless as the moon, has become the mother of heroes through you. Even if you are the sons of a hero and heroes yourselves, O honor-givers, nevertheless do not make war on your father and uncle. Not even Rāvaṇa was a match for them in battle. How can you undertake a battle with them because of the violent itching of your arms?"

They replied: "Uncle, enough of this timidity from affection. Your sister, our mother here, made such a

cowardly speech. We also know that no one is a match for our fathers.¹⁰⁷ How can we cause shame to *them* by abandoning battle!" Just as they were saying this, a battle started between their soldiers and Rāma's soldiers, resembling a whirlpool at the end of the world. Thinking, "May their army of earth-dwellers not be destroyed by Sugrīva and other Khecaras," Bhāmaṇḍala went to the battle with apprehension. The princes, very strong, rose up for a challenge, their coats of mail loosened by their exceeding horripilation. Sugrīva and other Khecaras, fighting unhesitatingly, asked Bhāmaṇḍala, when they had seen him in the battle, "Who are they?" When they had learned from Bhāmaṇḍala that they were Rāma's sons, they went to Sīta, bowed, and sat down before her on the ground.

Meeting of Rāma and his sons (117-167)

Now in a moment powerful Lavaṇa and Aṅkuśa destroyed Rāma's army, they being hard to resist like the ocean raging at the end of the world. Wherever they roamed, excited like lions in a forest, charioteer, horseman, elephant-rider, armed, did not stay there. After making Rāma's army first defeated, then put to flight, unhindered by anyone, they approached Rāma and Saumitri in the battle. Seeing them, Rāma and Saumitri said to each other: "Who are these handsome princes, enemies of ours? Naturally the mind is affectionate, but is hostile against its will. Why do we desire to embrace them and not to fight them?" As Rāma was talking so, the charioteer Lavaṇa spoke to him in his chariot and Aṅkuśa to Lakṣmaṇa cleverly and respectfully:

"By good fortune I have seen you, the conqueror of powerful Rāvaṇa unconquerable by the world—I, eager for battle with heroes for a long time. Surely

¹⁰⁷ III. I.e., father and uncle.

your desire for battle was not satisfied even by Rāvaṇa. I will satisfy it and you shall satisfy mine."

So addressed, Rāma and Saumitri and Lavaṇa and Aṅkuśa twanged their respective bows terrifying from the sound. The charioteers Kṛtānta and King Vajrajaṅgha made Rāma's and Anaṅgalavaṇa's chariots approach each other. Virādha and Pṛthu, best charioteers, made the chariots of Saumitri and Aṅkuśa attack each other. The foremost charioteers whirled their chariots cleverly and the four, fighting in pairs, attacked many times. Lavaṇa and Aṅkuśa fought carefully, knowing their kinship. Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa fought, indifferent from ignorance.

After they had fought with many weapons, Raghūd-vaha, desiring to end the battle, said to Kṛtāntavadana, "Drive the chariot against the enemy." Kṛtānta said: "The horses have become exhausted, pierced with arrows all over by your adversary. These horses do not go fast even if beaten with whips, and your chariot is damaged, struck by the enemy's missiles. These arms of mine are decrepit from blows of many enemies and are not able to manage the reins or whip, lord." Padma-nābha said: "Of me also the bow, Vajrāvarta, is relaxed, ineffective like one in a picture. My jewel of a club was not able to split the enemy, but now has become suitable only for threshing grain. My jewel of a plow, which many times has been a goad for ill-behaved elephants of kings, now has become suitable for plowing the ground. What has happened to these weapons of mine, the same which, always guarded by Yakṣas, caused destruction of the enemy?"

Just as the weapons of Aparājitā's son were useless, so also were those of Lakṣmaṇa, adversary of Madanāṅkuśa. Just then Saumitri, struck in the chest with an arrow from Aṅkuśa, like an axe, fell unconscious in the chariot. Distracted by Saumitri's swoon, Virādha drove the chariot from the battle toward Ayodhyā. Then

Lakṣmaṇa regained consciousness. Lakṣmaṇa said tauntingly: "O Virādhā, why have you done this new thing, unsuitable for Rāma's brother, son of Daśaratha? Take the chariot quickly to that same place where my enemy is. I will cut off his head with the cakṛa with unerring speed."

So instructed, Virādhā drove the chariot to Aṅkuśa. Saying, "Stop! Stop!" Lakṣmaṇa seized the cakṛa. Whirling it in the air, so it resembled a revolving sun, Saumitri, angered, hurled it with unstumbling speed at Aṅkuśa. Aṅkuśa hit it with arrows many times as it fell, and Lavaṇa also with all his heart, but it did not strike back. Falling swiftly the cakṛa circumambulated Aṅkuśa and returned to Lakṣmaṇa's hand, like a bird to the nest. Again Lakṣmaṇa hurled it and it made a circumambulation in the same way and returned to his hand, like an exhausted elephant to its stable. Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, depressed, thought: "Are these men the Śirin and Śārṅgin in Bhārata, not we?"

Just then the sage Nārada came there with Siddhārtha¹⁹⁸ and said to the depressed Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa: "Why this gloom in the place of joy on your part, Raghūdvaḥas? Is not defeat by a son for the splendor of any one's family? Lavaṇa and Aṅkuśa here, sons borne by Sītā, have come here to see you under pretext of a battle, but they are not enemies. Proof of this is that your cakṛa had no power. In the past Bharata's cakṛa was useless against Bāhubali." Nārada told the whole story, from the abandonment of Sītā up to the battle with the sons, which amazed every one. Rāma, confused by astonishment, shame, distress, and joy, fainted and recovered consciousness when he was sprinkled with sandal-water. Filled with affection for his sons, weeping, Rāma went quickly to Lavaṇa's and Aṅkuśa's presence with Lakṣmaṇa. When they got out

¹⁹⁸ 149. The boys' tutor. See above, p. 322.

of the chariot, at once Lavaṇa and Aṅkuṣa fell respectfully at Padma's and Saumitri's feet in turn, their weapons abandoned. After embracing them, Raghūdvaḥa set them on his lap, kissing them on the head, and cried aloud, filled with sorrow and affection. Lakṣmaṇa took them from Rāma's lap to his own lap, kissing them on the head, and embraced them, his eyes filled with tears. Śatrughna also, his arms stretched out from afar, embraced them falling respectfully at his lotus-feet, as if he were their father. Other kings also of both armies rejoiced together as if they had met at a wedding.

After she had seen her sons' strength and their meeting with their father, Sītā, delighted, went to Puṇḍarikapura by aerial car. Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa were delighted at acquiring such sons and both the people of the earth and the sky rejoiced at the master's joy. Introduced by King Bhāmaṇḍala, King Vajrajaṅgha bowed at Rāma's and Saumitri's feet, polite like a soldier of long standing. Rāma said to him, "You are the equal of Bhāmaṇḍala to me, you who reared my sons and brought this wife of mine." With these words, Padmanābha got into Puspaka with Lakṣmaṇa and entered the city with his sons sharing his seat. Rāma went to his house, watched by the astonished citizens on the highway with their necks and heels stretched,¹⁹⁹ his sons being praised by them. There Rāma with Lakṣmaṇa got out of the car with his sons and he ordered a great festival with exceeding joy.

Sītā's ordeal (168-233)

Then the son of Sumitrā, the lord of the Kapis and Bibhiṣaṇa, Hanūmat, Aṅgada and others together announced to Rāma: "The queen remains in a foreign country, separated now from you, especially unfortunate without both boys. If you direct, master, we shall bring

¹⁹⁹ 166. They were standing on tiptoe, looking upwards.

her here today. Otherwise, a virtuous wife, she will perish, abandoned by husband and sons." Rāma considered a little: "How can Jānakī be brought here, when the severe censure of the people, though false, creates an obstacle? I know that Sītā is virtuous and she knows herself spotless. There is no fear on the part of both to give and accept an ordeal. Let the queen undergo an ordeal before all the people and let me live again with her, pure." Saying "Very well," they had erected outside the city large, high pavilions and inside them rows of platforms. The kings, citizens, ministers, et cetera sat on them, and the Khecaras also, Bibhiṣaṇa, Sugrīva, et cetera.

Then at Rāma's command the Lord of the Kapis himself went to Puṇḍarikapura, bowed to Vaidehī, and said: "For you Rāma has sent the car Puṣpaka. Now get in it and come to Rāma's presence." She said: "Even now the pain from my abandonment in the forest is not allayed. Why then shall I go to Rāma again who would cause more pain?" He bowed again and said: "Do not be angry. Rāghava is seated on a platform with all the citizens and kings for your purification." On this information Jānakī, who already longed for purification, got into the car and went to Ayodhyā.

When she arrived at the garden Māhendraḍaya, she got out and was presented with a reception gift by Lakṣmaṇa who had come and the kings bowed to her. Saumitri, seated in front with the kings, said, "Purify your own city and your own house by entering, queen." Sītā said: "When my purification has been attained, I shall enter this city and house. Otherwise, friend, slander will not be suppressed at all." Quickly the kings related this assertion of Sītā's and Rāma himself came and spoke harshly to Vaidehī according to law. "If there was no pleasure with Daśāsyā while you were staying in his house, undergo an ordeal before all the people for your purification."

Sītā smiled and said: "No one else is wise except you, who without knowing any fault of mine had me abandoned in the forest. First you punished me; now you test me. You are clever, Kākutstha. Certainly, I am ready for that." Embarrassed, Rāma said: "I know there is no fault of yours. This is said for escape from the fault invented by the people."

Jānakī said: "I assent to the five ordeals.²⁰⁰ I will enter a blazing fire, eat rice, mount the scales, drink the heated bath-water of gods, seize the ploughshare with my tongue. Say which is pleasing to you."

Just then, standing in the air, Siddhārtha and Nārada, too, and all the people, having restrained the tumult, said, "Sir! Sir! Rāghava! Sītā is certainly a virtuous wife, a pattern of fidelity. Do not cause any doubt about it here." Rāma said: "Oh, people! Is there no propriety in you? She has been injured in the past by you alone, inventing a fault. You say one thing; before, you said something different. But say nothing of that. How was she guilty then and virtuous now? There is nothing to prevent your ascribing a sin again. Therefore, let Sītā enter a blazing fire for proof." Saying this, Rāma had a ditch dug three hundred cubits long and deep as two men and had it filled with sandal-fuel.

²⁰⁰ 189. Ten ordeals are usually given as standard. See Indian Wisdom (p. 226) and Balfour, s.v. For an elaborate discussion of the laws of ordeals, see the Yājñavalkya Smṛti, Bk. II, Chap. VII. There are 5 ordeals prescribed for the exoneration from an accusation, but they do not correspond with the five Sītā suggests. They are: the balance, the fire, the water, the poison, and the bath-water. The ordeal of the fire is quite different from Sītā's. It consists of carrying a red-hot ball of fire in the hand protected by certain leaves. Taptamāṣa, lifting a weight of gold out of heated oil, and dharmādharma, drawing concealed images of virtue and vice out of a vessel filled with earth, are described in the commentaries to the Yājñavalkya Smṛti; and also the taṇḍula and phāla which Sītā offers to perform. The tenth ordeal, the tulasī, is not discussed.

In the meantime Jayabhūṣaṇa, son of King Hari-vikrama, living in the north row of Vaitāḍhya, who had eight hundred wives, saw his wife Kiraṇamaṇḍalā asleep with his maternal uncle's son, Hemaśikha. He banished (her) and took the vow himself at that time. She died and was born a Rākṣasī, Vidyuddaṅṣṭrā. At that time Jayabhūṣaṇa came to the suburbs of Ayodhyā and stood in pratimā and Vidyuddaṅṣṭrā tormented him. His omniscience developed and now the gods, Sunāsira and others, came with the intention of celebrating his festival.

Having seen this (ditch) of Sītā's, the gods explained to Śakra, "Sītā is going to enter the fire because of false censure of the people." Hari ordered the infantry-general to attend Sītā and he himself held the sage's omniscience-festival. At Rāma's command the servants made the ditch blaze with sandal wood on all sides, so that it was hard on the eyes to look at it. When Rāma had seen it terrible with flames, he thought in his heart: "Alas! What is this very difficult thing now impending! She, a virtuous wife, will surely enter the fire unhesitatingly. Verily the course of an ordeal, like destiny, is difficult. Her exile with me, the kidnaping by Rāvaṇa, again the abandonment by me, and this also have been done by me."

While Rāma was reflecting thus, Sītā stood near the fire, recalled the Omniscient, and made a truth-declaration: "O guardians of the universe and all the people, listen. If I desired any man except Rāma, may this fire burn me. Otherwise, may it have a gentle touch like water." Saying this, recalling the salutation to the Five, she gave a leap into the fire.

When she entered it, the fire was extinguished quickly and the ditch filled with clear water became a tank. Sītā was seated on a lion-throne on a lotus on top of the water, like Padmā, by the power of the gods, delighted by her character of a virtuous wife. The water looked like the water of the ocean with a whirlpool making

a humming sound in some places, in some places a roaring sound, the sound of a drum in other places, and in others the noise paṭapaṭā; in some places the sound of dili-dili, in others that of khalakhalā. The rising water of the tank, like that of the ocean with high waves, began to inundate even the large platforms. The Vidyādharas, again excited, flew up in the air and the people of the earth cried, "Save us, Sītā, virtuous wife!" Sītā turned the high water back with her hands and by her power it became again the size of the tank. With close rows of blue lotuses, night-blooming white lotuses, red lotuses, and white lotuses, with a concert by bees excited by the fragrance, with an abundance of haṅsas, beautiful with jeweled stairs from the masses of waves crashing together, the tank appeared to have both banks paved with jewels.

Nārada and others danced in the air, proclaiming Sītā's virtue, and the gods, pleased, rained flowers on Sītā. "Hail to the virtue, hail to the glorious virtue of Rāmā's wife," was the people's proclamation, instantly filling the space between heaven and earth. When they had seen their mother's power, Lavaṇa and Ankuśa, delighted, went to her, swimming like haṅsas. Smelling their heads, Vaidehī seated them, one on each side, and they had the fine appearance of young elephants standing on the two banks of a river.

Ṣaumitri, Śatrughna, Bhāmaṇḍala, Bibhiṣaṇa, Sugrīva and others bowed to Vaidehī with devotion. Rāma also, having a very charming splendor, approached Sītā and, filled with remorse and shame, said, his hands folded: "O queen, pardon that I abandoned you in accordance with the wishes of the people who alleged a non-existent sin because of their own character. You survived by your own power when you were abandoned in that forest with cruel wild animals; and there was this ordeal, too, but I did not command that. Pardoning me for all this, now get in Puṣpaka, go to the house, and be happy as before with me."

Sītā said: "There is no fault of yours, nor of the people, nor of any one else, but of my past deeds. Afraid of actions which cause a whirlpool of such pain, I will take mendicancy which destroys them." With these words Maithilī pulled out her hair with her own hand and handed it to Rāma, like the Lord Jina to Śakra. Kākutstha swooned at once and before he recovered, Sītā went to the presence of the monk Jayabhūṣaṇa. Muni Jayabhūṣaṇa, omniscient, initiated Maithilī properly, and placed her devoted to penance in the retinue of the chief-nun, Suprabhā.

CHAPTER X

RĀMA'S EMANCIPATION

When he had been sprinkled with sandal and had regained consciousness, Raghūdvaha declared: "Where, pray, is Sītā Devī, the virtuous wife? Ho! Earth-dwellers and sky-goers, if you do not wish to die, quickly show me my wife even though her hair-is pulled out. Friend! Friend Saumitri! Come! Quivers! Quivers! Bow! Bow! That these, comfortable, are indifferent when I am in distress!"

To him seizing his bow with these words Lakṣmaṇa bowed and said: "Elder brother! Elder brother! What is this? The people are your servants, surely. Just as you, devoted to the law, terrified of a fault, abandoned Sītā, so she, terrified of existence, devoted to her own good, has abandoned everything. Here in your presence Sītā herself tore out her hair and took initiation properly under Jayabhūṣaṇa. Just now the sage's omniscience has risen and his omniscience-festival must of necessity be celebrated by you. Lady Sītā is there, master, having taken the great vows, showing the path to emancipation, as she, blameless, showed the path to being a good wife."

His temper restored, Rāma said, "It is well that my wife has undertaken mendicancy before this omniscient." With these words, the chief of the Raghus went with his retinue to Jayabhūṣaṇa, bowed, and listened to a sermon from him. At the end of the sermon he asked: "I do not know, myself, whether I am capable of emancipation or not. Please tell me that." Then the omniscient said, "You are not only capable of emancipation but you will attain emancipation from this same birth, having become omniscient." Rāma asked again: "Emancipation would result from mendicancy; and

that from abandonment of everything. But it would be very difficult for me to abandon Lakṣmaṇa." The muni said: "Your power and wealth must necessarily be enjoyed. At the end of that, association being abandoned, having adopted mendicancy, you will attain emancipation."

Former births (15-87)

Bibhiṣaṇa bowed and asked: "Because of what action in a former birth did Rāvaṇa kidnap Sitā and Lakṣmaṇa kill him in battle? Why are Sugrīva, Bhāmaṇḍala, also Lavaṇa and Ankuṣa, and I exceedingly devoted to Raghūdvaha?"

The blessed muni explained: "Here in the southern half of Bharata in the city Kṣemapura there was a merchant, named Nayadatta. He had two sons, Dhanadatta and Vasudatta, by Sunandā; and they had a friend, a Brāhman, named Yājñavalkya. In this city there was a merchant, Sāgaradatta, who had a son, Guṇadhara, and a daughter, Guṇavatī. Guṇavatī was promised by Sāgaradatta to Nayadatta's son, Dhanadatta, who had suitable qualities. But her mother, Raṭnaprabhā, from avariciousness gave Guṇavatī secretly to a rich man of that place, named Śrīkānta. Yājñavalkya knew that and, unable to endure the deceiving of his friends, told his friends, the sons of Nayadatta. Then Vasudatta went and killed Śrīkānta in the night and Vasudatta was struck down by Śrīkānta with a sword. Both became deer in the Vindhya forest and Guṇavatī, who had died unmarried, became a doe there. On her account they fought there also and died; and in the same way they passed through many births with mutual hostility.

At that time Dhanadatta, depressed by his brother's death, impious, wandering at night saw some monks one time when he was hungry. He asked them for food and one of the munis said, 'Even by day monks do not have any collection of food, drink, et cetera. It is not fitting for you to eat or drink at night, good sir. Who knows

the contact of living creatures in food, et cetera in such darkness?'

Enlightened by him with such words, as if sprinkled with nectar on his heart, he became a layman. After death he became a god in Saudharma. After falling, he became the merchant Padmaruci, a very devout layman, the son of Dhāraṇi and Meru, in the city Mahāpura. One day he happened to be riding to the cow-pen when he saw an old bull that had fallen on the road and was dying. Compassionate, he dismounted from his horse, approached him, and spoke the formula of homage to the Five Supreme Ones in his ear. By its power he became after death Vṛṣabhadhvaja, the son of King Chatracchāya and Śrīdattā, in the same place.

One day, strolling at random, he went to the spot of the old bull and recovered memory of former existences at the sight of the place of the former birth. He had a shrine built there and on one of its walls he had the dying old bull painted, a man reciting the formula of homage in his ear, and near him his horse with a saddle. He instructed the guards there, 'If any one should look at this picture and understand it completely, I must be informed about him at once.' With these instructions he went to his house.

One day the best of merchants, Padmaruci, went to that shrine to worship. After he had worshipped the Arhat he looked at the picture on the wall and said with astonishment, 'All that agrees with me.' Informed by the guards, Vṛṣabhadhvaja went there and asked the man, 'Do you know the events of the picture?' 'Some time ago I recited the formula of homage to that bull when he was dying. I have been painted here by some one knowing about it,' he said. Bowing to him, Vṛṣabhadhvaja said: 'I, who was this old bull, have become a king's son by the power of the formula of homage. To what birth would I, having an animal-birth at that time, have gone, if you, compassionate, had not recited to me

the formula of homage? You are in every respect my teacher, my master, my divinity. Enjoy this large kingdom which was given to me by you.'

After saying this, Vṛṣabhadhvaja wandered with Padmaruci, no separation being made, observing a layman's vows. After they had fully observed the state of a layman for a long time, they died and became powerful gods in the heaven Īśāna. When he fell Padmaruci became the son, named Nayanānanda, of Nandīśvara by Kanakābhā in the city Nandāvarta on Mt. Vaitāḍhya to the west of Meru. After he had enjoyed the kingdom, he became a mendicant. (After death) he became a god in Māhendra. When he fell, he became the son of King Vipulavāhana by Padmāvati in the city Kṣemā in East Videha, named Śricandra. After he had enjoyed the kingdom and had become a mendicant at the end under Muni Samādhigupta, he became the Indra of Brahmāloka.

When he fell, he became Padma here, the powerful Balabhadra, and Vṛṣabhadhvaja's soul became in turn Sugrīva. After wandering through births, Śrīkānta's soul became a prince, son of Śambhu and Hemavati, named Vajrakaṇṭha, in the town Mṛṇālakanda. After he had wandered through births, Vasudatta became Śrībhūti, son of Vijaya, the chaplain of King Śambhu, and Ratnacūdā. After various births, Guṇavati became the daughter of Śrībhūti and Sarasvati, named Vegavati.

One day, when she had grown up, she saw Sādhu Sudarśana, engaged in pratimā, being worshipped by the people, and she said jeeringly: 'Listen! This monk was seen before sporting with a woman whom he has sent elsewhere. Why do you worship him, people?' After hearing that, all the people changed quickly and began to revile the muni together with spreading the news of his sin. The sage took a vow, 'I will not break my fast until this accusation against me has been completely removed.'

Then Vegavati's mouth became swollen from the anger of the gods. She was rebuked severely by her father when he knew her transgression against the sādhu. Terrified by her illness and her father, she said in a loud voice to Muni Sudarśana before all the people: 'You are entirely blameless. This same sin was falsely alleged against you by me myself, master. Pardon me, ocean of forbearance.' After hearing this speech, the people again worshipped the muni. From that time Vegavati was cured and she became a laywoman.

When King Śambhu had seen her, beautiful, he asked for her (in marriage). Śrībhūti replied, 'I will not give her to a false believer.' Śambhu killed Śrībhūti and enjoyed her by force. 'May I be able to kill you in another birth,' she cursed him. Released by Śambhu, she became a mendicant under Āryikā Harikāntā and, when her life was completed, went to Brahmaloaka. When she fell, by the power of the nidāna she became Sītā, Janaka's daughter, for the destruction of the Lord of the Rakṣases, who was Śambhu's soul. Because of the false accusation of a sin against Muni Sudarśana, she was falsely accused by the people here.

After wandering through births, Śambhu's soul was born as the son, named Prabhāsa, of the Brāhman Kuśadhvaaja and Sāvitrī. One day he became a mendicant under Vijayasena, practiced severe penance, enduring trials. He saw Kanakaprabha, lord of Vidyādharas, start on a pilgrimage to Sammeta, magnificent as Indra. He made a nidāna, 'May I have such magnificence as he because of this penance.' After death, he was born in the third heaven. After falling, he became Rāvāṇa, lord of Khecaras, your elder brother,²⁰¹ who had made at that time a nidāna for the magnificence of Kanakaprabha. The Brāhman, Yājñavalkya, who was the friend

²⁰¹ 72. He is talking to Bibhiṣaṇa. Rāvāṇa is not usually called a Khecara.

of Dhanadatta and Vasudatta, became you, Bibhiṣaṇa, after wandering through births.

When Śrībhūti was killed by the king, he went to heaven. Then he fell and was born Punarvasu, a Vidyādhara in Supraṭiṣṭhapura. Afflicted by love, he kidnapped Anaṅgasundarī, daughter of Cakrin Tribhuvanānanda, in the province Puṇḍarīka. Anaṅgasundarī fell from his aerial car into a thicket, when he was bewildered by fighting with Vidyādharas sent by the cakrin. After making a nidāna for winning her, Punarvasu became a mendicant, went to heaven, fell and became Lakṣmaṇa. Left in the forest, Anaṅgasundarī practiced penance, fasted, and in the end was devoured by a serpent. Having died with concentrated meditation, she became a goddess in the second heaven and, after falling, was born as Viśalyā, chief-queen of Lakṣmaṇa. Guṇavati's brother, Guṇadhara, wandered through births and became Prince Kuṇḍalamaṇḍita. After observing the vows of a layman for a long time, he died, and was born as Sitā's full brother, King Bhāmaṇḍala.

Now there were in Kākandī two sons of the Brāhman Vāmadeva and Śyāmalā, Vasunanda and Sunanda. Once upon a time a muni came to their house and, fasting for a month, was fed by them with devotion. Because of their liberality to him, after death they became twins in the Uttarakurus, and then gods in Saudharma after they died. Falling, they became the two sons of King Rativardhana and Sudarśanā in Kākandī, Priyaṅkara and Śubhaṅkara. After they had guarded the kingdom for a long time, become mendicants, and died, they became gods in Graiveyaka and, after falling, they became Lavaṇa and Ankuśa. Their mother in a former birth, Sudarśanā, wandered through births for a long time and was born as Siddhārtha, the teacher of Rāma's sons."

After hearing the muni's speech, many attained the desire for emancipation, but Kṛtānta, Rāma's general, became a mendicant at that same time. Then Kākutstha

got up, bowed to Jayabhūṣaṇa, approached Sītā, and reflected: "How will my wife Sītā, a princess whose body is as soft as a śīriṣa, endure the discomfort of heat and cold? How will she bear the load of self-control, which exceeds all loads, difficult to bear even in the heart? Or rather, she, whose wifely fidelity Rāvaṇa was not able to destroy, will observe her vow for self-control also in the same way." With these reflections, the elder brother of Lakṣmaṇa paid homage to Vaidehī; and Lakṣmaṇa and the other kings, their minds purified by faith, also did so.

Sītā's death (94-96)

Now Rāma returned to Ayodhyā with his retinue; and Sītā and Kṛtāntavadana practiced severe penance. After he had performed penance Kṛtāntavadana went to Brahmaloḳa and Sītā performed various penances for sixty years. At the end she fasted for thirty-three days and nights, died, and was born the Indra Acyuta with a life-term of twenty-two sāgaras.

Initiation of Lakṣmaṇa's sons (97-105)

Now there was a king of Vidyādharas, Kanakaratha by name, in the city Kāñcanapura, on Mt. Vaitāḍhya. He invited kings, Rāma, Lakṣmaṇa, and others with their sons to the svayamvara of his daughters, Mandākinī and Candramukhī. From the kings seated there Anaṅgalavaṇa was chosen by Mandākinī and Aṅkuṣa by Candramukhī of their own accord. Lakṣmaṇa's sons, all the two hundred and fifty, Śrīdhara and the others, got up at the same time to fight from anger. Hearing that they were arming themselves, Lavaṇa and Aṅkuṣa said: "Who will fight with them? Brothers must not be killed (by each other). As there was no quarrel of the fathers, elder and younger, just so may there not be any between their sons, us and them."

Knowing this speech of theirs from spies, the sons of Lakṣmaṇa, astonished, blamed themselves about to start a wicked action. Suddenly they attained a desire for emancipation, obtained their fathers' approval, and took the vow at the lotus-feet of Muni Mahābala. At that time Anaṅgalavaṇa and Aṅkuśa, whose marriages had taken place, went to Ayodhyā with Sīrin and Śārṅgin.

Death of Bhāmaṇḍala (106-109)

Now Bhāmaṇḍala stood one day on his palace-roof in his city and, pure in mind, reflected: "If I subdue the two rows, unstumbling, everywhere with ease, and wander at the end, having taken initiation, I would have my wishes fulfilled." As he was thinking this, lightning struck him on the head. He died, and became a twin in the Devakurus.

Emancipation of Hanumat (109-113)

Now Hanumat went to Meru in Caitra to worship the shrines and, as he returned, he saw the sun as it was setting. He thought, "Just as there is rising (of the sun), so there is setting. The sun is evidence that everything is transitory, alas!" With this reflection, he went to his own city, bestowed the kingdom on his son, and took mendicancy under Ācārya Dharmaratna. Seven hundred and fifty kings took mendicancy after him and his wives took initiation and remained with Āryā Lakṣmīvatī. After thoroughly consuming his karmas gradually by the fire of meditation, after attaining śaileśī,³⁰² Śrīśaila went to the abode from which there is no return.

Death of Lakṣmaṇa (114-134)

Knowing that Hanumat had become a mendicant Raghūdvaha thought: "Why did he abandon the comfort

³⁰² See I, n. 8.

of wealth and take this wretched initiation?" The Indra of Saudharma knew by clairvoyance this thought of Rāma's and said in his council: "Indeed, the course of karma is uneven. Rāma, who has his final body, laughs at dharma himself and, on the other hand, praises comfort which consists of sense-objects. Or rather, it is well known that there is a very deep mutual affection between Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, the cause of attachment to existence." From curiosity two gods there went to Lakṣmaṇa's house in Ayodhyā to test their affection. By using sorcery they suddenly showed Lakṣmaṇa all the women of the household weeping pathetically. "Oh, Padma, lotus-eyed, sun to the lotuses of relatives, what is this sudden death of yours terrifying to the universe?" Seeing the women of the household lamenting in this way, beating their breasts, their hair disheveled, Lakṣmaṇa, sorrowful, said: "Is he, my brother, the life of very life, dead? Has this been done by malignant Kṛtānta by using trickery?" As he was saying this, Saumitri's life departed with the speech. The ripening of karma is hard to overcome. He remained seated on his lion-throne, leaning against a golden pillar, his eyes protruding, motionless, like an image to be anointed. Seeing Lakṣmaṇa lifeless, the two gods, sorrowful, said to each other, "Alas! what have we done? Why did we kill this man, the support of the universe, alas!" Blaming themselves very much, they went back to their own heaven.

Seeing Lakṣmaṇa lifeless, the women of the household and their attendants wept, their hair disheveled. Hearing their lamentation, Rāma went there and, ignorant of the calamity, said: "What has happened? While I am alive, my younger brother lives. Some disease affects him. Medicine is the remedy for that." Saying this, Rāma summoned physicians and astrologers and had repeated use made of charms and spells. At the uselessness of charms and spells Raghūdvaha swooned. Having regained consciousness finally, he lamented in a loud

voice. Bibhiṣaṇa, Sugrīva, Śatrughna and the others, shedding tears, cried at the top of their voices, "We are killed." Kauśalyā and the other mothers and their daughters-in-law, weeping, swooned again and again, crying pathetically. Then from the wailing at every street, every house, every market, pure grief resulted, the thief of all other sentiments.

Initiation of Lavaṇa and Aṅkuśa (135-138)

The princes Lavaṇa and Aṅkuśa bowed to Rāma and said: "Today we have become very terrified of existence because of the death of our younger father. Death falls upon every creature suddenly. Therefore men must be intent upon the next world from the very beginning. Give your consent to our initiation. Henceforth it is not fitting for us to remain at all in the house of those left by our younger father." They bowed to Rāma and both took initiation under Muni Amṛtaghoṣa and in course of time reached emancipation.

Rāma's grief (139-174)

Because of his brother's death and the separation from his sons, Rāma swooned again and again and said from delusion: "Some disrespect was shown today by me, brother, that you suddenly adopted such a silence. While you are in this condition, brother, I have been abandoned by my sons. Verily, hundreds of evil spirits enter men's hundred weak points." Bibhiṣaṇa and the others together went finally to Rāma talking in this unbalanced way and said with sobs: "You are the resolute among the resolute, like a hero among heroes, lord. Therefore put aside this shameful weakness. Now it is said by the people that Saumitri's funeral ceremonies together with the perfuming and anointing of the body must be held at a suitable time."

Rāma, angry with them for saying this, his lips trembling, said: "My brother lives, certainly. What speech is this of yours, villains? The funeral rites together with burning in a fire of you all with your brothers must be made. Let my younger brother be long-lived. Brother, brother, speak quickly, Lakṣmaṇa dear. Surely this is an intrusion of wicked people. Why do you disturb me so long? Or yet, anger on your part before base people is not suitable, friend." With these words Rāghava put him on his shoulder and went elsewhere.

Rāma sometimes took him to the bath-house and bathed him himself and then anointed him with ointments with his own hand. Sometimes he had divine food brought and a dish filled and he himself set it before him. Sometimes he set him on his own lap, kissing his head repeatedly; and sometimes he put him to sleep on a couch covered with bed-clothes. At times he talked to him and answered himself. Sometimes he became a masseur and rubbed him himself. Six months passed as Rāma, all duties forgotten, performed such confused acts, crazed from affection.

Hearing that he was thus crazed, the sons of Indrajit and Sunda, and other hostile Vidyādhara came, wishing to conquer Rāma. They besieged with soldiers Ayodhyā, whose chief Raghu was crazed, like hunters, strong in trickery, besieging a mountain-cave whose lion was asleep. Rāma took Lakṣmaṇa on his lap and twanged his bow, Vajrāvarta, the cause of the end of the world unseasonably.

Then at the trembling of his throne Jaṭāyus came to Rāma with gods from Māhendra because of his strong friendship from a former birth. Saying, "Even now the gods are on Rāma's side," the Vidyādhara, the sons of Indrajit and others, fled quickly. "Rama, a friend of the gods, who has Bibhiṣaṇa in front of him, will kill us here," terrified and ashamed, they reached a strong desire for emancipation. They, feeling the desire for

emancipation, approached Muni Ativega and took initiation, their faces averted from the state of householders.

Then the god Jaṭāyus in order to enlighten Rāghava stood before him and sprinkled a dry tree with water repeatedly. He threw dry dung on a rock and planted a bed of lotuses; he sowed seed at the wrong time with a dead ox and a plow. He threw sand on a machine and pressed it for oil. He showed Rāma other useless things like these. Rāma said to him: "Sir, why do you water a dry tree uselessly? Does a pestle grow just anywhere, to say nothing of fruit? Why do you plant a bed of lotuses on a rock, foolish man, or sow seeds in a desert with dead oxen? There would not be oil from sand. Why do you press it, stupid? In all cases your efforts are wasted as you do not use proper means."

Jaṭāyus smiled and said: "If you know this, sir, why do you carry a corpse on your shoulder, a sign of ignorance?" Rāma embraced Saumitri's body and replied: "Why do you say an unlucky thing? Get out of my sight."

While Rāma was saying this to Jaṭāyus, the god Kṛtāntavadana, knowing it by clairvoyance, came to enlighten him. Putting a woman's corpse on his shoulder, he went near Rāma. Rāma said to him, "Are you crazy, carrying a woman's corpse so?" Kṛtānta replied: "Why do you say an unlucky thing? She is my wife. But why do you yourself carry a corpse? If you know that my wife, whom I am carrying, is dead, are you not intelligent enough to know that there is a corpse on your own shoulder?"

Understanding being restored by various reasons pointed out by him in this way, Rāma thought, "Is it true that my younger brother does not live?" Then the two gods, Jaṭāyus and Kṛtānta, announced themselves to Rāma, who had received enlightenment, and went to their own abode.

Rāma's life as a monk (175-226)

Then Rāma performed the funeral rites of his younger brother. Wishing to take initiation, he instructed Śatrughna to take the kingdom. Śatrughna, averse to existence, refused the kingdom, saying, "I shall follow you, honored sir." Then Rāghava, eager himself for the fourth object of existence, gave the kingdom to Anaṅgadeva, the son of Lavaṇa. He went to the presence of the muni, Suvrata, belonging to the line of Munisuvrata, indicated by the layman Arhaddāsa. There Rāma took the vow with Śatrughna, Sugrīva, Bibhīṣaṇa, Virādhita²⁰⁸ and other kings. When Rāmabhadrā had gone forth (to life as a monk), sixteen thousand kings went forth from disgust with existence. Thirty-seven thousand beautiful women became mendicants and they joined the retinue of the nun Śrīmatī. The sage Rāma, imbued with knowledge of the Pūrvas and Aṅgas, practiced penance for sixty years at the guru's feet, persevering in various vows.

Then Rāma, whose vihāra was secret with his guru's permission, went alone, fearless, to a mountain-cave in a forest. At the same dawn, as he was engaged in meditation, Muni Rāmabhadrā's clairvoyance arose. Seeing the whole universe, fourteen rajjus in extent, as if it were in his hand, he knew that his younger brother had been killed by two gods and gone to hell. The worshipful Rāma reflected: "I was Dhanadatta in a former birth. Lakṣmaṇa was my younger brother, named Vasudatta. In that birth also he died with his duties uncompleted in the same way. In this birth Vasudatta's soul became Lakṣmaṇa, my younger brother. In this birth a hundred years passed uselessly while he was a prince; three hundred while he was governor of a province and forty in the expeditions of conquest; eleven thousand, five hundred and sixty while he was king. So his total life of twelve thousand years passed gradually, productive

²⁰⁸ 179. I.e., Virādhā.

only of hell, as he was lacking in self-control. There is no fault on the part of the gods who killed him by deceit. Such maturity of a creature's karma happens necessarily."

Thus reflecting, Rāma, extremely eager to destroy karma, engaged in the penance of complete concentration, being completely indifferent. At the end of a two-day fast, he entered the city Syandanasthala to break his fast, his gaze limited to six feet. The townsmen, whose joy was great, went to meet him, who was a festival for the eyes, coming like the moon to the earth. The women of the town, at the doors of their houses to give him alms, placed dishes filled with various food before him. The joy of the townspeople became so noisy that the elephants broke their posts and the horses pricked up their ears. Rāma did not take from them the food prepared by the citizens because of his adherence to food that had been discarded, but went to the palace. There King Pratinandin refreshed Rāma with food that had been discarded²⁰⁴ and he ate lawfully. The gods made there the five things, the rain of treasure, et cetera and the blessed Rāmabhadra went back to the forest.

"May this disturbance of the city not take place again nor this rivalry for me." With this idea, pure-minded, he made this vow: "If alms shall be available here in the forest at the time for alms, then I shall break my fast, but not otherwise." Observing this vow, Rāma, entirely indifferent to the body, remained in pratimā, engaged in intense meditation. One day King Pratinandin went there, taken by a fast horse with inverted training. The horse mired in the mud of a pool named Nandanapunya and Pratinandin's army rushed close behind. After having the horse raised from the mud and making a camp there, the king bathed, and took his meal with his retinue.

²⁰⁴ 198. Monks can not accept food that has been prepared for them. They must take what is surplus.

Then the blessed sage Rāma completed his meditation and went there with the wish to break his fast, and the king stood up to greet him. He entertained Rāma with the remaining food and drink and a rain of jewels fell from the sky when he had broken his fast. The sage Rāma delivered a sermon and Pratinandin and the others became laymen, observing the twelve vows of right-belief.

Beginning from that time Rāma remained in the same place for a long time in the forest, practicing severe penance, being worshipped by goddesses living in the forest. With the desire to reach the shore of existence the sage Rāma broke his fast at one month, two months, three, and four months. Sometimes he remained in paryaṅka-posture; sometimes he stood with his arms hanging down; sometimes he sat in utkaṭikā-posture; sometimes he held his arms up. Sometimes he stood on a toe and sometimes on his heel. Meditating in these various postures,²⁰⁵ he practiced severe penance.

One day in his wandering Rāma went to Mt. Kotisilā which had been lifted in the past by Lakṣmaṇa in the presence of Vidyādhara. Rāma occupied the mountain, mounted on the ladder of destruction of karma,²⁰⁶ engaged in pratimā, and practiced another pure meditation in the night. Then Sītendra,²⁰⁷ knowing this by clairvoyance, thought: "If Rāma becomes incarnated in worldly existence, I shall be united with him again. I shall make an attack on him, while he is on the ladder of destruction, with agreeable phenomena that he may be a god, a friend of mine."

With these thoughts, Sītendra went to Rāma and created by magic a large garden adorned by spring. A flock of cuckoos warbled, the wind from Malaya blew, bees flew about humming, rejoicing in the fragrance of flowers. The mango, campaka, aśoka, the trumpet-flower tree,

²⁰⁵ 212. For the postures, see II, n. 18.

²⁰⁶ 214. See II, p. 433.

²⁰⁷ 215. Sītā in her incarnation as an Indra.

the bakula and other trees at once bore flowers which were fresh weapons of Manobhu. Sītendra created Sītā's figure and women also, and said: "Dear, I am Sītā, your wife, present here. I abandoned you then when you were devoted, thinking myself wise. I became a mendicant, lord, and afterwards suffered extreme remorse. I have been asked by these Vidyādhara maidens today, 'Mistress, be gracious. Make your lord, Rāma, our lord. Do you abandon mendicancy. Be Rāma's chief-queen. We shall be his wives now at your command.' Therefore marry these Vidyādhara-maidens, Raghūdvaha. I shall dally with you as before. Pardon this disrespect." While Sītendra was saying this, the factitious Khecara-women gave a concert of many kinds (of music), a remedy for restoring Love to life. Muni Rāmabhadra was not disturbed by the words of Sītendra, nor by the concert, nor by spring.

Rāma's omniscience (227-230)

Then on the twelfth day of the bright fortnight of Māgha in the last watch of the night the brilliant omniscience of the sage Rāma arose. Sītendra, devoted, and the other gods celebrated fittingly Rāma's omniscience-festival. Seated on a divine golden lotus, adorned with divine chauris, having a divine umbrella, Rāma delivered a sermon. At the end of the sermon Sītendra, who had asked for forgiveness, bowed and asked Rāma about the condition of existence of Saumitri and Rāvaṇa. Rāma replied:

Future births of Rāvaṇa, Lakṣmaṇa, and Sītā (231-244)

"Now Daśānana with Śambūka and Lakṣmaṇa are in the fourth hell. For people's conditions of existence are subject to karma. After experiencing their life in hell Daśānana and Lakṣmaṇa will become sons of Sunanda and Rohiṇī, Jinadāsa and Sudarśana, in the city Vijayāvati, the ornament of East Videha, and they will guard the religion of the Arhats without interruption. Then

having died, they will become gods in Saudharma; after falling, they will become laymen again in Vijayāpurī. Then after death they will become men in Harivarṣa and they will go to heaven, after experiencing death. After falling, they will become the sons of King Kumāravārta and Lakṣmī, Jayakānta and Jayaprabha, in Vijayāpurī. Practicing the self-control taught by the Jina, after death both will become gods in Lāntaka. Then you, after falling from Acyuta, will be a cakravartin, Sarvaratnamati by name, here in Bhārataśeṭra. After falling, the two will be your sons, Indrāyudha and Megharatha. You will become a mendicant and go to Vaijayanta. Indrāyudha, the soul of Rāvaṇa, will acquire the family-determining karma of a tīrthakara, after wandering through three pure births. Then Rāvaṇa's soul will become a tīrthanātha, and you will be his gaṇadhara, after you have fallen from Vaijayanta. Then the two will go to emancipation, but Lakṣmaṇa's soul, your son Megharatha, will go through pure conditions of existence. Then he will be a cakravartin in the city Ratnacitrā, the ornament of East Videha in Puṣkaradvīpa. After enjoying a cakravartin's wealth and becoming a mendicant in turn, he will be a tīrthanātha and will attain emancipation."

Sītā visits Lakṣmaṇa in hell (245-261)

After hearing this, Sītendra bowed to Rāmabhadrā and, because of former affection, went where Lakṣmaṇa was enduring pain. He saw Śambūka and Rāvaṇa fighting angrily with Lakṣmaṇa with factitious shapes of lions, et cetera. Saying, "There is no pain to you fighting thus," the Paramādhārmikas, angered, threw them into firepits. The three, being burned, crying aloud, their bodies dripping, were dragged by force into a jar of hot oil. Their bodies, oiled, were thrown on a gridiron for a long time and bursting open with the noise, taḍat taḍiti, dripped again.

Seeing their pain of this kind, he said to the demons, "Villains, do you not know that these were the best of men? Go far away, demons. Release these noble men." Restraining the demons with these words, he said to Śambūka and Rāvaṇa, "Why do you not abandon your former hostility, on account of which you have come to this hell, now that its consequences have been seen?" Restraining them with this speech, Indra related to Saumitri and Rāvaṇa the story of Rāma's omniscience for the sake of their enlightenment.

They said: "You have done well, ocean of compassion. By your pure instruction our pain has been forgotten. A long dwelling in hell has been won for us by the various cruel actions committed in a former birth. Who will take away its pain?" Filled with compassion, Sītendra said, "I will take you three from this hell to heaven." With these words he lifted up the three of them with his hand, but they fell from his hand, splitting into pieces instantly like quicksilver. Their bodies went together again and he raised them in the same way, but they fell again just as before. Then they said to Sītendra, "When we are lifted up, the pain is very great. So let us go. Go to heaven." Leaving them, Sītendra went away, bowed to Rāma and then went to Nandiśvara, et cetera, to make a pilgrimage to the eternal Arhats. As he was going in the country, Devakuru, he saw King Bhāmaṇḍala's soul. From former affection Sītendra enlightened him completely and went to his own heaven.

Rāma's emancipation (262)

His omniscience having arisen, the blessed worshipful Rāma enlightened persons capable of emancipation for twenty-five years on earth. Having passed a life of fifteen thousand years, his purpose accomplished, he undertook śaileśī and reached an abode giving eternal delight and bliss.

END OF THE JAINA RĀMĀYANA.

CHAPTER XI

ŚRI NAMINĀTHACARITRA

Homage to Jinendra Nami, whose feet are honored by the Indras, a lordly elephant for the tree of karma, a wishing-tree for the earth. Of *him* we shall celebrate the very pure life for the benefit of everyone of this world and the next.

Previous incarnations (3-9)

In this very Jambūdvīpa in the province Bharata²⁰⁸ in West Videha, there is a city Kauśāmbī, the storehouse of wealth. Its king was Siddhārtha, whose commands were unbroken like Ākhaṇḍala's, by whom all beggars were made to have their desires accomplished. His dignity, resoluteness, generosity, heroism, intelligence, and other virtues, too, were all remarkable, as if in rivalry with each other. Of him, who was extremely prosperous, the widely expanded wealth was for the benefit of everyone like the shade of a tree on the road. Dharma alone made her dwelling in his very pure mind constantly like a rājahaṅsa on a lotus. One day disgusted with existence he abandoned his wealth like straw and took initiation at the feet of Muni Sudarśana. He acquired body-making karma of a tīrthakṛt by some of the sthānakas, observed the vow completely, died, and went to Aparājita.

His parents (10-18)

Now in this Jambūdvīpa in this very Bhāratakṣetra there is a city Mithilā whose citizens were zealous in

²⁰⁸ 3. See III, n. 133. In the cited cases of unorthodox cosmography where Hemacandra puts a Bharata in Videha, it is in Dhātākhaṇḍa; but here is a historic city in a Bharata placed in Videha in Jambūdvīpa. So also, p. 72.

dharma. The circle of the walls, filled with jewels, gold, palaces, and markets, looks like a treasure-box of the earth. On all sides in it ponds in the gardens, inlaid with jewels, become muddy, as it were, with the pollen of the trees on their banks. Its king was Vijaya, victorious over all enemies, who exercised indraship on earth with the highest degree of glory. Without even frowning, without even arming his army, he overcame his enemies as easily as love overcomes young men. He was deep as the ocean, agreeable as the moon, strong as the wind, brilliant as the sun. His wife, named Vaprā, the ornament of all the harem, whose good conduct was made into an ornament, was like the earth embodied. Clear and deep as the Gaṅgā, purifier of the earth, indeed, giving pleasure to the eyes like moonlight, she shone forth. Whatever qualities—truthfulness, virtue, et cetera, are to be seen, because of these to a high degree, she alone of women was an example.

Birth of Nami (19-26)

Now Siddhārtha's jīva completed his life of thirty-three sāgaras in the heavenly palace Aparājita. He fell and descended into Queen Vaprā's womb on the full moon of Aśvayuj in the constellation Aśvakini. There was a light in the three worlds. Then during the last part of the night Queen Vaprā saw fourteen great dreams indicating the birth of a tīrthakṛt. The embryo grew gradually, like a wish of his father, and made his mother comfortable, knowing her extreme grace. When the time was completed, the queen bore her son, who was marked with a blue lotus, gold color, on the eighth day of the black half of Nabhas, (the moon being) in the constellation which has a horse for a divinity (Aśvini). Because of the trembling of their thrones the Dikkumārīs came and performed at once the birth-rites of mother and son properly. Śakra took the Lord to the top of Meru and

the sixty-four Vāsavas, Acyuta and the others, bathed him with water from the tīrthas. At the end of his bath Śakra worshipped the Lord of the World with flowers, et cetera, waved a light, and began a hymn of praise.

Stuti (27-34)

“Teacher of the path to emancipation, destroyer of all karmas, destroyer of passions, hail to you, Supreme Lord! I bow to you, remover of wrong doctrine, leader of the world, bestower of true enlightenment, Teacher of the World. The world has a lord with you, superintendent of every dominion, humbler of the wicked, unchangeable benefactor. Gatherer of the seed of dharma, bearer of the wealth of supernatural qualities, author of chapters of sacred knowledge, homage to you, Blessed One. Henceforth dharma will spread from you warning away from wrong paths, showing the road to emancipation, teaching. We are the servants of you, the founder of a new tīrtha, undertaking a wealth of penance, governing the world, lord. Taker of emancipation, giver of fearlessness to everyone, I have taken refuge with you, refuge of the three worlds. As you have become my lord in this birth, Lord of the World, may you be also in other births. I have no other wish.”

Childhood (35-39)

After this hymn of praise, Vāsava took the Lord of the World and put him down at Lady Vaprā's side according to custom. At dawn King Vijaya held his son's birth-festival with great joy accompanied by releases from prison, et cetera. While the Lord was in the womb, the city Mithilā was besieged by enemies and Queen Vaprā immediately ascended to the top of the palace. After seeing Vaprā, the enemy submitted to King Vijaya as the consequence of her embryo. For that reason the name Nami was given him. Tended by nurses

appointed by Śakra, daily Naminātha grew like another moon.

King (40-43)

Childhood left behind, fifteen bows tall, the Master married a maiden at his father's command. After he had passed twenty-five hundred years from birth, he accepted the kingdom given by his father, knowing the fruit of pleasure-karma. When five thousand years had passed from the time he took the kingdom, the Lokāntika-gods said to the Lord, "Found a congregation." After establishing his son, Suprabha, on the throne, Lord Nami gave gifts for a year with money brought by the Jṛmbhakas.

Initiation (44-50)

Surrounded by kings, Suprabha and others, and by gods, Śakra and others, the Lord went to Sahasrāmraṇa in a palanquin, Devakuru. The Lord entered the grove which had a multitude of bees engaged in kissing the kadamba, the gardener occupied with gathering jasmine blossoms, the surface of the ground made red by the falling trumpet-flowers, with heaps of śiṛṣa-flowers made into a couch for lovers, with the rainy season indicated even in hot weather by masses of spray pouring forth from the water-wheels being worked. In the last watch of the ninth day of the black half of Āṣāḍha in Aśvini the Lord became a mendicant with a thousand kings, observing a two-day fast. Mind-reading knowledge arose then and on the next day he broke his fast with a milk-dish in the house of King Datta in Vīrapura. The rain of treasure, et cetera were made by the gods and King Datta made the platform, and the Lord wandered elsewhere for nine months.

Omniscience (51-56)

Then he went to Sahasrāmraṇa, the place of initiation, and stood in pratimā beneath a bakula, observ-

ing a two-day fast. The Lord Nami's brilliant omniscience appeared on the eleventh day of the bright half of Mārga in the constellation Aśvini because of the destruction of the destructive karmas. At once the gods made a samavasaraṇa ornamented with an aśoka tree a hundred and eighty bows tall. There the Lord circumambulated the aśoka, bowed to the congregation, and sat down on the eastern lion-throne, facing the east. At once the Vyantaras created images of the Lord placed on lion-thrones in the other directions. The holy fourfold congregation remained in the proper places and the Indra of Saudharma bowed to the Blessed One and recited a hymn of praise.

Stuti (57-64)

"Homage to you who are three-eyed because you see the whole world with an eye named 'omniscience.' Homage to you, Supreme Lord, endowed with thirty-four supernatural powers, whose speech has thirty-five supernatural powers. We worship your speech, Lord, which conforms to all languages, charming with grāma-rāgas, Mālava, Kaiśiki, and others. At the sight of you people's snares of karma disappear, even though strong, like serpent-nooses at the sight of Tārṅṣya. At the sight of you people slowly, slowly ascend the series of guṇa-sthānas like a ladder to emancipation. You are the source of joy, Master, when you have been remembered, heard, praised, meditated on, seen, touched, worshipped by any means whatever. Surely we had merit in the past with merit as a consequence, master, by which you, offering unusual happiness, were brought into our range of vision. Let my heavenly kingdom, et cetera, be entirely different in every way, but do not let the words of your teaching depart from my heart, lord."

After praising the Master's qualities in these words, Hari became silent, and the Teacher of the Three Worlds delivered a sermon.

Sermon on layman's dharma (66-95)

"Verily worldly existence is worthless. Money is fickle as a moving wave. Even the body is transitory, resembling a flash of lightning. Therefore a wise man would acquire complete indifference to them and would strive for yatidharma,²⁰⁹ wishing to die on the road to emancipation. If he is not able to do that, nevertheless desirous of it, he would exert himself for the layman's dharma, consisting of twelve parts.²¹⁰ The layman, zealous, should pass day and night constantly in actions of mind, voice, and body that are according to dharma. He should arise at dawn, reciting praise of the Supreme Ones, recalling, 'What are my practices? What is my family? What are my vows?' Clean, after worshipping the god in his house with flowers, food, and hymns and after resolving not to commit faults so far as possible, he should go to a temple. After entering, he should circumambulate the Jina three times according to rule and after worshipping him with flowers, et cetera, he should praise him with the best hymns. Then, pure-minded, he should make a public resolution, in the presence of the gurus, to avoid faults, accompanied by service. Rising at the sight of him, approach at his arrival, placing the folded palms to his head, himself offering a seat, moving a seat²¹¹ with devotion, homage, personal service, following on his departure: this is service to a guru.

Then, having returned and gone to a suitable place, intelligent, he should think about wealth without any obstacle to dharma. Then he should make the midday pūjā and, after eating, he should study the esoteric meanings of the śāstras with people learned in them. Next, after worshipping the gods again at twilight and after per-

²⁰⁹ 67. The way of life of monks. See I, n. 23.

²¹⁰ 68. Cf. I, p. 207ff. The 'twelve parts' here are quite different from the standard 12 vows of the layman.

²¹¹ 75. Aup. 20, p. 42 explains āsanābhiggaha as moving a seat to wherever the guru wishes to sit. For service to a guru, cf. I, n. 123.

forming the daily duties, he should make his best study. At the proper time, purified by thinking of gods and gurus, he should take a little sleep, generally avoiding incontinence. At the end of sleep he should think of the true nature of women's bodies, reflecting on their abandonment by the noble munis. He should think: 'Women, charming outside, are filled with liver, blood, impurities, phlegm, marrow, and bone, bags of skin sewed together with sinews. If there should be an exchange of the exterior and interior of a woman's body, *its* lover should afford protection from vultures and jackals. If Love wishes to conquer the world with woman as a weapon, why does not he, foolish, take a small feather as a weapon! Oh! Oh! the world is deceived by Saṅkalpayoni (Kāma). Therefore, I shall dig up the root of desire for him.' Whatever injurious fault may exist, he should meditate on an antidote for it, attaining joy among monks free from faults.

Reflecting with perseverance on the miserable condition of existence of all creatures, he should look for emancipation, which is the source of natural bliss, for them. 'Who, whose mind is unconfused, would not trust to laymanship where there are the Jina, god, compassion, religion, gurus and sādhus? May I not become a cakravartin, deprived of the religion of the Jina. May I be even a slave, even poor, possessed by the religion of the Jina. When shall I resort to the practices of the monks, all association abandoned, wearing old clothes, the body wet from impurities, following the habits of the bee? ²¹² Abandoning evil association, touching the dust of the guru's feet, when shall I, practicing meditation, be able to cut off existence? When will the bulls rub their shoulders against me like a pillar when I am practicing kāyotsarga outside the city at midnight? When will the old leaders of the herds of deer snuffle

²¹² 89. Taking alms like a bee. See I, n. 94.

at my face as I am seated in the lotus-posture²¹³ in the forest with a young deer on my lap? When shall I make no distinction between an enemy and friend, straw and women, gold and a stone, a jewel and mud, emancipation and existence?' He should make such wishes, bulbs of the vine of extreme joy, to mount the series of guṇa-sthānas, the ladder to the house of emancipation. Observing this conduct zealously day and night, engaged in the described conduct properly, even a householder becomes pure."

After hearing this sermon of the Lord many people became mendicants and among them were seventeen gaṇadhāras, Kumbha, et cetera. At the end of the sermon of the Lord of the World, Kumbha delivered a sermon. At the end of his sermon Śakra and the others bowed to the Lord and went to their respective abodes.

Śāsanadevatās (98-101)

Originating in that congregation, the Yakṣa Bhṛkuṭi, three-eyed, four-faced, gold color, with a bull for a vehicle, with four right arms holding a citron, spear, and hammer and one in abhayada-position and with four left arms holding an ichneumon, axe, thunderbolt and rosary; and likewise the goddess Gāndhārī, fair-bodied, with a haṅsa for a vehicle, adorned with two right arms holding a sword and in varada-position and with two left ones both holding citrons, became the messenger-deities of Lord Nami.

With them always near, the Lord wandered over the earth for twenty-five hundred years less nine months.

His congregation (103-107)

There were twenty thousand monks, forty-one thousand nuns, four hundred and fifty who knew the fourteen pūrvas, sixteen hundred who had clairvoyant

²¹³ 92. See II, n. 18.

knowledge, twelve hundred and sixty who had mind-reading knowledge, sixteen hundred who had omniscience, five thousand who had the art of transformation, one thousand disputants, one hundred and seventy thousand laymen and three hundred and forty-eight thousand laywomen (in the congregation) of the Lord.

His emancipation (108-112)

Knowing that it was time for his emancipation, the Lord went to Mt. Sammeta with a thousand monks and began a fast. At the end of a month on the tenth day of the black half of Vaiśākha in the constellation Aśvinī, the Master and the monks reached an abode from which there is no return. Lord Nami's age was ten thousand years—twenty-five hundred as prince, five thousand as king, and twenty-five hundred in the vow. Six hundred thousand years elapsed from the nirvāṇa of Munisuvrata to the Lord Nami's nirvāṇa. The Indras and the gods came there and held the emancipation-festival accompanied by funeral rites of Śrī Nami and his retinue.

CHAPTER XII

ŚRĪ HARIṢEṆACAKRICARITRA

Now while the Jineśvara Nami was wandering (as a mendicant), Hariṣeṇa was cakrin and his life is related.

Previous births (2-3)

Here in Bharata in Ananta's tīrtha there was a king charming among men, named Narābhirāma, in the city Narapura. In the course of time, terrified of existence, he adopted mendicancy and became a powerful god in the heaven Sanatkumāra.

His parents (4-6)

Now there is a capital city, Kāmpilya by name, the ornament of Pañcāladeśa, equal to heaven in magnificence, unshakable by enemies, Mahāhari was its king, like Hari in strength, the ornament of the Ikṣvāku family, famous on earth. His queen was Merā, lotus-faced, ornamented with good conduct, making the earth adorned with her beauty.

His birth (7-8)

Narābhirāma's soul descended into her womb and a powerful cakradhara was announced by the fourteen great dreams. At the proper time she bore a son, gold color, named Hariṣeṇa, fifteen bows tall. He was consecrated as heir-apparent.

Expedition of conquest (9-28)

One day, when he was ruling his ancestral kingdom, with great strength of arm, the cakra-jewel appeared in the armory. Gradually his other thirteen jewels: the priest, carpenter, steward, general, et cetera, appeared. Following the cakra's path, he went to the east to Māgadhatīrtha.

He conquered the Prince of Māgadhatirtha at the beginning of his expedition of conquest. Then he went south and, long-armed, he subdued the god, Lord of Varadāman, dwelling at the southern ocean. Going to the west, he conquered the god, Lord of Prabhāsa, having unbroken strength like Biḍaujas on earth.

Going to the great river Sindhu, strong as an elephant of the quarters, he, the tenth cakrabhrt, reduced her gradually to submission. Then he approached Vaitāḍhya and, skilled in the conquest of the quarters, he subdued the Prince of Mt. Vaitāḍhya according to rule. Then he himself, active, subdued the god Kṛtamāla and afterwards the west district of the Sindhu through the general.

He entered Tamisrā, whose door had been opened by the general, with an elephant that had the gem-jewel set on the right frontal boss. He crossed Unmagnā and Nimagnā by a bridge and traversed it (Tamisrā) whose interior was lighted by circles drawn by the cowrie-jewel.

He left it by the north door which had opened of its own accord and conquered the independent Mlecchas named Āpātas. He had the west district of the Sindhu conquered by the general and he himself conquered the Prince of Kṣudrahimavat. After writing his name on the peak Rṣabha with his cowrie, turning back to the Gaṅgā, he had the east district of the Gaṅgā conquered by the general. He accepted tribute from the Vidyādharas living in both rows and he himself conquered Nāṭyamāla later. The cakravartin entered the cave Khaṇḍaprapātā opened by the general and left as before, following the cakra. He had the east district of the Gaṅgā conquered by the general and the king himself camped at the Gaṅgā.

The nine treasures living in Māgadha (tirtha) at the mouth of the Gaṅgā submitted voluntarily from the power of his very great merit. The Indra to Glory, by whom the glory of a cakravartin had been completed, by whom six-part Bhārata had been conquered, went then to Kāmpīlya. His enthronement as cakrin was

made by gods and men and a great festival was held in the city for twelve years. His commands being observed by kings in all Bharata, long-armed, he enjoyed pleasures without injury to dharma.

Emancipation (29-32)

One day, disgusted with existence, he dismissed the kingdom with ease and became a mendicant, eager for the festival of attainment of emancipation. As prince, Hariṣeṇa passed three hundred and twenty-five years, as governor of a province the same, one hundred and fifty years in the expedition of conquest, eighty-eight hundred and fifty as cakrabhṛt, and three hundred and fifty in the vow. Having kept severe vows completely, when he was ten thousand years old, his destructive karmas having been destroyed, his omniscience having appeared, Hariṣeṇa went to the abode of continual bliss.

CHAPTER XIII

JAYACAKRICARITRA

Herewith is related the meritorious life of Cakrin Jaya, victorious, who belonged to the congregation of Blessed Nami.

Previous births (2-5)

There was a king, named Vasundhara, in the city Śrīpura in Airavata in this same Jambūdvīpa. Depressed in mind by the death of his wife Padmavati, he installed his son, Vinayandhara, on the throne. Hearing true doctrine, enlightened, he became a mendicant at the side of Muni Varadhama in the grove Manohara. He practiced mendicancy properly for a long time, died, and became a god in the seventh heaven.

His parents (6-8)

Now there is a city Rājagṛha, the ornament of Magadha, the sole abode of Śrī, like a full brother of Amarāvati. Its king was named Vijaya, victorious, belonging to the Ikṣvāku family, prominent on the path of law. His queen was named Vaprā, endowed with good conduct, with a wealth of beauty and grace like a goddess come to earth.

His birth (9-10)

In the course of time, King Vasundhara's jīva fell from Śukra and descended into her womb. A son, named Jaya, twelve bows tall, indicated by fourteen dreams, gold color, was born from her.

He was enthroned by his father and one day the cakra-jewel, the first sign of a cakrin, appeared in his armory. Also the umbrella, the gem, the staff, the sword, the skin, and the cowrie: his seven one-sensed jewels

appeared. The priest, the steward, the horse, the elephant the general, the carpenter, and the woman: his seven five-sensed jewels appeared.

Expedition of conquest (14-25)

For the sake of conquest, he went east to the eastern ocean, following the cakra. There he made submissive the Prince of Māgadhatīrtha. Then he turned to the southern ocean and subdued the god, Lord of Varadāman. For even a god on earth is not equal to a cakravartin. Then he went to the western ocean and easily subdued the god, the Lord of Prabhāsa, by one arrow that was shot. Then he subdued Sindhu, like a second ocean (sindhurāja), and, resembling Indra, the god, the Prince of Mt. Vaitādhyā. He himself subdued the god named Kṛtamāla and had the west district of the great river Sindhu subdued by the general. Long-armed, he entered and left Tamisrā properly and conquered the Kirātas, named Āpātas. He conquered the west district of the Sindhu by the general and, powerful as a god, subdued the Prince of Himavat. He wrote his name on Ṛṣabhakūṭa with the cowrie, turned, and conquered the east district of the Gaṅgā by the general. He himself subdued Gaṅgā and the lords of the Vidyādharas, and Nāṭyamāla living at the door of Khaṇḍaprapātā. He left Vaitādhyā by the cave Khaṇḍaprapātā and quickly conquered the east district of the Gaṅgā by the general. The nine treasures, Naisarpa, et cetera, located at the mouth of the Gaṅgā, submitted to him when he was encamped at the Gaṅgā. Then he went to his own city, his glory of a cakravartin having been completed, and his enthronement as a cakrin was made by gods and men.

With unbroken strength he enjoyed the six-part earth and in course of time, terrified by existence, he became a mendicant.

Three hundred years passed while Jaya was prince and the same while he was governor; one hundred passed in the conquest of the quarters; nineteen hundred in the rank of cakrin; and four hundred passed in the vow.

Emancipation (29)

After he had completed his life of three thousand years and had kept the vow, omniscience having appeared at the destruction of the destructive karmas, Jaya attained emancipation, an abode of imperishable bliss.

May the six: Rāma, Lakṣmaṇa, Daśānana, the Tīrthakṛt Nami, the Cakrabhṛt Hariṣeṇa, and the Cakrabhṛt Jaya, who have been described in the preceding, give pleasure to your ears.

APPENDIX I

ADDITIONAL NOTES

- P. 30 (6. 2. 302). Or perhaps *kāraṇa* should be taken as 'injury,' L. 'I fear an injury (to him).'
- P. 67 (6. 6. 223). Probably the allusion to its talkativeness is only general. IS 4879 says that partridges, along with parrots and mainas, owe captivity to their facility in talking. See also Bloomfield, *On Talking Birds in Hindu Fiction in the Festschrift Windisch*.
- P. 91 (6. 8. 31). See also MW, s.v. *pañcasūnā*.
- P. 99 (6. 8. 151). This is in accordance with the usual sixth part of grain, etc., taken as tax by the king.
- P. 117 (7. 1. 152). Probably it would be better to take *uttānaśaya* as a noun, 'little child,' L. If he were jumping around on the couch, he was not lying on his back.
- P. 149 (7. 2. 486-9). For this whole passage of criticism of Vedic rites, see *Yasastilaka*, 384 ff. According to Prof. Handiqui, these lines—almost word for word—occur in Raviṣeṇa's *Padmacarita* II, 86-89 (which is not accessible to me). As Raviṣeṇa antedates Hemacandra by several centuries, Hemacandra seems to have copied him. I had considered reading 'jumbaka' instead of our 'juhvaka' on the theory that Hemacandra was probably following the *Taitt. Br.* But as Raviṣeṇa also has *juhvaka*, I have no doubt that is what Hemacandra wrote. Raviṣeṇa has *viklavasya* and Hemacandra has *vikriyasya* instead of the *viklidhasya* of the *Taitt. Br.*, the meaning of which is much debated. *Vikriyasya* could be taken as *vikṛtasya*, 'deformed,' which Prof. Dumont does. Certainly this would be in accord with the *Taitt. Br.* Prof. Handiqui takes Raviṣeṇa's

viklavasya to be a misreading for viklidhasya. But Raviṣeṇa and Hemacandra did not follow the Taitt. Br. exactly. I translated 'motionless' on the preference of a learned Brāhman pandit and its suitability in the context.

I have still found no explanation of the mātrvadha and pitrvadha. Prof. Handiqui takes it to be a malicious misrepresentation of Vedic rites by the Jains. I do not agree with this. Hemacandra views Brahmanical rites with prejudice and puts the most unfavorable interpretation on them, but certainly he does not usually invent one outright.

- P. 159 (7. 2. 628). Or perhaps ambuvāha should be taken as 'water-carrier,' L. That would be appropriate here.
- P. 167 (7. 3. 92). The text here is unsatisfactory. That in the edition is obviously incorrect. I adopted the reading of my best MS, but that is not satisfactory either. If bhagna is read, the idea would seem to be that the bracelets were broken against the bed, while she was tossing about, but that can not be got out of the text. Also adhīṣaṁniṣaṅṅa° would be more satisfactory than adhīṣaṁniṣaha°. No MS that I have seen has a satisfactory compound here.
- P. 177 (7. 3. 235). One MS has °āśaya, which I think really preferable. The vocative would be addressed to Prahāsita, of course.
- P. 251 (7. 6. 838). 'Horses' for 'horsemen'?
- P. 254 (7. 6. 137). Hale may be the vocative of halā, a form of addressing a woman friend. But would Sītā use this in addressing Mandodarī?
- P. 288 (7. 7. 253). Avalokinyā. There is a strong temptation to emend to the usual Avalokinī, but the MSS were like the ed.
- P. 296 (7. 7. 372). I am not satisfied with cālocenirṇayaḥ, nor the MS cālocanirṇayaḥ, which I think prefer-

able. But I think there should be a verb, perhaps *aloci*.

- P. 315 (7. 8. 270). The twitching of the right eye in a woman is unlucky; in a man the twitching of the left eye is unlucky. See p. 248.
- P. 316 (7. 8. 299). I.e. because the abandonment does not take place. Or perhaps *atyāga* should be taken.
- P. 332 (7. 9. 208). See W. N. Brown's *Indian and Christian Miracles of Walking on the Water*, 6 ff., for the "Act of Truth."
- P. 358 (7. II. 75). In Haribhadra's *vṛtti* to the *Daśavai-kālikasūtra*, p. 240, *āsana* is taken as *āsanadāna* and *abhigraha* as 'offering service,' but here a seat has already been offered (*āsanadḥaukanam*).

APPENDIX II

NEW AND RARE WORDS

In making this list, the determining factor was whether the word is in Monier-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.

añsu, m. 7. 6. 18, sun.

añhas, n. 7. 5. 240, sin, L.

añka, m. 7. 7. 285, part of palace, roof (?). Occurs in prāsādāñka.

anabhiniviṣṭa, adj. 6. 7. 186, free from obstinacy. Here there is a derogatory tinge to 'perseverance.'

anunayana, n. 7. 7. 307, conciliation.

abhigraha, 7. II. 75. See āsanābhigraha.

abhiyana, n. 7. II. 74, approach, L.

abhyamitrīṇa, adj. 7. 9. 127, attacking. Only Pāṇ.

abhyamitriyamānin, adj. 7. 7. 145, thinking one's self a hero.

ambuvāha, m. 7. 2. 628, water-carrier, L.

arare, ind. 7. 2. 203, a vocative particle expressing contempt. MW 'expressing haste.'

arṇavāvarta, m. 7. 8. 166, name of Lakṣmaṇa's bow.

alakṣya, adj. 7. 5. 44, free from fraud, Apte.

avaroha, m. 7. 2. 131, descent, L.

avarṇavādin, adj. 6. 7. 181, censuring.

aśauca, adj. 6. 8. 28, impure, PH.

aśvakini, f. 7. 11. 10 = nakṣatra Aśvinī, L.

ākṛti, f. 6. 2. 266, good form, good or noble appearance,
Apte.

ātāpanā, f. 7. 4. 10, practice of enduring heat, cold, etc.;
endurance of sun's heat to slight extent, PH.

ātmahita, n. 7. 5. 8, one's own profit, L.

ānāyika, m. 7. 2. 328, fisherman.

āyurgranthi, m. 6. 6. 62, 92, birthday. Cf. H barasagāṇṭh.

See Balfour, I, 278. On the birthday a knot is tied
in a cord kept for that purpose.

ārādhaka, m. 7. 5. 345, one who attains emancipation,
PH.

ārādhara, m. 7. 1. 85, elephant-driver.

āli, m. 6. 1. 75, bee, L.

ālināda, m. buzzing of bees.

āloca, m. or n. 7. 7. 372 = ālocana. Cf. Guj. āloca.
See App. I.

āsanābhigraha, m. 7. 11. 75, moving a seat to where the
guru wishes to sit. See n. 211. DH, p. 240, takes
āsana = āsanadāna and abhigraha, offering of service.

imikā, f. dimin. of ima. MW only Pāṇ.

iṣvāsi, ? 6. 2. 98, bow. MW iṣvāsa.

iṣā, f. 7. 3. 106 = Guj. īsa, the sidepiece of a cot or bed-
stead.

ujjhitadharmā, m. 7. 10. 198, receiving as alms something
which should be thrown away and which nobody
would care to take. PE.

utkil, to unfasten. Only utkīlita quoted.

uttarāyaṇa, n. 6. 7. 208, winter solstice. Both MW and
Apte say 'summer solstice.' See SD, p. 9 and Penzer,
VIII, 19.

uttānaśaya, m. 7. 1. 152, a little child, L.
 utpaśya, adj. looking up or upwards, L.
 utpāṭin, adj. 7. 6. 212, lifting up.
 udvāhya, n. 7. 7. 49 = vāhya, vehicle.
 upayācitaka, n. 6. 6. 71, prayer, request, L.

kadvada, m. 7. 7. 105, vile person.
 kāmanā, f. 7. 5. 456, wish, desire, L.
 kāraṇa, n. 6. 2. 302, killing, injury, L.
 kāryakṛt, adj. 7. 9. 134, effective.
 kiṣkindhi, m. 7. 1. 78, N. of king in Vānaradvīpa.
 kīrtana, n. 7. 6. 306, praise, panegyric.
 kunthu, m. 6. 1. 50, N. of a heap of jewels.
 kusumamudgara, m. 6. 6. 60, bouquet.
 kūṭatāna, m. 6. 2. 182, 'permutation of a given number
 of svaras.' Clements, p. 59. See n. 20.
 kṛṣṇekṣu, m. a sort of sugar-cane, L. Presumably the
 'purple' sugar-cane of Roxburgh.
 kaukucaya, n. 7. 2. 512, evil conduct.
 kautuka, n. 7. 4. 200, sport, pastime, L.
 kroḍa, m. 7. 4. 455, lap, L.
 kṣatravrata, n. 7. 2. 159, heroism.
 kṣamaṇā, f. 6. 6. 75, pardon, forgiveness.
 kṣamāśramaṇa, m. 7. 4. 58, an ascetic of a calm and quiet
 nature, PE. But apparently used in general sense:
 sādhu, ṛṣi, muni, PH.
 kṣāmaṇā, f. 7. 3. 109, bestowing forgiveness.
 kṣullaka, m. 6. 8. 26, junior ascetic, PH.
 kṣaireyī, f. 7. 11. 49, a dish prepared with milk, L.

khalakhalā, onomatopoeic, 7. 9. 214, of the sound of
 running water.

gaṇādhipa, m. 7. 7. 283, owner.
 garuḍastha, m. 7. 7. 214 = Vāsudeva.
 gīraḍa, m. 7. 6. 319, voice.
 gulugulā, onomatopoeic, 7. 9. 213, of the sound of water.

caṅkrama, 7. 9. 40 = caṅkramaṇa, leap, jump, Apte.

See I, n. 114.

camūnṛpa, m. 7. 9. 5, general.

jāmeya, m. 7. 5. 417, a sister's son, L.

jīhvāla, m. or n. 6. 7. 150, tongue. It must be a noun here and probably should be so taken in 4. 5. 178 instead of = jihvala.

jīvagrāham, ind. 7. 6. 124, to save one's life.

jñeya, n. 6. 7. 118, sign.

tāna, m. 6. 2. 182, melodic figure. See n. 20.

trivedī, f. 7. 2. 370, the three Vedas, L.

dilidili, onomatopoeic, 7. 9. 214, of the sound of water.

dugdhāsyā, m. 7. 7. 29 = °mukha, a very young person.

durlakṣa, adj. 6. 1. 6, hard to ascertain, PH.

devasadman, n. 6. 6. 219, heaven.

dyūtakaritra, n. (?) 7. 6. 294, dice-board.

dyūtavarāṭikā, f. 7. 6. 294, cowrie (?). Cf. dyūtabīja, cowrie.

dharmadvāra, n. 7. 5. 36, permission to leave with a certain amount of property. See n. 153.

dharmaputra, m. 6. 2. 151, not 'a son begot from a sense of duty' (MW), but 'a son *adopted* from the best motives,' in contrast with aurasa. Cf. Guj.

naṭaraṅga, m. 7. 8. 210, stage, arena, Apte.

nāṅgarā, f. 7. 2. 237, 4. 156, anchor.

nikāra, m. 6. 7. 230, contempt.

nirākṛti, m. 7. 9. 70, repudiation, L.

nirmālya, n. 7. 2. 324, flowers used and cast off, Apte.

niśātyaya, m. 7. 4. 185, daybreak, L.

naiṣṭhika, adj. 7. 10. 5, firmly attached to, PH.

paṭapaṭā, onomatopoeic, 7. 9. 213, of the sound of water.

paṭṭa, m. 7. 8. 29, seat, throne, PH.

- padra, n. 7. 1. 38, road in village, L.
 paramārhata, m. 7. 6. 258, an advanced layman.
 pareta, m. 6. 7. 16, ghost, spirit, L.
 parpaṭa, m. 7. 2. 207, a kind of thin cake made of rice or
 pease-meal and baked in grease, L. Guj. pāpaḍa.
 See II, n. 380.
 paśyatohara, adj. 6. 2. 88, stealing before a person's eyes.
 Only Pāṇ.
 pāvanañjayi, n. 7. 6. 224, Hanumat.
 piṅgala, m. 7. 3. 135, ichneumon, Abhi. 4. 368.
 piṅḍibhū, 6. 7. 210, to be made into a lump.
 pidhānikā, f. 6. 6. 147, a cover, lid, L.
 piśācakin, m. 6. 7. 69, looking like a piśāca.
 puṣpamaṇḍapikā, f. 6. 6. 59, the flowers strung over the
 pratimā in the inner shrine.
 puṣpamudgara, m. 6. 6. 59, 62, bouquet.
 pṛṣatka, m. 7. 2. 154, arrow, L.
 peṭā, f. 7. 2. 470, basket, L.
 praticar, 6. 4. 57, to treat medically, PH.
 prahva, adj. 7. 7. 51, intent upon, L.
 prāsādāṅka, m. 7. 7. 285, palace-roof (?).

 phalinī, f. 6. 2. 53, a species of plant (= agniśikha or
 priyaṅgu), L. ; = priyaṅgu, śyāmā, Abhi. 4. 215;
 priyaṅgu creeper, Apte.

 bakoṭa, m. 6. 8. 147, a kind of crane, L.
 banda, n. 7. 5. 118 = bandī, booty, spoil. See III, n.
 260.
 bandhu, m. 7. 7. 304, brother, L.
 ballava, m. 7. 4. 91, cook, L.
 bahirātman, m. 6. 1. 20, body.
 bahumanya, adj. 7. 6. 395, having a high opinion of
 one's self. Cf. paṇḍitamanya.
 bahūkr, 7. 2. 439, make important, give preference to.
 brahman, m. 7. 3. 208, a particular āstronomical Yoga, L.

bhadrakatva, n. 6. 7. 205, a tendency toward right-belief.
 bhuṣuṇḍī, f. 7. 7. 59, a round club of wood studded with
 nails. Com. to Abhi. 3. 451. See n. 8.

bhūcārin, m. 7. 6. 392, earth-dweller.

maṅkana, m. 7. 4. 268, N. of a country.

maṅkṣu, ind. 6. 7. 29, exceedingly, L.

madhyembhodi, ind. 7. 7. 118, in the ocean. Cf. madhye-
 nadi.

manovikāra, m. 6. 7. 34, a change or emotion of the
 mind, L.

mahārghata, m. 7. 9. 10, a strong Jaina, advanced layman.

mānsapeṣitva, n. 6. 6. 190, state of a mānsapeṣī = n. of
 fetus from the 8th till the 14th day, L.

mārya, adj. 7. 7. 215, deserving to be killed.

māsajāta, adj. 7. 4. 114, a month old. Only Sch. on Pāṇ.

muṣaṇḍhī, f. 6. 1. 119. See bhuṣuṇḍī.

yāminijani, m. 7. 9. 107, moon.

yāmeya, m. 7. 9. 101, a sister's son, L.

yāyajūka, m. 7. 2. 492, a performer of repeated sacrifices,
 L.

raṅgaśālā, f. 6. 7. 113, playhouse, theater, dancing-hall, L.

raṇatūrya, n. 7. 6. 239, war-drum, L.

rājyabhṛt, adj. 7. 4. 116, ruling.

riṣṭa, m. 7. 1. 115 = ariṣṭa, crow, L. Abhi. 4. 387.

lālikā, f. 7. 4. 368, the tongue of a bell. Cf. Guj. lālī.

lepya, n. 7. 1. 34, something made of plaster.

vajrāvarta, m. 7. 9. 134, N. of Rāma's bow.

vaṛāṭikā, f. 7. 6. 294. See dyūtavarāṭikā.

vardhaki, m. 6. 2. 116 = Tvaṣṭṛ.

vāgmin, m. 7. 3. 19 = Bṛhaspati, L.

vāha, m. 7. 7. 49, camel, Śabdacintāmaṇi. Seems best here.

vidhāyitā, f. 7. 9. 22, order (?).

viplu, caus. 7. 10. 57, to abuse, revile.

vibhāvarī, f. 7. 7. 240, dawn (?).
 virādhita, N. 7. 10. 179 = Virādha.
 vilāsa, m. 7. 11. 66 = vilasana, flash of lightning.
 vīkṣaka, m. 7. 4. 10, spectator.
 vṛttaka, n. 6. 2. 324, an autobiographical story.
 velā, f. 6. 5. 15, order, command. Cf. āttavela in 2. 3.
 302.

śayāna, m. 7. 2. 23, lizard, chameleon, L.
 śayu, m. 7. 2. 23, boa snake, L.
 śīghravedin, adj. 7. 4. 286, shooting quickly, L.
 śuka, N. 7. 4. 268, name of a country.
 śramasthāna, n. 7. 4. 199, drilling-place, L.
 śrīśaila, N. 7. 6. 377, Hanumat.
 śvetabhikṣu, m. 6. 7. 212, Śvetāmbara sādhu.
 śvetamarīci, m. 7. 4. 7, moon.
 śvetavāsas, m. 6. 8. 174, Śvetāmbara sādhu.

samvṛtti, f. 7. 8. 280, mutual agreement, L.
 sajjikṛ, 6. 4. 47, to cure, restore.
 satyāpanā, f. 7. 9. 208, truth-declaration.
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hala, n. 7. 6. 137, quarrel, L. (?). See App. I.

TEXT CORRECTIONS.

	For	Read
6. 1. 58.	°नज्ञा°	°नाज्ञा°
6. 1. 71.	°सुदुम्°	°सुदुम्°
6. 1. 81.	°काज्ञी	कज्ञी
6. 1. 91.	°र्था थ°	°र्थाथ°
6. 2. 143.	°ज्ज°	°ज्ज°
6. 2. 195.	°त्रेष्टि°	°त्रेष्टि°
6. 2. 205.	मावा°	मावा°
6. 2. 273.	दर्मना°	दर्मिता°
6. 2. 309.	°दारा°	°दासा°
6. 2. 322.	°सर°	°सरः
6. 2. 343.	°मि°	°मी°
6. 2. 363.	°हतः	°हतः
6. 2. 372.	°र°	°रा°
6. 3. 33.	रवे	रवी
6. 4. 54.	°वी ष°	°वीष्°
6. 4. 60.	र°	र°
6. 4. 62.	°स्यः स°	°स्यस°
6. 4. 105.	°हरं	°हरः
6. 6. 23.	°जयन्ता	°जयन्ता°
6. 6. 41.	°स सपनं सथान्	°सासपयन् क्रमान्
6. 6. 47.	°यवे	°यिवे
6. 6. 56.	°का	°काः
6. 6. 113.	°रं सं°	°रसं°
6. 6. 184.	मल्ल°	°मल्ल°
6. 6. 185.	प्रष्टि°	प्राक्ष्टि°
6. 6. 185.	°सा°	°सा°
6. 6. 204.	°रनी°	°यनी°
6. 6. 206.	°दव°	°दव°
6. 6. 229.	°ज्ञाना°	°ज्ञाना°
6. 6. 239.	°धु°	°धू°
6. 6. 241.	°वार्य°	°वार्य°

	For	Read
6. 6. 241.	बाप°	बाप°
6. 6. 243.	°पिनः	°पिनः
6. 6. 243.	°निष्कति	°निष्कते *
6. 7. 30.	°बडे	°बडे
6. 7. 46.	°कताम°	°प्रार्थना°
6. 7. 76.	वयं सा°	वयसा°
6. 7. 109.	°निरि	°निरिं
6. 7. 153.	°धिर्°	°धिं°
6. 7. 204.	°धं°	°धं°
6. 7. 209.	°रे मि°	°रेभि°
6. 7. 209.	वयिः क°	वयिःक°
6. 7. 211.	°धूर्य°	°धूर्य°
6. 7. 216.	°स	°सः
6. 8. 8.	°न्य°	°न्य°
6. 8. 26.	°क	°कः
6. 8. 45.	°सत्	°सत्
6. 8. 76.	वाभायः	वाभाय
7. I. 11.	°डा	°धा
7. I. 19.	°स्य	°स्य
7. I. 31.	वि°	कि°
7. I. 74.	°त्र°	°त्रा°
7. I. 74.	°क्यं कि°	°क्यंकि°
7. I. 90.	वस°	वस°
7. 2. 1.	°इ	°इं
7. 2. 2.	मस	मस
7. 2. 5.	°प्यैः	°प्यै
7. 2. 63.	वारि°	°वाव°
7. 2. 63.	°व	°व°
7. 2. 78.	°नि न्ना°	°निन्ना
7. 2. 82.	°रो	°रौ
7. 2. 86.	°वस	°वस°
7. 2. 109.	°तास	°तास°
7. 2. 110.	°सि°	°सि°
7. 2. 120.	°सिम्	°सिः

* No MS authority.

	For	Read
7. 2. 121.	°क्रिष्णुर्ज	°क्रिष्णूर्ज
7. 2. 153.	°वेद्य	°वेद्य
7. 2. 167.	°द्रा°	°द्रा°
7. 2. 169.	°कर°	°कर°
7. 2. 179.	°क°	°क°
7. 2. 204.	°न्यकु°	°न्योऽकु°
7. 2. 232.	°क°	°क°
7. 2. 237.	°घां	°घां
7. 2. 246.	°बं मि°	°बमि°
7. 2. 259.	°की°	°की°
7. 2. 271.	°दि	°दि
7. 2. 279.	°न°	°न°
7. 2. 279.	°वीऽप°	°वीप°
7. 2. 361.	°लघी°	°लाघी°
7. 2. 364.	°दि°	°दुदि°
7. 2. 404.	°कु°	°दुऽट°
7. 2. 492.	योयजूकन	यायजूकेन
7. 2. 517.	°दुषी	°दुषी
7. 2. 519.	°ऽवार्तयद्°	°वार्तयद्°
7. 2. 520.	°भ°	°भू°
7. 2. 538.	°भा°	°भा°
7. 2. 558.	°भां	°भा
7. 2. 597.	°इ मि°	°इमि°
7. 2. 639.	°तु°	°कु°
7. 2. 652.	°द्वार°	°द्वरि°
7. 3. 8.	°बम्	°यत्
7. 3. 42.	°नय	°नय
7. 3. 43.	°नां	°नं
7. 3. 92.	°धिमिषरधामिः°	°धमीषमिःसध°
7. 3. 92.	°धु°	°धं°
7. 3. 103.	°र°	°रः
7. 3. 201.	°ल्ल°	°ल्ल°
7. 3. 263.	°इमि	°इमि
7. 3. 301.	°हा°	°हा°
7. 4. 10.	°धनी°	°धनी°

	For	Read
7. 4. 78.	न्यमि°	न्यमि°
7. 4. 110.	°खो	°खो
7. 4. 110.	°ध°	°धु°
7. 4. 125.	°जी°	°जी°
7. 4. 131.	यद°	यद्य°
7. 4. 161.	°घाः	°घा
7. 4. 235.	°रवे	°रेव
7. 4. 235.	जय°	जान°
7. 4. 277.	°ह°	°ह°
7. 4. 304.	°जा°	°जा°
7. 4. 411.	°दृष्ट°	°दृष्ट°
7. 4. 487.	°जी	°जि
7. 4. 507.	°स्य	°स्य
7. 5. 5.	जि	जिं
7. 5. 48.	°नेर	°नरे
7. 5. 53.	°होऽयं	°होऽय
7. 5. 68.	न्य°	न्या°
7. 5. 86.	°वेशी	°वेशी
7. 5. 110.	वि	व
7. 5. 129.	°रम°	°रम°
7. 5. 137.	°धिं ज्ञा°	°धेज्ञा°
7. 5. 204.	°हा	°हाः
7. 5. 281.	चत्वी°	चैत्वी°
7. 5. 282.	°मति°	°भ्रति°
7. 5. 288.	;	delete
7. 5. 298.	कि°	कि°
7. 5. 337.	°मा	°मी
7. 5. 348.	°कामिणा°	°कामिणा°
7. 5. 350.	°जा	°जा°
7. 5. 370.	°ह°	°ह°
7. 5. 460.	°र जी°	°रजी°
7. 6. 3.	°ह	या
7. 6. 180.	डु°	दी°
7. 6. 242.	°ह मि°	°हमि°
7. 6. 258.	चिदाः	चिदा

	For	Read
7. 6. 272.	युधा°	युधा°
7. 6. 292.	°सो भा°	°सोभा°
7. 6. 301.	°न्ति	°न्ति
7. 6. 313.	°ता सु°	°तासु°
7. 6. 378.	की°	की°
7. 6. 401.	°ह°	°ह°
7. 7. 43.	सि	सि
7. 7. 69.	°तन्ति	°तन्ति
7. 7. 165.	रदेव	रदेव
7. 7. 253.	°ता	तां
7. 7. 257.	°श्रीवा°	°श्रीवा°
7. 7. 289.	°श्री की°	°श्रीकी°
7. 7. 362.	°शी	°शी°
7. 7. 368.	मरैः	मरिः
7. 7. 372.	°होषे°	°होष°
7. 8. 5.	°प्राप्तं	°प्राप्तं
7. 8. 60.	°ह°	°ह°
7. 8. 123.	°वे	°वे
7. 8. 138.	पुरे	ऽपरे
7. 8. 249.	रत्न°	रत्नि°
7. 8. 249.	°द्या भ°	°द्याभ°
7. 8. 326.	°वं वि°	°वंवि°
7. 9. 73.	°स्वावा	°स्वावां
7. 9. 85.	।	delete
7. 9. 86.	मत°	मत्त°
7. 9. 145.	°जे°	°जे°
7. 9. 164.	कान्ता°	कान्ता°
7. 10. 90.	°प°	°प°
7. 10. 134.	सर्वं र°	सर्वर°
7. 10. 136.	तन्नरैः तन्नरैः	तन्नरैः तन्नरैः
7. 10. 155.	°ष°	°ष°
7. 10. 219.	°की°	°की°
7. 10. 242.	°तथो	°तो हो
7. 10. 262.	°जो	°जो
7. 11. 12.	°तां यदि	°तामिद

	For	Read
7. II. 23.	मे	मे
7. II. 63.	सखं	सैखं
7. II. 70.	°सो	°स्ये
7. II. 84.	°दुःख°	°दुःख°
7. I2. 20.	°ज्ञा°	°ज्ञा°
7. I2. 21.	संख°	सो व°
7. I2. 21.	ज्जाम स्या°	अंजामस्या°
7. I2. 22.	थासा°	व सा°
7. I3. 21.	वसि°	वसि°

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B.= Baladeva; C.= Cakravartin; P.= Prativasudeva; V.= Vāsudeva;
T.= Tirthaṅkara; K.= king.

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159	30	cloud ¹³⁰	garments ¹³⁰
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