

BRIEF HISTORY OF JAINISM
TRISASTISHALAKA PURUSH CHARITRA

THE JAIN SAGA

PART 3




Kalikal Sarvagna Acharya
Hemchandrasurisarji Maharaj

EDITOR
Muni Samvegashvijay Maharaj

STORY OF 63 ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS
OF THE JAIN WORLD

THE JAIN SAGA



BRIEF HISTORY OF JAINISM

3
PART



Author

*His Holiness Kalikal Sarvagna
Acharya Shrimad Hemchandrasuriswarji Maharaj*



- **Book Name :**
The Jain Saga 3 (Trisastishalakapurush Charita)
- **Author :**
Kalikal Sarvagna Acharya Shrimad Hemchandrasurisarwarji Maharaj
- **Translator :**
Late. Miss. Helen M. Johnson (U.S.A.)
- **Editor :**
Muni Samvegayashvijay Maharaj Disciple of His Holiness Pravachan Prabhavak Acharya Shrimad Vijay Kirtiyashsurisarwarji Maharaj
- **Publisher :**
Acharyadev Shrimad Vijay Ramchandra Surisarwarji Jain Pathashala, Ahmedabad.
- **Website :** www.jaine.org/jainsaga
- **Email :** jainsaga@jaine.org
- **ISBN (Full set)**
- **Book Donation :** 1000.00 Rs.
(Full set, 1800 pages, Paper back)
(Abroad - Equivalent to 1000/- Rs + Postage Charge Extra)
- **Designed & Printed by :** Multy Graphics
- **Available at :**



Acharyadev Shrimad Vijay Ramchandrasurisarwarji Jain Pathashala
9, Siddhachal Vatika, Ramnagar, Sabarmati,
Ahmedabad - 380 005. Phone : (079) 27516513 / 27502025

Multy Graphics

18, Khotachi wadi, Vardhaman Bldg., 3rd floor, V. P. Road, Mumbai - 400 004.
Phone : (022) 23873222 / 23884222 Email : multygraphics9@gmail.com

Shreyans Ashwinbhai Vora

Tulsi Vihar Building, 2nd flr., Room No.13, Pandit Solicitor Rd.,
Malad (E), Mumbai. Mobile : 09920092919

Samir I. Mehta

4, Krishna Kunj, 140, V. B. Lane, Next to HDFC Bank,
Ghatkopar (E). Mumbai - 400077. Phone : (022) 25119133 / 09867228099

Shailesh P. Ranka

G-67, Kirtinagar, 1st floor, New Delhi - 110015. Phone : (011) 25931129 / 32429362

Avanti Seth

2A, Madhav Chatterji Street, Vasudev Nivas, 2nd Floor,
Kolkata - 700020. Phone : (033) 24757603 / 09831550691

Bharat Tarachandji Solanki

7, Solanki, 32nd Cross, 9th Main, 4th Block, Jaynagar,
Bangalore - 560011. Phone : (080) 26636326 / 09341218106

Sharad Babulalji Chowatla

2-A, Doshi Villa, Near Hotel Breeze 854, Poonamalai High Road,
Kilpauk, Chennai - 600010. Phone : (044) 26426274 / 09962205592

Sponsored by



ADANI GROUP

Due credit be given to Author, Publisher etc for any part of this book re-produced in any kind, through any media, anywhere, by any one after taking the written permission of the publisher.

SPECIAL THANKS

Thompson Library (U.S.A.)

The president, Mr. Thomas M. Johnson relative of Miss Johnson who has consented on her behalf, for reproducing the matter of the book.





Publisher's Guide

- Previously there was a thought of converting all the Sanskrit proper names and other Sanskrit words in diacritic fonts when the numbers ran in thousands, we had to have a second thought. In the soft copy, word search would have been difficult with the diacritical fonts. Also after doing the hard work and giving a pronunciation chart, It was difficult that a layperson would easily and fluently be able to read the matter, so this idea was dropped. There are some places where pronunciation problem would arise due to it, but I hope readers would bear with it and read correctly.
- The detailed account of the 5 Kalyanakas of Tirthankar's, Cakrin's expedition of conquest etc are not described in detail everywhere by the author, limited with the fear of expanding the matter. So they should be read in reference with the 1st Tirthankar's and 1st Cakrin's life.
- The key word of the foot notes with Sr. no. are also repeated here as they are seen occurring in different volumes are star '*' marked in running matter.
- The terminological words and hard words are italised and given with detailed meanings in Book-2 so, if a word in matter is italise it has to be searched in alpha index of hard words. for meaning, Otherwise general dictionaries are to be sought of for other meaning.
- The synonymous words frequently used are listed in appendix in Book-2 with its meaning and are marked 'S' in running matter.
- The appendix is compiled with list of botanical names of trees, fruits, flower etc. List of bibliography used by translator is

compiled in totality to avoid repetition in part-2. Every botanical word that occurs in running matter is marked with 'B'.

- We have used the “Microsoft Encarta dictionary and thesaurus” for meaning in this book, anybody wanting to refer for further detail.
- We have compiled and added different coloured charts for simple overview.

For soft copy users

- The corrected version of whole book and the non corrected (as it was by translator) version, we put them both to review, if someone wishes.
- Search, find option for everything is made available in this soft copy. In the edited version, on names, places, word, meanings to be found out in cross reference to hard copy.
- Notes and meanings are added as pop ups with highlighted words.
- The extensive details which cannot be repeated in hard copy is given here the author and translator also with the fear of unnecessary enlarging the book. The same has been produced here every time as pop ups for easy reading and reference.
- The stories and characters are cross linked with names in different places.
- The maps are for easy site locations.
- Botanical Names are linked with detailed information which is available for one who is more interested
- The synonymous words are marked with original words and its meaning in pop up pattern.
- (Please visit our site www.jaine.org/jainsaga for above details.)

- Publisher





Each civilization is glorified by its history

This volume being part – III of the Jain Saga, includes the sovereignty of Shree Neminath, Shree Parshvanath and Shree Mahavirswami i.e. 22nd, 23rd and the 24th Tirthankars, whose lives are quintessence of eternal wisdom, culture, peace, composure, empathy, equanimity and innumerable such sublime qualities. The journey of these souls and others who are connected to them has been lucidly illustrated in this epic. The acts of these souls in their previous incarnations and the connectivity of that karma with its fruit (sweet or sour) in future incarnations are vividly embodied in this classic.

The revered Acharya astounds our minds with resonant details that are reminiscent of clairvoyance which explains why he was affectionately and fittingly named 'Kali – Kaal Sarvagnya' meaning 'An Omniscient in the dark period'.

It starts with chapter 22nd, titled as 'Neminath Charitra' illustrating the biographies of the Arhat, Sri Nemi; of the Vasudev (Vishnu) Krishna; of the Baldev (Sirin), Rama; and of the Prati-Vasudev (Pratihara), Jarasandha.

The expedition of the soul of Sri Aristanemi progressively through nine incarnations inspires the reader with its brilliance and grandeur. The extreme devotion of Srimati Rajimati towards the Lord of the world is embodied in their previous births, all eight of which are explained in detail. An embodiment of love and affection, full of virtuous attributes, they increasingly progress towards their common goal of Omniscience in each birth. When they eventually attain it in their final incarnation as Sri Aristanemi and Srimati Rajimati, they are an epitome of Veetrakta (devoid of attachment). Their journey from

attachment to non-attachment overwhelms the reader with awe and reverence towards the two esteemed souls.

The adventures of Vasudev, the father of Sri Krishna leaves the reader enchanted. In *Vasudev Hundi*, the magnificent detailing inclusive of his adventures, valor in escapades, marriages with numerous maidens, the magical art of Vidyadharas, beauty of maidens, their infatuation towards Vasudev, the grandeur of cities, gardens and palaces, majesty in their lifestyles graciously carries the reader into that era.

The 'Nidan' undertaken by his soul explains the attraction of women towards him. This biography also contains the outstanding accounts of 'Nal' and 'Damyanti' along with their previous incarnations.

The supremacy, wealth, power and strength of these stalwarts have their origin in past karma. The chronicle of Krishna and Rama initiates with their previous incarnations as Lalita and Gangadatta. Both born as Baldev and Vasudev respectively, they are half-brothers possessing a deep bonding of love and affection between themselves.

The circumstances at the time of Krishna's birth viz. the selfish wish of Kansa to massacre the children born of his best friend Vasudev and sister Devaki, depicts the fallacy of relationships.

Krishna's life, even as a child is full of adventures endearing him to one and all. His valor as a child in fighting Kaliya, the serpent and all of Kansa's folk is described with metaphors fit for heroes.

The doctrine of Karma is strikingly entwined into the narratives contained in this volume.

For instance, the case of Rukmini's separation from her son, Pradyumana. The Suriji has brought to light how, negligence towards the pain suffered by others, sows the seeds of sorrow manifold.

The episode of Draupadi is also a remarkable illustration, which enamored through the Swayamwara, wreath around the necks of the five sons of Pandu at the same time. This amazement was resolved when a knowledgeable ascetic narrated the account of her previous births. This remarkable episode from Nagasri to Sukumarika to Draupadi offers a distinct perspective on the might of karma and violation of the principles of religion and the command of Guru.

Thus, this volume has been enriched with illustrations of

various souls such as Krishna's sons Samba and Pradyumana, the kidnapping of Pradyumana and his home-coming, the birth of Samba, depicting the jealousy between co-wives, the war between Krishna and Jarasandha etc.

There is a comprehensive portrayal of the wedding-procession of Bhagwan Neminath and his renunciation. The sermon given after omniscience is explained meticulously with explanations as regards wine-drinking, meat eating, consuming butter and honey, fruits and vegetables and eating at night. This text is alive with illustrations of glorious souls who achieve realization or true perspective on the theory of Karma and transient nature of this world and start their impressive journey on spiritual paths by becoming ascetics.

The curse of Rishi Dvaipayana, the power of fasts that protected Dwarka for eleven years, the hastiness of indolence that caused the burning of the city adorned by palaces and wealth, the death of Vasudev, Devaki and Rohini in fire, the predicament of Krishna at the destruction of Dwarka, the death of Krishna with the arrow shot by his own brother and the delusion of Rama at the death of Krishna is described by the Suriji with such efficacy that it generates a feeling of detachment from this transitory world ruled by karma. This part also includes the life of Brahmadata Chakri, the twelfth and the last in this time frame. This account shows us the relevance of controlling our thoughts and the possible destruction if let loose & wandering. All stalwarts achieve their respective status as a result of severe penance etc practiced in previous births. But if not channelised in the right direction, their strength & power can also harness digress. This principle is epitomized in the life span of Brahmadata Chakri and his previous incarnations. Susceptibility of a soul to his unleashed thoughts and repercussions thereof can be perceived from the journey of his soul.

Chapter 23, containing the expedition of Shree Parshvanath's soul is an illustration of good merit getting better by each birth, this good fortune progresses through each of the ten incarnations bringing advancement in materialistic as well as spiritual growth. The soul of his brother in his first birth who breeds animosity within himself digresses all through the upliftment of Shree Parshvanathji's soul.

The wisdom of the revered Acharya strikingly radiates all through the text. Numerous one-liners give a taste of philosophical brilliance as can be perceived from the following :

“People's course of mind is varied”

“There is compassion on the part of the good even for those committing an injury; how much more for those bestowing help !”

Penance, practiced even for one day, necessarily leads to heaven”

“As they had come, so they went. Alas for their fruitless birth”

“For the persistence of a woman exceeds the persistence of a termite”

“Generally calamities do not prevail over an intelligent man”

“Generally, everyone worn out by misfortune can be easily deceived”

“There is nothing that people who desire to live will not do”

“Wicked man afraid in all circumstances”

“A wise man would extinguish fire in the place where it starts”

“Generally entertainment is in accordance with prestige”

“Pains are renewed at the sight of a loved one”

“Whence is there victory of low persons without trickery?”

The entire text is brimming with such statements that bring to light the facts of our life.

The chapter of Shree Mahavirswami Charitra contains a brilliant account of all of his 27 incarnations. The erudite Suri ji has intensely incorporated his wisdom in narrating the lives of Shrenika, Meghkumar, Nandisen, Chelna, Ardrakumara, Prasannachandra, Dasarnabhadrā, Shalibhadrā, Dhanyaka, Chandakaushika and such other exalted souls, each inspiring us to enhance and evolve the strength and qualities of our own.

This epic is decorated with metaphors, prosperous with wisdom, loaded with emotion that stirs us to realization and discovery that we may have never attempted. It is our good merit that this chronicle of glorious souls has been demonstrated by a laureate whose fame is all pervasive in the literary world. This epic engulfing the political history, the doctrine of karma, Jain philosophy, princely grandeur and treasure of wisdom is as interesting and informative to genius minds as it is inspiring for laymen. Thus a must read for one and all.

- Dipali Doshi, Lawyer

INDEX-1

Part-I

1. Rsabhaswami Charitra	4
2. Ajitanatha Charitra	244
3. Sambhavanatha Charitra	395
4. Abhinandana Charitra	416
5. Sumatinatha Charitra	426
6. Padmaprabha Charitra	441
7. Suparsvanatha Charitra	453
8. Candraprabha Charitra	461
9. Suvidhinath Charitra	469
10. Sitalnatha Charitra	479

Part-II

11. Sreyansanatha Charitra	1
12. Vasupujya Charitra	46
13. Vimalanatha Charitra	65
14. Anantanatha Charitra	78
15. Dharmanatha Charitra	95
16. Shantinatha Charitra	141
17. Kunthunath Charitra	241
18. Aranatha Charitra	249
19. Mallinatha Charitra	280
20. Munisuvratanatha Charitra	294
21. Naminatha Charitra	502

Part-III

22. Neminatha Charitra	1
23. Parsvanatha Charitra	267
24. Mahavirswami Charitra	318

INDEX-2

Part-I

1. RSABHASWAMI CHARITRA	4
1. THE FIRST INCARNATION OF RSABHA AS THE MER- CHANT DHANA	4
2. STORY OF SAGARACANDRA, PRIYADARSANA AND ASOKADATTA	48
3. RSABHA'S INITIATION	96
4. PREPARATIONS FOR EXPEDITION OF CONQUEST OF BHARAT CHAKRIN	129
5. NEGOTIATIONS WITH BAHUBALI	169
6. MARICHI'S HERESY	207
2. AJITANATHA CHARITRA	244
1. PREVIOUS INCARNATION AS VIMALAVAHANA	244
2. BIRTH OF AJITA AND SAGRA	260
3. THE INITIATION AND OMNISCIENCE OF AJITA	287
4. CONQUEST OF BHARATVARSA BY SAGARA CHAKRIN	334
5. LIFE AND DEATH OF THE SONS OF SAGARA	352
6. EMANCIPATION OF AJITANATH AND SAGARA	361
3. SAMBHAVANATH CHARITRA	395
4. ABHINANDANA CHARITRA	417
5. SUMATINATHA CHARITRA	427
6. PADMAPRABHA CHARITRA	442
7. SUPARSVANATHA CHARITRA	454
8. CANDRAPRABHA CHARITRA	462
9. SUVIDHINATH CHARITRA	470
10. SITALNATH CHARITRA	480

Part-II

11. SREYANSANATHA CHARITRA	1
(TRIPRSTHA, Acala, ASVAGRIVA CHARITA)	
12. VASUPOJYA CHARITRA	46
(VIJAYA, DVIPRSTHA, TARAKA CHARITA)	
13. VIMALANATH CHARITRA	65
(TRIPRSTHA, Acala, ASVAGRIVA CHARITA)	
14. ANANTANATH CHARITRA	78
(SUPRABHA, PURUSOTTAMA, MADHU CHARITRA)	
15. DHARMANATH CHARITRA	95
1. MAGHAVACAKRAVARTI CHARITRA	116
2. SANATKUMARCAKRI CHARITRA	120
16. SHANTINATH CHARITRA	141
1. FIVE PREVIOUS INCARNATIONS	141
2. SIXTH INCARNATION AS APARAJITA	165
3. EIGHTH INCARNATION AS VAJRAYUDHA	186
4. TENTH INCARNATION AS MEGHARATHA	197
5. TWELFTH INCARNATION AS SANTI	214

17. KUNTHUSVAMI CHARITRA	241
18. ARANATHA CHARITRA	249
1. ANANDAPURSAPUNDRIKABALI CHARITRA	268
2. SUBHUMACAKRAVARTI CHARITRA	271
3. DATTA NANDANA PRAHALADA CHARITRA	277
19. MALLINATHA CHARITRA	280
20. MUNISUVRATANATHA CHARITRA	294
1. MAHAPADMAHAKRI CHARITRA	307
2. ORIGIN OF THE RAKSASAVANSA AND VANARAVANSA ..	318
3. RAVANA' EXPEDITION OF CONQUEST	327
4. HANUMAT'S BIRTH AND VARUNA'S SUBJECTION ..	359
5. THE BIRTH AND MARRIAGE AND RETREAT IN THE FOREST OF RAMA AND LAKSMANA (RAMAYAN) ..	374
6. THE KIDNAPPING OF SITA	400
7. BRINGING NEWS OF SITA	422
8. THE KILLING OF RAVANA	442
9. THE ABANDONMENT OF SITA	460
10. SITA'S PURIFICATION AND TAKING OF THE VOW ..	477
11. RAMA'S EMANCIPATION	488
21. NAMINATH CHARITRA.....	502
1. HARISENACAKRI CHARITRA	509
2. JAYACAKRI CHARITRA	511

Part-III

22. NEMINATH CHARITRA.....	1
1. PREVIOUS INCARNATIONS OF ARISTANEMI	1
2. MARRIAGES OF VASUDEVA WITH MAIDENS BEGIN- NING WITH SYAMA AND ENDING WITH SUKOSALA ..	28
3. VASUDEVA'S MARRIAGE WITH KANAKAVATI AND HER FORMER INCARNATIONS	59
4. VASUDEVAHINDI	111
5. BIRTH OF RAMA, KRSNA AND ARISTANEMI, KILLING OF KANSA NAD FOUNDING OF DVARIKA (MAHABHA- RAT)	114
6. MARRIAGE OF KRSNA WITH RUKMINI AND OTHERS, SVAYAMVARA OF PANDAVAS AND DRAUPADI, AND THE LIFE OF PRADYUMNA	135
7. MARRIAGES OF SAMBA AND PRADYUMNA AND THE KILLING OF JARASANDHA	159
8. THE EPISODE OF SAGARACANDRA, KIDNAPPING OF USA, AND KILLING OF BANA	181
9. ARISTANEMIS SPORT, INITIATION, OMNI SCIENCE ..	186
10. THE RECOVERY OF DRAUPADI, THE LIFE OF GAJASU- KUMALA AND OTHERS.....	206
11. BURNING OF DVARAKA AND THE DEATH OF KRSNA. .	221
12. BALADEVA'S GOING TO HEAVEN, EMANCIPATION OF NE- MI AND THE PANDAVAS	230
13. BRAHMADATTACAKRICARITA	237

23. PARSVANATHA CHARITRA	267
1. PREVIOUS BIRTHS OF PARSVANATHA	267
2. BIRTH, YOUTH, INITIATION, AND OMNISCIENCE OF SRI PARVA	284
3. THE WANDERING AND EMANCIPATION OF PARSVANATHA	302
24. MAHAVIRSWAMI CHARITRA	318
1. PREVIOUS BIRTHS	318
2. MAHAVIRA'S BIRTH AND MENDICANCY	334
3. MAHAVIR'S FIRST SIX YEARS AS AN ASCETIC	345
4. THE SECOND PERIOD OF MORE THAN SIX YEARS OF MAHAVIRA'S WANDERING AS AN ASCETIC	376
5. MAHAVIRA'S OMNISCIENCE AND THE ORIGINATING OF THE FOURFOLD CONGREGATION	408
6. ADOPTION OF RIGHT-BELIEF BY SRENIKA AND INITIATION OF MEGHAKUMARA AND NANDISENA	419
7. THE STORIES OF CELANA'S ONE-PILLARED PALACE, OF SRENIKA'S LEARNING THE CHARM FOR TAKING MANGOES, OF DURGANDHA AND ARDRAKUMARA	442
8. INITIATION OF RSABHADATTA AND DEVANANDA, OPPOSITION AND DEATH OF JAMALI AND GOSALA, ILLNESS OF MAHAVIRA	460
9. STORIES OF THE PLOUGHMAN; PRASANNACANDRA; THE GOD DARDURANKA; THE FUTURE ARHATSHIP OF SRENIKA; SALA, MAHASALA; THE CLIMBING OF ASTAPADA BY GAUTAMA; AMBADA AND SULASA	488
10. STORIES OF DASARNABHADRA, SALIBHADRA AND DHANYAKA	505
11. THE STORY OF RAUHINEYA; THE KIDNAPING OF ABHAYAKUMARA; STORY OF UDAYANA; CAPTURE OF PRADYOTA; INITIATION OF UDAYANA	514
12. OMNISCIENCE AND WANDERING OF MAHAVIRA; SOVEREIGNTY OF UDAYIN; LIFE OF KUNIKA; MENDICANCY OF ABHAYA; LIFE OF FUTURE KING KUMARAPALA	545
13. SRI MAHAVIRA'S NIRVANA	566

Index-3

22. NEMINATH CHARITRA	1
1. PREVIOUS INCARNATIONS OF ARISTANEMI	1
<i>First incarnation as Dhana.....</i>	<i>1</i>
<i>Second incarnation as a god.....</i>	<i>8</i>
<i>Third incarnation as Citragati.....</i>	<i>8</i>
<i>Dhanavatis birth as Ratnavati.....</i>	<i>8</i>
<i>Episode of Sumitra and Padma</i>	<i>9</i>
<i>Origin of friendship of Sumitra and Citragati.....</i>	<i>9</i>
<i>Fate of Bhadra</i>	<i>10</i>
<i>Fourth incarnation as a god</i>	<i>14</i>
<i>Fifth incarnation as Aparajita</i>	<i>14</i>
<i>Incident causing Aparajita's enlightenment.....</i>	<i>22</i>
<i>Sixth incarnation as a god.....</i>	<i>23</i>
<i>Seventh incarnation as Sankha</i>	<i>23</i>
<i>Eight incarnation as a god.....</i>	<i>27</i>
2. MARRIAGES OF VASUDEVA WITH MAIDENS BEGINNING	
WITH SYAMA AND ENDING WITH SUKOSALA.....	28
<i>Previous birth of Kansa</i>	<i>30</i>
<i>Early life of Kansa</i>	<i>31</i>
<i>Vasudeva leaves home</i>	<i>33</i>
<i>Marriage with Syama and Vijayasena</i>	<i>35</i>
<i>Marriage with Gandharvasena, daughter of Carudatta.....</i>	<i>36</i>
<i>Carudatta's adventures</i>	<i>37</i>
<i>Story of Amitagati</i>	<i>37</i>
<i>Carudatta's adventures resumed.....</i>	<i>38</i>
<i>Story of Amitagati resumed.....</i>	<i>41</i>
<i>Story of the goat</i>	<i>41</i>
<i>Marriage with the Matangi, Nilayadas</i>	<i>43</i>
<i>Story of Nilayadas</i>	<i>43</i>
<i>Marriage with Somasri</i>	<i>45</i>
<i>Tricked by a sorcerer</i>	<i>45</i>
<i>Story of Sodasa.....</i>	<i>45</i>
<i>Marriage with Kapila</i>	<i>46</i>
<i>Marriage with Padmavati and Asvasena and Pundra and Ratnavati</i>	<i>47</i>
<i>Marriage with Somasri</i>	<i>47</i>
<i>Marriage with Vegavati.....</i>	<i>48</i>
<i>Kidnapped by Manasavega.....</i>	<i>49</i>
<i>Marriage with Madanavega</i>	<i>49</i>
<i>Killing of Trisikhara</i>	<i>50</i>

<i>Jarasandha's hostility.....</i>	<i>51</i>
<i>Reunion with Vegavati.....</i>	<i>51</i>
<i>Balacandra.....</i>	<i>52</i>
<i>Marriage with Priyngusundari.....</i>	<i>53</i>
<i>Story of the three-footed buffalo.....</i>	<i>53</i>
<i>Marriage with Bandhumati and Priyngusundari.....</i>	<i>54</i>
<i>Marriage with Prabhavati.....</i>	<i>56</i>
<i>Rescue of Nandisena.....</i>	<i>57</i>
3. VASUDEVA'S MARRIAGE WITH KANAKAVATI AND HER	
FORMER INCARNATIONS.....	59
<i>Kanakavatis parents.....</i>	<i>59</i>
<i>Birth and childhood of Kanakavati.....</i>	<i>60</i>
<i>Episode of the swan.....</i>	<i>60</i>
<i>Vasudeva's embassy for Kubera.....</i>	<i>64</i>
<i>Kanakavati's birth as Viramati.....</i>	<i>69</i>
<i>Birth as Dhusari, wife of Dhanya.....</i>	<i>71</i>
<i>Nala and Davadanti.....</i>	<i>72</i>
<i>Nala as king.....</i>	<i>78</i>
<i>Loss of the kingdom.....</i>	<i>80</i>
<i>Sermon.....</i>	<i>90</i>
<i>Resumption of Nala's story.....</i>	<i>100</i>
4. VASUDEVAHINDI.....	111
5. BIRTH OF RAMA, KRSNA AND ARISTANEMI, KILLING OF	
KANSA NAD FOUNDING OF DVARIKA (MAHABHARAT).....	114
<i>Birth of Rama.....</i>	<i>115</i>
<i>Account of Narada.....</i>	<i>115</i>
<i>Marriage with Devaki.....</i>	<i>116</i>
<i>Incident of Jivayaras and Atimukta.....</i>	<i>117</i>
<i>Exchange of children.....</i>	<i>118</i>
<i>Birth of Krsna.....</i>	<i>119</i>
<i>Krsna's childhood.....</i>	<i>119</i>
<i>Birth of Neminatha.....</i>	<i>122</i>
<i>Stuti.....</i>	<i>123</i>
6. MARRIAGE OF KRSNA WITH RUKMINI AND OTHERS,	
SVAYAMVARA OF PANDAVAS AND DRAUPADI, AND THE	
LIFE OF PRADYUMNA.....	135
<i>Marriage with Rukmini.....</i>	<i>135</i>
<i>Narada's mischief-making.....</i>	<i>135</i>
<i>Marriage with Jambavati.....</i>	<i>138</i>
<i>Marriage with Laksmara, Susima, Gauri, Padmavati, Gandhari.....</i>	<i>139</i>
<i>Rivalry between Satyabhama and Rukmini.....</i>	<i>140</i>
<i>Kidnapping of Pradyumna.....</i>	<i>141</i>

<i>Origin of Dhumaketu's enmity.....</i>	<i>142</i>
<i>Cause of separation from son</i>	<i>146</i>
<i>Draupadi and the Pandavas</i>	<i>147</i>
<i>Draupadis former births</i>	<i>148</i>
<i>Pandavas go to Dvaraka</i>	<i>151</i>
<i>Kanakamala and Pradyumna.....</i>	<i>153</i>
7. MARRIAGES OF SAMBA AND PRADYUMNA AND THE KILLING OF JARASANDHA.....	159
<i>Marriage of Pradyumna</i>	<i>160</i>
<i>Bhiru and Samba.....</i>	<i>164</i>
<i>War between Krsna and Jarasandha</i>	<i>165</i>
8. THE EPISODE OF SAGARACANDRA, KIDNAPPING OF USA, AND KILLING OF BANA.....	181
<i>Birth of Rajimati</i>	<i>183</i>
<i>Episode of Sagaracandra</i>	<i>183</i>
<i>Kidnapping of Usa</i>	<i>184</i>
<i>Killing of Bana.....</i>	<i>185</i>
9. ARISTANEMIS SPORT, INITIATION, OMNI SCIENCE.....	186
<i>Garden Sports</i>	<i>188</i>
<i>Founding of the congregation.....</i>	<i>195</i>
<i>Episode of Rathanemi and Rajimati.....</i>	<i>198</i>
<i>Stuti</i>	<i>199</i>
<i>Sermon.....</i>	<i>200</i>
<i>Wine-drinking.....</i>	<i>200</i>
<i>Meat-eating</i>	<i>201</i>
<i>Eating of butter and honey.....</i>	<i>202</i>
<i>Eating of fruits and vegetables.....</i>	<i>202</i>
<i>Eating at night.....</i>	<i>203</i>
<i>First disciple.....</i>	<i>203</i>
<i>Founding of congregation</i>	<i>204</i>
<i>Sasanadevatas.....</i>	<i>205</i>
10. THE RECOVERY OF DRAUPADI, THE LIFE OF GAJASUKUMALA AND OTHERS.....	206
<i>Abduction of Draupadi</i>	<i>206</i>
<i>The six sons of Devaki.....</i>	<i>210</i>
<i>Gajasukumala</i>	<i>211</i>
<i>Yadus become mendicants</i>	<i>213</i>
<i>Death of Sagaracandra.....</i>	<i>213</i>
<i>Story of the drum</i>	<i>213</i>
<i>The two physicians</i>	<i>214</i>
<i>Movement during the rains</i>	<i>215</i>

<i>The story of the weaver</i>	216
<i>Story of Dhandhana</i>	218
<i>Rathanemi and Rajimati</i>	219
<i>Dravya and bhava worship</i>	220
11. BURNING OF DVARAKA AND THE DEATH OF KRSNA.....	221
<i>Prophecy about destruction of Dvaraka</i>	221
<i>Beating of Dvaipayana</i>	222
<i>Fight with Acchadanta</i>	226
<i>Death of Krsna</i>	227
12. BALADEVA'S GOING TO HEAVEN, EMANCIPATION OF NEMI AND THE PANDAVAS	230
<i>Grief for Krsna</i>	230
<i>End of Rama's life</i>	232
<i>Rama's visit to Krsna</i>	233
<i>Emancipation of Neminatha</i>	235
<i>Emancipation of the Pandavas</i>	236
13. BRAHMADATTACAKRICARITA	237
<i>Previous incarnations</i>	237
<i>Citra and Sambhuta</i>	238
<i>Life of Brahmadata</i>	242
<i>The minister reflected</i>	243
<i>Expedition of conquest</i>	258
<i>Story of the faithful Brahman</i>	259
<i>Reunion with Citra's soul</i>	260
<i>Story of the Naga and Nagini</i>	261
<i>Brahmadatta's blinding</i>	264
<i>Death of Brahmadata</i>	266
23. PARSVANATH CHARITRA	267
1. PREVIOUS BIRTHS OF PARSVANATHA.....	267
<i>Incarnation as Marubhuti</i>	267
<i>Second incarnation as elephant</i>	270
<i>Kamatha's second incarnation</i>	272
<i>Marubhuti's third incarnation</i>	273
<i>Varuna's third incarnation</i>	273
<i>Kamatha's third incarnation</i>	273
<i>Marubhuti's fourth incarnation as Kiranavega</i>	273
<i>Sermon</i>	274
<i>Kamatha's fourth incarnation</i>	274
<i>Fifth incarnation</i>	275
<i>Sixth incarnation as Vajranabha</i>	275
<i>Sixth incarnation of Kamatha</i>	276

XVIII

<i>Seventh incarnation.....</i>	<i>277</i>
<i>Seventh incarnation of Kamatha.....</i>	<i>277</i>
<i>Eighth incarnation as Suvamabahu.....</i>	<i>278</i>
<i>Eighth incarnation of Kamatha</i>	<i>283</i>
<i>Ninth incarnation as a god.....</i>	<i>283</i>
<i>Ninth incarnation of Kamatha</i>	<i>283</i>
2. BIRTH, YOUTH, INITIATION AND OMNISCIENCE OF SRI	
PARSVA.....	284
<i>Tenth incarnation of Kamatha.....</i>	<i>284</i>
<i>Incarnation as Parsvanatha</i>	<i>284</i>
<i>His parents</i>	<i>285</i>
<i>Birth.....</i>	<i>285</i>
<i>Stotra.....</i>	<i>286</i>
<i>Childhood.....</i>	<i>286</i>
<i>Story of Prabhavati.....</i>	<i>287</i>
<i>Defense of Prasenajit.....</i>	<i>288</i>
<i>His initiation.....</i>	<i>294</i>
<i>Attacks by Meghamalin.....</i>	<i>295</i>
<i>His omniscience.....</i>	<i>297</i>
<i>Stuti</i>	<i>298</i>
<i>Sermon on Transgression of 12 lay-news</i>	<i>299</i>
<i>Sasanadevatas.....</i>	<i>301</i>
3. THE WANDERING AND EMANCIPATION OF PARSVANATHA	302
<i>Story of Sagaradatta</i>	<i>302</i>
<i>Story of Bandhudatta</i>	<i>304</i>
<i>Former birth of thief.....</i>	<i>311</i>
<i>Previous birth of Bandhudatta.....</i>	<i>314</i>
<i>The Congregation.....</i>	<i>317</i>
<i>His emancipation.....</i>	<i>317</i>
24. MAHAVIRSWAMI CHARITRA	318
1. PREVIOUS BIRTHS.....	318
<i>Invocation.....</i>	<i>318</i>
<i>Incarnation as Nayasara.....</i>	<i>318</i>
<i>Incarnation as a god</i>	<i>319</i>
<i>Incarnation as Marici</i>	<i>319</i>
<i>Marichi's pride</i>	<i>321</i>
<i>Kapila as disciple.....</i>	<i>322</i>
<i>Incarnation as god</i>	<i>322</i>
<i>Origin of Sankhya</i>	<i>322</i>
<i>Various unimportant incarnations</i>	<i>322</i>

<i>Incarnation as Visvabhuti</i>	323
<i>Incarnation as god</i>	324
<i>Incarnation as Triprstha</i>	324
<i>Acala's death</i>	328
<i>Various incarnations</i>	328
<i>Incarnation as Priyamitra</i>	328
<i>Incarnation as god</i>	330
<i>Incarnation as Nandana</i>	330
<i>Aradhana</i>	330
<i>Incarnation as god</i>	332
2. MAHAVIRA'S BIRTH AND MENDICANCY	334
<i>His parents</i>	334
<i>Birth</i>	335
<i>Stuti</i>	337
<i>Childhood</i>	338
<i>Marriage</i>	340
<i>Initiation</i>	342
3. MAHAVIR'S FIRST SIX YEARS AS AN ASCETIC	345
<i>Loss of half of his garment</i>	345
<i>Beginning of attacks (upasargas*)</i>	346
<i>The Lord's stay at Moraka</i>	347
<i>The Lord's five resolutions</i>	348
<i>Story of the bull</i>	349
<i>The Lord and Sulapani</i>	350
<i>The Lord's ten visions</i>	352
<i>The story of Acchandaka</i>	353
<i>Beginning of nudity</i>	355
<i>Episode of Candakausika</i>	356
<i>Sudadha's enmity</i>	358
<i>Story of the two bulls</i>	360
<i>Episode of Puspa</i>	362
<i>Early association with Gosala</i>	363
<i>Gosala's doctrine of Fate</i>	364
<i>Gosala's misconduct</i>	365
<i>Visit to Lata</i>	372
<i>Further wandering with Gosala</i>	372
<i>Separation from Gosala</i>	373
<i>Gosala's experience alone</i>	374
<i>Further attacks</i>	374
4. THE SECOND PERIOD OF MORE THAN SIX YEARS OF MAHAVIRA'S WANDERING AS AN ASCETIC	376
<i>Misconduct of Gosala</i>	376

<i>Episode of Vagura</i>	377
<i>Attacks by Sangamaka</i>	385
<i>Indra Camaras attack on Sakra</i>	394
<i>Vira's special Vow</i>	398
<i>The story of Candana</i>	401
<i>Further attacks on Vira</i>	404
5. MAHAVIRA'S OMNISCIENCE AND THE ORIGINATING OF THE FOURFOLD CONGREGATION	408
<i>Mahavira's omniscience</i>	408
<i>Sasanadevatas</i>	408
<i>Stuti</i>	409
<i>Sermon on samsara</i>	410
<i>Conversion of the Gautamas and other Brāhman</i>	411
<i>Founding of the congregation and ganas</i>	416
6. ADOPTION OF RIGHT-BELIEF BY SRENIKA AND INITIATION OF MEGHAKUMARA AND NANDISENA	419
<i>Prasenajit in Kusagrāpura</i>	419
<i>Sumangala and the ascetic</i>	419
<i>The charioteer Naga</i>	421
<i>Tests of the princes</i>	423
<i>Founding of Rajagrha</i>	424
<i>Srenika and Nanda</i>	425
<i>Stuti</i>	437
<i>Story of Meghakumara</i>	437
<i>The story of Nandisena</i>	439
7. THE STORIES OF CELANA'S ONE-PILLARED PALACE, OF SRENIKA'S LEARNING THE CHARM FOR TAKING MANGOES, OF DURGANDHA AND ARDRAKUMARA	442
<i>Celana's one-pillared house</i>	442
<i>The charm for taking mangoes</i>	445
<i>Story of the faithful bride</i>	446
<i>Story of Durgandha</i>	448
<i>Story of Ardrakumara</i>	451
<i>Story of Srimati</i>	455
8. INITIATION OF RSABHADATTA AND DEVANANDA, OPPOSITION AND DEATH OF JAMALI AND GOSALA, ILLNESS OF MAHAVIRA	460
<i>Initiation of Rsabhadatta and Devananda</i>	460
<i>Sermon</i>	461
<i>Jamali's heresy</i>	461
<i>Story of the Yaksa and painter</i>	465

<i>Mrgavti and Pradyota</i>	468
<i>Story of the goldsmith and his five hundred wives</i>	469
<i>Story of Ananda</i>	471
<i>Story of Kamadeva</i>	473
<i>Story of Culanipitr</i>	473
<i>Story of Surdeva, Cullasatika, Kandgolika</i>	474
<i>Story of Sabdalaputra</i>	475
<i>Story of Mahasataka, Nandinipirt, Lantikapitr</i>	476
<i>The ten wonders</i>	476
<i>Meeting with Gosala</i>	477
<i>Gosala's death</i>	481
<i>Future of Gosala</i>	483
<i>Past births of Gosala</i>	485
<i>Mahavira's illness</i>	487
9. STORIES OF THE PLOUGHMAN; PRASANNACANDRA; THE GOD DARDURANKA; THE FUTURE ARHATSHIP OF SRENIKA; SALA, MAHASALA; THE CLIMBING OF ASTAPADA BY GAUTAMA; AMBADA AND SULASA	488
<i>Story of the ploughman</i>	488
<i>Story of Prasannacandra</i>	489
<i>Story of Darduranka</i>	491
<i>Srenika's future</i>	495
<i>Sala and Mahasala</i>	496
<i>Climbing of Astapada</i>	497
<i>Story of Pundarika and Kandarika</i>	498
<i>Ambada and Sulasa</i>	501
<i>Stuti</i>	501
10. STORIES OF DASARNABHADRA, SALIBHADRA AND DHANYAKA	505
<i>Dasarnabhadra</i>	505
<i>Salibhadra</i>	507
<i>Dhanya</i>	511
11. THE STORY OF RAUHINEYA; THE KIDNAPING OF ABHAYAKUMARA; STORY OF UDAYANA; CAPTURE OF PRADYOTA; INITIATION OF UDAYANA	514
<i>Story of Rauhineya</i>	514
<i>Contest between Pradyota and Abhaya</i>	519
<i>Story of Udayana and Vasavadatta</i>	523
<i>Continuation of Abhaya and Pradyota story</i>	527
<i>Story of Udayana</i>	528
<i>Stuti</i>	529
<i>Story of the conversion of Udayana</i>	530

<i>The story of Kumaranandin and Nagila.....</i>	530
<i>Later history of the image</i>	533
<i>The story of Gandhara</i>	536
<i>Story of Devadatta and Pradyota.....</i>	536
<i>Story of Kapila</i>	537
<i>Episode of Bhayala Swamin</i>	540
<i>Fight between Udayana and Pradyota.....</i>	541
12. OMNISCIENCE AND WANDERING OF MAHAVIRA; SOVEREIGNTY OF UDAYIN; LIFE OF KUNIKA; MENDICANCY OF ABHAYA; LIFE OF FUTURE KING KUMARAPALA.....	545
<i>Conclusion of Uddyana-story</i>	545
<i>Kumarapala</i>	546
<i>Meeting with Hemacandra.....</i>	547
<i>Initiation and death of Abhaya</i>	549
<i>Death of Srenika</i>	550
<i>Founding of Campa</i>	553
<i>War between Kunika and Cetaka</i>	554
13. SRI MAHAVIRA'S NIRVANA.....	566
<i>Stuti</i>	566
<i>Stuti</i>	567
<i>Sermon.....</i>	567
<i>The eight dreams</i>	567
<i>Story of Purna</i>	569
<i>The fifth spoke</i>	570
<i>Kalkin.....</i>	570
<i>The sixth spoke</i>	574
<i>Utsarpini</i>	575
<i>Future Arhats</i>	575
<i>Future Cakrins, Vasudeva, Ramas, Prativasudevas</i>	576
<i>Vira's prophecy about future of Jainism</i>	576
<i>Vira's emancipation.....</i>	577
<i>Gautama's omniscience and emancipation</i>	579
<i>His successors</i>	580
<i>Envoi.....</i>	580
EPILOGUE.....	581
FOOTNOTE	584



Neminatha Charitra

1. Previous Incarnations of Aristanemi

Reverence to the Lord of the Universe, celibate from birth, the edge of a disc (nemi) for cutting the mass of creepers of karma, Aristanemi. The biographies of the Arhat, Sri Nemi; of the Visnu^s, Krsna^s; of the Sirin, Rama; and of the Pratihara, Jarasandha, will be celebrated.

First incarnation as Dhana

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

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

One day in the last part of the night she saw in a dream a mango^B tree with excited bees and cuckoos, with clusters of blossoms^B out, bearing fruit. A handsome man, holding this in his hand, said: "This very same mango tree is being planted today in your courtyard. When some time has passed, it will be set in different places up to nine times, bearing better fruit each time."

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

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

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

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

One day when the time giving joy to the night-blooming white lotus was at hand, attended by friends she went to see a garden. Like a goddess she wandered freely in the garden charming with the buzzing of bees flying about the blooming saptacchada,¹ with young buds of the bana tree² turned into arrows of the Five-armed One (Kamadeva), vocal with the cries of excited pairs of blue cranes,³ crowded with flocks of kalahansas⁴ playing in the pools of clear water, lovely with fields of sugar-cane charming with singing women-gardeners.

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

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

The painter smiled and said: “There is no skill at all on my part in this picture to be painted just as it was seen. This is a young man with an unsurpassed form, Dhana, son of Sri Vikramadhana, King of Acalapura, whom I painted. Whoever looks at him in the picture, after seeing him in person, blames me again and again with the words, ‘He is a false painter.’ Because you have not seen him, you, like a frog in a well,⁵ are astonished at seeing his picture by me, fair lady. Even goddesses become confused at seeing his wonderful form, but I painted it to the best of my judgment to amuse my own eyes.”

As Dhanavati stood there, she saw and heard; and became a target for the arrows of Makaradhvaja. Kamalini said: “This is a good thing to amuse the eye. You have painted a wonderful figure. You are skilful; you are *discerning*.” With these words Kamalini started to go on and Dhanavati also with difficulty, absent-minded from that time. Looking backward, her face like a lotus with a twisted stalk, stumbling at every step, Dhanavati went home.

Then Dhanavati, overcome by Dhana’s figure in the picture, did not take pleasure in anything, like a marali⁶ in the desert. *Emaciated*, she knew neither hunger nor thirst. Even at night she did not rest, like a *cow-elephant* brought from the forest. Recalling constantly Dhana’s figure, the painted one and the described one, she frequently shook her head, twisted her fingers, and raised her eye-brows. Absorbed in meditation^{*} on Dhana, whatever she did, she did not remember it even at the time, like something done in a former birth. Massage, baths, ointment, and ornaments were abandoned. She thought of Dhana day and night, like a devotee thinking of a favorite deity.

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

Kamalini said: “I have been properly rebuked, proud lady. I know your strong *desire*, the arrow in your heart. You are surely in love with Dhana from seeing his picture. I asked, as if I did not know that, just for fun. Knowing your infatuation on the spot,

anxious from that time, I asked an astrologer whether my friend would have the husband she desired. Always showing confidence, he replied, 'she will have.' So be of good courage. Your desire will certainly be quickly accomplished."

Consoled by her with this speech, Dhanavati became composed then. Wearing divine ornaments, she went to pay her respects to her father. After dismissing her, her father thought, "This daughter of mine is ready for a husband. Who on earth will be a suitable husband for her?"

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

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

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

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

Kamalini said: "The messenger stays here today. Find out from his lips. Who looks at a fire when there is a lamp?"⁷ With these words, knowing (Dhanavati's) inclination, she had the messenger brought there. Dhanavati herself, delighted, heard everything from his lips. Dhanavati herself wrote a letter and gave it to him, saying, "This letter of mine must be delivered to Dhana."

Then the messenger went quickly to the city Acalapura and approached Vikrama seated in the assembly-hall. Vikrama said to him: "I hope everything is well with King Sinha. My mind is overwhelmed by doubts at your quick return."

He said: "Greetings! Sinha sent me here again to offer his daughter Dhanavati to your son Dhana. Just as Prince Dhana is

extremely handsome, so is she. Let their suitable union, like that of gold and a gem, take place now. Let their affection in the beginning thrive by this union, like a tree by watering."

The king agreed, entertained him, and dismissed him. Announced by the door-keeper, he went to Dhana. He bowed, went near, announced the reason for his coming, and delivered the letter saying, "Dhanavati sent this." Prince Dhana broke the seal with his own hand and read the letter that was like a command of Madana^s. "The lotus whose beauty is increased by autumn like youth, its face downcast, wishes the touch of the sun's rays."⁸

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

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

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

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

After giving her other such advice, weeping, she let her go with difficulty, embracing her repeatedly. Dhanavati bowed to her, entered a fine *palanquin*, and set forth with her retinue, adorned with an umbrella and *chauris*. She went gradually to Acalapura, gazed at by the citizens with astonishment, like Prince Dhana's Sri in person who came choosing her husband. She had the palanquin set down and stopped in a garden outside (the city). The wedding

took place with great magnificence on an auspicious* day. In his fresh youth Dhana with his bride looked like the areca nut tree with the betel vine, like a new cloud with lightning. Sporting at will with Dhanavati, like Smara^s with *Rati*, Dhana passed some time like a moment.

One day he went to a garden, exercising a horse. Wearing dangling gold ear-rings, he looked like Revanta⁹ in person. He saw there *Muni* Vasundhara, by whom the earth was purified, who had four kinds of knowledge, engaged in preaching. After bowing and seating himself in the proper place, he listened with *devotion* to his sermon, nectar to the ears, Vikramadhana, Dharini, Dhanavati, all came, bowed to the muni, and listened to his sermon.

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

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

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

On hearing this speech of the muni, they all rejoiced exceedingly; and the nature of them all became tinged with belief^{f10} in the Jina's religion at that time. Vikrama bowed to him and went home with Dhana and the others; and the suri went elsewhere, engaged in the course of his itinerary. Dhana experienced pleasure of the senses with Dhanavati in sports suited to the season, like a god devoted to sense-objects.

One day he went to play at water-sports in the pleasure-pool with his wife Dhanavati who was like a co-wife of Sri in beauty. There Dhanavati pointed out to her husband a muni falling in a faint under an asoka, who was like the emotion* of *tranquility* embodied, overcome by heat, fatigue, and thirst, the buds of his palate and lips dried up, the ground sprinkled with blood from his cracked lotus-feet. Both quickly approached the *muni* and attended him and restored consciousness by cool applications. Dhana bowed to him

when he had recovered and said: "I am entirely blessed now that I have found you like a wishing-tree on earth. A meeting with persons like you is hard for us living in a nearby place to attain, like one with shade trees for men in a desert. However, Blessed One, we ask you how this condition arose. If it would not distress you or if it is not a secret, tell us."

He replied: "I have pain in the highest degree from dwelling in worldly existence. But the pain which originates in the course of wandering has good consequences. I am named Municandra and, joined to a large caravan, I set out formerly on the vihara. Sadhus cannot remain in one place. One day I became separated from the caravan in a forest and then roaming about, confused about directions, I came here. Worn out by hunger and thirst, I fell to the ground in a faint. After that, I had consciousness restored by what you did, illustrious sir. Dharmalabha¹¹ to you, good sir. Just as I lost consciousness in a moment, so is everything in existence. Then just such *dharma** must be practised by one seeking happiness."

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

One day a gardener told him that Muni Vasundhara, who had come before, had come to an *arbor* in the garden. Dhana and Dhanavati went at once, paid homage to him, and listened to a sermon by him, a great boat for the ocean of existence. Immediately after that, Dhana, depressed by existence, installed on the throne his son Jayanta, born of Dhanavati, on an auspicious* day. Dhana and Dhanavati took initiation from Vasundhara, and Dhana's brother, Dhanadatta, and Dhanadeva finally.

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

Second incarnation as a god

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

Third incarnation as Citragati

'Now here in Bharata in the city Suratejas, the ornament of the north row on Vaitadhya, there was a cakrin of Khecaras, named Sura. Of him there was a wife, Vidyunmati by name, like lightning of a cloud, a receptacle of affection beyond measure.'

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

Dhanavatis birth as Ratnavati

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

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

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

Episode of Sumitra and Padma

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

Thinking, "The kingdom cannot belong to my son while he is alive," Bhadra, evil-minded, gave Sumitra strong poison. Dazed by the poison, Sumitra fell to the ground. The effects of the poison spread like waves of the ocean. Sugriva came there in haste with the ministers and had many remedies applied with charms and spells. But the effects of the poison did not subside at all and the report arose in the city, "Bhadra gave him poison."

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

Origin of friendship of Sumitra and Citragati

Just then Citragati came there in his aerial car, as he was wandering through the air for amusement, and saw the city miserable from grief. When he learned about the criminal poisoning, he got out of his aerial car and sprinkled the prince with water charmed by a magic art. The prince, his eyes opened, got up, asking, "What's this?" his heart uninjured. There is no limit to the power of a charm. The king told him, "Your mother Bhadra¹², hostile, gave you poison. This man, at once a brother for no reason, allayed it, son."

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

Then an attendant of Citragati, a minister's son, told everything, the family-line, et-cetera, delighting the ears of all. Sumitra, delighted, said to him: "Really the prisoner and the poison did me a favor today. How otherwise would the meeting with you have taken place? You did not give mere life to me; but furthermore I have been saved from a low birth resulting from death without complete renunciation and the formula of homage.¹³ What can I do in return

for you bestowing unequalled benefits, like a rainy season cloud, on the world of living creatures, thou ocean of *compassion*?"

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

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

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

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

Fate of Bhadra

Sugriva bowed to the muni and asked, "Blessed One, where has she, who gave the poison to my noble son, gone?" The muni replied: "She ran away into a forest and was handed over to a village-chief by robbers who had seized her ornaments, et-cetera. Then she was sold by the village-chief to a merchant and, running away, she was burned in a great forest-fire. As she died absorbed in cruel meditation,¹⁴ she went to the first hell. Ascending (from that), she will be the wife of an outcaste. Killed by a co-wife cutting her throat, because she was pregnant, she will enter an animal-birth, after she has gone to the third hell. She will experience endless pain of existence of this sort from the crime of giving poison to your son who had right-belief."

The king said: "Blessed One, the one for whose sake she did this, her son, remains here. She alone has gone to hell. Shame on

that! This worldly existence is cruel with love, hate, et-cetera. I shall undertake *mendicancy*, a means for abandoning it."

Sumitra bowed to the king: "Shame on me, the cause of the acquisition of such karma¹⁵ by my mother. Master, permit me to become a *mendicant* now. Who would wish to dwell in such exceedingly cruel worldly existence?" The king restrained by his command his son speaking so, installed him in the kingdom, and took the vow himself. Then Rsi^s Sugriva went away with the omniscient; and Sumitra went with Citragati to his own city. He gave some villages to Padma, Bhadra's son, but he, evil-minded, was not satisfied with these and slipped off somewhere.

One day Citragati, eagerly desired by his father, took leave of Sumitra with difficulty and went to his own city. Always occupied with pujas to the gods,¹⁶ attendance on gurus, penance, study, and self-restraint, he delighted his father exceedingly.

Now, Kamala, brother of Ratnavati, son of Anangasinha, abducted Sumitra's sister, the wife of the King of Kalinga. Then his friend Citragati learned from the lips of a Khecara that Sumitra was *afflicted* by grief over his sister's abduction."I shall search for your sister and bring her back soon." Consoling him thus, Citragati started with Khecaras to rescue the sister. He received the report, "She was abducted by Kamala, "And he went to the city Sivamandira with a complete army. The hero, King Sura's son, uprooted Kamala^B easily, like an elephant^A a lotus^B plant, in a moment.

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

Holding the sword, he said, "You there! Go away, boy! If you remain in my presence, I shall cut off your head like a lotus-stalk." Citragati said: "It is a strange thing that you seem like another person because of the power of a piece of iron. Shame on you boasting of your strength." Saying this, he created darkness on all sides by means of a magic art and the enemy stood as if painted, not seeing him, though he was standing before them. Then Citragati seized quickly the sword from his hand, took Sumitra's sister immediately, and went away. After a moment, when light had been produced, *Ananga*^s looked around and did not see the sword in his

hand nor the enemy before him. For a moment he was in despair but, recalling the astrologer's words, "The one who takes my sword will be my son-in-law, He rejoiced."

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

Sumitra, terrified of existence even before from his own discernment, became completely so from despair at his sister's abduction, et-cetera. Having settled the kingdom on his son, King Sumitra went to *Muni* Suyasas and took the vow in Citragati's presence. Citragati went to his own city; and Sumitra, intelligent, learned nine purvas,¹⁷ lacking a little, under his guru. Sumitra wandering alone after he had received his guru's permission,¹⁸ went to the Magadhas and stood in kayotsarga¹⁹ outside a village. Padma, his half-brother, came there as he roamed about and saw him benefiting all living creatures, engaged in meditation*, firm as a mountain. Evil-minded Padma shot him in the heart with an arrow drawn to his ear, facing hell as if for a meeting with his mother.

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

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

When Citragati had grieved over Sumitra's death* for a long time, he, noble, made a pilgrimage to a temple of the eternal Arhats. Many lords of the Khecaras met there on the pilgrimage and Anangasinha came with his daughter Ratnavati. Citragati performed various kinds of worship to the eternal Arhats and, his body horripilated, recited a hymn of praise in a voice beautiful with *devotion*. Knowing this by clairvoyance, the god Sumitra came there with gods and rained flowers on him. All the Khecaras, delighted, praised Citragati and Anangasinha recognized that he was the very one who was to be his daughter's husband. The god Sumitra became visible and said to Citragati with great joy, "Do you recognize me?" When Citragati replied, "You are a powerful god, "He assumed Sumitra's form to identify himself. Citragati embraced him and said, "This

*dharma** that I professed through your favor is beyond criticism, noble sir!" Sumitra replied: "This magnificence that I have attained is through your favor by saving my life. If I had died then without final renunciation and the namaskara, I would not have been born even as a human, if you had not saved my life."

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

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

A minister, sent by Anangasinha, bowed to Cakrin Sura, and said in a sincere and polite manner: "Master, your prince, Citragati, resembling Smara^s, unequaled in beauty and grace whom does he not astonish? Anangasinha's daughter, Ratnavati, is a jewel, lord. Let her be joined with the jewel Citragati by your command. You are the lord of both. Agree with Anangasinha about their wedding. Dismiss me now, lion among man." Sura agreed to that speech, as he desired a suitable union, and celebrated their wedding with a great festival. Citragati shared sensuous pleasure with her and also practiced dharma, pujas to the gods, et-cetera, with her. The *souls* of Dhanadeva and Dhanadatta had fallen and become his younger brothers, Manogati and Capalagati. Citragati made a pilgrimage, unusually magnificent, to Nandisvara, et-cetera with them and Ratnavati, like Indra. Accompanied by his wife and brothers, eager for service to sadhus, he listened attentively to dharma in the presence of the *Arhats*.

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

One day a vassal of his, Manicuda, died, and his sons, Sasin and Sura, fought over the kingdom. Cakrin Citragati divided the realm

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

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

Fourth incarnation as a god

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

Fifth incarnation as Aparajita

Now in West Videha in the province Padma there is a city Sinhapura which resembles a city of the gods. Harinandin was king there, delighting the world, dulling others' brilliance like the overlord of brilliance (the sun). His chief-queen was named Priyadarsana, dripping nectar with her glance, like moonlight. Citragati's *soul* fell from Mahendrakalpa and descended into her womb, indicated by the great dreams. When the time was complete, Queen Priyadarsana bore a son pleasing in appearance, like the ground of Panduka²⁰ bearing a wishing-tree. The king named him Aparajita and he grew up gradually, tended by nurses. He grasped the arts in due course and reached youth in due course, a Minadhvaja (Kamadeva) in form, an ocean with water of merit and grace.

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

"Thank heaven we were carried away by these horses! How otherwise was this earth full of many wonders^{*} to be seen? If we had asked our fathers for permission to go, unable to bear separation,

they would certainly not have let us go. Now this is a good thing that has happened. This is a grief to our fathers that we were carried away by the horses. For that very reason we shall roam about to overcome this calamity."

Just as the minister's son agreed to this, a man came there, crying "Save me! Save me!" The prince said to him who had come for protection with trembling body and unsteady eyes, "Do not be afraid." The minister's son said to the prince: "You spoke without reflection. If he should be a criminal, then that would not be a good thing."

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

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

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

Setting his foot on an elephant's tusk, like a lion, he climbed on the boss and killed the elephant-rider seated on the shoulder. Aparajita fought, mounted on the same elephant"; and he was described to the king by a minister who had observed him. The King of Kosala ordered his soldiers to stop fighting and said to him: "You are the son of my friend Harinandin. Surely you are my friend's son because of that strength. Who, indeed, is equal to an elephant except the young of a lion? By good fortune you, powerful, have come from your house to your house,"²¹ and, seated on an elephant, he embraced him seated on an elephant. The king, affectionate, had him, whose lotus-face was bowed in *embarrassment*, mount his own elephant and conducted him, like a son, to his own house. The minister's son let the robber go and followed Aparajita; and they both remained comfortably in Kosala's house.

One day the King of Kosala joyfully gave his daughter Kana-kamala to Harinandin's son. After he had remained several days,

one day, with the idea, "May there be no obstacle to (my) leaving, "he left in the night with his friend without saying anything about it. As he was going along, not far from the temple of the goddess Kalika, he heard a cry in the night, "Oh! Oh! The earth is lacking in men."

Thinking, "A woman is crying," the hero, an ocean of *compassion*, followed the sound like an arrow that strikes merely from sound.²² He saw a woman riding an elephant near a blazing fire and a man with a sharp sword drawn."Someone, who is a man, protects me from this base Vidyadhara," she cried again, like a goat in the presence of a butcher.

The prince reviled him, saying, "Stand up for battle, villain. Is this courage of yours (only) against a woman, *basest* of men?" The Khecara advanced for battle with a drawn sword, saying, "Shall I not hurl my courage against you?" After they had fought sword against sword for a long time, both, expert, escaping each other's blows, they fought hand to hand eagerly. Realizing that Aparajita could not be conquered in a hand to hand fight, the elephant of Vidyadharas bound him with a magic noose.²³ Prince Aparajita broke the noose, like a rogue-elephant the rope of the tying-post, with great anger. By the power of magic arts the Vidyadhara attacked the prince with many weapons, angry like an Asurakumara. By the power of the prince's former merit and the strength of his body, his blows had no effect at all on the prince.

Just then the sun rose on the eastern peak and the prince struck the Khecara on his head with a sword. Unconscious from the blow, the Khecara fell on the ground, and Smara^s struck the woman with arrows as if in rivalry with the prince. After the prince had restored the Nabhascara (Vidyadhara) to consciousness again by remedies, he said, "Fight, if you are able now."

The Vidyadhara replied: "I have been defeated by you completely. I have been saved from a woman's murder, fortunately, and from hell resulting from that. In the knot at the end of my garment²⁴ there are a pearl and a root. Put the root on my wound, after rubbing it with water from the pearl." The prince did so and the Khecara was cured. Questioned by the prince he related his own experience: "This is the daughter, Ratnamala, of Amrtasena, a king of Vidyadharas, lord of Rathanupura. Her husband was said by an astrologer to be the son of Harinandin, young Aparajita, the sole ocean of the jewels of good *qualities*. She fell in love with him and did not think about anyone else. One day I saw her and asked for her in marriage. She replied, 'Aparajita may take my hand, or fire may burn my

body. There is no other course than these.' I, son of Srisena, named Surakanta, persistent in marriage with her, was angered by her speech. Leaving the city, I subdued magic arts hard to subdue and again asked for her with many devices. When she did not want me not through any device, I seized her and brought her here. What will those blind from love not do?

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

The minister's son told him the prince's family, et-cetera; and Ratnamala rejoiced at once at the longed-for meeting. At that time Ratnamala's parents, Kirtimati and Amrtasena, came there, following her. The minister's son, questioned, told them what had happened. They both rejoiced, "Her protector was her husband, no one else." Aparajita married Ratnamala given by them; and relief from fear' was given to Surakanta by their words.

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

The prince, going ahead in a forest, suffering from thirst, sat down under a mango^B tree and the minister's son went for water. When the minister's son returned after he had gone far and obtained water, he did not see Aparajita under the mango tree. He thought: "Is this not the place? Have I come to the wrong place by mistake, or did the prince himself go for water because of great thirst?" With these reflections he went to every tree, searching for the prince, and, when he did not see him, fell to the ground in a faint. When he had recovered consciousness and got up, he cried pitifully: "Prince, show yourself. Why do you torment me needlessly? No human is able to carry you off or hurt you. There can be no inauspicious reason for not seeing you, friend."

Thus lamenting many times, wandering in villages, et-cetera to search for him again, he went to the city Nandipura. While the minister's son remained in a garden outside in low spirits, two Vidyadharas approached him and said: "A Vidyadhara-lord, Bhuvanabhanu, very magnificent and very powerful, lives in a great forest, having created a palace. He has two daughters, Kamalini and

Kaumudini, and your dear friend was described as their husband by an astrologer. We were appointed by the master to bring him and when we came to this forest, we saw you too. You went to get water and we seized Prince Aparajita and took him into the presence of our master, Bhuvanabhanu.

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

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

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

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

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

The ministers investigated and conducted the prince to the king. The king considered himself well just at the sight of him. The prince, compassionate, looked at the wound first and, feeling great pity, took the pearl and the root from his friend. He had the king drink the water from the washing of the pearl, rubbed the root with the water, and put it on the king's wound. The king was cured and

said to the prince, "Whence did you, a brother for no reason, come here, ocean of *compassion*?"

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

After this speech the king, won by his merits, insisted on giving him his daughter Rambha, like another Rambhas²⁵ in beauty. After he had passed some time sporting with her, the prince left as before, accompanied by the minister's son.

He went to the city Kundapura and saw a *muni*, an omniscient, seated on divine golden lotuses there. After circumambulating him three times, bowing to him, and seating himself, he listened to a sermon from him that was like a rain of nectar for the ears. At the end of the sermon Aparajita bowed to him and asked him, "Am I capable of emancipation or not?"²⁶ The omniscient told him:

"You are capable of emancipation. You will be the twenty-second Arhat in the fifth birth.²⁷ Your friend will be a ganabhrt in Bharata of Jambudvipa."

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

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

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

One day King Jitasatru had platforms built outside and summoned kings and princes to a *svayamvara*.* Kings, earth-dwellers and sky-dwellers, came with princes, with the sole exception of Harinandin grieved by the separation from his son. They seated themselves on the platforms like gods in palaces. By chance Aparajita came there in

his roaming. He said to Vimalabodha: "We have come at the right time. We shall see the examination in arts of the experts and we shall see the girl. We must see that no acquaintance recognizes us."

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

A friend of hers, Malati, pointed with her finger and said: "These men, earth-dwellers and sky-dwellers, have come here, thinking themselves superior. That is the King of Kadamba^B, famed throughout the world, a hero named Bhuvanacandra, the face-ornament of the eastern quarter. This man, courteous by nature, the tilaka of the southern quarter, is Samaraketu, a Minaketu (Kamadeva) in beauty of the body. This Kubera of the northern quarter, named Kubera, unwearied of his enemies' wives, is a cluster of flourishing creepers of fame. This is King Somaprabha, by whose fame the brilliance of the moon is surpassed. The others also, Dhavala, Sura, Bhima, et-cetera, are kings. This lord of Khecaras is powerful Manicuda; that is Ratnacuda; and that is powerful Maniprabha. These, Sumanas, Soma, Sura, et-cetera, are lords of Khecaras. Look at them and examine them. They all know the arts."

At whomever Pritimati, schooled by her, glanced, *Ananga*^S, as if instructed by her, struck with arrows. She assumed the voice of the female cuckoo excited by spring and held the debate, taking the purvapaksa,²⁸ debating like the goddess *Vac*. Their intelligence confounded, all earth-dwellers and sky-dwellers were unable to answer, as if seized by the throat."The goddess *Vac* has taken her side from connection with women. Hence we, who had never been defeated by anyone before, were defeated by her."

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

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

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

who can defeat her, shall be her husband.' Saying, "Very well! Very well!" the king had it done.

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

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

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

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

On an auspicious* day, King Jitasatru celebrated the marriage of Aparajita and Pritimati who were infatuated with each other. Aparajita assumed his natural beautiful form and all the people admired him because of his strength and beauty. Jitasatru entertained and dismissed all the kings; and Aparajita remained there, sporting with Pritimati. King Jitasatru's minister gave his daughter Rupavati to Vimalabodha and he sported with her.

One day a messenger from Sri Harinandin came there. The prince saw him and embraced him ardently. Questioned, "Is it well with my honored father and mother?" The messenger, his eyes filled

with tears, said: 'It is well with them only in the mere preservation of the body. From the very day of your departure, their eyes have not been dry. Hearing repeatedly about your new adventures from popular report, they rejoice for a moment and they *swoon* from separation from you. Hearing this report about you, I was sent today to find out the facts. You should not distress your parents.

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

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

Manogati and Capalagati fell from Mahendra and became his younger brothers, Sura and Soma. Then one day Harinandin settled the kingdom on Aparajita, became a *mendicant*, practiced penance, and attained emancipation. Pritimati was King Aparajita's chief-queen; Vimalabodha his minister; and his brothers were governors of provinces. King Aparajita, by whom the kings had been subdued before, governed the earth happily and enjoyed pleasures without any obstacles. Building various shrines and making pilgrimages by the lac, he passed the time, undeceived by the objects of existence.

Incident causing Aparajita's enlightenment

One day he went to a garden and saw a caravan-leader's son, Anangadeva, very magnificent, like *Ananga*^a with a body. Noticing him surrounded by friends wearing divine garments, sporting with many beautiful young women, giving money to beggars, being praised by *bards*, occupied in singing, the king asked his attendants, "Who is he?" They told the king, "He is Anangadeva, very rich, the son of the caravan-leader Samudrapala." Saying graciously, "I am

fortunate, whose merchants even are so noble and prosperous," Aparajita went home again.

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

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

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

One day the omniscient, whom he had seen before in Kundapura, came there to help him, knowing from his (omniscient) knowledge that he was a suitable person. After listening to *dharma* from him, Aparajita installed his son by Pritimati, Padma, on the throne and became a *mendicant*. At that time his wife, Pritimati, his brothers, Sura and Soma, and his minister Vimalabodha, all followed him into *mendicancy*.

Sixth incarnation as a god

They all practiced *austerities*, died, and went to the heaven Arana. They became Indrasamanikas, friends of each other.

Seventh incarnation as Sankha

Now in this Jambudvipa in Bharatavarsha, there is a city, Hastinapura, the ornament of the Kuru-country. Srisena was its king, resembling the moon. His chief-queen was named Srimati, who was like Sri.

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

Now Aparajita fell and descended into her womb. At the right time she bore a son pure with all the favorable marks. His father named him Sankha with a name that had been caused previously;²⁹ and he grew up, tended by five nurses. He acquired all the arts with ease, making his teacher a mere witness, for they were innate in him, acquired in a former birth.

Vimalabodha's *jiva* fell from Arana and became Srisena's minister's son, Matiprabha by name, a depository of good *qualities*. He became attached to Prince Sankha, like Madhava^s to Manmatha^s, from playing in the sandpile with him and studying with him. Playing with this friend and with other princes in many various games, he (Sankha) attained youth.

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

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

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

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

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

The village-chief was attacked now by the king's soldiers on the walls of the fortress and now by the prince's soldiers, as he was placed between. Tying an axe on his neck,³⁰ he went to the prince for protection and said: "You alone are a recompense to me for deceitful counsels. Master, I will be your slave, like an evil spirit that has been subdued. Take everything of mine and receive me with favor." Then the prince annexed all the loot that he had taken from anyone whatever and took it himself as a fine from him.

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

Her confidence won by his appearance and speech, she said: "There is a king, Jitari, in Campa in Angadesa. A daughter, Yasomati, the crest-jewel of women, was borne by his wife, Kirtimati, after many sons. As she, very *fastidious*, did not see anyone at all who was a suitable husband, her eye did not take pleasure in any man. Sankha, son of Srisena, fell in her range of hearing once and Manmatha^s took an *abode* in her heart at the same time.

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

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

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

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

Sankha said to him talking in this way: "Get up, villain, kidnaper of another's wife. I shall take off your head with a sword." Then both fought, powerful, with swords raised, dancing with beautiful dance-steps, shaking the mountain, as it were. When he was not able to defeat the prince by strength of arm, then he fought with weapons* made by magic art, balls of hot iron, et-cetera. Because of the prince's pre-eminent merit, some had no power and the prince broke some missiles with his sword. Then the prince took his bow from the Khecara, who was worn out and distressed, and pierced his breast with its own arrow. He fell to the ground in a faint like a tree whose root has been cut. Sankha summoned him to fight again, after he had restored him by wind,³¹ et-cetera.

The Khecara-lord said to him: "I, the chief of the undefeated, have -been defeated by you, powerful sir. Certainly you are not an

ordinary man. As Yasomati was gained by your merits, hero, I have been gained by your strength. Pardon my fault."

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

Khecaras who were soldiers of Manisekhara approached and, informed of events, bowed to their benefactor, the prince. The prince sent two Khecaras and had his adventures made known to the army; and he dispatched the army to Hastinapura quickly. He had Yasomati's nurse brought there by Nabhascaras; and Sankha went with the nurse and Yasomati to Vaitadhya. There he worshipped the eternal Arhats in their temples and made many pujas with Yasomati.

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

Sura and Soma fell from Arana and became his younger brothers, Yasodhara and Ganadhara, as in a former birth. One day King Srisena gave the earth to Sankha and took the vow at the feet of Ganadhara Gunadhara. As Srisena observed penance hard to perform, so Sankha, with glory as brilliant as a conch, governed the earth for a long time.

One day the great *muni*, Srisena, whose *omniscience* had arisen, came there in his wandering, *resplendent* with the attendance of gods. King Sankha came and paid homage to him with great devo-

tion and then listened to a sermon resembling a boat for crossing the ocean of worldly existence. At the end of the sermon, Sankha said: "I know from your teaching that in worldly existence no one belongs to anyone, but is isolated. Nevertheless, why this extreme affection for Yasomati on my part? Please explain, All-knowing. Instruct me ignorant."

The omniscient explained: "In your birth as Dhana, she was your wife Dhanavati; in Saudharma she was your friend; she was the wife Ratnavati of Citragati; your friend in Mahendra; your wife Pritimati in your birth as Aparajita; a god-friend in Arāna; in this seventh birth she became again your wife Yasomati. So your affection for her originated in other births. Now after going to Aparajita³² and falling, you will be the twenty-second Tirthanatha, Neminatha, here in Bharatavarsa. She, named Rajimati, devoted to you without being married to you, will adopt *mendicancy* at your side and will attain emancipation. Yasodhara and Gunadhara, your brothers in former births, and your minister, Matiprabha, will become emancipated, after having attained the rank of *ganadharas*."

Sankha installed his son Pundarika on the throne and took the vow at his (Srisena's) side with his brothers, Yasomati, and the minister. In course of time Sankha finished his studies, practiced severe penance, and acquired Tirthakrtkarma by the sthanas, devotion to the *Arhats*, et-cetera.

Eight incarnation as a god

At the end *Muni* Sankha observed the *padapopagamana* and went to Aparajita. They, Yasomati and others, went to the same Aparajita by the same procedure.

2. MARRIAGES OF VASUDEVA WITH MAIDENS BEGINNING WITH SYAMA AND ENDING WITH SUKOSALA

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

Sauri gave the kingdom of Mathura to his younger brother, Suvira, and went to the country of Kusarta. There he founded Saurya-pura.³³ Sons, Andhakavrsni and others, were born to King Sauri; Bhojavrsni and others to Suvira, whose strength was boundless. Suvira gave the kingdom of Mathura to Bhojakavrsni and, after founding the city Sauvira in the Sindhus, remained there, powerful. Powerful Sauri installed Andhakavrsni on his throne, became a mendicant under *Muni* Supratistha and attained emancipation. While Bhojavrsni directed the realm at Mathura, he had a son, Ugrasena, who had enormous strength of arm.

Ten sons were born to Andhakavrsni from Subhadra: Samudra-vijaya, Aksobhya, Stimita, Sagara, Himavat, Acala, *Dharana*, Parana, Abhicandra, and Vasudeva^s were the ten, called Dasarhas. They had two younger sisters, Kunti and Madri. Their father gave Kunti to Pandu and the other to Damaghosa.

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

"In the province Magadha in Nandigramma there was a poor Brahman, and his wife, Somila. They had a son, Nandisena, and while he, the crest-jewel of misfortune, was a boy, his parents died. Pot-bellied, jagged toothed, blear-eyed, square headed, and missha-

pen in the other limbs, he was abandoned even by his relatives. While yet alive, one day he was bought by his maternal uncle. Now his uncle had seven marriageable daughters. 'I shall give you one of my daughters,' his uncle said to him; and he did all his uncle's house-work from *desire* for her. When the eldest grown daughter knew about it, she said, 'If my father gives me to him, I will certainly die.' Nandisena was depressed at hearing that and his uncle said to him, 'I shall give you the second daughter. Do not worry.' The same vow was made by the second daughter when she heard that and in the same way he was rejected in turn by the other daughters.

Then his uncle said to him, 'son, I shall ask for the daughter of someone else and give her to you. Do not be agitated.' Then Nandisena thought: 'His own daughters do not want me. How then will other maidens want me, deformed as I am?' With this thought, he departed because of disgust with existence and went to Ratnapura. Seeing husbands and wives playing there, he blamed himself. Wishing to die because of disgust with existence, he went to a garden, saw there a sage, Susthita by name, and bowed to him. The *sadhu* knew by (clairvoyant) knowledge his inclination and said to him: 'Do not be eager for death.* Verily, that is the fruit of non-dharma.* Dharma must be practiced by the seeker of happiness. Certainly happiness is not from self-destruction; but dharma is the source of happiness in birth after birth through *mendicancy*.'

Enlightened by hearing that, he took the vow at his feet and, after he had finished his studies, took a vow of service to sadhus. In his assembly Purandara^s described him as performing service to sadhus, the young, the sick and others,³⁴ free from disgust with existence. One of the gods did not believe Sakra's speech and, assuming the form of a sick sadhu, went to a forest near Ratnapura. After assuming the dress of a second sadhu, he went to his (Nandisena's) dwelling and, a morsel having been taken to breakfast, he said to Nandisena: 'How, sir, can you eat now when there is a *muni* outside, who is exhausted by hunger and thirst, suffering from dysentery, when you have vowed service to sadhus?' Leaving his food*, Nandisena went to search for water and the god began to make it impure³⁵ by his power. It did not become apparent because of the power of the muni, who possessed magic arts; and then he found pure water some place.

Nandisena went to the sick sage and was scolded harshly by the false muni. 'I am in such a condition, but you, greedy for food, did not come quickly! Shame upon your vow of service.' Nandisena said: 'Pardon this fault of mine. I shall cure you. This water is

suitable for you.' After giving him water to drink, he said, 'stand up,' and the sick *muni* said, 'shame, stupid! Do you not see that I am not able?'

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

Nandisena reflected, 'How can the great sage be cured?' and paid no attention to the bitter words. He (the god) in his divine form removed the filth and joyfully showered flowers on the muni, circumambulated him three times, and bowed to him. The god told him about the praise given by Sakra⁵, begged his forgiveness, and said, 'what may I give you? The muni said: 'I have acquired *dharma*' which is very hard to acquire: Hence there is nothing of value here that I can ask of you.' So answered, the god went to heaven and the muni to his own shelter. Questioned by the sadhus, he related everything without pride.

For twelve thousand years he practiced penance hard to endure and at the end, when he had observed a fast, he remembered his own hard fate. 'Because of that penance, may I be dear to women.' After making that *nidana*⁶, he became a god in Mahasukra. Then Nandisena fell and became your son, this Vasudeva⁵, attractive to women because of his *nidana*."

Then Andhakavrsni installed Samudravijaya on the throne and he himself became a *mendicant* under Supratistha and attained emancipation,

Previous birth of Kansa

Bhojavrsni became a mendicant and then Ugrasena was king in Mathura and his chief-queen was Dharini. One day Ugrasena was going along outside (the city) and saw an *ascetic* standing in a secluded spot, observing a month's fast. He had made a vow,³⁶ "I shall breakfast after a month's fast with alms taken from one house, not otherwise." Month after month he broke his fast with alms from one house and went to the secluded place, but not to another house. Ugrasena invited him for fast-breaking and went home. The ascetic followed him but the king had forgotten him. Without eating at all, the muni went to his own shelter and again commenced a month's fast in the same way.

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

Early life of Kansa

He then became (an embryo) in the womb of Ugrasena's wife, Dharini, and she had a pregnancy-whim³⁷ to eat her husband's flesh. Day by day Dharini grew thinner, ashamed. Finally she told her husband her base pregnancy-whim. His ministers put hare's flesh on the stomach of the king, who remained in the dark, and cut it off again and again and gave it to the queen who looked on. When her pregnancy-whim was gratified and she returned to her original nature, she said, "What is the use of life, what is the use of the embryo without a husband?" The ministers said to her wishing to die, "In a week we will show you the 'master restored to life.'" When she had been cured in this way, on the seventh day they showed her Ugrasena; and she held a great festival.

On the auspicious* fourteenth³⁸ day of the dark half of Pausa, the moon being in Mula, during the night Ugrasena's chief-queen bore a son. Afraid of the embryo because of the pregnancy-whim, as soon as he was born she cast him into a brass chest she had had made in advance. She had a slave-girl throw the chest, which was full of jewels together with a letter fastened to two rings marked with her own and the king's names, into the Yamuna. The queen told the king, "A son was born and is dead."

The chest was carried by the river to the gate of Sauryapura. At dawn Subhadra, a *rasa*-dealer,³⁹ went there to bathe, saw the brass chest, and pulled it from the water. With astonishment he saw in it the boy, like a new moon, together with the letter, the jewels, and the rings. The merchant took the boy with the chest, et-cetera home and, delighted, handed him over to his wife, Indu, as a son. The husband and wife gave him the name Kansa and made him grow with honey, milk, ghi, et-cetera. As he grew up, he was quarrelsome and abused the boys. Daily complaints came to the merchant and his wife from the people.

When he was ten years old, he was sent by them to attend Prince Vasudeva^s and he became very dear to him. He studied all the

arts with Vasudeva and played with him and reached manhood with him. Prince Vasudeva^s and Kansa, being together, looked like Mercury and Mars in one sign of the zodiac.

Now in the city Suktimati the ninth son of Vasu escaped and went to Nagapura.⁴⁰ His son was Brhadratha. He went to Rajagrha and among his descendants was a king, named Jayadratha, and his son was Jarasandha. He, the Prativisnu, having cruel commands, was lord of three parts of Bharata; and thus commanded King Samudravijaya through a messenger: "Capture and bring King Sinharatha, who lives in Sinhapura, a city near Mt. Vaitadhya, who is irresistible like a lion. To the one bringing him, I will give my own daughter, Jivayasa, and anyone city of first rank in wealth which he desires."

Vasudeva bowed to Samudravijaya and asked permission to execute Jarasandha's order, though difficult. Samudravijaya said, "Fighting is not appropriate for you, a delicate boy, prince. No more of that request." Vasudeva persevered in asking the king again and finally he sent him forth with many soldiers.

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

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

King Samudravijaya said to Vasudeva secretly: "What the astrologer Krostuki told me is certainly useful.' This daughter of Jarasandha, Jivayasa by name, inauspicious, will certainly cause the destruction of her husband's and father's family.⁴¹ Jarasandha will give her to you as a reward for bringing Sinharatha. Some means must be devised for not accepting her."

Vasudeva replied: "Kansa captured Sinharatha in battle and brought him. So Jivayasa must be given to him." The king said: "He will not want to take her, because he is a merchant's son, but he appears to be of the warrior caste from his strength." The *rasa-*

merchant, questioned by the king after he had administered an oath (of secrecy), told the story about Kansa from the beginning, Kansa listening. Subhadra delivered the rings of Ugrasena and Dharini and also the letter to the king, who had the letter read."The son, dearer than life, is abandoned by Dharini, wife of Ugrasena, terrified because of a pregnancy-whim, to protect her husband. After putting him together with the name-rings, adorned with all the ornaments, into a brass chest, she had him carried away by the Yamuna."

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

Marriage of Kansa with Jivayasa and capture of his father, Ugrasena

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

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

Vasudeva leaves home

Dismissed by Jarasandha after entertaining him, King Samudravijaya went to his city, attended by his brothers. The women of the city always followed Vasudeva^s when he went around Sauryapura, as if powerfully drawn by a charm, bewildered by his beauty. Samudravijaya's younger brother spent some time going here and there for amusement, his beauty like magic for women.

One day the leading men of the town went to the king and told him confidentially: "The women have become out of bounds from Vasudeva's beauty. Any woman who sees Vasudeva even once becomes quite helpless, to say nothing of those who see him con-

stantly as he goes about.” Saying, “We shall do what you wish,” the king dismissed them.” You must not tell this to Vasudeva^s,” he said to his retinue. The next day Samudravijaya took Vasudeva on his lap, when he came to pay his respects, and said: “You have become thin from roaming about for amusement. So you must not go out in the daytime. You must stay in my house, nowhere else. Learn new arts; refresh the ones learned earlier. You will have recreation from the circle of artists, son.” Vasudeva said: “Very well,” courteously and stayed at home in that way. He passed the days with amusements, singing, dancing, et-cetera.

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

“The king thinks me to be such a person, ‘Vasudeva roams about to *ingratiate* himself with women of the town.’ Enough of my living here.” With these thoughts he dismissed the slave-girl. In the evening he assumed another appearance by means of a pill and left the city. He went outside, built a funeral pyre from wood near the cemetery and had an unclaimed corpse burnt on it. Vasudeva wrote a note with his own hand, to ask forgiveness of his parents, and hung it on a post.

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

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

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

Marriage with Syama and Vijayasena

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

Then he set out and reached a terrible forest and Varsneya, seeking water in it, went to a pool Jalavarta. An elephant^{*} there, like a living Mt. Vindhya, ran at him and the prince, like a lion, tamed it and mounted it. Two Khecaras, Arcimalin and Pavananjaya, saw him mounted on the elephant, took him to the garden Kunjaravarta and released him.

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

"Arcimalin was king in the city Kinnaragita on Vaitadhya. He had two sons, Jvalanavega and Asanivega. Arcimalin installed Jvalana on the throne and took the vow. Angaraka, Jvalana's son, was borne by Vimala and I am Asanivega's daughter by Suprabha. Jvalana installed Asanivega on the throne and went to heaven. Angaraka banished him (Asanivega) by the power of magic arts and seized the kingdom.

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

In the past this agreement was made between noble Indra *Dhara*, Indra of the Nagas, and the Vidyadharas:

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

For this reason, master, no-separation was chosen by me as a boon. May the wicked Angaraka not kill you alone?" The tenth son

of Andhakavrsni said, "Very well," and passed the time with her in amusements from practicing the arts.

Marriage with Gandharvasena, daughter of Carudatta

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

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

The Brahman explained: "There is a sheth here, Carudatta, who has a very beautiful daughter, named Gandharvasena, the sole *abode* of the arts. She has promised, 'Whoever can surpass me in music shall be my husband.' For that reason everyone here is devoted to music. Every month an examination takes place before two teachers of music, Sugriva and Yasogriva."

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

On the day of the contest Sugriva's wife gave a pair of garments of conspicuous beauty to Sauri because of affection, for him like a son. Vasudeva put on the two new garments and the ornaments given earlier by Syama, arousing the people's curiosity."Come! I think you will surpass Gandharvasena today in knowledge. You are exceedingly skilled in music," he was ridiculed by the townspeople in this way. Enjoying their jokes, he went to the assembly and was seated on a high seat by men laughing at him.

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

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

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

Carudatta's adventures

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

Story of Amitagati

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

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

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

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

Carudatta's adventures resumed

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

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

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

Having borrowed at interest a lac, though he opposed me, I embarked on the ocean in a boat with merchandise bought with the money. I reached Yamunadvipa and by making trips back and forth to Antardvipa and other cities, I made eight crores of gold. Then I started by water toward my own country. The boat went to pieces and I reached one plank. By means of it I swam across the ocean for seven days and came to a shore called Udumbaravativela. I finally reached a city on it, named Rajapura, and outside of it I went to a hermitage, Uddamapadapa.⁴² There I saw a wandering *mendicant* with the triple staves named Dinakaraprabha, and I told him about my family, et-cetera. He, well-disposed, treated me like a son. One day he said to me: 'You seem to want money. Therefore come, son. We shall go to a mountain and there I shall give you a liquid by which you can have crores of gold as you like.'

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

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

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

forted by his words, repeating the namaskara again and again. The man died.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Story of Amitagati resumed

'How have you come here to this inaccessible place, Carudatta, since there is a path for no one except gods, Vidyadharas, and birds! I am that Amitagati who was set free by you earlier. Then I flew up and found my enemy near Astapada. Abandoning my wife, he escaped to Mt. Astapada. I caught her as she fell and returned to my own home. My father installed me on the throne and took the vow under two flying-ascetics, Hiranyakumbha and Svarnakumbha. By my wife Manorama I had a son Sinhayasas, and a second one, Varahagriva, equal to me in strength and power. By my wife Vijaya-sena I had a daughter, Gandharvasena, expert in all branches of music, beautiful. After installing my sons as king and heir-apparent and bestowing magic arts on them, I took the vow under my father and teacher. This is the island, Kumbhakanthaka, in the Lavana Ocean and this mountain is Karkotaka, where I have practiced penance.'

At his question, 'How did you come here?' I related in turn the whole story of my misfortunes. Just then two Vidyadharas, equal to him in beauty, came through the air and bowed to him. From their resemblance to him I knew they were his sons. The muni said to them, 'Bow to Carudatta.' After bowing to me, saying, 'Father, father,' they sat down. Just then a god's aerial car descended from the sky. Then a very magnificent god got out of the car and bowed to me and then circumambulated the muni and paid homage to him. Questioned by the Khecaras about the inverted order of homage,⁴³ the god said, Carudatta is my teacher of religion. The story is:

Story of the goat

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

When Subhadra learned that, she went and got the infant who was eating a fruit of the pippal which had fallen into his mouth of its own accord. For that reason she named him 'Pippalada;' reared him

carefully, and taught him the Vedas, et-cetera. Being very intelligent, very learned, he became intolerant of the pride of disputants.

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

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

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

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

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

The next morning I saw my maternal uncle, Sarvartha, my wife, Mitravati and the courtesan Vasantasena, whose hair was arranged in a braid down her back.⁴⁴ NOW that Gandharvasena's lineage has been narrated to you, Vasudeva^s, do not scorn her with the idea, 'She is a merchant's daughter.'"

Marriage with the Matangi, Nilayasas

After hearing her story from Carudatta, Vrsni's son, very delighted, sported with Gandharvasena. In Caitra, as he was going with her in a chariot to a garden, he saw a girl in a Matanga-dress, surrounded by Matangas.⁴⁵ When Gandharvasena saw that they were becoming interested in each other, red-eyed (from anger), she said to the charioteer, "Speed up the horses."

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

Story of Nilayasas

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

In course of time they gave the realm to their sons, became mendicants near the Master and attained emancipation as if, emancipated, to see the Lord. Nami's son, Matanga, became a *mendicant* and went to heaven. In his line there is a Khecara lord, Prahasita by name. I am his wife, Hiranyavati, and I have a son, Sinhadanstra. His daughter is Nilayasas, whom you have seen. Marry her, prince. She was *afflicted* with love at the sight of you. This is an auspicious moment. She cannot endure delay."

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

One day in the hot weather Sauri had played in the water with Gandharvasena and had gone to sleep. A ghou! seized him firmly by the hand, saying repeatedly, "Get up," and carried him off quickly, though struck with his fist (by Vasudeva). Taken near a funeral pyre, he saw a blazing fire and the Khecari Hiranyavati with a terrible appearance in front of it. The ghou!,⁴⁶ addressed cordially by her, "Welcome, Candravadana," delivered Varsneya to her and instantly departed. She smiled and said to Varsneya: "Have you considered, prince? Consider now, sir, at our insistence."

At that time Nilayasas, who had been seen before, came there attended by friends, like the goddess Sri attended by Apsarases. Instructed by her grandmother, "Take your husband," Nilayasas

accepted Vasudeva^s and went through the air. In the morning Hiranyavati said to Vasudeva:

“This is a large mountain, Hrimat, covered with a forest, Meghaprabha. On it, which is ruled over by flying ascetics, Angaraka, a Khecara-lord, the son of Jvalana, who has lost his magic arts, is again subduing magic arts. The magic arts will submit after a long time, but at sight of you they will submit quickly. Hence you should go to assist him.” Told by Vrsni’ son, “No more about him whom I have seen (before),” she conducted him to Sivamandira on Mt. Vaitadhya. At the request of King Sinhadanstra, who took him to his own house, Dasarha married the maiden Nilayadas.

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

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

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

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

Marriage with Somasri

“In Dasagriva’s time the Khecara Divakara^s gave his very beautiful daughter to the Rsi^s Narada.⁴⁷ From his line there is a Brahman in this village, the village-head, Suradeva. By his wife Ksatriya he has a daughter, Somasri, learned in the Vedas. Questioned by her father about a husband for her, the astrologer Karala said, ‘Whoever defeats her in the Vedas will marry her.’ In order to defeat her, these people are constantly engaged in the study of the Vedas and Brahmadatta is the teacher of the Vedas here.” Yadava became a Brahman in appearance and said to the teacher of the Vedas, “I am a Brahman, Skandila, of the Gautama gotra. I wish to study the Vedas under you.” He agreed and Yadava studied the Vedas under him, defeated Somasri in the Vedas, and married her.

Tricked by a sorcerer

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

“A foreigner, I have no friend.”

“Brother, I am the friend of you, a brother, and (so is) my wife, Vanamalika.”

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

Story of Sodasa

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

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

“In the city Sri Kancanapura in the Kalingas, there was a powerful king, Jitasatru. This was his son, Sodasa, greedy for flesh by nature, but the king had given freedom from fear* to living creatures in his country. But the king, asked by his son for the meat of one peacock every day, agreed, though against his wishes. Daily the cooks brought a peacock from Mt. Vansa. One day when it had been killed for cooking, it was stolen by a cat.

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

When they had told him this, Sauri gladly married the maidens. He stayed for the night and went to excellent Acalagrama. There Yadava married Mitrasri, the daughter of a caravan-leader, because he had been described earlier by an astrologer as her husband.

Marriage with Kapila

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

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

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

Marriage with Padmavati and Asvasena and Pundra and Ratnavati

Then wandering about, Sauri went to the city named Salaguha and there he taught archery to King Bhagyasena. Powerful Vasudeva^s defeated Meghasena, the (king's) elder brother, who had come there to fight with Bhagyasena. King Bhagyasena then gave his daughter, Padmavati, who resembled Padma, to Varsneya and Meghasena gave Asvasena. After Vrsni's son had enjoyed himself there for a long time with Padmavati and Asvasena, he went to Bhaddilapura.

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

The Khecara Angaraka in the guise of a *hansa* seized Samudravijaya's younger brother at night and threw him in the Ganga^s. At daybreak Sauri saw the city Ilavardhana and sat down in the shop of a caravan-leader at his invitation. From his power he (the merchant) made a profit of a lac of gold and, recognizing his power, spoke to him respectfully. The caravan-leader seated him in a golden chariot, conducted him to his house, and married him to his daughter, Ratnavati.

Marriage with Somasri

One day when the Sakra-festival⁴⁸ was taking place, seated in a divine chariot, he went with his father-in-law to the city Mahapura. Outside the city Yadava saw new palaces and asked his father-in-law, "What is this second city?" The caravan-leader said: "The king here is Somadatta. He has a daughter, Somasri, whose beauty surpasses that of the moon. These palaces were ordered built for her *svayamvara*^{*} and the kings, who had been summoned, were dismissed again because of their lack of cleverness."

After hearing this, Yadava went and bowed to the Sakra-pillar. The women of the king's household, who had come earlier, were leaving, after bowing to the pillar. Just then the king's elephant^{*} came there, after pulling up the tying-post, and caused the princess to fall from the chariot to the ground. When Sauri saw her, miserable, unprotected, seeking protection, he stood in front of her, scolded the elephant, as if he were the elephant-driver himself.

Leaving her, the elephant^{*}, unrestrainable from anger, ran at Yadava; and Yadava, very strong, tamed the elephant. The Princess

being bewildered, Yadava picked her up, took her into a house, and restored her by fanning with his upper garment, et-cetera. She was taken home by nurses; and Sauri with his father-in-law was taken to his house by a caravan-leader Kubera, with great respect.

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

"King Somadatta has a superior daughter, Somasri. In the past it was said, 'Her husband certainly should be chosen in a svayamvara.' But when she saw the gods who had come to the *omniscience*-festival of *muni* Sarvana, the recollection of her former births took place. From that time the gazelle-eyed maiden resorted to silence. Questioned by me in secret one day she told as follows:

'There was a god in Mahasukra. In that birth he enjoyed pleasures with me, very dear to him, for a long time. With this same me he made a pilgrimage one time to Nandisvara, et-cetera, held a birth-festival of the Arhat, and returned to his own place. When he had reached Brahmaloaka, the god fell⁴⁹ and I, grieved, went to the Kurus in this Bharata, searching for him. I saw there two omniscients and asked them, "Where has my husband, who fell from heaven, been born?" They told me: "Your husband has appeared in a royal house in the Hari-line. You also will be a king's daughter, when you have fallen from heaven, When he rescues you from an elephant at the Sakra's festival then he will become your husband again." After honoring them devotedly, I went to my own place. In course of time, I fell and was born as the daughter of Somadatta. When I saw the gods at Sarvana's omniscience-festival, I experienced recollection of former births, I knew these facts and for that reason I observed silence.'

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

Then Vasudeva^s went with her to the palace, married Somasri and sported there with her.

Marriage with Vegavati

One day Sauri had been asleep and when he woke up he did not see the gazelle-eyed maiden and, crying pathetically, he remained distracted for three days. Varsneya saw her standing in a grove and said to her: "Because of what fault have you disappeared so long? Tell me, proud lady." She said: "For your sake I made a particular

vow. I have been in a vow of silence for three days, lord of my life. After worshipping this deity, celebrate the marriage again. For that is the rule in this (vow).” Sauri did so. She made Yadava drink wine by saying, “This was left from the sacrifice to the goddess,” and he experienced very great sensual pleasure like a Kandaripika god.⁵⁰ He went to sleep with her at night and when he woke up he saw a different woman. He said, “Who are you, fair lady?”

She said: “In the city Suvarnabha in the southern row there was a king, Citranga, whose wife was Angaravati. They had a son, Manasavega, and a daughter, Vegavati, who I am. After installing his son on the throne, Citranga became a *mendicant*. Your wife,⁵¹ master, was kidnapped by my brother, shameless, for *dalliance* and she was addressed with various pleasing words through my mouth. But your wife is very virtuous. She did not consent to that. She honored me with friendship and she instructed me to bring you. When I had come and had seen you, I did such a thing,⁵² wounded by love. You are my lawfully married husband and I am a maiden of good family.”

When the people saw Vegavati at daybreak, they were all astonished. With her husband’s permission she told the people about Somasri’s kidnapping.

Kidnapped by Manasavega

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

Marriage with Madanavega

When Candavega had gone, a Khecari, Madanavega, the daughter of King Vidyudvega, came there and saw him. Wounded by love, she seized Sauri, took him to Mt. Vaitadhya, and released him resembling Puspacapa (Kama^s) in the garden Puspasayana. She herself went to the city Amrtadhara; at dawn three brothers of hers

came and bowed to Sauri. The first brother was Dadhimukha, the second Dandavega, and the third Candavega who had given him the magic art. They conducted Sauri to the city and married him properly to Madanavega; and he sported with her happily,

Killing of Trisikhara

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

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

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

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

When he heard that Madanavega had been given to a mortal, Trisikhara came himself to fight, inflamed with anger. Sauri fought, mounted in a magic chariot with a golden beak which had been given him by the Khecaras, surrounded by Dadhimukha and others. Varsneya cut off Trisikhara’s head with Indra’s weapon,⁵³ released his father-in-law, and went to Divastilaka. A son, Anadhrsti, was borne by his wife Madanavega to Sauri, amusing himself, after he had come to his father-in-law’s city.

One day he made a pilgrimage to the temples of eternal *Arhats* with the Khecaras and was gazed at by enamored Khecaris again

and again. Sauri returned from the pilgrimage and called Madanavega, "Come, Vegavati," and she went to the couch angrily.

Jarasandha's hostility

At that time Vrsni's son was kidnapped by Trisikhara's wife, Surpanakhi, in Madanavega's form, after she had burned his house. Wishing to kill him, she dropped him from the air near Rajagrha and the scion of the Yadus fell on a pile of straw.

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

Reunion with Vegavati

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

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

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

From anger Madanavega went to the interior of the house quickly and then Surpanakhi made a fire from the power of an herb. Then she in the form of Madanavega seized you and I followed quickly to rescue you being carried by her. As I was standing below in the assumed form of Manasavega, she, powerful from magic arts and herbs, saw me and reviled me. As I fled from her to a shrine, I offended a *muni*. Then my magic arts were lost and at that time I met my nurse. Considering, 'Where is my husband,' I ordered my nurse (to search) and, as she wandered about, she saw you as you fell from the mountain. You, inside the bag, were seized by her speedily, lord, brought to the Tirtha, Pancanada, on Hrimat and released." After hearing that, he stayed there with her in a hermitage.

Balacandra

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

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

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

After saying this, the Indra *Dharana* went to his own house. In former times a maiden in his line, Ketumati, who was subduing magic arts here, was married by Visnu^s Pundarika. I, a maiden of his

line, named Balacandra, have the magic arts subdued by your power. Marry me *submissive* (to you), moonfaced one."

Asked by her, "What shall I give you in return for the submission of the magic arts?" Vrsni's son said, "Give a magic art to Vegavati." She took Vegavati and went to Gaganavallabha and Vasudeva^s went to the same hermitage.⁵⁴

Marriage with Priyanguṣundari

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

After hearing this, the scion of the Yadus enlightened them about the religion of the Jinas. They became mendicants; and Sauri himself went to Sravasti.

Story of the three-footed buffalo

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

"There was a king here, Jitasatru, and he had a son, Mrgadhva-ja. There was a sheth, Kamadeva, who went one day to his cattle-station and was told by his herdsman, Dandaka: 'I have killed five calves of this cow-buffalo in the past. But this sixth calf, which has a very fine appearance, has been born. As soon as born, he bowed at my feet with tremulous eyes and I have protected him trembling from fear^{*} from *compassion*. Do you, too, give him freedom from fear. For he is someone who remembers former births.'"

On being told this, the sheth took the buffalo to Sravasti from compassion. At the sheth's request, the king granted him freedom from fear. 'He may wander anywhere in Sravasti without fear.' One of his feet was cut off by Prince Mrgadhva-ja; and he (the prince) was exiled by the king and became a *mendicant*. The buffalo died on the eighteenth day and on the twentieth day Mrgadhva-ja's *omnis-*

science took place. Gods, asuras, kings, and ministers came and paid homage to him. King Jitasatru said, 'What was the reason for your enmity toward the buffalo?' The omniscient related:

'In the past there was an Ardhacakrin, Asvagriva. His minister, Harismasru, a Kaula,⁵⁵ criticized religion. The king always approved religion and he was a believer. Thus the *dissension* between the king and the minister increased. They were both killed by Triprstha and Acala, and went to the seventh hell. Rising from it, they wandered through many births. Then as vagriva became I, your son, and Harismasru became the buffalo and was killed by me because of their enmity. After he died, he became Lohitaksa, chief of the Asuras, and has come to pay homage to me. Such is the drama of birth.'

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

Marriage with Bandhumati and Priyngusundari

Now in the line of sheth Kamadeva there is a sheth Kamadatta and he has a daughter, Bandhumati. An astrologer questioned by the sheth about a husband for her, said. 'Whoever opens the main door will be your daughter's husband.' After hearing that, Vasudeva^s opened the door. The sheth went there and gave him his daughter immediately.

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

Sauri went to sleep with Bandhumati and at the end of his sleep during the night he saw a goddess and thought, "Who is she?" Saying, "Why do you reflect, my dear?" the goddess took him by the hand and led him to an asoka-grove. She said Eniputra's history.

"Here in Bharata in the city Sricandanapura there was a king Amogharetas. He had a wife, Carumati, a son, Carucandra, and a

courtesan, Anangasena. She had a fair-eyed daughter, Kamapataka. Ascetics came to the king's sacrifice and among them Kausika^s and Trnabindu, teachers. They both offered fruit. The king asked, 'Where did such fruit come from?' They told the story from the beginning of the kalpa-tree brought at the originating of the Hari-line.

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

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

Rsidatta died in child-birth and became the chief-queen of Jvalanaprabha, the Naga. Her father, Amogharetas, taking the boy by the hand, wept very much from grief he, an ascetic, like other people.⁵⁶ I am the wife of Jvalanaprabha and, knowing this from clairvoyance, went there myself in the form of a *doe* and reared my son by the breast. For that reason he was called 'Eniputra.'⁵⁷ After he died Kausika^s became a serpent, poisoning by its glance, in my father's hermitage. Cruel, he bit my father and I extracted the poison. The snake, enlightened, died and became a god, *Bala*^s.

Assuming the appearance of Rsidatta, I came to Sravasti and took the boy to the king. But he did not remember and did not accept

him. Leaving the boy in his presence, I stood in the air and said: 'I am the maiden, named Rsidatta, whom you enjoyed in the forest. This son of yours was born; but I died when he was born. I became a deity and reared him by becoming a doe. He is your son, Eniputra.' Thus informed, Silayudha installed his son on the throne, became a *mendicant*, and went to heaven.

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

The goddess went away, leaving Sauri in Bandhumati's house, and at the dawn Sauri, accompanied by the doorkeeper, went to the temple. There Yadava joyfully married Priyangusundari, who had come before, with a *gandharva* marriage. On the eighteenth day the door-keeper announced to the king that Sauri was the bridegroom given by the goddess and the king conducted him to his own house.

Marriage with Prabhavati

Now, on Mt. Vaitadhya in the city Gandhasamrddhaka Gandharapingala was king and he had a daughter Prabhavati. She went in her wandering to the town Suvamabha and saw Somasri and at once a friendship started. Knowing her separation from her husband, Prabhavati said: "Do not grieve, friend. I will bring your husband now." Somasri sighed and said, "You will bring my husband, Manmatha^s in beauty, in the same way that Vegavati brought him." Prabhavati said, "I am not Vegavati," and went to Sravasti, seized Varsneya, and brought him there.

Sauri, assuming another appearance, stayed there with Somasri. One day he was recognized and captured by Manasavega, who had come there. An uproar arose and Sauri was freed by the elder Khecaras and *dissension* with Manasavega continued. Then in the city Vaijayanti in the presence of King Balasinha the two engaged in a dispute and Surpaka and others came there. Manasavega said: "First Somasri was intended for me. He married her by a trick and

my sister⁵⁸ without my permission.” Sauri said, “I married Somasri by her father’s plan. He kidnapped her. The people know all that from Vegavati.”

Being refuted thus, Manasavega got up to fight and Nilakantha, Angaraka, Surpaka, and other Khecaras. Vegavati’s mother, Angaravati, gave Sauri a divine bow and quivers and Prabhavati gave him Prajnapti. Yadava, his strength increased by the magic art and divine weapons*, like Bidaujas, alone defeated all the Khecaras easily. Capturing Manasavega, Sauri threw him down before Somasri, but released him at the word of his mother-in-law, Angaravati. Attended by Manasavega and other Khecaras who had become servants, accompanied by Somasri, he went to Mahapura in an aerial car. There the scion of the Yadus amused himself with Somasri.

One day he was kidnapped by the magician Surpaka, who had turned into a horse. Perceiving that, Sauri beat Surpaka with his fist and, dropped by Surpaka, fell into Jahnavi’s water. He swam out of the Ganga^s and went to a hermitage. There he saw a woman with a necklace of bones on her neck. The ascetics whom he questioned, related:

Rescue of Nandisena

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

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

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

With these words they led Yadava like an animal to the place of execution and the Mustikas⁵⁹ and others prepared to execute Dasarha. At that time Gandharapingala, lord of Gandhasamrddha, asked a magic art about a husband for Prabhavat and she said, “Vasudeva^s.” He sent a nurse, Bhagirathi^s, to lead him there. She snatched Sauri from them (the executioners) and took him to Gandhasamrddhaka.

There Sauri married Prabhavati who was given by her father. He remained there happily, enjoying himself with her.

Sauri went away and married other Vidyadhara women and also Sukosala. Living in Sukosala's house, he experienced pleasures of the senses without any obstacles.*

3. VASUDEVA'S MARRIAGE WITH KANAKAVATI AND HER FORMER INCARNATIONS

Now in this same Bharata there is a city, Pedhalapura, which resembles a city of the Vidyadharas, a depository of all marvels. In this city the breeze from the blooming house-gardens is a source of delight, a perfumer for scenting the young men's garments day and night. There the girls threw up their hands from fear* for their ivory ear-ornaments because of the constellations reflected in the jeweled pavements of their houses at night. Waving banners, like serpents⁶⁰ guardians of the houses, are seen on its houses containing treasure with raised flags.⁶¹ All of its inhabitants are thoroughly imbued with firm belief in the religion of the Jina, like cloth with indigo-dye.

Kanakavatis parents

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

His chief-queen, dearer than life, beautiful, was named Laksmivati, like Visnu's Laksmi. Because of her good conduct, modesty, affection, cleverness, and good breeding she was moonlight for the delight of the night-blooming lotus of her husband's mind. Speaking to her husband in a voice gentle from affection, she poured a stream of nectar, as it were, into the canals of his ears. She was like a living creeper with shoots in the form of arts, with flowers in the form of modesty and other virtues with fruit in the form of *devotion* to her husband.

Birth and childhood of Kanakavati

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

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

Leaving sweet and simple childhood gradually, Kanakavati became suitable for learning all the arts. On an auspicious* day the king took Kanakavati to a suitable teacher of the arts to learn the arts. She learned the eighteen alphabets, like the creator of alphabets, and learned grammar by heart like her own name. She became able to challenge her teacher from study of dialectics; she was conversant with the ocean of texts on meter and *rhetoric*. She attained facility in poetry in six dialects; she was distinguished in painting; she was confident in sculpture; she knew sentences whose verbs and subjects are hidden; she was versed in enigmas; she was expert in all kinds of gambling; she was skilled in the art of the charioteer. She was competent in massage; she knew how to cook; she acquired dexterity in exhibiting magic, sorcery, et-cetera. She was qualified to be a teacher in comprehension of the three divisions of music.⁶² Indeed, there was no art which she did not know thoroughly.

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

Episode of the swan

One day as the gazelle-eyed maiden was sitting comfortably in her house, she saw a rajahansa⁶³ that had come suddenly. She

noticed that his bill, feet, and eyes were red as the shoots of the asoka; that he was white as balls of new sea-foam; that his neck was wreathed with little golden bells; that his voice was beautiful and that he danced, as it were, in his gait. She reflected:

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

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

Kanakavati said to her companion: “Bring me a wooden cage that I may put him in it. Birds do not remain in one place.” When the companion had gone to get a wooden cage, the swan began to speak in human language. “Princess, you are *discerning*. Do not put me in a cage. I shall tell you something about your husband. Release me.” Astonished at seeing the swan speaking in a human voice, she said to him respectfully as if he were a favored guest who had come: “On the contrary, you are worthy of favor, swan. Name my husband. News, being half-told, is sweeter than sugar.”

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

Kanakavati thought: “This is no ordinary man taking the form of a swan for amusement. Through him I shall find a husband.” She

released him from her hand. Flying up through the air, he dropped in her lap a picture and said: "Here is a painting of the young man as he is, fair lady. After seeing a picture of him, you can recognize him, when he has! come here." Kanakavati, delighted, joined her hands in supplication and said to him: "Who are you? Favor me a little by telling your name."

The Khecara, who had the gait of a swan, dangling golden! earrings, divine unguents, and ornaments, said, speaking! truthfully: "I am a Khecara, named Candratapa, beautiful lady, eager for service to your future husband. By the power of a magic art, I shall tell you something else, innocent lady. On the day of the svayamvara* he will come to you as a messenger of another."

She, having received a blessing, dismissed the Khecara saying this and reflected, "By good fortune this speech of the god suits me." The picture, like an eye, was made the place of the opening and shutting of the eyes by her, unsatiated with the sight of her husband in the picture. Now the girl, grieved by the pain of separation, put the picture on her head, now on her throat, now on her heart, like a piece of plantain.⁶⁴

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

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

Then Dasarha left the couch without shaking the bed by making his body light and sat down in another place. Candratapa, his body adorned with jeweled ornaments, bowed to the tenth Dasarha with *devotion*, like a mere footman. Sauri regarded him saying: "I am

Candratapa, the Vidyadhara, who described Kanakavati.” Dasarha embraced the Khecara, who deserved confidence, and asked him the reason for his welcome arrival.

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

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

At these words the young Vidyadhara went away; but; Yasudeva, experiencing great joy, went to sleep on the couch. At dawn Vasudeva took leave of his household, got permission of his women-folk to go, and went at dawn to Pedhalapura. There King Hariscandra met the scion of the Yadus and lodged him in the garden Laksmiramana. In that garden which was red from the shoots of the asoka, fragrant with the trumpet-flower, smiling with the blossoms^B of the pandanus^B, perfumed with the saptacchada, rich with purple sugar-cane and orange trees, full of jasmine^B-buds, Sauri rested and diverted his eyes.

Then Kanakavati’s father paid the honor suitable for his rank to Anakadundubhi (Vasudeva) entitled to honor. Lofty palaces and houses having been built first, Sauri remained in the garden and heard this legend: “In the past there was a *samavasarana* of Sri Nami Swamin, which was attended by gods, asuras, and kings in this garden. Laksmi, together with other goddesses, sported here in a dance before the Arhat. From that time it has been called ‘Laksmi-

ramana.' "In the temple there the scion of the Yadus worshipped, and paid homage to the lofty statues of the holy *Arhats* with divine gifts.

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

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

"Oh! This god is noble and has merit, an advanced layman. Oh! the doctrine of the holy Arhats has a person fit for its *promulgation*. Oh! I am fortunate in whose range of vision this marvel took place." Sauri reflected thus for a long time, his mind concentrated.

Vasudeva's embassy for Kubera

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

Desirous of his own object, Dhanada favored Vrsni's son with friendly conversation, et-cetera as if he were a friend. Respectful naturally and favored in this way, Vrsni's son, his hands together respectfully, said, "Tell me what I am to do." Vaisravana said in a voice pleasing to the ear: "Execute a commission for me that cannot be executed by anyone else, noble sir. In this city there is a maiden, Kanakavati, the daughter of King Hariscandra. Tell her this from

me: 'Vaisravana, lord of the north quarter for Sakra^s, lord of the gods, wishes to marry you. Though a mortal, become an immortal.' By means of my unerring command you, un stumbling like the wind, will reach the place ornamented by Kanakavati."

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

Vasudeva^s went without hesitation to the court of Hariscandra's house. Though the gate was obstructed by elephants, horses, chariots, soldiers, et-cetera, Vasudeva entered King Hariscandra's house. Unnoticed by anyone, Vrsni's son went ahead with unstumbling gait, like a yogi^s with magic ointment.⁶⁵

Sauri entered the first apartment of the palace which was blocked by guards with *girded* loins and holding maces. Sauri saw at once the paving of sapphire, with moving waves of beauty like a tank with water. He saw there a group of women, like Apsarases, wearing divine ornaments, beautiful, of the same age. The scion of the Yadus then saw a second apartment with golden pillars, jeweled puppets, and waving banners. Then he entered a third apartment with waves of milk⁶⁶ like moonlight, like an elephant^{*} of the quarters entering the ocean of milk. There he saw women adorned with divine ornaments together with Apsarases, not to be equaled in the city of the gods. Reaching the fourth apartment, he saw a mosaic floor that looked like water, with surging waves, filled with swans, *ospreys*, et-cetera, The scion of the Yadus watched women beautifying themselves by looking at themselves in it without mirrors. He heard auspicious^{*} sounds being made by cranes and parrots and saw servant-girls engaged in singing and dancing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

She replied: "Everything about you is known. You, and no one else, are my husband. You are he who was announced by a deity and who was meditated on in the picture." Vasudeva said: "Fair lady, I am not your husband. I am the servant of him who was announced as your husband by the divinity. Let Sakra's lord of the north quarter

be known as your husband, namely Dhanada, son to the lotus-faces of goddesses, famous throughout the world. I am his servant, a messenger, and ask you at his command: Be his chief-queen, attended by goddesses."

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

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

Kanakavati said: "Because of some connection in a former birth, my mind is eager at hearing the syllables 'Dhanada.' Gods cannot endure even the odor of the evil-scented *audarika* body.⁶⁷ Such are the words of the *Arhats*. You, and no one else, are my husband, disguised by the trick of an embassy for him. Go and tell the god, lord of the north quarter, my message. 'I am not worthy even to see you. I am a mere mortal. You are entitled to be worshipped by me who have a body of seven elements, when I have made an image.'"

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

Praising him in these words, Dhanada gave Vasudeva at that very time a pair of garments of devadusya imbued with divine perfume, named Surapatipriya (Pleasing to Indra), a crest-jewel, Suraprabha (Bright as the sun), a pair of earrings, Dakagarbha (Clouds), a necklace,⁶⁸ Sasimayukha (Moonbeam), two armlets, Lalitaprabha (Bright as lightning), a necklace of twenty-seven pearls named Ardhasarada (Half-moon),⁶⁹ a pair of bracelets adorned with various gems, Sudarsana^s (Beautiful), a girdle of various jewels, Smaradaruna (Cruel to Love), and divine wreaths and divine ointment. He, feeling gratified, put them on and resembled Dhanada.

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

prepared the pavilion for the svayamvara and had platforms, beautiful with many kinds of seats, made.

Warding off heat from the earth by the shadow of his car, with a series of moons shown by the row of erect white lotuses, fanned by gods who were caressed by the fingers of goddesses, making dance, as it were, the rays of light thrown out by lightning, being hymned by *bards* like the sun by the Valikhilyas,⁷⁰ the lord of the north quarter set out to see the svayamvara.

He entered the svayamvara-pavilion which had a canopy of divine white cloth like the sky covered with moonlight, with a *festoon* fastened up which resembled a bow strung by Smara^s, marked by jeweled mirrors everywhere as if provided with numerous suns, with a door-area adorned with the eight auspicious* objects made of jewels, adorned with white banners like cranes in the sky, with a floor paved with various jewels, like a younger brother of Sudharma,⁷¹ and with shows begun to amuse the eyes of the suitors.

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

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

The svayamvara pavilion looked with her, when she had come there, like the interior of a house with an auspicious* lamp. She greeted all the suitors with, a glance which was the essence of pride, like a digit of the moon greeting the night-blooming lotuses with its light. Depressed in heart at not seeing there Vasudeva who had been seen in the picture and seen as messenger, she faded like a day blooming lotus at evening. The burden (of the *wreath*) having been

put in the hand of a childhood-playmate, she stood motionless for a long time like a doll, feeling ill.

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

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

When she saw Dasarha in his own form, she, bright-eyed, became horripilated as if her joy had become external. Stepping near, her anklets tinkling, she placed the svayamvara wreath around his neck, as if it were her own arm. Then drums sounded in the sky at Dhanada's order and eager Apsarases sang tasteful auspicious* songs. A loud penetrating voice said, "Listen! Hariscandra is fortunate, whose daughter has chosen a husband, the leader of the world." Instructed by Dhanada the gods rained unceasing treasure at once, as well as the women of the family the customary parched rice. Then the wedding-festival of Vasudeva^s and Kanakavati took place, opening out the one umbrella of joy.

Kanakavati's birth as Viramati

The scion of the Yadus bowed to Srida and announced: "I am curious to know why you came here." Srida replied joyfully to Sauri wearing the wedding-ribbon: "Prince, hear the reason for my coming. In the country Bharata of this same Jambudvipa there is a city, named Sangara, in the vicinity of Astapada. The king was Mammana and his wife was Viramati. One day he went outside the city with his wife to hunt. He, cruel-hearted like a Raksas, saw an *ascetic*, who was very dirty, who had come with a caravan. Thinking, 'This is a bad *omen*, hindering my hunting entertainment,' he had the *sadhu* carried away from the caravan, like an elephant* from

the herd. The king and his wife went back to the palace and he spent twelve ghatikas⁷² talking to the sage. Then the husband and wife in whom *compassion* was born, asked the *muni*, 'Whence have you come and where are you going? Tell.'

The *muni* related: 'I started from Rohitakapura with a caravan to worship the images of the *Arhats* on Astapada. I was separated from the caravan by you, honored sir and lady. I did not go to Astapada. There are many obstacles* to pious actions.'" Because of light karma the husband and wife talked with the *muni* and quickly forgot their anger like a bad dream. Knowing that they were tender-hearted, the *muni* with the idea of service to others told them about the *Arhats'* religion which is preeminent in compassion to living creatures. The husband and wife, whose ears had not been penetrated by the words of religion from birth, little by little became acquainted with religion from that time. They presented him with food*, drink, et-cetera with *devotion* and kept him near like an honored guest. But they sent away other people because of their passionate nature⁷³ and they themselves attended to the refreshment of the sage. When he had given the herb of the knowledge of religion to them suffering from the disease of karma, with their consent after a long time the *muni* went to Astapada.

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

She ate twenty dry meals⁷⁴ for each Jina, concentrating her thought very firmly on religion from sight of the sacred place. Devoted, she had golden tilakas overlaid with jewels made for the twenty-four *Arhats*. One day she went to the top of Astapada with her retinue and worshipped the twenty-four *Arhats* together with bathing. On the foreheads of the *Arhats'* statues she set golden tilakas like flowers of the *srivalli*.⁷⁵ By giving suitable gifts to the flying-ascetics and others who had come to the holy place, she created penance. Then like one who has done her duty, like one dancing in her mind, Viramati, intelligent, returned to her own town.

Then husband and wife, with separate bodies* but one mind, as it were, passed some time, zealous in pious works. When their time

was completed, *discerning*, they died in concentrated meditation* and became a god and goddess, husband and wife, in heaven.

Birth as Dhusari, wife of Dhanya

Mammana's *jiva* fell and became the son, named Dhanya, the receptacle of much merit of a cowherd Dhammilasa by Renuka in the town Potana in the district Bahali in Bharata in this Jambudvipa. Viramati's *jiva* fell from heaven and became the wife, named Dhusari, of this same *Dhanya*.

Every day Dhanya grazed the *cow*-buffaloes in the forest. For the grazing of the *cow*-buffaloes is the most important household business of cowherds. One day the rainy season, which is the enemy of people away from home, started, making nights of the new moon appear,⁷⁶ as it were, by the ill-fated rainy days, with the sky turned into a bath-room with showers by the violent downpours, with resounding flutes and drums, as it were, in the rising croaks of the frogs, making the earth seem to have a mass of hair with the green vegetation, with the ground slippery with the thick duckweed pushed up by the rain, with the knee-deep mud creaking from the feet of moving travelers, making the sky appear to have firebrands by the whirls of lightning. Even during the rainy season Dhanya went to graze his *cow*-buffaloes lowing from the joy of rolling in mud. Carrying an umbrella over his head to keep off the heavy rain, Dhanya wandered over the forest, following the herd of buffaloes.

As he wandered, Dhanya saw an *ascetic* standing on one foot in *pratima*, motionless, *emaciated* by fasting, enduring the rain like a forest-elephant*, his body trembling from cold like a tree shaken by the wind. When he saw the best of munis enduring trials⁷⁷ in this way, he felt compassionate and held his umbrella over his head. The umbrella being held by *Dhanya* with unequalled *devotion*, the discomfort from the rain being eliminated, the sage was in a house, as it were.

The cloud did not cease from raining, like a drunkard from drinking wine, but neither did Dhanya stop holding the umbrella. In time the mass of clouds stopped raining and the great *muni* stopped the vow for meditation made for the duration of the rain. Then the cowherd bowed to the muni together with rubbing his feet and, his hands folded submissively, said: 'Great sage, the season is disagreeable; the earth is dangerous from mud. Whence have you come today, as if not knowing weariness?'

The sage said to him 'I came here from Pandudesa and I intend to go to the city Lanka which has been purified by my guru's feet.

As I was going, the rainy season intervened as an obstacle and the cloud began to rain in an unbroken stream. Traveling during the rainy season is not fitting for sages. Making a vow (to meditate) until the end of the rain, I have stopped here. The rain has stopped today, sir, on the seventh day. My vow fulfilled, I am going now to some house.'

Dhanya said joyfully, 'Great sage, mount a buffalo of mine as a conveyance, for the muddy ground makes walking difficult.' The *muni* replied: 'sages do not mount living creatures. For they certainly do not commit actions causing pain to others. Sages go on foot, no other way.' Saying this the muni went with him toward the town. With folded hands the cowherd bowed to the sage and said, 'Please wait here while I milk the cow-buffaloes. 'He went to his own house and milked the cow-buffaloes quickly, took a pitcher of milk, and went to the muni. Considering himself extremely fortunate, joyfully Dhanya had the muni break his fast, the cause of merit.⁷⁸ After passing the rainy season in Potana, the great *ascetic* went to an agreeable place by a road suitable for pure observation of care in walking.⁷⁹

Dhanya and Dhusari kept the lay vows for a long time, keeping right-belief as firm as engraving on a stone. Dhusari and Dhanya, fortunate took the vow at the proper time, kept it for seven years, and died in concentrated meditation.* Both had acquired merit by the gift of milk to a suitable person and they were born as twins in Haimavata with no difference in *soul-color*.⁸⁰ They died free from painful and evil meditation⁸¹ and were born as gods, Ksiradindira and Ksiradindira, husband and wife.

Nala and Davadanti

The god fell and became the son, Nala by name, by his wife, Sundara, of King Nisadha, belonging to the Ikshvaku family, in the city Kosala in the country Kosala in this Bharata. He had a younger brother, Kubara. Now, there is in the Vidarbhas a city named Kundina and its king was Bhimaratha, whose strength was terrible. He had a wife Puspadanti, devoid of deceit, by whose great beauty the beauty of goddesses was threatened. Without obstructing wealth and religion, cherishing love unhindered, the king enjoyed pleasures with her.

One day Ksirindira fell from the *abode* of the gods and descended into her womb as a daughter on an auspicious* day. Then comfortably asleep on a beautiful couch, she had a pleasant dream and related it to the king at daybreak: 'Master, asleep I know that a

white elephant* entered your house, impelled by a forest-fire, like a heap of glory made visible.' The king, learned in all the sciences, declared, 'Some embryo of exceeding merit has developed in your womb today.'

While the king and queen were talking so, a white elephant came, as if Abhramupriya (Airavata) had fallen (from heaven). The elephant mounted the king and his wife immediately on his shoulder, for he was impelled by their merit. Being worshipped by the townsmen accompanied with throwing wreaths of flowers, after wandering through the city he returned to the palace and set them down. The best of elephants went of his own accord to the elephant-post and the gods rained flowers and jewels. After *anointing* his body with fragrant ointments and worshipping him with the choicest flowers, the king waved a light before him.

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

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

When she had reached her eighth year, the king entrusted the girl to the best teacher of the arts for her to learn them. The teacher was only a witness for her, intelligent. For the arts were reflected in her like an image in a mirror. She, intelligent, became proficient in the Karmaprakrti,⁸² et-cetera, and no one could cast scorn on (the doctrine of) Syadvada in her presence. Then the teacher led the girl, thoroughly versed in the ocean of all the arts, like Sarasvati, into her father's presence. At her teacher's command she showed fully her

skill in all the arts, she the sole canal in the garden of virtues. She displayed her learning in the interpretation of sacred knowledge to her father so that he became evidence of right belief, et-cetera. The king rewarded his daughter's teacher with a lac and one thousand dinars and dismissed him.

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

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

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

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

One, a paryanka being made from his upper garment, played with a toy-lotus in his hand, charming with waving leaves. Another smelled the fragrant jasmine flowers^B, like a bee, as if they were the spotless *orb* of Manmatha's^S heap of glory. One threw up in his hand a ball of flowers, as if wishing to make another moon in the sky. One stroked his beard, which was wet with oily musk, gracefully,

with the tips of his finger-nails every moment. One made a dagger, whose ivory hilt was held in his fist, dance in his hand bejeweled with a blazing ring and with a firm fist. One clever one, *haughty-minded*, tore up pandanus^B leaves repeatedly and fashioned a lotus which resembled Kamala's lotus^B. One touched frequently a necklace hanging around his neck formed of pearls as large as *myrobalsans*.

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

Then the door-keeper of the *harem* at the king's command began to announce the kings to her by name. 'This is king Rtuparna, son of King Jitasatru, who has come from Sisumarapura. Let him be honored with a glance, princess. This is King *Candra*^s, son of *Candra*, the ornament of the Ikshvaku-line, ground for the deposit of the jewels of virtues. Why do you not choose him? Here is Subahu, lord of Campa, belonging to the Bhoga line, son of *Dharana* the Indra. Choose him and you will be served by the mists and winds of Jahnavi. This king is lord of Rohitaka, Candrasekhara, son of Pavana, lord of thirty-two lacs of villages. Does he please you? This is King Sasalaksman, son of Jayakesarin, equal to Sri's son⁸³ in beauty. Does he attract your heart? This is Yajnadeva, son of Jahnu, ornament of the Solar family, lord of Bhrgukaccha. Do you wish him, ambitious lady? Here is King Manavardhana, ornament of the lord of Bharata's family. Choose him, well-known to everyone, for a husband, O husband-chooser. This is King Mukutesvara, son of Kusumayudha. Do you deserve to be his wife, like Rohini of the Moon? This is Nisadha, lord of the Kosalas, the restrainer of enemies, sprung from the family of Rsabha Swamin. Let him be acknowledged your king. This is the son of that very man, Nala by name, long-armed. Let him be dear to you, or Kubara here, Nala's younger brother.'

Then Davadanti placed the *svayamvara**-wreath around Nala's neck, like Laksmi placing it around Visnu's neck. Voices of Khecaras were heard in the sky, saying, 'It was well-chosen! Well-chosen!' when Nala was chosen by her. Prince Krsnaraja rose quickly, drawing

his sword like another meteor, and reviled Nala. 'In vain did Davadanti throw this svayamvara-wreath on you! While I live, no one else is able to marry her. Therefore, release Bhima's daughter to us or take up a weapon. How will you be satisfied without conquering Krsnaraja?'

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

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

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

After Bhima had entertained and dismissed each of the other kings, he arranged the marriage-festival of Nala and Davadanti. When the marriage-festival had taken King Bhima gave Nala horses, elephants, et-cetera suitable to his own position at the releasing of their hands. The newly married bride and groom, wearing marriage-ribbons (on wrist), auspicious* songs being sung by old women of the family, worshipped the shrine in the house. The kings Bhima and Nisadha had their ribbons untied with a great ceremony. Then Bhima entertained Nisadha and his son devotedly and dismissed them; and followed some distance. For that is the custom.

When Davadanti was leaving to follow her husband, her mother instructed her: 'Do not abandon your husband even in calamity, as if

you were his shadow, daughter.' When Davadanti had taken leave of her parents and had come, Nala had her get into the chariot and seated her in his lap. Then as the Lord of Kosala travels to Kosala, the earth is sprinkled with the elephants' *ichor* like oily musk. The earth, trampled by the horses and donkeys, sounded like a cymbal; and the roads were streaked everywhere by the tracks of the carts. The earth was made invisible by the foot-soldiers marching in a solid array; and the trees on the roads were stripped of their leaves by the camels. The ponds became nothing but mud, their water drunk by the soldiers; and a second earth, as it were, was made in the air by the dust stirred up by the army.

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

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

Nala saw ahead a *muni* standing in pratima, sipped by bees like a lotus-bed. He said to his father: 'Mastery let us see and pay homage to the great sage and gather the opportune fruit of the road. This man, standing in *kayotsarga**, was rubbed by some rutting elephant* that wished to scratch its cheek, as if he were a tree. Now he endures a great trial, stung by bees because of the fragrance of the *ichor* impregnated by the rubbing of the cheek. He was not 'shaken from meditation' even by the rutting elephant, firm-footed like a mountain. He has been seen on the way because of merit.'

Nisadha, with manifest faith, and his son and retinue at once waited on the sage like a most sacred person who had been found. When Nala and his wife, Nisadha, and Kubara and the others had bowed to him, praised him in verses, and made him free from affliction,⁸⁴ they went on.

When they had reached the environs of Kosala, Nala said, 'This is our city, queen, adorned with temples of the Jinas.' Then Davadanti, her head erect, felt great eagerness for a sight of the shrines,

like a peahen for the sight of a rain-cloud. She said, 'I am fortunate, by whom Nala was secured as a husband. I shall worship these shrines daily.' The king entered his own city, which was engaged in auspicious* practices, with arches, et-cetera everywhere, on an auspicious day.

Nala and Davadanti, occupying themselves as they liked, sometimes engaged in water-sports, like swans. Sometimes they experienced the pleasure of swinging in swings, their chests with arms that were separate but moved together. Sometimes they filled each other's braids, of hair arranged in various ways with very fragrant flowers gathered by themselves. Sometimes they played at a gambling game calmly, skilful at checking (the other's men), releasing (his own), at gama and cara, with *invincible* spirit. Sometimes they played musical instruments*, stringed instruments, et-cetera, in turn; and sometimes Nala had Davadanti dance in private. Thus Nala and Davadanti, inseparable day and night, passed some time with ever new amusements.

Nala as king

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

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

After this advice, Naisadhi sent a messenger with instructions, who was a mountain of firmness, accompanied by a numerous retinue

of soldiers. The messenger went quickly, *haughty* like Garutmat, and, not putting to shame his own master, declared to King Kadamba:

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

Biting his lower lip with his teeth, like Rahu a digit of the moon, Kadamba, not knowing his own advantage like a child, said: ‘Is Nala a fool or insane, or asleep from wind?’⁸⁵ For who does not know me, a boar for the grass⁸⁶ of enemies? Are there no family-ministers at your court by whom Naisadhi, stupid, was prevented from insulting me? Therefore go, messenger! If your lord is weary of his kingdom, let him be prepared. For I am his battle-guest.’

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

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

‘The warrior’s conduct has been possessed in equal degree: by me, but I have been brought to the point of death* by powerful Nala. So, let me not die like a moth. I shall flee from him and take the vow. Even flight is better, the result of which is spotless.’

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

The great muni, Kadamba, observing the great vows, resolute, made no reply to Nala. For what is a king to a man without desires? Nala, having praised Kadamba, shaking his head at his strength of character, installed his (Kadamba’s) son, Jayasakti, on the throne. Then the induction of King Nala, victorious like Visnu^s, into the

lordship of half of Bharata was made by all the kings. All the kings, skilled in *devotion*, gave presents to the lord of Kosala who wished to go to Kosala. His power celebrated in song by the Khecaris also, sporting with Bhaimi, Nala ruled the earth for a long time.

Loss of the kingdom

Kubara, the firebrand of his family, desiring the kingdom, searched for a trick against Nala, like a female demon against a good man. Nala had always been devoted to gambling, although well-behaved. Even the moon has a spot. Where is the jewel without a flaw? With the thought, 'I shall win this country,' hard-hearted Kubara *enticed* Nala into playing with dice all the time. They played a great deal of time at gambling with dice and the winnings of both advanced like the knot of a damaru.⁸⁷

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Begged by the ministers again and again in this way, Nala got into the chariot with Davadanti and departed. When the women of the town saw Davadanti with one garment, as if ready for a bath, they wept, their bodices soiled by their tears. Going through the city Nala saw a pillar five hundred cubits high, resembling the post of the elephants of the quarters. As if he did not know any pain from the loss of the kingdom, Nala lifted it up easily from curiosity, like an elephant^B lifting a plantain tree^B. Again Nala set the pillar in the

same place, as if teaching a kingly practice named, 'Digging up and resetting.'⁸⁸

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

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

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

Vaidarbhi said, her mind sharp as the tip of darbha-grass: 'Majesty, go to Kundina. There favor my father by becoming! his guest.' Instructed accordingly by Nala, the charioteer, a receptacle of *devotion*, urging the horses, entered the country! adorned by Kundina. Nala arrived at a forest with mountain- caves terrible with the roars of tigers, cruel with serpents, crowded with hundreds of wild animals, filled with Bhillas who were hunters, its surface uneven with tusks of forest-elephants killed by lions, the play-ground of *Yama*, as it were.

Going ahead he saw Bhillas with bows drawn to their ears, cruel, resembling messengers of Yama, approaching. Some of the Bhillas danced, as if engaged in a drinking party; some played a horn, resembling elephants with "One tusk; some made a confused noise, like dancers on a stage, et-cetera; some rained arrows, like clouds streams of water; others slapped their hands, like wrestlers in combat;⁸⁹ all together surrounded Nala, like dogs an elephant." Quickly Naisadhi descended from the chariot, drew his sword from its scabbard, and made its blade dance in his fist like a dancer on a stage. Bhima's daughter also left the chariot, took Nala by the arm, and said: 'What is this challenge on your part to these people, like that of a lion to hares? Naisadhi's sword, the *abode* of the Sri of

victory over half of Bharata, will be shamed by being employed against these cattle.'

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

Now their chariot was seized by other Bhillas. What can heroism do when fate follows a crooked course? Nala took Bhaimi by the hand, recalling the hand taking festival (at the marriage-ceremony), and wandered in this terrible forest. Vaidarbhi made the ground of the forest marked with *cochineal*, as it were, by the drops of blood dripping from her feet pierced by darbha grass. Formerly Bhaimi's head was bound by a tiara;⁹⁰ but then Nala bound her feet by tearing up his own garment. Nala fanned Bhima's daughter, who sat exhausted under a tree, with a fan made from the end of his garment. Nala made quickly a cup from leaves of the palasa and gave a drink of water to her, like a thirsty maina in a cage.

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

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

Remembering his wife's cotton covering, Nala threw half of his upper garment on the couch of blossoms^B. After homage to the god, the Arhat, and recalling the formula to the five,⁹¹ Vaidarbhi lay there like a hansi on the bank of the Ganga^S. When Vaidarbhi's eyes were sealed in sleep, Kosala's lord felt anxiety like a whirlpool in the

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

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

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

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

With this determination Naisadhi passed the night and at day-break withdrew from his wife with hasty step.

In the last part of the night with a gentle dawn-breeze fragrant from blooming lotuses, Davadanti saw a dream as follows: 'After climbing a mango^B tree with fruit, flowers, leaves, I ate its fruit, listening to the humming of bees. Suddenly the tree was uprooted by

a forest-elephant* and I fell to the ground like a bird's-egg.' Bhaimi awoke then and, not seeing Nala before her, looked everywhere, like a doe lost from the herd.

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

After she had decided on the meaning of the dream, she, intelligent, thought: 'Two things have happened to me. I have? neither kingdom nor husband,' The starry-eyed woman lamented very loud at the top of her voice. Whence is there any *fortitude* of women who have fallen upon an evil fate? 'Oh! Husband, why have you deserted me? Was I a burden to you? For a snake's own skin surely is not a burden to the snake. Or have you hidden somewhere in a thicket of creepers for a joke? Show yourself. For a joke does not give pleasure for a long time. I beg you be gracious to me, goddesses of the forest. Show me my husband or the road purified by him. Earth, open in two like a ripe melon. I shall enter the chasm given by you and attain rest.'

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

source of comfortable living. Without the husband his house is only a source of humiliation to women. Even with my husband I would like to go to my father's house. Now especially, I shall go to it, obedient to my husband's command.'

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

With her hair disheveled like a Pulinda woman;⁹² stained with the water of perspiration, as if she had recently bathed her whole body; with blood dripping from contacts with thorny trees such as the acacia^B and jujube^B, like an olibanum wet with its running resin; having another skin, as it were, of dust acquired from the road; going fast, fast, like a cow-elephant^{*} terrified by a forest-fire, she saw a caravan camped on the road, crowded with carts, et-cetera, magnificent as a king's camp.

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

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

'She is some goddess, surely, attracted by our merit. She protected us from the robbers,' the people of the caravan said. The leader of the caravan bowed to her like a mother with *devotion* and asked, 'Why do you wander here in the forest? Who are you?' Bhaimi tearfully told her whole story beginning with Nala's

gambling to the caravan-leader like a brother. The caravan-leader said, 'You are deserving of honor from me because you are the wife of long-armed King Nala. Today I am happy. We have been won by your aid in protection from the robbers. So purify my camp that a little may be done for you.' With these words the caravan-leader led Bhaimi to his own tent and made her rest, worshipping her like a goddess.

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

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

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

Delighted by Vaidarbi's courage the Raksasa said, 'Fair lady, I am satisfied. What can I do to help you?' She said, 'If you are satisfied, demon Raksasa, I ask you, tell me when I shall join my husband.' Knowing by clairvoyance, the Raksasa told her: 'At the end of twelve years from the day of banishment, illustrious lady, King Nala will come himself and meet you living in your father's

house. Now take courage. Fair lady, if you say so, I shall take you in half a second to your father's house. Do not exhaust yourself on the road.' She said: 'I am satisfied by the prediction of Nala's coming. I cannot go with another man. Good luck to you. Go!' After showing his own brilliant form, he flew up in the air instantly like a mass of lightning.

After she knew that her husband's banishment would last for twelve years, she made various vows, shoots of the tree of virtuous wifehood, such as: 'Until Nala is united with me, I will not use red garments, betel, ornaments, ointment, and luxurious food.'⁹³ Bhaimi reached a cave in the mountain and, devoid of fear*, prepared to spend the rainy season right there. She herself made a clay image of Santinatha and set it up in a corner of the cave as well as in her own spotless mind. Bhima's daughter brought flowers she had gathered herself and worshipped the statue of the sixteenth Arhat three times a day. At the end of the fasts, the one-day fast, et-cetera, a devout laywoman, she broke her fast with pure fruit without seeds, knowing (what was permissible).

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

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

Seeing these ascetics running away like wild animals, Bhaimi said, 'Do not fear!' Do not fear!' in a loud voice. After making a trench in a circle around them, the daughter of Kundina's king, the best of virtuous wives, declared firmly in a charming voice: 'If I am a virtuous wife; if I am devoted to the Arhat; if I am honest, may the clouds rain elsewhere than inside this trench.' At that very time by the power of virtue of Bhaimi's daughter the water did not fall inside the trench, as if an umbrella were held over it. Soon the mountain shone everywhere washed by the water, spotless, like a dark-bodied elephant* bathed in a river. The mountain-caves became

entirely filled with water, while the cloud was raining, like works of merit⁹⁴ of the Sri of water. Seeing that, they all thought, 'She is surely some goddess. No human has such a form, nor such power.'

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

After explaining the true nature of the Arhat, Vaidarbhi taught the *Arhats'* *dharma**, non-injury et-cetera, to Vasanta, the caravan-leader. Vasanta accepted the dharma taught by her and said joyfully, 'By good fortune you, a *cow* of plenty for dharma, have been seen.' The ascetics also accepted that dharma, consisting of knowledge of what is to be rejected, what is to be accepted, as if it were sewn in their minds, because of her speech. Imbued with her dharma, they blamed their own (Brahman) *ascetic*-dharma. Whom does vinegar please when he has obtained a drink of milk?

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

One day at night Nala's wife saw on the mountain-peak a light compared with which the sun was like a spark. Bhaimi saw gods, asuras, and Vidyadharas flying up and down like birds. Awakened by the noise of their cries, 'Hail! Hail!' the merchants and ascetics watched, their faces upturned from astonishment. Vaidarbhi with the merchants and ascetics climbed the mountain which had the form of a staff between heaven and earth. They saw the *omniscience*-festival, undertaken by the gods, of *Muni* Sinhakesarin whose omniscience had taken place there. After paying homage to the great muni together with the twelvefold avarta,⁹⁵ they sat down at his feet, like travelers at the foot of a tree.

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

Sermon

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

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

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

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

I became a poisonous serpent in this same forest of the ascetics. One day I approached you to bite, expanding my hood, and you recited the namaskara which was an obstacle to my course. I was held by the syllables of the namaskara, which fell within my hearing suddenly, like a pair of tongs and I was not able to go near (you). I

entered a cave again, my power destroyed, and, staying there, kept alive by eating living creatures, frogs, et-cetera.

One day when it was raining, I heard this *dharma** being taught by you, O advanced laywoman, to these ascetics: "Whoever injures living creatures incurs pain, wandering unceasingly in this worldly existence, like a traveler in a desert." Hearing that, I reflected, "I am a serpent, wicked, always engaged in injury to living creatures. What will be my fate?" Again I reflected, "It is known to me by uha and apoha⁹⁶ that these ascetics have been seen by me somewhere." Then this spotless memory of my former births arose and I remembered past births like something that happened yesterday. Then imperishable disgust with existence, like canal-water with high waves, rose in me and I observed a fast unto death* by myself.

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

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

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

'In the city Kosala, Kubara, very powerful, King Nala's younger brother, rules. I am his son. King Kesarin, lord of the city Sanga, gave me his daughter, named Bandhumati. Commanded by my father, I went there, 'married her, and set out for my own city with the bride. As I went on the road, I saw this guru and several disciples stopped, like good fortune embodied. With great *devotion* I

paid homage to the muni and listened to a sermon of his, a fountain of nectar to the ears. Questioned by me at the end of the sermon, 'How long shall I live?' he employed upayoga⁹⁷ and said, "Just five days."

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

I reached *omniscience* by destruction of the destructive karmas.⁹⁸ After telling this, Sinhakesarin made *obstruction* of activity, destroyed the karma that prolongs existence,⁹⁹ and attained emancipation. Then the kevalin's body was made the recipient of cremation by the gods, pure in heart, who had taken it to a holy place.

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

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

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

She happened upon a large forest and walked, stood, sat down, rested on the ground, lamented again and again, and cried from weariness. Considering, 'What shall I do? Where shall I go?' She, knowing consideration, began to go to that same cave carefully. She was seen on the road by a Raksasi whose cavernous mouth was wide open, like a goat by a wolf, and was addressed by the words, 'I shall eat you.' Bhaimi said: 'If my husband Nala, and no one else is in my

mind, by the power of that virtue, be hopeless, Raksasi. If the omniscient, the Blessed One, free from the eighteen faults, the Arhat alone is my god, be hopeless, Raksasi. If the sadhus devoted to the eighteen kinds of chastity, free from *desire*, devoted to compassion, are my gurus, be hopeless, Raksasi. If the dharma of the Arhats is clinging to my heart from birth, like cement, be hopeless, Raksasi.'

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

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

Then Vaidarbhi became wearied, walking, and sat down under a banyan, like a yakshini.¹⁰⁰ Travelers from a caravan saw her seated thus, approached, and said, 'Who are you, lady? You look like a goddess to us.' She replied: 'I am a mortal and I live in the forest, lost from a caravan, I wish to go to Tapasapura. Direct me on the road to it.' They said: 'Take the direction toward the setting, sun. We are in a hurry and are not able to show you the road. After getting water, we shall go to our own caravan. It is here. If you go in it, we shall conduct you to some inhabited town.'

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

Then the crest-jewel of caravan-leaders camped the caravan in a mountain-*arbor* with a cascade with murmuring water. During the night Vaidarbhi, comfortable, happily sleeping, heard the namaskara

recited by someone in the caravan. She said to the leader: 'This man reciting the namaskara is a coreligionist of mine. So I wish to see him with your permission.'

To fulfill her wish the caravan-leader, like a father, took her to the shelter of the layman of the namaskara. Bhaimi saw the layman, like a brother, performing caityavandana,¹⁰¹ inside a tent, like *tranquility* embodied. During the caityavandana, Bhaimi remained seated, her eyes full of tears, showing approval of the devout layman. Nala's wife saw the Arhat's image painted on canvas, dark as a cloud, being worshipped, and she paid homage to it. At the end of the caityavandana Bhaimi asked him who had given an auspicious* greeting,' Brother, of which Arhat is this the image?'

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

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

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

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

feet and had drunk the charming water, she left the tank slowly, slowly, like a marali. She, depressed, a jewel-box for the jewel of good conduct, sat on the bank of the tank, miserable, purifying the city by her glance.

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

Candrayasas said to them, 'Bring her here. She will be like a sister to my daughter Candravati.' They went quickly to the same vicinity of the tank and saw her facing the city, like Laksmi. They said: 'In that city King Rtuparna's queen, Candrayasas, summons you respectfully. She says, "You are my daughter, like Candravati." So come, lady. Make an offering of a handful of water to your troubles.¹⁰² If you remain here, distracted, you will experience misfortune, possessed by evil Vyantaras, et-cetera who have used trickery.' So Davadanti, her heart softened by the speech of Candrayasas, won over by affection for the state of being a daughter, set out. She was conducted to the palace by them bowed with respect, saying, 'Mistress, you are the adopted daughter of our mistress.'

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

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

Questioned by Candrayasas, 'Who are you? Bhima's daughter told the same story as she had told before to the caravan-leader. Candrayasas said to Vaidarbhi, 'Good lady, do you thrive in my house with happiness, just like Candravati.' One day Queen Candrayasas said to her daughter Candravati: 'This sister of yours resembles my niece Davadanti. (But) such an arrival any place is not possible for her. For she is the wife of Nala, who is the lord of us

even. She (lives) at a distance of one hundred and forty-four *yojanas*. How could she come and whence would there be such misfortune to her?’

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

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

With these words, Bhima’s daughter made a declaration of virtue, ‘If I am a virtuous woman, let his bonds fall completely apart.’ After she had made such a declaration of virtue, she splashed the thief three times with the water from a pitcher and his bonds fell apart quickly.

As a tumult arose, King Rtuparna and his attendants came there, thinking, ‘What’s this?’ Astonished, wide-eyed, the petals of his lips shining with the beauty of his teeth, he said to Davadanti, moonlight to the night-lotus of his eye: ‘Prevention of the law of fishes¹⁰³ is the duty of kings everywhere, so there is repression of the wicked and protection of the well-behaved, noble lady. A king, taking taxes from the earth, should protect it from the misdeeds of thieves, et-cetera. Otherwise, he himself would be contaminated by the crime of the thieves, et-cetera. So, daughter, if I do not punish that jewel-thief the people would strive fearlessly for stealing other people’s property.’

Bhaimi said: ‘If a person dies, while I took on, what kind of *compassion* is there on my part, a laywoman, father? Let his crime be pardoned. He sought protection from me. Let his pain (punishment) be transferred to me, like a severe disease, father.’ Then King Rtuparna released the robber at the importunity of his virtuous

adopted daughter. As soon as he was released, the thief went to Bhima's daughter, saying, 'You are my mother,' making tilakas on his forehead with the dust on the ground. Recalling her, day and night, who had conferred the benefit of the gift of life, the released robber paid homage to Bhaimi daily.

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

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

As I was going into the palace with evil ideas, I saw Queen Candravati's jewel-case. At the sight of it my mind leaped with the *desire* to steal it like that of an evil-minded adulterer at the sight of another man's wife. Like a kite stealing a necklace,¹⁰⁴ I stole the jewel-case. Arranging my upper garment, so it reached to the front of my feet, I went away. I was observed by King Rtuparna, very clever, because of some thief-gestures. Nothing can escape detection on the part of the clever. I was bound instantly by the guards at the king's command and, as I was being led to execution, I saw you, noble lady. Crying out very loud, even from a distance, I attained you as a protection and was set free by you, like a goat that has come to be slaughtered.

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

Bhaimi said: 'Friend, a bad deed has been committed. Become a *mendicant*. Expiate (it).' 'The mother's command is authority,' Pingala said. Two ascetics came there in their wandering and were given alms free from fault by Vaidarbhi. Bhaimi said to the sages,

‘Blessed Ones, if this man is suitable, favor him by giving him the vow.’ They said, ‘He is suitable.’ Pingala asked for the vow and he was initiated at once by them, after conducting him to the temple.

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

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

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

He got up quickly and delighted Queen Candrayasas, saying, ‘Davadanti is in your alms-house. ‘Hearing that, Candrayasas went swiftly to the alms-house and embraced Davadanti, like a marali a lotus-plant. She said: ‘Child, shame, shame, on me, that I did not recognize you, though you are distinguished by unique marks on your body! Why did you deceive me, hiding yourself, blameless girl? If there is such a misfortune by fate, what shame is there in your mother’s own family? Oh! My dear, has Nala been deserted by you or have you been deserted by him? Surely you have been deserted by him. You, a devoted wife, would not desert him. If your husband fallen into misfortune were deserted by you, then surely the sun would rise in the west. Nala, why did you abandon her? Why did you not leave her at my side? To abandon a virtuous wife, is this

suitable for your family? My dear, I shall take over your trouble. Do you put it down. Forgive my sin that I did not recognize you. But where is your tilaka, child, that was on your forehead from birth, a garuda for the snake of darkness, a sun for a black night?’

With these words, she rubbed Bhaimi’s forehead with moisture from her own lotus-mouth, smelling her head¹⁰⁵ again and again. Then Vaidarbhi’s forehead-tilaka shone very brilliantly, like a piece of gold that had come out of a fire, like the sun burst from clouds. Then Queen Candrayasas bathed Nala’s wife with perfumed water, like a god’s statue, with her own hands. Then Bhaimi put on garments sent by Queen Candrayasas, which were white, fine, as if made of the essence of moonlight. Then Queen Candrayasas, delighted, took Bhima’s daughter by the hand and, a pool of the water of delight, sat down near the king.

Then the sun set and the whole sky was filled with darkness that could not be separated by a needle, like a dish filled with *collyrium*.^{*} At that time pitch darkness did not enter the king’s palace. It was halted by the brilliance of Bhaimi’s tilaka, like a door-keeper. The king said to the queen, ‘The sun has set, surely. There is no lamp nor fire here. Why is there a light like daytime?’ The queen showed the king Vaidarbhi’s tilaka, present from birth, like a large pond with light for water. From curiosity the king covered the tilaka with his hand and his house at once became as dark as a mountain-cave. The king took away his hand again and, taking the place of a father, with great interest asked Bhaimi for her story, beginning with the loss of the kingdom. Her face downcast, weeping, Davadanti told the whole story, beginning with the gambling of Nala and Kubara. The king wiped Bhaimi’s eyes with his upper garment and said, ‘ Daughter, do not grieve. No one is stronger than fate. ’

Just then a god descended from heaven to the council and, his hands joined respectfully, said to Bhima’s daughter: ‘Davadanti, I, the thief Pingalaka, took initiation at your order and went to Tapasapura then in my wandering. I, resolute, stood in pratima in a cemetery and a big fire started not far away, kindled by the fire of the funeral-pyres. Though burned by it, I did not fall from pious meditation^{*} but, after making *aradhana*,¹⁰⁶ reciting the namaskara, I fell on the ground there and my body became fuel.

After death^{*} I became a god, named Pingala. Then I knew by clairvoyance that I had been saved from execution by you and had been made to take *mendicancy*. By its power I became a god. If you had ignored me, a great criminal, at that time, fair lady, dying without *dharma*^{*} being acquired, I would have gone to hell. By your

favor, Vaidarbhi, I attained the glory of being a god. For this reason I came to see you. Hail! noble lady.'

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

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

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

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

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

Resumption of Nala's story

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

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

Nala, in whom *compassion* was inspired, threw his garment over the thicket of creepers to pull out the trembling serpent. The serpent reached the end of the king's garment resting on the ground and wrapped it with his coils like a ring with a hair. Nala drew up his garment with the serpent clinging to it, like a rope from a well. A king shares his eminence. When the king had gone to a place with saline soil¹⁰⁷ out of the range of the fire, the serpent bit him trying to set him free quickly, on the hand. Throwing the serpent on the ground like a drop of sweat, Nala said to him: 'you, grateful, have done well. O serpent, you have well repaid me, your benefactor. Whoever gives milk to drink¹⁰⁸ to your tribe is bitten. 'As Nala was saying this, his body became hunchbacked like a strung bow, because of the poison spreading in his body. He had thin tawny hair like a demon; a hanging lip like a camel; thin hands and feet and a large belly like a poor man. I *Devoured* by the snake's poison, Nala was like an actor in a moment, the shape of his whole body changed disgustingly.

He reflected: 'Life with this form is useless to me. So I shall take *mendicancy* which is beneficial for the next world.' As Nala was reflecting to this effect, the serpent abandoned its serpent-form and became a god with a dazzling form, wearing divine ornaments and garments. He said:

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

wish for mendicancy now. The earth, as large as it is, must henceforth be enjoyed by you for a long time, Nala.

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

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

Nala stood in the garden Nandana on the road near that city and saw a temple there that resembled a temple of the eternal *Arhats*. Entering that shrine, the hunchback saw inside it a statue of Namina-tha and worshipped it, with hair erect from joy. Then Nala went to the gate of Susumaranagara and there a mad elephant* was roaming about, after pulling up its tying-post. Its howdah being touched by the wind, it shook it howdah and dragged down the birds even, trembling above with his trunk. The elephant-men evaded his glance like that of a poison-serpent. He broke down the trees of the garden like a mighty wind.

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

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

fatigued, quickly flew up like Garuda, and mounted the elephant, the best of riders.

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

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

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

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

One day King Dadhiparna said to the hunchback in private: 'Who are you? Where have you come from? Where do you live? Speak.' The hunchback said: 'I am King Nala's cook, named Hundika, in Kosala. I studied the arts at his side. Nala lost the whole earth to his brother Kubara in gambling and went to live in the forest with Davadanti. Nala died there and then I came to you. I did not resort to Kubara, who is deceitful and does not appreciate merit.'

Struck in the heart by this news of Nala's death* like a thunderbolt, Dadhiparna cried out and also his retinue. King Dadhiparna performed Nala's funeral rites, a cloud with the water of tears, and was watched by the hunchback with a constant smile.

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

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

He thought: 'On the one hand, there is Nala; on the other hand, this man. On the one hand Meru; on the other, a mustard seed. Davadanti's idea that this man is Nala is surely wrong. I shall find out definitely.' After deliberating, he recited a couple of slokas containing criticism of Nala: 'Nala alone is chief of the cruel, shameless, weak, and wicked who abandoned his faithful wife. How have the feet of Naisadhi of little wit, abandoning his wife asleep, alone, innocent, trusting, endured it?' Hearing that recited again and again, recalling his wife, Nala wept, his lotus-eyes shedding tears without restraint.

Asked by the Brahman, 'Why do you weep?' the hunchback said, 'I weep at hearing your charming song with the emotion* of *compassion*.' Asked by the hunchback the meaning of the slokas, the Brahman told the story from the time of the gambling up to the coming of Vaidarbhi to Kundinapura. He said further: 'Hunchback, a messenger from the lord of Susumara described you to King Bhima as a cook because of the sun-cooked pudding. Bhaimi, persuading her father with the words, "Nala and no one else has such a custom," sent me to look at you. When I had seen you, I reflected: "On the one hand, you are an ugly hunchback; on the other hand, Nala with divine beauty; on the one hand, a firefly; on

the other, the sun." As I came, all the omens were favorable. All of them were false, since you are not Nala.' Meditating on Davadanti, the hunchback, weeping more and more, importuned the Brahman, took him to his house, and said, 'What welcome can be given to you reciting the story of the virtuous Davadanti and the hero Nala?' Saying this, he prepared a suitable welcome with bath, food*, et-cetera and gave him all the ornaments given by Dadhiparna.

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

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

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

King Bhima summoned the lord of Susumara by messenger for the fifth day.¹⁰⁹ Inclined to go, he reflected: 'I want to win Bhaimi, but she is far away. How can I get there tomorrow? What shall I do?' and he became miserable like a fish in too little water. The hunchback thought: 'Bhaimi, a virtuous wife, does not *desire* another man. Or, if she should desire (one), who would take her, if I were present? I shall take Dadhiparna to Vidarbha¹¹⁰ in six watches, so my going with him will be casual.' He said to Dadhiparna: 'Do not grieve. Tell the reason. For there is no cure of a sick man for a disease undescribed.' Dadhiparna said: 'Hunchback, Nala is dead. Vaidarbhi will hold another svayamvara tomorrow. Her svayamvara

will be on the fifth day of the bright fortnight of Caitra. How can I get there in the interval of only six watches? The messenger has come by that same road in many days. How can I go in a day and a half?¹¹¹ I long for Bhaimi in vain.'

The hunchback said: 'O king, do not despair. I will take you quickly to Vidarbha. Give me a chariot and horses.' The king told him, 'Take whatever you want,' and the hunchback chose the best chariot and thoroughbred horses with all the good marks.

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

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

King Dadhiparna saw in the distance a tree named aksa¹¹² filled with fruit and he said to the charioteer: 'I know without counting them how many fruits are on this tree. I shall show you a marvel on the way back.' The hunchback said: 'King, are you afraid of the loss of time? Do not be afraid with me, expert in horsemanship, as your charioteer. With one blow of my fist I shall make all these fruits fall in front of you, like a cloud making fall drops of rain.' The king said: 'Make the fruit fall, indeed, hunchback. There are eighteen thousand of them. See a marvel.'

The hunchback knocked them down and the king counted them. There were just as many as he had said, not one more nor one less. The hunchback gave the magic art of horsemanship to Dadhiparna, who asked for it, and received from him fittingly the magic art of

numbers. At dawn the hunchback-charioteer reached with the chariot the outskirts of Vidarbha and King Dadhiparna's face was blooming like a lotus.

Just then in the last part of the night Vaidarbhi saw a dream which she described to her father joyfully, just as it was. 'I saw the goddess Nirvrti¹¹³ today at dawn, while I was comfortably asleep. She showed me in the sky a garden of Kosala which she had brought here. At her command I climbed a mango^B tree which had flowers and fruit. She put a blooming lotus in my hand. When I had climbed the tree, a bird, which had gone up before, fell to the ground at once.'

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

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

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

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

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

Asked, 'Are you Nala?' the hunchback said: 'You are completely mistaken. On the one hand, Nala with divine beauty, on the

other hand, I, unfit even to be seen.' Because of extreme insistence, the hunchback touched her breast very lightly, like a cleaner of wet letters touching a page. By the mere touch of his finger producing unique joy, Bhaimi's body had erect hair like the karkotaka.¹¹⁴

'At that time you deserted me while I was asleep. Where are you going now? You are seen after a long time, lord of my life,' Bhima's daughter said again and again. The hunchback, taken inside the house by her, inviting him, drew clothes and ornaments from the bel and jewel-case. He put them on and resumed his own form. Then Bhima's daughter embraced her husband in his proper form his whole body, like a creeper a tree. Bhima embraced lotus-eyed Nala, whom he met again at the door and installed him on his own lion-throne.

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

Just then Dhanadeva, the caravan-leader, very magnificent, came to see King Bhimaratha, carrying a present. Vaidarbhi had King Bhima show honor to the caravan-leader, a former benefactor, like his own brother. Rtuparna, Candrayasas, their daughter Candravati, and the Lord of Tapasapura, Vasantasrisekhara, came there, summoned at her father's command by Davadanti, who was very eager, *anointed* by former benefits. Being greatly entertained by King Bhima constantly, they remained a month, delighted by ever new hospitality.

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

Vasanta, Dadhiparna, Rtuparna, Bhima, and other powerful kings installed Nala on the throne. At Nala's order the kings assembled their respective armies which, very large, crowded the earth. On an auspicious* day Nala, whose power was unequaled, marched with the kings against his own Ayodhya, wishing to seize the Laksmi of the kingdom.

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

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

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

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

After saying this, the god departed and then a suri, named Jina-sena, a treasury of clairvoyance, came there. Davadanti and Nala went to pay him homage *zealously*. Asked about their former births, after narrating them to them thus,¹¹⁵ he said: 'You obtained the realm from the gift of milk to the *sadhu*; and the separation of twelve years was the result of the anger at the *muni* which lasted for twelve ghatikas.'

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

Nala died and became I, Kubera. Bhima's daughter became my wife. After falling, Sauri, she became Kanakavati. Confused by

excessive affection because she was my wife in a former birth, I came here. For affection lasts for hundreds of births. In this very birth Kanakavati will root up her karma and attain emancipation, Dasarha. The Arhat, Vimala Swamin, told me that in the past in Mahavideha, when I went with Indra to pay homage to him.”

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

4. VASUDEVAHINDI

One day when he (Vasudeva) was asleep, he was kidnapped by Surpaka: Awakened, he struck Surpaka with his fist and Surpaka released him. Sauri fell into the Goda (Godavari). swam across it, went to Kollapura, and married Padmasri, the daughter of King Padmaratha. There he was carried off by Nilakantha and, released, fell into Lake Campa, swam across it, and married a minister's daughter. Then carried off by Surpaka and released, he fell into the Ganga^s, came out of it and, roaming about, went to a village with other travelers. He married the village-chief's daughter, named Jara, and begot a son on her, named Jarakumara. He married Avantisundari, Surasena, Naradvis, Jivayayas, and other princesses.

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

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

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

Rudhira said: "Enough of this discussion of yours, king. The man chosen in the svayamvara of maidens is authority." Then King

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

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

A Khecara-lord, Dadhimukha, became charioteer himself and had Vasudeva^s, eager for battle, get into his chariot. Then Sauri, hard to endure in battle, took the bow and quivers which had been given by Angaravati, the mother of Vegavati. Rudhira's army was broken by Jarasandha's kings. Vasudeva had the horses urged forward by Dadhimukha. The best of the Yadus defeated Satrunjaya, who had risen up (to fight) first. He broke Dantavakra and King Salya.* Jarasandha then said anxiously to King Samudra: "This man, is not a mere drummer, unconquerable by other kings. Rise up and defeat him yourself. If he is killed, Rohini is yours. Remove the disgrace of defeat from all the kings. Samudravijaya said: "Enough of other men's wives for me! But at your command, I will fight with him powerful."

Saying this, Samudravijaya fought with his brother. For a long time their sword against sword caused amazement to all. As the chief of the Yadus was thinking, "Who is he, equal to me even?" Vasudeva threw an arrow with a message before him. Samudra seized the arrow and read its words as follows, "Vasudeva who went away by a trick at that time bows to you."¹¹⁶ Delighted, the lord of the Dasarhas got down from the chariot and ran forward, saying "Child! Child! "Like a *cow* in the evening eager for its calf. Vasudeva also got down and fell at his feet. Samudra raised him up and embraced him immediately.

Asked by his elder brother, "My dear, where have you been for a hundred years?" Vasudeva told all his adventures from the beginning. Just as Samudravijaya was rejoiced by his brother having such power, so Rudhira was rejoiced by his son-in-law. When Jarasandha knew that he was the brother of his own vassal, his anger was

appeased. For one's own man of superior merit is a reason for joy. Then a festival was held by the king's people who met for the occasion; and the wedding of Rohini and Vasudeva took place on an auspicious* day. The kings, Jarasandha and the others, departed after they had been honored by Rudhira. The Yadavas, together with Kansa, remained there¹¹⁷ for a year.

One day Vasudeva^s asked Rohini privately, "Why did you ignore kings and choose me, a drummer?" She said: "I have always worshipped the magic art Prajnapti. She told me: 'The tenth Dasarha will be your husband. You can recognize him by the playing of a drum in the svayamvara.*' From complete confidence in her words, I chose you at that time."

One day when Samudravijaya and the others were present in the council, a middle-aged woman descended through the air, bestowing a blessing. She said to Vasudeva: "I am Balacandra's mother, named Dhanavati. For my daughter's sake I have come to take you away. Balacandra is my daughter and Vegavati is like a daughter. Day and night they are miserable because of the separation from you." Vasudeva looked at Samudravijaya's face and the king said, "Go, but do not stay for a long time as before. Then Vasudeva asked forgiveness of the king¹¹⁸ and went with her in an aerial car to the city Gaganavallabha.

Samudravijaya went to his own city with Kansa and looked constantly for Vasudeva's coming. Vasudeva married moonfaced Balacandra who was made ready by her father, the Khecara-lord, Kancanadanstra. Then he collected the beautiful maidens, previously married, from their respective homes and, accompanied by Vidhyadharas like footmen, went to Sauryapura, seated in a lofty aerial car. He was embraced ardently by Samudravijaya, eager, like the moon by the ocean with waves in the form of arms extended.

5. BIRTH OF RAMA, KRSNA AND ARISTANEMI, KILLING OF KANSA NAD FOUNDING OF DVARIKA

Now in Hastinapura there lived a sheth and he had a son, named Lalita, very dear to his mother. One day an embryo was produced by the shethani, which gave her much pain. Though she tried to make it fall by various means, it did not fall. A son was born and was given by the shethani to a slave-girl to abandon. He was seen by the sheth and the slave-girl was asked, "What is this?" She said: "He is undesired and is abandoned by the shethani." The sheth took him and reared him secretly somewhere else. The father named the child Gangadatta; and Lalita also cherished him always, unknown to the mother.

One day at the spring-festival, Lalita said to his father, "It would be a fine thing, if Gangadatta ate with us today." The sheth said, "If your mother sees him that will not be fine." "Father, I will see to it that he is not seen." So advised by the sheth, Lalita seated poor Gangadatta behind a curtain for dinner. The sheth and Lalita themselves were seated in front of it at that time and, while eating, gave food* to Gangadatta secretly. The curtain was suddenly lifted by the wind and the shethani saw him, dragged him out by the hair, beat him, and threw him in the drain. The sheth and Lalita, embarrassed, bathed Gangadatta and, noble, enlightened him, unknown to the shethani.

Then sadhus came there for alms and were questioned by them, "Why does the shethani hate her son?" One *sadhu* explained: "In a village there were two brothers and they went outside for wood. After loading a cart with wood, the elder brother went ahead and saw a snake, a cakkalunda,¹¹⁹ moving on the road. He said to the younger brother, who was driving the cart, 'This pitiable cakkalunda must be protected from the cart.' Hearing that, the serpent, delighted, was reassured. The younger brother came there, looked at her, and said, 'She has been protected by the elder brother, but I shall drive the cart over her, to hear with joy the sound of the breaking of her bones.'

He, cruel, did so and the snake, hearing that, died while reflecting, 'He is some former enemy of mine.' She was born as your wife. The elder brother died and was born as her son Lalita, dear from the act in a former birth. The younger brother died and became Gangadatta, who was undesired' because of his former act. Previous acts do not turn out otherwise."

Then disgusted with existence, the father and two sons took the vow. The sheth and Lalita went to Mahasukra; but Gangadatta, recalling his mother's hostility, went to Mahasukra with a *nidana** for popularity with everyone.

Birth of Rama

Then Lalita's *soul* fell from Mahasukra and originated in the womb of Vasudeva's wife, Rohini. Rohini saw an elephant*, ocean, lion, and moon entering her mouth in a dream in the last part of the night, indicating the birth of a Halabhr. At the proper time Rohini bore a son with the color of Rohini's lord (the moon); and the kings, Magadha, et-cetera celebrated his birth-festival. His father gave him the charming name Rama; and Rama grew up gradually, charming the minds of all. Rama acquired all the arts in the presence of teachers, with all the sciences reflected in the unclouded mirror of his intelligence.

Account of Narada

One day *Muni* Narada came of his own will to Samudravijaya attended by Vasudeva*, Kansa, and others. Samudravijaya, Kansa, Vasudeva and others rose and honored him like the risen sun. Delighted by their puja, Narada remained a moment and flew up to go elsewhere. For he always roams as he likes. Asked by Kansa, "Who is he?" the king said:

"In the past there was an *ascetic*, Yajnyasas, outside the city. His wife was Yajnadatta and his son, Sumitra. Sumitra's wife was Somayasas. A god fell from the Jrmbhakas¹²⁰ at the expiration of his life (as god), entered the womb of Somayasas and Narada here was born. When the ascetics had fasted for one day, they always broke fast on the next day by gleaning, going to a forest.

One day they went to gather food* and left Narada in the shade of an asoka. The Jrmbhakas saw the child who had unusual light. Knowing by clairvoyance that Narada was a friend in a former birth, they transfixed the shade of the asoka above him. Then they went away on their own business but returned, after finishing it. Seeing him, they took him away from affection and took him to

Mt. Vaitadhya. Because its shade had been transfixed by the gods, the asoka became known all over the world as chayavrksa (Shade-tree) from that time.

The child was guarded by the Jrm bhakas in a cave in Mt. Vaitadhya and, when he was eight years old, he was taught the magic arts, Prajnaptika, et-cetera. Going through the air by means of them, he is the ninth *Muni* Narada in this *avasarpini* with his last body (before moksa). This birth-story of Muni Narada was related to me by Muni Supratistha who has knowledge of the three periods of time. Fond of quarreling by nature, he becomes angry if treated disrespectfully. He is honored everywhere, as he does not stay in one place.”

Marriage with Devaki

One day summoned by Kansa from affection, Anakadundubhi (Vasudeva)^s went to the city Mathura with the permission of the lord of Dasarhas. One day there Kansa in company with Jivayasa said to Sauri: “There is a very large city, Mrttikavati by name. My paternal uncle, named Devaka, is king there. He has a daughter, Devaki by name, who resembles a goddess. Go and marry her. I shall be your best man. Do not oppose this friendly request of mine.”

A depository of courtesy, the tenth Dasarha, so instructed, went with Kansa and he saw Narada on the road. Muni Narada, honored properly by Sauri and Kansa, delighted, asked, “Where are you going and what for?” Sauri said, “I have started with my friend Kansa to marry the princess Devaki, Devaka’s daughter.” Narada said: “Such a thing I was well undertaken by Kansa. For the Creator is unskilled in the union of suitable persons, even though he created them. Just as you, Vasudeva, have no equal in beauty among men, so Devaka’s daughter, Devaki, has none among women. You have married many maidens, even Khecaris. When you have seen Devaki, you will surely consider them without merit. Do not allow any obstacle from any source to this suitable union. I shall go and describe your merits to Devaki, Vasudeva.”

With these words, the muni flew up and went to Devaki’s house. Worshipped by her, he announced, “Let Vasudeva be your husband.” Asked, “Who is Vasudeva?” the muni said: “The young tenth Dasarha, dear to Vidyadhara-women. What else? He, whom in beauty the gods, et-cetera do not equal, is Vasudeva.” Saying this, Rsi^s Narada left. Anaka-dundubhi entered Devaki’s heart by that speech.

In due course the two came to Mrttikavati city. Honored by Devaka, *discerning*, Sauri and Kansa took seats on a priceless seat and were asked the reason for their coming. Kansa said: "I came here to have you give Devaki, who is suitable, to Vasudeva. That is the reason for coming." Devaka said: "That is not the custom for the bridegroom himself to come on account of a maiden. I shall not give Devaki to him."

Embarrassed, the two went to their own camp. King Devaka went to his *harem*. Devaka, to whom Devaki bowed with great joy, gave the blessing, "Obtain a suitable husband, daughter." Devaka told the queen "Today Kansa asked me urgently to give Devaki to Vasudeva^s. I did not give Devaki to Vasudeva, unable to bear separation from her." Hearing that, the queen was depressed and Devaki cried aloud. Knowing fully their inclinations, Devaka said, "Enough of this grief. I have come here to question you." The queen said: "Vasudeva is a suitable husband for Devaki. He himself has come to court her because of her merit."

When he had been told this, Devaka had Kansa and Vasudeva, whom he himself had formerly scorned, conducted to him at once by the minister. On an auspicious* day the wedding of Devaki and Vasudeva took place with new auspicious songs being sung very loud. Devaka gave much gold, et-cetera to Vasudeva and he also gave Nanda, owner of ten cattle-stations, together with a crores of cattle. Dasarha and Kansa, accompanied by Nanda, went to Mathura and Kansa began a great festival created for his friend's wedding.

Incident of Jivayasas and Atimukta

Kansa's younger brother, Atimukta, who had taken the vow already, his body *emaciated* from fasting, came to Kansa's house to break his fast. Then Jivayasas, Kansa's wife, who was under the influence of wine, said: "It is a good thing that you have come on this festival-day, brother-in-law. Dance, sing with me." With such words the *muni* was tormented by her many times clinging to his neck, as if he were a householder. He, omniscient, announced to her: "The seventh child of the person on whose account this festival is held will be the slayer of your husband and father."

Hearing that speech that was like a clap of thunder, Jivayasas became sober very soon from fear* and released the muni. She went and told Kansa and Kansa reflected: "A thunderbolt might be erring, but not the speech of the muni."

Before anyone knows, I myself shall ask Anakadundubhi for the seven future children of Devaki. If my friend, being asked, will

not give Devaki's children, I will try something else, that I may have peace."

Making such a plan, feigning intoxication though sober, he went to Vasudeva's house, his hands folded in supplication even from afar. Dasarha got up to meet him and received him suitably, stroked him with his hand, and said hastily: "You are my friend, dear as life. You seem to be wanting to say something. Say it. I shall do whatever you say."

Kansa said, his hands folded: "In the beginning I have been made satisfied, friend, by you by making Jarasandha give me Jivayayas. Now you should give me the seven children of Devaki as soon as born." Vasudeva^s, honest-minded, promised it should be so. Devaki also, not knowing the facts, said: "Let it be so. There is no difference between Vasudeva's children and your children. For our union was arranged by you alone like the Creator. Why are you different now, like one without authority, Kansa?"

Dasarha said: "Fair lady, enough of much talk. Seven children of yours must be given to Kansa, as soon as born." Kansa said, "This is a favor to me," with a pretense of being intoxicated. After drinking wine with Dasarha, he went to his house. Afterwards Anakadundubhi heard the story of the *muni* and, truthful, was grieved at the thought, "I was tricked by Kansa."

Exchange of children

Now in Bhaddilapura there was a rich sheth, named Naga, and his wife, Sulasa. Both were advanced lay-disciples. In Sulasa's childhood the flying sage, Atimukta said, "This girl will bear still-born children." Naigamesin, Hari's god¹²¹ was worshipped by her with penance and, pleased, when asked for sons, said, knowing it from clairvoyance, "I shall deliver to you, whose children will be Still-born, Devaki's children whom Kansa has asked for in order to kill, by transference of the children, pious woman."

By his own power he made Devaki and Sulasa, ready for conception at the same time and they became pregnant at the same time. They gave birth at the same time and the god transferred the dead child of Sulasa and gave Devaki's child to Sulasa. So the god exchanged six of their infants. Kansa had the still-born infants crushed thoroughly on a mill-stone. Devaki's children, like own children of Sulasa, grew up happily in her house, her nurslings. They were named Anikayayas, Anantasena, Ajitasenaka, Nihatari, Devayayas and Satrusena.

Birth of Krsna

Then Devaki, after her purificatory bath, saw a dream at dawn a lion, sun, fire, elephant*, banner, aerial car, and a lotus-pool. Gangadatta's *jiva* fell from Sukra and descended into her womb; and she carried the embryo like the ground of a mine a jewel. On the night of the eighth day of the white half of Nabhas (Sravana), Devaki bore a son, black, on whom gods attended, destroying enemies by his glances. His *partisans*, the gods, put to sleep Kansa's agents, watchmen, by their power, as if they had eaten poison.

Devaki summoned her husband and said: "You have been chained by a promise by scoundrelly Kansa, who is not a friend though pretending to be a friend. He kills each son of mine as soon as born. Save this child even by deceit. There is no deceit toward a criminal in protecting a child. Take this baby of mine to Nanda's cattle-station and leave him. He will grow up there like his maternal grandfather's house."

Saying, "Very well! Very well!" the chief of the Yadus, tender from affection, took the child and left the house whose guards were asleep. The gods held an umbrella over him, made a rain of flowers and a light on the road by eight torches held erect. The gods assumed the form of white bulls, going in front of him, and opened the city-gates without being seen by others.

Sauri arrived at the main gate and, questioned from astonishment by King Ugrasena who was in a cage, "What's this?" Sauri replied joyfully to Ugrasena, showing him the child: "He is an enemy of Kansa. The destruction of your enemy will take place from him and your rise to power from him. But, O king, you must not tell this to anyone." He said, "Very well" and Sauri went to Nanda's house.

Just then Nanda's wife, Yasoda, bore a daughter. Sauri gave Yasoda the son, took the girl, and immediately put her in the boy's place at Devaki's side. Sauri left and Kansa's guards awake, saying, "What has happened" saw the daughter there. They delivered her to Kansa and Kansa thought: "The seventh child who was to be the death* of me is a mere girl. I think the *muni*'s speech was false. What need to kill her? "After cutting off one nostril, he returned her to Devaki.

Krsna's childhood

The boy was named Krsna because of his black body and, protected by the gods, he grew up in Nanda's house. When a month had passed, Devaki said to Vasudeva*, "I am eager to see my son. I shall

go to Gokula.”¹²² Sauri said: “Kansa will see you going unexpectedly. So it is proper for you to go, after inventing some reason, Devaki. Accompanied by many women, worshipping cows everywhere, you should go to Gokula by the *cow-path*.” Devaki did so.

Devaki saw there her son, his breast marked with the *srivatsa*^{*}, his complexion like a petal of the blue lotus, his eyes like blooming white lotuses, his hands and feet marked by the disc, et-cetera, polished like a sapphire, sitting on Yasoda’s lap, delighting the heart. With the pretext of cow-worship Devaki went there constantly. The custom of cow-worship commenced among the people from that time.

Then from inherited hostility Surpaka’s two daughters, Sakuni and Putana, unable to injure Vasudeva^s, went to Gokula, like witches most evil, to kill Krsna^s, who was alone without Yasoda and Nanda. Sakuni, standing on a cart, cried out sharply to Krsna standing below and Putana thrust her breast smeared with poison into Krsna’s mouth. Instantly the deities attending on Krsna struck them both with the same cart and killed them.

Nanda came there, saw Krsna alone, the cart overturned and the two Khecaris who had been killed. Saying, “I have been robbed,” he put Krsna on his lap and reproachfully asked the herdsmen: “How was the cart overturned? Who are these two dead women with red faces like Raksasis? My son, (left) alone, is alive only because of his good fortune.” The herdsmen said: “Master, this cart was overturned by this strong child of yours and these women were killed by him alone.”

Hearing that, Nanda examined Kesava over all his body and, seeing that he was uninjured, said to Yasoda: “Why do you attend to other business, leaving the boy alone? Left even for a few minutes just now, he falls into misfortunes here. Even if the jars of ghi are rolling about, you must not go anywhere, leaving Krsna alone. Enough of your other work.” Hearing that speech, Yasoda, saying, “Oh! I am killed!” beating her breast with her hand, picked up Krsna. Asking, “You are not hurt?” accompanied by an examination of his body, Yasoda kissed Krsna on the head and embraced him. *Zealously* Yasoda carried him herself constantly, but Krsna, impetuous by disposition, went here and there by tricks.

One day, afraid of his running away, she tied Krsna by a rope around the waist, fastened the end of the rope to a mortar, and went to a neighboring house. Then Surpaka’s son, recalling his ancestral hostility, went there and assumed the form of two arjuna¹²³ trees near each other. He led Krsna with the mortar between them in order to

crush him and he was killed by Krsna's deity, who destroyed the arjuna trees. Hearing from a cowherd that the two arjunas had been uprooted by Krsna like an elephant*, Nanda came with Yasoda. They kissed Krsna^s, gray with dust, affectionately on the head and the herdsmen called him 'Damodara^s' from tying with the rope.

He, dearer than life, was held on breast, hip, and head day and night by the cowherds and milkmaids. He took the fresh butter from the churns mischievously and was not hindered by the herdsmen, gentle from affection, looking at his curious performances. He gave joy to Yasoda, Nanda, and the herdsmen, whether talking, wandering about, fighting, or eating. Afraid of accidents, they were not able to prevent him going about, but only followed him, fettered by the bonds of affection.

Dasarha heard that he had killed Sakuni and Putana, overturned the cart, and destroyed the two arjunas. He reflected: "I concealed the son, but he is becoming known by his strength. May Kansa not find out about him. Even if he does find out, may he not be able to do anything unfavorable to him. Which one of my sons can I send to Krsna's aid? Akrura and the others are known to Kansa who has cruel ideas. Rama is a good one to assign, since he is not known to him now."

Making this decision, Sauri had Rohini and Rama brought from Kosala and, having talked with them, sent them to Sauryapura. One day he summoned Rama and told him everything in detail, gave him instructions, and turned him over to Yasoda and Nanda as a son. The two, ten bows tall, handsome, played, watched winkingly by the milkmaids whose work was neglected. Krsna studied archery and all the arts at Rama's side, always having assistance bestowed by the herdsmen. Sometimes as friends, sometimes as teacher and pupil, they did various things, never separated even for a moment. Kesava seized by the tail excited bulls as they went along. Rama, knowing his brother's strength, looked on like a stranger.

Krsna grew up there in such a way that the love of the milkmaids became a disease from looking at him. The milkmaids put him in the center and made a ballet (hallisa) around him, like bees circling ardently around a lotus. The milkmaids neither closed their eyes, looking at him, nor their lips, murmuring, "Krsna, Krsna." The milk-pail was knocked over because their attention was fixed on Krsna and sometimes they milked the cows on the ground without knowing it. They pretended terror, even when it did not exist, to make Krsna face them quickly, when he was going away with his back to them. For he was devoted to comforting the terrified.

Gathering wreaths of the sinduvara^B, et-cetera, the milkmaids themselves placed them on Krsna's chest, like svayamvara-wreaths. They stumbled at the beginning of song and dance, even when they knew them, eager to sip gracious speech from Krsna in the guise of teaching. The milkmaids talked and touched him for any reason whatever, as if he were the lord of the herdsmen, their passion unconcealed. Wearing a peacock's tail, Krsna sang gurjaris¹²⁴ of the herdsmen, the intervals being completed by the milkmaids without interruption. Krsna, being asked, pulled up lotuses growing in deep water, swimming easily like a *hansa*, and gave them to the milkmaids.

"When your brother is seen, he steals our heart; but when he is not seen, he takes our life," the milkmaids reproached Rama. Rama's younger brother frequently made Rama laugh, standing on a mountain-peak, playing the sweet-voiced lute, and dancing. Rama, like an excellent stage-manager, clapped to keep time for the milkmaids singing and the cowherd Krsna dancing.

While Rama and Krsna sported in this way as cowherds there, eleven years passed happily like the *susama*-period.¹²⁵

Birth of Neminatha

Now in Srisaurayapura Samudravijaya's wife, Siva^s, saw fourteen great dreams in the last part of the night: an elephant*, bull, lion, Sri, *wreath*, moon, sun, banner, water-jar, lotus-pond, ocean, aerial car, heap of jewels, and fire. Then on the twelfth day of the dark half of Karttika the moon being in Tvastra (Citra), Sankha fell from Aparajita and descended into Siva's womb. There was happiness for hell-inhabitants and a light in the three worlds at that time. For that is a certainty at the *kalyanas*¹²⁶ of the *Arhats*.

When Queen Siva was awake, she related the dreams to her husband. Krostuki came there, summoned to be asked the meaning of the dreams. A flying *ascetic* came there of his own accord and he was honored by the king, who rose, and was seated on a splendid seat. The *muni* with Krostuki, questioned by the king about the meaning of the dreams, explained, "Your son will be a Tirthakrt, Lord of Three Worlds." After this explanation, the sage departed; and the king and queen experienced great joy, as if bathed in nectar. The queen carried the embryo concealed, which conferred happiness, bestowing an increase of beauty and grace on every limb.

At night on the fifth of the white half of Sravana, the moon being in Tvastra, the queen bore a son, black in color, marked with a conch. The fifty-six Dikkumaris came from their respective places

and performed the birth-rites of Queen Siva and the Jinendra. Sakra^s came there in five forms. With one form he took the Lord, and with two the *chauris*, with one a shining umbrella, and with one twirling the thunderbolt in front of the child like a dancer, he went to the peak of Meru to the rock Atipandukambala, Purandara^s sat down on a lion-throne on it and seated the Master on his lap like a splendid lion-throne. Then the sixty-three Indras, beginning with Acyuta, immediately bathed the Jinendra devotedly. Sakra set the Master on Isana's lap, bathed him properly, and worshipped him with divine flowers, et-cetera. After he had made the light-waving and had bowed to the Lord with folded hands, Hari^s, his voice vehement with devotion, began a hymn of praise.

Stuti

“O Lord, you who are attaining emancipation, pearl in the oyster-shell of Siva's womb, sole abode of the kalyanas, Blessed One, you are bestowing happiness. Homage to you, whose emancipation is near, to whom all objects are visible, treasury of manifold supernatural powers, twenty-second Arhat. The Hari-line is purified; the land of Bharata is purified in which you in your last body have descended, Teacher of the World. You are the sole depository of compassion, the sole abode of chastity, the sole refuge of power, Teacher of Three Worlds. By the mere sight of you, very powerful, Lord of the World, the work of teaching living beings is accomplished from the dispersion of *delusion*. Without any reason you are a protector; without any cause, affectionate; a supporter without motive; you the sole striver after emancipation in the Hari-line.¹²⁷ Today this Bharataksetra is best in which you have descended from Aparajita for the delight of the people, bestowing enlightenment. May your (lotus-) feet impose constantly the condition of being a *hansa* on my mind and may my voice be successful in its purpose by the praise of your virtues.”

After this hymn of praise, Purandara took the Lord of the World and put him down by Sri Siva's side according to custom. Then Vasava^s appointed five Apsarases as nurses for the Master, made a pilgrimage to Nandisvara, and went to his own place.

When he had seen his son at dawn with a great light like the risen sun, delighted, Samudravijaya held the birth-festival.

The rim of a wheel made of arista¹²⁸ was seen in a dream by his mother, while he was still in the womb, and for that reason his father gave him the name Aristanemi. When they heard of Aristanemi's

birth, Vasudeva^s and others held a great festival in Mathura from extreme joy.

One day Kansa went to Vasudeva's house to see Devaki and saw the girl who had one nostril cut off. Terrified, Kansa went home and questioned an expert astrologer, "Is not the *muni*'s speech about Devaki's seventh child false?"

The astrologer said: "The muni's speech is not false. Devaki's seventh child, the cause of your death^s, is somewhere. The bull, Arista, which you have, the great horse, named Kesin, an untamed donkey and goat turn them loose in Vrndavana. The one who, playing there at will, kills them, though they are like iron, is Devaki's seventh son, your slayer. Furthermore, he alone will be able to string the hereditary bow *Sarngā*, which is in your house, worshipped by your mother. What was foretold by the omniscient, that, difficult to be touched by other people, will happen to the future powerful Vasudeva. Destroyer of the serpent Kaliya, slayer of Canura, he will kill your elephants, Padmottara and Campaka."

In order to ascertain his enemy, Kansa turned Arista and the others loose in the forest and instructed (he wrestlers, Canura and Mustika, to train. Then in autumn the bull, Arista, like misfortune *personified*, bellowing attacked the cowherds' establishment in Vrndavana. He lifted the cows on the ends of his horns, like mud from a river-bank, and he turned over many jars of butter with the end of his nose."Save us! Krsna^s! Krsna! Rama! Rama!" the loud miserable outcry of herdsmen arose then.

Saying, "What's this?" Govinda^s ran in haste with Rama and saw before him a powerful bull. Though restrained by the elders saying, "Stop! This is no business of yours with our cows and butter, "Krsna^s challenged the bull. Raising his horns, his face screwed up with anger, his tail erect, Arista attacked Govinda. Hari^s seized him quickly by the horns, twisted his neck, made him breathless, and killed Arista."Arista, who was like Death, has been killed, "Delighted, everywhere the herdsmen worshipped Krsna, thirsty for the sight of him.

One day while Krsna was playing, Kansa's colt, Kesin, came with evil intentions like Kinasa, open-mouthed. Biting the calves, kicking the pregnant cows with his hooves, neighing in a terrifying manner, he was threatened severely by Krsna. Twirling his arm which resembled a thunderbolt, Hari put it in the mouth, cruel with saw-like teeth, stretched out, of him wishing to bite. He split his face with his arm (pushed) down to his neck, so that he was lifeless, as if eager for the company of Arista. One day Krsna, long-armed, killed

easily Kansa's donkey and goat whose strength was cruel, coming there.

When he heard that they had been killed, in order to test his enemy thoroughly, Kansa set up *Sarnga* in the assembly under pretext of a pooja. He made his sister, the maiden Satyabhama, its attendant, always near, and opened the festival. Kansa had it proclaimed, "I shall give goddess-like Satyabhama to the one who strings Sarnga." Hearing that, kings came there even from afar, but no one was able to string the bow.

Hearing about it, Anadhrsti, the son of Madanavega and Vasudeva^s, thinking himself a hero, got into a swift chariot. Crossing to Gokula, he saw there Rama and Krsna^s together. He stopped one night and entertained them, talking. At dawn he got into the chariot, dismissed his younger brother Rama, and set out, taking Krsna as a guide on the road to Mathura. His chariot caught on a banyan on the road filled with trees and Anadhrsti was not able to free it. Krsna came there on foot, pulled up the banyan easily, threw it aside, and after that made a straight chariot-road. Then Anadhrsti, delighted at seeing his strength, got down, embraced him, and put him in the chariot.

In time they crossed the Kalindi and entered Mathura. They went to the assembly of the bow to which many kings had come. They saw lotus-eyed Satyabhama, like its guardian-deity, near the bow. Looking at eager Krsna, Satyabhama, wounded by Manobhava's arrow, instantly chose him in her mind as her husband. Anadhrsti approached and, as he lifted up the bow, his foot slipped in the mud and he fell to the ground, like a camel. Then Satyabhama and the others with wide-opened eyes laughed a little at him with his necklace broken, his crown crushed, and his ear-rings lost.

Unable to endure their laughter, instantly Damodara^s took up the bow as if it were a garland of flowers and strung it easily. With the curved bow which had great brilliance he looked like a rainy season cloud with a rainbow. Anadhrsti went to his father's house, left Kesava at the door in the chariot, went inside, and announced to his father, "I alone strung the bow Sarnga, Father, which could not be even touched anywhere by other kings." Vasudeva said harshly, "Go without delay. When Kansa knows that you have strung the bow, he will kill you." Hearing that, Anadhrsti left the house in fear* and went in haste with Krsna to Nanda's cow-station. Taking leave of Rama and Govinda^s, he went to Sauryapura.

There was a rumor that Nanda's son has strung the bow. Distressed by the stringing of the bow, using the festival of the bow as a

pretext, Kansa summoned all the wrestlers for a contest. The kings, who had been summoned there, stood on platforms in order to see and their eyes were fixed especially on Kansa placed on a high platform. All his own elder brothers and all his sons, Akrura, et-cetera, had been summoned by Vasudeva^s who knew Kansa's evil intentions. They were seated on very high platforms by Kansa, who had entertained them, like suns very strong in brilliance.

Hearing that there was a wresting-match, Krsna^s said to Rama, "Elder brother, let us go there and see the wresting-show." Rama agreed and said to Yasoda, "Prepare a bath for us, as we intend to go to Mathura." Seeing that she was somewhat slow, Bala^s spoke harshly, for the sake of a prologue to the story of the murder of Govinda's brothers, "Say, have you forgotten now your former state as a slave that you do not carry out our order quickly?" Satvata (Rama), devoted, took Krsna, who was pale at that speech, to the river Yamuna for his bath.

He said to him, "Why, my boy, do you appear pale, like a mirror touched by the wind and cloud of the rainy season?" Govinda said to Baladeva^s in choking words, "Why do you speak contemptuously to my mother, brother, saying to her, 'You are a slave'?" Rama said to Janardana^s who was pleasing to women: "Yasoda is not your mother and Nanda is not your father. But Devaki, King Devaka's daughter, is your mother; and Vasudeva, the sole hero of the universe, fortunate, is your father. Every month Devaki comes here to see you under pretext of *cow*-worship, tearful, the surface of the ground being sprinkled from her breasts.

Vasudeva, who has stayed in Mathura at Kansa's insistence, is our father, the sole ocean of gallantry. I am your elder brother with a different mother. I came here at the order of the honored father to protect you as he feared some misfortune to you." Asked by the younger brother, "Why was I sent here by father?" he told the whole story of the brothers' murder, et-cetera, committed by Kansa.

Hearing that, Krsna was angered and, cruel as a fire, vowed to kill Kansa. He entered the river to bathe. Kaliya, a serpent, his body submerged in the Kalindi's water, attacked Janardana, like a friend of Kansa, intending to bite him. While Rama was saying, "What's this?" because of the glitter of the jewel in his hood, Krsna rose up and seized it like a blue lotus. Krsna mounted the snake and rode it for a long time in the water by a lotus-stalk in its nose like an ox being led by a nose-cord.

Leaving it crushed as if lifeless, Krsna left (the river) and was surrounded by Brahmans who had come from curiosity, asking

whether the bath had been auspicious.* Surrounded by cowherds, Rama and Krsna^s, very powerful, went to Mathura and reached the main gate. There two elephants, Padmottara and Campaka, driven by mahouts at Kansa's order, ran toward them. Krsna killed the elephant* Padmottara by pulling out its tusks, by blows with his fist, etcetera; and Balabhadra, like a lion, killed Campaka. They were watched by the townsmen with great astonishment, saying to each other, "These are Nanda's sons who killed Arista and the others."

Wearing dark blue and yellow garments and garlands of wild flowers, surrounded by herdsmen, both Rama and Krsna went to the arena. There the two brothers, fearless, with their followers sat down on a high platform, after sending away the people who occupied it. Satvata pointed out to Krsna the enemy Kansa and the fathers, Samudravijaya and the others, in order of seniority."Who are they, resembling gods?" debating with each other, the kings and townsmen seated on the platforms, looked at them.

At Kansa's command many wrestlers contended there. Urged by him, Canura got up, as big as a mountain. Roaring like a thundercloud and giving slaps with his hands, scorning all the kings, Canura said aloud: "If anyone is the son of a hero and thinks himself a hero, let him, difficult to be suffered, fulfill my confidence in a wrestling contest." Unable to endure the insolence of Canura swaggering excessively, Krsna descended from the platform and, long-armed, slapped his arms. The slaps of Govinda^s, like the blows of a lion with his tail, shook heaven and earth, as it were, with a loud noise.

"Canura, a professional *pugilist*, is superior in age and physique, hard from training, always cruel like a yak. This one is a mere boy, simple, softer than the heart of a lotus from living in the forest, inexperienced. It is not fitting for them to fight. Shame on this improper thing disapproved by every one! "A tumult arose among the people saying this aloud. Then Kansa said in a rage: "By whom were these herdsmen, intoxicated by drinking milk, brought here? On the contrary, they have come of their own accord! Who, pray, here hinders them wishing to fight? Let him speak separately who has any injury from them!"

Hearing Kansa's speech, all the people became silent and Govinda, his lotus-eyes wide-open, said: "This man, Canura, chief of pugilists, has been fed on royal food*, always in training, with a very fine physique now he may be seen killed by me, a herd-boy, living on milk, like an elephant* by a young lion."

Terrified by his confidence, Kansa ordered a second great *pugilist*, Mustika by name, to be ready to fight at the same time. Seeing

Mustika get up, Satvata, skilled in fighting, descended from the platform and challenged him to fight. Then Krsna^s and Canura and Rama and Mustika began to fight with arms that resembled magic nooses. The earth trembled, as it were, from their heavy footsteps and the pavilion of the universe resounded, as it were, from the noise of their slaps. Mustika and Canura were thrown up in the air like bunches of grass by Rama and Krsna and the people, looking on, were delighted.

The people became gloomy when they saw the heroes being thrown up at all by Canura and Mustika. Kesava struck Canura with a hard fist, like an elephant striking a heap of rocks vigorously with the hammer of his tusk. Canura, destroying pride, thinking himself victorious, struck Aristasudana¹²⁹ on the chest with his fist whose strength was equal to a ball of adamant. Injured by that blow, his eyes rolling as if from wine, Adhoksaja fell to the ground, his eyes shut. Incited by a glance by Kansa skilled in trickery, Canura, wicked, ran again to kill Govinda^s while he was unconscious.

Bala^s, realizing that he intended to kill him, at once abandoned Mustika and struck him with his forearm which imitated a falling thunderbolt. Canura was hurled seven bows¹³⁰ by that blow and Krsna, having recovered consciousness, challenged him to fight again. Pressing on his waist with his knees and bending his head with his arm, Govinda, very strong, struck Canura with his fist. Canura, throwing up a stream of blood, his eyes miserable, was released at once by Krsna as well as by the breath of life as if terrified.

Trembling from the agitation of anger, Kansa said: "Ho! Kill these sons of a cowherd without delay. Kill Nanda, too, by whom these serpents have been nourished. Take the property of the rogue and bring it here. If anyone else, a partisan of his, protects him in the meantime, he is equally guilty and must be killed quickly by my order." Then Pundarikaksa (Krsna), red-eyed from the agitation of anger, said: "Canura having been killed, you are as good as dead now from us. Now protect yourself, on the point of being killed by me now, villain. Later, you may give orders for what is suitable for your anger in regard to Nanda and others."

With these words Govinda jumped up, climbed on the platform instantly, seized Kansa by the hair, and threw him to the ground. Janardana^s said to him whose crown was crushed, whose garment had slipped off, his eyes wavering like an animal tied in a slaughter-house: "The children's murders were committed uselessly for your protection, villain. Now you cease to exist. Experience the fruit of

your own acts.” All the people were astonished and terrified at Hari^s, by whom Kansa had been captured, like a rogue-elephant* that had taken his form. The blue-clothed hero (*Bala*^s) made Mustika breathless by tying him with a rope and killed him like a goat brought for sacrifice.

Now the soldiers, adherents of Kansa, in order to protect Kansa, ran to kill Krsna^s, holding many weapons.* Rama pulled up a post of the platform and, striking around, put them to flight quickly, like bees in a honey-comb. Krsna set his foot on Kansa’s head and killed him, dragged him by the hair, and threw him outside the arena, like an ocean casting up a tree. Then Jarasandha’s soldiers, brought in advance by Kansa, put on armor with the intention of killing Rama and Krsna.

Seeing them clad in armor, King Samudravijaya put on armor and attacked in battle. For his coming was for that purpose.

Jarasandha’s soldiers fled quickly in every direction from King Samudravijaya like an ocean with high waves. At Samudravijaya’s order Anadrsti put Rama and Krsna in his own chariot and took them to Vasudeva’s house. All the Yadus, Samudravijaya and the others, went to Vasudeva’s house and, having called a meeting, sat down. With Bala sharing his seat, Vasudeva^s, tearful, seated Kesava on his lap and kissed his head again and again.

Asked by his brothers, “What’s this?” Anakadundubhi related Krsna’s story from the affair of Atimuktaka. Then Samudravijaya took Krsna on his lap and, delighted at Rama’s protection of him, praised Rama again and again. Devaki came with her daughter with one nostril, took Krsna who was going from lap to lap, and embraced him. The heroes, the Yadavas, weeping, said to Vasudeva: “You are able to conquer the world alone, long-armed one. How, hero, have you endured your sons being killed, as soon as they were born, by Kansa extremely evil?” Vasudeva said: “I have endured this crime to protect my, vow of *truthfulness* observed since birth. Krsna was saved by me at Devaki’s insistence and concealed in Gokula, I took in exchange this pitiful daughter of Nanda. The scoundrel released her with contempt, after cutting off one nostril, thinking, ‘Devaki’s seventh child is a mere girl.’”

With the approval of his brothers and nephews, Samudravijaya dragged King Ugrasena from prison. Samudravijaya and the others with King Ugrasena held Kansa’s funeral rites on Kalindi’s bank. Kansa’s mother and wives gave handfuls of water in the river, but Jivayasa did not give from pride and she said angrily:

“When I have destroyed these cowherds, Rama and Krsna^s, and the Dasarhas with their descendants, I shall perform my husband’s funeral rites. Otherwise, I shall enter the fire.” After making this vow publicly, she went to the city Rajagrha ruled over by Jarasandha. With permission of Rama and Krsna, King Samudravijaya made Ugrasena king in the city Mathura. Janardana (Krsna)^s married Satyabhama, who was given by Ugrasena, with fitting rites on the day designated by Krostuki.

Now, Jivayasa, weeping, her hair disheveled, entered Jarasandha’s assembly, like Bad Luck embodied. Questioned by Jarasandha, she told with difficulty the story of Atimuktaka and Kansa’s slaying. Jarasandha said: “Kansa did not do well, since he did not kill Devaki herself. How is there ploughing in the absence of a field? Do not weep now, child. I shall make their women weep, by killing all of Kansa’s slayers together with destruction of the root (Devaki).”

After telling her this, Jarasandha gave instructions to a king, named Somaka, and despatched him to Samudravijaya. Arriving in Mathura, he said to King Samudravijaya: “Your lord, Jarasandha, commands you: ‘Jivayasa is dearer than life to us. Because of her affection Kansa was her husband. To whom is this not known? You, our servant, may remain in peace; but Rama and Krsna, these insignificant enemies of Kansa, must be surrendered. Moreover, even though the seventh child was surrendered before, surrender him now; but Rama must be surrendered because of protecting him.’”

Samudravijaya said: “If six children were surrendered by honest Vasudeva^s without my knowledge, that was not fitting. If Kansa has been killed by the boys, Rama and Krsna, from hostility because of their brothers’ murder, what crime have they committed in this? The one fault on our part is this: that Vasudeva voluntarily from simplicity that with his knowledge six sons¹³¹ of mine were killed. My sons, Rama and Krsna, are the breath of life (to me). This action of your lord, demanding them with the intention of killing them, is (taken) without reflection.”

Somaka said angrily: “Consideration of what is fitting or unfitting is never at all suitable for servants in case of the master’s order. Let these two wretches go where the six infants went, king. Do not scratch the mouth of the serpent Taksaka. Quarreling with the powerful is not for your advantage. Who are you compared with the Lord of Magadha, like a goat compared with an elephant*?”

Govinda^s, angry, replied: "Because the bond of affection has been preserved for a long time by our father from simplicity, does your master have power (over us)? Jarasandha is not our lord. On the contrary, saying this, he is a second Kansa. Therefore, go! Tell him what you like, sir!" Thus addressed, Somaka said to Samudravijaya: "This son of yours is a firebrand in the family, Dasarha. Why do you overlook that? "Blazing with anger at that speech, Anadhrsti said: "Are you not ashamed at asking sons from a father, again and again? The lord of Rajagrha is grieved by the slaying of his son-in-law. Are we not grieved at the killing of six brothers? We, powerful Rama and Krsna^s and the others, Akrura and the rest, will not endure your speaking so, look you! "Attacked by Anadhrsti angrily in these words, distressed by anger, disregarded by Samudra, Somaka went to his own house.

The next day the lord of the Dasarhas called together his relatives and asked his friend, Krostuki, the best of astrologers, "Tell us what will happen in the future in regard to this quarrel of ours that has arisen with Jarasandha, lord of three-part Bharata." He said: "Soon Rama and Krsna, powerful, will be lords of three-part Bharata, after killing him. Go now to the west to the shore of the ocean. The beginning of the destruction of enemies will take place as you go there. Where Satyabhama bears twins, you must found a city in that very place and stay without fear."

Then the king informed his people about his departure by proclamation and left Mathura accompanied by eleven crores of families. Samudravijaya went to sauryapura, collected seven crores of families, and set forth, accompanied by relatives. King Ugrasena followed King Samudra and all went very willingly on the road inside the Vindhya. Then King Somaka went and reported all that, which was fuel to the fire of anger, to Ardhacakrin Jarasandha. Seeing Jarasandha angry, his son, Kala, said: "What are these wretched Yadus to you? Give me orders and I will kill the Yadus, having dragged them from the ends of the earth, from fire, and from the ocean. Otherwise, I shall not return."

Then Jarasandha ordered Kala, accompanied by five hundred kings, surrounded by a great army, (to march) against the Yadus. Kala set out, accompanied by his brothers Yavana and Sahadeva, though restrained by unfavorable omens and inauspicious portents. Following the track of the Yadus, he came soon to the country at the foot of the Vindhya Mts., where the Yadavas were camped not far away. When the guardian-deities of Rama and Krsna^s saw that Kala was near, they created a mountain, lofty and wide, with one door.

They created a camp and army of the Yadus reduced to ashes by fire and they created one woman, weeping near the funeral-pyre.

Seeing her, Kala asked, "Lady, why do you weep so?" She said: "Terrified of Jarasandha, all the Yadus ran away: The hero Kala came behind them like Death* and the Yadus, terrified of him near at hand, entered the fire. The Dasarhas, Rama, and Krsna entered the pyre here. I, too, shall enter the fire because of the separation from relatives." Saying this, she entered the fire.

His mind bewildered by the gods, Kala said to Sahadeva, Yavana, and the kings: "I vowed before my father and mother that I would kill the Yadus, dragging them from fire, et-cetera. Look! I too, keeping my promise, shall enter this blazing fire to kill them who entered the fire from fear* of me." With these words, carrying sword and shield, he entered the fire like a moth and died, while his own people looked on, their minds confused by the gods.

Just then the blessed sun set and Yavana, Sahadeva, and the others camped on the spot. When daylight came, they did not see the mountain nor the funeral-pyre and messengers said to them, "The Yadus have gone far away." Knowing from the confession of old men that bewilderment had been made by the gods, Yavana and the others turned back and told, all that to the Lord of Magadha. Jarasandha fell to the ground in a deep *swoon*. When conscious, he cried, "Kala, Kala! Kansa, Kansa! "

Learning of Kala's death* as they marched, the Yadus, very happy, paid honor to Krostuki, confidence in whom had been created. The flying *ascetic*, Atimuktaka, came to them while they were in a forest on the road and was worshipped by the lord of Dasarhas. Samudravijaya bowed to the *muni* and asked him, "Blessed One, what will happen to us in this misfortune?" The sage said: "Do not fear.* Your Prince Aristanemi will be the twenty-second Tirthakrt, whose heroism is unequaled in the three worlds. Rama and Krsna will be a *Bala*^s and a *Visnu*^s, located at Dvaraka, lords of half of Bharata by the slaying of Jarasandha." Delighted, then Samudra worshipped and dismissed the muni.

He went to the province Surastra by easy marches. There they made a camp together with eighteen crores of families to the north-west of Mt. Raivatika. Krsna's wife, Satyabhama, bore two sons there, Bhanu^s and Bhamara by name, the color of pure gold. On a day designated by Krostuki, after Hari^s had bathed and made an *oblation*, he made a pooja to the ocean, and fasted for three days. On the third night, the god Susthita, Lord of the Lavana Ocean, came there, standing in the air, his hands folded submissively. The god

gave Pancajanya^s to Kansari (Krsna)^s and Sughosa to Mustikari (Bala^s); and he gave divine jewels, wreaths, and garments.

The god said to Krsna: "For what reason was I, the god Susthita, recalled by you? Tell me, what can I do for you?" Krsna said to the god: "The city Dvaraka here, which belonged to former Sarngins in the past, was covered with water by you. Reveal its site for my place of residence." The god did so, went to Indra, and announced it to him. At Sakra's command Vaisravana made a city of jewels, twelve yojanas long and nine yojanas wide. He made a wall twenty-seven feet high, thirteen and a half feet in the ground, and eighteen feet wide, with a *moat*. Palaces with such names as round, square, long, mountain-peak, svastika, sarvatobhadra, mandara, earring, powder-flask were built by the lac, one-storied, two-storied, three-storied, et-cetera. Divine shrines of the Jinas were made of various jewels and gems by the thousand at junctures of three and four roads. In the front part of it in the southeast part of the city was the golden palace of Samudravijaya, named Svastika, provided with a wall. Near it were the palaces of Aksobhya and Stimita in succession, named Nandyavarta and Girikuta, which had walls. In the southwest was the lofty palace of Sagara, called Astansa, and then the palaces, named *Vardhamana*, of the fifth and sixth (Dasarhas). In the northwest was *Dharana*'s palace, Puskarapatra, and then Parana's, Alokadarsana. Near them was Abhicandra's, named Vimukta. In the northeast was Vasudeva's, named Kuberachanda. The lofty palace of King Ugrasena was named Striviharaksama from its nearness to the king's highway. All were surrounded by wishing-trees; all had elephant-stables, horse-stables, walls, large gates, and rows of banners.

Inside these Baladeva's palace, named Prthivijaya, was made, four-cornered, with large gates. Vasudeva's palace was eighteen stories high, named Sarvatobhadra, surrounded by various houses. In front of Rama's and Krsna's houses was the council-hall, named Sarvaprabhava, resembling Sudharma,¹³² made of various gems. *Visvakarman* made a beautiful temple of the *Arhats*, adorned with a hundred and eight tall statues of the Jinas, lofty as the peak of Meru, made of jewels, gems, and gold, rich with windows in the various stories and with beautiful golden balconies. Pools, ponds, tanks, shrines, rows of gardens and everything else in it Dhanada made in a day and night. Thus Vasudeva's beautiful, city, Dvaraka, equal to Indra's city, was made by the gods. To the east of it was Raivataka, to the south was Malyavat, to the west Mt. Saumanasa, and to the north Gandhamadana.

Then at dawn Kubera gave Visnu^s yellow garments, the crown Naksatramala, the great jewel Kaustubha, the bow *Sarnga*, two quivers Aksayyasara (with imperishable arrows), the sword Nandaka^s, the club Kaumodaki^s, and the chariot Garudadhvaja. To Rama he gave Vanamala, a pestle, dark blue garments, a palm^B tree-banner, a chariot, two quivers Aksayyesu (with imperishable arrows), a bow, and a plough. Vaisravana bestowed jewels and ornaments on the ten Dasarhas. For they were entitled to honor from Rama and Krsna^s.

Knowing that Krsna had destroyed his enemies, all the Yadus, delighted, sprinkled him (as king) on the bank of the Western Ocean. The two heroes got into their respective chariots Rama into his with the charioteer Siddhartha and Krsna into his with the charioteer Daruka to enter the city Dvaraka. The two, surrounded by the Yadus in chariots, like the sun and the moon by the constellations and planets^{*}, entered the city with shouts of "Hail! Hail" arising. The Dasarhas, Hari^s, Rama, the other Yadus, other members of the tribe, and their attendants at Krsna's command stopped in the houses in the city pointed out by Vaisravana. The Lord of Yaksas filled the new city with jewels, gold, money, with various garments, and with grain, raining them down for three and half days.

6. MARRIAGE OF KRSNA WITH RUKMINI AND OTHERS, SVAYAMVARA OF PANDAVAS AND DRAUPADI, AND THE LIFE OF PRADYUMNA

Marriage with Rukmini

There (in Dvarika) Krsna remained happily with Rama, attending the Dasarhas, amusing himself, surrounded by the Yadus. There the Blessed Aristanemi grew up in course of time, spreading joy to the Dasarhas and the brothers, Halin and Krsna^s. All the brothers, though elder, became young and played with the Master in the grounds of amusement-mountains, gardens, et-cetera. The Master, ten bows tall, gradually attained adolescence, victorious from birth over love, his mind uncorrupted by it. Though begged by his parents and by his brothers, Rama, Krsna¹³³ and the others, day after day, he did not consider marriage. Rama and Krsna conquered many kings and the two, united like Sakra^s and Isana, protected the subjects.

Narada's mischief-making

One day Narada came in the course of his roaming to Krsna's house and was honored properly by Krsna and Rama. Then he went to Krsna's *harem* and Satyabhama, who was looking at herself in a mirror, did not honor him by giving him a seat, et-cetera, because of her occupation. Then he went away, angry, and reflected with hostility: "Always the Naradas have been worshipped by all in the harems of the Kesavas; but this woman, *arrogant* from her youth and beauty because of her husband's affection, did not even give me a glance, to say nothing of rising to greet me. Hence I shall make her fall into the trouble of acquiring a very beautiful co-wife."

With these reflections, he went to the city Kundina. Bhamaka was king there. His wife was named Yasomati and they had a son, Rukmin, and a very beautiful daughter, Rukmini. Narada went there and, honored by Rukmini, said, "Let Krsna, lord of half of Bharata, be your husband." "Who is Krsna?" she asked and Narada explained that all the virtues, beauty, grace, courage, et-cetera, unequalled, were assembled in Krsna. After hearing that, Rukmini became

enamored with Krsna immediately and continued to long for Krsna, afflicted by love.

Narada painted her picture on canvas, went to Dvarika, and showed it, which resembled *collyrium*^{*} of nectar for the eyes, to Krsna. When he had seen it, Krsna asked Narada, "Sir, who is this goddess whom you have painted on this canvas? Tell me." Narada smiled and said: "This is not a goddess, but a mortal, Princess Rukmini, sister of Rukmin, lord of Kundina." Astonished by her beauty, Krsna^s sent an agent at once to Rukmin and asked for Rukmini in a friendly speech. Rukmin laughed and said:

"A cowherd" of low family, indeed, asks for my sister. What is this foolish wish of his! I shall give her in marriage to King Sisupala. Their union, like that of Rohini and the Moon, is suitable."

Hearing his harsh speech, the messenger went and reported it to his yellow-clothed master (Krsna). Rukmini's paternal aunt, Dhatri, knowing that he (Krsna) was free from faults, took her aside and said in a speech purified by affection:

"When you were a child, the sage Atimuktaka saw you sitting on my lap and said, 'She will be Krsna's chief-queen.' Asked, 'How will Krsna be recognized?' he replied, 'Krsna will be recognized from his settlement at Dvarika on the Western Ocean.' You are not given by Rukmin to Krsna, though he has asked for you, but you are given to Sisupala, son of Damaghosa."

Rukmini said, "Is the speech of sages false? Or is thunder at dawn fruitless? "Knowing Rukmini's preference for Krsna, her paternal aunt sent word at once to Krsna by a secret messenger: "On the pretext of a Nagapuja I shall go with Rukmini to the garden-lines on the eighth day of the white half of Magha. You must come there, if you want Rukmini. Otherwise, Sisupala will marry her, honor-giver."

Now Sisupala, summoned by Rukmin, came with his army to Kundina to marry Rukmini. Narada, eager for strife, told Krsna that Sisupala, eager to marry Rukmini, had gone there. Krsna and Rama went to Kundina in separate chariots, unobserved even by their own people. At that time Rukmini, attended by her paternal aunt and friends, went to the garden for a Nagapuja.

Descending from his chariot, Krsna first introduced himself, bowed to the aunt, and said to Rukmini: "I have come here to you from afar, like a bee to a jasmine^B. I am Krsna, drawn by your merits. Get into my chariot." With the approval of the aunt who knew her heart, Rukmini entered the chariot as well as Krsna's heart. When Krsna had gone some distance, in order to conceal their

fault, her aunt and her slaves made a loud outcry."Rukmin! Rukmin! Your sister, Rukmini, has just now been kidnapped by force by Sarngin and Rama like robbers." The two Yadavas blew Pancajanya^s and Sugghosa, and Rukmin's city shook all over, as well as the ocean.

Rukmin and Sisupala, long-armed, powerful, followed Rama and Krsna^s with large armies. Having seen them, Rukmini, terrified, sitting on his lap, said to Hari^s: "My brother is cruel and very strong. Sisupala is like him. Many other heroes, their adherents, fully equipped, are here. But you two are here alone. I am afraid. What will happen?"

Hari laughed and said: "Do not be afraid. For you belong to the warrior-caste. Who are these miserable creatures, Rukmin and the rest? See that strength of mine, fair lady." Saying this, in order to give her confidence, Sarngabhr^t cut down a row of palm^B trees like a row of lotus-stalks with one blow with a crescent-shaped arrow. By the pressure of his thumb and finger, he split the diamond of his ring as easily as a piece of a cooked bean.

Rukmini felt great joy at her husband's strength, like a lotus blooming at the light of the sun at dawn. Govinda^s said to Rama: "Take the bride, brother, and go. I will kill these people, Rukmin and others, who are pursuing." Rama said, "You go. I shall kill them." Rukmini, terrified, said, "My brother must be saved." Rama agreed to that with Krsna's approval and halted right there to fight, but Janardana^s went on. Then *Bala*^s, not slow in battle, his pestle raised, churned the enemy-army that had come, like Manthacala (Mt. Mandara) churning the ocean. Elephants and chariots turned into fine dust, like fragments of water-jars, from its iron tip, like mountains from the thunderbolt. Rukmin's army fled with Sisupala himself, but Rukmin, thinking himself a hero, said to Balabhadra:

"Ho! You have been seen, cowherd. Stand! Stand in front of me. I shall take away your pride produced by drinking milk." Remembering his promise, Rama abandoned the pestle and destroyed his chariot with arrows and killed the chariot-horses, piercing the armor. Rama cut off Rukmin's hair with a sharp-edged arrow and, laughing, said to Rukmin who had joined the category of enemies: "You are not to be killed because you are the brother of my sister-in-law. Go, villain. Though you are bald, by our favor divert yourself with your wives."

Released with this speech, from shame Rukmin did not go to Kundina, but stayed and founded a city, Bhojakata, on that spot.

Krsna said to Rukmini, as he entered the city Dvaraka: "Queen, this city of mine was made of jewels by the gods. You will sport

with me in its gardens composed of wishing-trees, with uninterrupted happiness, like a goddess. Rukmini said to Krsna: "Your wives are magnificent, given by their fathers, with retinues that came with them. I have been brought here alone by you, husband, like a prisoner. Arrange it so that I shall not be ridiculed by them." Saying, "I shall make you superior to them," Acyuta (Krsna)^s established Rukmini in a palace near Satyabhama's house.

Then Janardana^s married Rukmini with a gandharva-wedding and sported with her at will through the night. Acyuta prevented people from entering Rukmini's house. Bhama said to him persistently, "Show me your wife."

Hari^s had a statue of Sri, which was in a temple of Sri in a pleasure-garden, removed by skilled painters under pretext of repairs. Krsna went there, installed Rukmini in Sri's place, and instructed her, "Remain motionless, when the queens come." Krsna went to his own house and Bhama asked him, "In what place, pray, is your wife to be found, left by you?" "She has been left in Sri's temple," told by Sarngadhanvin, Satyabhama went to Sri's temple with the co-wives. Seeing Rukmini standing there in Sri's place, saying: "Look at the beauty of the goddess Sri. See the skill of the artists," she bowed, and said: "Goddess Laksmi, arrange it so that I shall surpass Hari's new wife in beauty. If so, I shall make a pooja to you."

After saying this, she went to Krsna and said, "Where is your wife?" Hari went to Sri's temple with Satya and others; and Rukmini got up and said, "To whom shall I "Bow?" Satyabhama, being indicated to her by Krsna, said, "How can she bow to me, when I paid homage to her from ignorance?" Hari smiled and said, "What fault is there in paying homage to a sister?" Satya first bowed to Rukmini and, embarrassed, went to her own house, *Kansha*-nisudana gave Rukmini great wealth and enjoyed himself with her, sunk in the nectar of love.

Marriage with Jambavati

One day Narada came. Krsna honored him and asked: "Have you seen anything unusual? For you roam about for that reason." Narada said: "Hear what I have seen. On Mt. Vaitadhya there is a Khecara-lord, Jambavat, and his wife, Sivacandra. They have a son, Visvaksena, and a daughter, Jambavati. No one in the three worlds is her equal in beauty. She goes to the Ganga^s constantly to play, like a hansi. After seeing her, a marvel, I have come here to tell you." Hearing that, Sarngabhrt went there with troops and transport and saw Jambavati playing, surrounded by friends. Saying, "She is

just as Narada described her,” Hari carried off Jambavati; and a great tumult arose.

Jambavat went there, angered, carrying sword and shield. He was defeated quickly by Anadhrsti and was led into Sarngin’s presence. Jambavat then gave Jambavati to Sarngin and himself took the vow, disgusted with existence because of humiliation. Hari^s, accompanied by Visvaksena, Jambavat’s son, took Jambavati and went to Dvaraka. Hari gave her a palace near Rukmini’s palace and gave her other suitable things. She became friendly with Rukmini.

Marriage with Laksmāna, Susimā, Gauri, Padmavati, Gandhari

One day a messenger had gone to see Slaksnaroman, lord of Sinhala, and had returned. He reported to Krsna^s: “Slaksnaroman does not welcome your command. But he has a daughter, Laksmāna, who is worthy even of you by her marks. Guarded by General Drumasena, now she has gone to bathe in the ocean and will bathe there for seven days.” Hearing that, Krsna went there with Rama, killed the general, took Laksmāna, and departed. Krsna married Laksmāna, installed her in a house, of jewels near Jambavati, and gave her attendants.

Now, in the city Ayuskhari there was a king of the country Su-
rastra, named Rastravardhana. He had a wife, *Vinaya*. They had a son, the heir-apparent, long-armed Namuci; and a daughter, Susimā, whose wealth of beauty was unlimited. Namuci, who had obtained divine weapons*, did not regard Krsna’s command. One day he went with Susimā to Prabhasa for bathe. Hari learned that he had camped there, came with an army, killed him, and took Susimā. Govinda^s married her, put her in a palace near Laksmāna’s palace, and gave her great wealth. King Rastravardhana sent attendants to Susimā and elephants, et-cetera as a wedding-present to Krsna.

Hari married Gauri, daughter of the king of Vitabhaya in Maru, and put her in a house near Susimā’s house.

Then Krsna went with Halin to Aristapura to the svayamvara* of Padmavati, the daughter of King Hiranyanabha. The two heroes were honored properly by King Hiranyanabha, full brother of Rohini, calling them ‘nephews’ with pleasure. King Hiranyanabha’s elder brother, Raivata, became a *mendicant* with his father in the Blessed Nami’s *congregation*.* His daughters,¹³⁴ Revati, Rama, *Sita*, Bandhumati, had been given before to Rohini’s son, Rama. As all the kings looked on, Hari took Padmavati and defeated in battle the kings who had come to the svayamvara. Rama and Krsna went to

Dvaraka with their wives and Krsna put Padmavati in a house near Gauri's house.

Now, in the city Puskalavati in the country Gandhara, there was a king, Carudatta, son of Nagnajit. He had a sister Gandhari, beautiful in form, like one by whom a challenge had been given even to the Khecaris by her wealth of grace. At the death* of their father, Carudatta was defeated by the (other) heirs and appealed by a messenger to Krsna^s who was a refuge* for protection. Hari^s went to the Gandharas, slew the heirs in battle, and married Gandhari who was given by Carudatta. Hari gave her a house near Padmavati's house. So there were eight chief-queens of Krsna, who occupied houses in succession.

Rivalry between Satyabhama and Rukmini

One day the sage Atimukta went to Rukmini's house and Satyabhama, who had seen him, went there quickly. Asked by Rukmini, "Shall I have a son or not?" the *muni* said, "You will have a son equal to Krsna," and went away. Satyabhama considered that the muni's words applied to herself and said to Rukmini, "There will be a son of mine equal to Krsna." Rukmini replied, "A sage's words do not bear fruit from a trick." Disputing in this way, they went to Krsna's presence.

Then King Duryodhana, her full brother, came there and Bhama said: "My son will be your son-in-law." Rukmini said the same. He said, "I shall give my daughter to the son whom one of you will bear." Bhama said: "At the wedding of the son who is married first, the other must give her own hair to her (his mother)." Janardana^s and Duryodhana said, "Honorable Rama is a witness and guarantor." The two women went to their respective houses.

One day Rukmini saw herself in a dream in a palace on a white bull; and she woke up. Just then a very powerful god fell from Mahasukra and descended into Queen Rukmini's womb. Rukmini arose at dawn and related the dream to Hari. He explained it, "You will have a son, the sole hero of the universe." Then a slave-girl of Bhama, who had heard the interpretation of the dream, went and told it, painful to her ears, to Bhama.

She made up a dream and told Sarngapani, "Today I saw in a dream an elephant* equal to Hastimalla." Though knowing by signs her deceit, with the thought, "May she not be angry," Krsna said, "You will surely have a fair son." By chance, then an embryo developed and enlarged her womb, but Rukmini's womb remained the same size because of her superior embryo.

One day Satyabhama said to Visnu^s: "That wife of yours announced an embryo deceitfully. Look at the womb of the two (of us)." Just then a slave-girl delighted Krsna^s: "Queen Rukmini has borne now a son, noble, gold color." Hearing that, Satyabhama, ashamed, trembling with anger, bore a son, named Bhanuka, just as she was going to her house. Krsna, delighted, went to Rukmini's house then. Seated on a lion-throne to the north, he had his son brought and looked at him."Let him be named Pradyumna, because he lights up all the quarters," flattering the child with these words, Janardana^s remained for a moment.

Kidnapping of Pradyumna

Then the god Dhumaketu, because of former enmity, came disguised as Rukmini, took the child from Krsna and went to Vaitadhyā. He went to the garden Bhutaramana on Tankasila and thought: "Shall I kill him by striking him? In that case, he does not suffer. If I abandon him on top of the rock, he, without food* and suffering from thirst, crying, will die." Dropping him down there, he went away.

The boy, whose life could not be taken away by any device because he had his final body, fell uninjured in a spot marked by many leaves. At dawn the aerial car of the Khecarin Kalasamvara stalled there, as he was going to his own city from Agnijvalapura. Wondering at the reason for the car's stalling, the lord of Khecaras descended and saw below the child with a great brilliance. Thinking, "He is some distinguished person, the reason for the car's stalling," he delivered a son to his wife Kanakamala by means of the boy. Having gone to his own city, Meghakuta, the Khecara said, "My wife was secretly pregnant. Now she has borne a son." Samvara¹³⁵ held a birth-festival for the boy on an auspicious* day and gave him the name Pradyumna, because he lighted up the sky.

Now, Rukmini came and asked Krsna, "Where is your son?" Visnu told her, "You took him away just now." Asked by her again, "Why do you deceive me, lord?" Krsna searched for his son many times saying, "I have been tricked by someone." When no news of the son was obtained, Rukmini fell in a faint. When she was conscious again, she and her attendants cried aloud. The Yadus and their wives were all grieved, with the exception of Satyabhama alone and her household.

"Is there no news yet of the son of the powerful Visnu?" saying this, Rukmini gave pain to Krsna, suffering. Narada came to the council of Sarngin, who was depressed, with all the Yadus there and

said, "What's this?" Krsna said: "Rukmini's son was taken from my hand by someone, as soon as he was born. Do you know the truth about him?" Narada said: "There was here Atimuktaka, who was omniscient, but he has attained emancipation. Now there is no one in Bharata who is omniscient. The Tirthakara Simandhara destroys all doubts. Now I shall go to the East Videhas and ask him, Hari^s." Begged by Krsna^s and all the other Yadus, who paid him homage, Narada went quickly to the place where the Lord Simandhara was.

Bowing to the Jina who was in a *samavasarana*, he asked, "Where is the son of Krsna and Rukmini now, Blessed One?" The Master said, "Krsna's son, named Pradyumna, was taken by a trick by the god, Dhumaketu, an enemy in a former birth. He was abandoned by him on a rock on Mt. Vaitadhya, but he did not die. He cannot be killed by anyone because this is his last body. At dawn he was seen by the Khacarin Samvara, as he passed, and was given to his wife as a son. Now he is thriving."

Narada asked again: "How did Dhumaketu's enmity in a former birth arise?" and the Master related:

Origin of Dhumaketu's enmity

"In Jambudvipa in Bharata in the Magadhas in very wealthy Saligrama there is a garden, Manorama. The guardian of the garden was a Yaksha, Sumanas, and a Brahman, Somadeva, lived in that village. Somadeva had two sons, Agnibhuti and Vayubhuti, by his wife Agnila, and they were both expert in interpretation of the Vedas. The two, well-known because of their learning, when they were grown, continued to enjoy many pleasures, *haughty* from pride.

One day *Acharya* Nandivardhana stopped in this garden Manorama and was worshipped by the people who had come. Agnibhuti, *arrogant*, came and said, 'If you know the meaning of the sastras at all, expound it, Sitambara. 'Nandivardhana's disciple, Satya, said to them, 'Where are you from?' 'From Saligrama,' they replied. Satya said again, 'I ask: from what birth have you attained a human birth, sirs? Tell that, if you know anything. 'They stood, their faces downcast with shame, devoid of knowledge. *Muni* Satya began to relate their (former) birth.

'In the forest of this village, you were two flesh-eating jackals in a former birth, alas! excellent Brahmins. They ate the skin-ropes, et-cetera, wet by rain, everything which a farmer had left in the field at night. They died from this excessive food' and became you, sons

of the Brahman, Somadeva, in this birth because of their karma. At dawn the farmer saw that everything had been eaten and returned to his house. In course of time he died and became the son of his daughter-in-law. As he had acquired the memory of his former births, he remained silent from birth deceitfully, at the thought, "How am I to address them: daughter-in-law or mother; son or father?" If you do not believe this, then ask the mute farmer his story so that, giving up silence, he will tell you.'

The mute farmer was brought there at once by the people and was told by the *muni*: 'Tell your former births from the beginning. Son, father, father, son such in the usual condition of existence. Therefore, lay aside your shame produced by the relationship in a former birth and give up your silence. 'After bowing to the muni, delighted at this agreement with himself, he told his former births in just the same way to all listening. Many became mendicants and the farmer became enlightened; but they (the Brahmins) were ridiculed by the people and went home, ashamed.

The Brahmins, being hostile, went at night with swords to kill the muni, but were transfixed at once by the Yaksha Sumanas. At dawn the people saw them and the Yaksha Sumanas told their weeping father and mother clearly: 'These wretches, who intended to kill the muni, were transfixed by me. If they become mendicants, I shall release them, not otherwise.' They said, 'The sadhudharma is very hard, but we will practice that suitable for laymen,' and the god released them.

From that time they observed the Jinadharmā properly, but their parents did not acknowledge at all the Arhatdharma. Agnibhuti and Vayubhuti died and became gods in the heaven Saudharma, with a life term of six palyas.¹³⁶ When they fell, they became the sons of a merchant, Arhaddasa, in Gajapura, Purnabhadra and Manibhadra, laymen, as a result of the former birth.

One day a sage, Mahendra, stopped there and Arhaddasa became a *mendicant*, after listening to *dharma** in his presence. As Purnabhadra and Manibhadra were going to pay homage to Mahendra, they saw a bitch and a *candala* on the road and felt affection for them. After they had gone and bowed to the sage Mahendra, they asked, 'Who is that candala and who is the bitch that we felt affection at the sight of them?' He related:

'In your birth as Agnibhuti and Vayubhuti your father was the Brahman Somadeva and your mother was Agnila. After his death*, your father became a king, Jitasatru, in Sankhapura in this same Bharata, always lusting after other men's wives. After her death,

Agnila was born in the same city, Sankhapura, as Rukmini, wife of the Brahman Somabhuti. One day King Jitasatru, as he was passing, saw her in the court of her house and at once became infatuated. The king invented some crime on the part of Somabhuti and put her in his *harem*. The Brahman, miserable from separation from her, remained immersed in fire, as it were.

After enjoying himself with her for a thousand years, Jitasatru died, and had a life in hell for three palyas.* Then he became a deer and, being killed, became again a young deer. He was born a merchant's son, deceitful, and, after death*, he became an elephant.* By fate he remembered former births, fasted, died on the eighteenth day and became a Vaimanika-god with a life of three palyas. Then he fell and became a *candala*, but Rukmini became a bitch, after wandering through existence. For this reason there was affection for them on your part.'

After hearing this, Purnabhadra and Manibhadra, enlightened the candala and the bitch by means of the recollection of former births which they had attained. Then the candala, disgusted with existence, fasted for a month, died, and became a god in Nandisvaradvipa. The bitch, enlightened, died after a fast and became a princess, Sudarsana^s, in the same Sankhapura.

The sage Mahendra came there again and, questioned by Arhaddasa's two sons, told the good status of the bitch and candala. The princess, enlightened by them again, became a *mendicant*, and went to heaven. Purnabhadra and Manibhadra, after observing lay-*dharma** and dying, became Samanikas in Saudharma. When they fell, they both became sons, named Madhu and Kaitabha, of King Visvaksena in Hastinapura. The god in Nandisvara fell, wandered through existence for a long time, and became a king in Vatapura, named Kanakaprabha. Sudarsana also wandered through many births, after she fell, and became Kanakaprabha's chief-queen, named Candrabha. Visvaksena installed Madhu on the throne and Kaitabha as heir-apparent, took the vow, and went to Brahmaloka.

Madhu and Kaitabha having the whole country subdued, Bhima, a village-chief, attacked the country by trickery only. Madhu set out to kill him and he was honored by King Kanakaprabha with food*, et-cetera on the road to Vatapura. At the end of the meal, his follower (Kanakaprabha) with his wife Candrabha approached King Madhu with gifts from *devotion* to his master. After bowing to Madhu, Candrabha went again to the women's apartments. Madhu, *afflicted* by love, wished to take her just then even by force. Prevented at that time by his minister, King Madhu went on, defeated

the village-chief, Bhima, and came there on his return. Again honored by King Kanakaprabha, Madhu said, 'Enough of these gifts of yours. Let Candrabha alone be given to me.' When, though asked, Kanakaprabha did not give her, then Madhu snatched Candrabha away and took her to his own city. Kanakaprabha, distracted, fell to the ground in a faint. When he had recovered, he wailed aloud and wandered about like a crazy man.

One day King Madhu was engaged in court-business with his ministers and, without giving his judgment, went to Candrabha's house. Candrabha asked, 'What has taken so long today?' and Madhu said, 'Today I was occupied with a ease of adultery.' Candrabha smiled and said, 'An adulterer should be honored.' Madhu said: 'Why should he be honored? Adulterers are subject to punishment.' Candrabha said again, 'If you are so harsh in law, do you not know that you yourself are the chief-adulterer?'

Enlightened at hearing that, he felt ashamed. Then Kanakaprabha came, singing and dancing, on the highway, surrounded by small boys. Seeing him, Candrabha thought: 'My husband has reached this miserable condition from separation from me. Shame on me, subservient.' With these reflections, she showed him as he came to Madhu and Madhu felt *remorse* at his own evil deed. Madhu put his son Dhundhu on the throne; and together with Kaitabha took the vow under the guru Vimalavahana. They practiced severe penance many thousand years, knowing the twelve angas, always doing service to sadhus. They both fasted at the end, made confession, died, and became Samanikas in Mahasukra.

King Kanakaprabha, *afflicted* by hunger and thirst, after fasting for three thousand years, died. He became a god among the Jyotiskas, Dhumaketu by name. Knowing by clairvoyance the former hostility, he searched for Madhu's *soul*. The god did not see Madhu because of his magnificent rank as a god.¹³⁷ When he fell and obtained a human birth, he became a (Brahman) *ascetic*. He practiced foolish penance and became a Vaimanika; and in this birth, too, he was not able to see the magnificent Madhu. After he had fallen and wandered through existence from submission to karma, again he became a god in the Jyotiskas, named Dhumaketu.

At this time Madhu's soul fell from Mahasukra and appeared in the womb of Rukmini, chief-queen of Vasudeva^s. Because of former enmity, Dhumaketu seized the boy as soon as born and, wicked, wishing to kill him, threw him on top of the rock Tanka. Uninjured from his own power, he was taken by Samvara. His union with Rukmini will take place at the end of sixteen years."

Asked by Narada, "Because of what act has Rukmini been separated in this way from her son?" Lord Simandhara related:

Cause of separation from son

"In the country Magadha in Bharataksetra in Jambudvipa in the village Laksmigramma there was a Brahman, Somadeva.

One day his wife, Laksmivati, went to a garden. She saw a peahen's egg and touched it with her hand which was smeared with kunkuma.^{138*} By that touch the egg became different in colour and odor and was abandoned by the mother for sixteen ghatikas,¹³⁹ as she did not know that it was hers. Then, when she had seen it in its proper condition again from rain-water, the mother covered it and in time it became a peacock. Again Laksmivati went there, saw the attractive young peacock, and took him away, though the mother wept. She put him in a cage in her house, satisfied him with food* and drink, and taught him dancing so that he danced beautifully. But his mother, the peahen, chained by her affection for her son did not leave the place, giving harsh cries.

Then the people said to her: 'Your curiosity is satisfied by him. This wretched peahen is dying. Set her son free.' Compassionate from that speech, she released him, grown, sixteen months old, and took him to the place from which she had taken him. By that carelessness the Brahmani acquired very strong feeling-karma of separation from her son, lasting for sixteen years.

One day a *muni*, Samadhigupta by name, entered her house for alms as she was looking at herself, adorned, in a mirror. Her husband, the Brahman, said to her, 'Give him alms.' Just then he was called by someone and went outside. She, making a spitting-sound and muttering harsh words, sent the sage away and shut the door quickly. Because of that action of disgust on the seventh day she had oozing leprosy over all her body and, disgusted with existence, she entered the fire. After death* she became the donkey of the washerman of that village. After dying again, she became a sow living in a cave in the same village. After death she became a bitch, was burned in a forest-fire, and died there, acquiring a human birth by that death.

She was born the daughter of a fisherman, named Kana, ill-smelling, ill-favored, on the bank of the Narmada near Bhrgukaccha. Abandoned on the bank of the Narmada by her parents, who were unable to endure her odor, when she was grown she constantly ferried people (across the river). By chance the sage Samadhigupta came there in the cold season and spent the night in *kayotsarga**,

motionless as a mountain. Thinking, 'How will the mahatma endure the cold all night?' tender-hearted, she covered the *muni* with grass. At daybreak, she bowed to the muni and the great muni taught her *dharma** with the thought, 'She is predisposed to dharma.'

After thinking for a long time, 'I have seen him some place,' she asked the muni-and he related her former births. The sage said again, 'You have been born here, evil-smelling, because of the disgust you showed for the *sadhu*. Everything is in accordance with karma.' She, whose memory of former births had arisen, begged forgiveness of the muni for the disgust shown in a former birth, blaming herself repeatedly. She became a laywoman and was entrusted to Aryika¹⁴⁰ Dharmasri by the compassionate muni.

She wandered with her, and Dharmasri, who died in some village, entrusted her to a layman Nayala. Living in a solitary house, constantly engaged in worship of the Jinas, she passed twelve years under Nayala's protection. She fasted, died, and became Indra Acyuta's chief-queen, with a life-term of fifty-five palyas* and, when she fell, she became Rukmini. Because she caused the separation of the peahen and her son, Rukmini will experience the pangs of separation from her son for sixteen years."

After hearing this, Narada bowed to the Blessed One, flew up, and went to the city Meghakuta on Vaitadhya. Narada said, 'By good fortune a son was born to you,' and was honored by Samvara; and Pradyumna was shown to him.

Narada saw that the son resembled Rukmini and, taking leave of Samvara, went to Dvaraka with confidence. He told in detail the news about the boy to Krsna^s and the others and the account of Rukmini's birth as Laksmivati. Then Queen Rukmini, her hands folded with *devotion*, bowed to Blessed Simandhara,¹⁴¹ though remaining where she was. Rukmini was satisfied by the Arhat's promise, "A union with your son will take place after sixteen years."

Draupadi and the Pandavas

Now, in the past Vrsabha Swamin had a son, named Kuru, from whom Kuruksetra was named. Kuru had a son, *Hastin*^s, from whom Hastinapura was named. In the line of King Hastin there was a king, Anantavirya. From him there was Krtavirya and then *Cakrabhrt* Subhuma. Then after innumerable kings Santanu became king. He had two wives, Ganga^s and Satyavati; and by Ganga he had a son Bhisma, whose strength was terrifying. By Satyavati he had two sons, Citrangada and Citravirya; and Citravirya's wives were

Ambika, Ambalika, and Amba. Of these in turn there were sons Dhrtarastra, Pandu, and Vidura.

The realm was settled on Dhrtarastra and Pandu became devoted to hunting. Dhrtarastra married eight full sisters, Gandhari, et-cetera, of Sakuni, King of Gandhara, son of Subala. They had one hundred sons, Duryodhana and others. By Kunti Pandu had sons, Yudhisthira, Bhima, and Arjuna. From Pandu's second wife, Madri, sister of Salya*, there were two sons, Nakula and Sahadeva, long-armed. These five sons of Pandu were bold as lions, *invincible* even to Khecaras, powerful from magic arts and strength of arm. The five, respectful according to seniority, intolerant of bad conduct, caused astonishment among the people by their superior virtues.

One day a messenger of King Drupada came from Kampilya, bowed to King Pandu and said: "There is a maiden, named Draupadi, daughter of King Drupada by Culani, younger sister of Dhrtadyumna. All the Dasarhas, Sirin, Sarngin, Damadanta, Sisupala, Rukmin, Kama^s, Suyodhana, and other kings and powerful princes, invited by the king by messengers, are going now to her svayamvara.* Do you go there and adorn the svayamvara-pavilion with these five princes who resemble young gods."

Pandu went to Kampilya with his five victorious sons, like Smara^s with his five arrows, and other kings went also. There the kings were honored by Drupada one by one and they presided over the svayamvara-hall like planets* over the sky.

Draupadi, having bathed, wearing clean garments, adorned with wreaths and ornaments, after she had worshipped the Arhat, came attended by friends, like a goddess in beauty, to the svayamvara-pavilion, which was adorned by Krsna^s and the others like Samanika-gods. The kings there being pointed out by a friend who announced their names, Drupada's daughter, looking, went where the Pandavas were. She, enamored, threw the svayamvara-wreath around the necks of the five sons of Pandu at the same time. The circle of kings was amazed, saying "What's this?" until a flying ascetic came there.

Draupadis former births

The *muni* was asked by the kings, Krsna, et-cetera, "How can Draupadi have five husbands?" and he explained:

"This state of having five husbands will result from karma acquired in a former birth. What is remarkable? The course of karma is unequal. Here in the city Campa¹⁴² there were three Brahmans, Somadeva, Somabhuti, and Somadatta, full brothers. They, rich in

grain and cash, had wives Nagasri, Bhutasri, Yaksasri, respectively. Fond of each other, one day they made an agreement that they should all eat in one house in turn.

One day, while they were doing this, when the time came to eat in Somadeva's house, Nagasri made ready. She cooked many kinds of food and unknowingly cooked a bitter *gourd* made into a sauce. To find out what it was like, she tasted it and discovered that it was inedible and spit it out at once. Depressed at the thought, 'This is still bitter, though I prepared it with many sweet materials,' she put it away. She fed her husband and brothers-in-law and their families, who had come to the house, with other food without this.

Then *Acharya* Sri Dharmaghosa, who was omniscient, stopped with his retinue in the garden Subhumibhaga. His disciple, Dharmaruci, went to Nagasri's house to break his month's fast, Somadeva and the others being gone. Thinking, 'Let him be satisfied with this,' Nagasri gave the *muni* the gourd-sauce. 'I have never received this thing before,' he reflected, went to show the dish, and put it in his guru's hand. The guru smelled its odor and said, 'If you eat this, you will die, son. Dispose it out quickly. You should break your fast, after obtaining other food with which you are familiar.'

So instructed, he went outside and found a clean bare spot. A single drop of the gourd-sauce fell from the dish by itself and he saw the ants dying, that had been touched by it. He thought: 'Many creatures are dying, touched by a drop of this. If it is thrown out, how many will die? Is it not better for me alone to die than for a lot of beings?' Deciding so, he himself ate the gourd carefully. After he had made *aradhana*, he died, completely absorbed in meditation*, and became a chief-god, an Ahamindra, in Sarvarthasiddha.

Now, the *Acharya* Dharmaghosa instructed the other munis to find out why Dharmaruci was delayed. They saw him dead outside and, taking his broom, et-cetera, they went and told the guru, grieving the guru. Then by employing his supernatural knowledge, the guru said, 'This was a crime of Nagasri's against all ascetics. Then the munis and the nuns, angered, went there and told the people, Somadeva and others. Nagasri was driven from the house by the Brahmans, Soma and others, and, being reviled by the people, wandered everywhere, miserable. She experienced hell even here (on earth), *afflicted* by sixteen very severe diseases,¹⁴³ cough, asthma, fever, leprosy et-cetera. Hungry, thirsty, wearing tattered garments, roaming without shelter, in time she died and went to the sixth hell.

Rising from hell, she was born in the Mlecchas and went to the seventh hell after death.* Rising from that she was born in the fishes. Again she went to the seventh hell and again she was born in the Mlecchas. So she, wicked, in this way went to all the hells, twice to each one. Then she was born many times in earth-bodies*, et-cetera and she destroyed much bad karma from the activity of involuntary destruction of karma.

Then here in Campa she became the daughter, Sukumarika, of Sheth Sagaradatta and Subhadra. In the same place there was a wealthy caravan-leader, Jinadatta. His wife was named Bhadra and his son Sagara. One day Jinadatta, while passing near Sagaradatta's house, saw the girl Sukumarika, who had grown up. He observed her playing with a ball on top of the house and went home, thinking, 'She is suitable for my son.'

Then Jinadatta went with relatives and asked Sagaradatta for the girl Sukumarika for his son. Sagaradatta said, 'My daughter is dearer than my life. I cannot exist at all without her. If your son, Sagara, will live in my house as a son-in-law, then I will give him my daughter with a dowry, et-cetera. Saying, 'I shall have him consider,' Jinadatta went home and told Sagara. Sagara stood silent. By the rule, 'unopposed is approved,' his father considered his son a house-son-in-law of Sagaradatta.

Sagara was married to the girl by the parents and went to the bed-chamber with her and rested on a couch. Because of the power of past actions, burned severely instantly by her touch like a coal, Sagara remained there with difficulty. Leaving her asleep, he escaped and went home. At the end of her sleep, not seeing her husband, she wept very loud. A slave-girl, who had been sent at dawn by Subhadra to clean the teeth of the bride and bridegroom, saw her weeping, deserted by her husband. She went and told Subhadra and Subhadra told the sheth. The sheth himself reproached Jinadatta.

Jinadatta summoned his son and said to him privately: 'You did not behave fittingly in deserting the daughter of a good family. Now go, son, to Sukumarika. For I made such a promise before at that time to respectable people.' Sagara declared: 'Father, I will enter the fire rather than go again to Sukumarika.' Sagaradatta heard that from inside the house and, hopeless, went home and told Sukumarika: 'Sagara does not like you. So I shall find another husband for you, daughter. Do not worry.'

One day, standing at a window, he saw a man carrying a beggar's bowl, wearing tattered clothes, seeking alms, surrounded by

flies. The sheth called him, had him abandon the beggar's bowl, had him bathed, fed, and *anoointed* with sandal. He said to him: 'I give you my daughter Sukumarika. Stay comfortably with her without anxiety about food*, et-cetera.' Talked to in this way, he went to the bed-chamber with her and, asleep, was touched by fire, as it were, from the touch of her body. Getting up, he put on his own clothes and fled. She, depressed, remained just as she was and was seen by her father. He said: 'Daughter, this is the maturing of past actions. There is no other reason. Remain contented in my house, dispensing charity.' Just so she gave gifts, tranquil, devoted to *dharma**, virtuous.

One day *Arya* Gopalika came to her house. She presented her with pure food, drink, et-cetera. Listening to dharma from her, enlightened, she took the vow. Observing fasts of one day, two days, three days, et-cetera, she wandered daily with *Arya* Gopalika. One time, looking at the sun, she said to the *Arya*, 'I shall do the penance of burning in the sun, standing in the garden Subhumibhaga.' She (the *Arya*) said: 'The penance of burning in the sun is not done outside of one's own place. That is prescribed for nuns in the Agama.'

Just as if she had not heard that, she went to the garden Subhumibhaga and began the sun-penance, her eyes fixed on the sun. She saw the courtesan named Devadatta, who had come there, being held on the lap by one lover, with an umbrella held by another, being fanned by another with a pleasant breeze, her hair being bound by another, her feet being held on the lap by another. She, whose *desire* for pleasure had not been satisfied, made a *nidana**: 'May I have five husbands, like her, as a result of this penance.'

Devoted to personal cleanliness, she sprinkled (herself) at every step; being restrained by the *Arya*, she thought: 'In the past when I stayed in a house, I was respected by the *Arya*, but now that I am a *mendicant*, she scolds me in this way. Enough of her.' Having considered so, she remained in a shelter apart. Alone, voluntarily she observed the vow for a long time. After fasting for eight months, she died without confessing and became a goddess in Saudharma with a life-term of nine *palyopamas*.* When she fell, she became Draupadi and these five husbands were caused by that *nidana* in the past. What is surprising in that?"

Pandavas go to Dvaraka

When this had been told by the *muni*, there was a voice in the air saying, "Well done! Well done!" Krsna^s and the others said, "It is

good that these husbands happened.” The Pandavas married Draupadi with a festival held by the same kings and kindred who had come to the svayamvara.* Then Pandu escorted the Dasarhas, Krsna^s, and the other kings invited here to the wedding to his own city with dignity. After entertaining them there for a long time, King Pandu dismissed the Dasarhas, Sirin, Sarngin, and the other kings who asked permission to go.

Pandu gave the throne to Yudisthira and died. Madri followed him, after entrusting her two sons to Kunti. After Pandu’s death*, the Dhartarastras (Kurus) who were jealous, eager for the throne, evil-hearted, did not honor the Pandavas. The elders were satisfied by Duryodhana by politeness, et-cetera. The Pandavas lost their kingdom which had been staked in gambling from greed. Duryodhana took Draupadi, having won her made a stake in gambling, but gave her back, afraid of Bhima red-eyed from anger. As they showed disrespect, the sons of Pandu were expelled from their kingdom by the Dhartarastras and took to living in the forest.

After they had wandered from forest to forest for a long time, the five Pandavas were led to Dvaravati by Kunti, younger sister of the Dasarhas. All, *arrogant* from their magic arts and strength of arm, armed with divine weapons*, went to Samudravijaya’s house first. There Samudravijaya and the brothers, Aksobhya, et-cetera soon paid honor to their sister and nephews from affection. The Dasarhas said to her: “By good fortune we see you with your sons, living, having returned to your kinsmen, sister.”

Kunti said: “I and my sons have been made alive at that time when I heard that you and your sons were alive. Hearing of the superior adventures of your sons, Krsna and Rama, I have come here, delighted, eager for a sight of them.” Permitted by her brothers, she went with her sons to Hari’s assembly. Rama and Krsna arose to greet them and bowed with *devotion*. Rama, Krsna and the Pandavas embraced and bowed to each other, one after the other, and sat down in suitable places.

Krsna said: “It is well that you have come here to your own house. Verily, the fortune of you and the Yadus is a common one.” Yudisthira said, “There are always slaves and wealth, Hari^s, of those by whom you are honored. How much more of those who are honored by you. We go everywhere, especially strong, because of you adorning our mother’s family, Hari.” After welcoming with various speeches Kunti and Kunti’s sons, Krsna established each one in a separate palace. The Dasarhas gave their own daughters to the Pandavas in turn, Laksmivati, Vegavati, Subhadra, *Vijaya*, *Rati*.

Being honored by the Yadus, by Krsna^s and Bala^s, the five Yudisthira and the others, remained there happily.

Kanakamala and Pradyumna

Now, when Kanakamala saw Pradyumna grown up, by whom all the arts had been studied, she became distracted from love. She thought: "There is no one like him among the Khecaras. I think there is no god like him. Why speak of mortals! Union of myself with him whom I reared is like the fruit of a tree that I grew. Otherwise, surely my birth is in vain." Reflecting in this way, she said to Pradyumna in a gentle voice:

"There is a city, Nalapura, here in the north row. There is a king, Nisadha, in the Gauri-line. I am the daughter of this illustrious king, and there is a son, Naisadhi. The great magic art, Gauri, was given to me by my father himself. Samvara married me, after giving me the magic art Prajnapti. Devoted to me, Samvara does not wish any other maiden. The world is like straw to him from my power as I possess two magic arts. I, beloved in such a way, choose you. Enjoy me. Do not destroy my life from ignorance."

Pradyumna said: "Heaven forbid! How can you say that? You are my mother; I am your son. That would be a sin of us both." She said: "You are not my son; but Samvara found you on the road, abandoned by someone, as he came from Agnijvalapura. You were given to me to rear; you are the son of someone else. So enjoy pleasure with me as you like without fear." Thinking, "I have fallen into a woman's clutches," he said, "How shall I save my life from Samvara and your sons?" She said: "Fortunate man, do not fear. Take both magic arts, Gauri and Prajnapti. Be an *invincible* king." Determined in his heart, "I will not do this improper thing," Krsna's son said, "Give me the magic arts. I shall do as you say."

Distracted by love, she gave him the magic arts, Prajnapti and Gauri. Pradyumna subdued them quickly from the power of matured merit. Asked by her to dally, Krsna's son said: "Before you were only my mother from rearing me. Now you are my teacher from giving me the magic arts, blameless lady. You must not even mention this wicked act to me." With these words Pradyumna left her, went outside the city and, distressed in mind, stood on the edge of the tank Kalambuka.

Kanakamala scratched herself with her nails and made an outcry. Her sons came, asking, "What's this?" "I have been scratched at will by that wretch of a son of your father, grown up, evil-minded, like one giving food* scratched by a cat." Then they all went to the

edge of Kalambuka in a rage and quickly attacked Pradyumna, saying, "Villain! Villain!" Pradyumna, who had great strength from the two magic arts, slew Samvara's sons easily, like a lion sambars. Angry at the slaying of his sons, Samvara went to kill him and was defeated by Pradyumna by tricks produced by the magic arts. Pradyumna, remorseful, told Samvara the story of Kanakamala in detail, beginning at the beginning. Samvara, remorseful, made a puja to him.

At that time Rsi's Narada came into Pradyumna's presence. Pradyumna honored him who was introduced by Prajnapti and told him Kanakamala's story from the beginning. Then Narada related the whole story which Jina Simandhara had told about Pradyumna and Rukmini.

"In the past your mother made a bet with her co-wife, Bhama, with giving the hair at the first wedding of a son as a stake. Bhama's son, Bhanuka, is going to marry now. So your mother will have to give her hair, lost by the bet. Rukmini will surely die from the shame of giving her hair and grief at separation from you; though you, the son, are alive." Then Pradyumna and Narada got into an aerial car made by Prajnapti and went very quickly to Dvaraka. Narada said, "This is your father's city Dvaraka which Dhanada himself created and filled with jewels and money." Pradyumna said, "You should stay right here in the aerial car until I have performed some miracle in Dvaraka." Narada said, "Very well." Krsna's son saw the wedding-procession of Satyabhama's son which was halted there. He seized the girl who was to be married to him and put her down in Narada's presence. Narada said to her, "Do not be afraid. That is Krsna's son."

Assuming the guise of a man carrying a muniey, Pradyumna said to the forest-guards, "Give fruit, et-cetera to my hungry monkey." "This garden is reserved for Bhanuka's wedding. So nothing can be ordered by you," the guards said. Pradyumna seduced them with much money, entered the garden, and had it stripped of fruit, et-cetera by the monkey.

Then he became a merchant with a thoroughbred horse and went to the grass-market; and there he asked the shopkeepers for grass for his horse. When they did not give, Pradyumna seduced them with money in the same way and made every place stripped of grass by his magic art. In the same way, he drank and made dry the places with sweet water. He rode the horse himself on the bridle-path. Bhanuka saw the horse and asked, "Whose is it?" Pradyumna said impatiently, "It is mine." Bhanuka said urgently, "Give me the

horse. I will pay you whatever price you ask, though it is a high one." Pradyumna said to him:

"Take the horse after you have tried it. Otherwise, there might be a crime against the king on my part, though innocent." Then Bhanuka mounted the horse to test it and was thrown to the ground by it playing the part of a high-spirited horse. Then, laughed at by the people, he mounted a goat and went to Vasudeva's house, making even the councilors laugh.

Pradyumna then became a Brahman reciting the Veda with a low pleasing sound and entered Dvarika and roamed all over it, at junctions of three streets, et-cetera. He saw a hunchbacked slave-girl of Bhama and by his magic art quickly made her as straight as a reed on the road. She fell at his feet and said, "Where are you going?" and Pradyumna replied, "Where I can get food* by a wish." She said: "Come! I shall give you cakes, et-cetera, whatever you like, prepared in Queen Bhama's house for her son's wedding."

Pradyumna went with her to Bhama's house. The slave-girl left him at the festooned door and went into Bhama's presence. Bhama asked, "Who are you?" and the slave-girl replied, "I am the hunchback." "Who made you straight?" The slave-girl told the story of the Brahman and Bhama said, "Where is the Brahman now?" She said, "I left him now at the festooned door." Instructed by Bhama, "Bring the mahatma here," the slave-girl quickly brought the fictitious Brahman there.

After he had bestowed a blessing and had been seated, Satyabhama said to him, "Brahman, make me more beautiful than my co-wife, Rukmini." The false Brahman said, "You appear very beautiful. I do not see any where such beauty of other women." Satyabhama said: "Sir, this is a good thing that you say. Nevertheless, make me especially unequalled in beauty." He said: "In that case, become completely devoid of beauty. A high degree of beauty will result, if there is a complete absence of beauty in the first place." Asked, "What shall I do?" the Brahman instructed her: "Shave your head and smear your whole body with lampblack. Dressed in old tattered clothes, go ahead of me that I may *bestow* a wealth of beauty and grace on you." She did that, industriously.

The Brahman said, "I am suffering from hunger. What can I do, if I am miserable?" Bhama gave the cooks orders to feed him and the Brahman gave instructions in Bhama's hearing, "You must mutter the charm, 'Rudu, budu, rudu, budu,' before family-goddesses, until I finish eating, innocent lady." She kept on doing this; and the rogue of a Brahman continued to eat and got all the best

food* by the power of his magic arts. He was finally told by the cooks, who were afraid of Bhama and who held water-vessels, "Get up!" The false Brahman went away, saying, "I have not been satisfied today. I shall go where I will be satisfied."

Then, he assumed the form of a young *sadhu* and went to Rukmini's house. Rukmini saw him, a moon for the pleasure of her eyes, from a distance. Rukmini went inside the house to get him a seat and he sat down on Krsna's lion-throne set in the east. Queen Rukmini returned with a seat, saw him seated like that and, wide-eyed with astonishment, said, "The gods do not allow any man to sit on this lion-throne except Krsna^s or Krsna's offspring." The false *sadhu* said, "Because of the power of my penance the gods do not have sufficient power to do anything." She asked, "Whence and why have you come?" and he replied:

"For sixteen years I practiced penance without food. I did not drink even mother's milk from birth. I have come here to break the fast. Give something suitable." Rukmini said: "Nowhere has a fast of sixteen years been heard of. A fast up to a year, beginning with a one-day fast, has been heard of, *muni*." He said: "What is the use of this on your part? If you have anything and if you intend to give, then give it. If not, I shall go to Satyabhama's house." She said, "I have cooked nothing today from excitement." He asked, "What is the reason for your excitement?"

She explained: "I have worshipped the family-deities for so long at the separation from my son, with the hope of a reunion. Now as I struck my neck with the intention of giving a head-oblation to the family-deities,¹⁴⁴ a goddess said: 'Daughter, do not show impatience. Whenever your mango^B blooms out of season, then' your son will come.' It has bloomed today, but my son does not come. So, *sadhu*, look at the horoscope. When will the reunion with my son take place?" He said, "The horoscope does not give results to the empty-handed."

Rukmini asked, "What shall I give you? Tell me." He said, "Offer gruel to me *emaciated* from penance." She occupied herself with a search for the materials for a gruel. Again the *sadhu* said to her: "I am extremely hungry. Make a gruel from any *substance* whatever and give me." She began to make a gruel with the sweetmeats prepared earlier, but the fire did not burn from the power of his magic art. Seeing her distressed, he said, "If the gruel does not materialize, satisfy me with just the sweetmeats, as I am very hungry."

She said: "Indeed, these sweetmeats of Kṛṣṇa's are very indigestible for others. I will not cause the death* of a sage by giving them to you, *muni*." He asserted, "Nothing is hard for me to digest because of my penance." She then gave him a single sweetmeat at a time, fearful. Smiling and astonished, she said to him as he ate very quickly the sweetmeats given one at a time, "You are very strong, sage."

Now, men came and said to Bhama who was muttering the charm: "Mistress, some man has made the garden stripped of fruit, et-cetera. Someone has made the grass-shops empty of grass. Someone has made the wells waterless. Someone attacked your son Bhanu^s with a horse." Hearing that, Bhama asked, "Where, pray, is the Brahman, friends?" Her slave-girls described his conduct in detail.

Then depressed and angry, she sent slave-girls with baskets to Rukmini to get her hair. They said to Rukmini: "Give us your hair quickly. The mistress, Sri Bhama, a proud lady, thus orders." Hearing that, the false *sadhu* filled a basket with their hair and sent them to Bhama. Asked by Bhama, "What's this?" they said, "Do you not know, mistress, 'Like master, like servants.' " Then Bhama, excited, sent barbers to Rukmini's house. The *sadhu* shaved them and cut the skin on their heads. When she saw that the barbers had returned bald, Bhama went to Hari^s angrily and said: "You were the guarantor of Rukmini's hair. Let the wager of giving the hair be paid me now, Kesava. You yourself get up, summon Rukmini, and make her bald." Hari laughed and said, "You yourself are here shaved." She said, "Enough of joking, et-cetera. Have her hair given to me today."

Rama was sent by Kṛṣṇa^s to Rukmini's house and then Pradyumna created there a Kṛṣṇa-form by means of a magic art. Embarrassed, Rama returned to the former place and, seeing Kṛṣṇa there too, said: "Why do you ridicule (me)? After sending me for the hair, you have gone there yourself and have come here. Your wife and I have been shamed inconsiderately by you at the same time." Hari said, "I did not go there," and took an oath to that effect. Saying, "There is certainly some deceit on your part," Bhama went to her own house. Viṣṇu^s went to her house and tried to make her believe him.

Narada said to Rukmini, "This is your son Pradyumna." Making visible his own form which resembled a god, Pradyumna fell at his mother's feet, the sun to the darkness of her long pain. Rukmini embraced him with both arms, her breasts oozing, and kissed him on

the head many times, her eyes dripping tears of joy. Pradyumna said to her, "I must surely not be announced, until I have shown my father some miracle." Rukmini, distracted from joy, did not reply and he put her in a fictitious chariot and set out. Blowing his conch, terrifying the people, Pradyumna said: "I am abducting Rukmini. Let Krsna^s, if he is strong, protect her." Janardana^s, saying, "Who is this idiot who wishes to die?" pursued him with an army and twanged *Sarṅga* repeatedly. Pradyumna scattered his army and made Hari^s weaponless, like a tuskless elephant*, at once by the power of magic arts. While Visnu^s was depressed, his right arm twitched and he immediately told *Bala*^s.

Just then Narada came and said: "Let your son accompanied by Rukmini be acknowledged, Krsna. Enough of talk about fighting." Pradyumna bowed to Krsna and Rama touching their feet, and was embraced closely by them who kissed his head repeatedly. Janardana seated Pradyumna, who was like a twin of youth, resembling a god in appearance, on his lap, astonishing the people, and, accompanied by Rukmini, like Indra, he entered the city Dvarika which had the appearance of having eye-brows made by the new festoons placed on the gate hurriedly.

7. MARRIAGES OF SAMBA AND PRADYUMNA AND THE KILLING OF JARASANDHA

Then at the festival which took place here at Pradyumna's coming Duryodhana got up and announced to Vasudeva⁸: "My daughter, your daughter-in-law, master, has been abducted by someone just now. So have a search made for her so that Bhanuka can marry." Krsna⁸ said: "I am not omniscient. If I were such, why did I not know that Raukmineya had been kidnapped by someone?" Pradyumna said, "I shall bring her here, recognizing her through Prajnapti," and brought there the svayamvara-maiden. Pradyumna did not take her though offered by Krsna saying, "She is my daughter-in-law," and Bhanuka married her. Govinda⁸ married Khecara princesses to Pradyumna, though he was unwilling, with a great festival. Rukmini and Sarngadharin dismissed Narada after he had been honored as a benefactor because he had restored Pradyumna.

Bhama, grieving at Pradyumna's great magnificence and fame, went to the anger-room and lay on an old couch. Kansari came there in agitation and said, "By whom have you been insulted, on account of which you grieve, fair lady?" She said: "There has been no insult to me. But if I do not have a son like Pradyumna, then I shall certainly die." Knowing her *persistence*, Krsna observed pausadha with a three-day fast directed to the god Naigamesin. Naigamesin appeared and said to him, "What can I do for you?" Krsna said, "Give Bhama a son like Pradyumna." Naigamesin said: "Enjoy her from whom you *desire* a son. Have her put on this necklace. Then there will be the desired son." Naigamesin gave him a necklace and departed. Delighted Vasudeva assigned a bed-chamber to Satya.

Informed about this by Prajnapti, Pradyumna told his mother and said, "Take this necklace with desire for a son equal to me." Rukmini said: "With you as a son, my purpose is accomplished. Moreover, a woman never bears a jewel a second time." "Which one of the co-wives, to whom I may give a son, is dear to you?" asked by Pradyumna again, Rukmini said: "In the past Jambavati was sympathetic with me suffering from separation from you, son. Let the son equal to you be hers." With Pradyumna's approval she

summoned Jambavat's daughter and Pradyumna made her look like Bhama by means of a magic art. She was sent by Rukmini, who explained to her, to Hari's house. She went at evening and was enjoyed joyfully by him, after he had given her the necklace.

Just then the god Kaitabha fell from Mahasukra and entered Jambavati's womb, indicated by the dream of a lion. Then Jambavati, delighted, went to her own house and Satyabhama came, seeking the bed-chamber in Krsna's house. Seeing her, Krsna thought: "Oh! Women are never satisfied in pleasure. Just now she has gone and she comes again in haste. Or, have I been tricked by someone who assumed Satya's form? "With the idea," May she not be embarrassed," he dallied with her.

Raukmineya learned that it was the time of her *dalliance* and had a drum beaten which caused terror to all of Visnu's people. Hari^s, disturbed, asked, "By whom was this drum beaten?" and his attendants told him, "It was beaten by Raukmineya." Hari smiled and thought: "Now Bhama has certainly been tricked by him. Indeed, a son of a co-wife is like ten co-wives. Bhama's son will be somewhat timid because of pleasure with fear.* Surely what must be does not happen otherwise."

At dawn Janardana^s went to Rukmini's house and saw Jambavat's daughter ornamented with the divine necklace. Jambavati said to Hari looking at her with motionless eyes, "Why do you look so, master? I, here, am your wife." Visnu said, "Where did you get this divine necklace, queen?"

She said, "By your favor. Do you not know what you have done yourself?" She told him the dream of a lion and Janardana explained: "Queen, you will have a son equal to Pradyumna." With these words Visnu went away.

At the right time Jambavati, like a lioness, bore a son named Samba, whose strength was unequaled. Daruka and Jayasena, sons of the charioteer, and Subuddhi, son of the minister these sons were born at the same time as Samba. And there was a son of Satyabhama, *Anubhanuka* by name, who had another name, Bhiru, as a result of the impregnation. Sons were born of the other wives of Govinda^s, very strong, very heroic, like young bhadra-elephants.¹⁴⁵ Samba grew up with the sons of the minister and charioteer and, intelligent, gradually acquired the collection of arts easily.

Marriage of Pradyumna

One day Rukmini sent a man to Bhojakata to arrange a marriage of Vaidarbhi, Rukmin's daughter, with Pradyumna. He bowed and

said to Rukmin: "Queen Rukmini says to you: 'Give your daughter, Vaidarbhi, to Pradyumna. In the past there was a suitable union of Visnu and me by fate. Now do you arrange a union of Pradyumna and Vaidarbhi.' "Recalling their former enmity, Rukmin said: "I will give my daughter to candalas rather than Visnu's family." The messenger went and reported that to Rukmini word for word.

Insulted by her brother, she remained downcast like a day-lotus at night."Why are you so troubled?" asked by Pradyumna, she told the story of Rukmin, the cause of the arrow in her heart. Pradyumna said: "Mother, do not grieve. Indeed, uncle is not deserving of conciliation. At that time father did what was fitting. After arranging what is fitting for him, I will marry his daughter." With these words, he jumped up and went to Bhojakata with Samba.

Both assumed the forms of candalas and the voices of Kinnaras and, singing, won the hearts of all the citizens like deer.¹⁴⁶ King Rukmin learned about them and summoned the sweet-voiced fictitious candalas. Holding his daughter on his lap, he had them sing. Delighted by their song, King Rukmin and his retinue gave them money and asked, "Whence have you come here?" They said: "From heaven we came to Dvaraka, the city which was made by the gods for the god Sarngin." Vaidarbhi, delighted, asked them, "Do you know the son, Pradyumna, of Krsna^s and Rukmini there?" Samba said: "Who does not know Pradyumna, Manmatha^s in form, the tilaka of the ornaments of the earth, very strong?"

On hearing that, Vaidarbhi, eager, became penetrated by love. Just then a rutting elephant* pulled up its post and ran away. Running over the whole city, terrorizing the people unexpectedly, he could not be subdued by any elephant-keeper."I will give whatever he desires to anyone who subdues this elephant," the king had proclaimed by the sound of a drum. The drum was not stopped by anyone; but was stopped by them. The great elephant was transfixed by Pradyumna and Samba by singing. The two mounted the elephant, led him to the elephant-post, and tied him. They, surprising the citizens, were summoned joyfully by the king. Rukmin said to them, "Ask what you wish," and they said, "Give us Vaidarbhi here. We have no cook." Rukmin, angry at hearing that, banished them from the city.

Pradyumna said to Samba: "Rukmini remains unhappy. Hence delay in Vaidarbhi's marriage is not fitting." As he was saying this, it became spotless night. Then, all the people being asleep, by means of his magic art Pradyumna went to Rukmin's daughter who was on the seventh floor of the palace. He delivered to her a fictitious

affectionate letter from Rukmini and, when she had read it, she said, "Tell me, what shall I give you?" He said: "Give me yourself only, fair-eyed maiden. I am Pradyumna for whom you were asked, fair lady." Saying, "Oh! what is well-arranged by fate, that surely is caused by the Creator," she consented to his speech. Making a fire by the power of his magic art and making it a witness, Kṛṣṇa's son married her with the marriage-ribbon put on and wearing fine white garments. Kārsni sported with her at will in many ways.

In the last part of the night he said: "I am going" to Samba. If you are questioned by your parents (or) attendants, do not talk. I have arranged for your protection from physical injury, blameless lady." With these words, Kārsni left and Vaidarbhi went to sleep from staying awake too long and from fatigue from pleasure. She did not awake at dawn. Her nurse came there and, when she had seen the signs of a marriage, the marriage-ribbon, et-cetera, aroused her and questioned her anxiously. Vaidarbhi told nothing and the nurse, trembling with fear*, told Rukmin and the queen, in order to wipe out her own guilt.

They went and questioned her and she told nothing; but they saw clear signs of marital relations. Rukmin thought to himself: "Though she was not given, she has dallied with someone of low family, from her own wish. Better if this *basest* of girls had been given to the *candalas*." From anger at this thought, he had the *candalas* summoned by his doorkeeper. Saying angrily, "Take the girl. Go where I shall not see you," he gave Vaidarbhi to them.

They said to Vaidarbhi: "Princess, will you sell leeches, skin-ropes, et-cetera in our house?" She, knowing the highest good, said: "Whatever fate does, I will submit to that. For the command of fate is hard to transgress." Then the two heroes took her and went elsewhere.

But King Rukmin cried out in the council from *remorse*: "Oh, daughter, where are you, Vaidarbhi? Indeed, that union was not suitable. I threw you, like a *cow*, at the *candalas*' door, daughter. Truly, the *candala* Anger made me give my daughter to the *candalas*. Every one, indeed, seeks advantage for his own category. Though you were requested by Rukmini for her son Pradyumna, I, blind with anger, of little wit, did not give you, alas! "

While he was lamenting in this way, he heard the deep sound of musical instruments.* His attendants, being asked "Where is that from?" investigated and reported: "Pradyumna and Samba, together with Vaidarbhi, occupy a palace outside the city which is like a heavenly palace, like gods. They, being praised by flying-ascetics,

are having a concert, charming with the best musical instruments, performed. This sound comes from that, lord." Then delighted, Rukmin led them to his house and honored them very much from affection for a nephew and son-in-law. Then Pradyumna took leave of Rukmin and went to Dvaravati with Vaidarbhi and Samba, a festival for Rukmini's eyes.

Pradyumna with fresh youth continued dallying happily with Rukmin's daughter with fresh youth like a new *Rati*. Samba sported with King Hemangada's daughter, named Suharini, borne by a courtesan, whose beauty surpassed that of Apsarases. Samba got Bhiru to play constantly and defeated him. After he had made him lose much money in gambling, he, eager, made him pay. Making an outcry, Bhiru told Bhama; she told Visnu^s and he told Queen Jambavati about Samba's bad conduct.

Jambavati said: "I have not heard about Samba's bad behavior for so long. Why is this, O you whose fame is wide spread?" Visnu said: "A lioness thinks her son gentle and good. Elephants are the ones who know the sport of the young lion. Now I will show you his behavior." Saying this, Hari^s assumed the form of an Abhira and had Jambavati assume the form of an Abhiri. Both entered Dvaraka, selling buttermilk, and were seen by Prince Samba who was always roaming at random.

Samba said to the Abhiri, "Come, I will buy your milk." She followed Samba and Abhira followed her in turn. Samba entered a temple and called her. She said: "I will not enter there. Give me the money here." Saying, "You will have to enter here," Samba seized her by the hand and began to drag her like an elephant* a creeper. Saying, "Villain, why are you seizing my wife?" the Abhira beat him quickly; and Jambavati and Hari revealed themselves. When he saw his parents, Samba covered his face and fled.

Hari said to Jambavati, "Your son's bad behavior has been seen." On the next day Sarngin had him brought by force and he came, making a wedge. Questioned, he said: "This wedge will be thrown into the mouth of anyone who says a word today about yesterday. For that reason I am making it." Saying, "He, shameless, amorous, misbehaves here as he likes," Sarngapani banished Samba from his city. Pradyumna, penetrated by affection, gave the magic art Prajnapti to Samba, his brother in a former birth also, as he left.

Bhama said to Pradyumna, who was always tormenting Bhiruka, "Why do you not go from the city like Samba, evil-minded man?" He said, "Where shall I go?" She said, "To the cemetery." He said to her again, "When will there be a meeting with me?" She said

angrily, "When I take Samba by the hand, villain, and lead him here, then there will be a meeting with you." Saying, "Whatever my mother commands," Rukmini's son went to the cemetery and Samba came there in his roaming. Both had taken a very large burning-fee to the cemetery and gave it for the burning of the corpses of the townspeople.

Bhiru and Samba

Now Bhama had assembled ninety-nine fair maidens for Bhiru and sought for one maiden *zealously*. Pradyumna learned that from Prajnapti and immediately created an army and became a king, named Jitasatru, himself. Samba became his daughter, resembling a goddess, and, as she was playing surrounded by friends, was seen by Bhiru's nurse. After enquiring about her, she told Satyabhama about her at once and Bhama asked Jitasatru for her for Bhiru through a messenger.

Jitasatru said: "I will give the girl at that time, if Bhama takes her by the hand and enters Dvaraka. Furthermore, if Bhama puts her (the girl's) hand over Bhiru's hand at the time of the wedding, then my daughter may be Bhiru's." So informed, the messenger went and reported it to Bhama. Saying, "Very well," Bhama went quickly to his camp, seeking her. Samba said to Prajnapti: "Have Bhama and her people see a girl and other people see just me, Samba." This being done by Prajnapti, Prince Samba entered Dvaraka, his right hand held by Bhama. Samba was led by Bhama to Bhiru's marriage-festival and the townswomen said: "Oh, this is strange! This is strange!" Samba went to Bhama's house and, deceitful-minded, took Bhiru's right hand with his left hand placed over it.

Having taken with his right hand the hands of the ninety-nine girls, he circled the fire at the same time according to rule. The girls, looking at Samba said, "You, equal to *Rati's* husband, have been joined with us as a husband by the Creator because of the maturing of our merit." When the marriage with these girls had been concluded, Samba went to the marriage-chamber. When Bhiru went there, he was terrified by Samba by a frown and went away. He went and told Bhama and she, incredulous, went there herself and saw Samba. Samba bowed to her. She said angrily, "By whom were you brought here, impudent villain?" He said: "I was brought here and made to marry the girls by you. All the people of Dvaraka, spectators, are authority for this."

Told this, she asked the townspeople who had come there. They said: "Do not be angry, queen. Samba was made to enter (the city)

by you. While we were actually looking, he was made to marry the girls." Saying, "You, a cheat, the son of a cheat, the younger brother of a cheat, borne by a cheat, tricked me in the form of a girl," she went away angrily.

In the presence of all the people, Kṛṣṇa^s himself gave the girls to Samba and made great joy to Jambavati.

Samba went to bow to Vasudeva^{147s} and said: "Father, you married women after you had roamed over the earth for a long time. I married one hundred maidens at the same time without roaming. There is a distinct difference between you and me." Vasudeva replied: "O villain, resembling a frog in a well, you were banished by your father. Shame upon you devoid of pride! But I, being insulted by my brother, left by conduct proper for heroes, and roamed everywhere without hindrance and married maidens, villain. Begged urgently by their relatives whom I had met at the proper time, I went to their houses, but not like you." Realizing that he had shown disrespect to a *venerable* person, Samba bowed deeply to his grandfather, his hands folded respectfully, and said: "I said that from ignorance. It was the bad behavior of a boy. The honored father must pardon it. The father is superior by his virtues."

War between Kṛṣṇa and Jarasandha

Now, some important merchants came there by sea from Yavanadvipa, bringing much merchandise. They sold the other merchandise, but not their jeweled blankets. Seeking a special profit, they went to Rajagrha. They were taken by merchants living there, going ahead, to the house of Jivayasas, daughter of the King of Magadha. They showed Jivayasas the jeweled blankets, cool in hot weather, warm in winter, with thick fine wool. Half the price of the blankets having been obtained, they sighed, "We came, having left Dvarika, hoping to get more." Jivayasas asked them, "What city is Dvarika, pray? Who is king there?" The merchants said: "The city Dvarika was made by the gods on ground given by the ocean. Kṛṣṇa is king there, the son of Devaki and Vasudeva." Hearing that, Jivayasas said with outcries, "Now my husband's murderer lives and rules the earth."

Seeing her, Jarasandha asked the reason for the outcry. She told him the news about Kṛṣṇa and said with folded hands: "Father, release me right now. I will enter the fire. I will keep my promise. I will not live any longer." Jarasandha said: "Daughter, do not weep like this. I certainly will make the mothers, sisters, and wives of Kansari weep. Now there will be an extinction of the Yadavas."

With these words the Lord of Magadha, though opposed by his ministers, ordered the army for the march. His powerful sons, Sahadeva, et-cetera, followed him; and Sisupala, King of Cedi, chief of the powerful. King Hiranyanabha, very strong and powerful, and Duryodhana, the Kauravya, a leader in battle, and many other kings and *vassals* by the thousands converged on Jarasandha like rivers on the ocean.

The crown fell from his head, the necklace on his chest broke, he stumbled, his foot caught by the end of his garment, and he sneezed in the beginning. His left eye twitched,¹⁴⁸ his elephant* relieved itself, there was an unfavorable wind, and vultures wheeled in the air. He did not stop at all, though an unfavorable result was foretold by these unfavorable omens and signs and others also like friends.¹⁴⁹ Filling the heavens with noise, as well as dust raised by the soldiers, shaking the earth like an excited elephant of the quarters, Jarasandha, who had made a cruel promise, mounted a rutting elephant and set out toward the west, very powerful.

Narada, full of curiosity, and spies went in haste and told Sarnagapani that Jarasandha was approaching. Krsna^s, the sole *abode* of *splendor* like a fire, got ready for the march, accompanied by the beating of a drum. At its sound all the Yadavas and kings assembled, like gods of Saudharma at the sound of the bell Sughosa. Among them Samudravijaya came there in full armor, irresistible like the ocean, and also these sons of his: Mahanemi, Satyanemi, Drdhanemi, Sunemi, the Blessed Aristanemi, Jayasena, Mahajaya, Tejahsena, Jaya, Megha, Citraka, Gautama, Svaphalka, Sivananda, and Visvaksena, great warriors.

Samudravijaya's younger brother, Aksobhya, who was not shaken by enemies, came there for battle and these eight sons of his, leaders in battle: Uddhava, Dhava, Ksubhita, Mahodadhi, Ambhonidhi, Jananidhi, Vamadeva, and Drdhavrata. Stimita came there and these five excellent sons of his: Urnimat, Vasumat, Vira, Patala, and Sthira. Sagara and his six sons: Nihkampa, Kampana, Laksmivat, Kesarin, Srimat, and *Yuganta* came. Himavat came there and his three sons: Vidyutprabha, Gandhamadana, and Malyavat. Acala and Acala's seven powerful sons came: Mahendra, *Malaya*, Sahya, Giri, Saila, Naga, and *Bala*^s. *Dharana* and his five sons came: Karkotaka, Dhananjaya, Visvarupa, Svetamukha, and Vasuki. Puranas and Parana's four sons came: Duhpura, Durmukha, Durdasa, and Durdhara. Abhicandra came there and these six of his: *Candra*^s, Sasanka, Candrabha, Sasin, Soma, and Amrtaprabha.

Vasudeva^{150s} came there, like a god of gods in strength, and many powerful sons of his with these names: Akrura and Krura, sons of Vijayasena; Jvalanavega and Asanivega, two sons of Syama; three sons of Gandharvasena: Vayuvega, Amitagati, Mahendragati, like embodied fires; three powerful sons of Padmavati, the minister's daughter: Siddhartha, Daruka, and mighty Sudaru; two sons of Nilayasas: Sinhaja and Matangaja; two sons of Somasri, Narada and Marudeva; Sumitra, son of Mitrasri; Kapila, son of Kapila; Padma and Kumuda, sons of Padmavati; Asvasena, son of Asvasena; Pundra, son of Pundra; Ratnagarbha and powerful Vajrabahu, sons of Ratnavati; Candrakanta and Sasiprabha, sons of Somasri, daughter of Soma; Vegavat and Vayuvega, two sons of Vegavati; three sons of Madanavega, whose strength was famed throughout the three worlds: Anadhrsti, Drdhamusti, Himamusti; two sons of Bandhumati: Bandhusena and Sinhasena; the son of Priyangu Sundari, Silayudha, a leader in battle; two sons of Prabhavati, named Gandhara and Pingala; two sons of Queen Jara, Jarakumara and Vahlika; Sumukha and Durmukha, sons of Queen Avanti; Rama, son of Rohini, and Sarana and Viduratha; two sons of Balacandra, Vajradanstra and Amitaprabha.

Many sons of Rama, beginning with these: Ulmuka, Nisadha, Prakrtidyuti, Carudatta, Dhruva, Satrudamana, Pitha, Sridhvaja, Nandana, Srimat, Dasaratha, Devananda, Ananda, Viprathu, Santanu, Prthu, Satadhanus, Naradeva, Mahadhanus, and Drdhadhanvan; and these sons of Visnu^s came: Bhanu^s, Bhamara, Mahabhanu, *Anubhanuka*, Brhaddhvaja, Agnisikha, Dharsnu, Sanjaya, Akampana, Mahasena, Dhira, Gambhira, Udadhi, Gautama, Vasudharman, Prasenajit, Surya^s, Candrarvarman, Carukrsnaka, Sucaru, Devadatta, Bharata, Sankha, and other powerful sons of Visnu by the thousand, Pradyumna, Samba, et-cetera came together there, eager to fight.

Ugrasena and his sons came to the battle: Dhara, Gunadhara, Saktika, Durdhara, Candrasagara; the paternal uncle of King Jyetha, Santvana, and his sons: Mahasena, Visamitra, Hrdika, Satyamitraka; the son of Mahasena, named King Susena; Hrdika, Sini, and Satyaka, sons of Visamitra; sons of Hrdika, Krtavarman by name, and King Drdhadharman; son of Satyaka, named Yuyudhana, and his son Gandha; and many other sons of the Dasarhas and of Rama and Visnu; and sons of their fathers' sisters and their own sisters came there, very powerful.

Then on a day named by Krostuki Janardana^s got into his chariot of which Daruka was charioteer and which was marked by a garuda (banner), surrounded by all the Yadus, with a festival of

victory indicated by favorable omens and portents, and advanced in the northeast direction. After he had gone forty-five yojanas from his own city, he, expert in battle, stopped at the village Sinapalli. Krsna's army stopped there, four yojanas this side of Jarasandha's army, and some Vidyadhara-chiefs came there. They bowed to Samudravijaya and said:

"O king, we are attached to the merits of your brother, Anakadundubhi (Vasudeva)^s. What kind of assistance from others in battle is needed for you in whose family there are Aristanemi, capable of protection or destruction of the world; Rama and Govinda^s, whose strength is unparalleled; and these descendants, Pradyumna, Samba, et-cetera by the crores? Nevertheless, learning that there was a suitable occasion we have come with our *devotion*. Instruct us. Count us in the category of *vassals*, lord."

The king said, "Very well," and again they said: "Jarasandha is straw before Sarngin alone. Give us orders about the Khecaras who are partisans of Jarasandha on Mt. Vaitadhya before they come here. Let Vasudeva, your younger brother, accompanied by Pradyumna and Samba, be our general. This being so, they will certainly be defeated." With Krsna's permission Samudravijaya sent Anakadundubhi and his grandsons, Pradyumna and Samba with the Khecaras. At that time Aristanemi gave Vasudeva the amulet that obstructed weapons* which had been tied on his arm by the gods at his birth-bath.

Now the minister Hansaka came with other ministers and made this speech of good counsel to the lord of Magadha: "In the past Kansa did an unwise thing and he reaped its fruit. Without the power of good counsel, the powers of energy and excellence of treasury and army¹⁵¹ have had bad results. It must be considered whether an enemy is small, equal, or superior to one's self. How much more this powerful Visnu^s who is superior to yourself! The tenth Dasarha blackened the faces of the kings at Rohini's svayamvara.* The master himself saw that. Then no one in your army was the equal of Vasudeva. Your soldiers were saved by his elder brother, Samudra.

Vasudeva, known from winning crores in gambling and from saving your daughter's life, even though condemned to death*, did not die because of his own power. His sons, Rama and Krsna^s, attained such prosperity that Vaisravana made the city Dvaraka for them. These are the heroes, great warriors, to whom the warriors, even the Pandavas, Yudhisthira and the others, have resorted as a refuge* in time of trouble. The sons, Pradyumna and Samba, are like another Rama and Krsna; Bhima and Arjuna are terrifying even to

Krtanta from strength of arm. What need of the other heroes being named, since among these Nemi alone is able easily to make the earth an umbrella with his arm as a handle?

In your army Damaghosa's son,¹⁵² (Sisupala) and Rukmin are leaders. Their strength in a fight with *Bala*^s was demonstrated at the abduction of Rukmini. Duryodhana, the Kauravya, and Sakuni, the Gandhara these, indeed, have strength in trickiness, like a dog. There is no counting them among heroes. Karna, too, King of the Angas, I fear*, is like a handful of meal in the ocean of Krsna's army, which has great warriors to the number of a crores. Nemi, Krsna^s, Bala these are three very great warriors in the enemy's army. You are one alone in your army. There is a great difference between the two armies.

Who is eager for battle with Sri Nemi to whom the Indras, Acyuta and the others, pay homage from *devotion*? Your son, Kala, was destroyed by the gods themselves, partisans of Krsna, who played a trick. Recognize an adverse fate from that. Acknowledging the law, these Yadus, though powerful, left Mathura and went to the city Dvaraka. Krsna has come now opposed to you, but not of his own accord, like a serpent dragged from its hole by you, after striking it with a club. So much having happened, master, it is not fitting to fight with him. If you do not fight, he will turn around and leave."

Angered by that speech, Jarasandha replied: "Surely, wretch, you have been weaned away¹⁵³ by these crafty Yadus, since you try to make me afraid of the enemy, telling that without effect. Does the lion ever become afraid from the howls of jackals, evil-minded man? I shall reduce to ashes the cowherds' army by my power. Shame on this wish of yours advocating retreat from battle."

Then the minister Dimbhaka said: "This speech is like his heart. Battle, of which the time has come, certainly must not be avoided now by the master. Glorious death* in battle of those facing the enemy is better than life of those turning their backs on battle, lord. Arranging the wheel-formation, impenetrable as the cakra-jewel, in our army, we will destroy the enemy-army engaged in battle."

Delighted, Jarasandha said to him: "Good! Good!" and he instructed his mighty generals to make the wheel-formation. The ministers, Hansaka, Dimbhaka, and other generals made the wheel-formation at the Ardhacakrin's command. In the wheel which had one thousand spokes, one king stood on each spoke. Each one of the kings had one hundred elephants, two thousand chariots, five thousand horses, and sixteen thousand foot-soldiers of boundless

glory. There were seventy-five hundred kings in the circumference of the rim and in the middle of it was the Lord of Magadha with more than five thousand kings. In the rear of the King of Magadha was the army from Sindhu and Gandhara. The hundred Dhartarastras were to the king's right. The kings of Madhyadesa were to the left. In front there were kings without number. At each joint of the rim there were kings with formations of fifty carts. Gulmas¹⁵⁴ were placed in each interval (between spokes) and ganas between the gulmas. Outside the formation there were kings with various formations. Then King Jarasandha installed King Hiranyanabha, faithful, long-armed, with celebrated skill in various kinds of fighting, lord of expertness, as general of the wheel-formation. The sun set.

At night the Yadus made the garuda-formation, hard to penetrate by enemy-kings, the rival of the wheel-formation. In this formation there was half a crores of noble princes. Sirapani and sarngapani were placed at its head. Akrura, Kumuda, Padma, Sarana, Vijayin, Jaya, Jarakumara, Sumukha, Drdhamusti, Viduratha, Anadhrsti, Durmukha these sons of Vasudeva^s with a lac of chariots were guards of the rear of Kansadvis. Behind them was Ugrasena with a crore of chariots. There were four sons to guard his rear. To guard Bhoja (Ugrasena) and his sons these kings were behind them: Dhara, Sarana, *Candra*^s, Durdhara, and Satyaka.

Long-armed Samudravijaya took charge of the right wing himself and stood with his brothers and brothers' sons. Mahanemi, Satyanemi, Drdhanemi, Sunemin, Lord Aristanemi, Vijayasena, Megha, Mahajaya, Tejahsena, Jayasena, Jaya, Mahadyuti these sons of Samudravijaya were at the side. Other kings with twenty-five lacs of chariots stood at Samudravijaya's side, like sons. Rama's sons were in charge of the left wing and also the Pandavas, Yudhisthira and the others, whose strength was immeasurable. Ulmuka, Nisadha, Satrudamana, Prakrtidyuti, Satyaki, Sridhvaja, Devananda, Ananda, Santanu, Satadhanvan, Dasaratha, Dhruva, Prthu, Viprathu, Mahadhanus, Drdhadhanvan, Ativirya, Devanandana these, surrounded by twenty-five lacs of chariots, stood behind the Pandavas, eager to kill the Dhartarastras.

Behind them were Candrayasas, Sinhala, Barbara, Kamboja, Kerala, and King Dravida. In their rear stood Mahasena's father, the sole mountain of *fortitude* and strength, with sixty thousand chariots. For guarding the wings there were Bhanu^s, Bhamara, Bhiruka, Asita, Sanjaya, Bhanu,¹⁵⁵ Dharsnu, Kampita, Gautama, Satrunjaya, Mahasena, Gambhira, Brhaddhvaja, Vasuvarman, Udaya, Krtavar-

man, Prasenajit, Drdhadharman, Vikranta, Candravarman, Parthiva^s. This was the garuda-formation made by Garuda-bannered (Krsna)^s.

Knowing that Nemin wished to fight from affection for his brothers, Sakra^s sent his own chariot, distinguished by weapons^{*} of victory, with Matali (the charioteer). The chariot, gleaming with jewels, spreading sunrise, as it were, brought by Matali, was adorned by Aristanemi. Samudravijaya himself installed? (by sprinkling) Anadhrsti, Krsna's elder brother, in command of the army, accompanied by putting on a tiara. The cry of "Victory! Victory!" arose in all of Hari's army and there was terror everywhere in Jarasandha's army.

A violent battle began between the soldiers in the *vanguard* of the two formations who marched together without any gaps as if their garments were tied together. Various missiles flew up in the battle of the two formations like waves of the East and West Oceans rolled high at the end of the world. Both the formations of the two armies attained a state of complete impenetrability, like a riddle, by each other. After fighting for a long time, the soldiers in the van of the garuda-formation, though very firm from *devotion* to the master, were broken by Jarasandha's soldiers. Then Tarksya bannered (Krsna)^s himself, like the *soul* of the garuda-formation, strengthened the soldiers, raising up his hand like a banner.

Mahanemi and Partha (Arjuna), like the right and left wings, and Anadhrsti, like the beak of the formation in front these three became angry. Long-armed Mahanemi blew the conch, Sinhanada, and Anadhrsti blew Balahaka, and Phalguna (Arjuna) blew Devadatta. The Yadus beat crores of drums and the sound of the conchs was followed by their sounds like the king of Sankha by the Sankhakas. The soldiers in the enemy-army were terrified by the sound of the three conchs and by the sound of the drums, like crocodiles in the ocean.

The three generals, Nemi,¹⁵⁶ Anadhrsti, and Partha, strode, raining arrows, like very powerful oceans at the end of the world. The kings placed in the cart formation at the joints at the rim fled, unable to endure the heroism of their arms. The wheel-formation was broken in three places by the three, like the bank of a mountain-stream by wild elephants bent down (to strike). They themselves entered the wheel-formation, like the currents of rivers by which paths had been made, and other soldiers after them. Duryodhana, Raudhira, Rukmin these three kings stopped the soldiers and rose up, eager to fight. Surrounded by warrior-kings, Duryodhana blocked Partha, Raudhira blocked Anadhrsti, and Rukmin blocked

Mahanemi. Duels between these six took place; and between other warriors, their partisans, by the thousand.

Mahanemi impatient, *deprived* Rukmin, who thought himself a hero, shouting defiance, *arrogant*, of his weapons* and his chariot. To protect Rukmin who had approached the point of death*, seven kings, Satruntapa and others, came together in the gaps. While these seven were raining arrows at the same time, Saiveya (Neminatha) struck down their bows, like lotus-stalks, with arrows. After he had fought for a long time, Satruntapa threw a spear at the enemy and all the Yadus were terrified, seeing it burst into flames. Servants, originating from the end of the spear, carrying various weapons, committing cruel acts, fell into the air by the thousand.

Then Matali said to Aristanemi: "This king got that from the Indra Bali by penance, like Ravana from *Dharana*. This must be destroyed by a thunderbolt." At Nemi's command he fastened a thunderbolt to Mahanemi's arrow rapidly. Hurling the thunderbolt-arrow quickly, Mahanemi made the spear fall to the ground and *deprived* the king of weapon and chariot. Samudra's son (Nemi) destroyed the bows of the other six kings and at that time Rukmin, mounted in another chariot, attacked again. Eight kings together Satruntapa and others and Rukmin standing at the head of the arrogant, fought with Saiveya. Whatever bow Rukmin took, the prince destroyed it. So twenty bows of his were destroyed in immediate succession.

Then he (Rukmin) threw the club Kauberi at Mahanemi and Siva's son reduced it to ashes with a fiery arrow. Rukmin, unable to bear defeat in battle, discharged the arrow, Vairocana, which rained lacs of arrows, at Saiveya. Mahanemi blocked it with the arrow, Mahendra, and struck Rukmin on the forehead with another arrow. Venudarin killed him distracted by that blow and the seven kings attacked Mahanemi quickly. Samudravijaya defeated Druma, Stimita defeated King Bhadraka, and Aksobhya, whose strength was unshakable, Vasusena.

Then Sagara killed in battle an enemy, named Purimitra, and Himavat, firm as Himavat, killed Dhrstadyumna. Dharana, like Indra Dharana in strength, killed King Anvastaka and Abhicandra killed arrogant Satadhanvan. Puranas killed Drupada and Sunemi Kuntibhoja, Satyanemi Mahapadma, Drdhanemi Srideva. Thus broken by the Yadu-heroes, the enemy-kings went to Hiranyanabha, who had been installed as commander-in-chief, for protection.

Now the heroes, Bhima and Arjuna, and Rama's powerful sons, put to flight the Dhartarastras, like clouds dhartarastra-hansas.¹⁵⁷ The

skies became dark from Partha's falling arrows and the universe became distracted by the terrible sounds of Gandiva (Arjuna's bow). As he drew the arrows (from the quiver), placed them on the bow, and discharged them rapidly, no interval was distinguished by the gods standing in the air. Then Duryodhana, Kasi, Trigarta, the powerful, Kapota, Romaraja, Citrasena, Jayadratha, Sauvira, Jayasena, Surasena, and Somaka together attacked Partha, casting aside the ethics of the warrior-caste. Sahadeva fought with Sakuni, Bhima with Duhsasana, Nakula with Uluka, Yudhisthira with Salya.* The sons of Draupadi with soldiers fought very hard with the six, Durmarsana, et-cetera and Rama's sons with the remaining kings. Kiritin (Arjuna) cut down the arrows of the kings, Duryodhana, et-cetera, who rained them simultaneously, with arrows, as easily as lotus-stalks. Gandivin (Arjuna) slew Duryodhana's charioteer and horses, and destroyed his chariot with arrows, and made his armor fall to the ground. Dhartarastra, uninjured, ashamed, fled quickly like a mere foot-soldier and leaped into Sakuni's chariot like a bird.

Dhananjaya (Arjuna) put to flight the ten, Kasi, et-cetera, with a rain of arrows, like a cloud dispersing elephants with a rain of hail. Salya cut down Yudhisthira's chariot-banner with an arrow and Yudhisthira cut down Salya's bow and arrow. Salya strung another bow and put to flight Yudhisthira with heron-feather-arrows, like the rainy season the sun with clouds. Then Kaunteya (Yudhisthira) discharged a spear hard to endure at Salya which caused terror to everyone like lightning out of season. Unhindered by enemy-arrows, it fell quickly and slew Salya, like a thunderbolt a lizard. Many kings fled. Vrkodara (Bhima), angered, recalling the victory in gambling by trickery, slew easily Duryodhana's full brother. Sahadeva, attacked by Gandhara with magic weapons* and with missiles, shot an arrow, the destroyer of life. Suyodhana (= Duryodhana), who had really abandoned warrior-ethics, cut down this arrow, which had not yet reached Sakuni, with a sharp arrow. Madreya (Sahadeva) said to him defiantly: "Duryodhana, cheating on your part is apparent in battle as well as in gambling. Indeed, that is the strength of the weak. I will kill at the same time the two of you, crafty like jackals, fortunately found together. Do not separate."

With these words, Sahadeva covered Suyodhana with sharp arrows, like autumn-time a wood with parrots. Duryodhana attacked Madreya with arrows and destroyed the bow, the root of the tree of battle. Duryodhana discharged an arrow, entirely unerring, subject to a charm, like Kinasa (*Yama*), for the destruction of Sahadeva. Dhananjaya (Arjuna) obstructed the arrow on the way with the

arrow Garuda together with Suyodhana's hope of victory. sakuni twanged his bow aloud and made Madreya disappear entirely by means, of showers of arrows, like a cloud a mountain. Sahadeva destroyed Sakuni's chariot, horses, and charioteer and cut off his head like the fruit of a tree. Nakula quickly put Uluka to flight with missiles, like the sun an owl with its rays, after easily depriving him of his chariot. He went to Durmarsana's chariot; and Durmarsana and the others the six were put to flight by Draupadi's sons and their soldiers. They resorted to Duryodhana and Duryodhana together with the kings, Kasi, et-cetera, attacked Dhananjaya.

Surrounded by Rama's sons, like Purandara^s by gods, Partha split the multitude of the enemy by various arrows. Partha, blinding all the enemy with arrows, slew Jayadratha, like Duryodhana's life that had become separated. Karna. Kalaprstha¹⁵⁸ being drawn to his ear, biting his lips, chief of heroes, ran forward, wishing to kill Kiritin. For a long time the two heroes, Karna and Arjuna, played with arrows. like dice, watched by the gods from curiosity. His chariot destroyed several times, his other weapons' lost, carrying only a sword, Karna, best of heroes, was finally killed by Kiritin, Bhima gave a lion's roar; Phalguna blew the conch; and all of Partha's soldiers roared, thinking themselves conquerors. Duryodhana, blind with anger, quickly attacked with an army of great elephants, *haughty*, wishing to kill Bhimasena. Maruti (Bhimasena), striking chariot against chariot, horse against horse, elephant' against elephant, destroyed completely Duryodhana's army. The appetite of powerful Bhimasena fighting in this way was not satisfied by them, like that of one eating is unsatisfied by sweet-meats. The hero Duryodhana himself, quickly reassuring his people, ran at Bhimase-na, like an elephant at an elephant. Both the heroes fought with various weapons for a long time, like thundering clouds, like angry lions. Recalling the enmity from gambling, Bhima lifted up a great club and crushed Duryodhana with his horses, chariot, and charioteer. Duryodhana having been killed, his soldiers were leaderless and went to the general, Hiranyanabha, for protection.

All the Pandavas and Yadus belonging to the right and left wings surrounded General Anadhrsti. Hiranyanabha took charge of the *vanguard* of the army, like a pilot the front of a boat, and, angry, attacked the Yadus, shouting abuse. Abhicandra said to him: "Why do you talk like a clown? Warriors are not heroes from talk, but are heroes from the defeat of enemies." Then Hiranya shot sharp arrows at Abhicandra. Partha destroyed them in midair, like a wind rain-clouds. He hurled a series of arrows, hard to keep off, at Arjuna.

Bhima jumped between and with a club made him fall from the chariot. Ashamed, he got into the chariot again, biting his lips from anger, and rained sharp arrows on the whole of the Yadus' army. There was not a horseman, nor an elephant-rider, nor a charioteer, nor a foot-soldier in the great army of the Yadus whom he did not strike with arrows.

Then Jayasena, Samudravijaya's son, angry, ran to fight with Hiranyanabha, his bow drawn. Saying, "O nephew, why do you come to *Yama's* mouth?" Hiranyanabha killed Jayasena's charioteer. Jayasena quickly destroyed his armor, bow, and banner, and led his charioteer to Yama's house. Angry, Hiranyanabha killed Jayasena, striking him with ten sharp arrows which penetrated the chinks (in his armor). The hero, Mahajaya, Jayasena's brother, got down from his chariot, carrying sword and shield, and ran at Hiranya. Hiranya cut off his head with a sharp-edged arrow from a distance.

Angry at the killing of his two brothers, Anadhrsti fought with him. Other kings on Jarasandha's side fought with Bhima, Arjuna, et-cetera and with the Yadus in pairs, one from each side. Bhagadatta, King of Pragjyotisa, like the lord of the Jyotiskas,¹⁵⁹ mounted on an elephant*, attacked Mahanemi. He said: "I am not your brother's brother-in-law, Rukmin,¹⁶⁰ nor Asmaka; but I am Krtanta to enemies like hell-inhabitants. Therefore, flee, sir!" Saying this, he urged forward his elephant with a goad; and the charioteer whirled Mahanemi's chariot in a circle. Mahanemi struck the elephant's feet with arrows and the elephant, his feet crippled, fell with Bhogadatta."You are not Rukmin," laughed the hero Mahanemi, who was compassionate by nature, and, touching him with the end of the bow, released him.

Now Bhurisravas and Satyaki fought, both longing for the Sri of victory for Jarasandha and Vasudeva^s, respectively. Fighting with divine iron missiles, like elephants of the gods with their tusks, they became terrifying to the three worlds. After a long time, their weapons* destroyed like clouds whose water is exhausted, both fought with their own arms, striking fist against fist. They shook the earth with their hard falls and jumps up and both split open the skies, as it were, with the noise of slaps on the arms. Satyaki bound Bhurisravas with a rope, twisted his neck, pressed his back with a knee, and killed him.

Now Anadhrsti cut down Hiranyanabha's bow, and he hurled a club, destroyer of enemies, at Anadhrsti. As it fell, Anadhrsti broke it with arrows, and it lighted up the sky with masses of flying sparks. Wishing to kill Anadhrsti, Hiranyanabha got down from his

chariot quickly and ran forward on foot, carrying sword and shield. Krsna's elder brother got down quickly with sword and shield and harassed him for a long time, moving with various steps. Anadhrsti, light-handed, using trickery, cut Hiranya's body with a sword like a piece of wood with a bramastra. His kings took refuge* with Jarasandha. Just then the sun sank into the Western Ocean.

Anadhrsti, honored by the Yadus and Pandavas, went to Krsna⁵. At Krsna's command all went to their respective camps. Then King Jarasandha took counsel at that time and installed powerful Sisupala as general of the army. The Yadus made a garuda formation at Garuda-bannered's command and took the battle-field at dawn like that. Sisupala made a wheel-formation in like manner (as before). Then King Jarasandha took the battle field. Then Hansaka at Jarasandha's request pointed out the enemy-soldiers and gave their names exactly:

"That is Anadhrsti, whose banner is an elephant*, with a chariot with black horses. That is Pandu's son, Yudhisthira, with a chariot with dark horses. That is Dhananjaya with a chariot with white horses; and that is Vrkodara (Bhima) with chariot-horses the color of a blue lotus. That is Samudravijaya with a lion-banner and golden horses. That is Aristanemi whose banner is a bull and whose horses are parrot-colored. That is Akrura with a plantain-banner and brindled horses. That is Satyaki with horses spotted like a *partridge*. That is Prince Mahanemi with horses the color of white water-lilies; that is Ugrasena with horses the color of a parrot's beak.

That is Jarakumara, with golden-backed horses and a deer-banner; that is Sinhala, son of Slaksnaroman, with horses from Kamboja. That is Meru with a dolphin-banner and tawny horses; that is King Padmarathapura with horses the color of a red lotus. That is Sarana, whose banner is a blue lotus, with dove-colored horses; and that is Viduratha with a water-jar-banner and horses with five auspicious* marks.¹⁶¹ That is Krsna with a garuda banner and white horses in the midst of the soldiers, like a rain-cloud with cranes in the air. That is Rauhineya (Rama), palm-bannered, with black horses, placed in his right wing, like a living Kailasa. There are many other Yadus with various horses and chariot-banners, great warriors, who cannot be named now."

After hearing that, Jarasandha twanged his bow angrily and drove his chariot rapidly against Rama and Krsna. Jarasandha's son, Yavana, the crown-prince, angrily advanced to kill Vasudeva's sons, Akrura, et-cetera. A battle, terrifying as the end of the world, took place between long-armed Yavana and them, like one between a

sarabha and lions. Rama's younger brother, Sarana, whose strength was unparalleled, blocked him, raining various arrows like a cloud raining frogs. Yavana destroyed Sarana's chariot and its horses by means of an elephant*, named *Malaya*, lofty as the Malaya Mts. The elephant lowered its head (to strike) and Sarana cut off Yavana's head with a sword, like the fruit of a tree rocked by the wind. He cut off the trunk and tusks of the elephant as it rose up and Krsna's army danced like peafowl's in the rainy season.

When he had seen his son's slaughter, Jarasandha, angered, carrying a bow, set out to kill the Yadus, like a lion deer. Ananda, Satrudamana, Nandana, Sridhvaja, Dhruva, Devananda, Carudatta, Pitha, Harisenaka, Naradeva these ten sons of *Bala*^s in the front of battle were killed by Jarasandha, like goats in the front of a sacrifice. Krsna's army fled at the sight of the princes' slaughter and Magadha (Jarasandha) followed it, killing, like a tiger a herd of cows. Then General Sisupala, laughing, said to Krsna^s: "This is not a cow-station, Krsna; this is a battle of heroes." Krsna said: "Go, king! Eventually you must go. Why have you delayed so long in Rukmin's¹⁶² battle, son of Madri?"

Pierced by Hari's speech like an arrow piercing chinks in armor, the King of Cedi twanged his bow and discharged sharp arrows. Hari^s destroyed his bow, armor, and chariot with arrows and, drawing his sword, ran after him, like a fire with high smoke. Hari cut down in turn the sword, crown, and then the head of the King of Cedi who was shouting abuse, evil-minded. Angered by Sisupala's killing, Jarasandha, terrible like Krtanta, attacked with his sons and kings. He said to the Yadus: "Do not die uselessly, sirs! Hand over the two cowherds. Nothing has been hurt today."¹⁶³

Angered by that speech, like serpents touched by a stick, the Yadus attacked with shouts, raining various weapons.* Though he was one, Jarasandha pierced the Yadu-soldiers with terrible arrows from all sides, as if he had become many, like a hunter deer. Neither foot-soldiers, nor charioteers, nor cavalry, nor elephant-riders were able to stand before Jarasandha as he fought. Like cotton blown by the wind, the whole army of the Yadus fled in every direction, injured by Jarasandha's arrows. Jarasandha dived into the great pool of Yadu soldiers on all sides, like a buffalo, and the Yadus became frogs in it.

Twenty-eight sons of Jarasandha, throwing the poison of weapons, like serpents, attacked Rama. The other sixty-nine sons of Jarasandha, wishing to kill Janardana^s, *besieged* him like demons. A terrible fight took place between Rama and Krsna^s and them, which

rained sparks from the destruction of each other's missiles. Rama dragged Jarasandha's twenty-eight sons by the plow and crushed them, like ants, with the pestle. Shouting, "Even now this cowerd, disregarded, is killing," Jarasandha struck Rama with a club like a thunderbolt. Rama vomited blood from the blow with the club and a great cry, "Ha! Ha!" arose in all the army of the Yadus. The youngest Kaunteya, (Svetavahana), jumped between and fought Jarasandha who wished to attack Rama. Krsna saw Rama's wretched state and, angered, his lips trembling, killed Jarasandha's sixty-nine sons who were in front of him.

"Rama here will certainly die. What is the use of Kiritin (Arjuna) being killed? I will kill Krsna." With these thoughts, the King of Magadha attacked him. Then a rumor spread everywhere, "Krsna has really been killed." Just then Matali said to Aristanemi: "Of what importance is Jarasandha compared with you, Sri Nemi, Lord of Three Worlds, like a young elephant* compared with a sarabha?, He, disregarded by you, is making a death* of Yadavas now. Show at least, Lord of the World, an exploit of your own easily accomplished. Even if the Lord is averse to any *censurable* act from birth, yet he should not disregard his own family being destroyed by enemies."

Spoken to like this, without anger Nemi took in his hand the conch Paurandara, whose sound exceeded that of a thundercloud, and blew it. By its sound filling the space between heaven and earth, the enemy were terrified and the Yadu-army was restored again, able to fight. At Nemi's command Matali whirled the chariot in the battle like a circle of fire-brands, resembling a whirlpool in the ocean. Like a new cloud with a drawn rainbow, the Lord rained streams of arrows on all sides, making the enemy tremble. The Lord destroyed the banners of some, of some the bows, of some the chariots, and of some the crowns. The enemy-soldiers became unable even to look at, to say nothing of striking, the Lord who resembled a sun at the end of the world.

The Master alone blocked a lac of crowned kings. What are mountains compared with the ocean enraged? The Master, Lord of Three Worlds, did not kill Jarasandha, sparing him with the idea, "The Prativisnu must be killed only by Visnu^s." Sri Nemi continued blocking the enemy, having the chariot whirled, and the Yadu-soldiers fought again, their courage regained. In the meantime the remaining Dhartarastras were killed by Pandu's sons because of their own enmity, like deer by lions. Baladeva^s, having recovered

(from the blow), fought many times, with the pestle and plow upraised, and killed the enemy-soldiers.

Now Jarasandha said to Krsna^s: "For a long time you have remained alive only by trickery, like a jackal, sir cowherd. Kansa was killed by a trick; Kala too was killed by a trick. Indeed, you, unskilled in weapons^{*}, have not put up any fight. Now I shall put an end to your trickery and to your life at the same time, villain. Now I shall carry out my promise to Jivayasa^s."

Krsna smiled and said: "O king, you have spoken the truth. I am such a person (as you say). But your own skill in weapons must be shown. I am not boastful like you. However, I say only this. Your daughter's vow to enter the fire will be fulfilled."

Angered by this speech of Visnu^s, Jarasandha discharged arrows and Krsna destroyed them, like the sun darkness. Both, armed with bows, fought ardently like sarabhas, making all the quarters resound with the sounds of the bow. The oceans were agitated by the impact of their fight, the Khecaras in the air trembled, and the mountains shook. The earth, unable to bear the coming and going of their chariots heavy as mountains, gave up instantly all capacity for endurance. Janardana^s struck down the King of Magadha's divine missiles with divine ones and iron missiles with iron ones with the greatest ease. The futility of all weapons being apparent, the King of Magadha, filled with *embarrassment* and anger, recalled the cakra which was difficult to check by other weapons.

Whirling the cakra, which had come at once, in the air in his hand, Magadha, blind with anger, thirsting for victory, hurled it at Krsna. Even the Khecaras in the air trembled very much at the falling cakra and Krsna's soldiers, completely depressed, were terrified. Krsna, Rama, the five Pandavas, and other warriors threw their own missiles to make it halt. The cakra, unhindered by them, like the current of an overflowing river by trees, came and struck Krsna on the breast with its hub. The cakra, as if weaned apart by the policy of *dissension*, stayed at his side and Krsna took it in his hand like his own majesty that had been offered."The ninth Vasudeva^s has arisen," the gods, proclaiming this, rained a shower of perfume and flowers on Krsna from the air.

Krsna, feeling compassionate, said to the King of Magadha: "Take note, was this deceit of mine? Now go home. Acknowledge my command and again flourish with wealth. Lay aside conceit which has evil consequences. Live now, though old." The King of Magadha replied: "You are hurling my cakra, which is like a fire-brand, cherished for a long time by me alone. Hurl it." Then Janar-

dana^s hurled the cakra at Jarasandha. Their very enemies' weapons become their own in the case of the great. The King of Magadha's head, cut off by the cakra, fell to the ground, but he went to the fourth hell. The gods rained flowers from the trees of heaven on Krsna^s shouting, "Hail! Hail!"

8. THE EPISODE OF SAGARACANDRA, KIDNAP- PING OF USA, AND KILLING OF BANA

Then Neminatha released the kings, enemies of Krsna^s, from the blockade. They bowed to him, their hands folded submissively, and said:

“Lord, Jarasandha and we were deceived at that very time when you descended into the Yadu-family, Lord of Three Worlds. Visnu^s alone, no one else, is the slayer of the Prativisnu, no doubt; to say nothing of one of whom you, Lord, are the aid and kinsman. This was not known by us and Jarasandha at first. Therefore, we committed such actions. Such is fate. Today we have come to you for protection. May there be good fortune to us all. Rather, enough of talking. There is naturally good fortune of those *submissive* to you.”

Nemi went with the kings, who continued talking in this way, to Hari^s. Hari got down from his chariot and embraced him closely. At Nemi's command Hari claimed the kings and also Sahadeva, Jarasandha's son, at Samudravijaya's command. Hari gave a fourth part of Magadha to Sahadeva and installed him in his father's rank, like a pillar of fame of himself. Kesava installed Mahanemi, son of Samudravijaya, in Sauryapura; Rukmanabha, son of Hiranyanabha, in Kosala; and Dhara, son of Ugrasena who did not accept the kingdom, in Mathura. Then the sun plunged into the Western Ocean. Dismissed by Neminatha, Matali went to heaven. Krsna and the others, at Krsna's order, went to their respective camps. Samudravijaya remained, eager for Vasudeva's coming.

On the next day three elderly Khecaris came to Vasudeva^s who was in company with Samudravijaya and said:

“Vasudeva, accompanied by Pradyumna and Samba, comes soon with Khecaras. Let his actions be heard.

Vasudeva went from this place with his two grandsons and Khecaras to Vaitadhya and fought with hostile Khecaras. Nilakantha, Angaraka, and other former enemies among the Khecaras all together fought Vasudeva. During that battle yesterday gods who

were near said, 'Jarasandha has been killed and Krsna has become Visnu.' Hearing that, all the Khecaras quit the battle-field and reported to King Mandaravega.

He instructed them: 'Do you all come, sirs, bringing large presents. We shall go to Hari for protection by the door of Vasudeva.' Saying this, he went to Vasudeva's presence and; gave his sister to Pradyumna and King Tripatharsabha gave his daughter. King Devarsabha and Vayupatha gave their daughters to Srimat Prince Samba with great joy. All the Vidyadhara-Lords are coming now with Vasudeva^s and we have been sent ahead to announce it."

While they were saying this, Vasudeva, accompanied by Pradyumna and Samba, came there with Khecaras, a festival for the eyes. The Khecaras worshipped Krsna^s with much gold and jewels, chariots, horses, elephants, et-cetera, imitating streams of treasure. Hari^s performed the funeral rites of Jayasena and others; and King Sahadeva those of Jarasandha and others. When Jivayasa had seen the destruction of her husband and father with his family, she abandoned her life by means of fire. Since the Yadus had jumped from joy, Janardana^s made a city Anandapura there on the site of Sinapalli.

Then Govinda^s, having conquered half of Bharata in six months, went from that place to the Magadhas, attended by Khecaras and mortals. There Karna's destroyer lifted a stone named Kotisila, one *yojana* high and one *yojana* wide, four fingers' distance from the ground with his left arm. Kotisila was presided over by deities living in half of Bharata. The first Visnu^s raised it to the end of his arm; the second to his forehead; the third to his neck; the fourth to his breast; the fifth to his heart; the sixth to his hip; the seventh to his thigh; the eighth to his knee; and the last four fingers from the ground. For in *avasarpini* they had decreasing powers.

Then Krsna went to Dvaraka and was installed as ardhacakrin by sixteen thousand kings and by gods. Janardana dismissed the Pandavas to Kurudesa and the others, Khecaras and mortals, to their respective homes. The ten powerful Dasarhas, Samudravijaya, et-cetera; the great warriors, Baladeva^s, et-cetera to the number of five; the sixteen thousand kings, Ugrasena, et-cetera; three and a half crores of princes, Pradyumna, et-cetera; sixty thousand of the uncontrolled (princes), Samba, et-cetera; twenty-one thousand heroes, Virasena, et-cetera; likewise fifty-six thousand powerful, eminent body-guards, Mahasena and others; others, rich men, sheths, caravan-leaders, by the thousand attended Krsna, their folded hands placed on their foreheads. The sixteen thousand kings gave jewels as

presents to Vasudeva from *devotion* and each gave two choice maidens. Of these, Krsna married sixteen thousand maidens, *Bala*^s eight thousand and other princes as many. Krsna, Rama, and the princes sported at pleasure in pleasure-gardens, pleasure-mountains, et-cetera, surrounded by charming wives.

King Samudravijaya and Queen Siva^s, seeing them amusing themselves in this way, said to Nemi in a speech permeated with affection: "Dear boy, always there is joy to our eyes looking at you. Let it be more by marrying a suitable bride." Lord Nemi, terrified of existence even from birth and endowed with three kinds of knowledge, said: "I do not see suitable girls anywhere. These lead to falling into misfortune. Enough of them for us. When suitable ones are encountered, then I shall marry them." By this dignified speech, Nemi restrained his parents, guileless by nature, from insistence on the marriage-business.

Birth of Rajimati

Now Yasomati's *jiva* fell from Aparajita and entered the womb of Dharini, Ugrasena's wife. At the right time Dharini bore a daughter, Rajimati by name; and in time she grew up with unique beauty and grace.

Episode of Sagaracandra

And now Dhanasena, living in Dvaraka, gave his daughter, Kamalamela, to Nabhahsena, son of Ugrasena. As he roamed about, Narada came to Nabhahsena's house and he was not honored by him, his mind fixed on the marriage. With the *desire* to injure him, he (Narada) went to Sagaracandra, son of Nisadha, son of Rama, very dear to Samba and others. He got up to meet him and asked: "Divine sage, have you seen anything marvelous as you roamed about? For you are devoted to seeing that." He said: "The daughter of Dhanasena, named Kamalamela, a marvel in the world, has been seen right here. Just now she has been given to Nabhahsena." After saying this, he flew up and went elsewhere. But Sagara fell in love with her. Sagara thought of her only; spoke her name only; saw her only everywhere, like one crazed by datura seeing gold.

Narada went to Kamalamela's house and, asked by her about a marvel, he, crooked-minded, said: "I have seen two marvels. Of these one is Prince Sagaracandra because of a wealth of beauty; and Nabhahsena because of ugliness." At once deserting Nabhahsena, she fell in love with Sagara.

Narada went and told Sagara about her love. Seeing that Sagara had fallen into the ocean of separation from her, his mother and other princes became very distressed.

Then- Samba came there and, standing behind Sagaracandra in such a state of mind, covered his eyes with his hands. Sagara said, "Are you Kamalamela here?" Samba replied, "I am Kamalamela." Naisadhi said: "You alone will cause Kamala to meet me. Enough of thinking about other devices." Samba did not agree to this proposition, but was made to agree by all the princelings who made him drink much wine and tricked him. When he had become sober, Samba thought: "Why did I promise this wicked thing! Nevertheless, this must be carried out."

Then, after recalling Prajnapti, Samba went with the other princes to a garden on the day of Nabhahsena's marriage. He had Kamalamela brought there from the house by the goddess (Prajnapati) and married her, infatuated, to Sagaracandra properly. When the partisans of her father and father-in-law did not see her in the house, searching here and there, they went to the garden. When they saw Kamalamela in the midst of the Yadus who had assumed the forms of Khecaras, they told Visnu^s. Angered, Krsna^s approached Kamalamela's abductors and attacked, wishing to kill them. For he was not tolerant of bad conduct.

Assuming his own form, Samba took Sagaracandra with Kamalamela and fell at Krsna's feet. Embarrassed, Krsna said: "What is this you have done, wretch, that Nabhahsena, a refugee, has been so deceived, alas! What is to be done for him now?" Kesava informed Nabhahsena and gave Kamalamela to Sagara, no one else. Nabhahsena, unable to do an injury (to them), from that time always watched for a weak point in Sagaracandra.

Kidnapping of Usa

And now there was a son, named Aniruddha, of Pradyumna by his wife Vaidarbhi and he attained youth. At that time there was a Khecara-lord in the city Subhanivasa, Bana by name, with cruel power. He had a daughter, Usa. From a *desire* for a suitable husband she, beautiful, propitiated the magic art, Gauri, with a very strong determination. She (Gauri), satisfied, said to her, "Aniruddha, the grandson of Sarngin Krsna, will be your husband, resembling Indra." The god Sankara, the husband of the magic art Gauri, propitiated by Bana, gave him invincibility on the battle-field. Gauri said to him: "The boon which gave invincibility in all cases is not suitable. For, indeed, I have given a boon to Usa." Sankara said to

Bana, "You will be *invincible* except in women's business," and Bana was pleased with that.

By what Khecaras and what mortals was Usa not asked from Bana because of her beauty? But he, not being pleased, did not give her. Usa, being in love, sent a Vidyadhari Citralekha and had Aniruddha brought to her house as well as her heart. He took her and married her with a gandharva-marriage. He set out with the announcement, "I, Aniruddha, am going, having abducted Usa."

Killing of Bana

Then, angered, the Khecara-lord, Bana, armed with a bow, surrounded Aniruddha with arrows, like a hunter a boar with dogs. At that time Usa gave her husband the magic art Pathasiddha and he, his strength increased by her, fought with Bana for a long time. Pradyumna's son was bound like a young elephant* with magic nooses by Bana. Prajnapti told Sarngapani this.

Hari^s went there with Sirin, Samba, and Pradyumna and the serpent-nooses fled at the sight of the garuda-banner. Bana, very proud of his own strength by Sankara's boon, intoxicated by pride, said to Krsna^s: "Do you not know my strength? You always practiced kidnapping of others' daughters. I will show you the fruit of that which has come by inheritance to your sons, et-cetera."

Krsna said: "What suitability is there in your speech, villain? The girl must necessarily be given. What fault can there be in choosing her?"

Hearing that, Bana, surrounded by Khecaras, his face terrible with frowns, his bow drawn, shot arrows at Sarngin. Janardana^s, expert at destroying, destroyed them in midair; and so it went on for a long time between the two heroes, arrow against arrow. After making him weaponless, Krsna cut him into pieces, like Garuda a cobra, and led him to Yama's house.

Then Janardana, taking Aniruddha accompanied by Usa, delighted, went back to the city Dvaravati with Pradyumna, Sirin and Samba.

9. ARISTANEMIS SPORT, INITIATION, OMNI SCIENCE

And now Nemi, wandering about with the princes in sport, entered Vasudeva's *armory* without hesitation. There the prince saw the *cakra* very brilliant like the sun, the bow *Sarnga*, (the club) *Kaumodaki*^s, the sword (*Nandaka*)^s, terrifying as the coils of the king of serpents, and (the conch) *Pancajānya*^s, the very loud musical instrument of the prologue of the play of battle, which were like a treasury of Visnu's glory. Recognizing Aristanemi, who intended to pick up the conch from curiosity, Carukrsna, the keeper of the armory, bowed and said:

"Even though you are Hari's brother and are very powerful, nevertheless you are not able to lift, much less to blow the conch. For no one, except Hari, is able to lift and blow the conch. Do not make the effort uselessly."

Nemi smiled, lifted the conch with ease and blew it which resembled moonlight to the teeth resting on the lower lip. Its sound, rivaling the sound of the ocean with high waves collected against Dvaraka's walls, filled heaven and earth. The ramparts, mountain-peaks, and palaces shook; Sirabhrt, Sarngin, and the other Dasarhas trembled. Elephants, having pulled up their posts, their chains broken, *quivered*. Horses threw off their bridles and ran away. People of the town swooned at its sound like a clap of thunder; the guards at the armory fell down and remained like dead men.

Govinda^s thought: "Who has blown the conch? Has some cakrin arisen or has Indra come to earth? When I blew the conch, there was terror on the part of all the kings; but when the conch was blown by that person, there was terror on the part of Rama and me." As Krsna^s was so reflecting, the armory-guards reported to him, "Just now Aristanemi blew *Pancajānya* with ease." While Hari stood astonished at hearing that, Nemi came there. Krsna, dissimulating, hastily seated Lord Nemi on a priceless throne and said with respect: "Why did you blow *Pancajānya* just now, brother? All the world is terrified even now by its sound." Nemi said, "Very well" and Krsna, wishing to test his strength of arm himself, said to him respectfully:

"No one but me was able to blow Pancajanya. Now I am pleased that you have blown it. To please me especially, show me your strength of arm. Compete with me in a wresting-match, honor-giver!" He said, "Let it be so," and the brothers, eminent heroes, went to the armory, attended by the princes.

Nemi, compassionate by nature, thought: "How is Krsna to be defeated by my chest, arm, or foot? I shall do so that he will not suffer injury and will know the strength of my arm." He said to Janardana^s: "The fight of vulgar persons is often full of rolling on the ground. So may our fight consist only of bending each other's arm?" Visnu^s agreed to that and raised his arm, long as a tree branch; Nemi bent it like a lotus-stem. In the same way Neminatha lifted his own left arm and Visnu clung to it with all his strength, like a monkey to a tree. The pillar of Nemi's arm was not bent in the least by Visnu, like the peak of a great mountain by a forest-elephant.*

Releasing the pillar of Nemi's arm, Sarngabhrt, concealing his *embarrassment*, embraced Neminatha, and said: "Just as Rama considers the world as straw compared with my strength, so I think the universe is straw compared with your strength, brother." With these words, Visnu dismissed Nemi and said to Sirin:

"Brother, you have seen our brother's strength, the best in three worlds. As I, an ardhacakrin, was on his arm like a bird on a tree, I think no cakrin nor Indra is equal to him in strength. Will he not conquer all of Bharata by such strength? Will our younger brother remain thus (as he is)?"

Rama said: "Just as he is known to be superior to a cakrin in strength, so he is characterized by the personification of *tranquility*, indifferent to *sovereignty*." As Rama said this, a deity saw Hari^s afraid of his younger brother's strength and said: "Do not worry. Hear the Jina's words. Formerly it was said by Jina Nami: 'Nemi will be an Arhat. So, though being in fact a prince, he will have nothing to do with sovereignty.' Waiting for the proper time, a celibate from birth, he will adopt *mendicancy*. Do not think otherwise, Krsna^s."

Thus assured by the deity, Krsna, pleased, dismissed Rama, went to the women's quarters, and summoned Nemi. The two, Sarngin and Nemi, seated on jeweled thrones there, bathed at the same time, *pitchers* of water being poured (over them) by courtesans. Hari and Nemi took their food* right there, their bodies* rubbed dry with devadusya cloth, *anointed* with divine sandal.

Then Krsna said to the chamberlains: "This brother of mine, Nemi, is superior to us ourselves. There must be no interference with him anywhere in the *harem*. Prince Nemi may sport in the midst of all his brother's wives. There is no fault at all on your part." He said to his wives, Bhama and the others: "Nemi is the breath of life to me. He must be honored like your husband's younger brother.¹⁶⁴ He may be allowed to play without hesitation."

At these instructions by Sarngin, Nemi was honored in the *harem* by them, but unchanged, averse to pleasure, he went away. Hari^s, delighted, sported on pleasure-mountains, et-cetera with his harem together with Aristanemi, making no distinction between him and himself.

Garden Sports

One day in spring Krsna^s, together with Nemi and his harem, went with the townswomen and all the Vrsnis (Yadus) to the garden Raivataka. There the princes and the citizens played at various sports in the garden, like the gods and Asurakumarakas in Nandana. Some drank wine, which had the fragrance of the bakula^B, a life-giver to Smara^s, in bars under a bakula. Some played the lute; some sang aloud with vasanta;¹⁶⁵ some, intoxicated, danced, like Kinnaras, with women. Some with their wives gathered blossoms^B from the campaka^B, asoka^B, and bakula^B, et-cetera, like flower-gathering Vidyadharas. Some themselves made ornaments from flowers, like expert gardeners, and put them on the forms of gazelle-eyed women. Some sported with women, like Kandarpika gods, on couches of fresh blossoms in arbors of vines. Some, who were much *fatigued*, resting on the bank of a water-course, drank the wind from *Malaya*, like sportive serpents. Some, imitating *Rati* and Smara, played with their wives by swinging in swings suspended on branches of the asoka. Lovers, engaged in Puspesu's doctrine, made different trees blossom: some the asoka by a kick of the beloved; some the bakula by the gift of a mouthful of wine; some the tilaka by an amorous glance; others the kurubaka^B by giving a close embrace; and other trees by other pregnancy-whims.

Krsna, surrounded by his wives, Bhama and others, wandered with Nemi here and there in play, like a wild elephant* in a forest. Seeing Nemi, Hari thought: "If Nemi's mind were on pleasure, then Sri would have her purpose accomplished and then there would be good brotherhood on my part. If he, favorable, could be surrounded frequently with alambanas, uddipanas, and their vibhavas^{166*} by me, then my wish would be fulfilled."

So reflecting, Govinda^s himself wove a *wreath* and threw it like another pearl necklace around Nemi's neck. Satyabhama and others, clever, knowing Hari's intention, approached Sri Nemi with various ornaments of flowers. One, touching him with the tips of full, high breasts, bound Nemi's braid of hair with beautiful wreaths of flowers from behind.

One wife of Hari^s, the creeper of her arm raised, her arm-pit visible, standing in front of Nemi, put a *wreath* on his head. One, taking hold of his ear with her hand, arranged an ear-ornament on Nemi's ear, like a flag of victory of Smara^s. One fastened ever fresh armlets on Nemi's upper arm, again and again, with the intention of wasting time in sport. So, they decorated Nemi suitably for the season, but Sri Neminatha made no change toward them. Thus engaged in various sports day and night, Janardana^s returned to Dvarika with his retinue.

Samudravijaya was always eager for the festival of Nemi's marriage and the other Dasarhas also, and Sarngapani. Spring passed while Hari and Nemi played and the hot weather came, making Smara strong,¹⁶⁷ as well as the sun. Even the heat of the morning sun became unendurable, like Sarngin's *splendor*; even at night the heat was not allayed, like people's karma. Young men put on two soft white garments, resembling the inside of a plantain-skin, scented with musk. Women did not lay aside for a moment the palm-leaf fan moving to and fro like the flap of an elephant's ear, as well as Manmatha's^s teaching. Young men sprinkled themselves again and again with sandal-water, its fragrance doubled by the juice of various flowers. Lotus-stalks, put on their hearts by women, acquired fragrance superior to ropes of pearls. Pressing them very closely with their arms again and again, the young men did not let them go from their chest, like a sweetheart wet with water.

So in the summer terrible with heat Krsna^s and his *harem* went with Nemi to a pool in the garden Raivataka. Visnu^s with his wives and Nemi entered it for bathing-sport, like hansas in Manasa's water. At once a resemblance to lotuses newly burst open appeared from the faces of Visnu's wives submerged up to the neck in it. Hari himself threw a handful of water on one. She, clever, threw back a mouthful of water on him. Janardana had the appearance of a pillar with puppets from the timid women, afraid of the water, clinging to him. Leaping up repeatedly, like waves, the *doe-eyed* women struck Sarngapani on the chest fiercely. The eyes of the doe-eyed women became very red from blows with water, as if from anger caused by the removal of *collyrium*^{*}, their ornament.

One, summoned by Sarngin by pronouncing the name of a rival, beat him with a lotus, like an elephant* with an iron club. One approached another whom she had watched for a long time and struck her in the eyes with water lifted up, mixed with lotus-pollen. The *doe-eyed* women wandered again and again around Sarngin, bringing to mind the beauty of the ballet and the sport of his life as a cowherd. Nemi, unchanged, there at his brother's insistence, played, surrounded by his brother's wives engaged in jests. Saying, "Where are you going now, brother-in-law," Hari's wives struck Nemi simultaneously with water struck with the open hand. Aristanemi with Krsna's wives holding in their hands falling masses of water looked like a tree with erect shoots. With water-sports a pretext for making known the touch of women, they embraced Nemi's neck, struck him on the breast, and hung on his arm.

One in sport carried a lotus, like an umbrella, over sri Nemi, like an umbrella-carrier of the *harem*. One threw a lotus-stalk around Nemi's neck with a jest, like a *wreath* on the hitching-post of an elephant.* Using anything as a pretext, one struck Nemi on the heart, which had not been struck by Smara's missiles, with a lotus. Prince Nemi, unchanged, let all his brother's wives play for a long time with acts and counteracts. Seeing his brother playing so, Janardana^s rejoiced and stayed in the water for a long time, like a river-ranging elephant.

When Hari^s had finished the water-sport, he left the pool; Bhamma, Rukmini, and the others went to the bank and stayed there. Prince Nemi left the pool, like a marala, and went to the place on the bank where Rukmini and the others were. Rukmini got up, gave him herself her jeweled seat and dried Sri Nemi's body with her own upper garment. Under pretext of a jest, Satya said to Nemi:

"You are always tolerant of us. So I, unafraid, speak to you, brother-in-law. You are the brother of Sarngin, overlord of sixteen thousand women. Why do you not marry even one girl, fair sir? Your beauty is unequalled in the three worlds, brightened by grace, and youth has recently appeared. This being so, why does this condition exist? Your parents, brothers, and we, your brother's wives, ask you: Grant their wish for marriage. Consider, yourself, indeed, how much time you have passed, a mere eunuch, solitary, without a retinue of wives! Are you ignorant, dried up, impotent? Tell us. You are devoid of pleasure in women, prince, like a forest-flower. Just as Vrsabhadhvaja founded the first Tirtha, so he himself showed the auspiciousness of marriage. At the proper time under-

take celibacy as you like. Celibacy is not fitting in the householder stage, like reciting a mantra in impurity.”

Then Jambavati said: “In your line *Muni* Suvrata became a Lord Tirthankara^s, after he had married and had a son. Before and after him, those who married and attained emancipation are known in the Jina’s doctrine. You certainly know that. You wish to become emancipated young, having left the path of those who have become emancipated, since you have been averse to women even from birth.”

Angry at the affection shown, Bhama said: “Friend, why do you talk to him uselessly in a friendly way? Surely, he is not to be won by gentle words. He has been talked to respectfully by his father, elder brother, and others in regard to marriage, but he has not regarded them at all. Let him be *besieged* by us all together. If he will not regard our words, he must never be released.”

Then Laksmana and others said: “He, a brother-in-law, must be propitiated. Soothing, not angry speech, as it were, is the device for him.” After this speech, Hari’s wives, Rukmini and others, fell at Nemi’s feet, urging him to marriage with *persistence*. When Krsna^s saw Nemi being begged so by them, he approached and urged him in the marriage-business. Other Yadus also said to Nemi: “Do what your brother asks. Make Siva^s and Samudravijaya and other relatives happy.”

Importuned persistently in this way by them, Nemi thought: “Alas for their ignorance! Shame on that politeness of mine! Not only do they themselves fall into the ocean of worldly existence, they make others fall by the stone of affection tied (to them). Now this speech of theirs must be accepted by word only. At the right time I must necessarily do what is suitable for myself. That Rsabha Tirthakrt married in the past was because of pleasure-karma. The course of karma is different.”

With these reflections, Sri Nemi agreed to their speech. Hearing that, all, Samudravijaya and others, rejoiced.

After passing the hot season there, Govinda^s went to Dvaraka with his retinue, eager in the search for a maiden suitable for Nemi. Satyabhama said to him: “I have a younger sister, named Rajimati, who is suitable for Aristanemi.” Krsna said to her: “Satya, truly you have helped me, since I am lifted out of the ocean of anxiety about a woman suitable for Neminatha.” Krsna himself got up and went to Ugrasena’s house, observed eagerly by the Yadus and townspeople. Ugrasena welcomed him with the foot-water, et-cetera of the

reception of a guest, seated him on a lion-throne, and asked the reason for his coming. Krsna said,

"King, you have a daughter, Rajimati, who is suitable for my younger brother, Nemi, superior to me in good *qualities*."

Bhoja said: "By good fortune, it has happened, lord, that Hari^s comes to our house and *makes us content*. This house, this wealth, we, this daughter everything is at your disposal. What question of asking in case of what is one's own?"

Delighted by this speech, Krsna^s went and reported this to Samudravijaya and Samudravijaya said: "There is great *devotion* to your fathers and affection for your brothers, son. You give us great joy that you have caused a disposition toward pleasure on Nemi's part. For so long the wish clung to my very heart that Aristanemi should consent to marry."

Then summoning Krostuki, King Samudravijaya asked the day for the marriage of Nemi and Rajimati. Krostuki said: "Certainly no other auspicious* affairs are suitable in the rainy season, to say nothing of a marriage." Samudra said to him: "Delay in this case is not fitting. Nemi has been moved to marriage by Krsna with difficulty. There must be no obstacle to the marriage. Name a day very near. A marriage in the Gandharva fashion might take place with your permission." After reflecting, Krostuki said, "If that is so, scion of the Yadus, the design must be accomplished on the white sixth of Sravana."

The king rewarded Krostuki and dismissed him and had the day announced to Bhoja. Then the two made preparations. In the city Dvaraka Krsna had jeweled platforms, arches, et-cetera made at every shop, at every city-gate, at every house. On the day near the wedding, the Dasarhas, Sirin and Sarngin; the mothers, Sri Siva^s, Rohini, Devaki, and others; Bala's wives, Revati and others; Hari's wives, Bhama and others; the nurses and other important women, with loud songs seated Neminatha on a throne facing the east; and Bala and Sarngin themselves bathed him with pleasure.

After preparing Nemi with the wedding-ribbon tied on and carrying an arrow in his hand, Govinda^s went to Ugrasena's house. Then Krsna himself in accordance with the ritual *anointed* Rajimati, a young girl with a face like the full moon. He returned to his own house and, after passing the night, got Nemi ready to go to the marriage-house. Then Aristanemi, shining with a white umbrella and white *chauris*, wearing a white garment with a fringe adorned with pearl ornaments, wearing *collyrium** with charming gosirsasandal, got into a chariot with white horses. Princes by the crores

went in front of Prince Nemi, the skies being deafened by the noise of the horses' neighs. At his sides were kings mounted on elephants by the thousand. The Dasarhas, Govinda, Musalin were in the rear. All the women of the *harem*, placed in very magnificent *palanquins*, went singing auspicious* hymns, and other noble women, also.

Thus Sri Nemi set out on the king's highway with great magnificence, with panegyrists reciting *auspicious things* aloud, (going) in front. The glances, tender with affection, of young women perched on roofs of houses and shops on the road, fell on Nemi, like auspicious* parched grain. Being pointed out to each other by the citizens and being described with interest, Siva's son went to Ugrasena's house. Lotus-eyed Rajimati became very eager at the noise of Nemi's arrival, like a peahen at thunder. Friends, knowing her heart, said to her:

"You are fortunate, fair lady, of whom Nemi, the handsome one of three worlds, will take the hand. Even if Nemi is coming here, nevertheless, we, very eager, will stand in the window and watch for him coming, lotus-eyed lady."

Delighted at the naming of her secret *desire*, Rajimati went in haste to the window, surrounded by her friends. Wearing a hair-dress with jasmines^B inside it, like a cloud with a moon; surpassing lotus-ear-ornaments with her (lotus-)eyes; with pearl-oysters defeated by her ears wearing pearl earrings; her lower lip with lac, like a bimba with ripe bimbis; wearing a gold necklace on her neck, like a conch with a gold band; her breasts marked with necklaces like cakravakas with lotus-stalks; looking, with her lotus-hands, like a river with lotus-plants; with a waist that can be grasped with (one) hand, like Manmatha's^s bow; charming with hips like a golden slab; with thighs like a plantain tree and shanks like a deer's; with nails like jewels; wearing a fringed white garment, *anointed* with gosirsasandal, she sat in the window like a goddess in a heavenly palace.

Placed there, she saw at a distance Nemi like Kandarpa before her eyes, lighting the flame of love in her heart. Looking at Nemi, she thought to herself: "This husband has been difficult to obtain, not within the range of (our) mind even. If he, the sole ornament of three worlds, has fallen to my lot as a husband, then is not the fruit of my birth fulfilled? Even if he has come here himself, intending to marry, nevertheless, I am not convinced of it. By what merit was he won?"

As she was thinking this, her right eye twitched¹⁶⁸ and her right arm; and there was a burning in mind and body.' Rajimati told her friends this, *stammering*, shedding tears from her eyes like a woman

in a shower bath. Her friends said: "Friends, evil has been allayed, anything inauspicious has been destroyed. May all your family-gods be *propitious*. Be firm. Your bridegroom has come, eager for marriage. What is this ill-omened anxiety on your part, while the marriage-festival is taking place?"

As Nemi went along, he heard the pitiful cries of animals and asked his charioteer, "What is this?" though he knew well. The charioteer replied: "Lord, do you not know? These various animals have been brought here to provide food* for your marriage. Earth-dwellers, goats, et-cetera and sky-dwellers, partridges, et-cetera, belonging to village and forest, these will die, master. These are being watched by guards inside enclosures, crying out. For fear* of life is a great fear of all."

Then Nemi, a hero of *compassion*, said to his charioteer, "Drive my chariot to the place where these animals are." The charioteer did so; and the Blessed One saw many animals, their hearts terrified at losing their lives. Some were fastened by ropes on the neck, some on the feet, some had been thrown into cages and some had fallen into snares. Their faces upturned, their eyes pitiful, their bodies* trembling, they looked at Nemi friendly from (his) appearance.

"Protect! Protect!" they said to Nemi, each in his own language. Neminatha, giving orders to the charioteer, had them released. When the animals had gone to their respective places, the Lord had the chariot turned back towards his own house. Siva^s, Samudravijaya, Krsna^s, Rama, and others left their own conveyances and were in front of Nemi.

Siva and Samudravijaya, their eyes filled with tears, said, "Why have you suddenly turned away from this festival?" Nemi said: "Just as these animals were bound by bonds, so we are bound by bonds of karma. Just as there was release from bondage for them, so I shall take initiation to make my own release from the bondage of karma the sole source of happiness."

On hearing Nemi's speech, the two swooned and all the Yadus cried out, their eyes downcast. After Janardana^s had revived Siva and Samudravijaya and had restrained the outcry, he said to Aristanemi: "Always you have been worthy of honor by me, Rama, and the fathers, honor-giver. This beauty of yours is unequalled and your youth fresh. Moreover, the daughter-in-law,¹⁶⁹ lotus-eyed Rajimati, is suitable for you. So tell the reason for your disgust with existence. These animals that you saw have been released. So fulfill the wish of your fathers and relatives. You cannot disregard your parents immersed in grief. Show compassion common to all in this matter,

brother. Just as these miserable animals have been gladdened by you, so gladden your brothers, Rama and others, by the sight of your marriage.”

Blessed Nemi said: “I see no reason at all for sorrow of the parents nor of you, brother. This worldly existence, which has four states of existence in which pains must be experienced by creatures born in them, is the reason for my disgust with the world. In each birth there were other parents and brothers, but no one shares karma. One consumes his own karma himself. If the pain of one person could be destroyed by another, then even life would be given for his parents by the *discerning* man, Hari^s. But a creature himself experiences pains, such as old age, death*, et-cetera, even though there are sons, et-cetera. No one is a protector of anyone. If sons are merely for the pleasure of a father’s sight, then Mahanemi and others are sources of happiness without me. I am exhausted by the comings and goings on the road of worldly existence, like an aged traveler. I shall strive for the destruction of karma, the source of worldly existence. The destruction of karma is not gained without *mendicancy*. So I shall undertake it alone. Do not make useless opposition.”

Samudravijaya said: “Son, you have been a prince from birth. How will your tender body endure discomfort? Without an umbrella the heat of other seasons even is hard to bear, to say nothing of the terrible heat of the summer which must be borne. Hunger, thirst, et-cetera cannot be endured by others; how much less by you, my dear, with a body suitable for heavenly joy?”

Neminatha said: “Why is this pain of men, who know the hell-inhabitants with a multitude of ever increasing pains, mentioned? Emancipation, the cause of infinite bliss is gained by the pains of penance; hell, the cause of infinite pain, is gained by pleasure originating in the senses. Having considered that, say, yourself, ‘What is fitting for men to do?’ Every one, considering, knows; but only one here and there will reflect.”

Hearing that, his parents, Krsna^s and others, Rama and others, realized Nemi’s determination on mendicancy and gave loud cries. The elephant* Nemi, breaking the chains of affection for his own people, his chariot being driven by the charioteer, went to his own house.

Founding of the congregation

Knowing that it was the proper time, the Lokantika-gods came there, bowed to Nemi and said, “Lord, found a *congregation*.” The

Blessed One began to give gifts for a year with money supplied by the Jrmabhaka-gods at Vasava's command.

When she had seen Nemi turned back and had heard him longing for the vow, Rajimati fell to the ground, like a creeper whose tree has been taken away. Her friends, terrified, sprinkled her with fragrant cool water and fanned her with fans made from plantain-leaves. When she had regained consciousness and had got up, her hair fallen on her cheeks, her garments wet from a stream of tears, she lamented:

"There was no *desire* on my part that Nemi should be my husband. By whom were you asked, Fate, that Nemi was made my husband? Why did you make a reversal suddenly, like a blow with a staff? You alone are a deceiver and a destroyer of confidence. However, this was known before by me from lack of confidence in my own good fortune. On the one hand, Nemi as husband, the best in three worlds; on the other hand, I. If I was known to be unsuitable for you, Nemi, why by agreeing to the marriage did you create the wish in me? And having created it, master, why was the wish broken? For the promise of the great is firm as long as life. If you depart from your promise, lord, the oceans will surely cross their boundaries. However, it was not your fault, but the fault of my karma, that I attained taking your hand only verbally. The beautiful shrine of the divine mothers, the divine pavilion, the jeweled altar, and everything else for our marriage became useless. What was sung in auspicious songs all that was not true. Such is the truth: you were hymned in the beginning as my husband, but you did not become my husband. What separation of husband and wife did I make in a former birth that I did not attain the happiness of touching the hand of a husband?"

With such lamentations, she beat her breast with her lotushands, broke her necklace, and struck together her bracelets. Her friends said to her:

"Do not be so depressed, friend. What (kind of) union would there have been with him, or what business of you with him? Without affection, without desire, averse to association with people, always afraid of house holding, like a wild creature of a house, discourteous, cruel, self-willed, hostile if he has gone, let him go. It is a good thing that Nemi is known now. If he had married you, he would be thus indifferent. Having thrown you in a well, then your rope would be cut. There are many other Yadu princes with good *qualities*, Pradyumna, Samba, et-cetera. Among them there may be an agreeable husband. You were given to Nemi only in intention,

fair lady. You are now still a maiden from the failure of the marriage with him, innocent girl."

Rajimati said angrily: "Friends, why is this said, resembling the family of an unchaste woman, for the disgrace of my family? Nemi is the best husband in three worlds. Who else is such a husband? Or, suppose there is such. What of him? Surely, a maiden is given once for all. Vrsni's son was chosen by me in heart and speech. He agreed to me as a wife at the importunity of the elders. Now, he, the best husband in three worlds, did not marry me. Enough of pleasures, indeed, the causes of worthlessness by nature. If I was not touched by his hand in the marriage-ceremony, his hand alone shall touch me in order to give the vow."

Making a vow to this effect, having sent away her friends, Ugrasena's daughter passed the time, meditating on Nemi.

Now the Blessed Nemi gave gifts day after day and Samudra and the others wept like children in pain. The Blessed One knew Rajimatis vow from the people and from his three kinds of knowledge; nevertheless, he remained indifferent. The Teacher of the World gave unceasing gifts for a year; and the chief-gods, Sakra^s and others, held the initiation-ceremony. Siva's son got into the jeweled *palanquin*, named Uttarakuru, carried by gods and kings, Sakra and Isana carried *chauris* in front of the Lord; Sanatkumara the umbrella and Mahendra the principal sword; the Indra of Brahma carried a mirror and the Indra of Lantaka a full pitcher; Mahasukra a svastika and Sahasrara a bow; the Lord of Pranata a *srivatsa*^{*} and Acyuta a nandyavarta;¹⁷⁰ and the other Indras, Camara and others, carried weapons.* Surrounded by fathers, mothers, Rama, Krsna^s and others, the Blessed One, noble-minded, set out on the king's highway. As the Lord went near her house, he was seen by Rajimati and at once she fainted again and again from grief that had been renewed.

Then Nemi went to the garden, Sahasramravana, the ornament of Mt. Ujjayanta, resembling Nandana. Siva's son entered the garden which was apparently smiling, as it were, with newly blossoming ketakis; its ground on all sides paved with sapphires, as it were, with the fallen rose-apples; with bees intoxicated from lying on the couch of kadamba blossoms^B; with a dance (tandava) full of peacock-cries commenced by peacocks with erect tail-feathers; with groves of blossoming kutajas¹⁷¹ like an arsenal of Smara^s; with a throng of travelers overcome by the fragrance of white and yellow jasmines^B. He got out of the *palanquin* and took off the ornaments and Hari^s (Indra) gave them to Hari (Krsna)^s.

When three hundred years from his birth had passed, on the white sixth of Sravana, the moon being in Tvastra, in the forenoon, having fasted for two days, Siva's soon tore out his hair in five handfuls. Sakra^s took the hair and put a garment on the Lord's shoulder. Sakra threw the hair into the Ocean of Milk, returned, and stopped the tumult. The Lord began samayika.¹⁷² The mind-reading knowledge of the Lord arose. At that time there was a moment of comfort even for hell-inhabitants. 'A thousand kings became mendicants, following Prince Nemi. Sakra, Krsna^s, and others bowed to Nemi and went to their own homes. On the next day in the cow-house at the house of the Brahman Varadatta the Supreme Lord broke his fast with rice-pudding. Then the gods made a shower of fragrant rain and flowers, a deep roll of a drum, a waving of garments, and a stream of treasure. Then eager for the destruction of the destructive karmas, Neminatha went elsewhere to wander, turned away from the bondage of karma.

Episode of Rathanemi and Rajimati

Now Nemi's younger brother, Rathanemi, subject to the senses, was wounded by Smara^s, seeing Rajimati. He constantly presented Rajimati with unusual objects and she, innocent, not knowing his intentions, did not prevent him. She thought, "He visits me constantly from affection for his brother." He thought, "She takes my gifts from love." He, of little wit, went constantly to Rajimati's house and made jokes for her under the pretext that she was a brother's wife.

One day Rathanemi said to her when she was alone: "Innocent lady, I shall marry you. Do not pass your youth uselessly. Since my brother, ignorant of pleasure, abandoned you, doe-eyed maiden, he has been deceived. Why should there be a loss of pleasure and happiness on your part? Even though he was begged, he did not become your husband, beautiful lady; I am begging you. See the great difference."

Only then was she, straightforward by nature, enlightened by his intention about the reason for the former gifts. She, knowing what was right, enlightened him by reciting of *dharma*^{*}, but he, evil-minded, did not desist from that effort.

One day, clever Rajimati drank milk up to the neck and, when he had come, she smelled a madana^s, which causes vomiting. She said to Rathanemi, "Bring a golden dish." He brought it and she vomited into it the milk she had drunk."Drink this, Rathanemi," said Ugrasena's daughter. He replied, "Am I a dog that you talk about drinking vomit?" She said, "Do you know that this is not fit to

drink?" He replied, "Not only do I know it, even children know it." Rajimati said: "If you know that, sir, why do you want to enjoy me whom Neminatha vomited? How can you, his brother, want to do this? Henceforth, do not speak of this, the cause of a life-term in hell."

Thus informed by her, silent, ashamed, his wish destroyed, Rathanemi went to his own house, very disconsolate. Rajimati, intent on attachment to Sri Nemi, with a *desire* for emancipation, continued to pass days like years.

Fifty-four days after his initiation, Neminatha came in his wandering to the garden Sahasramravana on Raivataka. The destructive karmas of Sri Nemi engaged in meditation* under a rattan palm^B there, observing a three-day fast, broke. Master Aristanemi's *omniscience* arose in the forenoon of *amavasya** of Asvin, the moon being in Tvastra. At once the Indras, their thrones shaken, came there and erected a *samavasarana* adorned with three walls.

The Teacher of the World entered by the east door and circumambulated the caitya-tree one hundred and twenty bows high. Saying, "Homage to the *congregation**," the twenty-second Tirthakrt sat down on the eastern lion-throne, facing the east. The Vyantara-gods created instantly images of Sri Nemi seated on jeweled lion-thrones in the other directions. The gods and goddesses of the four classes¹⁷³ remained in their proper places, their eyes fixed on the Master's face, like cakoras on the moon.

The mountain-guards went and reported to their lord, Devaki's son, that the Master had stopped in the *samavasarana* in this way. He gave them twelve and one half crores of silver and set out, mounted on an elephant*, wishing to pay honor to Neminatha. Surrounded by the ten Desarhas and by mothers, brothers, and princes by the crores, by all the women of the *harem* and by the sixteen thousand kings, Hari^s went to the *samavasarana* with great magnificence. After dismounting from the elephant even at a distance and laying aside royal *insignia*, Hari entered the *samavasarana* by the north door. After circumambulating and bowing to Nemi, Sanigabhrt sat down behind Sakra^s and the others in the proper places.

Indra and Upendra bowed again to Jinendra Nemi and began to recite a hymn of praise in a voice purified by *devotion*.

Stuti

"Homage to you, Lord of the World, benefactor to all the universe, firm in chastity from birth, a hero of *compassion*, protector. By good fortune you have destroyed the destructive karmas, Master,

by pure meditation* for fifty-four days. Not only is the Yadu family, Lord, but also the three worlds, adorned by you brilliant with the light of *omniscience*. The ocean of existence, which is very deep and uncrossable, Master, would be a mere puddle, ankle-deep, by the favor of your feet. Everyone's heart is divided by the charms of women, lord. Your adamant heart no other in the world is undivided. Now your brothers' words, trying to prevent your taking the vow, are a reason for *remorse*, as they see this glory of yours. By good fortune you were not made to stumble at that time by the throngs of relatives who were evilly persistent. You, whose omniscience has arisen unstumbling because of the world's merit, protect us! May you be in my heart, O god, wherever I am or whatever I do. What need do I have of another!"

After this hymn of praise, Indra and Upendra became silent; and the Lord began a sermon in a language suited to every dialect.

Sermon

"All creatures' wealth is as momentary as a flash of lightning; unions end in separations, resembling wealth obtained in dreams. Youth is fleeting like the shadow of a cloud; the bodies* of corporeal creatures are like bubbles in water. Therefore, there is nothing at all of value in this worthless worldly existence, but value is the observance of (right-) belief, (right-) knowledge and (right-) conduct. Faith in the Principles is called right-belief, enlightenment on the Principles as they really are is known as (right-) knowledge; desistence from all *censurable* activity, the cause of emancipation, is (right-) conduct, fully for ascetics and partly for householders. A disciple of those who have full self-control, who has partial self-control (himself), who knows the true nature of worldly existence is a layman throughout life. He should avoid wine, meat, new butter, honey, five kinds of figs, fruit that is known to have infinite bodies, eating at night, pulses mixed with raw milk, mouldy rice-pudding, curds more than two days old, and ill-smelling food.*

Wine-drinking

Intelligence, even of a man adorned with cleverness, runs far away because of wine-drinking alone, like a woman because of unhappiness. Evil men, their minds made helpless by drinking Kadambari,¹⁷⁴ consider their mothers as wives and their wives as mothers. One whose mind is disordered by wine does not know his own or another's; a wretch makes himself 'master and the master a servant. Dogs urinate in the open mouth, with the idea that it is a

crack, of the wine-drinker lying in the cross-roads like a corpse. Immersed in the liquid of wine-drinking, he sleeps nude at the cross-roads and easily betrays his secret purpose.¹⁷⁵ From the drinking of *varuni*¹⁷⁶ beauty, fame, intelligence, and wealth disappear like various bright designs from a floating cloud. The wine-drinker dances constantly as if possessed by a demon and wails repeatedly like a sorrowful person; he rolls repeatedly on the ground like one suffering from a burning fever. *Hala*¹⁷⁷ causes a relaxation of the body, injures senses, and causes a deep *swoon*, like the *halahala*.¹⁷⁸

Discernment, self-control, knowledge, truth, purity, *compassion*, tolerance all *perish* from wine, like straw from a spark of fire. Many creatures originate in liquids; therefore, wine must not be drunk by one afraid of causing injury. That which was given was not given; what was taken was not taken; what was done was not done the wine-drinker speaks as he likes, indeed, as if from *sovereignty* over liars. In the house or outside or on the road, the wine drinker, his mind confused, takes other people's property, having snatched it away, unafraid of execution, imprisonment, et-cetera. Suffering from intoxication from wine, at once he enjoys other men's wives very young, young and old, a Brahmani or Candali.

Shouting, singing, resting on the ground, running, angry, pleased, weeping, laughing, standing straight, bending, roaming, staying in one place, the wine-drinker is an actor, the king of the wicked. Even though drinking wine frequently, the wine-drinker is never satisfied, always devouring a multitude of creatures, like *Krtanta*. Wine is the cause of faults, wine is the cause of calamities; therefore, one should avoid wine, like a sick person avoiding improper food.*

Meat-eating

One who wishes to eat meat from killing animals pulls up the root, called 'Compassion,' of the tree of *dharma*.* One who wishes to eat meat and wishes to show compassion, wishes to plant a creeper in a blazing fire. The killer of meat, the seller, the dresser, the eater, the buyer, the approver, the giver they are all killers. Ones who eat another's flesh for the nourishment of their own flesh are in fact killers, since there is no killer without an eater. Who would commit a sin for the sake of that miserable body in which clean food is turned into excrement and nectar¹⁷⁹ into urine?

The intelligence of one greedy for the taste of meat, like that of an evil-minded witch, revolves about killing one creature after another. Persons who eat meat, when divine food* is present, eat

halahala, putting nectar aside. There is no *dharma** of one without *compassion*. Whence is there compassion of a meat-eater? The one greedy for meat does not know that; or, if he should know, would not warn (others).

The one devoid of compassion, who wishes to nourish his own flesh by the flesh of others, is fuel for the flames of hell and no one else. Who, except worms, would eat meat originated in semen and blood, made to grow by feces and chyle, red when it has attained growth? Who, intelligent would eat dressed meat, spoiled at once by an infinite series of coagulated¹⁸⁰ creatures, *viaticum* on the road to hell?

Eating of butter and honey

Fresh butter, in which heaps of very fine creatures come into existence from coagulation, must not be eaten by the *discerning* after an antarmuhurta.¹⁸¹ Considering what sin there would be in the destruction of even one *soul*, who would use fresh butter consisting of innumerable creatures?

Who eats honey, disgusting like saliva, originating from the destruction of many collections of creatures? The one who eats honey originating from destruction of lacs of small creatures is worse than hunters, killers of a few creatures. Observers of dharma do not eat honey spit out, which bees vomit after sipping the juice from the interior of flowers one by one. Honey that is eaten even for medicine is the cause of hell. For even an atom of poison that has been eaten leads to destruction of life. Sweetness (*madhurya*) is so called, alas! by the ignorant from honey (*madhu*), from eating of which the pains of hell are experienced for a long time.

Eating of fruits and vegetables

One should not eat the fruit of the fig trees: udumbara, the banyan, the waved-leaved fig, the opposite-leaved fig, and the pippala trees, which is filled with insects. A virtuous person does not eat the fruit of the five fig trees, though *emaciated* from hunger because he had not obtained other food. All green bulbs and all budding leaves, the milk-hedge, the bark of the lavana¹⁸² tree, the aloe, girikarnika,¹⁸³ satavari,¹⁸⁴ forked grain that has sprouted, guduci,¹⁸⁵ soft tamarinds,¹⁸⁶ the beet, amrtavalli^B, the climbing bean named sukara, and others that have infinite living bodies*, named in the sutras, unknown to heretics, must be *zealously* avoided by the compassionate.

Eating at night

A wise man should eat fruit known to himself or another. He should not use forbidden fruit nor poisonous fruit. He should not eat food*, which has been made uneatable by ghosts, demons, et-cetera wandering unchecked, in the evening. Who would eat at night food in which creatures falling are not seen at all because their eyes are obstructed by the darkness of night? An ant destroys intelligence, a louse would cause dropsy, a fly causes vomiting, and a spider leprosy.

A thorn and a splinter of wood cause pain in the throat, a scorpion that has fallen into vegetables splits the palate. A hair stuck in the throat causes *stammering*. Such evil consequences as these, et-cetera, to all from eating at night are seen. If one should eat pure food at night, without seeing fine creatures, there would necessarily be destruction of creatures in eating at that time. How can those people, stupid, who eat food at night which has a collection of creatures attached, be distinguished from Raksasas? Whoever continues eating day and night is clearly nothing but an animal, whose horns and tail are lost. Whoever eats at the beginning and end of the day, excepting forty-eight minutes each time, knowing the evil results of eating at night, is a receptacle of merit. One who has not made a vow to cease from eating at night, even though eating in the daytime, would not share the fruit free from trickery. There is no interest without speech.¹⁸⁷ The ones who, abandoning eating by day, eat only at night, have laid aside a jewel and taken a piece of glass, stupid. Owls, crows, cats, vultures, sambars, hogs, serpents, scorpions, and lizards are born from eating at night. The one who, rich (in *dharma**), always avoids eating at night, would necessarily observe fasts for half of a man's lifetime. What merits there are in the avoidance of eating at night, the causes of only a good status of existence who would be able to enumerate them fully? Many fine creatures have been seen by the kevalins in the forked grain mixed with raw milk, butter milk, et-cetera. Therefore one should avoid them. One devoted to *compassion* should give up fruit, flowers, leaves and other things that are connected with live creatures and also pickle that is contaminated. Thus, being first in compassion, with a *discriminating* mind in food, even a layman is freed from worldly existence in course of time."

First disciple

After hearing the Lord's sermon, King Varadatta attained extreme disgust with existence, eager for the vow. Krsna^s bowed and

asked: "Everyone is devoted to you; what is the reason for Rajimati's extreme *devotion*?" Then Nemi narrated his own relation with her for eight births, beginning with the birth as Dhana and Dhanavati. Then King Varadatta arose, bowed, and his hands folded respectfully, declared to Neminatha, the Lord of the World:

"Even laymanship taken from you would bear great results for creatures, like water from a cloud in the nakshatra Svati.¹⁸⁸ But, since you have been obtained as a guru, I am not satisfied with so much. Who wishes for mere dishes, when a wishing-tree has been obtained? I wish to be your first disciple. Give me initiation, a boat for crossing worldly existence. Show *compassion*, O ocean of compassion."

The Lord himself initiated the king talking in this way; and after him two thousand warriors became mendicants. Dhanadeva and Dhanadatta, (his) brothers from the Dhana-birth, the minister Vimalabodha from the Aparajita-birth, who had wandered through births with the Master, were three kings in this birth, and had come there from devotion to Rajimati. Their recollection of former births arose from hearing the former births and, a wealth of disgust with existence being produced (in them), they took the vow at Aristanemi's feet at that time.

Founding of congregation

Neminatha, the Teacher of the World, installed properly eleven ganabhrts, Varadatta and others, with them. The Master taught them the three-phrases* permanence, origination, and perishing; and they composed the twelve canonical series in accordance with the three-phrases. A princess, Yaksini, accompanied by many maidens took *mendicancy* at that time and the Master appointed her head of the nuns.

The Dasarhas, Ugrasena, Vasudeva^s, Langalin; the princes, Pradyumna and others became laymen. The wives, Siva^s, Rohini, Devaki, Rukmini and others became laywomen; and other women in the Master's presence. Thus the Lord's congregation* originated in the *samavasarana*, fourfold like *dharma**, purifying the earth. The Lord finished his sermon in the first watch which had passed. In the second watch Varadatta delivered a sermon. Then the gods, Vasava^s and others, the kings, Krsna^s and others, and others bowed to the Blessed One and went to their respective places.

Sasanadevatas

Gomedha, originating in that *congregation*^{*}, three-faced, dark, with a man for a vehicle, carrying a citron^B, an axe, a cakra in three right hands; an *ichneumon*, a trident, and a spear in his three left hands, became Nemi Swamin's messenger-deity.

A Kusmandi, named Ambika, originating in the *congregation*^{*}, gold color, with a lion for a vehicle, holding in two right hands a bunch of mangoes^B and a noose; and in her two left hands a boy and a goad, became the Lord's messenger-deity.

His vicinity always superintended by them, Nemi passed the rainy season and autumn. Then he set forth to wander elsewhere, moving like a *bhadra elephant*^{*}, seeking the good (*bhadra*) of the people.

10. THE RECOVERY OF DRAUPADI, THE LIFE OF GAJASUKUMALA AND OTHERS

Abduction of Draupadi

And now by Krsna's favor the Pandavas remained in their city¹⁸⁹ and happily sported with Draupadi in turn. One day Narada went to Draupadi's house in his roaming and was not honored by her who scorned him with the idea, "He is lacking in self-control." Thinking, "How will she suffer in future?" *Muni* Narada left her house, angry and hostile. Not seeing anyone here who would cause her trouble from fear* of Krsna^s, Narada went to Bharata in Dhata-kikhanda.

He went to Padma, lustful, in the city Amarakanka, the *servitor* of Visnu^s Kapila ruling Campa. The king arose, conducted him to the *harem*, showed him his wives, and said to Narada, "Have such women been seen anywhere?" Reflecting, "My purpose will be accomplished through him," Narada said: "Why are you pleased by these women, like a frog in a well, king? In the city Hastinapura in Bharata in Jambudvipa there is the chief-queen of the Pandavas, Draupadi, the *abode* of beauty. Compared with her, all these are mere slave-girls." With these words, Rsi^s Narada flew up and went elsewhere.

Wishing to have Draupadi, Padmanabha subdued by penance a god, a former friend, living in Patala. Padma said to the god, who became visible and asked, "What can I do for you?" "Bring Draupadi here and give her to me." He said: "Draupadi wishes no one except the Pandavas. But I shall bring her at your insistence."

Then the god gave Draupadi a sleeping-charm, kidnapped her asleep during the night, took her, and gave her to Padma. Draupadi, awakened there and not seeing her own place, terrified, thought, "Is this a dream or sorcery?" Padmanabha said: "Do not fear, *doe-eyed* lady. I had you brought here. Enjoy pleasures with me. This is the continent Dhatakikhanda, the city Amarakanka. I am Padmanabha, king here. Now I wish to become your husband." Draupadi, quick-

witted, said: "If none of my people come until a month, I shall do as you say."

Reflecting, "It is impossible for men living in Jambudvipa to come here," Padma deceitfully agreed to that speech. "I, made husbandless, shall not enjoy pleasures at the end of a month," Draupadi vowed, very rich in wifely *fidelity*.

The Pandavas, when they did not see Draupadi in the house at dawn, made a thorough search in water, on land, in forests, et-cetera. They did not find news of her and their mother told Sarngin. He alone is their refuge* and a brother to the distressed. While Kṛṣṇa^s was still bewildered by the business, *Muni* Narada came there to see the trouble caused by himself. Asked by Viṣṇu^s, "Have you seen Draupadi any where?" he said; "I went to the city Amarakanka in Dhatakikhanda. There I saw Drupada's daughter in the house of King Padma." With these words, he flew up and went elsewhere.

Kṛṣṇa said to the Pandavas: "Draupadi has been kidnapped by Padma. I will get her back. Do not worry at all." Then Viṣṇu, surrounded by a great army, went with the Pandavas to the shore of the Eastern Ocean, called Magadha. The Pandavas said to Kṛṣṇa: "Master, this ocean, violent, very terrifying, is uncrossable like worldly existence. In some places in it mountains are submerged like clods; in some places there are sea-monsters like mountains. In some places there is a submarine fire by which a promise to dry it up has been made; in some places there are Velandhara-gods, like fishermen. In it vessels¹⁹⁰ resembling water-jars are lifted up by waves. Uncrossable even by the mind, how can it be crossed?" "What is this anxiety on your part?" pure-hearted Kṛṣṇa said to them. Seated on the shore, he propitiated Susthita¹⁹¹ by penance. The god appeared in person and asked, "What can I do for you?" Kṛṣṇa said: "Draupadi has been kidnapped by King Padma. Arrange it so that she will be brought quickly from Dhatakikhanda, best of gods, lord of Lavana Ocean."

The god said: "She was delivered to Padma by a god who kidnapped her from former friendship. Likewise, Kṛṣṇa, I shall deliver her to you. Or, if that does not please, then I shall throw Padma with his army and transport in the ocean and deliver Draupadi to you." Kṛṣṇa said: "Do not do this. Give an unobstructed path over the water to the six chariots of the Pandavas and me, so that, going there ourselves and defeating the wretch, we shall bring back Kṛṣṇa (Draupadi). For that is the path of glory."

Susthita did so. Kṛṣṇa and the Pandavas crossed the ocean like dry land and went to the city Amarakanka. Hari^s remained in a

garden outside and sent Daruka, whom he instructed personally, as a messenger to King Padma. Stepping on the foot-stool with his foot, terrifying from his frown, delivering a letter on the point of a spear, Daruka said to Padma:

“Drupada’s daughter, the wife of the Pandavas, the companions of Vasudeva^s, has been brought here from Bharata of Jambudvipa by you. Krsna^s, to whom a path was given by the ocean, has come with the sons of Pandu. Surrender Krsna, if you wish to live, wretch.”

Padma said: “He is Vasudeva^s there, but here, himself the sixth,¹⁹² what is he compared with me? Go! Prepare him for battle.” Daruka went and reported the speech to Krsna. Padma, armed, came with an army, eager to fight.

His soldiers approaching like waves of the ocean, Pundarikaksa (Krsna), wide-eyed, said to the Pandavas: “Will you fight with King Padma or will you, staying in your chariots, watch me fighting?” They said, “We shall fight with Padma, lord. Today King Padmanabha or we shall cause tears to be shed.”

Then they fought with King Padma and were defeated. They went again to Vasudeva and said: “Master, this Padma is very strong, surrounded by strong soldiers. He is conquerable by you alone, not by us. Do what is suitable in this matter.”

Krsna said: “You were defeated at that very time, Pandavas, when you said: ‘King Padma or we.’ I alone am king, not Padma.” With these words, Janardana^s set out for battle and blew loud-toned Pancajanya^s. A third part of Padma’s army broke at the sound of the conch, like the flight of a herd of deer at the roar of an approaching lion. Sarngin twanged his bow and at its sound again a third part of Padma’s army broke like a weak rope. With the remaining third part of the army, Padma fled from the battle-field and entered Amarakanka at once. He shut the gates equipped with iron bars. Blazing with anger, Krsna got down from the chariot.

By a process of transformation¹⁹³ Hari^s became a man-lion in form, angry like Krtanta, terrifying with the fangs of his wide-open mouth. Giving very loud roars, he stamped with his feet; and the earth trembled along with the heart of his enemies. The tops of the walls shook, temples fell, and houses fell apart from the blows of Sarngin’s feet. Some hid in caves; some entered water; some in the city fell in a faint from fear* of the man-lion.

Padma went to Drupada’s daughter as a refuge*, saying, “Queen, pardon us. Save us from this Sarngin who is like Antaka.” “After putting me in front of you and after donning women’s clothes, go to Krsna as a refuge. In that case you will live, not

otherwise." He did as he was told and bowed to Sarngin. Vasudeva, affording protection, said to him, "Do not fear." Janardana delivered Draupadi to the Pandavas and, mounted on a chariot, returned with them by the same road.

At that time the Blessed Tirthakrt, Munisuvrata,¹⁹⁴ had stopped in a *samavasarana* in the garden Purnabhadra in Campa. Seated in his assembly, Visnu^s Kapila asked the Lord: "Master, to whom like me does this conch belong, whose sound was the guest of (our) ears?"

The Arhat said, "The sound of the conch was from Visnu Krsna^s," and Kesava asked, "How can there be two Haris in one place?" The Blessed One told Kapila the story of Draupadi, Padma, and Krsna. Kapila said: "Why do I not give a welcome to Krsna, lord of half of Bharata in Jambudvipa, who has come here as a guest?" The Master said, "Just as there is no second Arhat nor *cakrabhart* in one place, so a Visnu who has come for a reason cannot meet another."

After hearing the Arhat's reply, Kapila went on the road furrowed by Krsna's chariot to see Krsna on the ocean-shore. He saw the white and yellow chariot-banners, like vessels of silver and gold, of Krsna as he proceeded in the ocean. The Sarngabhart blew his conch filled with the words: "I am Visnu Kapila. I have come, eager to see you. So turn back." Krsna blew his conch with the sound of distinct words, "We have come far. We must not talk with you."

After hearing the words of the conch, Hari^s Kapila turned, went to the city Kanka,¹⁹⁵ and said to Padma, "What's this?" Padma related his own crime and said, "You being master, I have been defeated by Krsna, Visnu in Bharata of Jambu." Saying, "O evil-minded villain, quarreling with superiors," Hari banished Padma and installed his son on the throne.

When Krsna had crossed the ocean, he said to the Pandavas, "Sirs, while I say good-by to Susthita, cross the Ganga^s." They embarked on the ship, crossed the terrifying stream of the Ganga, sixty-two yojanas wide, and said to each other: "Now let us see Visnu's strength. Let the ship be anchored right here. How will he cross the Ganga's stream without a ship? "With this agreement made, they settled on the river-bank.

And now, his business finished, Krsna came to the Ganga. Not seeing a boat there, Hari put the chariot with its horses on one arm and began to swim across the water with the other arm. When he reached the middle of the stream, Krsna, tired, thought, "Indeed, Pandu's sons, powerful, swam the Ganga without a ship." Knowing

that thought of his, the Ganga made shallow water at once and then *Janardana*^s swam across her with perfect ease.

He said to the Pandavas, "How did you cross the Ganga?" and they replied to Sarngin, "We crossed in a ship." "Why did you not turn the ship and send it back?" asked by Sarngin, they said, "We did not send the ship back, to test your strength." Krsna^s, angered, said: "You know my strength now. It was not known in the crossing of the ocean and victory at Amarakanka." With these words he crushed their chariots with an iron-staff. A city developed there, named Ratha-mardana. Then Kansasudana banished the Pandavas; and went to the city Dvaraka with his camp.

The Pandavas went to their own city and told Kunti about it. Kunti went to Dvaraka and said to Vasudeva^s: "Banished by you, where can my sons stay? In this half of Bharata, there is no land which is not yours." Krsna said, "Founding a new city, Pandumathura,¹⁹⁶ on the shore of the Southern Ocean, your sons may dwell there." Kunti went, told her sons Krsna's command and they went to the Pandu-district, purified by the ocean's waves. Krsna installed Pariksit, grandson of his sister Subhadra, son of Abhimanyu, as king in Hastinapura.

The six sons of Devaki

And now the Blessed Nemi, purifying the surface of the earth, went in course to Bhaddilapura, the chief of cities. In this city there were the six sons of Sulasa and Naga, borne by Devaki, who had been given by Naigamesin. They had married thirty-two girls each. Enlightened by Sri Nemi, they took the vow at his side. They all, having their last body, acquiring the twelve angas gradually, wandered with the Master, practicing severe penance.

And now the Blessed Nemi went to Dvaraka in his wandering and stopped in the garden Sahasramravana there. Devaki's six sons, seeking food* at the end of a two-day fast, forming three couples, entered the city Dvaraka. Two of them, Anikayasas and Anantasena, went to Devaki's house and Devaki rejoiced, seeing them resembling Krsna. She fed them with *sinhakesaras*,¹⁹⁷ the best sweetmeats, and they went away.

Then two other full-brothers came. She gave food to the great munis, Ajitasena and Nihatasatru; and two others came. Bowing to the eminent ascetics, Devayasas and Satrusena, Devaki asked, with her hands folded respectfully: "Have you come here again and again from confusion about directions, or is this confusion of my mind?"

Are you not the same? Or rather, in this city resembling heaven in wealth, do great sages not find suitable food, drink, et-cetera?"

They said: "We are not confused about directions. We are six full-brothers, living in Bhaddilapura, sons of Sulasa and Naga. After hearing *dharma*^{*}, we became mendicants with Nemi. We six, forming three pairs, have come to your house in turn."

Then Devaki thought: "How can these six resemble Krsna^s so? There is no such resemblance even of sesame^B-seed with sesame-seed. Formerly I was told by the *sadhu* Atimukta, 'You will have eight living sons.' Could these be my sons? "With these reflections, on the next day Devaki went to the *samavasarana* erected by the gods to ask Nemi about that. Knowing her intention, the Master said, "These sons of yours were delivered, living, to Sulasa by Naigamesin."

Then she, seeing the six sadhus there, her breasts flowing, paid homage to them and said: "It is a good thing, sons, that you have been seen. There is eminent *sovereignty* or initiation of my sons. But this is for my sorrow. Not one has been cherished by myself." The Blessed One then said: "Do not grieve uselessly, Devaki. For this fruit of former acts has developed in this birth. In a former birth you took seven jewels from a co-wife. But you gave back one jewel to her weeping."

Gajasukumala

After hearing that, Devaki, blaming her wicked act in a former birth, went to her house and continued to long for the birth of a son. Sarngapani said, "Mother, why are you so sad?" She said: "What is the use of this fruitless life of mine? You were reared in Nanda's house and your elder brothers in Naga's house. No child at all has been nursed by me like a cuckoo. I wish a son from eagerness to care for a child, son. Even animals are happy, taking care of their offspring, themselves."

Saying, "I shall fulfill your wish," Hari^s went away and propitiated Naigamesin, Sakra's general. The god said: "Your mother will have an eighth son, but he, wise, will become a *mendicant*, when youth has bloomed." In accordance with this speech, a very magnificent god fell from heaven, came to Devaki's womb, and a son was born at the proper time.

Devaki herself cared for him, named Gajasukumala, like another Krsna in beauty, resembling a god. He was extremely dear to his mother and like life to his brother. Moon to the night-blooming lotuses of their eyes, he gradually attained youth. At his father's

command Gajasukumala married King Druma's daughter, Prabhavati. At the insistence of his mother and brother he, though unwilling, married Soma, the daughter of a Brahman, Somasarman, born of a ksatriya.

Just then Nemi stopped in a *samavasarana* and Gajasukumala with his wives listened attentively to *dharma*.^{*} Their disgust with existence arose and, after obtaining his parents' consent, Gaja together with his wives took the vow under the Master. When Gaja had become a *mendicant*, unable to endure separation from him, his parents and brothers, Krsna^s and others, wept aloud.

In the evening, after asking the Master for permission, he performed the penance of statuesque posture in a cemetery and was seen by the Brahman Somasarman who had gone outside. Somasarman thought, "This man, evil-minded, has married my daughter for ridicule, wishing to practice heresy." Angry at this thought, Somasarman, *malevolent*, stood the neck of a water-jar, filled with blazing coals from a funeral-pyre, on his head. Though burned severely by it, absorbed in meditation^{*}, he endured it. The fuel of karma being consumed, *omniscience* having arisen, he went to emancipation.

At dawn, Krsna went in his chariot with attendants to see Gajasukumala, his mind full of longing. Going outside Dvaraka, he saw an old Brahman carrying a brick on his head to the temple. From compassion for him, Krsna himself took a brick from the *kiln* to this temple and the people took (bricks) by the crores. After finishing the Brahman's business, Janardana^s went to Nemi. He did not see Gaja there, like a deposit left by himself.

Hari^s asked the Master, "Where is my brother Gaja?" and the Blessed One told Gaja's emancipation by the Brahman Soma. Then Govinda^s fainted and, consciousness regained, asked the Lord again, "How can I recognize my brother's murderer?" The Blessed One said: "Do not be angry at Somasarman. For he was an aid to your brother in attaining emancipation at once. Emancipation may be acquired after a long time, but in a moment with assistance, just like that you gave today to the old Brahman in delivering the bricks. If Somasarman had not done such a thing to your brother, how would his emancipation have taken place without any delay? The one who, going to hang himself after seeing you enter the city, dies with a broken neck know that he is your brother's murderer."

Then Krsna, weeping, performed his brother's funeral rites, et-cetera himself, entered the city and saw Soma dead just as described. He had him bound by the feet, had men drag him through the city, and had him thrown outside, a new offering for vultures, et-cetera.

Yadus become mendicants

Because of that sorrow many Yadus became mendicants under Nemi, and the nine Dasarhas except Vasudeva^s. Siva^s, the Master's mother, and seven full brothers, and other sons of Hari, became mendicants under the Lord. Rajimati, with a *desire* for emancipation, became a *mendicant* under the Master and Ekanasa, Nanda's daughter, and many other women of the Yadus. Hari^s took a vow to abstain from marriage and all his daughters became mendicants under the Master. Except Kanakavati, Rohini, and Devaki, Vasudeva's wives became mendicants under Nemi.

As Kanakavati was meditating at home on the duration of existence, her *omniscience* appeared, her karmas suddenly broken. She, a festival for her made by the gods informed by Nemi, adopted *mendicancy* herself and went to the Master's presence. After she had seen Nemi, she went to a forest and, after fasting for thirty days, Kanakavati died and attained emancipation.

Death of Sagaracandra

Sagaracandra, the son of Nisadha, the grandson of Rama, his mind disgusted, having the lesser vows in the first place, began observing the statuesque posture at that time. Going outside to a cemetery, he practiced *kayotsarga*^{*} and was seen by Nabhahsena who was always looking for a vulnerable point in him. Nabhahsena said to him: "Heretic, why do you do this? Take the fruit of the trick of kidnapping Kamalamela." With these words, Nabhahsena, evil-hearted, put the neck of a jar on his head and filled it with coals from a funeral-pyre. Sagara, wise, endured it completely, died quickly and, the formula of homage to the five Paramesthins^s being recalled, went to heaven.

Story of the drum

One day Sakra^s said in his council: "Krsna^s causes a recital of virtues, avoiding faults, and does not fight with low fights." A certain god, not believing his speech, went to Dvaravati; at that time Hari started out in his chariot to amuse himself as he liked. The god created on the road a dead dog with a black body which *afflicted* all the people to a great distance by the evil smell. Seeing it, Krsna said, "The white teeth in the mouth of the dog with a black body are very beautiful."

Then the god assumed the form of a horse-thief, stole Sarngin's jewel of a horse, and beat Krsna's soldiers following the track. Krsna himself ran near and said to him: "Why do you steal my jewel

of a horse? Now turn him loose. Where are you going, sir? "The god said, "After you have defeated me in a fight, take the horse, sir." Krsna said, "Get a chariot in that case, for I fight in a chariot." The god said: "Enough of chariot, elephant", et-cetera. But make a contest with my fights, arm-fights, et-cetera."

Govinda^s replied: "I am defeated. Take the horse. I certainly do not fight in a low fight even if I lose everything." The god, satisfied, said to Janardana^s, "Choose a boon, fortunate man," and accompanied it with the telling of the Sakra-incident. Krsna^s replied to the god: "Now the city Dvarika is filled with calamities from disease. Give something to allay them." The god gave Krsna a drum and said: "You must beat this in your city at the end of every six months. From its sound being heard old calamities will *perish* and there will be no new ones for six months, Hari^s."

With these words the god went away and Kesava beat the drum just so; and the disease in the city was allayed. A certain rich man from a foreign country, who was *afflicted* with a burning fever, heard the story of the drum, came and said to the drum's guard, "Take this lac of money for a favor to me, good sir. Give me a piece of the drum, a mere sliver.¹⁹⁸ Show *compassion*." The drum's guard, greedy for money, gave him the piece and the drum was filled out with a piece of sandal with a close joint. In the same way he, *avaricious*, gave to others so that the drum became patched with inserts of sandal throughout.

One day a calamity took place and Sarngin beat the drum and its sound, like the hum of a mosquito, did not reach the council even. Trustworthy men, questioned by Krsna, told how the drum had been patched by the guard. Krsna killed the guard and received another drum from the god by means of a three-day fast. What is difficult for the great to accomplish?

The two physicians

Janardana beat the drum to allay disease and so instructed two physicians, Dhanvantari and Vaitarani. Of them Vaitarani, capable of emancipation, named and practiced whatever treatment was suitable for anyone and gave him his own medicine. But Dhanvantari made a treatment mixed with sin. The sadhus said to him, "This is not prescribed for us." He replied to them: "I have not studied any system of medicine suitable for sadhus. Do not do what I said." So the two physicians practiced in the city.

One day Krsna asked Sri Nemi, "What is their (future) status?" The Blessed One related: "Doctor Dhanvantari will go to the *abode*,

Apratisthana, in the seventh hell. Doctor Vaitarani will become a monkey in the Vindhya-forest and, grown up, will become the head of a troop in that same place.

One day sadhus will come to that forest with a caravan. One of them will have a thorn broken off in his foot. He will say to the other sages waiting: 'Leave me here and go on. Otherwise all, separated from the caravan, will die.' Leaving him behind on bare ground in the shade, the sadhu, *despondent*, unable to extract the thorn from his foot, will go on.

The lord of the troop of monkeys will come there and the monkeys in front will give cries of 'Kila! kila!' on seeing the *muni*. Annoyed by their noise, the lord of the troop will stay in front. After seeing the sage, he will think, 'Where did I see such a person before?' Then he will recall his former birth and his being a doctor and he will bring herbs, visalya and rohini,¹⁹⁹ from the mountain. After crushing the visalya with his teeth, he will put it on his foot and will heal his foot, at once freed from the thorn, with the rohini. He will write the words, 'I was formerly the doctor, Vaitarani, in Dvaravati,' before the muni. Having heard before about his life, the muni will tell *dharma** (to him). After making a three-day fast, the monkey will go to Sahasrara. He will see by clairvoyance the corpse of himself engaged in a fast and the muni near-by, pronouncing namaskaras. The god will say to the muni, after bowing to him with *devotion*, 'By your favor this great magnificence of a god became mine.' He will guide the *sadhu* and unite him with his sadhus; and the sadhu will tell the story of the monkey to the sadhus."

After hearing that, Hari^s, having faith in dharma, bowed to Nemi and went away. Then the Blessed One went elsewhere to wander.

Movement during the rains

One day at the beginning of the rainy season, Neminatha, giving delight to the people like a cloud, approached Dvaraka and stopped in a *samavasarana*. Attending on him, Krsna^s said, "Blessed One, why do you and other sadhus not wander in the rains?" The Master said: "During the rains, the ground is covered with various jivas (living creatures). The sadhus, bestowing freedom from fear* on the jivas, do not move about then." Krsna said: "If that is so, I, coming and going with a large retinue, cause destruction of many jivas. I will not leave my house during the rains." Making a vow to this effect, Krsna went away and entered his own house. Sarngabhr̥t instructed the door-keepers."During the rains, no one must be admitted to my house."

The story of the weaver

In that city there was a weaver, named Vira, exceedingly devoted to Visnu^s. After he had seen Krsna^s and paid homage to him, he ate, but not otherwise. Not being admitted to Hari's house at that time, standing at the door, he made a puja directed to Hari day after day. Sometimes he did not eat because he had not seen Visnu. The rains over, Hari left his house. All the kings and the miserable Vira attended him; and Vasudeva^s asked Viraka, "Why are you *emaciated*?" The door-keepers told him the circumstances, the cause of emaciation, and Krsna, compassionate, gave him free access to his house.

Then Krsna went with his retinue to pay homage to Nemi and heard *yatidharma*^{*} (the duties of sadhus), and he said to the Master: "I am not able to bear asceticism, Lord. Nevertheless, let this be my decision: to have initiation taken by others and to approve them. Whoever wishes to become a *mendicant*, I shall not hinder him and shall hold a departure-festival for him like a son."

With this resolution, Visnu left; and said to his own marriageable daughters who had come to bow, "Will you be mistresses or slaves?" They told Sarngin, "We will be mistresses," and Sarngin said, "In that case take initiation under Nemi, innocent girls." So he made his daughters, suitable for marriage, become mendicants in turn.

One day one queen said to her daughter Ketumanjari, "Asked by your father, child, say unhesitatingly, 'I will be a slave, not a mistress, lord.'" "When she was suitable for marriage, she went into her father's presence, sent by her mother. She was asked in the same way by her father and she replied as instructed by her mother.

Krsna thought: "My daughters will wander in the forest of existence and they will experience disrespect everywhere. That is not suitable. Let it be so that others do not say this." With this thought, Hari^s said to the weaver Vira, "Have you done anything unusual?" He said, "I have done nothing unusual," and Hari said to him, "Nevertheless, consider and tell something."

Vira said: "In the past I made a lizard in a jujube^B fall down, hitting it with a stone, and it died. Water, flowing on the road in the track made by a chariot-wheel, was held back by me stepping in it with my left foot and it flowed far away. Flies that had entered a jar of sizing, buzzing, were kept imprisoned for a long time by me placing my left hand over the opening."

On the next day in the council Krsna^s said to the kings, "Sirs, the conduct of Viraka is not in accordance with his family." They, saying, "Long live!" began to listen attentively and again Krsna said to them: "This weaver is a ksatriya by whom a red-hooded serpent living in a grove of jujubes was killed with a weapon from the ground. This weaver is a ksatriya by whom the Ganga^s, carrying dirty water in a ditch made by a wheel, was restrained with his left foot. This weaver is a ksatriya by whom a noisy army, living in Kalasipura²⁰⁰ was checked with his left hand. He, with clearly heroic practices, is a suitable son-in-law for me."

He said to Viraka, "Take Ketumanjari." Unwilling but ordered by Krsna with a frown, Viraka married his daughter, Ketumanjari, and took her to his house. Ketumanjari reclined on a couch continually and Viraka carried out her orders day and night. One day Sarngin asked him, "Does Ketumanjari carry out your orders?" and Viraka said, "I carry out her orders." Krsna said to him, "If you do not compel her do all your work, I shall throw you in prison."

Knowing Krsna's intentions, Vira went and said to Ketumanjari, "Make a sizing for clothing. Why do you merely sit?" "You, a weaver, do not know (what is proper)." Fearlessly Viraka beat her saying this angrily with the strings of a weaver's brush. Weeping, she went to her father and told him her mistreatment. Krsna said, "You, giving up mastery, chose servitude." She said, "Now give me mastery." Krsna said, "Now you are subject to Viraka, not to me." Begged earnestly by her, Krsna restrained Viraka, took her, and had her take initiation under Nemi Swamin.

One day Krsna made the homage of the twelve avartas to all the sadhus, but the other kings did not have strength (enough). Following Vasudeva^s, Viraka made the homage of the twelve avartas to all the sadhus after him. Krsna said to the Master: "I was not so tired from three hundred and sixty battles as from that homage." The Omniscient said: "Krsna, you have acquired much merit today, eternal right-belief which arises from complete destruction of karma, and the body-making karma of a Tirthakrt. *age-karma*, suitable for the third hell, has been taken by you, having risen from the seventh hell, and at the end you will make it firm."

Krsna said: "Blessed One, I shall pay homage to all again so that my hellish-age karma will break completely, as before." The Master said: "That would be material homage of yours from pious conduct, but fruit is obtained only from spiritual homage, not otherwise." Krsna^s asked about the fruit to Viraka and the Lord said:

“His fruit is bodily! *austerities*. He pays homage in accordance with your wish.”

After bowing to the Blessed One, meditating on the Blessed One’s words, Krsna and his retinue went to the city Dvaraka.

Story of Dhandhana

Krsna’s son by his wife Dhandhana, named Dhandhana, married many princesses, when he was grown. One day, after listening to *dharma** at the Master’s side, his mind disgusted with existence, he took initiation, and his father held his departure-festival. He wandered with the Master and was esteemed by the sadhus. As he was so occupied, his obstructive-karma matured. Wherever he went, he obtained nothing at all there; and it was the same with the munis who went with him.

Then the sadhus declared to Neminatha: “Dhandhana, Krsna’s son, disciple of the Lord of Three Worlds, does not receive alms in a city with a generous population of rich coreligionists. What is the reason for that, Master?”

The Master related: “In the past there was a Brahman, named Parasara, the king’s agent in the village Dhanyapuraka in the Magadhas. One day he had the king’s fields sowed by the villagers; and when the food* arrived,²⁰¹ he did not let the villagers go to eat. He had one furrow plowed in each field by force by the hungry, thirsty, tired oxen and plowmen. He acquired obstructive karma and after dying and wandering through existence, became this Dhandhana. Now his karma has matured.”

Hearing that, a *desire* for emancipation being produced, Dhandhana took a vow in the Master’s presence: “I will not eat what has been obtained by another.” Enduring the trial of failure in begging,²⁰² Dhandhana passed some time, not eating what had been obtained by another. One day Vasudeva^s asked Neminatha present in his council, “Who among these great sages does what is difficult to do?” The Master said: “They all do what is difficult to do, but especially Dhandhana who has passed so long a time, enduring the trial of failure in begging.” After bowing to the Lord, as Krsna was entering Dvaraka, he saw *Sadhu* Dhandhana going in search of alms. Getting down from his elephant*, Krsna bowed to him with great *devotion*. A sheth saw that and thought, “Who is this fortunate man to whom Krsna bowed?” In his wandering Dhandhana came to this same sheth’s house and he provided him with sweetmeats with much honor.

Dhandhana came, bowed to the Omniscient, and said: "Is my obstructive karma destroyed that I have obtained alms?" The Master said: "Your destructive karma is not destroyed. This receiving of alms was from Hari^s. The sheth gave you alms because Hari paid homage to you." Thinking, "This is receiving from another," he, devoid of love, et-cetera, began to put the alms down on the bare ground. As he was engaged in firm meditation* to the effect, "Karma acquired in the past is very difficult for creatures to destroy, alas!" his *omniscience* arose. Then the sage Dhandhana, after circumambulating Nemi, sat down in the assembly of kevalins, and was worshipped by the gods.

Rathanemi and Rajimati

The Blessed Nemi wandered through villages, mines, cities, et-cetera and again and again stopped in a *samavasarana* in Dvaraka. One time when the Lord was there, it began to rain suddenly. Rathanemi, who had gone for alms, started to the Master. Overwhelmed by the rain, he entered a cave. After paying homage to the Master, Rajimati was returning. Her companions, *sadhvis*, ran away, terrified by the rain, but Rajimati entered the cave, not knowing (he was there). She did not see Rathanemi, who had entered first, because of the darkness; but stood up and took off her garments to dry them out naturally.

Seeing her unclothed, wounded by love, Rathanemi said: "You were begged before. Now there is an opportunity for enjoyment (of you by me)." Recognizing Rathanemi from his voice, her body covered at once, she said: "Such a thing is not fitting for well-born people at any time. You are a younger brother of the Omniscient. You are also his disciple. So, what is this idea of yours today, injurious to two worlds, sir! I, being a disciple of the Omniscient, will not fulfil your wish, but you will fall into the ocean of existence, because of that wish.

Stealing from a shrine, destroying a *sadhvi*'s virtue, killing a *muni*, and criticism of the doctrine are the fire at the root of the tree of enlightenment. Creatures in the Agandhana species²⁰³ do not wish to eat vomit; they would rather enter a terrible, blazing fire. Shame on you, lover of glory, you who wish to eat vomit for the sake of living. Better death* for you, indeed. I am the daughter of the King of Bhojas; you are the son of Andhakavrsni.²⁰⁴ Let us not belong to the Gandhana species. Practice self-control resolutely. If, having seen a woman, you touch her, *afflicted* by love, you will have a wavering mind, like duckweed struck by the wind."

Thus enlightened by her, feeling *repentance* again and again, having given up all *desire* for pleasure, he observed a very severe vow. After confessing his sin to the Lord, he, pure-minded, continuing as an ordinary *ascetic* for a year, attained *omniscience*.

Dravya and bhava worship

After wandering elsewhere, one day sri Nemi stopped again on Mt. Raivataka, the sun to the lotuses of bhavyas. Krsna^s said to his sons, Palaka, Samba, et-cetera, "Whoever pays homage to the Lord first at dawn, to him I shall give the horse desired." Hearing that, Prince Samba arose from his couch at dawn and, staying at home, worshipped Neminatha mentally. Palaka got up in the middle of the night, went on his fastest horse and paid homage to the Lord, reviling him in his heart, because he was an *abhavya*. When he was asked by Palaka for the horse Darpaka^s, Hari^s said, "I shall give the horse to the one whom the Master says was the first worshipper." Questioned by Visnu^s who had gone (there), "Who worshipped you first?" the Master said, "First by Palaka in actual fact (*dravya*); by Samba in spirit (*Bhava*')." Asked by Krsna again, "What is this?" the Lord said, "Palaka is an *abhavya*; Jambavati's son is a *bhavya*."

Rathangapani (Krsna), angered, quickly banished Palaka who was devoid of spirituality; but gave Samba the finest horse in accordance with his request and made him governor of a large district.

11. BURNING OF DVARAKA AND THE DEATH OF KRSNA

Prophecy about destruction of Dvaraka

One day at the end of a sermon Janardana^s, humble-minded, bowed to Neminatha, his hands folded respectfully, and asked: "How will the destruction of Dvaraka, of the Yadus, and of myself take place? Made by others for some reason or by themselves in course of time?"

The Blessed One said: "In a hermitage outside Sauryapura there was a well known leading *ascetic*, named Parasara. He went to an island in the Yamuna and enjoyed a girl of low family; and a son was born to them named Dvaipayana. A *mendicant*, a celibate, self-controlled, living there from friendship for the Yadus, he will be attacked by Samba and others blind from wine. Angry, he will burn the city Dvaraka with the Yadus. Your death* will take place at the hand of your brother, Jarakumara."

"He, alas! is a coal, to the family," with this impure thought in their hearts, Jarakumara was looked at by all the Yadus. Thinking: "Why should I, the son of Vasudeva^s, be the murderer of my brother? I will try by all means to make that false," Jara's son got up, bowed to Nemi and, carrying two quivers and a bow, took up a residence in the forest to protect Krsna^s. Dvaipayana heard the Lord's prediction from the people's talk and became a forest-dweller to protect Dvaraka and the Yadus.

Krsna bowed to the Master, entered Dvaraka and, with the thought, "This calamity would originate from wine," prohibited wine. At Krsna's command all the people of Dvaravati brought the wine previously made and abandoned it, like water of the house-streams, in stone pits in the cave Kadambari in a grove of kadambas on the mountain nearby.

The charioteer, Siddhartha, his brother, said to Baladeva^s: "How can I see such an evil fate of the city and the family? Therefore, dismiss me that I may take the vow at once at the Master's feet. I cannot endure delay."

Bala^s, weeping, said: "Brother, you say what is fitting. You are dismissed by me, even though unable to dismiss you, faultless man. When you have died, after practicing penance, and become a god, remembering this brotherly affection, you should enlighten me at the right time, when I am in trouble."

Siddhartha agreed, became a *mendicant* in the Master's presence, practiced severe penance for six months, died, and went to heaven.

Beating of Dvaipayana

And now the wine which the people had thrown in stone pits became sweet from the flower blossoms^B of various trees falling in it. At that time in the month Vaisakha one of Samba's men went there as he was roaming about, saw the wine, and drank it from thirst. Delighted with it, he filled a skin with the wine, went to Samba's house, and gave it (to him) as a present. Seeing the fragrant wine, Hari's son drank it again and again with delight and said, "Where did you get it?" He told about the wine being there and on the next day Samba went with princes hard to control to the cave Kadambari. When he had seen the wine, named Kadambari from its connection with the cave Kadambari, Samba rejoiced, like a thirsty man at the sight of a river. Samba had the wine brought by servants to a grove of blossoming trees and, a drinking-party being formed, drank with friends, brothers, and nephews.

Drinking the wine with remarks: "It has been found after a long time." "It is old." "It has been made from good materials," they did not become satiated. Blind from drinking the wine, the princes, sportive, saw the sage Dvaipayana engaged in meditation* on the mountain in front (of them). Samba said to his people: "He will destroy my city and family. Therefore, let him be killed. How can one, who has been killed, kill?" Then they all, angry, beat him again and again with clods, kicks, slaps, and fists. After felling him to the ground almost dead, they went to Dvaravati and entered their respective houses.

Krsna^s learned about this from spies and, depressed, thought: "Oh! this lack of restraint on the part of these princes will be the death* of the family." Then Krsna and Rama went there to Sage Dvaipayana and saw him red-eyed from anger like a serpent poisoning with its look. Janardana^s began to soothe the excessively terrifying three-staved *ascetic*, like a *mahout* calming a rogue elephant.*

"Anger, above all, is a great enemy which not only causes pain in this birth, but causes continuous pain to a creature in lacs of

births. The crime was committed by my sons, ignorant, blind from drinking wine. So, pardon it, great sage. Anger is not fitting for you."

Being so addressed by Kṛṣṇa the three-staved *ascetic* was not appeased and he said: "Enough of this conciliatory talk of yours, Kṛṣṇa. Beaten by your sons, I have made a *nidana*^s to burn Dvāraka with its people. There is no escape from that, except of you."

Rama restrained Kṛṣṇa^s: "Do not, brother, uselessly appease this miserable *ascetic* intent upon forbidden things. People with crooked feet, noses, hands, with large lips, stomachs, noses, with defective eyes, and deficient limbs certainly do not become tranquil. This one having spoken, there is no escape from the future event, brother. In any case the speech of the Omniscient cannot be false."

Then burned by grief, Kṛṣṇa went to his own house. Dvaipayana's *nidana* became known in Dvāraka. On the next day Saṁgabhr̥t had a proclamation made in the city: "Henceforth, people, be especially devoted to *dharma*." All the people began (to be) so. The Blessed One, Sri Nemi, came and stopped on Mt. Rāivataka. Kṛṣṇa went there, bowed, and listened to a sermon resembling the sun for putting to flight the deep sleep of the world's *delusion*. After hearing the sermon, some princes, Pradyumna, Samba, Nisadha, Tilmuka, Sarana, and others became mendicants. Many women of the Yadus, Rukmini, Jambavati, and others, afraid of existence, became mendicants at the Master's lotus-feet.

Questioned by Kṛṣṇa, the Blessed One said, "In the twelfth year Dvaipayana will burn this Dvāraka." Kṛṣṇa thought: "They Samudravijaya and the others are fortunate who took initiation in the beginning. Shame on me, uninitiated, greedy for *sovereignty*." Knowing his thought, the Master said: "Kṛṣṇa the Saṁgins never take initiation, because they have barriers made by a *nidana*. They go below necessarily. You will go to Valukaprabha."²⁰⁵

Hearing that, Kṛṣṇa at once became exceedingly miserable. Again the Omniscient said: "Do not be sad, Janardana^s. Rising from it, you will be a mortal; then a Vaimanika. Falling, you will be the son of Jitasatru, lord of the city Gangadvara in this Bharata, and the twelfth Arhat, named Amama. *Bala*^s will go to Brahmāloka and, falling, will be a mortal; then a god and, falling, will be a man in this Bharata. In the approaching *utsarpini*, a Kesava, he will attain emancipation in the *congregation*^{*} of you, a Tīrthakṛt named Amama."²⁰⁶

After saying this, the Lord of the World went elsewhere in his wandering. After bowing to him Vasudeva^s went to the city Dvāraka.

Then Kṛṣṇa had a proclamation made again in the same way in the city and all the people became especially devoted to dharma. Dvaipayana died and was born among the Agnikumaras. He recalled his former enmity and went to Dvaraka. Asura Dvaipayana saw all the people there observing fasts of one, two, three, et-cetera days, engaged in making puja to the gods. Unable to make an attack because of the power of *dharma**, cruel-minded, he watched for weak points continually for eleven years.

When the twelfth year came, the people thought: "We will enjoy ourselves, since Dvaipayana, crushed by this penance, has fled, defeated." They began to sport at will, drinking wine and eating meat. At that time Dvaipayana, knowing a weak point, seized the opportunity. Many portents, resembling portents at the end of the world, appeared in Dvaraka, showing the gate to death.* Meteors fell, thunderstorms took place, and the earth shook. Planets* discharged smoke imitating fire. The disk of the sun, faulty, made a rain of coals and suddenly there was an eclipse of sun and moon. Clay puppets in the houses gave loud bursts of laughter and the gods painted in pictures laughed, too, frowning. Within the city wild animals roamed and Asura Dvaipayana wandered, attended by witches, ghouls, vampires, et-cetera.

In dreams the people saw themselves with red garments and ointment, sunk in mud, being dragged, facing the south. Bala's and Kṛṣṇa's jewels, the plow, cakṛa, etcetera disappeared; and then Asura Dvaipayana created a whirlwind. He gathered up the wood, grass, et-cetera everywhere in the city; and he brought the fleeing people from (all) quarters and threw them in the city. The whole city of Dvaraka, its trees uprooted by wind from eight directions, was filled with wood. After crowding together sixty crores of families from outside and seventy-two living inside into the city Dvaraka, the Asura lighted a fire. The fire blazed, like fire at the end of the world, with the sound dhagag, dhagiti, darkening the universe by the unbroken masses of smoke. The townspeople with their children and old people, unable to take a step as if chained together remained made into a solid body.

Hari^s and Rama put Vasudeva^s, Devaki, and Rohini in a chariot to remove them from the fire. The horses did not move; oxen did not move, transfixed by the god, like serpents by a snake-charmer. Then Bala and Upendra themselves pulled the chariot, of which two axles were broken at once, like a piece of a reed, with the sound tadat, taditi. Nevertheless, they got the chariot to the gate by their own

strength, wretched in mind from the cries, “Oh! Rama, save.” “Oh! Krsna^s, save.”

The Asura immediately made double-doors in the gate closed and Rama broke them like a clay dish with a kick. Nevertheless, the chariot did not go out, as if *devoured* by the earth; and the god said to Rama and Krsna: “What is this *delusion* of yours? You were told earlier, indeed, that there was no escape for anyone here, except you two. For penance was sold by me.”

Then the parents said: “O sons, do you go. So long as you two live, all the Yādus live. What is dependent on heroism that has certainly been done for us by you, but this fate, hard to transgress, is very strong. We, bereft of good fortune, did not take initiation at Sri Nemi’s feet. Now we shall experience the fruit of our actions.” When Rama and Krsna^s did not go, after being told this, then Vasudeva^s, Devaki, and Rohini said: “Henceforth, our refuge* is Sri Nemi, Teacher of the Three Worlds. We shall renounce the four kinds of food.^{207*} Henceforth, we seeking a refuge, have found the refuge taught by the *Arhats* Arhat, *siddha*, *sadhu*, and *dharma*.* We belong to no one and no one belongs to us.” They, having made an *aradhana*, remained engaged in the namaskara. Dvaipayana rained fire on them, like a fire-cloud; and the three, Vasudeva and the others, died and went to heaven.

Rama and Krsna went outside the city to an old garden and continued to watch the city as it burned. The walls of jewels were reduced to powder, like pieces of stone; the pillars of gosirsa-sandal were reduced to ashes, like straw. The copings of the walls broke with the sound *tadat*, *taditi*; the roofs of the houses fell in with the sound *phadat*, *phaditi*. There was no space between the flames there which were like the water in the ocean. Everything became one fire like one, ocean at the destruction of the world. The fire danced, as it were, with hands of flames; the fire thundered, as it were, with; its noise; it brought a net, as it were, in the guise of smoke for the fishes of citizens.

Then Krsna said to Sirin: “Alas! Alas! I, standing on a bank like a eunuch, watch my own city burning. As I am: not able to save the city, I cannot endure to see it. Elder brother, say where we can go. Every place is barred to us.”

Balabhadra said: “Pandu’s sons are our friends and connections by blood and marriage. So we shall go to their house.” Krsna said: “At that time they were banished by me. How can we, embarrassed by our own offence, go to their house?” Rama said: “The noble keep in mind benefits, but never remember injuries, like a bad dream.

Many times you have benefited Pandu's sons. Grateful, they will make a puja, nothing else, brother. Do not think otherwise."

Assured by Sirin to this effect, Sarngin set out in the southeast to the Pandavas' city, Pandumathura.

Now, in the burning city Rama's son, Kubjavaraka, who was in his last body, (standing) on the top of a palace, his arms held up, said: "I am a disciple of Sri Neminatha, now observing the vow. I was told by the Master that I, having the last body, would attain emancipation. If the Arhat's pronouncement is authority, why am I burned by fire?" At this speech the Jrmabhaka-gods conducted him to the Master's presence.

At that time Sri Nemi had stopped in the Pallava country and noble-minded Kubjavaraka became a *mendicant* there. The wives of Rama, Krsna, and others, who had not been initiated previously, recalling Nemi, observing a fast, perished. Sixty and seventy-two crores of families were consumed. Thus the city was burned in six months and then was covered by the ocean.

Fight with Acchadanta

And now, as Krsna was going along, when he had reached the city Hastikalpa²⁰⁸ on the road, he told Haladharin that he was suffering from hunger. Balabhadra said to him: "I shall go to this city for food" for you. You stay here on your guard, brother. If anything unfavourable happens to me for any reason, I shall give a lion's-roar. Hearing that, you should hurry."

With these words Rama entered the city and, possessing a god-like form, was seen by the townspeople with wonder, "Who is he?" "Dvaraka has been burned and Sirin here, having left it, has come," this rumor spread among the people, on reflection. By means of a ring Rama himself took many kinds of food from a confectioner and wine from a liquor-dealer by means of a bracelet.

When Bala^s went near the city-gate, after taking (the food and wine), the guards saw him and, astonished, went to the king. The king in this city was Acchadanta, son of Dhrtarastra, who had survived those killed by the Pandavas, partisans of Krsna, in the past. The guards said: "Like a robber he takes food and wine in your city by giving a valuable ring and bracelet. Now, equal to Sirin in form, he is going outside. Whether he is a robber or whether he is Bala, henceforth there is no fault on our part."

Acchadanta went there with an army to kill Bala and had the gate's double-doors barred. Bala put down the food and drink, pulled up an elephant-post, gave a lion's roar, and began to kill the

enemy-army. Hearing the lion's-roar, Krsna ran up, broke the double-doors with a kick, and entered the city, like the submarine fire the ocean. Taking the iron-bound club, Krsna killed the enemy-soldiers; and said to King Acchadanta who was *submissive*: "Our strength of arm has not gone any place! Villain, what have you done? Humble, enjoy your kingdom. You are freed from this crime."

Death of Krsna

After saying this, they went to a garden outside the city and ate. They set out to the south and came to the forest; Kausambi. Krsna^s became extremely thirsty from drinking wine, from salty food^r, from heat and fatigue, from grief, and the destruction of accumulated merit. Krsna said to Bala^s: "My palate dries up from thirst. I am not able to go to this forest, though it is full of shade-trees."

Balabhadra said: "I shall go for water, brother. You stay here, resting under a tree, on guard." Putting one foot on his knee, covering himself with a yellow garment, Hari^s went to sleep under a tree on the road. Rama said again, "O brother, dearer than life, while I am gone, do not be careless for a moment." Looking up, he said: "Goddesses of the forest, my younger brother is under your care. Dearer than the whole world, he must be protected." With these words, he went for water.

Jara's son came there, a hunter, carrying a bow, dressed in a tiger skin, wearing a long beard. Roaming for hunting, he saw Krsna like that and with the idea that he was a deer,^r Jareya shot him in the sole of the foot with a sharp arrow. Getting up quickly, Krsna said: "I, without any misdeed on my part, have been wounded by an arrow in the sole of the foot by a trick by someone who did not speak. I have never before killed anyone, my family and name being unknown. So let your Honor tell your family and name."

Standing in the trees, he said: "I am the son of the Dasarha, Vasudeva^s, moon to the ocean of the Hari-line, and of Jara.

Jarakumara by name, I am the elder brother of Rama and Krsna. After hearing Sri Nemi's prediction, I came here to protect Krsna. I have been living here twelve years now and have not seen a human being here. Tell me, sir, who you are."

Krsna said: "Come! Come, tiger of men. I am Hari, the very brother of yours for whose sake you became a forest-dweller. Your effort for twelve years has been in vain, brother, like that of a traveler on a road hard to traverse because of confusion of directions."

Hearing that, Jarakumara came there hastily, saying, "Is this Krsna?" and after seeing Krsna, swooned. Consciousness recovered

with difficulty, Jareya, weeping pitifully, asked Krsna: "Oh! What is this, brother? Why have you come here? Is Dvaraka burned? Has the destruction of the Yadus taken place? Indeed, all of Nemi's prediction is true from your condition."

Krsna^s told everything and Jareya, weeping again, said: "Oh! I have done a fitting thing to a brother who has come! Where, pray, is the place in hell for me who have killed you, a younger brother, sunk in misfortune, dear to your brothers. I surely lived in the forest with the idea of protecting you. I did not know that Death* had been placed before you by the Creator. Oh, earth, give a *crevice* by which I can better go now to that hell with this same body. Henceforth, a place here is worse than hell, the pain of killing a brother, worse than all pain, being present. Why did I become the son of Vasudeva^s and your brother? Or why did I become a human being even, I who did such a deed? After hearing the Omniscient's prediction, why did I not die right then? While you were alive, what deficiency would there be, if I, a mere person, were dead?"

Krsna said: "Enough of your grief, brother. Fate cannot be transgressed by you nor by me. You are the sole survivor of the Yadus.²⁰⁹ So live a long time. Go! Go! Otherwise Rama may kill you from anger at my killing. Take my kaustubha as a token. Go to the Pandavas. Tell them the whole story. Let them be of assistance to you. You must go somehow from here with reversed footprints so that Rama, following your footprints, will not find you quickly. With my voice you should ask pardon from all the Pandavas and others also formerly harassed by me, when I possessed lordship, by making them render service, et-cetera."

So instructed again and again by Krsna, he went away just so, after he had pulled the arrow from Krsna's foot, taking the kaustubha. When Jareya had gone, Janardana^s, suffering from pain in his foot, his hands folded respectfully, began to speak:

"Homage to the Blessed *Arhats*, homage to the siddhas, triple homage to the acaryas, to the upadhyayas, and to sadhus. Homage to the blessed Aristanemi, master of the world, who founded a *congregation** on earth, abandoning the wicked, us and others."

After reciting this, resting on a couch of grass, placing a foot on a knee and covering (himself) with a cloth, Krsna thought again: "The blessed Nemi is fortunate, and Varadatta and others, the princes, Pradyumna and others, my wives, Rukmini and others, who abandoned the status of a householder, the cause of dwelling in existence and became mendicants, but shame on me here who have experienced *mortification*."

As he was meditating thus, a strong case of tetanus²¹⁰ raged like a brother of Krtanta, breaking his limbs throughout. Suffering from thirst, the blow from the arrow, and the tetanus, his discernment breaking down suddenly, he thought again: "From birth was never defeated by anyone, man or god. I was reduced to such a state first by Dvaipayana. Even with so much time elapsed, if I should see him, I would get up and kill him, myself. What does he amount to? Who would be able to protect him?"

Engaging in cruel meditation* to this effect for a moment, his life of a thousand years completed, Krsna^s went to the third hell which he had acquired formerly by karma that must be experienced.

Sixteen years of Visnu^s passed as prince, fifty-six as governor, eight in conquest, and nine hundred plus twenty in the time as Ardhaakrin.

12. BALADEVA'S GOING TO HEAVEN, EMANCIPATION OF NEMI AND THE PANDAVAS

Grief for Krsna

Rama hastily got water in a cup made from a lotus-leaf and, hindered by unfavorable omens, went near Krsna^s. He stood for a moment with the idea, "He is comfortably asleep. When he saw black flies, he removed the cloth from Krsna's face. Then he knew that his brother was dead and *Bala*^s at once fell to the ground in a *swoon*, like a tree whose root has! been cut. After he had recovered consciousness with difficulty, Bala gave a lion's roar and the wild animals were terrified and the whole forest trembled.

He said: "By what criminal has my younger brother, comfortably asleep here, the sole hero of the universe, been killed? Let him announce himself. Let him appear before me, if he is truly a soldier. Who would attack those asleep, off guard, children, sages, or women?" Scolding in such loud words, Rama roamed through the forest. Again approached Krsna, embraced him, and cried out;

"O brother, hero of the world, cherished on my lap, younger but elder in merit, chief of the universe. Without you I am not able to exist. Formerly you spoke. Now you do not answer. Where is affection, Janardana^s? I do not recall any transgression^s of mine, not were you observed to be angry. Or was that delay of mine that took place a reason for anger on your part? You are justly angry; nevertheless, stand up now, brother. The sun is setting. This is not the time for sleep of the noble."

Talking incoherently in this way, Rama passed the night. At daybreak he said: "O brother, get up! Get up!" Rama got up and, bewildered by affection for his brother, put Krsna, who did not get up, on his shoulder and wandered over mountains, forests, et-cetera. Carrying Krsna's body, worshipping it daily with flowers, et-cetera, Bala passed six months, bewitched by affection for his brother. While he was roaming in the same places, the rainy season began. Siddhartha, who had become a god, saw him by clairvoyance.

He thought: "Oh! My brother, devoted to his brother, is carrying Krsna dead. I shall enlighten him. He asked me previously to enlighten him in case of a calamity." After this reflection, he made a chariot of stone coming down a mountain. After descending from a rough mountain, it broke in pieces on level ground. The god, assuming the form of a farmer, began to put it together. Bala said to him, "Foolish man, why do you try to repair the chariot, which has gone to pieces on level ground after coming down from a rough mountain?" The god said: "One who was not killed in a thousand fights, has died without a fight. When he can live, then my chariot can be repaired."

The god began to plant lotus-plants on stone. *Bala*^s said: "Does a lotus-bed grow on stone?" The god replied, "When your younger brother becomes alive, then these lotuses will grow." Going ahead of him a little, the god sprinkled a burnt tree. Bala said, "Does a burnt tree grow, even if sprinkled?" The god replied to him, "When the corpse on your shoulder becomes alive, then this tree will grow."

Assuming the form of a cowherd, the god began to throw fresh *durva* in the mouth of dead cows like in the mouths of living cows. Balabhadra said to him, "When will these cows that have become skeletons eat the *durva* you have given them, foolish man?" The god said, "When your younger brother becomes alive, then these cows will eat the grass, look you."

Rama reflected: "Is my younger brother really dead, that these talk in this way one by one with one accord?" Knowing his thought, the god at once assumed the form of Siddhartha, appeared before him, and said: "I am Siddhartha, your charioteer. At that time, I became a *mendicant*, died, and became a god. I have come here to enlighten you, requested by you earlier. The killing of Krsna^s by Jarakumara was foretold by Nemi and it happened just so. The words of the Omniscient are not false. Jarakumara was sent by Krsna, after he had given him his *kaustubha* as a token, to the Pandavas' house."

Bala said: "It is a good thing, Siddhartha, that I have been enlightened by you. What shall I do now, crushed by the calamity of my brother's loss?" Siddhartha said, "Henceforth, nothing is fitting for you, *discerning* brother of Sri Nemi, except *mendicancy*." Bala agreed and, accompanied by the god, performed Krsna's funeral rites at the mouth of the Sindhu.

End of Rama's life

Knowing that Rama wished to take initiation, Sri Nemi quickly sent a sage, a Vidyadhara, unequaled among the compassionate. At his side Rama took initiation and practiced sharp penance, after going to Mt. Tungika, and Siddhartha stood guard.

One day Bala entered a city to break a month's fast and was observed by a townswoman, who was standing at the mouth of the well, accompanied by a small child. Her mind occupied with looking at Rama's exceeding beauty, she tied the rope around the boy's neck instead of the water-jar. When she began to throw him in the well, then she was noticed by *Bala*^s and he thought, "Shame on my beauty, the cause of evil. Henceforth, I shall not enter cities, villages, et-cetera, but shall breakfast with alms from wood-gatherers, et-cetera in the forest."

After enlightening the woman, Bala went to that very forest and practiced very difficult penance for a month, et-cetera at a time. Food^s, drink, et-cetera were brought by the gatherers of grass, wood, et-cetera and the *muni* broke his fasts, accepting the pure food given by them. The wood-gatherers, et-cetera went and told their own kings, "A man with a godlike form practices penance in the forest." They were frightened at the thought: "Does he practice such penance with the *desire* for our kingdoms, or does he subdue a charm? We shall go and kill him." With this thought, they went simultaneously with a full army to the vicinity of Muni Rama.

Then the god Siddhartha, always near him, created many lions terrifying to the world. The kings, frightened, went and bowed to Bala and from that time Balabhadra was known as 'Narasinha.' While he was practicing penance in the forest, many tigers, lions, et-cetera, influenced by his excellent sermons, became gentle. Some became laymen, some acquired a leaning toward right-belief; some practiced *kayotsarga*^s; some observed a fast at that time. Turned away from eating meat, they became attendants, like disciples of Muni Rama in the form of animals.

A certain deer, a relative of Rama in a former birth, recalling his former births, with a strong desire for emancipation attained, became a constant companion, Always attending Rsi^s Rama, the deer roamed the forest and he looked for wood-gatherers, et-cetera who had come with food. When he saw them, he went at once to Rsi Rama standing in meditation^s and, upsetting his (Rama's) feet with his head, he announced givers of alms. At his insistence Rama

abandoned meditation instantly and went for alms with the deer going in advance.

One day carpenters came to that forest for suitable trees and cut down many strong, straight trees. The deer in his roaming saw them and at once told Rama; and at his insistence the great muni completed his meditation. As they were seated, Rsi Rama came there, with the deer going in advance, for alms to break a month's fast. The head of the carpenters, delighted at seeing Rama, thought: "Oh! here is some sage in the forest, like a wishing-tree. Oh, the beauty! Oh, the *splendor*! Oh, the *tranquility*! Oh, he is some great man! By this *muni* as a guest, I have accomplished my desire entirely."

Thinking thus, the carpenter, the ground being touched by his five limbs,²¹¹ bowing to Rsi^s Bala^s, brought him food* and drink. Muni Bala thought: "This is some pure-minded layman, eager to give me alms to acquire karma that has heaven as its fruit. If I do not accept the alms, I would make an obstacle to a good status for him. For this reason I accept."

So reflecting, the Blessed One, an ocean of the milk of *compassion*, though indifferent to his own body, accepted alms from him. The deer, his face upturned, his eyes diffused with tears, looking at the muni and the wood-cutter, thought: "Oh, the Master, an ocean of compassion, though indifferent to the body, the sole protection of penance, favors the carpenter. Oh! this wood-cutter is fortunate and his birth has great fruit, by whom the Blessed One has been presented with food and drink. But I have little fortune, unable to practice penance and not able to give food. Alas for me contaminated by being an animal."

As the three continued absorbed in pious meditation* in this way, a half-cut tree, struck by a strong wind, fell. The three, struck by the fallen tree, died, and became gods in the palace Padmottara in Brahmaloka.

Rama's visit to Krsna

Rama, who had observed the vow for one hundred years and had gone to heaven, saw Krsna^s, who had gone to the third hell, by clairvoyance. Deluded by affection for his brother, Rama made a vaikriya-body, went to Krsna, embraced Krsna, and said:

"I am Rama, your brother. I have come here from Brahmaloka to rescue you. Tell me what I can do for your comfort." Saying this, he lifted up Krsna with his hand, but he broke into pieces and fell from his hand to the ground and joined together like quicksilver. Rama, recognized at first from the embrace and then from the

pronouncement of his name, was saluted by Krsna, who had got up, with great eagerness.

Bala said to him: "Brother, Sri Nemi said at that time that the pleasure of the senses would end in pain. Now it is present before you. I am not able to take you, chained by karma, to heaven. So I remain near you to give you mental pleasure, Hari^s."

Krsna said: "O brother, what is the use of your staying here? Even with you here, the hellish-age karma, which was acquired, must be consumed. At that time²¹² joy and depression of enemies and friends took place because of that state of mine which led to pain in hell. So go to Bharata. Show me going in an aerial car, carrying disc, bow, conch, and club, wearing yellow garments, with a Tarkasya-banner. Show yourself always and everywhere in an aerial car, wearing blue clothes, with a palm-tree banner, carrying a plow and pestle. There should be a rumor among the people, destroying former disrespect, 'Rama and Krsna^s are wandering at will, imperishable.'"

Rama agreed and went to Bharata. After making them just so, he showed the two figures everywhere. He said: "O people! After making auspicious^s statues of us, worship *zealously* with the idea that we are exalted deities. For we alone, the makers of origination, permanence, and perishing,²¹³ came here from heaven and go to heaven as we like. Dvaraka was made by us and was destroyed by us wishing to go. There is no other creator nor Destroyer; and we alone *bestow* heaven."

From this speech of his, all the people in villages, cities, et-cetera made many statues of Krsna and Halin and worshipped them. The god gave great prosperity to the makers and worshippers of the statues and all the people everywhere became devoted to them for that reason. The god Rama executed his brother's order in this way in Bharata and went back to Brahmaloka, much depressed at his brother's pain.

And now Jara's son went to the Pandavas, told them about the burning of Dvaraka, et-cetera and delivered the kaustubha. At once plunged into grief, weeping, they held Krsna's funeral rites for a year, like brothers. Knowing that they wished to become mendicants, Sri Nemi sent *Muni Dharmaghosa*, who had four kinds of knowledge, with five hundred munis. After installing Jareya on the throne, they, accompanied by Draupadi and others, became mendicants at the sage's side and practiced penance together with special vows.²¹⁴ Bhima made a vow, "I shall accept food^s (only) offered on the point of a lance." But it (his vow) was completed in six months.

Knowing the twelve Angas, wandering over the earth gradually, eager to bow to Nemi, the five Pandavas set forth.

Emancipation of Neminatha

And now, after the Supreme Lord had wandered in Madhyadesa, et-cetera, the Lord wandered in cities Rajapura, et-cetera in the north. He went to Mt. Hrimat and, wandering in many Mleccha countries, enlightened kings, ministers, et-cetera. After he had wandered among aryas and non-aryas, the Lord went again to Hrimat. Then he wandered in the Kirata-countries, destroying the *delusion* of all the people. After coming down Mt. Hrimat, he wandered in the Deccan, awakening, like the sun, many bhavya-lotuses.

From the time of his *omniscience*, as the Lord wandered, there were eighteen thousand noble ascetics, forty thousand intelligent female ascetics, four hundred who knew the fourteen purvas*, fifteen hundred who had clairvoyance, the same number who had the art of transformation, and the same number of omniscients, one thousand sadhus with mind-reading knowledge, eight hundred ascetics with the art of disputation, one lac and sixty-nine thousand laymen, three lacs and thirty-nine thousand laywomen (in his retinue).

Attended by such a retinue, accompanied by gods, asuras, and kings, knowing that it was time for his emancipation, the Lord went to Raivataka. There in a *samavasarana* made by the Indras, the Master delivered his last sermon with a *desire* for benefit to everyone. Enlightened by that sermon, some there became mendicants, some adopted laymanship, and others a disposition toward right-belief. Then the Lord commenced a padapopagama fast for a month with five hundred and thirty-six sadhus. On the eighth of the white half of Suci (Asadha), (the moon being) in Tvastra in the evening, Nemi, engaged in sailesi meditation*, attained emancipation together with the munis.

The princes, Pradyumna, Samba, and others also attained emancipation; and Krsna's eight chief-queens and the Blessed One's brothers. Many other sadhus and other sadhvis, Rajimati, et-cetera went to the *abode* from which there is no return. Four hundred years as householder, one year as an ordinary *sadhu*, five hundred years as an omniscient this was the life of Rathanemi. Such was Rajimati's duration of life also, rich in penance, divided into maidenhood, ordinary asceticism, and omniscience. Siva^s and Samudravijaya went to the heaven Mahendra and the other Dasarhas became magnificent gods.

Siva's son had a life of one thousand years three hundred years as prince, seven hundred years as ordinary *ascetic* and omniscient. Sri Nemi's emancipation took place when five hundred thousand years had passed since Sri Nami Jina's nirvana^s.

At Sakra's command Vaisravana created the Lord's *bier* and Sakra himself put the body on it, after worshipping it properly. The gods made the funeral pyre of gosirsa-sandal, et-cetera as fuel in the south-west on a surface of jeweled slabs.

Lifting up the Master's bier, Purandara^s brought it there and cast the body of sri Nemi Swamin on the pyre.

At Sakra's command the Agnikumaras set fire to the pyre and the Vayukumaras made it blaze quickly. The Abdas²¹⁵ extinguished the fire at the right time with water from the Ocean of Milk; and the Indras, Sakra^s, Isana and others took; the Lord's teeth. The other gods took the remaining bones, the goddesses the flowers, the kings the garments, and the people the ashes of Nemi. Indra engraved the Master's marks and name on the Master's cremation slab of vaidurya with his thunderbolt. Maghavan erected a pure, lofty shrine, provided with a statue of Sri Neminatha, on the slab. After! doing so, the gods, sakra and others, went to their respective places.

Emancipation of the Pandavas

And now, the Pandavas arrived at the city Hastakalpa at that time. They said to each other with satisfaction: "The mountain is twelve yojanas from here. After seeing Nemi at dawn, we shall break our month's fast." Then they heard from the people in this Hastipura that Lord Nemi had reached emancipation the Blessed One, accompanied by various sadhus.

When they heard that, Pandu's sons, deeply grieved, went to Mt. Vimala and observed a fast unto death.* With *omniscience* arisen, they reached emancipation, but Drupada's daughter went to Brahmaloaka to a magnificent *abode*.

The twenty-second Arhat, the ninth Sarngabhrt and Sirapani and their enemy (Prativasudeva), whose glory is unequaled, the four of whom each one has come to their ears for the astonishment of the three worlds have been celebrated in this book (by me) after considering thoroughly with reference to the doctrine of the Jinas.

13. BRAHMADATTACAKRICARITA

After bowing to Sri Neminatha, I shall narrate the life of Cakravartin Brahmadata, whose birth took place in his *congregation**,

Previous incarnations

In the past there was a son, named Municandra, of Candravatansa in the town Saketa in Bharata in this same Jambudvipa. Weighed down by the pleasures of love like a porter by burdens, he took the vow under *Muni* Sagaracandra. Guarding a *mendicancy* worthy of honor from the world, once upon a time he went with his guru to wander in a foreign country.

He entered a village on the road for alms and, becoming lost from the caravan, wandered in the forest like a deer lost from its herd. Overcome by hunger and thirst in the forest, he fell ill and was nursed by four cowherds like brothers. As a kindness to them he delivered a sermon. There is *compassion* on the part of the good even for those committing an injury; how much more for those bestowing help!

The four, possessing *tranquility*, took the vow under him, like four forms of fourfold *dharma*.^{*216} They observed the vow strictly, but two of them felt disgust with dharma. People's course of mind is varied. The two went to heaven because of their penance, even though feeling disgust. Penance, practiced even for one day, necessarily leads to heaven.

After they fell, they became twin-sons of a slave, Jayavati, by a Brahman, Sandilya, in Dasapura. After they had grown up in course of time, at their father's order they went to protect the field. Such is the duty of slaves. As they lay at night, one was bitten by a cobra, like a brother of Krtanta, that had emerged from a hollow in a banyan. The second one, walking around to find the snake, was soon bitten by the same evil snake, as if from enmity. As no antidote was available, the two, pitiable, died. As they had come, so they went. Alas for their fruitless birth.

They were born twin-deer of a *doe* on the plateau of Mt. Kalinjara and, they grew up together. Roaming together with affection,

the two deer were killed by a hunter. They both died at the same time by the same arrow. After death*, they both were born twin-sons, as in former births, of a rajahansi on the Ganga^s. One day as they were playing in the same place, a fisherman caught them in a net and killed them by breaking their necks. Such is the fate of those devoid of *dharmā*.*

Citra and Sambhuta

Then they became sons of a Matanga-chief, named Bhutadatta, who was endowed with much wealth, in Varanasi. Named Citra and Sambhuta, devoted to each other, they were never separated, joined like a finger-nail and the flesh.

At that time the king in Varanasi was named Sankha and he had a celebrated minister, named Namuci. One day the king handed him over secretly to Bhutadatta for execution, his crime being very great. He said to Namuci secretly, "I will guard you like my own life, if you, hidden in an underground chamber, will teach my sons." Namuci agreed to the Matanga-chief's proposition. There is nothing that people who *desire* to live will not do.

Accordingly, he taught the various arts to Citra and Sambhuta; and he dallied with the infatuated wife of the Matanga-chief. Bhutadatta discovered that and prepared to kill him. Who can endure the evil of an adulterer in the case of his own wives? He was conducted far away by the Matanga's sons, who learned (their father's intention), and a fee also was given to him with the object of saving his life. Then Namuci went to Hastinapura after his escape and Cakrin Sanatkumara made him his minister.

Now Citra and Sambhuta had just become grown, like the Asvins who had come to earth for some reason. They sang a sweet song, putting Haha and Huhu²¹⁷ to shame; and they played the lute better than Tumburu and Narada. When they played the lute with seven very clear notes accompanied by vocal compositions, the Kinnaras became their servants. Playing a drum (muraja) with a deep sound, they gave an imitation of Kṛṣṇa^s with a drum made from Mura's skeleton. They acted a play which Siva^s, Siva, Urvashi, Rambha, Munjakesin (Visnu^s), and Tilottama did not know. Whose mind did they not capture, displaying an unprecedented wealth of all the musical arts, magic for every one?

One day a festival of Madana^s took place in this city and choruses of townsmen, skilled in concerts, set out in it. A chorus of Citra and Sambhuta set out there and the townsmen, drawn by their song like deer, went to that same place. Someone told the king, "All

the people in the city have been made impure like themselves by these Matangas, who have attracted them by song." The king ordered the superintendent of the city reproachfully, "Admission to the city is never to be given them." From that time they stayed at a distance from Varanasi.

One day the important festival of Karttikeya took place there. Transgressing the king's command from irresponsibility, they entered the city like bees the side of an elephant's temple.²¹⁸ With their entire bodies* veiled, they roamed through the city, looking at the festival, very secretly like thieves. Then they were caused to sing very loud by the songs of the townsmen, like a jackal by the cry of jackals. Fate cannot be crossed. The two Matangas were surrounded by the young people of the town, like honey lay flies, when they had heard their song pleasing to the ear. Their veils were pulled off by the people to find out who they were and they were addressed contemptuously, "Look here! these are the same two Matangas." They were beaten by the people with clubs and clods and they left the city, like dogs a house, their heads bowed. They were beaten at every step by the people, like a hare by soldiers. With stumbling steps they reached the garden Gabhira with difficulty.

They reflected: "Alas for us! Skill in arts, beauty, et-cetera are spoiled by low birth like milk that has been smelled by a snake. Let there be a benefit through merit, that is a crime on our part. This is it: a vampire has arisen from the good fortune taking place. Arts, grace, beauty et-cetera are sewed together with the body. It is the *abode* of worthlessness. Let it be abandoned somewhere like straw."

Having reached this decision, intent on destroying their lives, they went toward the south as if to see Death* in person. When they had gone a long distance, they saw a mountain from which elephants on the ground (below) looked like young swine to those who had climbed it. As they were climbing (the mountain) with the intention of jumping from a *precipice*, they saw on this mountain a great *muni* like a living mountain of virtues. When they saw the muni on the mountain-top like a cloud in the rainy season, their streams of anguish disappeared. At once they fell at his lotus-feet, like bees, shedding their former pain, as it were, in the guise of tears of joy.

After he finished his meditation*, the muni questioned them, "Who are you? Why have you come here?" and they told him their whole history. He said:

"The body alone is destroyed by a leap from a precipice. Impure karma that has been acquired in a hundred other births is not destroyed. If this body of yours must be abandoned, take the fruit

of the body. Penance is the surest means of emancipation, heaven, et-cetera.”

Their minds purified by the nectar of his sermon beginning with these words, they both undertook the duties of a *sadhu* under him. They became students and in course finished their studies. What that has been undertaken with *zeal* by the intelligent would not take place? They wore away their bodies* together with old karma by fasts of two days, three days, et-cetera. Then wandering from village to village, from city to city, they came one day to the city Hastinapura. They practiced severe penance in a garden outside it. Even pleasure-grounds can serve for penance of people with tranquil minds.

One day *Muni Sambhuti*, like *sadhus* duties embodied, entered the city for alms to break a month's fast. Wandering from house to house with great care in walking, as he happened to be on the highway he was seen by the minister *Namuci*. The minister thought, “That is the *Matanga* boy. He will tell my affair.” Wicked men are afraid in all circumstances. Thinking, “I shall expel him so he cannot make known my weak point to anyone,” he gave orders to footmen. He commenced having his former benefactor beaten. For bad behavior is natural to the wicked like drinking of milk to snakes. Beaten like rice-seed by violent men with clubs, the muni left that place in very great haste. When he was not left alone by the bruisers, even though he was leaving, then the muni, though tranquil, became angry. Even water becomes hot from the heat of fire. An eruption of steam left his mouth all around, giving the appearance of a cloud that has risen unseasonably in the sky. A hot-flash, garlanded with a mass of flames, shone forth, spreading over the sky crowded, as it were, with a circle of lightning. The citizens went with fear* and curiosity to appease him who was very angry and possessed the hot-flash.

When King *Sanatkumara* knew about this, he went there. A wise man would extinguish a fire in the place where it starts. The king bowed to him and said:

“How is this suitable for you, Blessed One? Surely a moon-stone, even though heated by the sun's rays, does not give off fire. This anger of yours is because of some great crime of theirs. Was there not poison from the churning of the Ocean of Milk? Anger, as well as love of *strife*, on the part of good persons should not exist. If it does exist, it should not last long. If it does last long, it is worthless in its results. Why do I say that in this case? Nevertheless, lord,

I beg: Dismiss this anger suitable for other people. People like you are disposed equally towards evil-doers and benefactors."

In the meantime Citra learned of this and came to Muni Sambhuta to appease him like an elephant* of the highest class with soothing words. His anger was extinguished by Citra's words in accordance with scripture like a forest-fire on a mountain by streams of water from clouds. The great *muni* freed from sharp anger, like the full moon from darkness, instantly reached serenity. After they had paid homage and asked his forgiveness the people left him; and Muni Citra led Sambhuta to the garden. They felt *remorse* that a great calamity had been caused by them wandering from house to house for the sake of mere food." "This body is *transient*, nourished by food. What use have ascetics for this body or for food?" After coming to this decision and undertaking voluntary starvation²¹⁹ first, they rejected the four kinds of food.

The king wished to know, "Who has insulted a *sadhu*, while I am ruling the earth?" and someone informed him that it was the minister." "He is wicked who does not worship those who are entitled to worship. How much more he who beats them." With these words, the king had him bound and led away like a thief. Saying, "May no one else abuse sadhus," he, pure-minded, led him bound through the city into the presence of the sadhus. Bowing and making the earth consist of water, as it were, by the dazzling light of the king's head-jewels, the chief of kings paid homage to them. Their mouths covered with mouth-cloths* held in their left hands, their right hands upraised, they gave him a blessing. Saying, "Whoever has injured you, let him partake of the fruit of his acts," King Sanatakumara showed them Namuci. Namuci, who had been taken to a place suitable for execution, was freed from Sanatkumara by them, like a snake from a garuda. Though he deserved to die, the king released him, after banishing him, who was a *candala* in behavior, from the city, like a *candala*. For the command of the guru must be respected.

Sunanda, the cakrin's woman-jewel, attended by sixty-four thousand co-wives, came to pay homage to them. She, with loosened hair, fell at Muni Sambhuta's lotus-feet and by her face made the earth like the moon. Muni Sambhuta felt the touch of her hair and at once his hair stood up with joy. Manmatha* is a seeker of tricks. Then the king, after taking leave of the two, accompanied by his women, went away. Sambhuta, overcome by love, made a *nidana** to this effect: "If there is any fruit of my severe penance, then may I become the husband of the woman-jewel in a future birth."

Citra said: "Do you *desire* this fruit of penance which confers emancipation? Do you make a foot-stool with a jewel suitable for the head? Give up this *nidana*, made from *delusion*, now. Let her improper conduct be in vain. People like you are not deluded." Even though restrained in this way by Sadhu Citra, Sambhuta did not give up the *nidana*.^{*} Alas! the *desire* for sense-objects is very strong. When their fasts were completed and destruction of age-karma had been achieved, they were born gods in the palace Sundara in Saudharma.

Life of Brahmadatta

After it fell from the first heaven, Citra's *soul* became the son of a rich man in the city Purimatala. Sambhuta's soul fell and descended into the womb of Queen Culani, the wife of King Brahman, in Kampilya. His future power indicated by the fourteen great dreams, her son was born, gold color, seven bows tall. King Brahman, who was immersed in the Absolute, as it were, from joy, gave him the name, famous throughout the world, Brahmadatta. He grew up, giving joy to the lotuses of the eyes of the world, thriving with the collection of arts like the spotless moon with the collection of digits.

Brahman had four friends like the four faces of Brahma. Among these one was Kataka, King of Kasi; another was Kanerudatta, King of Hastinapura; Dirgha, Lord of Kosala; and Puspaculaka, Lord of Campa. United by affection, the five lived in the city of each one for a year at a time, like the (five) trees of heaven in Nandana. One time they came as usual to Brahman's city and some time passed as they amused themselves there. When Brahmadatta was twelve years old, King Brahman died from a headache. After Kataka and the others had performed King Brahman's funeral rites, the four took counsel like the four methods embodied.

"While Brahmadatta is a child, one of us here in turn must be his protector for a year at a time, like a police officer."

By agreement they appointed Dirgha to protect their friend's realm. Then the three went from that place to their respective homes. Then Dirgha, whose intelligence was small, consumed the wealth of Brahman's realm at his pleasure, like a bull an unguarded field. Dull-witted, without any restraint he searched out everything that had been concealed for a long time in the treasury, like wicked people the weak point of an enemy. Because of previous acquaintance he went unhindered into the women's quarters. For overlordship generally acts as a cause of blindness in men. He took counsel

privately with Queen Culani more than necessary, striking with clever humorous speeches like arrows of Love. He scorned the customs and people favored by Brahman and he became attached to Culani. The senses are hard to restrain. The two of them Culani and Dirgha abandoned love for a husband and affection for a friend King Brahman. Alas! love crushes everything. Many days pass like an hour for them amusing themselves happily in this way as they liked.

The minister Dhanu, who was like King Brahman's second heart, learned of this. For their evil conduct was evident.

The minister reflected

"Let Culani behave improperly from her nature as a woman. For good women are rare. That Dirgha destroys the realm with the treasury and *harem*, which were handed to him in trust from confidence (in him) that is no crime on his part.²²⁰ So he would do something hostile to the prince. For evil people, like a cat, are not devoted to their supporter."

After reflecting so, he instructed his son, Varadhanu, to make this known to Brahmadata and to attend him constantly. When the affair had been disclosed by the minister's son, Brahman's son displayed anger gradually, like an elephant* newly in rut. Then Brahmadata, unable to endure his mother's wicked conduct, went to the women's quarters, taking with him a crow and a hen-cuckoo. There he said aloud, "These two must be killed because of the mixing of castes. I will certainly kill anyone else like these." "I am the crow, you the cuckoo, is the meaning. He wishes to kill us," Dirgha said. The queen said, "Do not be afraid of a child's talk."

One time the prince brought a mrga-elephant²²¹ with a *cow* bhadra-elephant and spoke in like manner contemptuously, indicating killing. Hearing that, Dirgha said, "The child's speech has a meaning." Culani replied, "If so, what then?" One time Brahman's son tied a crane to a hansa and said, "He mates with her. I do not tolerate such conduct of anyone." Dirgha said: "Queen, listen to these words of your son, a child, which resemble a belching of smoke from a fire of anger that has sprung up inside. The prince, growing up, will certainly be a great obstacle to us, like a lion to two elephants. Look! Before the prince becomes of military age, even though a child, he must be uprooted like a poison-tree."

Culani said, "How can a son, supporter of a kingdom, be killed? Even animals guard their offspring like their own lives." Dirgha said: "Death* has come to you in the guise of a son. Do not be confused. While I am alive, sons of yours will be easy to acquire."

Then Culani, dismissing affection for her son, like a witch, subject to her attachment to erotic love, agreed to that. She counseled:

“He must be destroyed and evil report must be avoided, just as a mango-grove must be sprinkled and the offering of water to the Pitris must be made.²²² What device? Or rather, there is this one. Brahman’s son must be married. Then a combustible house must be made in the guise of a dwelling. When he and the daughter-in-law are sound asleep in it, which will have a secret entrance and exit, immediately after the wedding a fire must be kindled in it at night.”

The two of them, after making this plan, chose Puspacula’s daughter and all the wedding-gear was prepared. Minister Dhanu found out this cruel intention of theirs and, his hands folded together, informed King Dirgha: “Let my son, Varadhanu, who knows the arts and is expert in polity, be the beast of burden of the chariot of your commands, like a young ox. I, like an old ox, am weak in comings and goings. I will go somewhere and perform a religious act with your permission.”

Thinking, “After he has gone somewhere else, this deceitful man would do something evil,” Dirgha was afraid of him. Who does not fear the wise? Dirgha, dissimulating through deceitfulness, said to the minister: “What use do we have for the kingdom without you, like a night without the moon? Practice religion right here with a food-dispensary, et-cetera. Do not go elsewhere. A kingdom with people like you looks like a grove with good trees.”

Then Dhanu of good intelligence built a pure food-pavilion, like a great umbrella of religion, on the bank of the Bhagirathi^s. He kept the food-dispensary flowing uninterruptedly, like the current of the Ganga^s, with food*, drink, et-cetera for the caravans on the road. He made an underground tunnel for four miles up to the combustible house with trustworthy men won by gifts, honors and favors.

Now Dhanu informed Puspacula about this incident by a secret letter, water for the tree of friendship. When Puspacula knew about it, he wisely sent a slave-girl in his daughter’s place, like a hen-crane in place of a hansī. She entered the city, the sky blazing with her ornaments and gems, watched by the people with the idea that she was Puspacula’s daughter, as if with the idea that brass was gold. The sky being filled with sounding musical instruments* and deafening songs, Culani joyfully married her to Brahman’s son. Culani dismissed all the people at evening and sent the prince with her daughter-in-law to the combustible house. The other attendants were dismissed; and the prince with his bride and with Varadhanu, who was like his own shadow, went there. Half the night passed,

Brahmadatta being kept awake by the minister's son with conversation. Whence is sleep of great men?

Then a fire blazed in the bed-chamber, as if set by men with their heads bent, instructed by Culani to yell "Fire." Then a cloud of smoke filled heaven and earth in all directions like a stream of ill-fame from the evil deeds of Culani and Dirgha. The fire of seven tongues became one with a crores of tongues with masses of flames, as if ravenous to devour the whole. Questioned by Brahmadatta, "What is this," the minister's son told him briefly about Culani's evil conduct."In order to drag you from this place like a figure from an elephant's trunk, my father had a tunnel made here which leads to the dispensary. After making it visible immediately by a kick on it, now enter its door like a yogi's the entrance to a chasm." After striking the hollow ground, like a hollow drum, with his heel, he went through the tunnel with his friend, like a thread through the hole in a jewel.

At the end of the tunnel, the king's and the minister's sons mounted horses held by Dhanu, resembling the Sri of Revanta. The horses went in the fifth gait for fifty yojanas like a kos*; then, broken in wind, died. Then, intent on saving their lives, they went on foot with great difficulty to the vicinity of a village named Kostaka.

Brahmadatta said, "Friend Varadhanu, now hunger and thirst torment me, as if in rivalry with each other." "Wait here a moment," the minister's son said and summoned the barber from the village because of a wish for a haircut. From the advice of the minister's son, Brahman's son had a haircut then and there and wore only a top-knot. He put on pure reddish garments and had the appearance of a newly-risen sun covered by a twilight cloud. He wore a sacred thread placed around his neck by Varadhanu and Brahman's son bore a resemblance to a Brahman's son. The minister's son covered Brahmadatta's breast, which was marked with a *srivatsa**, with a cloth, like the sun by a monsoon-cloud. In this way Brahman's son made a change of clothes like a stage-manager and the minister's son did the same, like an assistant stage manager. Then they entered the village like the full moon and sun.

They were invited for food* by an important Brahman. He fed them with *devotion* suitable to a king. Generally entertainment is in accordance with prestige. The Brahman's wife, throwing unhusked rice on the prince's head, brought forth a pair of white garments and a maiden who was equal to an *Apsaras*. Then Varadhanu said, "Foolish woman, why do you tie her to the neck of this young

Brahman, unskilled in arts, like a cow to the neck of a bull?" Then the important Brahman said: "This is my daughter, Bandhumati, fair with virtues. There is no other husband for her except him. 'Her husband will be lord of the six-part world,' astrologers told me. This very man is certainly he. They told me, 'Whoever, with the mark of the *srivatsa** covered with a cloth shall eat in your house, to him must be given your daughter.' "Brahmadatta's marriage to her took place at that time. Unexpected pleasures appear freely to those men devoted to pleasure. After passing the night and consoling Bandhumati, the prince went elsewhere. How can people with enemies stay in one place? They reached a border village and there they heard, "Dirgha has blocked all roads on account of Brahmadatta." They went forward by a side road and fell into a large forest obstructed by wild animals as well as cruel men of Dirgha. Then Varadhanu left the prince, who was thirsty, under a banyan tree and went for water with speed equal to the mind. Then Varadhanu was surrounded by Dirgha's men, enraged, who had perceived him, like a young boar surrounded by dogs. He was captured and bound by them saying a terrifying thing: "Seize him! Seize him! Bind him! Bind him!" He gave a signal to Brahmadatta, "Escape," and the prince fled. Certainly heroism (should be) at the right time.

Then Brahman's son went quickly from that large forest to another large forest, like a hermit from one hermitage to another. Living there on food* of fruit of bad-flavor and no flavor, on the third day he saw an *ascetic* before him."Where is your hermitage, Blessed One?" he asked and was conducted by the ascetic to his hermitage. For guests are dear to ascetics. Then he saw the abbot and joyfully paid homage to him like a father. The heart is the *criterion* even in an unknown matter. The abbot said, "Son, what is the reason for you, whose appearance is very delicate, coming here like a tree of heaven to Meru?"

Then Brahman's son confided his adventures to the mahatma. Generally nothing must be concealed from such men. Then the abbot, delighted, said, *stammering*: "I am your father's younger brother, like one *soul* made into two. So you have come to your own house. Remain at your pleasure, son. Thrive from our penance along with our wishes." Causing keen joy to the people's eyes, dear to everyone, he remained in this hermitage. The rainy season was at hand; Living there with him, like Janardana^s with Bala^s, he was taught all the manuals, weapons*, and missiles.

When the end of the rains, charming with the twittering of the blue cranes, had come like a brother, the ascetics went to the forest

for the sake of fruit, et-cetera. Though restrained urgently by the abbot, Brahmadatta went with them to the forest, like an elephant* with elephants. Roaming here and there, he saw elephant-sign and, sharp-witted, thought, "There is an elephant not far away." Though restrained by the ascetics, he followed its track and at the end of five yojanas saw man-elephant like a mountain. His loin-cloth tied firmly, giving! a loud roar, the man-elephant challenged the rutting elephant! unhesitatingly, like a wrestler challenging a wrestler.

The elephant, the hair on his body erect from anger, his trunk curled up, his ears motionless, his eyes red, ran at the prince. When the elephant came near him, the prince threw his upper garment in between in order to deceive him like a child. Very angry, he caught the garment, which was like a piece of cloud falling from the sky, instantly on his tusks. By various gestures the prince made the elephant move to and fro with ease, like a snake-catcher a snake. Just then a cloud, like a friend of Brahmadatta, making a loud noise, overwhelmed the elephant with streams of water. Then, after crying out with a disagreeable sound, he ran away, putting the deer to flight.

The prince, confused about directions by the rain, arrive at a river in his roaming. The prince crossed the river like calamity *personified* and saw on its bank an old deserted city. Entering, the prince saw in it a bamboo-thicket and in this a sword and a shield like a portentous Ketu and Moon. The prince, curious about weapons*, took them and cut the large! bamboo-thicket with the sword, (like) cutting a plantain. In the bamboo-thicket he saw a head with quivering lips that had¹ fallen on the ground in front of him, like a lotus on dry ground. Looking fully, Brahman's son saw the trunk of someone hanging upside down, inhaling smoke. He blamed himself, "Oh! I have killed some poor man, rich from subduing magic arts. Shame on me!"

When he went forward, he saw a garden that was like Nandana descended from heaven to earth. Entering it, he saw before him a seven-storied palace that was like the embodied secret of the Sri of the seven worlds. He ascended the lofty palace and saw a woman like a Khecari, seated, her face resting on her hand. The prince approached her and asked in a clear voice: "Who are you? Why are you alone and what is the cause of your grief? "Overcome by fear", she said with sobs: "I have a great misfortune. Tell who you are. Why have you come?"

"I am Brahmadatta, son of Brahman, king of the Pancalas."

When he said this, she got up joyfully. Making water for washing the feet, as it were, from the water of tears of joy that fell from the cup of her hands in the form of her eyes, she fell at his feet. Saying, "You have come, prince, protection for me without protection, like a ship to one sinking in the ocean," she wept. Questioned by him, she said:

"I am the daughter, Puspavati, of your mother's brother, Puspacula, lord of Anga. As a girl I was given to you. Waiting for the wedding-day, I went to the garden Dirghikapulina to play like a hansi. I was brought here by a wicked Vidyadhara, named Natyonmatta, who abducted me, like Janaki by Ravana. Unable to endure my glance, he entered a bamboo-thicket in order to subdue magic arts, like Surpanakha's son. Now the magic art will be *submissive* to him, inhaling smoke upside down, and he, powerful from the magic art acquired, will surely marry me."

The prince told her the story of his killing. There was joy upon joy at acquiring a friend and losing an enemy. A gandharva-marriage of them infatuated with each other took place. Among ksatriyas it is the best kind for two persons in love, though unaccompanied by sacred verses. Sporting, with her tenderly with varied conversation, he passed three watches like one.

Then at dawn Brahmadata heard the sound in the air of Khecarawomen like that of *ospreys*.

"What is this noise that takes place suddenly in the air like rain without a cloud?" Questioned so by him, Puspavati replied in confusion: "Two sisters of Natyonmatta, your enemy, Vidyadhara maidens, named Khanda and Visakha, have come. The reason is that they have come uselessly, bringing wedding gear. Action is planned one way; fate performs it another way. Go away for a moment until I find out by praises of your virtues their state of mind toward you, whether they are friendly or hostile. In case of friendliness, I shall wave a red pennant and you should come. In case of hostility, I shall wave a white pennant and then you should go elsewhere."

Then Brahmadata said: "Do not be afraid, timid lady. I am truly Brahman's son. What will these two, pleased or displeased, do to me?"

Puspavati said: "I do not speak of fear* on your part because of these two girls. But may their relatives, Vidyadharas, not be obstructive." In accordance with her wish, he stayed in the same place at one side. Then Puspavati waved a white pennant. When the prince saw that, he left that place very slowly at his wife's insistence. For there is no fear* on the part of such men.

After crossing a forest difficult to cross like the sky, at the end of the day he arrived at a large lake, like the sun arriving at the ocean. After entering it quickly, like a celestial elephant* entering Manasa, and bathing, he drank its water freely like nectar. After Brahman's son left the water, he approached the northwest bank which was asking, if the bath were successful, as it were, by the sounds of the bees buzzing in the creepers. There he saw a fair maiden, like the goddess of the forest in person, gathering flowers in an *arbor* of trees and creepers.

The prince thought, "The skill in making forms of the Creator, who has practiced making forms since birth, has appeared in her." Talking with a slave-girl, looking at him with glances resembling jasmines^B, as if throwing a garland around his neck, she went away. When the prince, observing her alone, started to go away, a slave-girl came, carrying clothes, ornaments, and betel. She delivered the garments, et-cetera and said:

"She whom you saw here sent this to you, like a pledge for the accomplishment of desires. I have been instructed, 'Conduct him to the house of my father's minister for true hospitality. For he knows what is proper.' "

He went with her to the house of the minister Nagadeva. The minister rose to greet him, as if drawn by his merits. Informing him, "He, very fortunate, has been sent to your house by Princess Srikan-ta," she went away. Being entertained like a master in many ways by the minister, he passed the night like a moment. At the end of the night the minister conducted the prince to the palace. The king met him like a newly-risen sun with a reception-gift, et-cetera. The king gave him his daughter without asking about his family, et-cetera. For experts certainly know all that just by appearance. The prince married her, covering hand with hand, as if to unite completely their affection for each other.

One day Brahmadatta, while playing, asked her secretly, "Why did your father give you to me, alone, whose family, et-cetera were unknown?" Srikanta, whose petal-lip gleamed with rays from her beautiful teeth, said:

"In Vasantapura Sabarasna was king. His son, my father, after he was installed on the throne, was overthrown by cruel kinsmen and he took refuge in this settlement with his army and transport. Having made the Bhillas bend, like a current of water reeds, my father supports his followers by plundering villages, et-cetera. I was born, very dear to my father, a daughter after four sons, like Sri after the four methods. When I was grown, he said to me, 'All the kings

are my enemies. He will be considered your husband, whoever is desired by you staying here, after you have seen him.' From that time I, remaining constantly on the bank of the pool like a cakravati, look at all travelers one by one. There is no success for my wishes. You, exceedingly difficult to obtain even in a dream, have come here from the accumulation of my good fortune, husband."

One day the village-chief went to plunder a village and the prince went with him. For that is the course of ksatriyas. When the village had been looted, Varadhanu came and fell like a *hansa* at the lotus-feet of the prince on the bank of pool. After embracing the prince's neck, he wept with all his might. Pains are renewed at the sight of a loved one. The minister's son was questioned by him, after consoling him with very gentle speeches like draughts of nectar, and told his experiences.

"When I left you at that time under a banyan tree, I went for water, lord. A little ahead I saw a large pool like a tank of nectar. After taking water in the hollow of a lotus-leaf for you, as I was coming back, I was surrounded by armed soldiers like messengers of *Yama*. 'Ho Varadhanu! Say where Brahmadatta is to be found.' Being questioned so by them, I said, 'I do not know.' Beaten unhesitatingly by them like robbers, I said that Brahmadatta had been *devoured* by a tiger.' Told, 'Show the spot,' I wandered here and there deceitfully. When I came to the road leading to seeing you, I made a gesture to escape. I threw a pill given by the *ascetic* into my mouth and, unconscious by its power, I was abandoned by them thinking I was dead. After they had been gone for a long time I took the pill from my mouth and, roaming to look for you like something lost, I came to a village.

There I saw an excellent *mendicant* like a heap of penance in person and I paid homage to him. He said to me: 'I am Vasubhaga, a friend of Dhanu, Varadhanu. Where is Brahmadatta, illustrious sir?' Feeling confidence (in him), I told him the whole truth and he, his face dark from the smoke of an evil story, said again to me:

'At the time when the combustible house was burned, at dawn Dirgha saw one burned skull, but not three skulls. He saw the tunnel there and at its end horses tracks and, 'knowing that you two had escaped by Dhanu's wit, he was very angry with him. He gave orders to patrols in every direction with unstumbling progress like the light of the sun to capture you and take you in. Minister Dhanu escaped but your mother was thrown into the candela quarter like hell by Dirgha.'

Wounded by that news that was like a boil upon a boil, having pain coming on top of pain, I went to Kampilya. There I became a fictitious kapalika and constantly entered house after house in the *candala*-quarter, like a spy. When I was asked by the people there the reason for my roaming, I said, 'This is the practice of a *candela* magic art of mine.' Friendship, the vessel of confidence, was created by me roaming there in this way. What is not accomplished by deceit on the part of the one without a protector?

One day I said to the mother through them, 'Kaundinya, an *ascetic*, a friend of your son, salutes you.' On the next day I went myself and gave the mother a citron^B containing a pill and she became unconscious from it when it had been eaten. The city-superintendent went and reported to the king, 'she is dead,' and his own men were ordered by the king to see to her cremation.

When they came there, I said to them, 'If her cremation takes place at this moment, there will be a great misfortune to you and the king,' and they went to their house. I said to the guard, 'If you help, I shall acquire a charm by means of the corpse of this woman who has all the marks.' The guard agreed and at evening, accompanied by him alone, I took my mother to the cemetery far away. On the bare ground I made circles, et-cetera craftily and then sent the guard to make an *oblation* to the city-goddesses.

When he had gone, I gave the mother another pill and she arose, conscious, yawning as if at the end of sleep. After making myself known and restraining her weeping, I led her to Kacchagrama to the house of Devasarman, a friend of my father. Wandering here and there, searching for you, I came here. By good fortune you were seen now like a heap of merit of mine before my eyes. After that time, lord, how did you set out and how did you fare? "So questioned by him, the prince made known his adventures.

Then a man came there and told them: "In the village, Dirgha's soldiers, showing a track marked by a double shape like you (two), say, 'Have such men come here?' After hearing their speech, I saw you here. Do what is pleasing to you." When this man had gone, they fled into the forest like young elephants and in the course of time came to the city Kausambi. There in a garden they saw a cock-fight, on which there was a wager of a lac, between the cocks of Sheth Sagaradatta and Buddhila. Flying up repeatedly the cocks fought violently with claws like hooks for drawing out life and beak against beak. In this fight Buddhila's cock defeated the pure-bred, powerful cock of Sagaradatta, like a misra-elephant²²³ a bhadra-elephant.*

Then Varadhanu said, "If you wish, Sagara, I will examine him, to see how your pure-bred cock was defeated by him." Looking at Buddhila's cock with Sagara's approval, he saw iron needles, like messengers of *Yama*, on his feet. Observing this, Buddhila offered him half a lac secretly; and he told the prince of this incident in an aside. Brahmadatta removed the iron needles and had Buddhila's cock fight again with Sheth Sagara's cock. Without needles Buddhila's was defeated instantly by (Sagara's) cock. Whence is there victory of low persons without trickery?

Sagaradatta, delighted, had them get into his chariot and conducted them, excellent friends from the gift of victory, to his house. While they were living in his house like their own, a servant of Buddhila came and told Varadhanu something. When he had gone, Varadhanu told the prince, "Now see the half of a lac that Buddhila wished to give me." Then he showed him a necklace which gave an imitation of the planet *sukra* (Venus) with spotless, large, round pearls. Brahman's son saw a letter marked with his own name fastened to the necklace; and a female *ascetic*, named Vatsa, came like a message embodied. After throwing unhusked rice on their heads accompanied by the pronouncement for a blessing, she took Varadhanu aside, told him something, and went away.

The minister's son began to tell that to Brahman's son: "This woman asked for an answer to the letter fastened to the necklace.' Explain this letter marked with sri Brahmadatta's name. Who is Brahmadatta?' Questioned so by me, she said:

'There is a sheth's daughter, named Ratnavati, in this city, like *Rati* who has assumed maidenhood on earth in another form. On the day of the cock-fight of Sagaradatta and her brother Buddhila, she saw this Brahmadatta. From that time distressed, wounded by love, she does not rest, but says constantly, 'Brahmadatta is my refuge' he alone.' One day she herself wrote the letter fastened to the necklace and handed it to me, saying, "Deliver it to Brahmadatta." I sent the letter by a slave.' After saying this, she waited and I dismissed her, after delivering your answer." From that day the prince, burned by Smara^s hard to control, like an elephant burned by the midday sun, was not happy.

One day men sent by Dirgha to the lord of Kausambi came to search for them there, like an arrow lost in the body. When the search for them had started in Kausambi at the king's order, Sagara put them in an underground house and concealed them like a treasure. As they wished to leave, at night Sagara put them in a chariot, escorted them on the road some distance and then returned.

As they went forward, they saw in a garden a woman seated in a chariot full of missiles, like a goddess in Nandana. She addressed them respectfully. "Why has so much time passed on your part?" and they replied, "How do you know who we are?" She said:

"There was in this city a very wealthy sheth, named Dhana-prabhava, like a brother of Dhanada. I am in addition to eight sons of this excellent sheth, like the Sri of discrimination to the (eight) intellectual *qualities*. Since I have been grown, I have prayed very much to the Yaksha in this garden to obtain a very superior husband. There is no other *desire* of women. Pleased by my *devotion*, the best of Yaksas gave me this boon: 'Cakravartin Brahmadata will be your husband. He, whom you see at the cock-fight of Sheths Sagara and Buddhila, marked with a *srivatsa*', accompanied by a friend, of unusual beauty, must be recognized by you. Your first meeting with Brahmadata will take place when you are staying at my temple.'

So I know that you are he, sir. Come! Come! Calm me suffering from the fire of separation for a long time here by a meeting now like a stream of water."

He consented and took command of the chariot as well as her strong affection and asked her, "Where must we go?" She said: "In the city Magadha, there is my paternal uncle, Sheth Dhanavaha. He will show us much honor. So we must go from here to there." At this speech of Ratnavati, Brahman's son had the horses urged on by the minister's son as charioteer.

After crossing Kausambi territory in a moment, Brahman's son arrived at terrifying large forest that was like an amusement place of *Yama*. There two chiefs of a robber-band, Sukantaka and Kantaka, *besieged* Brahmadata, like two dogs a great boar. Immense like sons of the night of the destruction of the world, simultaneously with their soldiers they covered the sky with arrows, like a pavilion. The prince took a bow and, shouting, kept down the band of thieves with arrows, like a cloud a forest-fire with streams of water. As the prince was raining arrows, they escaped with their soldiers. Indeed! when a lion attacks, how can deer remain?

The minister's son said to the prince: "You are tired from the battle. Sleep for an hour, master, staying right here in the chariot." Brahmadata went to sleep in the chariot with Ratnavati, like a young elephant* with a *cow*-elephant on a mountain-ridge. At daybreak, when they had reached a river, the tired horses stopped and the prince awoke. Awake, he did not see the minister's son in the chariot. Thinking, "Has he gone for water?" he called him repeatedly. As he did not receive an answer and saw the front of the

chariot smeared with blood, wailing, "Oh! I am killed," he fell in the chariot in a faint. Being conscious again, he got up and wailing like ordinary people, "Oh! Oh! friend Varadhanu, where are you?" was enlightened by Ratnavati.

"So long as it is not known for certain that your friend is dead, it is not fitting to do anything inauspicious for him, even in speech, lord. Doubtless he has gone somewhere on your business. Ministers go on their lord's business without asking their lord. He, guarded by his very *devotion* to you, will surely come. For the power of devotion to the master is an armor for servants. When we have arrived at a settlement, we will have men search for him. It is not fitting to remain in this forest a garden of Death."

At her speech he drove forward the horses and came to a border-village of Magadha. What is very far for horses and Maruts? The village-chief, who was in the assembly-hall, saw him and conducted him to his own house. Great persons, even though unknown; are honored because of their appearance.

Questioned by the village-chief, "Why do you seem overcome by grief?" he said, "My friend, fighting with thieves, has gone somewhere." "I will bring news of him, like Maruti of *Sita*," and with these words the village-chief penetrated the whole forest. Then the chief returned and said: "No one has been seen in the forest. However, I found this arrow which had fallen in fighting." "Varadhanu has certainly been killed," and then night came, the *abode* of darkness, like the grief of Brahman's son thinking this. During the fourth watch of the night, thieves attacked there, but they were defeated by the prince, like persons absent from home by Mara⁵.

Then, followed by the village-chief, he went gradually to Rajgrha. He left Ratnavati at a hermitage outside the city. Entering the city, he saw two girls, just grown, standing at a window of a palace, like *Rati* and *Priti* in person. They said to him: "When you went away at that time, abandoning people devoted to you, does that appear fitting to you?" The prince said, "Oh! What devoted persons and when were they abandoned? Who am I and who are you?" "Please come and rest, lord." And Brahmadatta entered their house, as well as their hearts, as they made such conversation. Remaining, they related their own true story to Brahman's son who had a bath and a meal.

"There is a mountain, Vaitadhya by name, the *abode* of Vidyadharas, made of slabs of silver, like a tilaka of the earth. In the city Sivamandira in its southern row there is a king, Jvalanasikha, like Guhyaka in Alaka. There is a wife, Vidyucchika, of the

Vidyadhara-lord, like lightning (the wife) of a cloud, by whose brilliance the surface of the sky is lighted. We are their daughters, dearer than life, named Khanda and Visakha, younger sisters of a son, Natyonmatta.

One day our father, as he was talking with a friend, Agnisikha, in his palace, saw gods going through the air to Mt. Astapada. Then he set out on a pilgrimage to holy places and made us and his friend Agnisikha go. For he would endow him, beloved, with *dharma*.* When we arrived at Astapada, we saw the statues made of jewels of the Tirthanathas, possessing (the right) size and color. After we had made the bath, *anointing*, and *pooja* properly and had made the circumambulation three times, we paid homage with deep concentration. When we left the temple, we saw two flying-ascetics under a red asoka tree^B, like penance and *tranquility* embodied. After bowing to them and sitting down in front of them, we listened with faith to a sermon, moonlight for destroying the darkness of ignorance.

Agnisikha said, 'Who will be the husband of these girls?' They said, 'The man who will kill their brother.' Our father became black from that speech, like the moon from winter. Because of the speech containing disgust with existence, we said: 'Just now we heard a sermon whose essence was the worthlessness of worldly existence. Why are you defeated by a savage in the form of fear* of it, father? Enough for us of these various pleasures arising from sense-objects.' From that time we began to protect our brother.

One day my brother in his roaming saw Puspavati, the daughter of your maternal uncle, Puspacula. His mind was captivated by her beauty, wonderful grace, and merit and he, of little wit, abducted her. Intelligence is in accordance with karma. Unable to endure her glance, he went to acquire a magic art. You know fully what happened after that.

At that time Puspavati told us of our brother's destruction. She removed sorrow by formulas of faith, like a teacher of wisdom. Furthermore Puspavati said: 'When he has come, he must be met (with honor). For the words of the *muni*, "Let Brahmadatta be your husband," are not false.' We agreed to that and she from haste waved a white pennant. You had abandoned us and gone away then. When you did not come and were not seen from the imperfection of our good fortune, we came here, depressed, after wandering everywhere. You have been met because of merit. You were chosen before for our husband because of Puspavati's speech. You alone are our fate."

He married them with a gandharva-wedding. For a king is the recipient of women like the ocean of rivers. Sporting with the two of them like Siva^s with Ganga^s and Uma, Brahman's son passed the night there."Until I obtain my kingdom, you must stay with Puspa-vati," he said and dismissed them. They said, "Very well," respectfully; and the people and the palace and everything disappeared like a city in a *mirage*.

Then Brahman's son went to the hermitage to look for Ratnavati. Not seeing her there, he asked a man of good appearance: "Have you seen yesterday or today a woman wearing divine garments and adorned with jeweled ornaments, good sir?" He said: "Yesterday I saw a woman, crying, 'Lord! Lord! 'Recognizing her as my granddaughter, I entrusted her to her paternal uncle.'" Told by him, "You are her husband," Brahman's son agreed and was conducted by him, delighted, to her uncle's house. The uncle married Brahmadatta to Ratnavati with great magnificence. Everything requires little effort on the part of the rich.

Experiencing pleasures of the senses with her, one day he began Varadhanu's funeral rites. While the Brahmins were eating, like visible ghosts, Varadhanu came there disguised as a Brahman and said, "If you give food* to me, that is to Varadhanu in person." His speech was heard by Brahman's son, like nectar to the ear. When he had seen him, making him one with himself, as it were, by an embrace, bathing him as it were with tears of joy, he conducted him into the house. Questioned by the prince he told his adventures.

"At that time, when you were asleep, I was attacked by thieves like Dirgha's soldiers. I was hit by an arrow by a thief inside the trees. I fell to the ground and concealed myself in the vines. When the thieves had gone away, concealing myself in the trees like an *ati*²²⁴ in water, gradually I reached a village. Learning news of you from the village-chief, I came here. By good fortune I saw you, like a peacock seeing a cloud." Then Brahmadatta said: "How long shall we, like eunuchs, stay without manly action?" Just then the festival of spring, which had Makaradhvaja (Kamadeva) attained as sovereign, the intoxicator of young men like wine, took place.

At that time a rutting elephant* of the king broke his post, threw off his chain, and went away, like the younger brother of Death*, all the people being terrified. The elephant seized with his trunk a girl burdened with the weight of hips, with a stumbling gait, after pulling her up like a lotus. With the miserable-eyed girl begging for protection, weeping, the cry "Ha! Ha!", like the first syllable of universal grief, arose."Oh, miserable elephant*! you are an outcaste.

Are you not ashamed, seizing a woman?" So addressed by the prince, he abandoned her and approached him. Jumping up, setting his foot on the stair of his tusk, the prince mounted him easily and seated himself on his withers. Then the prince quickly tamed him by means of voice, foot, and goad,²²⁵ like a yogi^s himself with good yoga.

Hailed by the people, "Well done! Well done! Long live! Long live! "The prince led the elephant, like a cow-elephant, to the post and tied him. Then the king came there and was astonished, when he saw him. To whom do not his appearance and strength cause surprise? "Who is he? Where from? Is he Surya^s or Vasava^s incognito?" At these words of the king, Ratnavati's uncle described him. Then the king, considering him to have merit, held a festival and gave maidens to Brahmadatta, like Daksa (his daughters) to the moon.²²⁶ After he had married them and was staying there comfortably, he was told one day by an old woman, who had come and twitched the border of his garment:

"There is a rich man here, named Vaisravana, like another Vaisravana (Kubera) in wealth. He has a daughter, named Srimati, like Sri from the ocean. She, who was saved from the rogue-elephant like a digit of the moon from Rahu, longs for you alone. She has been depressed from that time. Save her from Smara^s, as you saved her from the elephant. Take her hand as you have taken her heart."

The prince married her with many auspicious^{*} rites of marriage. Furthermore, Varadhanu married Minister Subuddhi's daughter, Nanda. Remaining there, they became very famous in the land because of their power. Then they set out energetically for Varanasi. Hearing that Brahmadatta had come, the Lord of Varanasi went to meet him like a Brahman out of respect and conducted him to his house.

Kataka gave him his daughter, named Katakavati, and a four-part army like the Sri of Victory embodied. Karenudatta, King of Campa, the minister Dhanu, and other kings, Bhagadatta and others, came, when they heard of his arrival. After appointing Varadhanu general, like Arsabhi (Bharata) Susena, Brahman's son set out to lead Dirgha on the long road. A messenger from Dirgha came and said to King Kataka, "It is not fitting to abandon your friendship from childhood with Dirgha."

Then Kataka said: "In the past together with Brahman we were friends like five full brothers. When Brahman died, his son and realm which had been entrusted to him for protection, were claimed by Dirgha. Even a witch does not devour what has been entrusted.

Would even an outcaste do the very great crime which Dirgha did in regard to Brahman's son and goods, without considering it for a long time? So go. Tell Dirgha, 'Brahmadatta approaches. Fight or die.' "With these words he dismissed the messenger.

Then, with unbroken marches Brahman's son went to Kampilya and *besieged* it together with Dirgha, like a cloud covering the sky together with the sun. Dirgha left the city with a full army, the essence of battle, like a snake, pressed by a stick, leaving a hole. At that time Culani, because of extreme disgust with existence, took the vow under the head-*sadhvi*, Purna, and in course of time attained emancipation.

King Dirgha's front-line soldiers were killed by the frontline soldiers of Brahman's son, like the aquatic monsters of a river by the sea-monsters, of the ocean. Dirgha, frowning, like a boar with the tusks raised from anger, ran forward and began to kill the enemy. Brahmadatta's army, infantry, chariots, cavalry, et-cetera, was overthrown by Dirgha, swift as a river's current. Then Brahmadatta, red-eyed from anger, himself roaring, fought with Dirgha roaring, like an elephant* with an elephant. Both, exceedingly strong, destroyed arrows with arrows, like the ocean stirred up at the end of the world destroying waves with waves.

Then Brahmadatta's cakra, with light streaming forth, victorious over the circle of the heavens, knowing the proper, time like a servant, approached. Then Brahman's son quickly took Dirgha's life with it. What struggle is there of the lightning in the killing of a lizard? Saying, "Long live the cakrin," like *bards*, the gods rained flowers on Brahmadatta. Looked on as a father, as a mother, as a deity by the townspeople, he entered the city Kampilya like Sutra-man entering Amaravati. The king had his wives, previously married, brought from all places and installed the woman-jewel, named Kurumati.

Expedition of conquest

One day the cakravartin set out with immeasurable forces, following the cakra, eager for the conquest of Bharataketra. In the past there was holy Vrsabhalanchana, best of kings, and he gave his kingdom to his eldest son, Bharata. Making a division the Master gave countries to his other ninety-nine sons. He himself practiced penance and attained emancipation.

The countries with their names are these: in the east: Pragama, Mastaka, Putra, Angaraka, Malla, Anga, *Malaya*, Bhargava, Prag-jyotisa, Vansa, Magadha, Masavartika; in the south: Banamukta,

Vaidarbha, Vanavasika, Mahisaka, Vanarastra, Tayika, Asmaga, Dandaka, Kalinga, Isika, Purus, Mulaka, Bhogavardhaka, Kuntula; in the west: Durga, Suparika, Arbuda, *Arya*, Kalli, Vanaya, Saksika, Nartasadhika, Maheka, Ruru, Kaccha, Surastra, Narmada, Sarasvata, Tapasa; in the north: Kuru, Jangala, Pancala, Surasena, Pataccara, Kalinga, Kasi, Kausilya, Bhadrakara, Vrka, Arthaka, Vigarta, *Kausala*, Ambasta, Salva, Matsya, Kuniyaka, Mauka, Balhika, Kamboja Madhudesha, Madraka, Atreya, Yavana, Abhira, Vana, Vanasa, Kaikaya, Sindhusauvira, Gandhara, Kamatha, Tosa, Daseraka, Bharadvaja, Camura, Vaprasthala, Tarnakarnaka; these behind the Vindhya: Tripura, Avanti, Cedi, Kiskindha, Naisadha; Dasarna, Kusumarna, Naupala, Antapa, Kausala, Padamavi, Vinihotra, Vaidisa; Videha, Vatsa, Bhadra, *Vajra*, Sindimbha, Saitava, Kutsa, Bhanga these occupying the middle part of Madhyadesa.

Conquering the lord of Magadha, the god-lord of Varadaman, Prabhasa, Krtamala, and others in turn, his commands kissing the heads of the circle of kings, Brahman's son himself conquered these ninety-nine countries. The king made the six-part land a one-part land by rooting up, as it were, boundaries that had grown up under different masters. After crushing his enemies, the king set out for Kampilya, his commands cherished by crowned kings, covering the earth with soldiers and the sky with dust which they stirred up, with the road shown by the cakra like a door-keeper going in advance, lord of the fourteen jewels and the nine treasures, traveling with unbroken marches, the king arrived at the city. King Brahmadata entered the city Kampilya, which had a concert; undertaken from joy, as it were, in the guise of the noise of the drums. Then his *coronation* lasting for twelve years, like that of Bharata, was commenced by kings coming from every direction.

Story of the faithful Brahman

When in the past Brahman's son was wandering alone, there was a Brahman, a companion, sharing pleasures and pains."When you have heard that I have obtained the realm, you must come quickly, reverend sir." Invited in these words, he (the Brahman) came to his neighborhood at that time. Owing to the obstacle of the royal coronation, he did not gain admittance; (but) he began to serve the king, just as a doorkeeper.

At the end of the *coronation*, the king went outside and the Brahman made a banner of worn-out shoes to make himself known. Seeing this banner different from other banners, the king asked the door-keeper, "Who is the bearer of this unusual banner?" He said,

"For twelve years he has done service to Your Majesty." The king summoned him and said, "What is this?" He said: "While I was wandering with you, so many shoes of mine were worn out. You did not make me even that gift, lord." Then he recognized him and laughed. He appointed him to service and saw that he was not barred by the door-keepers.

The king, occupying his audience-hall, summoned him and said, "Reverend sir, what can be given you?" He said, "Give me food." The king said, "That is very little. Ask for a district or something like that." He, who had a greedy tongue, said: "Even in the case of royalty, food is compensation. So, have food given me everywhere in Bharataksetra and a dinar for a fee, beginning with your house." The king thought, "Certainly so much is his due," and gave him food in his house and a dinar cash. At the king's command the Brahman began to eat in Bharata; and he thought, "Since I have eaten everywhere, I shall eat in the palace." But the Brahman did not obtain royal food even after a long time. Passing time uselessly, he died at some time or other.

Reunion with Citra's soul

One day at a musical play a slave-girl delivered to him a bouquet of various flowers, like one arranged by Apsarases. When Brahmadata saw it, thinking, "Such as this I have seen somewhere before," he employed inner uha and apoha again and again. From the rising, of the memory of five former births just at that time he swooned, and realized, "I saw such a one in Saudharma." Sprinkled with sandal-water, he recovered, and he thought, "How will my brother in a former birth be found?"

Wishing to know him, he gave a samasya²²⁷ of a half-sloka: "We two were slaves, deer, hansas, candalas, and gods likewise." He had proclaimed in the city: "I shall give half the kingdom to the one who completes my samasya of half a sloka." Everyone, reciting the half-sloka which he had learned by heart like his own name, made a second half. But no one completed it.

At that time Citra's soul, the son of a rich man, who had become a *mendicant* from memory of his former births, came from Purimatala, as he was wandering alone. Then in the garden Manorama where he occupied a bare spot of ground free from life, he heard the half-sloka from a water-drawer who was reciting it. "This is the sixth birth of us (now) separated from each other." After supplying the second half of the sloka, he taught it to him (the water-drawer). The water-drawer recited the second-half of the sloka

to the king and questioned by him, "Who is the poet?" said it was the *muni*. Giving him a gratuity, he went eagerly to the garden to see the muni like a tree of *dharma** that had sprung up.

After paying homage to the muni, his eyes full of tears, the king sat down near him, feeling affection from former births. After the muni, an ocean with water of *compassion*, had pronounced a blessing, he began a sermon as a favor to the king.

"Your Majesty, in this worthless worldly existence, there is nothing else of value. Dharma alone is of value, like a lotus in mud. The body, youth, wealth, lordship, friends, relatives all those are as wavering as the border of a banner lifted by the wind. Just as you conquered external enemies to gain the earth, so conquer internal enemies* to gain emancipation. Take the duties of sadhus; abandon everything else, after separating them. For a rajahansa takes milk after separating it from water."

Brahmadatta then said: "By good fortune you have been seen, brother. This *sovereignty* is yours alone. Enjoy pleasures as you like. For pleasures are the fruit of penance. Why do you practice penance? Who would struggle, when his purpose has been self-accomplished?"

The muni said: "My wealth was like Dhanada's. I abandoned it like straw from fear* of wandering in births. You, your merit exhausted, have come to this earth from Saudharma. Your merit being exhausted, do not go from here to a low state of existence, king. After obtaining a human birth in an Aryan country in a highest family, which confers emancipation, you gain pleasures by that, like cleansing the feet with nectar. Recalling how we wandered in low categories after falling from heaven, our merit exhausted, why are you confused, king, like a child?"

Even so enlightened by him, the king did not become enlightened. How is there any growth of the seed of enlightenment on the part of those who have made a *nidana**? After enlightening him who was most unenlightened, the muni went elsewhere. How long do reciters of spells remain after a bite by a serpent commanded by Death*? The muni attained brilliant *omniscience* by destruction of destructive karmas; after destroying the karmas prolonging existence, he attained the highest step (emancipation).

Story of the Naga and Nagini

Brahmadatta continued to be served by kings, passing years with the *splendor* of a cakrin, like Sakra^s on earth. One day a horse with marks like one of the seven horses of the Sun was sent by the

lord of the Yavanas as a present. Brahmadata quickly mounted him to test whether or not his speed was equal to his matchless form. The elephant* of kings, accompanied by horsemen, elephant-riders, charioteers, and infantry, left the city, bestriding the horse. The cakrin, whose courage was great, pressing both sides of the horse with his thighs, eager to see his speed, struck him with a whip. Like a boat driven by a wind behind it, urged by the whip, the horse went with excessive speed and became invisible in a moment. Although the king pulled him to turn around, the horse did not stop, but went unchecked into the forest, like the mind of a man without restraint. In the forest terrifying from cruel wild animals the horse stopped of its own accord from weariness, like a flying bird (resting) on a lake. The cakrin, who was suffering from thirst, wandered here and there, looking for water; and he saw a pool with a garland of dancing waves. The king unsaddled the horse and watered him, led him to the bank, and tied him to a tree-root with the bridle.

Then Brahmadata himself bathed like a forest-elephant and drank the water fragrant with the perfume of lotuses as he liked. After the *cakrabhart* had come out of the pool, as he was walking on the bank, he saw a Naga-maiden with a wealth of matchless beauty and grace. While he stood astonished by her beauty, a serpent, a boa constrictor, came out of the banyan tree, like its living foot. The Naga-maiden instantly assumed the form of a female serpent and agreed to union with the boa constrictor.

The king thought: "Alas! This woman is extremely in love with that low serpent. Water and women seek the low. This mixing of castes cannot possibly be disregarded by me, since everyone on earth must be set on the right road by the king."

With this reflection, the king separated them, struck both with a whip and, his anger allayed, released them. They went away somewhere. The king reflected again: "Surely, a Vyantara, assuming the form of a boa constrictor, dwells (here) to dally with that Naga-maiden." As the king was so reflecting, by following the horse's track he came to the entire army which was delighted at the sight of the king. Attended by the army the cakrin went to his own city.

The Naga-maiden went and tearfully told her husband such a story: "Brahmadatta, sovereign of the world of mortals, is lustful. Roaming about, he came just now to the forest, Bhutaramana. I, going in attendance on a Yaksini, surrounded by women-friends, was seen by him as I emerged from a lotus-pond after a bath. Wounded by Love at sight of me, wishing to dally, he asked me; and beat me, unwilling and weeping, with a whip. Though I told your

name, he, intoxicated with power, beat me for a long time and left me for dead.”

After hearing that, the Naga-prince, angered, approached Brahman’s son to kill him, entering his house at night. Just then the chief-queen said to Brahmadata, “Lord, what did you see when you were carried away by the horse?” The king related the wicked story of the female serpent and the boa constrictor, the punishment administered by himself, and the checking of their evil conduct. The Naga, concealed, heard all that and his anger was allayed instantly, as he had learned by himself his wife’s fault.

At that time the king left the house for care of the body and saw the Naga by whose *splendor* the sky was lighted up. The Naga said: “Long live King Brahmadata, who is the chastiser on earth of the evilly-behaved. The Naga-maiden whom you beat is my wife. You were described to me by her, ‘Lustful for me, he beat me,’ though you are a chastiser. Because of her story, king, I came here, eager to burn you. Just now I heard secretly her bad behavior from your mouth. She, a *harlot*, was properly punished by you devoted to the law. Pardon that I thought of something evil against you because of her story.”

The king said, “There is no fault on your part. Truly, women conceal their own fault by deceit, blaming someone else.” The Naga said: “It is the truth that women are deceitful. I am delighted by your conduct. Tell me, what can I do for you, sir?”

The king replied: “May there be nowhere in my kingdom any adultery, theft, nor violent death* at all.” The Naga said: “Let it be so. Again I am delighted with that request of yours beneficial to others. Now ask something for yourself.” After considering, the king asked: “King of Nagas, make it so that I can understand properly the speech of all creatures.” The Naga said: “This is hard to give, but it is given by me to you. But if you tell anyone else, your head will split into seven pieces.” With these words, the king of Nagas went away.

One day the king went to the toilet-house with his wife. A female lizard said to a lizard, “My dear, bring me the king’s ointment which will satisfy my pregnancy-whim.” The lizard said, “Am I of no use to you by myself?” The king understood their speech and laughed. The queen asked the king, “Why did you laugh suddenly?” The king, afraid of death if he told that, said, “For no reason.” She said: “Certainly you must tell me the reason for laughing. Otherwise, I shall die. Why must it be concealed from me?” The king said: “If it is not told, you may or may not die. But if it is told, I

shall die at once undoubtedly." Not believing that, she said again, "Tell me. We shall both die. May our condition of existence be the same."

The king, who had fallen into women's *persistence*, had a pyre made in a cemetery. He went near the pyre and said, "I, ready to die, am going to tell that." Then after bathing, the king mounted on an elephant and went with her to the pyre, watched by the tearful townspeople. In order to enlighten the cakrin, one of the family deities created a figure of a goat and a pregnant *doe*. Thinking, "The king understands all languages," the pregnant doe said to the goat in pure goat-language: "My dear, bring me here a bundle of barley from that pile of barley. When I have eaten it, my pregnancy-whim will be satisfied."

The goat said: "This barley of Cakrin Brahmadatta is guarded for the horses. There would be death* to me in taking it." The doe said, "I shall die, if you do not bring the barley."

The goat replied, "If you are dead, I shall have another wife."

She said again, "Look! The cakrin gives up life to please his wife. He is the *quintessence* of affection, but you have no affection for me, alas! "

The goat said: "The husband of many women is ready to die at the speech of one woman. That is folly. I am not a fool like him. If the queen dies with him, there will be no union in the next birth. People's states of existence have different paths, depending on their karma."

After he heard their talk, the cakrin reflected: "The goat spoke well. Why should I, bewildered by a mere woman, die? "The king, delighted, put a gold necklace and a garland of flowers on the goat's neck and went home. He restrained the queen, saying, "I shall not die on your advice." And he directed the realm again, with a cakravartin's *splendor* unbroken. Thus sporting in many ways, Brahmadatta passed seven hundred, less sixteen, years from birth.

Brahmadatta's blinding

One day a Brahman, an old acquaintance, said to him, "Cakravartin, give me the (same) food* that you eat yourself."

Brahmadatta said: "Brahman, my food* is very hard to digest; but when it is digested for a long time, it leads to a great frenzy."

Then Brahman said, "You are very stingy in giving food. Shame on you!" and the king fed him and his household with his own food. During the night a tree of insane love with a hundred branches appeared violently in the Brahman from his *porridge* like a

seed. The Brahman and his sons, like cattle, committed sins in love with mother, sister, and daughter-in-law unrecognized. Then at the end of the night the Brahman and his household were not able to show their faces to each; other from shame. Thinking angrily, "I and my household have been *derided* by the king with cruel food," the Brahman went outside the city.

As he was wandering outside, he saw in the distance a goatherd perforating the leaves of a fig tree with pieces off gravel. Reflecting, "He is capable of effectuating my hostility," after gaining him over with honor as well as money, he to him: "By throwing little balls (of rock) you must put the eyes of the one who goes on the highway, mounted or an elephant*, with a white umbrella and *chauris*." The goatherd agreed to the Brahman's command. Cattleherds act without reflecting, like cattle.

Taking his place inside a hut, throwing two little balls at the same time, he knocked out the king's eyes. The command of Fate is not to be transgressed. The goatherd was caught by his bodyguards, like a crow by a hawk, and when he was beaten, confessed that the Brahman alone was the cause of his crime.

After hearing that, the king said: "Shame, shame on the tribe of Brahmans! Wherever they eat, they, wicked, break the dish. Better a gift to a dog than to him who becomes master of the giver. Certainly it is not fitting to give to ungrateful Brahmans. Whoever created deceivers, cruel men, wild animals, meat-eaters, and Brahmans, he must be blamed first of all."

Saying this, the king, very angry, had the Brahman killed, together with his sons, brothers, friends, like a handful of flies. Blind in both eyes, a promise having been made in his heart in anger, he had all Brahmans, family priests, et-cetera, killed. He instructed the minister; "Fill a big dish with eyes of Brahmans and set it before me." Knowing the king's cruel state of mind, the minister filled a dish with fruit of the sebesten and put it before him. Brahmadata was delighted, touching them frequently with his hand, saying, "The dish is well filled with eyes of Brahmans,"

Just as Brahmadata had no pleasure in the touch of the woman-jewel, Puspavati,²²⁸ so he did have pleasure in the touch of the dish. At no time did he have the dish taken away from in front of him, like a drunk man a cup of wine, the cause of a low state of existence. He crushed the sebestens with the idea they were Brahmans eyes, as if *gratifying* the pregnancy whim of the tree of evil ready for fruit. His cruel state of mind grew worse, as it was unhindered. Everything pertaining to the great, favorable or unfavorable, is great.

Death of Brahmadatta

So sixteen years passed, while the king was practicing cruel meditation* a boar in the mud of evil. Twenty-eight years passed while Brahmadatta was prince; fifty-six while he was governor of a district; sixteen years in the conquest of Bharataksetra, six hundred in guarding the rank of cakravartin. Seven hundred years having passed from the day of his birth, saying frequently "Kurumati," he went to the seventh hell which accorded with the fruit of developments connected with injuries (committed by him).



Parsvanatha Charitra

1. Previous Birth of Parsvanatha

Homage to Sri Parsvanatha, Protector, Supreme Spirit, tree for the support of the creeper of all the auspicious* occasions (kalyana). Now the very purifying life of Parsvanatha is celebrated for the benefit of the whole world and for my own benefit.

Incarnation as Marubhuti

In this zone, named Bharata, of this same Jambudvipa, there is a city Potanapura like a new piece of heaven. The ornament of the earth, a habitation for meetings with Sri, it is frequented by kings, like the lotus-bed of a river by hansas. Rich men there shone like younger brothers of Srida because of their wealth and like full brothers of a wishing-tree because of their great generosity. It was magnificent beyond the sphere of words from its resemblance to Amaravati; or rather, Amaravati was magnificent because of a resemblance to it. Its king was named Aravinda, bee to the lotus-feet of the Arhat, the *abode* of Sri, like the ocean. Just as he was unique among the powerful, so he was among the *discerning*. Just as he was chief of the wealthy, so he was of the glorious. Just as he divided money among the poor, protectorless, and unfortunate people, so he divided day and night among the aims of existence. Corresponding to the king, there was a Brahman, a family-priest, an advanced layman, who knew the Principles *soul*, non-soul, et-cetera, named Visvabhuti. He had two sons, Kamatha and Marubhuti, older and younger, borne by Anuddhara. Varuna was the name of Kamatha's wife and Vasundhara of Marubhuti's, endowed with beaugrace.

Both (the sons) had learned the arts and both were competent in the acquisition of property, affectionate towards each other, a source of joy to their parents. Recalling the formula of homage to the Panca-paramesthins*, engaged in concentrated meditation*, Visvabhuti died and became a chief god in Saudharma. His wife, Anuddhara, worn out by fever because of separation from him, her body dried up by sorrow and penance, died, engaged in the formula of homage.

The brothers performed the funeral rites of their parents and in course of time, enlightened by Rsi^s Hariscandra, became free from sorrow. Kamatha remained there, always occupied with domestic affairs. When the father has died, generally the elder son is the head of the house. Marubhuti, always knowing the worthlessness of worldly existence, became averse to sense-objects, like an *ascetic* to food.* Devoted to precepts of undertaking study and fasting, engaged in concentrated meditation, he passed days and nights in the fasting-house. Having *desisted* from everything objectionable, Marubhuti's idea was always, "I shall wander near a guru."

Intoxicated by the wine of negligence, always confused by wrong-belief, Kamatha on the other hand became devoted to other men's wives and gambling without restraint. Vasundhara, Marubhuti's wife, with fresh youth became the causer of *delusion* to people, like a living poisonous creeper. But she was never touched at all by Marubhuti, an ascetic by nature, even in sleep, like a desert creeper by water. Then she, desirous of sense-objects and not having any union with her husband, considers her youth like a jasmine^B in a forest. Kamatha, who was naturally lustful, undiscerning. after seeing his sister-in-law again and again, addressed her affectionately.

One day Kamatha, seeing her alone, said: "Why do you waste away daily like a digit of the black half of the moon, fair-browed lady? Even if you do not tell it from shame, nevertheless I know your trouble. I think my younger brother, foolish, behaving like a eunuch, is the cause of that." After hearing that improper speech of his, trembling, she began to flee, her hair and upper garment disheveled. Kamatha ran after her, held her by the hand, and said: "Foolish girl, why this fear* of yours at the wrong time? Bind up your loose hair and put on your garment which has fallen off." these words he did it himself, though she was unwilling.

She said: "Elder brother, what is this? You are to be honored like Visvabhuti. This is not right for you or for leading to disgrace of both families."

Kamatha smiled and said: "Do not say this from simplicity. Do not make your own youth, *deprived* of pleasures in vain. Enjoy

pleasure of the senses with me, fair-eyed lady Enough of this eunuch Marubhuti now, since the law (*smṛti*) is, 'If the husband has disappeared, dies, become an *ascetic*, is impotent, or outcaste in these five calamities, of women another husband is prescribed.'"

So advised by him she, very desirous of pleasure in the beginning, seated on his lap first, abandoned shame together with propriety. Then Kamatha, wounded by love, dallied with her. In this way there were constantly secret opportunities always concealed, for them.

Finding this out, Varuna, bereft of *compassion*, red-eyed, jealous, told Marubhuti everything. Marubhuti said to her: "Lady, this ignoble conduct does not exist in the elder brother, like heat in the moon." Though restrained by him in this way, she told that day after day. He reflected, "Who can be certain from confidence in someone else?" Being averse to sexual pleasure, in order to be a witness himself, he went to Kamatha and said, "I am going to the village now." After saying this, Marubhuti went away, but returned at night in the guise of an exhausted beggar by changing his dress and speech.

He said to Kamatha, "Sir, give me, a traveler from afar, shelter in your house," and he gave it unhesitatingly. He stayed in the window shown him, pretending to go to sleep, wishing to see the evil conduct of the two blinded by love. Vasundhara and Kamatha, evil-minded, dallied for a long time, unafraid from the thought, "Marubhuti has gone to the village." Marubhuti, staying where he was, saw what should not be seen, but did not do anything hostile, fearing people's censure. He went and told everything to King Aravinda. Intolerant of evil conduct, he gave instructions to his guards:

"Kamatha, committing a crime, must not be killed because he is the son of the house priest. After seating him on a donkey with *mockery*, he is to be banished."

After seating him on a donkey, they expelled Kamatha, his body spotted with mineral-mixtures, accompanied by drums sounding forth harshly. Watched by the townspeople, his head bent, unable to *retaliate*, Kamatha went to the forest, with a *desire* for emancipation. Then he became an ascetic under the ascetic Siva^s and Kamatha began fool's penance in the forest.²²⁹

Marubhuti suffered *remorse*: "Shame on what I did, that I told the king about my brother's stumbling conduct. This stumbling of mine was greater than his stumbling. I shall go now and ask forgiveness of my elder brother." With these thoughts, he asked the king

and, though restrained by him, went to Kamatha and fell at his feet. Recalling the former disgrace at that time, Kamatha angrily raised a big stone and threw it at his head, as he was bowing. Taking it up even again, Kamatha threw the rock on him injured by the blow, as well as (throwing) himself completely into hell.

Second incarnation as elephant

Dying from the injuries from the blows, in a state of painful meditation*, he was born an elephant*, the leader of a herd on the Vindhya mountains, tall as Vindhya. Varuna, blind with anger, died and became a cow-elephant, wife of the same lord of the herd. Happy from unbroken pleasure, the lord of the herd plays with her especially on mountains, in rivers, et-cetera as he liked.

And now Arvinda, Lord of Potana, was amusing himself with the women of his household on top of the palace in autumn. While he was amusing himself, he saw a newly-risen cloud, filled with a rainbow and lightning, spreading over the sky in a moment. While the king was saying, "Look at its beauty!" the cloud, struck by a strong wind, dispersed like a bunch of cotton. After seeing that, the king reflected: "Other things in *samsara* are like this. The body, et-cetera are gone as soon as seen. What confidence in that (*samsara*) is there on the part of a *discerning* man?"

As the king was reflecting assuredly to this effect, his *knowledge-obscuring* and *conduct-deluding* karma reached destruction and *quiescence*. With clairvoyance produced at once, the king installed his son Mahendra in his place and took the vow at the feet of *Acharya* Samantabhadra. With his guru's permission, engaged in solitary wandering and fasts, *Muni* Aravinda wandered, as if to cut the road of births. As he wandered, indifferent to the body, there was no stopping at all in a solitary place, dwelling, village, or city.

One day, his body *emaciated* by penance, having made numerous special vows, he went to Astapada with the caravan of the trader, Sagaradatta. Sagaradatta asked the muni, "Where are you going?" He replied, "We are going to Mt. Astapada to pay homage to the gods." Again the trader asked: "What gods are on that mountain? By whom were they made? How many are they? What fruit is there for you in their worship?"

Knowing that he had attained suitability for emancipation, Rsi^s Aravinda said to him, "No others, except the *Arhats*, are worthy to become gods, sir." "Who are the Arhats?" "They who are free from passion, omniscient, worshipped by Sakra^s, saviors of the whole universe by teaching of *dharma*.* Cakrin Bharata, Rsabha's son, had

the statues of the twenty-four Arhats, Rsabha and the others, made of jewels there (Astapada). The chief fruit of homage to them is emancipation, but other incidental fruit is attainment of the rank of king, Indra, Ahamindra, et-cetera and such things. How can others, themselves engaged in injurious acts, facing a bad state of existence, causing *delusion* in everyone, become gods, sir?"

Enlightened by him with this and other speeches, the caravan-leader abandoned wrong belief quickly and in his presence undertook to be a layman. Rsi Aravinda told him religious stories daily; and gradually he reached the forest inhabited by Marubhuti. At meal-time the caravan-leader with the caravan camped on the bank of a pool there, an Ocean of Milk of water. Some went for wood; some for water; some for grass; some remained in the caravan, engaged in cooking food*, et-cetera.

At that time the elephant* Marubhuti, surrounded by female elephants, came there and drank water from the pool, like a cloud from the ocean. After making for a long time the (sport of) tossing up his trunk filled with water with the *cow*-elephants, he left (the pool) and climbed up the edge. Looking around in all directions, he saw the caravan encamped there and he ran forward, his face and eyes red from anger, like Krtanta. His trunk made into a circle, both ears motionless, the heavens filled with his trumpeting, he scattered the members of the caravan. Men, women, draft-animals, elephants, et-cetera fled in all directions to save their lives. Everyone wishes to live.

Knowing by clairvoyance that the time for the elephant's enlightenment was near, the Blessed Aravinda held the *kayotsarga**-posture, motionless. After running from a distance from anger, seeing him, he went near, his anger appeased from the power of the Sri of his (Aravinda's) penance. At once, his body motionless from the *desire* for emancipation and *compassion* that had arisen, he stood before the *muni*, like a new disciple. The muni finished his *kayotsarga** for his benefit and began to enlighten him in a voice deep from *tranquility*.

"Sir! Sir! Do you not remember your own birth as Marubhuti? Do you not recognize me, King Aravinda? Have you forgotten the *dharma* of the *Arhats* accepted in that birth? Remember everything. Dismiss *delusion* which results in (birth in) the category of wild animals."

Immediately he attained recollection of the birth through the *muni*'s speech, and the elephant* bowed to the muni with his head. Again the muni said:

“In this existence which resembles a play, a creature, like an actor, assumes a different form from moment to moment. So, on the one hand, you were then a Brahman, intelligent, knowing the Principles, a layman; on the other hand, now you are an elephant, your *soul* confused by nature of your category (as an animal). Accept again layman-dharma* of your former birth.”

He agreed to the muni's speech with gestures of his trunk, et-cetera. Varuna, who had become a *cow*-elephant and had stayed just there, attained the remembrance of (former) births at that very time, like the noble elephant. For the sake of firmness (in faith) the rsi^s explained again householders dharma to him. After becoming a layman and bowing to the muni, the elephant went away. Amazed by the elephant's enlightenment, many people there became mendicants and many became laymen at that time. Then Sagaradatta, too, became a distinguished layman, his heart firm in the Jinas dharma, not be shaken even by the gods. Having gone to Mt. Astapada, the great muni Aravinda paid homage to all the Arhats and went elsewhere in his wandering.

The elephant-layman, having become a *yati*^s in spirit, roamed, devoted to care in walking, et-cetera, practicing penance the two-day fast, et-cetera. Drinker of water heated by the sun, breaking a fast with dried leaves, et-cetera, the elephant remained averse to play with *cow*-elephants, his mind disgusted with existence. He reflected:

“They are fortunate, who take the vow as humans. The vow is the fruit of being human, like the gift of money in a dish. Alas! Being human then was wasted by me, like; money by a rich man, as I did not take initiation. Now, what can I, an animal, do?”

Thus meditating, his mind firm in his guru's teaching, he continued passing the time, comfortable in pleasant and unpleasant circumstances.

Kamatha's second incarnation

Now, Kamatha, unappeased by the murder of Marubhuti, not being made to speak by the guru, blamed by the other ascetics, died, engaged in especially painful meditation*; he became a kukkuta-serpent²³⁰ and roamed, destroying creatures like a winged *Yama*. One day as he roamed he saw the Marubhuti elephant* drinking pure water heated by the sun's rays in a pool. He happened to be mired in mud at that time and was unable to get out because of his emaciation from penance and he was bitten on the boss by the kukkuta-serpent. Knowing his own death* (at hand) from the stream of the poison, the

elephant rejected the four kinds of food*, engaged in concentrated meditation.*

Marubhuti's third incarnation

Recalling the homage to the Five, engaged in pious meditation, he died and became a god in Sahasrara with a life-term of seventeen sagaras.

Varuna's third incarnation

The cow-elephant Varuna practiced very severe penance, so that she became a goddess in the second heaven, after death.* There was no god in Isana whose heart was not won by her wealth of fascinating beauty and grace. But she did not pay any attention to any god at all, absorbed in thought of meeting the god with the soul of the elephant. The god with the *soul* of the elephant had great affection for her and, knowing by clairvoyance that she was in love, had her brought to Sahasrara.

The god made the goddess the crest-jewel of his *harem*. For affection connected with former births in very strong, Enjoying sensuous pleasure, suitable to the heaven Sahasrara, with her, he passed the time, foreseeing no separation.

Kamatha's third incarnation

In course of time the kukkuta-serpent died and became a hell-inhabitant in the fifth hell, with a life-term of seventeen! sagaras. Kamatha's soul always experienced pains suitable! for the fifth hell and never attained any rest at all.

Marubhuti's fourth incarnation as Kiranavega

Now, in the East Videhas in the province Sukaccha on Mt. Vaitadhyha there is a city, named Tilaka, rich in money. In it there was a Khecara-lord, Vidyudgati by name, by whom all the Khecaras had been made to bow, like another Indra. His chief-queen was Kanakatilaka, who took the part of a tilaka of the harem from her wealth of beauty. Sometime passed as King Vidyudgati enjoyed sensuous pleasure with her.

And now the elephant* *soul* fell from the eighth heaven and descended into Queen Kanakatilaka's womb. In the course of time she bore a son who had all the favorable marks of a man. He was named Kiranavega by his father. Cherished by nurses, he grew up gradually. He became the depository of arts and sciences and gradually attained youth. After requesting him, Vidyudgati had him

take his kingdom and he himself took initiation under the guru Srutasagara.

Not greedy, he guarded his ancestral royal wealth and, not intent upon it, he enjoyed sensuous pleasure, intelligent. He had a son, Kiranatejas, the sole *abode* of *splendor*, borne by Padmavati. In course of time he became of military age with the sciences learned, noble, like a second form of Kiranavega. A *muni*, Suraguru, came there and made a stop. Kiranavega went there and bowed to him with great *devotion*. Then the *sadhu* delivered a sermon for the benefit of Kiranavega seated at his feet.

Sermon

“A human birth, which is capable of obtaining the fourth object of existence (emancipation), is very hard to win in this forest of births. A foolish man with an undiscerning soul, even when he has won it, wastes it in service to sense-objects, like a low person a fine jewel for a little money. Sense-objects, served for a long time, lead only to a fall into hell. Therefore, the *dharma** taught by the Omniscient, which has emancipation as its fruit, must be served.”

After hearing this sermon which was like nectar to the ears, disgusted with existence, he placed his son, Kiranatejas, on the throne. He himself became a *mendicant* at the side of Suraguru and, after finishing his studies, became in course of time like an embodied chapter of traditional learning. With permission of his guru, he engaged in wandering alone. One day he went through the air to Puskaradvipa. After bowing to the eternal *Arhats* there he stood in pratima in a spot on Mt. Hema near Vaitadhya. The muni continued passing the time, practicing severe penance, enduring trials, sunk in *tranquility*.

Kamatha's fourth incarnation

The soul of the kukkuta-serpent, having risen from hell, was born as a great serpent in a thicket of Mt. Hema. He wandered day and night in this forest for food*, destroying many creatures, like a long arm of Kala (Death*).

One day in his roaming the serpent saw Rsi^s Kiranavega standing in a bower, his mind fixed on meditation*, motionless as a pillar. Because of his hostility from a former birth, the serpent, red-eyed from anger, at once surrounded the *sadhu*, like a sandal tree, with coils. The serpent, pouring poison into his fangs, bit the *muni* in many places with fangs terrible with poison. The muni thought: “Surely this serpent is conferring great benefits on me for the

destruction of karma; he is not causing injuries in the, least. Even if I lived for a long time, the destruction of karma must be made by me. Now it has been made by him. My purpose is accomplished in any case.”

Meditating in this way, he made confession, begged forgiveness from all the world, recalling the homage to the Five, engaged in pious meditation*, and observed a fast.

Fifth incarnation

After death* he became a chief-god in the palace Jambudrumavarta in the twelfth heaven, with a life of twenty-two sagaras. Always sunk in pleasure there, brilliant with many kinds of magnificence, attended by gods, he passed the time.

Fifth incarnation of Kamatha

The serpent, roaming on Mt. Hema's slope, was burned by a forest-fire and was born in the hell Dhumaprabha, with a life-term of seventeen sagaras. With a body of one hundred and twenty-five bows, he experienced there the sharp pains of hell, *deprived* of an atom of comfort.

Sixth incarnation as Vajranabha

Now in this Jambudvipa in the province Sugandha, the ornament of West Videha, there is a fine city, Subhankara by name. The king there, named Vajravirya, whose strength was irresistible, was like Indra in person, pious, the chief of the rulers of the earth. He had a chief-queen, Laksmivati by name, like another Laksmi in form, who had attained the ornamentship of the earth.

Kiranavega's *soul* fell from Acyuta when its life-term had been completed, and descended into Laksmivati's womb, like a *hansa* into a pool. At the right time she bore a son possessing a pure form, an ornament of the earth, named Vajranabha. Moon to the night-blooming lotus of the world, cherished by nurses, he gradually grew up, with joy to his parents. In course of time he attained youth, expert in weapons* and sciences; and he was installed on the throne by his father himself on a pure day. Vajravirya took the vow with his wife; but Vajranabha guarded properly the kingdom given by him.

In time there was a son, like another form of Vajranabha, named Cakrayudha, like Cakrayudha (Visnu^s) in strength. Cakrayudha the bee to the lotus-hands of nurses grew along with the *desire* for mendicancy on the part of his father who was terrified of worldly existence. Complete with the arts like the moon with digits,

the prince attained youth and his father begged him: "Take the kingdom. But I, depressed by existence, the burden being taken now by you, shall undertake mendicancy, the only means of emancipation."

Cakrayudha said: "Because of what fault committed from thoughtlessness and irresponsibility is there such disfavor to me? Pardon that, lord. Guard the kingdom as well as myself for a long time. Do not abandon me, father, after guarding me for so long."

Vajranabha said: "There is no fault on your part, faultless one. But sons, like horses, are guarded for lifting a burden. Do you, having been born and having reached military age, fulfill my wish in the sphere of mendicancy now. For it has been known even from your birth. If I, even though you were born, weighed down by the burden, fall into the ocean of existence, then who will strive for good sons?" Saying this, the king installed him on the throne, though he was unwilling, by his own command. For the command of the elder is very powerful for the well-born.

Then the Blessed Jina, Ksemankara, came and stopped in a garden outside the city. After hearing that, Vajranabha thought: "The coming of the Arhat because of (my) merit is favorable to my wish." He, wishing to become a *mendicant*, went with great magnificence at once and paid homage to the Jina, and listened to a sermon he delivered. At the end of the sermon, his hands folded in *obeisance*, he said to the Blessed One:

"Master, favor me by giving me the long-desired vow. Though I have acquired another good *sadhu* as guru because of merit, I have especial merit since you have come here as guru. I, wishing initiation, have installed my son on the throne now. I am ready for your favor characterized by giving mendicancy."

The master himself at once initiated him saying this. He studied a section of the scriptures and practiced severe penance. Wandering alone by his guru's permission, observing the pratima-posture, his body *emaciated* by penance, the great sage wandered in cities, etcetera. By unbroken principal vows and firm lesser vows, the *muni* acquired in course of time the magic art of going-through-the-air, as if he had wings. One day flying up, the *yati*^s went to the province Sukaccha, like another sun in the sky from his excessive brilliance from penance.

Sixth incarnation of Kamatha

The serpent, after wandering through births after hell, was born in that very place in a great forest on Mt. Jvalana as a Bhilla, named

Kurangaka. When he had grown up, he roamed daily in the forest with a strung bow, killing creatures for a livelihood. In his wandering Vajranabha reached that same forest inhabited by wild animals like soldiers of Antaka (Death*). Unterrified by the cruel animals, female yaks, et-cetera, the great sage went to Mt. Jvalana. Just then the sun set. From the habit of staying wherever he was when the sun set, he stayed in a cave of Mt. Jvalana in *kayotsarga**, like a new peak of the mountain. Darkness spread over the directions, like a flock of flesh-eaters that had arisen. Owls with their hoots sounded like sporting birds of Death. Wolves howled aloud like singers belonging to Raksases; tigers wandered, striking the ground with their tails like a drum with drum-sticks. Witches in various forms, female demons, female Vyantarās, by whom cries of “Kila! kila!” were made, met at that time by agreement. The Blessed One, motionless, remained at that same time and in that same place very terrifying by nature, fearless as if he were in a garden. As he was practicing meditation*, the night passed and the light of the sun appeared, like the light of his penance. Then the *muni* set out to wander over the earth whose creatures had gone from the touch of the sun’s rays, his gaze fixed at the distance of six feet. Just then the hunter Kurangaka came forth, cruel as a tiger, wearing a tiger-skin, carrying a bow and quiver. Then he saw muni Vajranabha approaching and he became exceedingly angry, thinking, “This *ascetic* is a bad *omen*.” Angry because of the hostility of previous births, his bow drawn at a distance, Kurangaka struck down the great sage like a deer. Reciting, “Homage to the *Arhats*,” he sat down, after brushing off the surface of the ground, free from painful meditation, though he was wounded by the blow. After confessing fully to the Siddhas, he undertook a fast, asked pardon of everyone, being especially free from attachment.

Seventh incarnation

Engaged in pious meditation he died and became a god of the highest magnificence, named Lalitanga, in the middle Graiveyaka.

Seventh incarnation of Kamatha

After seeing him dead from one blow, feeling pride, Kurangaka rejoiced at the thought, “I am a great bowman.” After living from hunting from birth, Kurangaka died and was born in the *abode* Raurava in the seventh hell.

Eighth incarnation as Suvamabahu

Now, in this Jambudvipa in the East Videhas there is a broad city, Puranapura, resembling a city of the gods.

Kulisabahu, resembling Indra (Kulisabhrt), was king there, his command borne like a *wreath* by hundreds of kings. His chief-queen was Sudarsana^s, fair in form, the recipient of extreme affection. He experienced pleasures of the senses, sporting with her like the earth embodied, without doing injury to the other objects of existence.

His life completed, in course of time the god Vajranabha fell from Graiveyaka and descended into her womb. At dawn, lying on her couch, Queen Sudarsana saw the fourteen great dreams indicating the birth of a *cakrabhrt*. Delighted by the dreams as explained by her husband, she passed the time. At the right time she bore a son, like the east bearing the sun.

After holding the birth-festival, the king gave him the name, Suvamabahu, with a great festival again. Being passed from lap to lap by nurses and kings, he crossed childhood slowly, like a traveler a river. He learned all the arts easily from the impression on his mind from previous births and he reached fresh youth, the abode of Love. Suvamabahu was without a counterpart in the world in beauty, *invincible* in courage, and gentle with a wealth of good-breeding. The king, depressed by existence, knew that his son was competent and, after importuning him, installed him on the throne, but became a *mendicant* himself. With his command unbroken on earth he (Suvamabahu), like Indra in Saudharma, continued to enjoy pleasures, immersed in the nectar of happiness.

One day he went out for sport, attended by thousands of kings, mounted on a new horse that was like an eighth horse of the Sun's horses.²³¹ Wishing to test the horse's speed, the king struck him with a whip and he ran away very fast like a deer, a mount of Marut.²³² The more the king pulled on the bridle, the faster he ran because of inverted training. Like Garuda on foot, like the wind embodied, the horse outdistanced the soldiers in a moment. Whether touching the earth or going through the air, the horse could not be seen because of his speed. It was conjectured, "The king has gone with him, certainly, mounted on him."

In a moment the king reached a forest very far away, full of various trees, crowded with all kinds of animals. The king saw a pool spotless as his own heart and the horse, thirsty, panting hard, stopped at the sight of it. Then the king took off the saddle, bathed and watered the horse; and the king himself bathed and drank. Then

after coming out (of the pool) and resting a moment on its bank, the king started out and saw ahead a charming ascetics grove. The king was delighted, seeing it with trees whose water-basins were being filled by young ascetics holding young deer on their hips.

As the king was entering it, his right eye twitched, indicating new happiness to him expert in proper procedure. As he went forward, delighted, the king saw on the right a girl-*ascetic* with a girl-friend sprinkling the trees with *pitchers* of water. He thought, "Indeed, there is no such beauty of the Apsarases nor of the Naga women, nor of mortal women. She is superior to the three worlds." While the king, hidden in the trees, was considering her, she entered a bower of madhavi²³³ with her friend. After loosening the firmly-fastened bark-garment, the maiden began to sprinkle the bakula^B, her mouth giving joy to the bakula.²³⁴ Again the king reflected: "On the one hand, the beauty of her, lotus-eyed; on the other hand, this work suitable for an ordinary woman. She is not an ascetic-maiden, since my mind is attached to her. Surely she is some princess who has come here from some place."

Just then a bee flew into her face with the idea that it was a lotus, causing terror to her shaking two fingers. When the bee did not leave her, then she said to her friend, "Save me from this Raksasa of a bee. Save me!" The friend said: "Who is able to save you except Suvamabahu? Follow the king alone, if your object is protection."

"Who, pray, threatens you, when the son of Vajrabahu²³⁵ is protecting the earth?" With these words the king, knowing that it was a suitable time, appeared before them. Seeing him suddenly, they were alarmed and did not do or say anything suitable. Knowing they were frightened, the king said to them; again, "Does someone interfere with your unhindered penance here, fair lady?"

Regaining composure, the friend said: "While Vajrabahu's son is king, who is able to make an obstacle to penance of ascetics here? This girl was only stung on the face by a bee with the idea that it was a lotus. The timid-eyed maiden said, 'save! Save!' "The king sat down on a seat which she offered at the foot of a tree and was questioned by her with a pure mind in a voice like nectar.

"You are shown to be someone uncommon by your form which is beyond criticism. Then say who you are a god or a Vidyadhara?" The king himself was unable to name himself and said: "I am the attendant of King Kanakabahu. At his order I have come here to the hermitage to restrain those causing obstacles." The king's effort in this is great."

The king said to the friend who was thinking, "He is the king himself," "Why is the girl tormented by that work?" Sighing, she said: "She is the daughter, Padma, borne by Ratnavali, of the Khecara-king, lord of Ratnapura. Her father died as soon as she was born and his sons, seeking his kingdom, fought with each other and destruction of the kingdom, took place. Ratnavali took this girl and came to the house in the hermitage of her brother, Abbot Galava. One day a *sadhu* who had divine knowledge came here and Galava asked him, "Who will be Padma's husband?" The great *muni* replied, "The son of *Cakrabhrt* Vajrabahu, come hither, carried away by his horse, will marry the girl."

The king reflected: "This sudden running away of the horse with me is surely a design of the Creator for union with her." He said: "Lady, tell me where the abbot is now. At the sight of him now may I have a shoot of joy." The friend replied: "He has gone now to follow the muni who has started to wander elsewhere. After he has paid homage to him, he will return." Then an old *sadhvi* said: "Oh, Nanda,²³⁶ bring Padma. It is time for the abbot's return." The king, by whom the arrival of soldiers was known from the noise of the horses hooves, said, "You go. I shall keep the army from the hermitage." Then Padma was led away from the place by Nanda with difficulty, as she was looking at King Suvamabahu, her head turned. The abbot and Ratnavali came at that time and the friend told the story of Suvamabahu excitedly.

Galava said: "The muni's knowledge is exceedingly trustworthy. The noble Jain sages do not speak anything false. He, the chief of the caste and order, must be honored with hospitality. And he is Padma's future husband. We will go with Padma to him." Then the abbot, accompanied by Ratnavali, Padma, and Nanda, went to the king's presence and was honored by the king who had risen.

The king said to Galava: "Eager to see you today, I have wished to come. But why have you yourself come?"

Galava said: "Anyone else who has come to the hermitage must be honored with hospitality, but specially you, our protector. An omniscient predicted that Padma here, my sister's daughter, would be your wife. You have come because of her merit. So, marry her now."

So advised by the muni, Svamabahu married Padma, like another Padma (Laksmi), with Gandharva rites. Then Ratnavali said to the king, who held a festival, "Always be the sun to the lotus of Padma's heart." Just then Ratnavali's son, Padmottara, a king of Khecaras, came to that place with his wives, bringing gifts, covering

the sky with aerial cars. He came to the place and, announced by Ratnavali, after bowing to Svamabahu with hands folded respectfully, he said:

“After learning this story of yours, I have come here to serve you alone, Majesty. So give me your orders, king. Do you, rich in *splendor*, come to my city on Mt. Vaitadhya. There the Laksmi of the lordship of the Vidyadharas awaits you.”

At his importunity the king assented to his proposal. Padma bowed to her mother and said with sobs: “I shall go with my husband, mother. Henceforth, there is no home for me elsewhere. So tell me. When shall I see you again? Alas! How shall I abandon the trees of the garden like brothers, the young deer like sons, the *ascetic*-maidens like sisters! Before whom will the peacock display the art of the tandava with a voice pleasing with the sixth note, when the cloud thunders? Without me who will now make the bakula^B, asoka^B, and mango^B trees drink water, like sons drinking milk, mother?

Ratnavali said: “Child, you have become the cakravartin’s wife. Then forget, alas! your mode of life resulting from living in the forest. You must now follow your husband, the cakrin, Vasava^s on earth. You will be a queen in his *abode* of joy. Enough of sorrow.” After saying this, kissing her on the head, embracing her ardently, and taking her on her lap, Ratnavali, shedding tears, advised her:

“Child, when you have gone to your husband’s house, always be *submissive*. Eat, when your husband has eaten, Lie down, when he has lain down. The cakrin’s wife, you must always treat co-wives with courtesy, even though they practice rivalry. For that is suitable for greatness. Your face covered by a veil, your eyes always down-cast, child, you should adopt not-seeing-the sun, like a night-blooming lotus. You should practice attendance at your father-in-law’s lotus-feet, like a hansi; by all means do not show pride caused by being the cakrin’s wife. Always consider your husband’s children by co-wives like your own nurslings and have them come to the couch of your lap.”

After drinking the nectar of this speech of advice with the hollows of her ears and after bowing to her, she took leave of her mother and became a follower of her husband. Padmottara, after bowing to Ratnavali, said to the King, “Adorn my aerial car, master.”

Then the king took leave of Gavala and Ratnavali and got into Padmottara’s car with his attendants. Then Padmottara conducted Svamabahu accompanied by Padma to the city Ratnapura, the crown

on the head of Vaitadhya. The Khecara gave King Svamabahu a palace made of jewels like a palace of the gods. Obeying orders, standing at his side like a servant of the king, he arranged the usual procedure with bath, food*, et-cetera. Staying there, Svamabahu attained lordship over all the Vidyadharas in the two rows by a great wealth of merit. He married many Vidyadhara-maidens there and was consecrated in lordship over all Vidyadharas by the Vidyadharas. Then accompanied by the Khecaris, Padma and others, whom he had married, Svamabahu went to his own city with his retinue.

The fourteen great jewels gradually appeared to King Suvamabahu ruling the earth properly. Following the path of the cakra, he subdued the six-part *orb* of the earth with ease, attended even by gods. Sporting with various sports, Vajrabahu's son remained there, surpassing all brilliance by (his own) brilliance, like the sun.

One day, when he was on top of the palace, he saw with astonishment a group of gods flying up and down in the air. He heard that the Lord of the World, the Tirthanatha, had come and he went to pay homage to him, his mind filled with faith. After paying homage to the Jinendra and sitting down in the proper space, he listened to a sermon from him, which resembled unexpected nectar. After enlightening many *souls* capable of emancipation, the Blessed One went elsewhere. King Suvamabahu went to his own house.

The king recalled again and again the gods who had come to the Tirthakrt's sermon, "Where have I seen them before?" and reached remembrance of former births by using uha and apoha. Seeing his former births, he reflected: "To me striving for Human birth, there is no end to existence by that (human birth). One, who has attained the state of a god, delights in mortal state. What bewilderment is this of the soul whose nature is hidden by karma? A creature goes to heaven, the world of mortals, an animal birth, and hell, lost from the road to emancipation, like a traveler on different roads. Therefore, I shall strive especially for the road to emancipation only. The wealth of self-reliance is the root of every purpose."

After making this decision, King Svamabahu installed his son on the throne. At that time the Lord Jina, the Lord of the World, came in his wandering. Vajrabahu's son went to the Tirthanatha's presence and became a *mendicant*. Practicing severe penance, he finished his studies in time. By means of some of the sthanas, *devotion* to the *Arhats*, et-cetera, being practiced, he, intelligent, gradually acquired the body-making karma of a Tirthakrt. One time in his wandering he went to a great forest, Ksiravana, terrifying from various wild animals, near Mt. Ksira. There, facing the sun,

like another sun in brilliance, he continued practicing penance, maintaining firm statuesque posture.

Eighth incarnation of Kamatha

Kurangaka, risen from hell, became a lion on that mountain and by chance came there in his roaming. Hungry because he had not obtained food* the day before, he, resembling Death*, saw the great sage from a distance. Angry from hostility of former births, the lion ran forward, his mouth wide open, splitting open the earth, as it were, with blows of his tail. The lion with ears erect, filling the caverns with loud roars, approaching by leaps, made an attack on the *muni* from the ground. The muni, knocked to the ground by the lion, free from *desire* for the body, made rejection of the four kinds of food, engaged in concentrated meditation.* The muni made confession, asked forgiveness of all creatures, and continued in pious meditation, his heart unchanged even toward the lion.

Ninth incarnation as a god

Torn by the lion, the muni died and became a god in the palace Mahaprabha in the tenth heaven, with a life-duration of twenty sagaras.

Ninth incarnation of Kamatha

The lion, too, died and went to the fourth hell with a life-duration of ten sagaras. He was born in animal-births, experiencing many and various pains.

2. BIRTH, YOUTH, INITIATION, AND OMNISCIENCE OF SRI PARSVVA

Tenth incarnation of Kamatha

Then the lion's *soul*, experiencing pains in worldly existence, was born as a son in a poor Brahman family in some hamlet. His father, brothers, et-cetera had died soon after he was born. He had been kept alive by the people from *compassion*; and he was called Kamatha. He survived childhood and had reached youth, always in a miserable condition. Ridiculed by the people, he got food* with difficulty.

One day, seeing rich men wearing jewels and ornaments, disgust with existence having developed at once, Kamatha reflected: "These thousands of gluttons, adorned with various ornaments, are like gods. I think that is the fruit of penance in a former birth. I, always craving mere food, surely did "Not perform penance. So I shall practice penance now." Reflecting to this effect, from *desire* for emancipation, he¹ took the vow of an *ascetic* and practiced the penance of the five fires, et-cetera, his food consisting of bulbs, roots, et-cetera.

Incarnation as Parsvanatha

Now in this Jambudvipa, there is a city, Varanasi, on the Ganga^s, the ornament of Bharataksatra. Banners on its shrines looked like waves of the Jahnavi. The golden *finials* were like lofty lotus-calyxes. The rays of the full moon, rising above its wall, gave the appearance of a silver coping at night. Maidens, who are guests in the houses there whose floors are paved with sapphire, are laughed at because they put their hands (on the floors) with the idea that they are water. Its shrines with rising smoke of burned incense, that was like blue garments that had been put on, shone for the destruction of the evil-eye.²³⁷ The peafowl there utter their cries all the time as if it were the rainy season, mistaking the sounds of drums in concerts for thunder of the clouds.

His parents

Asvasena of the Ikshvaku-family was king there, by whom other regions on all sides had been made into a court-yard by armies and horses. Sri²³⁸ was on his chest, the goddess *Vac* in his lotus-mouth, the sword on the couch of his hand, and the earth on his arm. With great ease he conquered his enemies; with great ease he ruled the earth; with great ease he gave wealth; with ease he did everything. A mountain-peak for the river of good conduct, a tree for the bird of virtues, he became the tying-post for the cow-elephant*, Laksmi, on earth. Kings, even though always ill-behaved like serpents, did not transgress the command of the lotus of kings.

His chief-queen, the crest-jewel of fair-eyed women, without deceit even toward her co-wives, was Queen Vama. She wore good conduct like the spotless glory of her husband, like a second Jahnvi with inherent purity. She became exceedingly dear to her husband because of these various virtues. Yet she did not take the least pride in this favor.

Birth

Now, after enjoying the greatest magnificence of a god in the heaven Pranata, King Suvamabahu's *jiva* completed its life. On the fourth of the black half of Caitra, (the moon being) in Visakha, having fallen, at night he descended into Lady Vama's womb. Then Queen Vama saw the fourteen great dreams indicating a Tirthakrt's birth enter her mouth. The dreams being interpreted by the Indras, her husband, and astrologers, the queen, delighted, passed the time, carrying her embryo.

On the tenth of the dark half of Pausa, (the moon) in Radha (Visakha), she bore a son, dark blue in color, marked with a serpent, like the ground at the foot of a mountain bearing a jewel. The fifty-six Dikkumaris came there instantly and performed the birth-rites of the Arhat and the Arhat's mother. Sakra^s came there, gave the queen a sleeping-charm, made an image of the Arhat and put it at her side. He created five forms; with one he took the Lord, with two he took *chauris*, and with another the umbrella over the Lord, Twirling the thunderbolt with another, going ahead with beautiful leaps, his gaze fixed on the Master's face, his head turned, he went quickly.

Sakra arrived at the rock Atipandukambala on Meru in a moment, seated himself on a lion-throne, and took the Lord on his lap. The sixty-three Indras, Acyuta and the others, went there quickly and performed the Lord's birth-bath properly. After placing the Lord on Isana's lap, Saudharma's Indra bathed him properly with water

gushing from the bulls horns.²³⁹ After making the *anointing* and worship of the Lord of the World, Vasava^s, his hands folded respectfully, began a pure hymn of praise.

Stotra

“Homage to you the color of priyangu,^{240B} the source of kindness to the world, the sole bridge for the crossing of *samsara* hard to cross. Homage to you Blessed One, sole treasury of the jewels of knowledge, having the color of a blooming blue lotus, sun for the lotuses of bhavyas. Homage to you with the sign of a serpent, with the one thousand and eight favorable marks of a man, moon for dispelling the darkness of karma. Homage to you, purifier of three worlds possessor of three kinds of knowledge, spade for the ground of karma, virtuous. Homage to you, receptacle of all the supernatural powers, possessing unlimited *compassion*, receptacle of all magnificence, supreme spirit. Homage to you whose passions are far removed, the Ocean of Milk of joy, free from love and hate, on the way to emancipation. If there is fruit from service at your feet, Supreme Lord, then may I have this alone *devotion* to you in birth after birth.”

After praising the Arhat thus, he took him and put him down near Vama; and he took away the sleeping-charm and the Arhat's image. Then Sakra^s went to his own place.

Childhood

At dawn Asvasena held his son's birth-festival accompanied by releases from prison, et-cetera. While he was still in the womb, his mother saw a serpent creeping at her side on a dark night and at once told her husband. Recalling that and deciding, “That was the power of the embryo,” King Asvasena gave his son the name Parsva. The Lord of the World, cherished by nurses appointed by Indra, grew up in course of time, going from lap to lap of the kings. Nine cubits tall, he gradually reached youth, a pleasure-grove of Love, a charm for (attracting) women. From the blue color of his body Parsva looked as if made from the essence of blue lotuses, or rather, of the Sris of blue lotuses. Long-armed, the Lord looked like a tree with long branches; and having a broad, firm chest, he looked like an immovable mountain. From his hands, feet, face and eyes, Asvasena's son had the beautiful appearance of a pool with a bed of blooming lotuses. Marked with the thunderbolt, et-cetera, slender-waisted, flat-bellied, the Lord had mortise, collar, and pin joints.²⁴¹

After seeing the Lord with such beauty, goddesses reflected, "They are blessed on earth, whose husband he will be."

Story of Prabhavati

One day King Asvasena, who was devoted to stories of the Jain religion, sitting in his council, was told by the door-keeper who approached him: "O king, there is a man at the door of good appearance who wishes to make a request of the Master. Favor me by giving instructions." King Asvasena said: "Have him enter quickly. For all who wish to make a request must be recognized by kings who observe the law." Admitted by the door-keeper, he bowed to the king and sat down on a seat indicated by the door-keeper. The king said to him: "Sir, whose son are you? Who are you? For what reason have you come here to my presence?" The man said:

"Master, here in Bharata there is a city Kusasthala, like the playground of Sris. The king there, Naravarman, is like armor for those seeking a refuge*, the only wishing-tree of beggars, powerful. He subdued many kings on the border of his country, shining with sharp brilliance like the sun at the end of the world, O king. Always devoted to Jaina *dharma**, eager to listen to sadhus, he directed his kingdom for a long time, powerful from unbroken law. One day, depressed by existence, he abandoned *sovereignty* like straw and became a *mendicant* in the presence of the guru Susadhu."

When his story was thus half-told, the king, devoted to co-religionists, delighted, and causing delight to his councillors, said: "Oh! King Naravarman is *discerning*, knowing what is right, who thus abandoned his kingdom like straw and took the vow. For a kingdom which is acquired by kings by the exertions of many battles at the risk of their lives, is difficult to abandon even at the end of life. The wives, who are the breath of life either from themselves or from wealth, and the sons, et-cetera who are guarded, living, are difficult to abandon. Naravarman abandoned everything at once, wishing to abandon this existence. He did well. Now tell me the *sequel*."

Again the man said: "In the kingdom of King Naravarman morning nor in the evening, neither by night nor by day, did the girl get rest, broken by the fever of love. Knowing that her illness was incurable by itself, her friends, with the wish to protect her, told her parents. The parents were delighted when they learned that she was in love with Parsva; and to reassure them, they said repeatedly:

'It is a good thing that Prince Parsva, crest-jewel of three worlds, suitable for her, has been chosen as a husband by our;

daughter, intelligent. Our daughter alone is at the head of ambitious women. Such a *desire* of another girl does not arise anywhere. We shall marry our daughter to Prince Asvaseni. For generally a wish is in accordance with the obtaining of fruit.'

Her friends went and told her father's speech to this effect; she rejoiced at that speech like a peahen at thunder. Restored by that hope of a husband, she passed the days, counting them on her fingers, like a yogini a muttering of charms. Like a digit of the new moon, she became so thin that she looked like another bow of Kama^s. Seeing their daughter very miserable, day after day, the parents decided to send her, who had chosen her husband, to Parsva. A lord of the countries, Kalinga and others, named Yavana, hard to control, learned about that and said in the assembly: 'When I am available, why does some Parsva marry Prabhavati? Who is this King of Kusasthala who will not give her to me? Or, if mere beggars take the object given here, heroes will take all their wealth, after snatching it away.'

Saying this, his power unequalled because of many soldiers, he blocaded Kusasthala quickly in many ways. There was no entry nor exit of anyone there, like of wind in the body of a master yogi^s engaged in meditation.* I, being sent by the king, escaped from the city at night. I am Purusottama^s, son of the minister Sagaradatta. I came here to tell you this news. Henceforth, let your Majesty do what is fitting both for your own people and the enemy-people."

Then Asvasena, angered; his aspect dreadful from a frown, spoke a very firm speech, terrifying like the noise of a thunder-bolt."Who is this wretched Yavana? Or what fear* is there, so long as I live? I shall march with an army to protect the city Kusasthala." With these words, Asvasena had the drum sounded and his soldiers assembled quickly at its sound.

Defense of Prasenajit

Parsva, playing in a playhouse, heard the sound of the drum and the noise of the soldiers assembling at that time. Saying, "What is this?" Parsva, perplexed, went to his father's side and he saw the generals ready for battle coming there. After bowing to his father, the prince said decisively: "Has a demon, a Yaksa, a Raksasa, or someone else transgressed? On account of which there is this exertion of the father himself, powerful? I do not see anyone your equal or your superior."

Pointing to Purusottama, Asvasena said, "King Prasenajit must be protected from King Yavana." Again the prince said: "Compared

with the father there is no god nor asura in battle. Of what importance is this King Yavana in the matter? Enough of the father's going. I shall go myself. I shall at once give a lesson to him who does not know (his own) strength."

Asvasena said: "Son, my mind is pleased by your festival of sport, not by injurious battle-marches, et-cetera. I know the strength of arm, capable of conquering the three worlds, of my own son, but my delight is in you playing in the house."

Parsvanatha replied: "This is play for me, father. There is no measure* of effort in it. So let Your Honor remain right here."

At his son's insistence like this, knowing his strength of arm, he agreed to that speech devoid of anything objectionable. Dismissed by his father, Sri Parsva, mounted on an elephant*, followed by Purusottama^s, set out at an auspicious* moment from the festival. When the lord had gone one day's march, Sakra's charioteer came, bowed, got down from his chariot and said with folded hands:

"Indra, knowing that you wish to fight for sport, master, sent a battle-chariot with me as a charioteer. He knows that the three worlds are like straw compared with the master's strength. Nevertheless, Sakra^s shows his *devotion* to you at the right time."

As a favor to Sakra, the Master got into the great chariot filled with various weapons*, which did not touch the surface of the ground. Sri Parsvanatha advanced, hymned by the Vidyadharas, with the chariot going through the air, with great *splendor* like the sun. The Lord's army, skilled in battle, adorned with soldiers looking up to see the Master again and again, followed on the ground. The Master, able to go in a moment, alone competent for victory, went with short marches at his soldiers request. In some days he reached Kusasthala and then camped in a seven-storied palace made by the gods in a garden.

"This is the custom of warriors," the Lord, impelled by *compassion*, sent an intelligent messenger with instructions to Yavana. He went to Yavana and said eloquently from the Master's power: "Prince Srimat Parsva instructs you by my mouth: 'King Prasenajit, who has sought protection from my father, must be freed from the siege and hostility by you now, O king. I, after restraining with difficulty my father who had started, have come to this country merely for that reason. Return to your own place. Submit at once. This transgression* of yours can be tolerated only if you go away.' "

Yavana, his brow terrible from frowns, said: "Messenger, why do you say this! Do you not know me? Who is this boy Parsva who has come here for battle from a caprice? Who is the old man Asva-

sena who started first? Both of them and other kings, their partisans what do they amount to? Therefore, go! Let Parsva go also with the *desire* for his own welfare. You are not to be killed because you are a messenger, though saying harsh things. Escaping alive, go and tell everything to your master."

Again the messenger said: "The lord sent me to enlighten you from *compassion*, not from weakness, evil-minded man. As the lord wishes to protect the King of Kusasthala, likewise he does not wish to kill you, if you obey his command, sir! Breaking the master's command, unbroken even in heaven, you die yourself, like a stupid moth touching a bright fire. On the one hand, a fire-fly; on the other, a sun lighting up the whole universe. On the one hand, you are a mere king; on the other, Parsva, the lord of three worlds."

Yavana's soldiers, their weapons* raised, rose up angrily and said defiantly to the messenger saying this: "Is there some hostility of yours toward your own master that you make this threat, villain? You are well-skilled in stratagem, wretch! "While they were talking in this way and wishing to kill him from anger, an old minister said in contemptuous and harsh words: "He is not an enemy of his master, but you are an enemy (of yours) who thus cause injury to your lord from your own desire. To cross the command of Parsvana-tha, lord of the universe, is not for your welfare, fools, to say nothing of killing his messenger. The master is thrown at once into a thicket of evil by such servants like untamed horses that have dragged him along. Messengers of other kings have been attacked before by you. In those cases it turned out well for you, for our lord was stronger than they. What is this quarrel of our lord, caused by badly-behaved worms of men, with one of whom the sixty-four Indras are servants! "

All the soldiers, reprimanded in this way, terrified, became quiet. Taking the messenger by the hand, the minister spoke with conciliation."What these men, who make their living by arms alone, said to you from ignorance, you must pardon. You are a wise servant, for ocean of tolerance. We shall follow you ourselves to take the honored Parsva's commands on our head. Do not tell such a thing to your lord." After informing the messenger to this effect and entertaining him, he dismissed him.

Desiring his welfare, he said earnestly to his own lord: "Master, was this, which has evil consequences, done after reflection? (But) even by so much there is not ruin. Resort to Parsvanatha whose birth-rites goddesses performed, whose nurse-duties goddesses discharged, whose birth-bath the Indras and gods gave. What is this

inclination of yours for a quarrel with him, of whom gods and asuras with the Indras are footmen, like that of a goat with an elephant*? Here Garuda, there a raven; here Meru, there a mustard-seed; here the serpent Sesa, there a heron-snake; here Parsva, there such as you, As soon as you are allowed by the people, then with *desire* for your own good tie an axe to your neck and approach Asvasena's son. Accept the rule of Parsva Swamin, ruler of the world. The ones who are under his rule are fearless in this world and the next."

After reflection Yavana said: "I have been well enlightened by you. I, stupid, have been saved from this evil, like a blind man from a well." With these words, Yavana tied an axe to his neck and with his retinue went to the garden adorned with Sri Parsva Syamin. Yavana was extremely astonished when he saw his army adorned with seven lacs (of soldiers) resembling horses of the sun; with bhadra elephants by the thousand resembling elephants of Mahendra; with chariots like aerial cars of the gods; with foot-soldiers like Khecaras.

Being watched at every step by the soldiers with astonishment and scorn, gradually Yavana arrived at the door of the Master's palace. He was announced by the door-keeper and, admitted to the council, bowed from a distance to the lord like the sun. The axe on his neck being removed by the master, Yavana bowed again, approached before him, and said, his hands folded respectfully:

"Compared with him, whose commands all the Indras execute, what am I a worm of a man, a heap of straw before a fire! Showing *compassion*, just now you gave me orders by sending a messenger. Why am I not reduced to ashes merely by your frown? This rude behavior of mine has become a virtue, master, since I have seen you purifying the three worlds. How can I say, 'Pardon,' when there is no anger on your part? To say, 'I give,' to you, yourself lord of the house, is not suitable. 'I am your servant,' is a poor speech to you who are served by Indras. What sort of speech is, 'Give freedom from fear*,' to the bestower of fearlessness himself? Nevertheless, from ignorance I say, 'Be gracious. Take my wealth. I am your servant. *Bestow* freedom from fear on me, terrified, lord."

Sri Parsvanatha said: "Good fortune to you, sir. Do not fear. Rule your kingdom. Do not do such a thing again." The Teacher of the World rewarded him, who agreed to this, by the gift of much favor. For such is the custom of the great. At once the siege of Kusasthala was raised and Purusottama* left, after obtaining permission from Parsvanatha. He related the story to King Prasenajit and joy became the sole umbrella in the city at that time.

Prasenajit reflected, pleased: "I am fortunate in every way and my daughter Prabhavati is fortunate in every way. The wish Prince Parsvanatha, worshipped by gods and asuras, will purify my city has not taken place. Taking this same Prabhavati as a present, I shall go to Prince Parsvanatha, a benefactor." After these reflections, Prasenajit, delighted, went with a delighted retinue to Parsvanatha, taking Prabhavati.

With folded hands he bowed to Parsva Swamin and said: "By good fortune, your arrival, master, was like rain without clouds. Yavana, though an enemy, was a benefactor to me in the quarrel because of which you, the lord of three worlds, did me a favor. As you did me a favor from *compassion* by coming here, likewise do me a favor by marrying Prabhavati. She, seeking what is hard to obtain, is infatuated with you from a distance. Show compassion for her. You are compassionate by nature."

Prabhavati thought: "The prince, formerly heard about from Kinnaris is now seen. The eye agrees with the ear. Courteous in speech, compassionate, he is heard and seen. Now he is well importuned by my father for my sake. Yet I am frightened now from lack of confidence in my good fortune, filled with anxiety whether or not he will approve my father's proposal."

While she was thinking this, Prince Parsva, his voice deep as thunder, said to Prasenajit who was waiting: "By the father's command we have come to protect you, Prasenajit, but not to marry this daughter of yours. So do not insist on this uselessly, Lord of Kusasthala. Having executed the father's command, we are going to the father's presence."

Hearing that, Prabhavati, very depressed, thought: "Such a speech from him is like a fall of fire from the moon. He was compassionate to everyone, but cruel to me. How will you exist, alas! unfortunate Prabhavati? Family deities always worshipped, now show my father some device at once. For his devices are destroyed now."

Prasenajit thought: "He himself is free from all *desire*, but he will do what I wish at Asvasena's insistence. I shall go with him under pretext of wishing to see Asvasena. I shall importune Asvasena to accomplish that wish." Having caused friendship to be made with him so reflecting, Parsvanatha honored and dismissed King Yavana. Prasenajit, being dismissed, said to Parsvanatha, "I shall go, wishing to bow to honored Asvasena, lord." Taking Prabhavati, he went with Sri Parsva, who had said, "Very well," to the city Varanasi.

Pleasing Asvasena by the protection of those who had come for protection, Parsvanatha approached and made him rejoice by the sight of himself. When Parsva had gone to his own house, Prasenajit approached and went before him, accompanied by Prabhavati. Asvasena rose to greet him, raised him falling at his feet, embraced him with both arms, and said, perplexed:

"I hope your rescue took place. I hope that things are well with you, king. I wonder what the reason is that you have come here yourself."

Prasenajit said: "Always I, of whom you, a sun in *splendor*, are the ruler, have protection and prosperity. But the request for something hard to obtain alone troubles me now. It will be accomplished by your favor, elephant* of kings. Take my daughter, Prabhavati, for Prince Parsvanatha from regard for me, king. Do not do otherwise."

Asvasena said: "Our Prince Parsva has always been disgusted with worldly existence. I do not know what he will do. That *desire* of ours, too, is always in our heart: 'When will our son's marriage-festival with a suitable bride take place?' Now from, affection for you we shall make Parsvanatha marry, even by force, though he has been unwilling from childhood."

With these words, the king went with him to Parsva and said, "Marry Prasenajit's daughter." Sri Parsva said: "Father, possession of wives, et-cetera is a life-saver of the tree of worldly existence even when it is almost destroyed. How can I marry his daughter for undertaking worldly existence? I intend to cross the ocean of worldly existence, completely free of possessions."

Asvasena said: "Fulfill our wish characterized by marriage with King Prasenajit's daughter. The ocean of existence must certainly be crossed by you who have such an intention. You should act for your own advantage at the right time, after marrying and having a son." Parsva was not able to transgress his father's command and he married Prabhavati to destroy pleasure-karma. At the people's insistence, the Lord passed the days, sporting with her in gardens, pleasure-peaks, et-cetera.

One day Parsva, occupying the terrace on the top of the palace, began to watch the city Varanasi from curiosity. The Lord saw men and women of the city going outside in haste, carrying baskets of flowers as offerings. Parsva asked his attendants, "What great festival is there today that the people, wearing many ornaments, are seen going in haste?" Someone explained: "Today there is no great festival, but another reason is present, Majesty. Today an *ascetic*, named Kamatha, has come here outside the city. He is observing the

penance of five fires,²⁴² et-cetera. The people of the town go to worship him." Parsvanatha went with his retinue to see the show; and saw Kamatha engaged in the penance of the five fires. The Lord, who had three kinds of knowledge, saw a great serpent being burned inside a piece of wood which had been thrown into a firepit. When he saw that, the Blessed One, an ocean of *compassion*, said: "Alas for wrong knowledge! Since even in penance there is wrong knowledge, not compassion. What sort of river is it without water; what sort of night without a moon; what sort of a rainy season without a cloud; what sort of *dharmā** is it without compassion? How is there dharma of a creature, like an animal, pitiless, not having a trace of the principle of dharma, allowing bodily torments?"

Hearing that, Kamatha said: "Rajputs know horses, elephants, et-cetera certainly; but we munis know dharma." Then the Master ordered his servants: "Pull that piece of wood out of the firepit. Split it open carefully that he may be convinced." They pulled out the wood, split it carefully, and a very large serpent came out hastily. For the serpent burned somewhat in it the Blessed One had namaskaras recited by men and the renunciation of everything made instantly. The serpent, absorbed in meditation*, pure-minded, accepted that, watched by the Blessed One with eyes moist from compassion. By the power of the namaskaras and the sight of the Master, he became after death* a Naga-king, named Dharana."Oh, the knowledge of the prince! Oh, such discernment!" Being so praised by the people, the Master went to his house.

After seeing and hearing that, Kamatha practiced penance especially foolish or pernicious. Whence is there knowledge of persons with wrong belief? After he died, Kamatha became an Asura, named Meghamalin, in the Meghakumaras in the Bhuvanavasins.²⁴³

His initiation

Now Parsva, the Blessed One, knew that the fruit of his own pleasure-karma had been consumed and set his mind on *mendicancy*. As if knowing his intentions, the Lokantika gods came at that time and announced to Parsva, "Lord, found a *congregation*." Then the Master began to give gifts for a year with money furnished by the Jrmbhakas instructed by Vaisravaṇa. The initiation-ceremony of Parsva, the Supreme Lord, was held by the Vasavas, sakras* and others, and by the kings, Asvasena and others. He got into a litter, Visala by name, carried by gods and mortals and went to the garden Asramapada. The Blessed One, son of Asvasena entered the garden

whose surface was darkened by the dense masses of marjoram; which was making an invocation to Love, as it were, by the bees of the jasmynes^B; with swarms of bees kissing the multitude of mucukundas;²⁴⁴ fragrant from the pollen of the lavalī floating in the air; with singing gardeners seated on the edge of sugar-cane fields.

The Lord Parsva, wearing (deva-)dusya given by Vasava^s, got out of the *palanquin*, and laid aside ornaments, et-cetera, thirty years old. On the forenoon on the thirteenth of the dark hah⁰ of Pausa, the moon being in Radha, observing a three-day fast, the Master became a *mendicant* with three hundred kings. At that time the Lord's knowledge called "Mind-reading" arose. For it arises at the initiation of all the *Arhats*.

On the next day the Lord broke his fast in a hamlet, Kopakata, with a milk-pudding in the house of the householder *Dhanya*. The gods made there the five things, rain of treasure, et-cetera. But *Dhanya* made a footstool on the ground of the Master's feet.²⁴⁵ Unhindered like the wind, the Lord wandered in villages, mines, cities, et-cetera, an ordinary *ascetic*, his gaze fixed six feet ahead. One day in his wandering the Master came to a hermitage near a town and the sun set. The Teacher of the World stood in *pratima* under a banyan tree near a well, motionless as its foot.

Attacks by Meghamalin

Now the Meghakumara, the Asura Meghamalin, knew by clairvoyance his own crime in a former birth. Recalling his hostility to Parsva in each birth, the Asura blazed inside with anger like an ocean with submarine fire. Meghamalin, the *basest* of gods, blind from anger, approached to attack Parsvanatha, like an elephant* to split a mountain.

The god created tigers, their mouths terrifying from saw-like teeth, with claws the shape of hooks, tawny-eyed. They beat the top of the ground with their tails again and again and gave loud roars resembling the words of a charm of Death.* The Blessed One was not shaken by them, his eyes motionless in meditation*; they went away somewhere as if from fear* of the fire of his meditation.

Elephants, created by him, attacked, trumpeting, dripping with mada*, their trunks lifted, lofty like living mountains. The Master was not disturbed by them terrifying even to the terrifying. They fled quickly and went somewhere, as if ashamed. Bears, filling the heavens with their growls, devoid of pity; many panthers, cruel, like an army of *Yama*; scorpions, splitting rocks even with the tip of the sting; serpents, burning trees by their glance, were created there by

him with the intention of attacking the Lord. The Lord did not stir from meditation* on their account, like the ocean from its boundary.

Then he created vampires holding knives, like clouds with lightning, with projecting teeth, giving loud cries of "Kila! kila! "With pendent tongue and linga like trees with hanging serpents, with long legs and feet, just as if mounted on palm-trees^B, discharging long flames from the mouth, like a stomach-fire, they attacked the Lord on all sides, like dogs an elephant.* The Lord was not shaken by them, absorbed in the pool of nectar of meditation. They too fled somewhere, like owls at dawn.

Then exceedingly angered, the Asura Meghamalin himself created clouds in the sky like the night at the end of the world. Lightning flashed in the sky, terrifying like a tongue of Death*; thunder, splitting open the universe, as it were, spread over the skies. A terrible darkness took place, taking away the function of the eye. Heaven and earth became one as if sewed together. With the evil intention, "I will destroy this former enemy," Meghamalin began to rain like a cloud at the end of the world. He beat the earth with streams of water like pestles, or like arrows, as if digging it up with spades. The sleeping birds flew up and flew down from the trees; boars and buffaloes, et-cetera moved here and there. Creatures were dragged away by the streams of water terrifying from speed; even big trees were rooted up from the roots.

In a moment the water reached Parsva Swamin's ankles; in a moment his knees, in a moment his hips, in a moment his neck at that time. In that wide-spread water, the Lord had the beautiful appearance of the great lotus, the home of Laksmi, in the lake Padma. The Master was motionless in the water, like a jeweled pillar, and, his eyes fixed on the end of his nose, did not move at all from his meditation.

When the water reached the tip of Sri Parsva Swamin's nose, then the throne of *Dharana*, the Indra of the Uragas (Nagas) shook. He knew by clairvoyance, "Oh! Kamatha, practicing foolish penance, attacks my lord, considering him an enemy." Then the Naga-king went with his wives to the Teacher of the World with speed, as if competing with the mind. Dharana bowed to the Master and placed beneath his feet a tall lotus with erect stalk, resembling the seat of an omniscient. The serpent-king covered the Lord's back, sides, and breast with his own coils and made an umbrella with seven hoods over his head. The Blessed One, standing comfortably on the lotus with a stalk the length of the water, absorbed in meditation*, looked like a rajahansa.

Dharanendra's wives, their minds penetrated by *devotion*, sang, danced, et-cetera before Parsva Swamin. The loud sound of flutes and lutes, the intense sound of the drums spread there, imitating hand clippings many-fold. A dance was displayed with various beautiful dance-steps, splendid with dramatic actions of the hands, et-cetera, with various angaharas and karanas.* Absorbed in meditation, the Lord remained indifferent to both the Naga-lord *Dharana* and the Asura Meghamalin. This being so, when he saw Meghamalin raining angrily, the Naga-king, angered, said to him with contempt:

"O villain, what is this undertaking for your own disadvantage, evil-minded wretch. I am the servant of the Compassionate. Henceforth, I will not tolerate it. What crime against you was committed by the Lord, when he showed the snake being burned inside the log, if you were prevented from sin at that time? Good advice then led to your hostility, villain, like rain-water on saline soil. You are an enemy for no reason to the Lord here who is a brother (to everyone) for no reason. Villain, if you have injured him in this way, you will die today."

After hearing that speech, Meghamalin looked down and saw Parsva standing so, attended by the Naga-Indra. Terrified, he thought: "My power, great as it is, is useless against him, like that of the Payomucs (Meghamukhas), partisans of the Mlecchas, against the cakrin. He, an ocean of *compassion*, able to grind mountains with his fist, does not reduce me to ashes. Nevertheless, I am afraid of Indra Dharana. I cannot remain in the three worlds because of the crime against him, the lord of the three worlds. Where shall I go for a refuge*, if this lord is a refuge?"

Thus reflecting, he destroyed at once the expanse of water; terrified, he went to the Master himself, bowed, and said: "If there is no anger on your part, Lord, toward me committing a crime, I am delighted; nevertheless, I am terrified by my own act. After doing such a wicked act, shameless, I ask you: Save me, save me, miserable, afraid of falling, Lord of the World." With these words, the god Meghamalin asked forgiveness of the Lord of the World, bowed to him, and remorsefully went to his own home. Knowing that the Lord was free from attacks, after hymning him and bowing to him, the Naga-king went to his own house. The dawn appeared.

His omniscience

The Lord of the World went from that place to the city Varanasi and stood at the foot of a dhataki in the garden Asramapada. At that

time when eighty-four days had passed since the day of the Master's initiation, his destructive karmas broke. In the forenoon on the fourth of the dark half of Caitra, the moon being in Visakha, Sri Parsva's *omniscience* arose. The gods, Sakra^s, et-cetera knew it by the shaking of their thrones and made sri Parsva Swamin's *samavasarana* at once.

Attended by the gods shouting "Hail! Hail!, the Lord entered the samavasarana by the east door. The Master circumambulated the great caitya-tree, twenty-seven bows tall, like the sun the peak of Meru. Saying, "Homage to the *congregation**,," Lord Parsva sat down on the principal jeweled lion-throne, facing the east. At once by his power the Vyantara-gods created images of the Master in the other three directions. Gods, goddesses, men, women, sadhus, sadhvis bowed to the Master and remained in their usual places.

Then a gardener saw the Lord's *splendor*, went to King Asvasena, bowed, and said: "By good-fortune you are prosperous today, master. Now Parsva Svarnin's omniscience, which destroys the ignorance of the world, has arisen. Endowed with miraculous powers,²⁴⁶ attended by Sakra, et-cetera, the Lord of the World is seated now in a divine *samavasarana*." Then the king gave him a suitable gift and he told Queen Vama with haste made by the *desire* to see him. Asvasena went with Queen Vama and his retinue to the samavasarana, a boat for the ocean of existence. After circumambulating the Lord and bowing to him, the king sat down behind Sakra, his mind filled with joy. After bowing to the Master again, his folded hands placed on his head, King Asvasena and Sakra began a hymn of praise.

Stuti

"Glory to your spotless omniscience, giving light to all present, past, and future living creatures everywhere. You alone are the boat for creatures to cross the boundless ocean of existence. You alone are the pilot. This day is the king of all days, Lord of Three Worlds, on which the great festival of the sight of your feet took place for us. The darkness of ignorance, thief of the eye of men's discernment, does not go away without the juice of the herb of your teaching. Now your congregation* in worldly existence, ah! becomes an enterprise for helping creatures cross (existence), like a new ford at a river. Homage to you, having the four infinities of Siddhas,²⁴⁷ possessing all the supernatural powers, submerged in indifference, alone gracious. There is *compassion* on your part toward Meghamalin, evil-minded, who committed serious injuries in each birth. In

what instance is there not compassion on your part? Wherever I stay, wherever I go, may the protection of your lotus-feet not leave my heart."

After this hymn of praise, the Indra of Saudharma and Asvasena stopped speaking and Sri Parsvanatha, the Blessed, delivered a sermon.

Sermon on Transgression of 12 lay-news

"In this great forest of worldly existence, the sphere of old age, disease, and death*, there is no other protector but *dharma*.* Therefore it alone must be served. It is two-fold with complete and partial self-control. The first belongs to ascetics and is ten-fold: self-control, et-cetera. The second belongs to house-holders and is considered twelve-fold; the five lesser vows, the three *meritorious* vows, and the four disciplinary vows. The vows with *transgressions** do not lead to virtue. Then transgressions five to each vow must be avoided. Binding from anger, cutting the skin, loading with excessive burdens, beating, limitation of food*, et-cetera are known (as transgressions) in non-injury. Teaching of wrong belief, a false accusation suddenly,²⁴⁸ telling of secrets, betrayal of confidential deliberation, and false writing are transgressions in *truthfulness*. Abetment in theft, receiving stolen goods, crossing an enemy's realm, counterfeiting, falsification of measures are (transgressions) joined to non-theft.

Going to a woman who has been taken for a short time,²⁴⁹ going to one who has not been taken,²⁵⁰ another marriage, excessive *persistence* in love, and love-sport are prescribed (as transgressions) in chastity. Exceeding the amount of money and grain, of base metal, of cattle, et-cetera, of fields and possessions, of wrought and *unwrought* gold (are transgressions) in non-possession for one who has taken the vow it is not fitting (to act) in five ways in regard to acquisition, existence, offspring, joining, and gifts.²⁵¹

Forgetfulness, exceeding (distance in the) upper, lower, and horizontal directions, increasing the ground: these five are prescribed (as transgressions) in the vow of limitation of direction.

Food with life, food joined with something that has life, food mixed with something that has life, fermented liquids, slowly ripening food: these belong to the standard of things of single and repeated enjoyment. These must be avoided in regard to food.* In regard to work, cruel work must be avoided. In this vow one should avoid the fifteen sins the undertaking of (sinful) work.

Livelihood from charcoal, a forest, carts, wages, splitting; trading in tusks, lac, *rasa*, hair, and poison; pressing in a machine, marking domestic animals, keeping worthless creatures,²⁵² burning a forest, drying up a pond: one should avoid these fifteen. Livelihood from charcoal consists in making charcoal, in making frying-pans, in making *pitchers* of iron, or gold, working in copper, et-cetera, in baking bricks. The selling of leaves, flowers, and fruit of plants cut in two or not; living from splitting and grinding of grain: they are livelihood for forests. The sale of carts, the making of their parts, and also driving them: that is known as livelihood from carts. A living from driving the loads of oxen, buffaloes, camels, donkeys, [mules, and horses of carts that is livelihood from wages. Living from work of digging ponds, wells, et-cetera and crushing 'rock, combined with injury to the earth that is livelihood from splitting. The taking of tusks, hair, nails, bones, skin, and down from their place of origin in a movable creature for the sake of trading that is livelihood from trading in tusks. The sale of lac, red arsenic, indigo, dhataki,²⁵³ borax, et-cetera that is called trading in lac, the *abode* of evil. The sale of fresh butter, lard, honey, wine, et-cetera; the sale of two-footed and four-footed creatures that is trading in *rasa* and hair. The sale of objects destructive of life, such as poison, weapons*, plows, machines, iron, sulpheret of arsenic that is called trading in poison. The pressing of sesame, sugar-cane, mustard seed, castor beans^B in water-machines, et-cetera and the making of oil from their leaves are known as pressing by machine. Piercing the nose, branding, cutting the testicles, overloading,²⁵⁴ cutting the ears and tail that is called marking. The keeping of a maina, parrot, cat, dog, cock, peafowl, and of a slave-girl for the sake of money they are know as keeping of worthless creatures. A forest-fire could be of two kinds: from a calamity or from the idea of acquiring merit.²⁵⁵ Drying up of ponds is the flooding of water from ponds, rivers, lakes, let-cetera.

Superintendence of combined things,²⁵⁶ excess of repeated pleasure, *garulity*, bad gestures,²⁵⁷ love are connected with purposeless injury.

The evil activity of body, voice, and speech, want of *zeal*, not keeping (samayika) in mind are prescribed (as *transgressions**) in the samayika-vow.

Employment of a servant,²⁵⁸ having something brought (from outside), throwing out of matter,²⁵⁹ consequences of sound and form²⁶⁰ (are *transgressions*) of the vow of time and place.

Not having inspected and cleaned (the bare ground for) excretions, things accepted, and covers, want of *zeal*, no earnest thought (are transgressions*) of the pausadha-vow.²⁶¹

Throwing something into something with life, covering with something with life,²⁶² transgression of time,²⁶³ anger,²⁶⁴ pretext of someone else²⁶⁵ are prescribed in the fourth disciplinary vow. Cherishing the vows devoid of these transgressions, even a layman, pure-minded, is freed from the bondage of existence.”

After hearing the Lord’s sermon, many became mendicants; many became laymen. Certainly the speech of the Arhat is not fruitless.

Asvasena, enlightened, gave his kingdom to his son, Hastisena, then and there, and became a *mendicant*, noble-minded. Queen Vama and Prabhavati became afraid of worldly existence because of the Lord’s sermon and adopted mendicancy which results in emancipation.

The Lord had ten *ganadharas*, Aryadatta and others. The Master taught them the three-phrases: permanence, origination, and perishing. From the three-phrases they all composed the twelve angas. To the intelligent teaching is like a drop of oil in water. The Lord delivered his sermon in the full first watch. In the second watch Aryadatta delivered a sermon. Then Sakra^s and the others bowed to the Supreme Lord and they all went to their respective places, recalling the Master’s sermon.

Sasanadevatas

Originating in that *congregation**, the Yaksa Parsva, with a tortoise for a vehicle, dark, elephant-faced, splendid with an umbrella of serpent-hoods, four-armed, holding an *ichneumon* and a serpent in his left hands, a citron^B and a serpent in his right hands, became the Lord’s messenger-deity.

Likewise the goddess Padmavati, with a kurkuta-serpent for a vehicle, gold colored, carrying a lotus and a noose in her right hands, a fruit and a goad in her left hands, became the second messenger-deity of Lord Sri Parsva. The Lord, his vicinity unceasingly presided over by the messenger-deities, wandered over the earth, attended by reverent gods and others.

3. THE WANDERING AND EMANCIPATION OF PARSVANATHA

Then the Teacher of the World, wandering for the benefit of all the world, went one day to the country Pundra, which was like a tilaka of the earth.

Story of Sagaradatta

Now there was at that time in the city Tamralipti in the eastern territory a merchant's son, Sagaradatta, knowing the arts, young, intelligent. He was always averse to women from the memory of former births which had taken place and he did not wish to marry any woman, even though beautiful. For he, a Brahman in a former birth, had been abandoned, unconscious, somewhere else by his wife who had given him poison, because she was in love with another man. He had been restored to life by a herd-girl and he became a *mendicant*. He died and became the merchant's son, with memory of his former birth, averse to women. The herd-girl, devoted to worldly matters, died in course of time and became the beautiful daughter of a merchant in the same city.

She, won with dignity, was chosen for Sagaradatta by his brothers together with the idea, "His eyes should take pleasure in her." Yet his mind did not relax even on her. For he considered women to be messengers of *Yama*, because of his experience in his former birth. The merchant's daughter thought: "There is some memory of a former birth. He has been mistreated by some courtesan in a former birth."

After reflecting thus in her mind, at the right time she herself wrote a sloka on a leaf and sent it. He read: "It is not fitting for a man, who has been burned by a milk-pudding, to abandon curds. Are small creatures that originate in a little water present in milk?" After considering carefully the meaning, he wrote and sent a sloka. She read: "A woman takes delight in an undeserving person; a river flows to low ground; the cloud rains on the mountain; Laksmi resorts to a man devoid of merit." After considering the meaning, in

order to enlighten him, she again wrote and sent a sloka. He read: "Where is the fault of the writer? Why the *abandonment* of her by one so great? Surely the sun does not abandon the devoted twilight." Pleased by such words, Sagaradatta married her and, delighted, enjoyed pleasures daily.

Then one day Sagaradatta's father-in-law went with his sons to the town, Patalapatha, to trade. Sheth Sagaradatta also began to do business and sometimes went to another coast with a very large ship. Seven times his ship was wrecked in the ocean and, when he returned, he was laughed at by the people, "He is without merit." His money lost, he did not abandon effort.

One day in his roaming he saw a boy drawing water from a little well. Seven times the water did not come, but it came the eighth time. After seeing that, he thought, "Men's efforts are fruitful. Even Fate fears those, for whom it has made obstacles*, whose energy is unhindered by obstacles and who do not abandon an undertaking, and it (Fate) is broken."

With this thought, he tied an *omen-knot*, set out for Sinhala by boat, and arrived at Ratnadvipa because of the wind. There he sold his merchandise, bought collections of jewels, filled the boat with them and started to his own city. The sailors, coveting the jewels, threw him in the ocean at night. By chance he reached a plank from a boat wrecked before and he swam out. He reached Patalapatha on the coast, where his father-in-law saw him and took him to his house.

After bathing, eating, and resting, Sagara told the affair of the sailors from the beginning and his father-in-law said: "You stay here. The sailors will not go to Tamralipti from fear* of your relatives, but, stupid, will come here." Sagara agreed and his father-in-law told the story to the king. For that is the rule of the far-seeing.

One day the ship came to that shore and was recognized by the king's agents from signs described by Sagara. The king's men asked all the wretched sailors:²⁶⁶ "Who is the owner of the cargo? What is the cargo? And how much is here?" "They, terrified and answering one way and another, were observed and the agents quickly summoned Sagaradatta. When they saw Sagara, terrified, they bowed and said: "At that time we, candalas in acts, did a wicked thing, lord. Yet you were saved by your merit, but we have been brought to the edge of capital punishment on your account. Do what is fitting to be done by the master." Compassionate Sagara had them released by the king's men, gave them some food* for the journey, and dismissed them, pure in mind. He, noble-minded, was highly honored

by the king, saying, "He has merit," and he acquired much money from the merchandise on the boat.

He gave gifts and, seeking *dharma*^{*}, asked the teachers of *dharma*:²⁶⁷ "I wish to make the god of gods in jewels. Say who he is." There was no agreement among them who had no trace of the truth about god. Then a learned man said: "Do not ask stupid men like me. After practicing penance, and investing a jewel with divinity, concentrate your thoughts. The gods will tell you who is the supreme god."

Sagara did so and at the end of a three-day fast, a deity showed him a purifying statue of a Tirthakara. The deity said to him, "Sir, this is the Supreme God, whose true nature the munis no others know." With these words, the deity went away. Sagara, delighted, showed the sadhus the golden statue of the Arhat. The sadhus taught him the *dharma*^{*} taught by the *Arhats* and he became a layman.

One day he asked the sadhus: "Of which Arhat is this the image? By what procedure must I install it? Now do your Reverences tell me." The sadhus said: "Sri Parsva is now stopped in the district Pundravardhana. Go and ask him." Sagara went at once, bowed to Sri Parsva and asked him about the procedure suitable for the jeweled statue in all respects. The Master explained to him with reference to his own *samavasarana* all the supernatural powers of the Arhats, the worship of the Jinas, and the installation (of the statue). He had it installed in accordance with the procedure prescribed by the Jina, thinking, "It is the statue of a Tirthakrt." The next day he became a *mendicant* in the presence of the Master. Then the Blessed One with his retinue, attended by gods and asuras, endowed with all the supernatural powers, went elsewhere.

Story of Bandhudatta

Now in the city Nagapuri, there was a king, Suratejas, the chief of the glorious, like the Indra of the serpents in the city of the Nagas. There was a rich man, Dhanapati, friend of the king, and Dhanapati's wife Sundari, fair in conduct. They had a son, Bandhudatta, who had his grandfather's name, well-bred and virtuous, and he reached youth. Manabhanga, by whom his enemies minds were broken, was king in the city Kausambi in the country Vatsa. There was a rich man, Jinadatta, devoted to the religion of the Jinas, who had a wife Vasumati and a daughter, Priyadarsana. She had a friend, the daughter of the Vidyadhara, Angada, named Mrgankalekha, devoted to the Jinas' doctrine. The two friends passed the days with worship of the gods, service to the guru, study of *dharma*, et-cetera.

One day it was said by a *sadhu*, who had come in his wandering, to a second *sadhu*, in reference to Priyadarsana," After bearing a son, she noble, will become a mendicant." Mrgankalekha rejoiced at hearing that, but did not tell anyone.

Dhanapati asked for Candralekha, the daughter of Vasunanda, a sheth of Nagapuri, for his son and he gave her. On an auspicious day at an auspicious hour the wedding of Bandhudatta and Candralekha took place with a great festival. Candralekha, whose hand had just been marked with the wedding-ribbon in the afternoon, was bitten by a snake at night and died. In the same way six wives of his, just married, died on the same day as the wedding from the maturing of karma.

"Bandhudatta has a poison-hand." Then, though asking, he did not obtain another maiden even with much money. He thought, "What is the use of money to me *deprived* of a wife," and wasted away day by day, like the moon of the dark half. Dhanapati thought, "My son, grieved, will die. I shall put him in business to make him forget his grief." After this decision, the sheth instructed Bhanudatta, "Son, go to the Sinhalas or somewhere else to trade."

At his father's command Bandhudatta took much goods, embarked on a boat, crossed the ocean, and went to the Sinhalas. He pleased the lord of Sinhala with valuable gifts; and he exempted him from customs and dismissed him with favor. After selling his goods there and making the desired profit, he bought goods in exchange and started for his own city. When he, going by sea, had come near his own country, his ship, rocked by a storm, was wrecked. He got hold of a wooden plank by the favor of Fate and reached Ratnadvipa, the ornament of the sea-coast.

After landing and bathing in a tank in a grove of mangoes^B bearing fruit, he ate the sweet mangoes, an herb for the disease of hunger. Taking fruit along the road in this way, he went to Mt. Ratna, climbed it and saw a jeweled shrine. He entered the shrine of Aristanemi there, paid homage to the image in it and to the munis living there. He was questioned about news about himself first by the eldest *muni*; and gradually he told about the death of his wives, the wreck of his ship, et-cetera.

Enlightened by the muni, he accepted the Jinas' religion, showing pleasure at his arrival there which had borne fruit.

A Vidyadhara, Citrangada, said to him: "You are my co-religionist because of Jinadharma, fortunately. Shall I give you the magic art' going-through-the-air,' or shall I take you to a desired place, or shall I give you a maiden?" Bandhudatta said: "Whatever

magic art you have is surely *submissive* to me. That place only, where there is sight of such gurus, is desired by me.”

After saying this, he became silent and the Khecaras reflected: “He wishes a maiden. Certainly there is approval of what is unopposed. Investigating fully, I shall give him, noble, a virtuous maiden who will not die as soon as married to him.” After deciding so, he led Bandhudatta to his own house, honored him especially with suitable bath, food*, et-cetera.

Citrangada asked all his Khecaras, “Has any maiden been seen in Bharatavarsa who is worthy of him?” Mrgankalekha, the daughter of his brother, Angada, said: “Father, do you not know my friend, Priyadarsana? She, like the woman-jewel in beauty, is my friend in Kausambi, the daughter of Sheth Jinadatta. Formerly I walked at her side. ‘After bearing a son, she will become a *mendicant*,’ a *muni* said, with reference to her, and I heard it.”

Citrangada instructed Khecaras, Amitagati and others, to arrange for Priyadarsana, suitable for Bandhudatta, to be given to him. The Khecaras took Bandhudatta and went to Kausambi. They camped in a garden outside ornamented with a shrine of Parsva. Bandhudatta entered the shrine with the Khecaras, paid homage to Parsva and the sadhus and listened to *dharma** from them. Jinadatta, to whom co-religionists were dear, had gone there and, after inviting them, took Bandhudatta and the Khecaras to his house. After Jinadatta had entertained Bandhudatta and the Khecaras with dignity with baths, seats, et-cetera, he asked the reason for their coming.

The Khecaras, thinking, “This is an enterprise of love; falsehood is a branch of love,”³¹⁰ at once made up this story and said: “We have come from Mt. Ratna, having undertaken a tour of the holy places. We went to Mt. Ujjayanta and paid homage to Nemi. We were honored with food, et-cetera by Bandhudatta, who belonged there, like a brother because we were co-religionists. Because he was devoted to dharma and was always averse to women, a very strong affection developed between him and us. We came from Ujjayanta hereto pay homage to Sri Parsva and Bandhudatta came also, drawn by affection for us.”

After hearing this speech of the Khecaras and after seeing Bandhudatta, Jinadatta reflected, “He is a suitable husband for my daughter.” So reflecting, Jinadatta had him urged by the Khecaras and said to Bandhudatta, “Marry my daughter.” Bandhudatta considered, as if portraying unwillingness for that. At that same time, Amitagati announced Citrangada. Citrangada having come with the procession of the bridegroom’s friends, Jinadatta married

Bandhudatta to his daughter. After giving instructions to Bandhudatta, Citrangada went to his home and Bandhudatta remained there, delighting Priyadarsana. He had a car-procession of Sri Parsva made and, thus devoted to *dharma**, he remained there for four years.

As time passed, Priyadarsana conceived and saw an elephant* entering her lotus-mouth in a dream. One day Bandhudatta told his wife that a *desire* to go his own home had arisen. She told Jinadatta and Jinadatta loaded him with very great wealth and dismissed him with his wife. "I am going to Nagapuri." He put the people who had set out with him because of the announcement in front like brothers and going very slowly, a great traveler on the right road, reached the forest Padma, the sole *abode* of evil.

Guarding the caravan, worried, after traversing the forest for three days, he had the caravan stop on the bank of a pool. As the caravan was camped there, in the last watch of the night an attack by the village-chief, Candasena, took place. After seizing the property of the caravan and leading away Priyadarsana, the soldiers turned her over to Candasena. When Candasena had seen her, sad-faced, his *compassion* aroused, he thought, "Shall I send her to her own home?"

As he was considering, he saw a slave-girl, Cutalata near her. "Who is she? Whose daughter? Tell me everything." The slave-girl said: "She is the daughter of Jinadatta, a merchant of Kausambi. Her name is Priyadarsana." On hearing that, he fainted at once. When he had regained consciousness, the village-chief said to Priyadarsana:

"My life was saved in the past by your father. Do not be afraid. Hear from the beginning: I am a noted chief of thieves. One day when I had gone out for stealing, I went to a mountain-village in the country Vatsa at the beginning of night. Surrounded by thieves, drinking wine, I was found there by the guards and was handed over to Manabhanga by the ones who captured me. He had me beaten. As I was being led out to execution, my release was obtained by your father, compassionate, going to break his fast at the end of pausadha. After giving me clothes and money, your father dismissed me. You are the daughter of (my) benefactor. Therefore, instruct me. What can I do?"

Jinadatta's daughter said, "Brother, now find Bhanudatta, my husband, who was separated (from me) by the attack." "I will do so," the village-chief replied and escorted Priyadarsana to his house with exceeding *devotion* and considered her like his own divinity. Then Candasena himself went to look for Bandhudatta, after comforting Priyadarsana with the gift of fearlessness.

Now Bandhudatta, separated from his wife, standing in a grove of date trees, unhappy, thought: "Separated from me, she, long-eyed, will not be able to live a day. My wife is probably dead. With what hope can I live in future? Death* is a suitable refuge.* There is no other course for me. Now I shall die, hanging myself from this big saptacchada?" With these thoughts he moved forward.

When he got near to the saptacchada, he saw a big pool in front of it and in it a rajahansa grieved by separation from his mate. Seeing him miserable like himself, he was very grieved. For the unhappy man knows the mental suffering of the unhappy. While Bandhudatta stood so, in a moment the rajahansa was united closely with the hansa seated in the shade of a lotus-bed. After seeing him united with his wife Bandhudatta thought:

"Again the union of the living with the wife takes place. I shall go to my own city. Penniless, how shall I go there? Going to Kausambi without my wife is not suitable. After going to Visala and taking money from my maternal uncle, giving it to the general of the thieves, I shall obtain the release of my wife. After going with my wife to Nagapuri, from my own house I shall give the money to my maternal uncle by some means, remembering what was done.

With this plan, going east the next day, he went in great distress to a place named Giristhala. While he rested in a Yaksa's temple concealed by a tree, near the road, a traveler suffering from fatigue came. Asked by Bandhudatta, "Whence have you come?" the traveler announced clearly, "I am from Visala." "Is the caravan-leader there, Dhanadatta, all right?" asked by Bandhudatta, the traveler, sad-faced, said:

"When Dhanadatta was away on business, his eldest son, sporting with his wife at home, paid no attention to the king as he was passing by. Angered by that offense, the king seized his goods and put his household, sons, wives, et-cetera in prison. Dhanadatta has come to his sister's son, Bandhudatta, for the sake of a balance of a crores of rupees of a ransom. Traveling (on the way), he was quit by me yesterday."

Bandhudatta thought: "Alas! What has Fate done! The one in whom I had hope, has fallen into an ocean of calamities. Let it be so. Staying right here, I shall see my uncle. After I go to Nagapuri, I shall get the money for him quickly." So reflecting, he stayed. On the fifth day his uncle came with a caravan, with few companions, very distressed. Dhanadatta sat under a tamala tree^B in the garden of the Yaksa's temple and was seen by Bhanudatta.

In order to test him, Bandhudatta said: "Tell from where you came here and where you are going." Dhanadatta said: "I have come from Visala and I am going to the city Nagapuri, good sir." Bandhudatta said: "I too am going to Nagapuri, but who of your family lives there? Tell." He said, "My nephew Bandhudatta is there," and Bandhudatta replied, "Bandhudatta is a friend of mine."

After ascertaining that he was his uncle, Bandhudatta stayed there without disclosing himself and they ate and slept together. At dawn Bandhu went to the river for bathing and saw that the dust of the ground in a thicket of kadamba^B was tinged with the color of jewels. He dug up the ground with a sharp horn and came to a copper box filled with jewels and ornaments. After taking the box secretly, going to Dhanadatta, and telling him how it had been obtained, he said politely: "I have obtained all the news from you, a traveler. Accept this box because of your merit, uncle of my friend. After both of us have gone to Visala and paid money, we will release our men from the king's imprisonment and then we will go to Nagapuri."

With these words, Bandhudatta set the box down in front of him and became silent. Dhanadatta said: "Shall we see your friend Bandhudatta because of having the men released, good sir? After that, he is the authority." Bhanudatta bowed and announced who he was. Dhanadatta said, "Oh! How you reached such an unfortunate state?" When his experiences had been told by Bhanudatta, Dhanadatta said, "Son, first we shall rescue Priyadarsana from the Bhil-las."

Just then the king's armed soldiers came quickly and arrested all the travelers camped there on the suspicion that they were robbers. While Dhanadatta and Bandhudatta were throwing the object into the Yaksa's temple, they were caught by the king's men. "What is this?" questioned by them, they said, "From fear of you, we hid this object of our own." The king's soldiers took them with the box and the other travelers before the king's minister.

After examining and releasing the other travelers, the minister questioned the uncle and nephew *zealously*, "Where are you from and what is this?" "We have come from Visala and now we have started to Latadesa, taking this money acquired before." The minister said, "If this is your property, in that case tell everything that is in the box with some sign of proof." Not knowing (what was in the box), terrified, they said, "If the box has been stolen, open it yourself, minister, and let it be examined."

The minister himself opened the box and saw ornaments in it marked with the king's name. Remembering that these objects had been lost for a long time, the minister reflected: "This has been deposited by these two from objects stolen before. The robbers will be caught through these two being beaten." With this idea he had the whole caravan seized by his men. He had the two beaten severely by guards like messengers of *Yama*. Distracted by heavy blows, they said: "We came yesterday with the caravan. If that is not so, we must be killed by you then, after consideration."

A man of the place said in reference to Bandhudatta, "I saw him in this caravan five days ago." Asked by the minister, "Do you know him?" the caravan-leader said, "Who, indeed, knows such travelers going in a caravan?" After hearing that, the minister, angered, had the nephew and uncle detained in a prison resembling hell.

Now Candasena, after wandering for a long time through the forest Padma without finding Bandhudatta, went home, ashamed. Before Priyadarsana he promised: "I will bring your husband within six months, or I will enter the fire." After making this promise the village-chief sent spies to Kausambi and Nagapuri to find Bandhudatta. After some days they returned and said to Candasena, "We, roaming about, have not seen Bandhudatta."

Candasena reflected: "Miserable from separation from his wife, surely he is dead by leaping from a *precipice* or entering a fire. Four months have passed from the limit of my promise. Now I shall enter the fire. Bandhudatta is hard to find. Or rather, I will stay until Priyadarsana gives birth. After taking her son to Kausambi, I shall enter the fire."

While he was reflecting thus, the door-keeper came and said: "By good fortune you prosper today. Priyadarsana has borne a son." Delighted, the village-chief gave him a gratuity and said to the goddess of the forest Padma, named Candasena: "If my sister and her son are well for one month, I will give you an offering of ten men." When twenty-five days had passed safely, he sent men in every direction to bring men for the sacrifice.

Now Bandhudatta and his maternal uncle passed six months in that prison resembling hell. Then a great thief was found by the guards at night a *mendicant* with money and they arrested him and handed him over to the same minister. "Mendicants do not have such money. So he must be a robber." After this decision, the minister ordered him to be killed. As he was being led out for execution, thinking, "The *muni*'s speech is not false," he said with *remorse*: "No one, except me, robbed the city. All the loot is in the moun-

tains, rivers, gardens, et-cetera. The goods should be returned to those from whom it was stolen. It is deposited like a treasure. Then kill me."

The guards told the minister and the minister saw all the goods in the places described, except one box. The minister said to the *mendicant*: "Why this conduct of yours repugnant to (your) belief and appearance? Tell fearlessly, clever man."

Story of the thief

This same act is customary for those devoted to sense-objects, (but) without money in the house. If there is anything unusual, hear: In the city Pundravardhana, I am the son, Narayana, of the Brahman Somadeva. I constantly taught the people that heaven was from killing living creatures, et-cetera.

One day I saw some sad-faced men arrested on the suspicion that they were thieves. 'All these rogues should be killed,' I said at that time. A *muni* said, 'Oh! the wicked ignorance!' I bowed and asked the muni, 'hat ignorance?' and he said: 'The imputation of non-existent crime, causing great pain to another. These men have fallen into misfortune from the ripening of former karma. Why do you invent a non-existent crime of thievery? Soon you will find the full fruit of acts committed in a former birth. So do not impose a false crime on another.'

Asked by me again about the full fruit of former acts, the muni, who had supernatural knowledge, his mind filled with *compassion*, said:

Former birth of thief

'In this same Bharataketra in the city Garjana, there was a Brahman, Asadha by name, and his wife Racchuka. Now in the fifth birth (before this) you were their son, Candradeva, and you were taught the Vedas by your father. Considering yourself learned, you were much honored by King Virasena. Another *mendicant*, named Yogatman, intelligent, was there. There was a child-widow, Viramati, the daughter of Sheth Vinita, and she went off with a gardener, Sinhala. Yogatman had been worshipped by her and by chance he went somewhere else on the same day without telling anyone because of freedom from attachment.

"Viramati has gone," was the gossip among all the people. You reflected, "Surely Yogatman has gone with her." "Viramati has gone somewhere," was the talk in the palace and you said definitely, "She has gone with Yogatman." The king said, "He has given up associa-

tion with his wife, et-cetera,” and you said, “For that very reason he, a heretic, has taken other men’s wives.” On hearing that, the people became lax in religion and on account of that sin the other mendicants expelled Yogatman.

Having acquired in this way sharp, firmly bound karma,²⁶⁸ after death* you became a goat in the hamlet Kollaka. Having a *putrid* tongue from the fault of that karma, after death* you became a jackal in a great forest of Kollaka. After the jackal had died from cancer of the tongue, you became the son of Madanalata, a courtesan of the king in Saketa.

One day you, a young man, intoxicated, were restrained by a prince when you were insulting the king’s mother and you insulted him, also, deeply. He cut off your tongue and you, ashamed, fasted and died. Now you became a Brahman. The rest of your actions you know already.’

After hearing that, having disgust with existence which had been produced, I became a *mendicant* at the feet of Suguru, eager for obedience to a guru. The magic arts of ‘going-through-the air’ and of opening-locks were given to me by the guru as he was dying and I was instructed earnestly: ‘These magic arts must not be invoked in any other calamity except the rescue of a righteous person; and no falsehood must be spoken even in jest. If a falsehood is told through carelessness, you should recite the magic arts one thousand and eight times, standing in water up to the navel, holding the arms erect.’

Devoted to sense-objects I have done the reverse. Yesterday I told a falsehood in front of the habitation in the garden.

Yesterday some young women, after bathing, came to worship the god in the habitation and asked me the reason for taking the vow, I said carelessly the reason was the separation from a dear wife and I did not make the prayer prescribed by the guru, standing in water. At night in order to steal I entered, like a dog, Sheth Sagara’s house whose door happened to be open. As I was leaving after taking the gold, silver, et-cetera, I was caught by the police; and the magic art, ‘going-through-the air,’ did not manifest itself, though recalled.”

The minister asked him again: “Only a box of ornaments has not been found. Were you mistaken about the place?” He said: “The box was taken from the place where it was buried by someone who came and learned about it by chance.”

After hearing that the chief-minister released the *ascetic* and he remembered the uncle and nephew who had taken the box. He

thought: "Surely the box was taken by them in ignorance and they lied because they were terrified. They must be questioned without fear* on their part." He summoned them and questioned them unafraid. When they had told everything in detail, they were released by the minister conversant with right conduct.

They stayed two days because of emaciation and left on the third day; and they were caught by Candasena's men who were looking for men. They were both thrown into the midst of prisoners by Kiratas for the sacrifice to the goddess Candasena. Taking Priyadarsana with slave-girls and her son, Candasena approached for the worship of Candasena. Saying, "Merchants' wives are not able to look at this terrible goddess," he covered Priyadarsana's eyes with a cloth. After taking the boy himself, Candasena by a signal of his eye had Bandhudatta brought, the very first one by chance. The village-chief said to Priyadarsana, "After having your son bow to the goddess and having him give her red sandal, have him worship her,"

He himself, completely pitiless, drew his sword from its scabbard, but miserable Priyadarsana thought:

"Alas! this sacrifice with men to the goddess is for my sake. How has this inglorious thing been caused by me! Oh! Oh! I have become a Raksasi."

Bandhudatta, knowing that death* had come, pure-minded, began to recite namaskaras, virtuous. Hearing his voice, at once Priyadarsana opened her eyes and saw her husband. She said to Candasena, "Brother, you have been faithful to a promise, since this is Bandhudatta, your sister's husband." Falling at his feet, Candasena said to Bandhudatta:, "Pardon this crime of ignorance. You are master. Give orders."

Delighted, Bandhudatta said to Priyadarsana, "What crime is there of this man who has reunited me with you?" Then giving orders to Candasena, Bandhudatta had the men released from prison and said to him, "What is this?" and the Bhilla-king told the story ending in the offering for the fulfillment of his wish.

Bandhu said: "Pooja with living creatures is not fitting. You should worship the goddess with flowers, et-cetera. You should avoid injury, other people's money and wives, and falsehood. Be a vessel of contentment." He agreed, "Very well," and the goddess, being near, said, "Beginning with today, my worship must be made with white lotuses, et-cetera." Hearing that, many Bhillas became bhadraakas at once.

The son was handed over to Bandhudatta by Priyadarsana. Bandhudatta handed over his son to Dhanadatta and told his wife, "He is my maternal uncle." She veiled herself and bowed from a distance to her father-in-law. He gave a blessing and said, "A name for the son is fitting today." Since he had given joy to his relatives by the gift of life, his parents gave him the name Bandhavananda.

After conducting Bandhudatta and his uncle to his house, the Kirata-chief gave them food* and then handed over the loot that he had taken. Candasena, his hands folded respectfully, brought tiger-skins, *chauris*, elephant-tusks, pearls, fruit, et-cetera to Bandhudatta. Bandhu dismissed the prisoners, like brothers, with suitable gifts and, having helped Dhanadatta to accomplish his purpose, sent him to his own home.

Bandhudatta went to the city Nagapuri with the caravan, his son and Priyadarsana, accompanied by Candasena. His brothers, who came delighted, and the king had him mount an elephant* and enter the city with much honor. Bestowing gifts, Bandhudatta went to his own house and told his whole story to his brothers at the end of a meal.

Again he said to all: "Everything in this existence is worthless except the doctrine of the Jinas. This is my experience." The people became devoted to the doctrine of the Jinas from Bandhudatta's speech. Bandhudatta entertained Candasena and dismissed him. Bandhudatta lived there in comfort for twelve years. One day in autumn Srimat Parsva stopped in a *samavasarana*. Bandhudatta went there with Priyadarsana with great magnificence, bowed to Sri Parsvanatha and listened to a sermon.

Previous birth of Bandhudatta

He then asked the Lord: "Because of what acts did six wives die as soon as married and why did my separation and imprisonment take place?" The Master related:

"Here in Bharata on Mt. Vindhya there was a Sabara-lord, named Sikharasena, intent on doing harm, devoted to sense-objects. Priyadarsana was his wife, named Srimati, and you continued playing with her in mountain-thickets at that time. One day a group of sadhus, who had lost the way, came there wandering in the forest and was seen by you with a compassionate mind. You went and asked the sadhus, 'Why do you wander here?' They told you, 'We have lost the way.'

Srimati said to you, 'After feeding them with fruit, et-cetera, help these munis cross the Vindhya-forest difficult' to cross. You

brought bulbs, et-cetera and they said: 'This is not proper. If there is anything devoid of color, odor, et-cetera, give us that. Or fruit, et-cetera, that was gathered a long time ago, is suitable for us.' On hearing that, you fed them with such bulbs, et-cetera. You led the sadhus to the road and they taught *dharma*.* After giving you the formula 'homage to the five,' they instructed you as follows:

'On one day in a fortnight you, staying in solitude, with all *censurable* activity given up, must recall this formula of homage. If someone should threaten you then, do not be angry at him. If you practice *dharma* in this way, the glory of heaven is not hard to attain.' You said, 'So be it.'

One day a lion approached you as you were doing just so and Srimati was at once afraid of him. Saying, 'Do not be afraid,' you seized a large bow, (but) you were reminded by Srimati of the self-control advised by the guru. Then you, motionless, and noble Srimati were *devoured* by the lion and you became gods in Saudharma with a life-term of a *palya*.*

After falling, you became the son of King Kurumrganka and Balacandra in Cakrapuri in the West Videhas. Srimati, falling from heaven, became the daughter of King Subhusana, brother-in-law of Kurumrganka, and Kurumati. You two, Vasantasena and Sabaramrganka by name, gradually attained youth, living in your respective places. She fell in love with you from hearing your virtues; and you with her from the sight of a painting of her figure brought by an esteemed painter. You were married to her by your father, knowing your affection. Your father became an *ascetic* and you became king. At that time the karma originating in your Bhilla-birth, caused by separating animals, matured. Hear the full truth, noble sir.

In that same province, a powerful king, lord of Jayapura, named Vardhana, angry for no reason, said to you through agents: 'Send me Vasantasena and accept my command. In that case enjoy your kingdom; if not, fight with me.' Hearing that with anger, mounted on an elephant*, you set out with an army for battle, being prevented by the people from seeing unfavorable omens. At that time King Vardhana, being defeated, fled; and a powerful king, named *Tapta*, fought with you.

You, your army destroyed by him who had defeated you, died and, because you were subject to cruel meditation*, you became a hell-inhabitant in the sixth hell. Vasantasena entered the fire, grieved by the separation, died, and was born at that time in the same hell. You, having risen from hell, became the son in the house of a poor man in Bharata in Puskaradvipa and she became a daugh-

ter of a caste equal to his. The marriage of the two took place when they were grown and, though the pain of poverty was present, you two sported constantly.

One day you two were at home and saw some *sadhvis*. Getting up with *devotion*, you presented them with food* and drink *zealously*. Questioned, the *sadhvis* said, 'Our head is Balacandra and there is shelter in the house of Sheth Vasu.' At the end of the day, you two went there, your minds purified, and were taught *dharma** completely by the head-*sadhvi*, Balacandra. You both adopted lay-dharma at her feet and, after death*, became gods with a life of nine sagaras in Brahmaloka. After falling, you became these two (you are now). You made severe separation of animals in your Bhilla-birth and she approved it. By the maturing of that (karma) you experienced the death of your wives, separation, and the pains of capture, imprisonment, et-cetera. For the maturing of karma is painful."

Bandhudatta bowed again and said to the Blessed One: "In future where shall we go and how long will our existence be?" The Master replied: "After death, you will go to Sahasrara. Falling, you will be a cakrin in East Videha and she will be your chief-queen. After enjoying the pleasures of the senses for a long time and after becoming mendicants, both will go to emancipation." Hearing that, Bandhudatta and Priyadarsana took the vow at that very time under the Master, Sri Parsva.

One day a king, a lord of nine treasures, went to pay homage to Parsva who had stopped in a *samavasarana* near his city."By what acts in a former birth did I attain this magnificence?" So questioned by him, the Blessed One, Lord Parsva said:

"In a former birth you were a gardener, Asoka^B by name, in a village, Hellura, in the country Maharastra. One day after selling flowers, you started home. Half-way on the road, you entered a layman's house where the statue of an Arhat was set up. Seeing the Arhat's statue there, looking for flowers, you put your hand in the basket and found there nine flowers. You put them on the Arhat and acquired great merit.

One day you presented a priyangu-blossom^B to the king. You were installed by the king as the head of the guild and, when you died, you became lord of nine lacs of drammas²⁶⁹ in Elapura. After death you became lord of nine crores of money²⁷⁰ in the same place. When you died, you became lord of nine lacs of gold in the city Svamapatha. After death you became lord of nine crores of gold in the same place. After death you became master of nine lacs of jewels in Ratnapura. In course of time you died and became master

of fully nine crores of jewels in the same city, Ratnapura. You died and became a king, the son of King Vallabha in Vatika, lord of nine lacs of villages. Then you died and became such a king lord of nine treasures. From this birth you will go to the Anuttara-palace.”

After hearing the Master’s account, the king, very devout, became a *mendicant* at that time.

The Congregation

As the Lord wandered, his retinue from the day of *omniscience* consisted of sixteen thousand *rsis* (*sadhus*), thirty-eight thousand noble *sadhvis*, three hundred and fifty who knew the fourteen *purvas**, fourteen hundred who had clairvoyant knowledge, seven hundred and fifty who had mind-reading knowledge, one thousand omniscients, eleven hundred who had the art of transformation, six hundred noble disputants, one lac and sixty-four thousand laymen, and three lacs and seventy-seven thousand laywomen.

His emancipation

Knowing that his emancipation was near, the Lord went to Mt. Sammeta, accompanied by thirty-three *munis*, and fasted for a month. The Teacher of the World, together with the thirty-three *munis*, attained the place from which there is no return on the eighth of the white half of *Sravana*, (the moon being) in *Visakha*.

Thirty years as householder, seventy in keeping the vows so the age of Sri Parsva Swamin was one hundred years. The emancipation of the Supreme Lord, Sri Parsvanatha, took place eighty-three thousand, seven hundred and fifty years from the day of Sri Nemi’s emancipation. The lords of gods, *Sakra*^s and the others, came to Mt. Sammeta’s peak, accompanied by the gods. Subject to an excess of grief, they celebrated splendidly the emancipation-festival of the Supreme Lord, Parsva.

The ones who, believing, bring the biography of Parsvanatha, purifying the three worlds, within the range of hearing from them misfortunes go away; and they would be remarkably prosperous, and they go to the final *abode*. What else?



Mahavirswami Charitra

1. Previous Births

Invocation

Homage to the Defender from a host of enemies love, et-cetera, that are hard to resist; homage to the Arhat, Lord of ascetics, Mahavira, Protector. Of him, god of gods, we shall celebrate the life, which is worshipped by gods, asuras, and men, and which is the best pool of the water of merit.

Incarnation as Nayasara

There is a city, named Jayanti, in the province Mahavapra, the ornament of West Videha in this same Jambudvipa. Satrumardana, very magnificent, who resembled a newly arisen Janardana^s in his strength of arm, was king there. In one of his villages, named Prthivipratisthana, there was a village-overseer, named Nayasara, devoted to the Master. Although he was outside of the organization of monks, he was opposed to crimes, averse to incurring guilt, and devoted to the acquisition of merit.

One day, at the king's command he took food* and carts and went to the great forest for teak trees. While he was having the trees cut, midday came on, and the sun in the sky burned intensely like a fire in the stomach. Then Nayasara's servants, knowing that it was time, brought him an excellent meal under a pavilion like tree. With

the thought, "If I should have a hungry or thirsty guest come, I would give him food," Nayasara looked here and there.

Just then sadhus came, hungry and thirsty, tired, their bodies* bathed in perspiration, who were occupied in looking for a caravan. Lost in Jungle, Reflecting, "How fortunate! These sadhus have come here as my guests," the village overseer bowed to them and said: "How did your Reverences come to this great forest? Not even armed men wander here alone." They replied: "We started out from our station with a caravan in the first place. We entered a village for alms and just then the caravan left. Without receiving alms we set out after the caravan and then, as we went along, we happened to come into this great forest."

Nayasara said: "Alas! the caravan is very pitiless; alas! it does not fear* evil; alas! it destroys men who trusted it, since it went ahead without waiting for the sadhus who had started with it and had stopped with confidence in the caravan cruel from *devotion* to its own business only. Because of my merit, you have come here to the forest as my guest."

With these words, he led the great munis to the place where the * food* was and gave the munis the food and drink brought for his own use. The sadhus went elsewhere, according to rule, and ate. After the village overseer had eaten, he went to the munis, bowed, and said, "If your Reverences are ready to go now, I shall show you the road to the city." They went with him and reached the road to the city. Seated under a tree, they taught him *dharma*.* He adopted right belief (*samyaktva*) and took leave of them, considering himself blessed. He returned (to the forest), sent the trees to the king, and went himself to the village. Henceforth, always practicing dharma, meditating on the seven Principles,²⁷¹ preserving right belief, noble-minded, he passed the time.

Incarnation as a god

At the end he performed the rite of propitiation (*aradhana*), recalled the formula of homage to the Five and after death* became a god in Saudharma for the duration of a *palyopama*.^{272*}

Incarnation as Marici

Now, in this same Bharata there is a very fair city, named Vinita, built in the past by the Indras for Yugadinatha (Rsabha). Bharata, the son of holy Rsabha Swamin, was cakravartin there, lord of nine treasures, lord of fourteen jewels. The *soul* of the village-overseer fell and became his son, who shed rays of light and so was called

'Marichi.' As a member of the warrior-caste, Marichi went with his father, brothers, and others to the first *samavasarana* of Rsabha Swamin. After he had seen the honor paid to the Lord by the gods and had listened to dharma, his mind was captured by right-belief, and he took the vow. Knowing well the duties of ascetics, indifferent even to his own body, possessing the three controls,²⁷³ observing the five kinds of carefulness,²⁷⁴ free from passions, keeping the five great vows,²⁷⁵ studying the eleven²⁷⁶ angas under the elders, Marichi wandered as a *mendicant* with Rsabha Swamin for a long time.

One day, when he was on the road, (walking) in a layer of dust that burned the nails on travelers' feet and was harsh from the rays of the sun in the hot season, both of his garments smeared with dirt from his body wet with perspiration, suffering from thirst, as a result of the maturing of good-conduct-obscuring karma,²⁷⁷ he reflected:

"Henceforth I, devoid of merit, desiring birth, am not able to bear the *attributes* of mendicancy which are burdens equal to Meru, hard to bear. Shall I abandon the vow? I would certainly be disgraced before the world, if I abandon it. Rather I shall take this means to keep the vow from being a burden. These blessed ascetics are always free from the three hurtful acts (tridanda).²⁷⁸ The triple staff (tridandin) shall be a token of me who have been subdued by the hurtful acts. These are bald from pulling out their hair, but I shall have a tuft of hair (sikhin), bald by means of a razor. These observe the great vows. I shall observe the lesser vows.²⁷⁹ These munis have no possessions; I shall have a ring, et-cetera. They are free from *delusion*; I, covered with *delusion*, shall have an umbrella. These sages walk without shoes; I shall have shoes as a means of protection for my feet. They have a good odor from their conduct; I have an evil odor from my conduct. To obtain a good odor, I shall have a tilaka, et-cetera of sandal. These sages, free from passions, (*kasaya*), have old white garments; I, having passions, shall have reddish garments (*kasaya*). They give up the use of water which causes the destruction of many lives; I shall bathe and drink a moderate amount of water."

Thus calculating in his mind for the sake of contriving an outfit, cowardly before *austerities*, Marichi undertook new mendicancy. All the people who saw him with this garb questioned him about *dharma** and he taught them the *sadhu*-dharma as taught by the Jina. Again asked by the people, "Why do you yourself not practice it?" he said, "I am not able to bear the weight of Meru. (Mountain) "However, he sent the bhavyas²⁸⁰ who were present, after they had

been enlightened by instruction in *dharma*, to the Master, son of Nabhi (Rsabha), as disciples.

With practices of this kind, Marichi wandered with the Master and the Master stopped in a *samavasarana* again in Vinita. When he was questioned in it by Cakrin Bharat after paying homage to him, the Lord named the future *Arhats*, Cakrins, Visnus, Prativisnus, and Balas. Bharata asked again, "Is there any one here in the assembly who will be a Tirthakrt in this country of Bharata, like yourself, Lord?" The Master showed him Marichi and said: "This son of yours will be the last Tirthakrt, named Vira, here in Bharata. He will be the first Sarngabhrt (Vasudeva)* here, named Triprstha, the city Potana and will be the *Cakrabhrt* Priyamitra in the city Muka in the Videhas."

When he had heard that, Bharata took leave of the Lord, went to Marichi, circumambulated him three times, luted him respectfully, and said:

"The Master said that you will be the last Arhat here in Bharata; the first Vasudeva, named Triprstha, Lord of potana; and a cakrin, named Priyamitra, in Muka in Videha. Your *mendicancy* now is not to be honored; you are honored because you are a future Arhat."

When he had said this to him, the cakravartin bowed again to the Master, reverent-minded, and entered the city Vinita, delighted,

Marichi's pride

When he had heard that, Marichi jumped three steps three times from joy and said aloud:

"I shall be the first Visnu*; in the city Muka there will be the rank of cakravartin; I shall be the last Arhat, Enough of anything else for me. I shall be the first of the Vasudevas; my father is first of the cakravartins; my grandfather is the first of the Tirthakrts. Oh! Indeed, my family is the highest."

Thus, showing pride in family,²⁸¹ clapping his hands repeatedly, Marichi acquired karma called 'low-family' (nicagotra).

After Rsabha's emancipation, he wandered with the sadhus and after he had enlightened bhavyas, he sent them to the sadhus. One day, when he was attacked by illness, the sadhus said, "He does not practice complete self-control," and did not take care of him. Ill, he reflected to himself: "Shame, on these sadhus, discourteous, devoid of *compassion*, devote to nothing but their own affairs, averse to dealing with people since they do not even look at me, much less take care of me though I am intimate (with them), friendly, initiated by the same teacher, and polite. And yet, this is an evil thought on

my part. Since they do not care for their own bodies*, why the should they care for me when I am ill with lay vows. When I have recovered from this illness, therefore, I shall make some disciple attendant of my own and, indeed, with this same garb.” Thus reflecting, Marichi recovered by the power of fate.

Kapila as disciple

One day, a well-born youth, Kapila, met him. He informed Kapila, who was seeking *dharma**, about the religion of the *Arhats*. “Why do you not practice it yourself?” Kapila asked him. Marichi replied, “I am not able to practice that dharma,”

Kapila enquired, “Is not dharma found on your path?” Knowing that he was weak in the religion of the Jina and desiring a disciple, he told him,

“Dharma is found both on the path of the Jina and on my path.”

Then Kapila became his disciple. From the teaching of false dharma Marichi acquired a crores of crores of sagaras²⁸² in worldly existence.

Incarnation as god

Without confessing that, Marichi died from fasting and became god in Brahmaloka with a life-duration of ten *sagaropamas*.

Origin of Sankhya

Kapila made Asuri and others his disciples, taught his practices died, and also became a god in Brahmaloka. After he had known his former birth through clairvoyance and had come to earth because of *delusion*, he communicated the Sankhya doctrine composed by himself to Asuri and others. From his teaching handed down orally the Sankhya philosophy developer here. For the majority of people engage in practices which can be observed with comfort.

Various unimportant incarnations

Marichi's *soul* fell and became a Brahman, named Kausika^s, with a life -term of eighty lacs of purvas,^{283*} in the hamlet Kollaka. Always voted to sensual pleasures, occupied with the acquisition of wealth, pitiless in injury, et-cetera, he passed much time. At the end he became a Tridandin and, after he had died and passed through many births, he became a Brahman, Puspamitra, in the hamlet Sthuna. He became a Tridandin and, after he had completed a life of seventy-two lacs of purvas, became a god in Saudharma with a medium life-term.

He fell and became a Brahman, Agnyudyota, in the hamlet Caitya and as before became a Tridandin, living for sixty-four lacs of purvas. After death* he became a god in Aisana with a medium life-term. Then he fell and became a Brahman, named Agnibhuti, in the hamlet Mandira. He became a Tridandin, living for fifty-six lacs of purvas, and after death became a god in Sanatkumara with a medium life-term. He fell and became a Brahman, Bharadvaja, in Svetambi. He became a Tridandin living for forty-four lacs of purvas*, and after death became a god in Mahendra with a medium life-term.

He fell and after he had passed through births, became a Brahman, *Sthavara*, in Rajagrha. He became a Tridandin living for thirty-four lacs of purvas, and after death became a god in Brahmaloaka with a medium life-term. After he had fallen from Brahmaloaka, he passed through many births. Verily, imamate births result from one's karma.

Incarnation as Visvabhuti

Now, there was a king named Visvanandin in Rajagrha. By his wife, Priyangu. he had a son, named Visikhanandin; and the King had a younger brother, named Visakhabhuti, who was crown prince. The crown prince had a wife, named Dharini. By good karma acquired in former births, Marichi's *soul* was born as Visvabhuti, son of Visakhabhuti by Dharini.

When he Visvabhuti had grown up, he was playing (one day) with his *harem* in the garden Puspakarandaka, like a young god in Nandana. But Visakhanandin, the king's son, who wished to play, stood outside the garden. Slave girls, who had gone for flowers, etcetera, saw the two in this situation. When Priyangu learned about it from them, angered, she went to the anger-house.²⁸⁴ At her *desire* the king had the marching-drum beaten. The king said deceitfully to the assembly;

"The vassal, *Purusasinha*, is *arrogant*. Therefore, I shall go to conquer him."

When he heard this, Visvabhuti, guileless, came from the garden, stopped the king (from going) from *devotion* and made the march himself. When he had gone and seen that Purusasinha was obeying orders, he returned and went to the garden Puspakarandaka. "Visakhanandin is inside," the gatekeeper told him; whereupon he reflected, "I was *enticed* from Puspakarandaka by a trick."

Angered, he struck a wood-apple tree with his fist and, pointing to the ground covered with its fallen fruit, said to the gate-keeper:

"I would make all their heads fall too, like that, if I did not have great devotion to my elder father."²⁸⁵ Enough for me of pleasures beginning with such deceit." So saying, he went to *Muni Sambhuti's* feet and took the vow.

When the king heard that he had become an *ascetic*, he went with his younger brother, bowed, asked for forgiveness, and begged him for the sake of the kingdom. The king ascertained that Visvabhuti was unwilling (to go back) and went home. But he (Visvabhuti) then wandered elsewhere with his guru.

One day, wandering alone by permission of his guru, *emaciated* by penance, he went to the city Mathura. At that time Visakhanandin went to marry the king of Mathura's daughter. Visvabhuti entered the city at the end of the month to break his fast and went to the vicinity of Visakhanandin's camp. Men pointed him out, saying, "There is Prince Visvabhuti," and Visakhanandin was at once enraged with him, like an enemy, on sight of him. Just then Visvabhuti fell, knocked over by a *cow*. He (Visakhanandin) laughed, saying, "Where is your strength that makes wood-apples fall?" Visvabhuti seized the cow by the horns and whirled it around angrily. He made the *nidana*²⁸⁶ "May I have great strength for killing him in another birth as a result of this severe penance,"

Incarnation as god

Visvabhuti completed his life of a crores of years and, dying without confessing that (the *nidana*"), became a god with a maximum life-term in Mahasukra.

Incarnation as Tripstha

Now, there was in this same Bharata in the city Potana a long-armed king, named Ripupratisatru. He had a wife, Bhadra, and she bore a son, who had been indicated by four dreams, the Balabhadra Acala. He had also a *doe-eyed* daughter, Mrgavati. When she was grown, beautiful, she went to pay her respects to her father. As soon as he saw her, love was born, and he set her on his lap. After considering a way to marry her, he dismissed her.

Then the king summoned the city-elders and asked: "When a jewel is produced here, whose is it? Give your judgment." "Yours," they replied unanimously. When he had obtained that reply three times, the king had Mrgavati brought there to marry. Ashamed, they all went away; and the king obtained Mrgavati by himself by means of a *gandharva-marriage*.

Queen Bhadra, filled with shame and anger, left the king and went with Acala into the Deccan. There Acala founded a new city, Mahesvari, established his mother in it, and returned to his father. His father was called Prajapati by all the people, because he was the husband of his own daughter. Indeed, karma is very strong.

Visvabhuti fell from *Sukra* at that time and entered the womb of Mrgavati, with a birth as a Visnu^s indicated by seven dreams. At the proper time she bore a son, the first Sarhgabhrt (Vasudeva)^s, named Triprstha because he had three backbones. Eighty bows tall, playing with Acala, with all the arts acquired, he gradually grew to manhood.

After Visakhanandin's *soul* had passed through a birth, it was born as a lion on Mt. Tunga and attacked the district of Sankhapura. At that time King Asvagriva, the Prativisnu, asked an astrologer,

"Whence will my death* come?"

"Your slayer will be the man who will attack the messenger, Candavega, and who will kill with ease the lion on Mt. Tunga."

Then Asvagriva had rice sown in Sankhapura and appointed kings to guard it in turn. He heard of the two powerful sons of King Prajapati and quickly sent Candavega to him on some business of his. Intoxicated by his master's power, Candavega went suddenly into the private assembly of Prajapati who was holding a concert. The king rose to greet him who was an obstacle to the singing, like an inopportune flash of lightning to the study of the scriptures. The princes questioned the ministers and they said,

"This man is the chief officer of powerful Maharaja Asvagriva."

Acala and Triprstha instructed their own men, "Let us know when the messenger leaves."

On the following day he (Candavega) left, dismissed by Prajapati who had treated him with respect; and the princes were quickly notified by their men. The princes met him halfway on the road and had him beaten by soldiers; his attendants fled at once like crows. Prajapati was terrified when he learned about it, had Candavega brought to his house, entertained him in the best way, and said to him: "Please do not tell your master about the princes' bad behavior. Truly, the noble overlook bad behavior that results from ignorance."

The messenger agreed to this, and departed; (but) Asvagriva learned fully about the attack on him from his men who had gone ahead of him. When the messenger learned that Hayagriva knew this, he was afraid to lie and gave an accurate account of the attack on himself.

Asvagriva sent another man with orders to Prajapati. He went and told him: "Guard the rice from the lion. This is our lord's command." Prajapati said to his sons, "The lord has been made angry by you, since he has commanded guarding from the lion out of turn." The princes stopped the king who had started, after saying this, and, eager to fight the lion, Went to Sankhapura. Questioned by Triprstha, "How and how long have other kings kept off the lion?" the rice-guards said, "The kings kept guard by making a rampart of the four-part army, coming in turn at the time of the rains (and staying), indeed, until the gathering of the rice."

Triprstha said to them: "Who, pray, will stay so long? So show me the lion, that I alone may kill him." Then they pointed out the lion who had gone into a cave in Mt. Tunga. Seated in a chariot, Rama (Acala) and Sarngin (Triprstha) went to the cave. The people made a loud noise at the sides of the cave and, on hearing it, the lion came out, his mouth; open in a yawn.

Saying, "Our fight is not equal if I am in a chariot and he is a foot-soldier," Triprstha got down from the chariot with his shield and sword. He has teeth and claws as weapons*; I have a shield and sword. Verily, that is not right." With these words Hari^s threw away his shield and sword. The lion noticed that and, remembering former births, reflected:

"The fact that he came alone to my cave is one piece of impudence; dismounting from the chariot is a second; throwing away his weapons is a third. Therefore, I shall destroy him, *arrogant* (durmada) like an elephant* blind from *ichor* (Mada*)." .

With these reflections, this best of lions, his mouth wide-open, instantly took a leap, sprang up, and fell upon Triprstha. Triprstha seized his upper jaw with one hand and his lower jaw with the other and tore the lion *asunder* like an old garment. The gods rained flowers, ornaments, and garments on Hari; and the people, filled with astonishment, praised him, saying, "Well done! Well done!"

"Alas! how was I killed by this boy today! "The lion continued to struggle from anger at this reflection even though he was in two pieces. Then the *soul* of the Ganabhrt Gautama, the charioteer of Sarngin who was the soul of the last Arhat, said to the quivering lion: "He is a lion among men; you, on the other hand, are a lion among beasts. Therefore, you were killed by him. Why do you foolishly feel disgraced, since you were not killed by a low person? "

Consoled by this speech like nectar, the lion died, and became a hell-inhabitant in the fourth hell.

The princes took his skin and went to their own city, after instructing the villagers: "Tell this to Vajigriva: Eat rice as you like. Be reassured now, since he lion, who was an arrow in your heart, is dead."

With these words, the prince went to the city Potanapura. The villagers went and told Hayagriva just what had happened. Hayagriva was terrified and, wishing to kill them by trickery, sent a messenger with instruction to king Prajapati. The messenger went and said to him: "Send your sons to the master, for the master intends to give a Kingdom to each of them." Prajapati replied: "I shall go to the master. There is no need of my sons going there, sir."

The messenger said again: "If you will not send your sons, then arm yourself for battle were do not say that you not warned."

The princes were angered and attacked the messenger speaking in this way and immediately drove him out of the city. Then the messenger went and reported the attack to Hayagriva who blazed with anger like a fire.

Hayagriva with his army and Triprstha and Acala, eager to fight, met on the great mountain, Rathavarta. The soldiers of both sides fought together, clashing with each other like clouds at the end of the world. When the soldiers were exhausted, Asvagriva and Triprstha forbade the armies to fight and they themselves fought in chariots. Asvagriva's missiles became useless, and he hurled the cakra,²⁸⁷ which is eager to cut the enemy's neck, at Triprstha, which was observed by the people with cries of "Ha! Ha!" The cakra fell on Triprstha's breast with the hub, like a sarabha²⁸⁸ that has jumped up impetuously on a mountain-plateau. Triprstha, best of heroes, cut Hayakantha's neck with the cakra as easily as a lotus-stalk.

"Acala and Triprstha, the first Halin and the first Sarngin," was proclaimed by gods in the air, accompanied by a rain of flowers. At once all the kings submitted to them; and the southern half of Bharataksetra was subdued by their strength. The first Pundarikaksa (Vasudeva)^s lifted the rock Kotisila with his hand and held it easily over his head like an umbrella. With the globe subdued by his power, he went to Potanapura and was consecrated by gods and kings in the rank of an ardhacakrin.

Every jewel of every kind resorted to Triprstha even from a distance. Some sweet-voiced persons, jewels among singers, came to him. On one occasion, when they were singing during the night, Hari^s said to the chamberlain "When I am resting, you must certainly send them away." The chamberlain assented and sleep came to Sarngin but the chamberlain did not send away the singers, as he

was eager for their singing. While they were singing, Visnu^s got up and said to the chamberlain,

“Why did you not send them away?”

“Because I wanted to hear their song”, he replied.

On hearing that, Visnu was angry and at daybreak had hot tin poured into the chamberlain’s ears; thus killed him. By that act Triprstha acquired firm bad feeling-karma (*vedya*) and from his *sovereignty* he acquired other severe karma with evil consequences. Not desisting from injury, et-cetera, possessing property and great enterprises, Prajapati’s son passed eighty-four lacs of years. After death* he was born as a hell-inhabitant in the seventh hell.

Acala’s death

At the time of separation from him Acala became a *mendicant* and attained emancipation after death.*

Various incarnations

Triprstha’s *soul* ascended from hell and was born a lion. After death* the lion went to the fourth hell. He passed through various incarnations, animal, human, et-cetera; and one time he attained human birth and acquired good karma.

Incarnation as Priyamitra

Then he descended into the womb of Dharini, wife of King Dhananjaya, in the city Muka in the West Videhas. At the proper time she bore a son with full marks, whose magnificence as a cakradhara was indicated by fourteen great dreams. His parents named him Priyamitra and he grew up gradually with his parents’ wishes. Then king Dhananjaya, disgusted with worldly existence, installed his son, Priyamitra, on the throne and took the vow. The fourteen great jewels of King Priyamitra, who protected the country like a wife, appeared gradually.

Following the cakra, he set out to conquer the province with six divisions. He went to the east and stopped at Magadhatirtha. Accompanied by the fourfold army, he made a three-day fast. At the end of the fourth day, he got into a chariot, went a short distance, and took his bow. The king shot an arrow, marked with his name, like an eagle, in the direction of the Prince of Magadhatirtha. The arrow crossed twelve yojanas in the air and fell in front of the god of Magadha like a portentous thunderbolt.

“By whom wishing to die was this arrow shot?” Reflecting thus, the Lord of Magadha jumped up angrily and picked up the arrow.

When he had seen the row of letters of the cakrin's name, he was instantly appeased and went to Priyamitra, taking presents. Saying, "I accept your commands," standing in the air, he, diplomatic, paid homage to the king with many presents. After he had entertained him and dismissed him, the cakrin returned, broke his fast, and held an eight-day festival in honor of the god of Magadha. Then he went to the south, like the sun in Cancer.

As before, the king subdued the god Varadaman. The *cakrabhrt* went to the west and subdued the Lord of Prabhasatirtha according to formula; and went to the Sindhu, The Sindhu appeared in person before the king, who had fasted three days, and gave him two divine jeweled thrones, and ornaments. He dismissed her and, following the cakra-jewel, went to Vaitadhya. He made a three-day fast and subdued the Prince of Mt. Vaitadhya. He went to Tamisra and Krtamala gave other ornaments suitable for the woman-jewel to the king engaged in a three-day fast. At the cakrin's command the general crossed the Sindhu by the skin (jewel) and easily subdued the first division of the Sindhu.

The general returned and, at Priyamitra's command, fasted for three days and opened Tamisra with a blow of the staff (jewel). The cakrin mounted the elephant-jewel, set the gem-jewel on its right boss for light and entered the cave Tamisra. For light in the cave the cakrin scratched circles, like suns, on the sides with the *cowrie*-jewel and advanced, following the cakra. After the king had crossed the rivers Unmagna and Nimagna by a bridge, he went out of the mountain by a door on the north which opened of its own accord.

There the *cakrabhrt* conquered the Kiratas. named Apatas, and had the second division of the Sindhu conquered by the general. Then the King turned back, following the cakra, went to Vaitadhya, and conquered the Vidyadharas of the two rows on it.

After he had the first division of the Ganga^s conquered by the general, he himself subdued the goddess Ganga by a three-day fast. The king and his army went out of Mt. Vaitadhya through (the cave) Khandaprapata by a door opened by the general.

Then the nine treasures, Naisarpa, et-cetera, became *submissive* to Cakrin Priyamitra engaged in a three-day fast. After he had the second division of the Ganga conquered by the general, the province with six divisions being conquered, the cakrin returned to the city Muka. His consecration as *cakrabhrt*, which lasted for twelve years, was made by gods and men, together with a great festival.

While the king was protecting the earth with good policy, one day the *Acharya* Pottila stopped in a garden. After he had heard

*dharma** in his presence, he installed his son on the throne, became a *mendicant*, and practiced severe penance for a crores of years.

Incarnation as god

When he had lived for eighty-four lacs of purvas*, he died from a fast and became a god in the Sarvartha palace in *Sukra*.

Incarnation as Nandana

He fell and was born here in Bharata in the city Chatra as the son, named Nandana, of Jitasatru by his wife Bhadra. When he was grown, King Jitasatru installed him on the throne and, disgusted with living in worldly existence, became a *mendicant*. Delighting the heart of the people, Nandana ruled the earth properly, his rule like that of Pakasasana. After he had passed twenty-four lacs of years from the time of his birth, disgusted with existence, Nandana took the vow under *Acharya* Pottila. Intensifying his asceticism by continuous fasts for a month, he wandered with his guru in villages, mines, cities, et-cetera.

Devoid of both evil meditations²⁸⁹ and “The two causes of binding karma;²⁹⁰ always free from the three hurtful acts, the three vanities²⁹¹ and the three *blemishes*;²⁹² with the four passions destroyed;²⁹³ free from the four kinds of attachmens;²⁹⁴ devoid of the four kinds of idle talk;²⁹⁵ devoted to the four kinds of *dharma*;²⁹⁶ his *zeal* unimpeded by the fourfold attacks;²⁹⁷ adhering to the five vows; hostile to the five kinds of love;²⁹⁸ daily attached to the study of the five categories;²⁹⁹ observing the five kinds of carefulness; victorious over the five senses; protector of the six categories of *souls*;³⁰⁰ free from the seven states of fear*;³⁰¹ with the eight conditions of pride destroyed;³⁰² having the nine controls of chastity;³⁰³ practicing tenfold *dharma*;³⁰⁴ knowing completely the eleven *angas*; practicing twelvefold penance;³⁰⁵ with a liking for the twelve *pratimas*;³⁰⁶ enduring a series of trials hard to endure;³⁰⁷ indifferent to everything, *Muni* Nandana practiced penance for a period of I lack years. Having much penance by means of the twenty *sthanas* *devotion* to the *Arhats*, et-cetera, he acquired the body-making karma of a Tirthakrt, which is very difficult to acquire having practiced stainless asceticism even from the begging, at the end of his life, he made a *propitiatory* declaration

Aradhana

“Whatever transgression* I have committed against the promulgated eightfold³⁰⁸ practices of knowledge time, respect, et-cetera,

that I censure in three ways. Whatever transgression I have committed against the promulgated eightfold³⁰⁹ practices of right-belief freedom from doubt, et-cetera that reject in three ways. Whatever injury I have done to living creatures, fine or coarse,³¹⁰ from *delusion* or greed, that I reject in three ways. Whatever I spoke falsely with ridicule, fear* greed anger, et-cetera, all that I censure and do penance for. Whatever property belonging to another ungiven, little or much was taken by me in any place from love or hate, all that I reject. Whatever union, animal, human, or divine was made by wretched me, that I reject three-fold in three ways.³¹¹ whatever wealth money, grain, cattle, by cetera was acquired me variously from the fault of greed, I reject in three ways. Whatever attachment (there was) to son, wife, friend, brother grain, money, house and other things all that I reject. Whatever food* of four kinds,³¹² I, overcome by the senses, enjoy during the night,³¹³ that I censure in three ways. Anger, conceit, deceit, greed, love, hate, quarreling, back-biting, criticizing others *slander* and whatever transgression* in the sphere of the principles of good conduct, that I renounce completely in three ways. Whatever transgression against penance outer and inner, that I censure threefold in three ways. Whatever exertion in religious practices I concealed³¹⁴ and transgression against the practices of exertion,³¹⁵ that I censure in three ways.

Whoever was struck or harshly addressed by me; anyone from whom I took anything; anyone to whom I did any injury, may they all pardon me. Friend or foe whoever, my own people or hostile people, may they all pardon me everything, I am the same toward all. Whatever animals in their status as animals; whatever hell-inhabitants in their status as hell-inhabitants; whatever gods in their status as gods; whatever humans in their status as humans have been caused pain by me, may they all pardon me. I pardon them. Indeed there is friendliness toward all on my part.

Life, youth, wealth, beauty, association with friends, all this is as fleeting as ocean-waves stirred by the wind. There is no other *dharma** except the dharma taught by the Jina that is a refuge* for creatures in this world tormented by disease, birth, old age, and death.* All *souls* are kin; after they are born, they are strangers. Who would make any tie at all with them? One creature is born; one dies; one has pleasant experiences; he has painful experiences. On the one hand, this body; while on the other hand are grain, money, et-cetera; on the one hand relatives; on the other hand, the soul.

The foolish man becomes confused uselessly. What intelligent man would form an infatuation for the body, the house of impurity,

filled with fat, blood, flesh, bone, liver, excrement and urine? This body, even when it is cherished and cared for, is perishable and must soon be given up like a house taken for rent. Surely the body, whether brave or cowardly, must die. Therefore, the wise man should die in such a way that he would not die again.

The *Arhats* are my refuge*; the Siddhas and sadhus are my refuge. The *dharma** taught by the omniscients is my refuge above all. The Jina's dharma is my mother; my guru is my father; the sadhus are full brothers; co-religionists are relatives. Other things are like snares.

I pay homage to all the Tirthakaras, Rsabha and the others; I bow to the Arhats of Bharata, Airavata, and Videha.³¹⁶ The formula for homage to the Tirthakrts is being made for the destruction of birth of corporeal beings, and especially for the acquisition of enlightenment. I pronounce the formula of homage to the blessed Siddhas by whom the fuel of karma produced by a thousand births was burned by the fire of meditation.* Homage, homage to the acaryas with the fivefold practices³¹⁷ who, always zealous for the destruction of birth, maintain knowledge of the scriptures, Who possess all the sacred knowledge and teach it to disciples, homage especially to them, noble teachers (*upadhyaya*). Homage, homage to the sad has possessing the disciplinary vows.³¹⁸ who destroy evil . attached to a thousand births.

I renounce *cenurable* activity and also attachment to worldly objects inner and outer, so long as I live, threefold in three ways. I give up the four kinds of food* so long as I live and I renounce the body, too, in the last breath."

After he had so made the censure of evil acts, the asking pardon of (and bestowing on) (all) creatures, reflection, the resort to the four, the formula of homage, and fasting the six fold *aradhana*, *Muni* Nandana asked forgiveness of the teachers of dharma, the sadhus, and the sadhvis in full. After he had fasted for sixty days, he died in concentrated meditation, free from attachment, at the age of twenty-five lacs of years.

Incarnation as god

He was born in the extensive palace Puspottara in Pranata and appeared on a couch. Within forty-eight minutes he developed into a magnificent god. He took off his divine garment, seated himself, and looked around. When he had looked at the manifestation-hall of the gods and the magnificence of the gods, he thought in astonishment, "By what penance did I attain this?" By clairvoyance he saw his

former birth and his observance of the vows."Oh! the power of the Arhats' dharma," he reflected.

Just then all the gods assembled, their hands folded in reverence, delighted, said to him who had been *mainifested* as chief-god:

"Hail, master! Long live, delight of the world! Long live, blessing of the world! You are our master. Protect the conquered. Conquer the unconquered. This is Your Honor's palace. We are gods, who perform your commands. Here are beautiful gardens; here are deep bathing-tanks. This is the temple of the eternal *Arhats*; this is the council-hall, Sudharma. Adorn the bath-house so that we can make the consecration with water."

So addressed by the gods, the chief-god went to the bathhouse and sat on a lion-throne with a foot-stool. After he had been sprinkled there with divine water by the servant-gods holding *pitchers*, he was led to the ornamentation-hall. There the god put on two garments of divine material, ointment, and ornaments a *diadem*, et-cetera. He went to the judgment-hall and had the book read;³¹⁹ and taking a pooja of flowers, et-cetera, went to the temple of the eternal Arhats. He bathed the one hundred and eight images of the Arhats, worshipped them (with the pooja), paid homage to them, and sang their praises, absorbed in meditation.* Then he went to the hall Sudharma and had a concert given. He remained there in the palace, enjoying delights as he liked.

He went to the countries, Videha, et cetera, where the *kalyanas*³²⁰ of the Arhats take place, paid homage to the Jinas, he, ornamented with the attribute of right-belief.

As chief-god, he completed a life of twenty *sagaropamas* and even in the end he shone with *splendor*, especially and constantly. Other gods, when they have six months of life remaining, become confused; but never gods who will be Tirthakrts, whose maturing of merit is very close.

2. MAHAVIRA'S BIRTH AND MENDICANCY

His parents

Now in this Jambudvipa in the division Bharata there is a Brahman hamlet, named Brahmana Kundagrama. A Brahman, Rsabhadatta of the Kaudalasa family, and his wife, Devananda of the Jalandhara family, lived there.

Nandana fell and descended into her womb on the sixth day of the bright half of Asadha. The moon being in the constellation Hastottara. Devananda, sleeping comfortably, saw fourteen great dreams which she related to her husband at daybreak. He considered:

“Beyond a doubt these dreams indicate the at you will have a son, learned in the four Vedas, possessing the highest nature.”

After the Lord had entered Devananda's womb, great wealth came to the Brahman, just as if a wish tree had come. When eighty-two days had passed after the Lord had entered her womb, the lion-throne of the Lord of Saudharmakalpa trembled. Knowing by clairvoyance that the Lord had entered Devananda's womb, Sakra^s rose from the lion-throne, bowed, and reflected:

“The *Arhats*, teachers of three worlds, are never born in an insignificant family, nor in a poor family nor in a family that subsists on alms. Rather, they are born in warrior-lines, Iksvaku, et-cetera, man-lions, like pearls originating in pearl-oysters,³²¹ et-cetera. It is not suitable for the Lord's birth to have fallen into a low family. Yet even Arhats are not able to change strong karma. The low-family-karma, which was acquired by the Lord showing family-pride in the Marici incarnation, has now matured. We always have authority to place elsewhere in a great family Arhats who have fallen into a low family from the power of karma. What king and queen of a great family are there now in Bharata, to whom the Master can be transferred, like a bee from a jasmine^B to a lotus?

Here in Bharata there is a well-known city named Ksatriyakundagrama, which resembles my city, the ornament of the earth, the place of many shrines, the sole support of *dharma*^{*}, unstained by

sins, purified by sadhus. That came city, free from the vices hunting, wine-drinking, et-cetera is the means of purification of Bharataksestra, like a holy place of the earth. The king there is Siddhartha of the Jnata-line, a descendant of Ikshvaku, who always considered himself to have his purpose accomplished (siddhartha) by *dharma** alone. Knowing the Principles *soul*, non-soul, et-cetera, a traveler in the road of propriety, he has placed his subjects on the road, devoted to their interests like a father.

He is a kinsman for the rescue of people who are poor, without a lord, et-cetera; the refuge* of those seeking a refuge, the crest-jewel of the warriors. He has a chief queen, named Trisala, the best of wives, the *abode* of merit, the *embodiment* of praise-worthy *qualities*. She, spotless by nature, now purifies the earth by her various qualities like the Mandakini^s by its waves. Unspotted by deceit which is the accompaniment of a woman-birth, straightforward by nature, she is a goddess on earth whose name is pronounced auspiciously. Just now she is pregnant. I must make quickly a change' by the transfer of her embryo and that of Devananda."

- After these reflections, Satamakha summoned at once General Naigamesin and instructed him to act accordingly. Naigamesin carried out carefully his Master's instructions regarding the exchange of the embryos of Devananda and Trisala. Devananda the Brahmani, asleep, saw the fourteen great dreams, which she had seen before, emerging from her mouth. She arose, beating her breast, weak, sick from fever. Saying, "Someone has taken away my embryo," she wept for a long time.

Birth

On the thirteenth day of the dark half of Asvina, the moon being in Hastottara, the god put the Master secretly into Trisala's womb. An elephant*, bull, lion, Sri being sprinkled, *wreath*, moon, sun, flag, full pitcher, a lotus-pond, ocean, palace, heap of jewels, and a smokeless fire these dreams in succession the Mistress (Trisala) saw entering her mouth. Queen Trisala rejoiced at the meaning of the dreams announced by the Indra's, her husband, and the experts as indicating the birth of a Tirthakrt. Queen Trisala, delighted, carried the wonderful embryo carefully, wandering in the grounds of pleasure-houses.

While the Lord was still in the womb, at Sakra's command the Jrmabhaka-gods brought gifts again and again to Siddhartha's house. The entire Jnata-family prospered greatly with wealth of much money, grain, et-cetera, by the power of the Blessed One who had

descended into the womb. Kings, who had not bowed to King Siddhartha in the past from pride, came themselves bearing gifts and made *obeisance*.

"May my mother not suffer pain from my moving in her" With this idea the Master remained motionless, like a yogi^s, in the womb. Preventing any movement of his body, the Master stayed in the womb in such a way that his mother could not tell whether he was there live or not. Then Trisala thought:

"Has my embryo fallen? Or has some one taken it away? Or is it dead? Or transfixed by a spell? If this has happened, then enough of life for me. For the pain of death* is endurable, but not that caused by (he loss of an embryo.)"

With this painful thought, the queen, weeping, her hair disordered, ointments abandoned, resting her lotus-face on her lotus-hand, wearing no ornaments, her lips miserable from sighs, silent even with her friends, did not eat nor sleep. King Siddhartha grieved when he learned about that; and his worthy children, Nandivardhana and Sudarsana^s, too. The Lord, who had three kinds of knowledge, knew his parents' grief and moved a finger to show that the embryo was there. When she knew, "My embryo is certainly not injured," the Mistress rejoiced and made Siddhartha rejoice by telling him of the movement by the embryo.

The Blessed One reflected: "My father and mother have great affection for me, indeed, when they have never seen me. If I should become a *mendicant* while they are alive, they would certainly acquire much bad karma by indulging in painful meditation* because of the *delusion* of affection." So in the seventh month, the Lord made the resolution, "I will not become a mendicant during the lifetime of my parents."

When the skies were clear, the planets* in their exaltations, an auspicious* and favorable wind blowing over the earth, the world filled with joy and the omens highly victorious; when exactly nine months, seven and a half days (had passed), on the thirteenth day of the bright half of Caitra, the moon being in Hastottara, the Mistress bore a son, marked with a lion, the color of gold.

Fifty-six Dikkumaris, Bhogankara and others, came and performed the birth-rites for the Master and his mother. Sakra^s knew about the Master's birth at that time from the shaking of his throne and went with his retinue to the lying-in house. He bowed to the Arhat and the Arhat's mother at a distance and, going near, he gave the queen a sleeping-charm. He placed an image of the Blessed One

at the queen's side and made himself fivefold, insatiate in performance of worship.

The first Sakra took the Blessed One in his arms; the second held an umbrella over the Master. Two carried beautiful fly-whisks at the Master's sides; another, twirling a thunderbolt and dancing, went in front. Having gone to the rock Atipandukambala on Mt. Meru, Sakra^s occupied the lion-throne on it, holding the Lord on his lap.

Then sixty-three other Indras, who had water brought from the tirthas by the servant-gods, came to bathe the Lord."How will the Master endure such a quantity of water?" Sakra, his mind tender from *devotion*, was troubled by this thought. In order to remove his anxiety the Supreme Lord easily pressed down Mt. Meru with the tip of the big toe on his left foot. The peaks of Meru bent, as if to pay homage to the Lord, and the mountain-ranges moved as if to come into his presence. The waves rose high as if to give a bath and the earth trembled rapidly as if about to dance.

Thinking, "What is this?" Bidaujas knew by employing clairvoyance that it had been done in sport by the Blessed One."Master, ordinary people like me should be informed that such extraordinary strength, capable of such a thing, is yours. What I thought otherwise would be a sin, needlessly." Indra bowed to the Supreme Lord, saying this.

The Lord's bath-festival was held by the Indras with pure fragrant water from the tirthas joyfully to the accompaniment of musical instruments* that were played. The gods, asuras, men and Nagas worshipped the bath-water and poured it repeatedly so it covered their whole bodies.* The earth also, soaked with the Lord's bath-water, became worthy of worship. Verily, even an insignificant thing attains importance from contact with great ones. The Indra of Saudharma set the Lord on the lap of the Indra of Isana, bathed him, worshipped him, waved a light, and then chanted a hymn of praise:

Stuti

"Hail to thee, Arhat, Blessed One, self-enlightened, pious, Tirthankara^s, establisher (of *dharma*), most excellent of men. Hail to thee, light of the world, maker of light for the world, highest of the world, lord of the world, benefactor of the world. Hail to thee, choicest white lotus among men, beneficent, lion among men, the sole scent-elephant* among men. To the giver of sight, the giver of fearlessness, the giver of enlightenment, the giver of the path, giver of dharma, guide in dharma, giver of protection, hail! To the charioteer

of dharma, the leader in dharma, the sole dharmacakrin, devoid of all error, possessing right-knowledge and right-belief; to thee, conqueror (of passions), and helper of others to conquer, crosser (of *samsara*) and helper of others to cross, emancipated and grantor of emancipation, enlightened and enlightener, hail! Hail to thee, Master, knowing all things, seeing all things, the holder of all the supernatural powers,³²² destroyer of the eight karmas. Hail to thee, field (of merit), receptacle (of merit), a tirtha, supreme spirit, teaching the doctrine of syadvada, an *ascetic* devoid of passion. To thee deserving to be worshipped even by those entitled to worship, greater than the great, teacher of teachers, better than the best, hail! Hail to thee, all-present, lord of ascetics, an ascetic, pure, purifier, superior, without a superior. To thee, best teacher of self-control for warning away (sins) completely, first lord of speech, conferrer of happiness, hail! Hail to thee, the only hero proclaimed later, brilliant; hail to thee to be hymned with the words 'Om! earth, air, sky.' Hail to thee, benefiting every one, possessing all objects of existence, immortal, possessing the chastity that is taught, an Arhat, crosser to the other shore (of Samsara), Hail to thee, *venerable*, unchangeable, protector, with a body of the mortise-collar-pin kind, conversant with the Principles. Hail to the knowing the three times, lord of Jinas, self-existent, consisting of knowledge, strength, power, *splendor*; legal powers and superhuman powers. Hail to thee, first man; hail to thee, supreme; hail to thee, great lord; hail to the thee essence of intelligence. Hail to thee, the moon to the ocean of Milk of King Siddhartha's family, Mahavira, resolute the Master of three worlds."

Childhood

After he had sung his praises in these words, Sakra^s took the Lord and laid him at his mother's side; and he took away his image and the sleeping-charm. He put a linen garment and a pair of earrings on his pillow; hung above the Lord (on the canopy) a sridamagandaka, and went to his own dwelling.

Then the Jrmabhaka-gods, sent by Dhanada at Indra's order, rained streams of gold and gems on the palace. The king had people released, from the prisons at his son's birth-festival, For the birth of the Arhat was for the release of people from birth.

On the third day, the delighted parents themselves showed the sun and moon to their son. On the sixth day the king and queen observed the festival of the night vigil with several women of good family who were not widows, singing soft, auspicious* songs, with

saffron-ointment, beautiful with many ornaments, with wreaths hung around their necks. When the eleventh day had come, King Siddhartha and Queen Trisala held the festival of the birth-ceremony. On the twelfth day King Siddhartha, whose wish had been accomplished, summoned all his relatives by birth and marriage. The king rewarded those who made auspicious presents; for he observed the custom of making suitable presents in return,

Siddhartha said to them: "While this son of mine was in the womb, money, et-cetera in the house, city, and country increased. So, gentlemen, let my son be named '*Vardhamana*.' " "So be it," they replied, delighted. The other name, 'Mahavira,' was given the Lord of the World by Indra, saying, "He will surely not tremble even at great attacks." He was attended by gods and asuras, rivals in *devotion*, sprinkling the earth, as it were, with his eye raining nectar. Marked with one thousand and eight marks, naturally mature by his *qualities*, he gradually advanced in age.

One day, when he was less than eight years old, he went to play with princes of his own age at games suitable for their age. Then Hari (Sakra)⁸, knowing this by clairvoyance, described Vira in the assembly of the gods, "Even the strong are inferior to Mahavira." A certain god, because he was jealous, said, "I myself will make Vira tremble," and went where the Lord was playing. The Lord was playing at amalaki with the princes and he (the god) assumed the form of a serpent by magic and stood under a tree. Then, terrified, the princes ran here and there; the Lord smiled, picked up the serpent like a rope and threw it on the ground. The princes, ashamed, went there again to play. The god assumed the form of a prince and went there, too, and climbed a tree. The Lord reached the top of the tree, first of the princes. Yet what is that to him who will reach the top of the universe?

There the Blessed One looked like the sun on the peak of Meru. The others, hanging on the branches, looked like monkeys. The Blessed One won a bet he had made: Whoever should win in this should ride on the backs of the others. Vira mounted the princes and rode them like horses. Foremost among the strong, he mounted the god's back also. Then the god with malicious intentions assumed the terrifying form of a goblin and began to grow, exceeding mountains in size. He resembled Taksaka with his tongue in a mouth equal to he resembled a forest-fire on a lofty peak with tawny hair on the top of his head. He had terrible fangs shaped like saws; eyes burning like fireplaces; awful nostrils like caves in mountains; frightful eyebrows curved in frowns like serpents. While he was still grow-

ing, the Lord turned him into a dwarf by striking him on the back with his powerful fist. Thus with his own eyes he saw the Blessed One's strength as described by Indra. In his own form he bowed to the Lord and went to his own house.

When he was past eight, the Lord's father began his education; and at that moment the lion-throne of Bidaugas shook. Knowing by clairvoyance the remarkable simplicity of his parents, Indra approached him, saying, "The very idea of the Omniscient being a pupil!" The Master was seated on the teacher's seat by Vasava^s with a bow and at his request recited grammar." This grammar was taught by the Blessed One as teacher to Indra," and it was called 'Aindra' among the people, after hearing that.

The Master gradually attained maturity, seven cubits tall, adorned with a beautiful gait like a forest-elephant.* The Lord's beauty was the greatest in the three worlds; his rank was the highest in three worlds; he had fresh manhood; yet there was no change in his nature.

Marriage

King Samaravira dispatched his daughter, Yasoda, with his ministers to give her to *Vardhamana*. The ministers bowed to sidhartha and said: "Our king has sent his daughter Yasoda to be given to Vardhamana. Already our Master is you Honor's servant. He would be especially so from that alliance Please favor us.

King Siddhartha said: "Both Trisala's and my wishes are very favorable to the prince's marriage. But the prince, disgusted with worldly existence from his very birth, cannot even be spoken to on this subject of marriage, et-cetera. Nevertheless, out of regard for you we shall speak today to our son about marriage in various roundabout speeches through friends of his."

After this reply, the king took leave of Queen Trisala and sent clever friends of his to Vardhamana. They went and bowed respectfully to Prince Vardhamana and communicated King Siddhartha's command. The Blessed One said, "Because you are my companions, you know my nature averse to house holding." They replied: "It is true that we know you have always feared existence. But we know also that your parents' command cannot be disobeyed. Moreover, you never scorn an affectionate request of ours. How is it you suddenly scorn us all today?"

Then the Blessed One said: "Simpletons, what is this *zeal* of yours! For acquiring a wife, et-cetera is the cause of wandering in existence. I am not a *mendicant* at this very moment, though eager

to be, because of my resolution, 'While my parents live, they shall not suffer from separation from me.'

When the Lord had spoken thus in regard to marriage, Queen Trisala herself went there at the king's command. The Lord of the World rose to greet his mother with respect and, after he had seated her on a high jeweled lion-throne, he said:

"I am happy that you have come, mother! What is the reason for your coming? If you had sent for me, I would have come to you at once at your command."

Queen Trisala said: "You came to our house (by birth) because of our no small merit, the cause of much prosperity. People are not sated with seeing you; how much less are we, *niggardly* with the wealth of the sight of you! We have always known this: It is from *compassion* for us that you remain here as a householder, though you are disgusted with worldly existence. You did this difficult thing against your own wishes. (But) we are not satisfied by so much, house of reverence. As we see you today suitable for a bride, act accordingly. Marry the princess, named Yasoda, who has come. Your father, too is very eager for the sight of your marriage-festival. Do that, even though difficult, out of regard for us."

The Blessed One thought: "Now what has happened to me! On the one hand, my mother very persistent; on the other hand, fear* of wandering through births. Even while I was in the womb, I kept my body motionless from fear* of paining my mother, I shall stay in the condition of a householder in opposition to (my own) wishes. There is karma which has pleasure as its fruit; my parents are to be honored." With these reflections, the Blessed One consented to his mother's command.

Queen Trisala herself went to King Siddhartha and, delighted, reported their son's consent to marry. On an auspicious* day the king celebrated the marriage of Mahavira and Yasoda with a festival equal to the birth-festival. King Siddhartha and Queen Trisala, seeing the bride and groom, considering themselves fortunate, rejoiced as if they had drunk nectar.

The Master, though indifferent, enjoyed sensual pleasure with Queen Yasoda, the moon to his parents' eyes. In the course of time Queen Yasoda bore the Lord a daughter, Priyadarsana³²³ both in name and form. Jamali, a prince of high family, wealthy, in the first bloom of youth, married Priyadarsana when she was grown.

Initiation

In the twenty-eighth year from the Master's birth, his parents died from fasting and went to the heaven Acyuta. When the *souls* of Siddhartha and Trisala fall from Acyuta, they will attain emancipation in the country called West Videha.

When the parents cremation had taken place and a day from then had passed, the Master said to Nandivardhana and his *harem* plunged in grief: "Death* is always near; life is always fleeting. When this day has come, grief is no remedy. It is only the practice of *dharma** with the support of *fortitude* that is fitting, but not grief, et-cetera, suitable for a contemptible man, brother."

Thus enlightened by the Master, Nandivardhana became composed and requested the Lord to adorn the ancestral throne. When Vira, afraid of existence, did not take possession of the ancestral kingdom, then Nandivardhana was made king by the persistent ministers. Mahavira, eager to take the long-desired *mendicancy*, took leave of his brother Nandivardhana. His voice choked with grief, Nandivardhana said: "Today our parents are not forgotten, brother. Today all their people, like me, are filled with grief. Will you pour acid on my wound by your separation?"

So from regard for his elder brother grieving, the Lord of the World, a *yati*^s by nature, adorned with ornaments, constantly practicing *kayotsarga**, devoted to chastity, *deprived* of baths and unguents, engaged in pure meditation*, maintaining life by food* free from faults of acceptance³²⁴ and free from life, noble-minded, somehow or other passed a year as a house-holder.

Told by the Lokantika-goods, "Found a *congregation**" the Master gave gifts whatever they desired to petitioners for a year. The initiation-ceremony of Sri Vira was held fittingly by the gods, Sakra and others, and by the kings, Nandivardhana and others. Consumed by grief, like the Moon by Rahu, at separation from his brother, then Nandivardhana gave orders to his men somehow or other:

"Make the finest *palanquin* with golden pillars and balconies like an assembly-hall of the gods, adorned with pear svastikas like the sky with stars, with a golden throne inside like the slope of Meru with the sun, with a tinkling row of bells like a younger sister of Palaka,³²⁵ with a flag waving like Ganga^s with high waves, fifty bows long, thirty-six bows high and twenty-five bows broad, named Candraprabha, suitable for the throne of Sri Vira."

Quickly they made the *palanquin* just so. Indeed, an object may be (produced) by the command of kings as well as by a thought of the gods. Then Sakra had just such a palanquin made and they, equal, shone with equal *splendor* like twins. Then by the power of the gods the second- palanquin became inside the first instantly, like a river within a river. The Lord circumambulated the palanquin, got in it, and adorned the lion-throne provided with a foot-stool. Wearing auspicious* white garments, the Lord looked like the moon with moonlight and like another wishing-tree with his ornaments. When the Lord was seated, facing the east, all the attendants on his right, pure, well-dressed. Wearing various jeweled ornaments, adorned with handkerchiefs like trees with garlands, then sat down with one accord, prominent men of good family.

One goddess, wearing pearl-ornaments and spotless garments, like moonlight, held an umbrella, like the moon, over the Lord's head. Two carried beautiful fly-whisks at his sides, with gold ornaments on their persons, like moons on Meru's slope. One stood in the north-west, holding a silver vase; another stood in the south-east, holding a palm-leaf fan. At the back Indras carried white umbrellas with handles of cat's-eye and one thousand and eight golden ribs. At the sides of the palanquin the Indras of Saudharma and Isana stood, holding fly-whisks that resembled the pillars of an arch. In front men lifted the palanquin that had to be carried by a thousand; then the gods Sakra, sana, Bali, Camara, and others. Sakra took hold the palanquin at the top on the right, the Lord of Isana himself at the top on the left. Camara and Bali took the bottom part on the right and left, and the other Bhuvanapatis, et-cetera carried it properly.

Then the sky was filled with gods coming and going like very swift birds at the end of day. By means of the palanquin conveyed by the gods, the Lord arrived at the best garden called Jnatakhandavana. He entered the garden lovely with lavalis like bodies* with hair erect from joy in the guise of buds at the coming of winter like a sweetheart; marked with orange-groves with rows of ripe fruit like garments colored with safflower^B dropped by the Sri of the forest; always with murmurs rising from the mutual embraces of the leaves of the purple sugar-cane, as if it (the garden) were calling travelers.

The Lord descended from the palanquin, removed his ornaments, and Indra placed a divine garment on the Lord's shoulder.

The Teacher of the Three Worlds pulled out his hair in five handfuls. Sakra received it in his garment and cast it in the Ocean of Milk. When the tumult had been quieted by him having returned, the Lord of the Three Worlds recited the namaskara to the Siddhas and adopted right-conduct (in accordance with the five vows).

The thirtieth year from his birth having passed, on the tenth day of the dark half of the month Saha,³²⁶ the moon being in Hastottara, in the last watch of the day, as the Lord was observing a two-day fast, in the presence of the three worlds, his mind-reading-knowledge became manifest at the same time as good-conduct.

3. MAHAVIR'S FIRST SIX YEARS AS AN ASCETIC

Loss of half of his garment

Then the Lord of Three Worlds took permission of his full-brother, Nandivardhana, and others of the Jnata-family to go elsewhere. As the Lord set forth on his wandering, seated in the chariot of good conduct, an old Brahman, named Soma, a friend of his father, said to him:

“Master, for a year you gave gifts without making any distinction between your own people and others. People became rich, except me, unfortunate that I am. For I Lord, crushed by extreme poverty from birth, wander constantly from village to village, to beg from others. In some places, I suffer abuse; in others I am taken by the neck; in some places my garment is seized; and in some my mouth is smashed. Just at that time I was wandering outside (the city) in the hope of gain and your gifts for a year were without profit to me as I did not know about it. So now, show *compassion*, Lord of the World, and give me something. I am in your presence now. Master sent by my wife, who has reviled me.”

The Master said compassionately: “Now I have abandoned all associations. Nevertheless, take half of this garment around my shoulder, sir.” Delighted, the Brahman took half of the garment and went home. He showed it to the tailor to have the hem bound. The tailor asked, “Where did you get this?” and the Brahman replied, “It came from Sri Mahavira.” The tailor said: “Follow the *muni* and take the second half of the garment also. Caught on thorns, et-cetera, the half of the garment will fall off the muni, as he wanders. He, indifferent, will not pick it up. Take it and bring it here. I shall join the two pieces and make it complete like the moon in the bright fortnight. Its market-price will be a lac of dinars. We shall divide that in two equal shares, like full-brothers.”

The Brahman agreed and went to the Lord. Now the Lord stopped at the village Kumara in the evening, observing care not to injure any living thing in walking. With his eyes directed on the tip of his nose, both arms hanging down, the Lord stood in statuesque posture, immovable as a post.

Beginning of attacks (upasargas)*

Then a certain herdsman, who had herded the bulls for the day, reached the border of the village near the Master and thought to himself, "The bulls may graze just here on the border of the village, but I shall go to the village and milk the cows." With this thought he entered the village, but his bulls went into the forest, as they grazed. For they do not stay in one place without a herdsman. The herdsman came from the village and asked the Master, "Where are my bulls?" and the Master made no reply at all. Thinking, "Since the Lord is silent, he knows nothing about it," the herdsman spent the night searching for the bulls. After the bulls had roamed around, they came again near the Lord and lay down, chewing their cud, contented. The herdsman too came after roaming about and, when he had seen the bulls, he thought, that he has taken the cattle with the intention of taking them away at day-break." With this thought, the *basest* of herdsman picked up the tying-rope impetuously and ran forward angrily to kill the Lord.

At that time Sakra thought, "What is the Master doing on the first day?" and he saw the herdsman ready to kill him. Sakra transfixed him, went there, and scolded him, "Villain, do you not know him, the son of King Siddhartha?" Then, after he had circumambulated him three times and bowed with his head (touching the ground), Pracinabarhis. announced to the Lord; "For twelve years there will be a succession of attacks; I wish to become your attendant and ward then off." When the Blessed One had completed his meditation, he said to Indra: "The *Arhats* have never required the assistance of others. This certainly never has been, is not, and never will be: that the Arhats attain *omniscience* from the assistance of others. The Lord Jinas attain omniscience only by their own power; by their own power alone they attain emancipation."

Maghavan instructed Siddhartha, the son of the Lord's maternal aunt, who then was a god of the Vyantaras because of penance based on wrong belief, "You, as the Master's attendant, must prevent anyone who makes an attack that would result in the master's death." With these instructions, Hari^s departed. Siddhartha acknowledged the order and remained.

The Master went to the hamlet Kollaka to break his two-day fast. There in the house of a Brahman, named Bahula, the Lord broke his fast with rice pudding mixed with sugar, et-cetera. The five divine things, the stream of treasure, et-cetera, produced by hosts of gods, appeared in the Brahman's house.

Then the Teacher of the World, whose aura-color was as white as the moon, difficult to look at from the brilliance of penance like the sun; bold as an elephant*; immovable as Sumeru; enduring the touch of all like the earth; deep as the ocean; fearless as a lion; difficult for wrong-believers to look at like a fire with good sacrifices; solitary as the horn of a rhinoceros; strong as a great bull; his senses controlled, like a tortoise; his gaze directed on one object like a serpent; spotless as a conch; his color like gold; free as a bird; his course unstumbling like a *soul*; vigilant as a bharanda;^{327*} unsupported like the sky; his body free from unguents like a lotus-leaf from slime; his mind indifferent to friend or foe, straw or women, gold or a stone, a gem or a clod, this world or the next one, pleasure or pain, existence or emancipation; wishing to lift up this foolish world submerged in the ocean of existence by intelligence devoted solely to disinterested *compassion*; unhindered like the wind, the Lord wandered over the earth which is girdled by the ocean and (covered) with various villages, cities, and forests.

Bees, attracted by the fragrance of the Lord ointment which was made by the gods at the time of his initiation, flew to him as he approached. The young men of the villages asked the Lord about the preparation of perfume and the young women asked to touch his body as a remedy for excessive Lo-fever.

From the day of his initiation for more than four months, the Lord of the World, firm as a mountain, endured attacks.

The Lord's stay at Moraka

One day the Master went in his wandering to the hamlet Moraka which was crowded with ascetics called "Dunantaka." Their abbot, who was a friend of his father, approached the Lord and the Master extended his hand to him from former custom. At the abbot's invitation Siddhartha's distinguished son spent one night there in the one-night statuesque posture. To the Blessed One on the point of leaving at daybreak the abbot said, "You must pass the rainy season here in a solitary dwelling." The Lord, sinless, agreed to his proposal at his insistence and, spotless as a conch, went elsewhere.

Unhindered like the wind, stainless as a lotus-leaf, the Master passed the hot season, wandering in all directions. Recalling the invitation of the abbot, Siddhartha's friend, the Master went again to Moraka to pass the rainy season. It thundered with clouds raining like a continuous shower-bath and travelers went to their homes, like hansas. The abbot, his heart tender from the bond of affection and being a cousin of the Lord, assigned him a house with a

thatched roof. With his arms hanging down to his knees, his hair twisted like a tree (with aerial roots), his mind restrained, the Lord stood there in statuesque posture.

As the grass in the forest had been destroyed by the power of the terrible hot season and the new grass had not grown because the rains had started so recently, the cattle ran to eat the ascetics' grass huts and the cruel ascetics beat the cattle with clubs. Beaten by them, the cattle ate the grass hut occupied by the Lord. Why would they be afraid when the Lord resembled a pillar? The ascetics observed this and railed against the Lord. "We guard the huts, but he does not guard his. Look! Who is this guest of the abbot, who looks on while the cattle eat his hut? Indeed, that is *devotion* to self-interest alone. What can we do? He is dear as his -own life to the abbot. Just from fear* of him, it is not possible to speak harshly in this matter."

One day the ascetics, whose violent anger against the Lord had increased, went to the abbot and spoke censoriously: "Who is this *ascetic*, indifferent, whom you brought to the hermitage? His hut has been destroyed, since he has; been here. He is ungrateful, indifferent, discourteous, and lazy, who does not guard his hermitage from cattle when it is being eaten. Or rather, considering himself a *muni*, possessing *tranquility*, he does not keep off the cattle. Then are we, worshippers of honored gurus, not munis, O muni?"

Then the abbot went to the Lord and saw his hut without its roof like a bird with its wings cut. Reflecting, "The ascetics were speaking the truth, without malice," he said to the Lord: "Friend, why did you not guard this hut? Indeed, all hermitages were protected by your father throughout his life. Your vow merits the appearance of bad doctrine. Even birds protect their nests like themselves. Why, pray, do you, who have discernment, neglect your hut! "When he had given admonition in accordance with his own discernment, the old ascetic returned to his own hermitage, recalling his friendship with Siddhartha.

The Lord thought: "I am the cause of their enmity, Therefore it is not fitting for me, seeking the good of all, to remain here."

The Lord's five resolutions

With this reflection, the Master, feeling extreme disgust with existence, a depository of *compassion*, took these five resolutions: never to live in the house of an unfriendly person; always to stand with the body in *kayotsarga**; to maintain silence generally; to eat in

the hand as a dish; politeness must not be shown to a householder. These are the five.

Story of the bull

After he had taken these resolutions, after a fortnight the Lord went to the village Asthikagrama even during the rains. The Lord of the World asked the villagers there for permission to live in the temple of a Yaksha, Sulapani. The villagers said: "The Yaksha does not allow anyone to live here. Listen to the long story of the Yaksha.

This village was named *Vardhamana* in the past. There is a swift river here with muddy ground on both banks. A trader, Dhanadva, came there with five hundred carts loaded with merchandise. He had a great bull that he put in the *yoke* and in a minute he pulled all the carts across the river though it was hard to cross. The great bull, noble as a spirited horse, fell on the ground, vomiting blood from his mouth from pulling excessive weight. The merchant made the bull a witness and said to the villagers, 'This bull must be guarded like my own life on deposit. He gave the villagers much money for grass and water for the bull. For that is the duty of an owner. Then after making a friend of the bull by his gifts of food' and water, the trader himself, with tears in his eyes, went elsewhere. The villagers took the money but, wicked like evil doctors, did not provide the bull, like a sick man, with grass, water, et-cetera. Broken-hearted, tormented by hunger and thirst, his body only skin and bones, the bull thought: "Indeed! the village is devoid of *compassion*, most evil, cruel-hearted, no different from *candalas*, and besides, this whole village is exceedingly treacherous. To say nothing of caring for poor me from compassion, they have consumed the money given by my master for food, et-cetera." Angry, with involuntary destruction of karma, the bull died and was reborn a Vyantara, named Sulapani, in this same village as before.

He knew the story of his former birth by perverted clairvoyance; he saw the body of the bull and was angry at the village. The Vyantara created a *pestilence*, like a deity of pestilence. These piles of bones resulted from the villagers who were killed. The suffering villagers frequently consulted astrologers and others and carried out their advice for allaying the plague, like sick men following the advice of doctors. They gave frequent baths, offerings, et-cetera to the household divinities. Nevertheless the pestilence did not abate in the least. The villagers went to other villages, but still the angry Vyantara killed them, like the heir-apparent of *Yama*. The villagers reflected:

'Some god or demon, a Yaksa or some other tutelary deity has been offended by us. We shall go to that same village of his in order to pacify him.'

With this reflection, together they came here again. Bathed, clothed in white, wearing upper garments, their hair loosened, throwing rice at the junctions of four roads and of three roads, in gardens, haunted houses, and elsewhere on all sides, looking up, their joined hands held out, sad-faced, they spoke:

'O gods, asuras, Yaksas, Raksases, Kimpurusas and others, pardon by all means whatever sin of ours has resulted from negligence or arrogance."For the anger of the great, even though great, is limited by submission." Whoever has been offended by us, may he be gracious.'

The Vyantara, standing in the air, said: 'O cruel men, greedy like hunters, now you ask for forgiveness. Then water, grass, etcetera were not given to the bull suffering from hunger and thirst, even with the money given by the trader. The bull died and became I, Sulapani, a god. I kill you all because of that enmity remember that.'

When they had heard that, again busied with throwing incense to him, rolling on the ground, miserable, they said again: 'Nevertheless, pardon that sin of ours and be appeased. We have taken refuge' with you; we have no other refuge.'

Somewhat appeased by their speech, the Vyantara said: 'Now gather these human bones in a pile. Erect a temple on top of it and inside it install on high a statue of me in the form of a bull. If you do this, I will grant you life, but not otherwise'

The Lord and Sulapani

The villagers did just as he said, very carefully. The village appointed a priest, Indrasarman by name, of Sulapani, having prepared much money for him. From that time on the village was called Asthika by the people because of the heap of bones here, though its name was *Vardhamana*. If any tired travelers stay in this temple at night, Sulapani kills them during the same night, like Krtanta. The people and his priest, Indrasarman, stay here during the day and go to their own homes in the evening. So it is not suitable for you to stay here."

After telling this, each one offered the Master a house. The Master did not accept but asked for the Yaksa's temple. Permitted by the villagers, knowing that the Vyantara was worthy of enlightenment, the Lord stood in statuesque posture in a corner of his

temple. In the evening, when he had finished the time of incense, the Vyantara's priest, Indrasarman, dismissed all the travelers and said to the Blessed One: "Devarya, do you also leave this temple. For this cruel Vyantara will be the death* of you in the night." The Master remained silent and the Vyantara thought: "Oh! Someone who wishes to die has come to my temple. Even though warned by the village and my priest time and again, this *arrogant* man has taken up his *abode* here. I shall take away I his arrogance."

Then, when the priest had gone and the sun had set and the Lord was standing in *kayotsarga**, the Vyantara gave a loud burst of laughter by the very cruel, spreading noise of the outburst of laughter he burst the sky-vessel and broke the star circle, as it were. The people of the village heard the sound and said to each other, "Now the poor devarya³²⁸ is being killed by the Vyantara." Then the *mendicant*, Utpala by name, the head-*muni* of Parsva's *congregation**, learned in the science of the eightfold mahanimitta, heard the story of the devarya from the people and felt uncertainty in his heart. He thought anxiously, "May it not be the last Tirthankara^s."

When the Lord was not disturbed by the noise of the burst of laughter, the Vyantara created the terrifying form of an elephant.* The elephant-form being scorned by the Master, he made the figure of a pisaca tall as the measuring-rod of heaven and earth. The Lord being undisturbed by him also, he, evil-souled, created the fearful form of a serpent which resembled Yama's noose. Blind with arrogance, the serpent coiled tightly around the Lord and possessing an infallible jet of poison, bit him severely with its fangs. When the serpent had proved useless, the demon-chief made seven wounds on the Lord's head, eye, ear, nose, tooth, back and nail. One wound alone was sufficient to kill an ordinary man; but the Master endured the seven at the same time. After he had made these successive attacks, the Vyantara, depressed, bowed to the Lord with his hands at his forehead, declared,

"Lord, pardon the very great crimes that I, evil-souled and ignorant of your power, committed against you, Ocean of *Compassion*."

At that time the god Siddhartha, his mind absorbed in his own work, remembered Sakra's orders in regard to attendance on the Master. He came and said haughtily:

"Sulapani, *basest* of gods, seeker of the unsought (death), what is this you have done, sir? Do you not know the blessed; Tirthakara, King Siddhartha's son, entitled to be worshipped by three worlds, evil-souled one? If Sakra, devoted to the Master, knew your conduct

today, you would be reduced to powder by the edge of his thunder-bolt."

Sulapani, filled with terror and *remorse*, again asked the Lord's pardon. There was no other, expedient at that time. When he had become calm, Siddhartha said to him, compassionately:

'Alas! You are ignorant of truth. Hear the truth just as it is Discernment that the Tirthankara^s is god; discernment that sadhus are gurus; discernment that *dharma*^{*} is the dharma taught by the Jina.' Make this your own. Henceforth, do not cause pain to living creatures like yourself, sir! You should repent privately and you should repent before your guru all your past evil deeds, "A creature attains a painful fruition for a crores of crores times of a violent act committed even once, alas!"

When Sulapani had heard this, remembering the destruction of many creatures that he had caused, he blamed himself again and again, penetrated by remorse. Possessing right-belief, afraid of existence, after worshipping the Lord's feet, he began a concert, water for washing away the impurity of sin. The villagers heard the sound of his song and thought, "I think the god now amuses himself, after destroying the devarya."

The Lord's ten visions

As the Lord had been tormented for nearly twelve hours, he fell asleep from weariness, and saw ten visions: a tall pisaca, increasing in size, who was destroyed by himself; two cuckoos,, white and spotted, worshipping in his vicinity; two wreaths with heavy perfume; a herd of cattle eager to worship; a lotus-pond filled with lotuses; a sea which he swam across; a sun sending up rays of light; Mount *Manusottara* surrounded by his own entrails; and Meru's peak surmounted by himself.

After he had seen these ten visions the Teacher of the Three Worlds awoke and the sun rose, as if wishing to pay homage to the Lord, Then all the people came, Indrasarman and Utpala also. When they saw that the Lord was uninjured and had been worshipped, they rejoiced. Amazed, they worshipped the Lord with flowers, et-cetera and gave a lion's roar like victorious heroes. They, the givers of the lion's roar, said to each other, "By good fortune now at last the revered *sadhu* has appeased the Vyantara." After learning all the facts, Utpala paid homage to the Blessed One and sat down at his lotus-feet like an insignificant disciple. At the end of *kayotsarga*^{*}, Utpala bowed again to the Lord, knowing the Lord's visions from the power of (clairvoyant) knowledge, and said:

“Master, you yourself know the fruit of the ten auspicious* visions that you saw at the end of the night. Yet from *devotion* I shall recite it. The tall pisaca who was killed means that you will destroy *delusion*; the white cuckoo means that you will reach pure meditation*, Lord; the spotted cuckoo that you will teach the twelve angas; the herd of cattle that you will have a fourfold *congregation**; then the lotus-pond means an assembly of gods worshipping; the ocean that you swam across means that you will cross (the ocean of) existence; the sun that your *omniscience* will arise; the mountain encircled by entrails that you will have glory with power; you mounted on the peak of Meru means that you will teach ethics, seated on a lion-throne. Indeed, I do not know the fruit of the two garlands.”

The Blessed One told him the fruit of the two garlands: “I shall teach twofold ethics to householders and monks.”

Then Utpala bowed to the Lord of the World and went to his own place; and the others also, their minds excited by astonishment and joy, went away.

After he had passed the rainy season there in fasts of two weeks, the Lord left the village Asthika to wander elsewhere. Sulapani followed the Lord, bowed to him and said: “Disregarding your own comfort, you came here from *compassion* for me. No one is as wicked as I who did harm even to you. No one is as good as you who did good even to me. Up to this time which hell would I have gone to, if you, diligent in benefits to all, had not enlightened me?” After this speech Sulapani, filled with devotion, bowed to the Blessed One, and departed, calm as an elephant* free from *ichor*.

The story of Acchandaka

A year after the day of his initiation, the Master went to the hamlet moraka and stood in statuesque posture in a garden outside. In this hamlet there was a heretic, Acchandaka by name, who lived by means of astrological charms, spells, et-cetera. Unable to endure his high standing and desiring worship of the Master, the Vyantara Siddhartha entered the Master’s body. He summoned a passing cowherd and said:

“Sir, you have eaten millet and boiled rice with pickle and you are going to take care of cattle. As you came along you saw a snake; in your sleep you cried out very loud. Does this accord with the truth? Say, cowherd.” He said, “It is certainly the truth,” and Siddhartha again told him various things that created confidence. Astonished, the cowherd went to the village and told, “Outside in a garden there

is a devarya who knows the three times and has filled me with confidence.”

Hearing that, all the villagers full of curiosity went quickly to the Master's vicinity, carrying flowers, unhusked rice, et-cetera for a puja. Siddhartha entered the Master and said to the villagers, “You have all come here to see my supernatural power, haven't you?” The villagers affirmed this, and Siddhartha told them what they had seen, done, heard, and said both in the past and at that time. Siddhartha foretold the future also. When the people heard this, then they made a puja and paid homage to the Lord together with a great festival. As the people came and went daily in this way, the Vyantara Siddhartha felt very grew at satisfaction,

One day the villagers there said, “Master, a man by the name of Acchandaka lives in this village and he also has knowledge like you.” Siddhartha said to them: “He knows nothing. He fills his stomach by deceiving you simple people.” They went to Acchandaka and told him: “You know nothing. The devarya knows everything past, present and future.” Fearful of losing his high position, Acchandaka said: “He knows only in the presence of you who are ignorant of the real truth. If he knows in my presence, then he really knows, I think. Now I shall go and expose his ignorance Watch.”

Saying this, Acchandaka, angry, surrounded by curious villagers, went very quickly to the Lord engaged in *kayotsarga*.^{*} He took hold of some grass with his fingers on both sides and said to the Lord, “Small I break this grass or not?” His intention was, “I shall the opposite of whatever the devarya says, so he will provide to be speaking falsely.” Siddhartha replied, “You will not break the grass.” His fingers fixed on it, Acchandaka began to break the grass. Just then, Sakra thought, “How does the Master wander now?¹¹ Employing knowledge and perception, he saw Acchandaka's actions.” A speech uttered by the Master's mouth must not be untrue.” With this thought Vajrabhrt cut off Acchandaka's ten fingers with a thunderbolt. Astonished, ridiculed by all the people because he did not break the grass, Acchandaka went elsewhere, his mind confused like a madman.

Then Siddhartha said to the villagers, “This Acchandaka is certainly a thief.” The villagers asked, “Master, what has he stolen and from whom?” Siddhartha said, “There is a laborer here, Viraghosa.” Hearing that, Viraghosa bowed and showed himself, saying, “At your service.” Siddhartha said again, “A dish of yours of ten palas in weight disappeared from your house in the past.” Ghosa agreed and Siddhartha said: “It was certainly taken by that heretic. The proof

can be seen from this. Afterwards it was thrown under a hoseradish tree a foot and a half to the east of his house. Go and get it." Surrounded by the curious people, Viraghosa found the dish just as described at his (Acchandaka's) house and returned.

Again Siddhartha said to the excited villagers: "Listen again. Is there a householder, Indrasarman, here?" The people replied, "There is." Indrasarman presented himself before him, his hands extended, saying, "I am he. Give your orders." Siddhartha said, "Sir, did a goat of yours disappear in the past?" Astonished, Indrasarman said, "That is true." Siddhartha said: "It was killed and eaten by the *ascetic*. Moreover, its bones are in the ash-heap to the right of the jujube tree^B" Out of curiosity the people went and looked for its bones. Saying, "They are here," they returned to that place.

Siddhartha said again: "There is a third act of his, but let it go. I will not tell it." "Please tell us everything," the villagers said to him again and again. "Should a pleasing story be half-told?" Siddhartha replied: "Nevertheless, I am not going to tell it. If you are curious, go to his house and ask his wife." The people went to his house. He had beaten his wife that day and she, angry and tearful, thought: "It was a good thing that his fingers were cut off and that he is despised by all the people. If the people come here now, I shall make public all his misconduct, so that the wretch will experience the fruit of beating me." Then the villagers came and asked her about his conduct. She said: "Who would even speak the name of the scoundrel? For he enjoys sexual pleasure with his own sister, alas! A *candala* in behavior, he does not *desire* me at all."

Hearing this, the villagers made an outcry and each went to his own house, denouncing Acchandaka. Reviled on every side, Scoundrel! Scoundrel! The miserable *mendicant* received no alms any place. Alas for the man who has fallen from high estate! Secretly the wretched man went to Sri Virā, bowed, and said:

"Blessed One, go elsewhere. The man deserving honor is honored everywhere. Only here am I respected. Even my name is not known elsewhere. For a jackal has courage only in his own cave, not outside. I have experienced the fruit of any disrespect I showed you from ignorance, Lord. Now take pity on me." As the Blessed One had taken a vow to avoid hostile persons, he went to the hamlet Uttaracavala.

Beginning of nudity

There are two hamlets named Cavala, Daksina (South) and *Uttara* (North). Between them there are two rivers, Suvarnavaluka and

Rupyavaluka. As he was going from Daksinacavala to Uttaracavala, the Lord's fine half-garment caught on a thorn tree on the bank of Suvarnavaluka. When he had gone a little distance, the Lord looked at the half garment with the thought, "May it not go to waste on the rough ground and then turned to go on. The Brahman, who was following the Lord, got the half-garment at the end of the thirteenth month and went away, after he had paid homage to the Lord. Delighted, the Brahman gave it to the same tailor who joined the halves of the divine garment as if it had no seam. The Brahman and the tailor received a lac of dinars as its price and divided it equally, like brothers.

Episode of Candakausika

Now the Blessed Vira, unstumbling like the wind, was told by herds boys as he went towards Svetavi: "Reverend sir, this straight road leads to Svetavi. However, on it there is a hermitage named Kanakakhala. Now it is occupied by a serpent poisoning by its look. Only the wind passes; even birds do not appear. So, leave that road and go by the roundabout one. What is the use of gold because of which the ear would be cut off? "

The Lord knew that in a former birth the serpent was an *ascetic* who left the hermitage to break his fast. As he was going along, he injured a frog by a kick. His junior disciple showed him the frog, so he could confess (repent) it. But he, on the other hand, showing frogs killed by other people said, "Did I kill these also, small one?" Then he became silent and the young disciple thought, "Since he is pure in mind and noble in nature, he will confess in the evening." When he had sat down without confessing it in the *pratikramana*,³²⁹ the junior disciple thought, "He has forgotten the injury," and he reminded him of the frog, "Why do you not confess? "The ascetic jumped up angrily, thinking, "I'll kill the young disciple," and began to run. Blind with anger, he ran against a pillar and was killed.

As his status as an ascetic had been injured, he was born in the Jyotiskas. He fell and became the son, named Kausika^s, of the wife of the abbot, the head of five hundred ascetics in Kanakakhala. There were other "Kausikas" because there was a Kausika gotra and he was known as "Candakausika" (cruel Kausika) because of his extremely bad temper. When the abbot had become the guest of *Yama*, he became the abbot of the ascetics there. From *delusion* he roamed day and night in a wood and did not allow anyone to take a flower, root, fruit, nor leaf. Picking up an axe, club, or clod of earth, he killed anyone who took fruit, et-cetera in the wood, even though

it had fallen on the ground. The ascetics living there did not get any fruit, et-cetera. When the club fell, they went in all directions like crows.

One day when Kausika^s had gone away on account of the garden, Rajanyas³³⁰ came from Svetavi and quickly broke down the woods. As he was returning, herdsmen told him, "Look look! some men are breaking down your woods." Flaming-with anger like a fire with an *oblation*, he seized an axe with a sharp edge and ran forward. Then the Rajanyas fled like birds before a hawk. He stumbled and fell into a pit that was like the mouth of hell. As he fell, the sharp axe fell on him and split his head in two. For there was maturing of bad karma. After he had died, Canda became a serpent, poisoning by its look, right there in the woods. For anger which has a sharp continuity goes along into another birth.

"Certainly, he is worthy of enlightenment." With this idea the Teacher of the World, disregarding pain to himself, went by the same straight road. The Lord entered the old forest which had sand that was smooth from the absence of footprints; with a canal flowing from a well; with trees dried up and broken; strewn with heaps of old leaves; dotted with ant-hills, with huts that had become level ground. There the Lord of the World stood in statuesque posture in a Yaksa temple, his eyes fixed on the tip of his nose.

Then the poison-eyed serpent, *haughty*, came out of his cave, like a tongue from the mouth of the night of destruction, to roam about. Roaming through the forest, making lines with his coils touching the dust like the writing of his commands, he saw the Teacher of the World."Oh! Has someone entered here fearlessly, who does not know me or who scorns me, standing motionless as a pillar! Now I shall reduce him to ashes." With this reflection, puffed up with anger, he expanded his hood. Terrible with loud hissing, he looked at the Blessed One with his eyes throwing out a streak of flame which destroyed the trees and vines. Then the blazing flames from his eyes fell on the Blessed One's body, like a meteor, hard to look at, falling from the sky on a mountain. They indeed had no effect whatever on the Lord whose power was great. Is a wind, even great, able to shake Meru?

Blazing with anger at the thought, "He was not burned now, though trees were burned," he looked and looked at the sun,³³¹ and again sent forth flames from his eyes. When these fell on the Lord like torrents of water, the pitiless serpent bit the lotus-feet. After he had bitten (him) repeatedly, intoxicated by the excess of his own poison, he went away, "Because when he falls, overcome by my

poison, he would crush me,” Though he bit repeatedly, his poison had no effect on the Lord; only his blood, white as milk, dripped. Thinking, “How does this happen?” the serpent stopped in front of the Lord of the world, looked at him surprised. When he had examined the she quailed form of the Teacher of the World, his eyes were quickly extinguished by his beauty and mildness.

Knowing that he was near, the Blessed One said, “Candakausika, wake up wake up! Do not be confused.” When he heard the words, the recollection of his former births arose. In the serpent making use of uha and apoha.³³² Then, after he had circumambulated the Lord of Three Worlds three times, free from passions, he undertook a fast of his own accord. The Lord knew that the great serpent had undertaken to the of fasting, (though) devoid of action, and had attained *tranquility*; and he bade farewell to him.”May he not go somewhere else. My look is terrifying from poison.” With this idea he put his mouth in the cave and drank the nectar of tranquility. The Master stayed in the same place in the same way from *compassion* for him.”For the practices of the great are for the benefit of others.”

When they had seen the Blessed One thus, the cowherds and cowherds came there quickly, their eyes opened wide from astonishment. Hiding in the trees, (now) not *submissive* to the noble serpent, they struck him with stones and clods as they liked. When they saw that he was motionless in spite of this, they gained confidence, came near, and beat his body with clubs. The herdsmen told the people about this and the people went there, said homage to Mahavira, and worshipped the serpent.

Ghi vendors, who were traveling by that road, touched and rubbed the serpent with fresh ghi. Sharp beaked ants came because of the odor of the ghi and made the serpent’s body resemble a *sieve*. What is this compared with my acts?” Enlightening himself so, the best of serpents endured the pain hard to endure.”Thinking,” The poor weak arts must not be crushed” the serpent did not move his body at all. Sprinkled by the Blessed One by a shower of the nectar of compassion by his glance, the serpent died after a fortnight and went to the heaven Sahasrara. After he had benefited the serpent Kausika^s in this way, the Teacher of the World left the forest and went to the hem Uttaracavala.

Sudadha’s enmity

At the end of a, fortnight the Lord, wandering like a *cow* in a pasture in order to break his fast, came to the house of the house-

holder Nagasena. On that day the householder's son arrived unexpectedly after an absence of twelve years, giving joy like a cloudless rain. Nagasena gave a party in his house and entertained all his people. The Master's arrival was noticed. Nagasena saw the Master from a distance and, experiencing great joy, full of *devotion*, gave him rice pudding. Then the five divine things, the stream of treasure, et-cetera, were made there by the gods saying, "Oh! the gift! the good gift!"

After he had broken his fast, the Lord went to the city Svetavi, which was adorned by King Pradesin, who was devoted to the Jinas. Attended by citizens, ministers, generals, et-cetera, like another Maghavan, Pradesin came and paid homage to the Lord of the World. Pradesin then went to his own city and the Master, fragrant from penance, in the course of his wandering reached the city Surabhipura (City of Fragrance). The Lord arrived at the high-crested river Ganga^s that was like a scarf around the earth, like a counterpart of the ocean. The Blessed One wished to cross it and embarked on a boat made ready by the sailor Siddhadanta; and other travelers embarked also. The boat, with its sailors ready, began to move rapidly by means of two propelled poles, like a bird by its wings. Just then an owl on the bank gave a loud hoot. A soothsayer, named Ksemila, said: "This is certainly unpropitious. Soon we shall all meet fatal disaster, but we shall be saved from it by the power of the great sage." Just as he spoke, the boat moved into deep water. A Nagakumara, Sudadha, saw the Lord in it, recalled the hostility of a former birth, and thought angrily:

"This is the one by whom in his Triprstha-birth, I, then a lion, was killed. I, living on a mountain far from this place, had committed no crime against him who was Triprstha then. I, hidden in a cave, was killed at that time by him, proud of the strength of his arm and wishing to create excitement. By good fortune he is in my range of vision. I shall satisfy my hostility." For hostility between men lasts for a hundred births, like a debt. Even death near at hand would not trouble me now. Today I would be contented if satisfaction of former hostility is accomplished.

With these reflections, Sudadha, angry, his eyes terrifying, came near Vira and, standing in the air, gave a cry, "Kila, kila!" Saying, "O villain, where are you going?" he created a destructive hurricane, terrifying as the wind at the destruction of the world. Trees fell and mountains shook from it. The Ganga's water rose high with towering waves. The boat is lifted and lowered by the Ganga's waves rising and falling, like an object seized by an ele-

phant.* The mast was broken; the sail was torn; the terrified helmsman, like the *soul* of the boat, became confused. All the people on the boat, as if they were on the tip of *Yama's* tongue, thinking they were about to die, bewildered, began to call on the gods.

Story of the two bulls

Now in the city Mathura, there were formerly a merchant Jinadasa, a layman, and his wife, Sadhudasi. They, pious, renounced the ownership of animals and bought daily curd, et-cetera from herdswomen. One day a certain herdsman brought very excellent curds. Sadhudasi bought it and told her graciously: "You must not take your milk, curds, et-cetera anywhere else. I myself will buy them and give you any price you wish" The herdsman, delighted, did so daily. Sadhudasi also favored her with the gift of many clothes. A great affection developed between these two, like sisters.

One day, there was a wedding in the herdsman's house. She invited the merchant and his wife to the wedding and they said: "We cannot go, for we do not have the time, lady, but take from our house anything that is suitable for the wedding." So saying, they gave clothes, rice, ornaments, et-cetera. Because of the articles they gave her the wedding was very fine, the occasion for special elegance of all his herdsman-relations. The cowherds, delighted, brought the merchant two beautiful three-year old bulls, named Kambala and powerful. The merchant did not accept the bulls and the cowherds tied the bulls to his door against his will and went away. Such is the affection of cowherds.

Jinadasa thought: "If I turn these bulls loose, then they will certainly be yoked to the plow, et-cetera by ordinary men. Here they will have poor care because of uselessness. Oh! What shall I do? Into what a dilemma I have fallen from the affection of fools! "With these thoughts the compassionate merchant fed the bulls with clean grass, et-cetera and trickling water.

The merchant had taken the pausadha vow³³³ and fasted on the eighth and fourteenth days; and read aloud religious books to them listening. From listening daily to religion, they became bhadrakas;³³⁴ and on whatever day the merchant did not eat, they did not eat on that day.

On that day when the bulls did not eat the grass, et-cetera, though they were given, the merchant thought: "I fed these bulls for this long from pity. In future they must be fed as brothers and co-

religionists." So the merchant paid special attention to the bulls every day. For they were not animals in his opinion.

One day there was a festive procession in honor of Yaksha Bhandiravana and the young men of the village began the sport of racing draft-animals. A friend of Jinadasa, very eager, went and took the bulls without asking him."For in friendship there is imaginary possession of identity". The merchant's friend yoked to a cart these bulls, who were white as hens eggs; as much alike as if they were twins; their legs round as balls; their tails like fly-whisks; ready to leap up, as it were, from liveliness; like sons of the wind in speed. Ignorant of their delicacy, urging them on with iron spikes of a goad, astonishing the people, he drove them without pity. With these bulls of peerless speed he defeated at once all the townspeople who had made bets on the racing. He tied the bulls, whose bodies* were covered with blood flowing from wounds made by the spikes, broken down, again at the merchant's house and went away.

At the time to feed them, the merchant himself went with a bundle of grass to the bulls like sons. He saw them with their mouths open, weak, tearful, panting deeply, trembling, with blood dripping from wounds by the spikes. He said, "What wretch has taken these bulls, who are dearer than life to me, without asking me and has reduced them to such a state?" Then his servants told him the whole affair of his friend. The merchant felt deep grief as if at the loss of brothers.

The bulls, who had discernment and wished to observe a fast, did not take any at all of the grass and water which the merchant gave them. Then he brought them a dish full of rich food* and the bulls did not favor it even with a glance. Knowing their real nature, he suggested the renunciation of food. They agreed, wishing it, engaged in meditation.* From *compassion* for them, the merchant himself gave up other work and continued reciting the namaskara and explaining the duration in (each category of) births. Listening to the namaskaras and thinking about the duration of births, they died in meditation* and were born in the Nagakumaras.

Then Kambala and Sambala saw by clairvoyance the attack that was being made on the Master by Sudadha. Thinking: "Enough of other business. This is our business that we ward off an attack on the Arhat," they approached. One began to fight with the Naga Sudadha and the other picked up the boat in his hand and took it to the river-bank. They, with the power of recent rank as gods, defeated Sudadha, though powerful, whose strength was ebbing away at the end of his life. Having failed in his purpose, Sudanstra went away; and the

two young Nagakumaras bowed and joyfully showered flowers and perfume on the Lord."We escaped death*, as well as the river by your power," the people on the boat paid homage to Vira devotedly. The two Nagas bowed to the Lord and went away; and the Lord debarked from the boat. Having repented the airyapathiki properly, the Lord went elsewhere.

Episode of Puspa

The Lord made distinct footprints marked with the wheel, et-cetera, an ornament of the earth, in the fine, wet clay on the Ganga's bank. A man, named Puspa, who knew body-marks and signs saw them and thought: "Some cakravartin has gone alone. His kingdom has not yet been obtained or he has been captured by someone by a trick. I think he goes away now and I shall serve him if he wishes an attendant. If he is served in this state, surely he will give rewards. For the opportunity of service to one entitled to be served is won only by merit."

With this idea he followed the track to the hamlet Sthunaka and saw the Lord in statuesque posture under an asoka tree^B. His breast was marked by a *srivatsa**; his head was marked by and crescence,³³⁵ his hands were marked by the wheel, et-cetera; his arms resembled large serpents; his navel had a hole deep as a conch shell so he saw the Lord's superior marks. Puspa reflected: "Just as he is shown to be a superior person by the marks on his feet, so he is indicated to be a cakrin by the others. With these marks, I am astonished that he is a *mendicant*. Alas for my work in the sciences! Alas for my putting hope in him! it seems that the works on sciences are prepared by the unlearned only to deceive every one for their own interest. For I, with hope inspired by their words, have been made to run uselessly, like a deer in a desert for the water of a *mirage*." With these reflections Puspa felt deep despair in his heart.

Just then Sakra thought, "How does the Lord wander?" By the eye of clairvoyance he saw the Master in Sthunatka and the astrologer Puspa *traducing* the sastras from despair. Quickly approaching, Indra paid homage with great magnificence to the Lord Jina in statuesque posture, while Puspa looked on.

Sakra said to Puspa: "Why do you blame the sastras and their authors? For indeed they say nothing false. For you know the outer signs only; but there are inner signs. The Master's flesh and blood are as white as milk, free from odor. The breath of his lotus-mouth resembles the fragrance of a lotus; the Lord's body is healthy, free from dirt and perspiration. For this man is lord of the three worlds, a

cakrin of religion, benefactor of the world, bestower of fearlessness on all, the Master Vira son of Siddhartha. Even the sixty-four Indras are the Master's footmen. The cakrins from whom you hope a reward are of little importance. After giving gifts for a year, wishing to cross the ocean of existence, his kingdom abandoned, and having become a *mendicant*, he wanders thus, tireless. The sastras agree certainly. Do not despair the least. I shall grant your wish. The sight of the Master is not in vain."

With these words, the lord of the gods gave him his wish, bowed to the Lord of the World, and returned to his proper place.

Early association with Gosala

After he had completed his *kayotsarga**, wandering, the Blessed one reached the city Rajagrha, purifying the earth by his footsteps. The Master went to the spacious shed of a certain weaver on land outside Nalada, not far from the city. The Teacher of the World obtained permission from the weaver to live there during the rains and stayed in one corner of the shed, engaged in a month's fast.

Now, there was a Mankha, named Mankhali, and he had a wife, Bhadra. Both wandered over the earth, exhibiting a picture. One day, when they had reached the village Saravana, Subhadra bore a son in the cowshed of a Brahman, Gobahula. Because he was born in a cowshed, he was named "Gosala." He grew up gradually, having studied his own craft of the Mankhas. Quarrelsome by nature, disobedient to his parents, ill-favored from birth, he became adept in deceit. After quarreling with his parents and taking a picture, he wandered alone, begging alms, and one day went to Rajagrha. Gosala also lived in the corner of the shed ornamented by the Master, after obtaining permission from him, like a jackal in the vicinity of a lion.

With the intention of breaking his month's fast, the Lord using his hand as a dish went to the house of the merchant *Vijaya*. With great *devotion* the merchant Vijaya himself, highly intelligent, gave food* to the Master in accordance with' rules for right food."Oh, the gift! the good gift," the gods proclaimed aloud and made the five divine things, the shower, of jewels, et-cetera, on his house. When he heard that Gosala thought: "This is no common *ascetic*, since this wealth came to the house of the man giving him food. So, abandoning this heretical painting of mine, I shall become his disciple. Today Such a guru cannot be fruitless."

Just as he was reflecting thus, the Teacher of the World, the Lord, after breaking his fast, came to the same shed and stood in

statuesque posture. Gosala bowed to the Master and said: "Though clever, was ignorant from negligence of the power of you, an ascetic. I shall be your disciple. You alone are my refuge." "With these words, he proceeded accordingly, but the Lord remained silent. Making his living by begging, Gosala did not leave the Master's side day or night, having become his disciple from his own idea.

Gosala's doctrine of Fate

At the end of the second month's fast the Master went to his house and was given food by the householder Ananda. At the end of the third month's fast, the Lord was given food called sarvakamaguna³³⁶ by the householder Sunanda, The wretched Gosala, devoted to filling his stomach by begging, attended the Blessed Mahavira day and night. When it was the full moon of Urja (Karttika), Gosala thought to himself: "He is reputed to have higher knowledge. I shall test his knowledge." "Master, tell me now what I shall get for alms in this great festival of the rainy season that is taking place in every house?" Siddhartha, who had entered the Master, said: "You will receive sour rice-gruel, kodo millet, boiled rice, and a false rupee"

After hearing that, Gosala wandered like a dog from house to house from daybreak, seeking superior food. Nevertheless he did not obtain any anywhere by any means. 'Exhausted, he was led into his house by a laborer in the afternoon. The sour rice-gruel, kodo millet and boiled rice were given by the laborer. As he was very hungry, he ate them and was given a rupee as a gratuity. When the rupee was tested, it proved to be false. Ashamed, he formulated the doctrine of Fate."What will be, will be."

After he had passed the second rainy season since his initiation, the Master left Nalanda and went to the hamlet Kollaka. At that time a Brahman, named Bahula, was feeding Brahmans with great *zeal* and the Lord went to his house for alms. He gave the Lord a dish of milk, sugar, and ghi; and the gods made the five divine things in his house. The Lord broke his fourth month's fast, the means of crossing worldly existence for a man, the giver, who has faith.

Now Gosala, ashamed, slowly entered the shed in the evening. Not seeing the Master, he asked the people, "Where is the Master?" No one gave him news of the Master and the wretched man wandered for a long time in the hamlet Nalanda in search of the Master. Reflecting, "I have again become miserable, alone," he shaved his head, abandoned clothing, and left. He went to Kollaka and heard, "This Brahman, Bahula, is fortunate, in whose house a rain of jewels was

produced by the gods because of a gift to an *ascetic*.” When he heard that, he thought: “Such power as this belongs to my guru alone and not to anyone else. Surely he is here.” With this idea, wandering around in search of him with a shrewd eye, he saw the Lord standing in *kayotsarga** in a certain place.

He bowed to the Lord and said: “I was not worthy of initiation before because of attachment to clothes, et-cetera. Now I have given up attachment. Accept me as a disciple. Be my guru for life. I cannot endure a moment without you, Supreme Lord. What affection is there in you devoid of passion? Clapping cannot be made with one hand. How-ever, my mind follows you from compulsion, Master. Even so, I know myself received by you, since you look at me with eyes resembling blooming lotuses.” The Lord, devoid of passion, knowing that his nature was capable of emancipation, agreed to his proposal. To whom are great men not kind?

With Gosala the Lord went to the hamlet Svarnakhala, his gaze directed six feet ahead on the road. On the road the Mankha’s son saw cowherds cooking rice pudding and said: “I am hungry. Come, let us eat rice pudding.” Siddhartha said, “This rice pudding will not reach completion.” Gosala, malicious-minded, went to the cowherds and said, “This holy man, who knows the three times, says that this clay-vessel with the pudding half-cooked will burst like a dish of unbaked clay.” The cowherds, frightened, bound the dish with pieces of bamboo^B and it burst from the swelling of the great quantity of rice that had been put in it. The cowherds took the potsherds and also the pudding. Because of not receiving it, Gosala accepted completely the doctrine of Fate.

Gosala’s misconduct

The Master went to a village of Brahmins. It had two divisions and their chiefs were two brothers, Nanda and Upananda. To break a fast of two days, the Master entered Nanda’s division and Nanda gave him curds and old³³⁷ boiled rice. Gosala entered the other division and seeing Upananda’s lofty house, went there, zealous, for alms. At Upananda’s order, a slave-girl gave him old boiled rice. As he did not wish that, Gosala, malicious, cursed Upananda, who said, “If he does not take the food*, throw it on his head at once,” and she did so. Angered, Gosala said: “If my guru has power from penance or a psychic fire may that man’s house burn down at once. May the curse from not receiving holy men not be fruitless.” The Vyantaras who were present burned the house like a bundle of straw.

The Master went to Campa for the third rainy season and stopped there, with two two-month fasts proposed. By means of *kayotsarga** and various postures* the squatting-posture, et-cetera, the Master remained completely absorbed in concentrated meditation*, as if he were emancipated even in this world. After he had made his second fast-breaking of a two-month fast outside the city, the Master went with Gosala to the hamlet Kollaka.

There the Lord stood in statuesque posture in an empty house through the night; but Gosala stood cowering in the door, trembling like a monkey. Then the son of the village-chief, Sinha, recently grown up, came there with the intention of amusing himself with a slave-girl, Vidyunmati. He called aloud, "If anyone is here, *ascetic*, Brahman, or traveler, let him speak up, that we may go elsewhere." The Master remained silent at that time because he was engaged in *kayotsarga**; but Gosala, hearing that, did not answer from deceitfulness.

As he received no answer, Sinha dallied with her for a long time; and, having stopped suddenly, started to leave the house. Gosala, malicious by nature, irresponsible, standing in the door, touched the slave-girl, Vidyunmati, as she was leaving."Master, someone touched me," she said aloud. Sinha, angry, turned, seized Gosala, and said: "Wretch, you remained hidden by trickery and watched our misconduct. Even when you were spoken to, you did not answer then."So saying, Sinha beat him and went to his own house. Gosala said to the Master, "I am beaten while you look on." Siddhartha said: "Why do you not observe good behavior like us? Are you not beaten because you show lack of consideration, staying in a door like this? "

The Master left and went to the village named Patrakala. As before he stood in statuesque posture in an empty house during the night. Cowering from fear*, Gosala stayed in a corner in that house. Skanda, the son of the village-chief, came to sport with a slave-girl Dantila. Like Sinha, he called out and no one answered. After he had amused himself, Skanda left and Gosala laughed aloud. Saying, "Who, pray, laughs aloud, after staying hidden like a *pisaca*?" Skanda beat at him and then went home.

Gosala told the Lord, "Is this your duty as master, that you do not protect me when I am beaten, though innocent?" Siddhartha said to him again, "Fool, several times you have brought injury on yourself in this way by the fault of your mouth, like a *partridge*."

Then the Blessed One went to the hamlet Kumara and good in statuesque posture in a garden named Campakamaniya. There lived

a potter, Kupanaya by name, rich in money and grain, addicted to drink, always like a liquor-worm at that time a very famous disciple of Parsvanatha, *Acharya* municandra, attended by a flock of disciples, was stopping in his house. The suri put a disciple. Vardhana, in charge of the group and practiced the extremely difficult practices of the Jinkalpa.³³⁸ One day he was meditating on himself, deeply concentrated, with regard to the second division of reflection penance, strength of character, scripture, solitariness of the *soul*, and power (of mind and body).

Now Gosala said to the Lord at noon, "It is time for us to go inside the village for alms." Siddhartha said, "We fast today." But Gosala entered the village for alms, as he was very hungry. He saw Parsva's disciples, who were wearing various garments, carrying bowls, et-cetera, and he asked "Who are you?" They replied, "We are Nirgranthas, disciples of Parsva." Gosala laughed and said: "Out upon you telling falsehoods. Now can you be Nirgranthas when you have possessions, clothes, et-cetera? This *hypocritical* pretence is only for the sake of a living. Devoid of interest in clothes, et-cetera; indifferent to the body also of which kind is my teacher of religion and Nirgranthas are such." They did not know the Lord Jina and replied; "Such as you are, such is your teacher of religion. Has he himself taken an outfit" Gosala angrily cursed, "If there is psychic fire from penance of my teacher in religion, may this rest-house burn down. They said, "Indeed, we are not burned from your speech" Gosala, ashamed, went and told the Master: "I saw today ascetics with possessions who were contemptuous of you. I cursed them angrily, May that rest-house burn, yet their rest-house did not burn at all. Tell me truly. Master, the reason for that," Siddhartha said: "They are indeed disciples of Sri Parsva Swamin. How, look you! would their rest-house burn at your speech?"

Mean while, it happened that Suri Municundra in the night had gone outside the rest-house and stood in statuesque posture at that time Kupanaya had drunk wine at a guild-feast outside and staggering home intoxicated, saw the *acharya*. With the idea that he was a thief, the hard-hearted potter seized the acharya by the neck pitilessly and quickly choked his breath. Unmoved from pure meditation*, enduring the pain, having clairvoyance produced at once, the acharya died and went to heaven. Vyantaras nearby showed him honor, raining flowers on him, like the wind at dawn.

Now Gosala saw a brilliant line of gods in the sky like a streak of lightning and said to the Lord: "Master, is the rest-house of your enemies burning? That fire is to be inferred from the mass of flames

in the sky." Siddhartha replied: "Do not talk so. The suri has gone to heaven because of pure meditation. For pure meditation is a *cow* of plenty. These brilliant gods (have come) to show him honor, because of whom you of little wit have the mistaken idea of a fire. From curiosity to see that, Gosala went quickly, but the gods went to their own place. When do such men have a sight of the gods!

When he had seen the shower of flowers and perfume on him (Municandra), delighted, he went to the rest-house and said to his (the suri's) disciples who were asleep: "Do you, miserable disciples, shaven-heads.³³⁹ sleep the whole night, 'Like pythons, after eating alms as you like by day? You certainly do not know this: that the suri has died. This is affection for gurus, indeed! on the part of you, well-born." Because of his words, the sages arose, thinking, "Who is this man who talks in this way like a pisaca?" They went near the acharya and, when they had seen him like that, they blamed themselves for a long time, like sons in a good family. After Gosala had ridiculed them, a clown from talking as he liked, he went to the Lord, and the Lord went to the hamlet Coraka.

The Master, engaged in *kayotsarga**, and Gosala were seen by guards searching there for spies from fear* of enemies. The Lord was questioned by them, "Who are you? Say." But he gave no answer at all because he had a vow of silence. Indeed, munis observing silence are the same as deaf.

"He is certainly some one's spy, since he remains silent." They, cruel at heart, took the Master and Gosala prisoners. They bound Gosala like a witch and threw him down a well. They drew him up and let him down repeatedly, like a water-jar. Two disciples of Parsva, sisters of Utpala, Soma and Jayantika, best of nuns, mendicants, were living in Coraka at that time. They heard from the people, "Two men of such and such appearance are being tortured by the guards by throwing them in and lifting them out of water." "That might be the *ascetic*, the last Tirthakara," and they approached the Lord instantly and saw him in such a condition. They said to the guards: "Fools, wishing to die, do you not know that he is the lord, son of King Siddhartha?" Terrified, they released the Master, bowed, and begged his forgiveness again and again. Indeed "Great men do not become angry, but are indulgent with people terrified of themselves".

After he had spent several days there, the Supreme Lord went to the city Prsthaacampa to pass the fourth rainy season. Observing a four-month fast, standing in statuesque posture repeatedly, the Lord of the World remained there four months. After he had broken his

fast somewhere outside on the last day of the rainy season, the Lord of Three Worlds went to the town Krtamangala. Heretics, called Daridrasthaviras, who had big enterprises and property, lived there with wives and children. In their section of town there was a large temple adorned with statues of their hereditary family-gods. In one corner of that temple, motionless as one of its pillars, the Lord stood in *kayotsarga**, absorbed in meditation.*

At that time in the month of Magha the cold at night was very hard to endure. A great festival of these heretics took place in the temple. They gathered in the temple together with their sons, ct cetera joyfully and danced and sang and kept watch. Gosala said with laughter: "Who are these heretics, alas! whose wives drink wine, sing, dance, ct cetera publicly?" Angered at hearing that, they seized Gosala by the neck and expelled him at once from the temple like a dog. Gosala stood crouched down from the cold like the letter, making music with his teeth like a lute-player on a lute. They took pity on Gosala and let him enter again; and, warmed in a few minutes, he talked in the same way again. He was put out again and again allowed to enter. From anger and pity for him, they did this three times.

When Gosala entered the fourth time, he said; "Why are you of little wit angry at the mention of true facts? Why are you, heretics, not angry at your own misconduct? Why do you try to injure me repeatedly because I speak clear facts? "The young heretics got up with the intention of beating him, but their elders restrained them and said firmly:

"He may be the stool-bearer or umbrella-bearer or some other attendant of the holy man, a heap of penance, a mahatma; Enough, of this talk. Let him talk as he likes. If you cannot bear to hear him, beat the drums. They did so.

At sunrise the Master went to Sravasti and stood outside in statuesque posture. When it was time for food*, Gosala said to the Lord: "Blessed One, come for alms. For food is the foundation of life." Siddhartha said as before, "Oh! we are fasting." Gosala asked, "What kind of food shall I get today?" Siddhartha replied: "Now you will eat human flesh." Gosala said, "I shall not eat anything that has even the smell of flesh." With this determination he entered the city sravasti for alms,

Now in this city there was a house-holder, Pitrdatta. The children of his wife Sribhadra were born dead. She asked a fortune-teller, Sivadattaka, earnestly, "How can my offspring live?" He said: "Grind up the still-born infant's flesh and blood with ghi and honey

and make a pudding with milk. If you give this to eat to an *ascetic* whose feet are dusty, then your children will live, O woman whose children now die. After he has eaten it and gone, you must change the door of the house, so that he cannot burn down your house from anger when he has found out what the food was." Desiring children, she made a pudding of her dead infant just as he said and gave it with *devotion* to Gosala who came at that time. After he had eaten, he went to the Master and said, "After a long time, you are mistaken." Siddhartha told him how the pudding was made. Gosala put his finger in his mouth, vomited, and saw pieces, nals, et-cetera, in it and was very angry. He went to look for the house and, as the door had been changed, Gosala did not know its marks, just like a cow-herd." Then Gosala said, "If my guru has psychic fire from penance, may the whole district burn down." "The power of the Jina must not be frustrated," and the Vyantaras, who were present there, burned the unfortunate district.

After staying for a tune, the Lord went to a village named Haridruka, and stood outside in statuesque posture under a sandal (*haridra*) tree. A large caravan on its way to Sravasti camped under the same tree which served as an umbrella from the shade of its leaves. The caravan, afraid of the cold as well as terrified of tigers, kept a fire burning during the night. At daybreak the caravan got up and went ahead. The fire, which had not been put out from carelessness spread gradually like a disease and went near Mahavira, like the submarine fire in the ocean. Saying, "The fire is coming, Blessed One. Run!" Gosala fled elsewhere speedily like a flight of crows. Even though he had heard his speech, the Master remained motionless, considering the fire to be a fire of meditation* for burning the fuel of karma. The Master's feet were turned very dark by the fire, like the calyxes of lotuses by the fob of winter.

After the fire had gone out, the Master and Gosala went to the village Langala; and the Master stood in statuesque posture in a temple of Vasudeva⁵. Gosala, out of curiosity changed his figure to look like a ghost and thoroughly terrified the village-boys who had gone there to play. The boys fled with stumbling gait to the village, some losing their clothes, some bursting their noses, from fear.* Their fathers came and saw Gosala such as he was (a *preta*) and saying, "Why did you scare the boys?" beat him very hard. Their elders saw the Master and said to their men: "Let him go. He is probably a disciple of this holy man." They turned Gosala loose and he said: "Master, why did you look on with indifference just now when I was beaten? You are cruel as a thunderbolt indeed! "Siddhar-

tha said, "You were beaten just now deservedly because of your own nature which is like a disease that has developed in your body."

After he had completed *kayotsarga**, the Master went to the village Avarta and stood in statuesque posture in a temple of Baladeva*. There also Gosala scared the boys as before and was beaten by their fathers like an unruly donkey. After their fathers had gone away, he scared the boys again. Even when life is in danger, it is difficult for men to give up their nature. Their fathers, angry, came and said to each other: "We have beaten this wretch, this abuser of boys, enough. His master, who does not restrain him, should be beaten. Punishment of the master for the crime of servants is the custom. Leaving Gosala in his crime like a house-dog, with malicious intent they ran at Sri Vira with raised sticks. Sirin's, Balarama's statue, presided over by a Vyantara, who was present, devoted to the Arhat, angrily stood up with his plough raised to threaten them, like Sirin in person. Filled with terror and astonishment, the villagers fell at the Master's lotus-feet and begged forgiveness, blaming themselves.

Then the Master went to the hamlet Coraka and stood in statuesque posture in a secluded place in Gosala said to the Lord, "Are we going for alms or not?" Siddhartha replied, "We are fasting today." Gosala was hungry and entered the village, eager for alms, and saw food* for a party being looked just then. With the idea that it was not yet the time for, alms, Gosala watched, hidden. At that time there was a great fear* of thieves in that village. The villagers surmised, "This man is a thief or a spy for thieves, since he watches from hiding," they beat the miserable Gosala. Poor Gosala cursed, "If my teacher in religion has any psychic force from penance, may their pavilion burn down very soon." The pavilion was burned by Vyantaras devoted to the Blessed One and the Lord of the World went to the hamlet Kalambuka.

Two brothers were there, lords of a mountain, Megha and Kalahastin*. At that time Kalahastin was pursuing thieves with soldiers. He saw the Lord traveling with Gosala and was frightened at the thought, "They are thieves." Such is the intelligence of such men." "Who are you?" he asked. The Master said nothing, because he had a vow of silence; and Gosala remained silent, also, from love of *strife*, like a monkey. Kalahastin bound Gosala and the Master and turned them over to his brother. Megha was a servant of Siddhartha and had seen the Master before. He apologized and released the Lord.

Visit to Lata

The Lord knew by clairvoyance: "Today much of my karma must be destroyed. I think that karma cannot be destroyed at once without assistants. For a great circle of enemies is not to be conquered without soldiers. Assistants are hard to find while I wander in the Aryan country. Therefore, I shall wander now in non-Aryan countries."

With these reflections the Blessed One entered Lata which had inhabitants cruel by nature, like an ocean terrible with sea-monsters. Some men struck Sri Vira, calling him "Bald-head" some seized him, calling him "Spy" some bound him, calling him "Thief"; some set dogs on the Master from curiosity others did as they liked without fear; and others, women, *derided* them. The Lord was delighted with these attacks: because of the destruction of karma, like a sick man with very strong medicine because of the cure of a disease.

Gosala, following him, endured many pains from bonds and blows, like an elephant led from the forest. After he had destroyed karma there in various ways, the Lord went toward the Aryan country like one whose purpose is accomplished. Two robbers, who wished to enter Lata, saw the Master as he was going in the vicinity of the village Purnakalasa. "He is a bad *omen*," and they ran at the Lord with raised swords with the intent to kill, like ghosts with raised knives. Just then Vajrabhrta, anxious at the thought, "How is the Master faring today" saw by clairvoyance the Lord and the robbers wishing to kill him. Vajrin killed them with a thunderbolt powerful enough to destroy a mountain of diamond, like a lion killing gazelles with a paw strong enough to crush an elephant.*

Further wandering with Gosala

Gradually the Master went to Bhaddilapura, spent the fifth rainy season there, and observed a fast of four months. After he had broken fast somewhere outside the Lord wandered gradually to the village Kadalismagama. There Gosala noticed that food from a fire-place was being given to those asking for it and said, "Master; come here. Let us eat." Siddhartha said, "We are fasting today," Saying, "I shall eat alone," miserable Gosala went to that place. Eating like a pisaca, Gosala was not satisfied and the villagers gave him a large dish filled with all kinds of food. Gosala was not able to eat all the food since, with food up to his neck, he did not have energy even to sip water. "Ignorant of your own capacity for food, are you famine incarnate?" saying, the people emptied the dish of

food on his head. Rubbing his protuberant stomach with satisfaction, Gosala went as he had come.

The Blessed One went to a village named Jambukhanda. The Lord being in statuesque posture there, the miserable Gosala went with the intention of obtaining food from a fire-place and as before ended with an assault with food.

Gradually the Master went to the hamlet Tumbaka and stood outside in statuesque posture. Gosala went to the village. There he saw a disciple of Parsva, Nandisena, old, famous, attended by followers who had abandoned entirely anxiety about the sect. When Gosala had seen him practicing the Jinakalpa rites, like Municandra, he laughed and went back to the Master. At night the sage Nandisena stood in the courtyard in *kayotsarga**, absorbed in religious meditation*, motionless as a pillar. Seen by the guard, he was struck down with the idea that he was a thief. He died with clairvoyance produced at once and went to heaven. The miserable Gosala saw the ceremony held in his honor by the gods, went to his disciples, and described it with loud ridicule.

Then Vira in his wandering went to the hamlet Kupika. There he and Gosala were tortured by guards with the idea they were spies."A holy man, handsome, calm, innocent, is being beaten by young guards, who mistake him for a spy," was whispered among all the people. Two followers of Parsva, Pragalbha and Avijaya, who had abandoned their vows but followed *mendicancy* as a livelihood, lived there. After hearing the news, saying, "May it not be the Arhat Vira," they went there with anxiety and saw the Blessed One in such circumstances. They paid homage to the Master and said to the guards: "Fools, do you not know Vira, Siddhartha's son? Free him quickly. If Sakra knows about this fault, then the life-taking thunderbolt will fall on your head." Terrified, they set the Lord free and apologized.

Separation from Gosala

The Lord went to the city Vaisali. On the way there are two roads. Gosala said to him: "I shall not go with you, since you look on like a neutral while I am beaten. Furthermore, the attacks on me may be caused by attacks on you, since fire soon burns even the wet from its contact with the dry. Besides, people beat me first, then you. Perhaps I obtain food*, perhaps not, from the suffering. Who, pray, would serve you, who make no distinction between a stone and a jewel, a forest and a town, sunshine and pavilion, fire and a flood, one wishing to kill you and a servant? I am like a son, simple-

minded. The service to you, like service to a tall pisaca which I did by mistake that must be remembered. Henceforth, I shall certainly not do it." Siddhartha said: "Do whatever you like. There will certainly be no change in our conduct." Then the Blessed One set out by the road leading to Vaisali and Gosala went alone to Rajagṛha.

Gosala's experience alone

As he went along Gosala entered a large forest occupied by five hundred thieves, like a mouse into a cave filled with snakes. A servant of the robbers, who was perched in a tree like a vulture, saw him at a distance and said to the robbers, "Some naked man with nothing is coming." They said, "Nevertheless, he must not be allowed to go. He may be a spy. Moreover, he leaves after injuring us. That would not be fitting" When Gosala had come near, saying, "Hello, uncle," they got on his back one by one and rode him. From carrying them one by one the miserable Gosala's body was reduced to nothing but panting and the robbers went elsewhere.

Gosala reflected: "At the first, I have experienced misfortune hard to endure today, like a dog separated from its master. The gods, Sakra and others, avert misfortune from the Lord. My misfortunes passed away, too, when I was under his protection. How shall I, unlucky, find him again like a treasure, who is able to give protection by himself, though indifferent from cause? I shall follow him only."

After making this decision, Gosala crossed the forest and wandered unceasingly, trying to find the Lord's foot-prints.

Further attacks

The Master went to a shed in Vaisali which belonged to a smith and, after obtaining permission from the people occupying it, stood in statuesque posture. The smith had been sick for six months and had recovered. On an auspicious* day, attended by his family, he went to the shed. When he saw the master in front of it, he thought: "The sight of a heretic on the first day is a bad *omen* for me. I shall destroy this bad omen here and now." He, malicious, picked up an iron hammer and ran to kill the Master. Just then Maghavan employed clairvoyance to know, "Where is the Master," saw the smith on the point of killing him, and went there. Hariṣ made the hammer fall on his own (the smith's) head by his power and he went to Yama's *abode* by some means, though he recovered from sickness. After bowing to the Master, Sakra went to the heaven Saudharma.

The Master arrived at the hamlet Gramaka. The Lord stood in *kayotsarga** in the temple of Yaksa Bibhelaka in the garden Bibhelaka. The Yaksa had a trace of right-belief from a former birth and, penetrated by affection, worshipped the Lord with divine flowers, unguents, et-cetera.

The Lord of the Three Worlds went to the village Salisirsa and stood in statuesque posture in a garden. It was then the month Magha. There was there a female demon, Banamantarika, who had been the Lord's wife, Vijayavati, in the Triprstha-birth. She died in anger, entirely discontented. After wandering through births and attaining a human birth, she practiced fool's-penance." Having become a Vyantari from that, unable to bear the Master's *splendor* because of former hostility, she assumed the form of a female *ascetic* first. Her hair matted, wearing a bark garment, she wet her body with icy water and stood over the Lord of the World. Then she created a wind and shook her limbs like a porcupine. Drops of water hard to endure fell, like porcupine quills, on the Jina. The drops of water, falling from the ends of the matted hair and from the edges of the bark garment, pained the Lord. If it had been any other man, he would surely have burst at that time.

The Lord's religious meditation* (dharmadhyana), which is especially destructive of karma, burned during the night as he endured the calamity of the cold. Sri Viraswamin's clairvoyance, like that of an Anuttara-god, became very strong, beholding the entire world. So great clairvoyance was inherent in a god-birth. The last Arhat had knowledge of the text and meaning of the eleven Angas. At day-break the female demon, calmed and repentant, worshipped the Lord with *devotion* and went to her own place.

Then the Lord went to the city Bhadraka and remained to pass the sixth rainy season since his initiation, practicing penance. After six months, Gosala met the Teacher of the World there and gave service daily as before, delighted in his heart. The Lord observed a fast of four months combined with many vows. At the end of the rainy season, he broke his fast outside the city.

4. THE SECOND PERIOD OF MORE THAN SIX YEARS OF MAHAVIRA'S WANDERING AS AN ASCETIC

Misconduct of Gosala

Then the Master, attended by Gosala, wandered in the country Magadha for eight months without attack. Vira Swamin went to the city Alabhika and passed the seventh rainy season, observing a fast of four months. At the end of four months the Lord broke his fast outside and went to the hamlet Kundaka, accompanied by Gosala. There the Master stood in statuesque posture, like a jeweled statue that had been installed, in a corner of Vasudeva's temple. Shameless by nature and suffering from long restraint Gosala stood with his linga in the month of Visnu's statue.

A worshipper name and, when he saw him standing so, thought, "Is he some pisaca or someone possessed by a demon?" So reflecting, he entered the temple and observed him and recognized from his nudity that he was probably some *ascetic*."If I beat him, then the people will say, A harmless religious was *beaten* by this wicked man.' Let the village do to him what is suitable. I shall tell them." With this idea he went and brought the villagers to see him. He (Gosala) was struck by the young villagers with slaps and blows with their fists and was released by the elders saying, "Enough of beating a man possessed by a demon."

The Master, destroying the enemy karma, went to the hamlet Mardana and stood in statuesque posture in Baladeva's temple. Gosala put his linga in *Bala's* mouth and stood as before. As before he was beaten and as before he was released.

The Teacher of the World, distinguished for his penance, went to the village Bahusala and stood in statuesque posture in a garden, Salavana, in it. There a Vyantari, named Salaya, angry without cause, made karma-destroying attacks on the Master. Appeased, she worshipped the Lord; and the Lord went in his wandering to the city Lohargala which was ruled by King Jitasatru.

At that time there was enmity between the king and another king. As he was going on the road with Gosala the Master was seen by the king's men. The Master said nothing when he was questioned by the king's men; and there he was taken before Jitasatru as Utpala, who had come before from the village Astik, saw the Lord, paid homage to him, and described the true state of affairs to Jitasatru. Honored by the king with *devotion*, the Blessed One went in his wandering to the city Purimatala and this incident soon took place.

Episode of Vagura

A wealthy sheth, Vagura, lived there and his wife, Bhadra, was barren, worn out by prayers and gifts to the gods for a child. One day the sheth and his wife went to the garden, Sakalamukha, and for; along time played like gods, gathering flowers, et-cetera. Roaming about in their play, they saw a large dilapidated temple and both entered it from curiosity. The husband and wife saw a statue of Mallinatha that was like an ointment of nectar for the eyes and they bowed to it with faith:

“O god, if a son or daughter is born to us by your favor, we will erect a temple to you. From that time on, we shall always be worshippers of yours.” With these words the sheth and his wife went to their own house.

By the power of a Vyantari devoted to the *Arhats*, who was present there, an embryo developed in Bhadra's womb, giving confidence to the sheth. From the day of the embryo Vagura began joyfully to raise up a temple as well as himself from despair. Vagura himself went there and made a pooja three times a day to Malli's statue, having taken a vow to do so, pious. Knowing that he was a worshipper of the Jina, the monks and nuns met in his house to (start) their wandering and he always honored them. From constant contact with the monks, the sheth and his wife, who had excellent understanding, became lay-disciples, knowing the rules.

Now the Blessed Vira stood motionless in statuesque posture between the garden Sakatamukha and the city. The Indra of Isana went there to worship the Lord Jina and saw Vagura going by with the intention of worshipping Malli's statue. Isana said to Vagura: “Why do you pass by a visible Lord Jina before your eyes to worship a statue of one? For the Blessed Vira himself, the last Tirthankara's wandering as an *ascetic*, stands here in statuesque posture.” “I am sorry.” With these words, he made the circumambulation three times and paid homage to the Lord with *devotion*, his body contracted like a tortoise. After Isana and Vagura had bowed to the

Lord, they both departed; and the Blessed One went to the hamlet Usnaka.

As the Master went along, he met a bride and groom with completely disfigured shapes, whose marriage had taken place at that time. The wretched Gosala saw them and said: "Look! These two are potbellied, snuggle-toothed, with long necks and chins, bleared eyes, and ugly noses. Shame upon the suitability of the union made by the Creator. Since these two were made bride and groom, I think he was playing a joke." He said this again and again before them and gave a burst of laughter repeatedly, like a clown. The bridal couple's servants, angered, quickly trussed him up like a peacock, as if he were a robber, and threw him into a bamboo^B-thicket.

Gosala said: "Master, why do you look at me with indifference when I am tied up? You are compassionate to other people. Why not to your attendant?" Siddhartha said to him: "These misfortunes which happen constantly to you like a wanton monkey are caused by your own evil acts, nothing else." The Master went a short distance with the intention of waiting for him. The bridal couple's servants saw the Lord and reflected, "He is the stool-or umbrella-bearer, or some other servant of this holy man, a heap of penance, since he waits for him." With this idea they released Gosala out of regard for the Master.

Wandering with him the Master gradually reached the cow-country (Gobhumi). Gosala said to the herdsmen: "Mlecchas with a disgusting appearance, heroes of the cow-pen, where does this road go? Tell us, sirs." The herdsmen replied: "Why, traveler, do you abuse us so without cause? Certainly you are not our brother-in-law." Gosala said again: "Sons of slaves, miserable sons of animals, will you not endure it then if I abuse you very much? This description of your own nature was not abuse committed by me. Did I speak an untruth when I said, 'You are disgusting Mlecchas?'" Angered, they beat him and bound him and threw him in a bamboo-thicket. Other travelers, compassionate, released him.

The Master went to Rajagrha and spent the eighth rainy season, observing a fast of four months, with numerous vows. At the end of four months, the Master broke his fast outside.

He reflected: "This very day much of my karma is to be destroyed." Accompanied by the miserable Gosala the Master went to the Mleccha countries Vajrabhumi, Suddhabhumi, Lata, and others for the destruction of karma. There the Mlecchas, resembling Paramadharmikas,³⁴⁰ persecuted Sri Vira as they liked with various and numerous attacks. Some seized the Master; some laughed aloud.

Some surrounded him with vicious dogs, et-cetera. The Master was delighted by these attacks because of the destruction of karma, like one wounded by an arrow by cuts for the purpose of removing the arrow. The Lord looked on the Mlecchas assistants in the destruction of karma as brothers, or even more than that, himself a doctor for the disease of karma. This very Vira, from the pressure of whose big toe Mt. Meru trembled, wandered, oppressed by karma.

Siddhartha, who had been appointed by Sakra to ward off calamities, was attentive at the time of an answer to Gosala, not at any other time. The Indras too, alas! were all indifferent to the pain of him at whose feet they act as servants and roll on the ground again and again. At whose mere name as a charm great troubles disappear, he is oppressed by small ones. Before whom are we to complain? Alas for the kind acts to people, because of which, even though they originated with the Master, the Master, whose *soul* is assailed by obstacles*, is not rescued from an evil fate by ingrates! The Lord did not esteem his own strength which tolerated the failure of the world to rescue (him). People eager for worldly pleasures take the fruit of their own strength. Without obtaining a dwelling, partaking of heat, cold, et-cetera, the Master, vigilant, passed six months which were watchful of *dharma*.* Absorbed in pious meditation*, occupying an empty house or standing under a tree, the Master passed the ninth rainy season.

Then the Master and Gosala went to the city Siddhartha and then went on to the village Kurmagrama. Seeing a stalk of sesame^B on the road, Gosala said to the Lord: "Master will this stalk of sesame ripen or not?" Then by the power of fate, the Blessed One broke his silence and said himself: "Sir, it will ripen. But the seven flower-souls that are present on it will be the same number of sesame seeds in only one seed-pod." Gosala did not believe his words, dug up the sesame-stalk, and threw it with a ball of dirt (clinging to it) somewhere else. May the Master's words not be false," then nearby gods created a shower of rain and the sesame-stalk revived. Pressed down with her hoof by a cow passing in its vicinity, it was pushed into the damp earth and then became firmly planted. Its root grew strong gradually and gradually a shoot appeared and flowers began to grow on the sesame-stalk. The Blessed One went to the village Kurmagrama, accompanied by stupid Gosala, thinking himself devoted.

Now, between Rajagrha and Campa there is a wealthy village named Gobara, the ornament of the whole earth. In it lived a householder, Gosankhin, chief of the Abhiras, whose wife, Bandhavati,

very dear to him, was barren. Near this village was a village named Khetaka which had been destroyed, by robbers who came, and prisoners were taken also. At that time a woman named Vesika had given birth to a son. Her husband, Surupa, had been killed and she was driven off by the robbers. Suffering from child-birth, carrying the child, she was not able to keep up with the swift thieves, like a cow with wild bulls. And the thieves said to her, "If you wish to live, abandon the child who is like an embodied disease of yourself." Terrified, she left the child under a tree and went with the robbers. For nothing is as dear as life to everyone.

At dawn Gosankhin came there with the cows, saw the baby, and picked it up, saying, "He is well-formed." He gave the baby to his own wife as a son. Even another's child becomes infinitely dear to the childless. He killed a goat and smeared the baby with blood and, clever, took clothing of his wife that was suitable for child-birth."My wife was secretly pregnant. Now she has borne a son, He announced to the people and held a great celebration."

The child's mother, Vesika had been placed for sale at the crossroads in the city Campa by the thieves and was bought by a courtesan with the idea, She is suitable. The courtesan taught her the courtesan-business and she became a well-known courtesan, by whom Apsarases were excelled in beauty.

Gradually Gosahkhin's son became a young man and went with a friend to Campa to sell a load of ghi. He saw the townsmen there amusing themselves surrounded by clever young women. After he had seen them, he went to the courtesans' quarter, wishing to dally. He saw his mother, Vesika, among the courtesans and he wished to enjoy her and no one else. For ignorant people are like cattle. At that time he had a retainer given to her alone and at night set out for her house, bathed and *anointed*. As he went on the road, his foot slipped in dirt, but, confused by love, he did not know that he had slipped in something. To enlighten him at once, his household-divinity created a cow and calf and stood nearby on his path. When he began to rub his dirty foot on the calf, the calf spoke in a human voice to the cow:

"Look, mother! this shameless animal of a man, devoid of *dharma*, pitiless, wipes his own foot covered with dirt on me." The cow replied: "Do not be distressed. Nothing is impossible for him who. mass for love, hastens to enjoy his own mother."

Hearing that, he reflected: "How do these cows speak with human voices and how am I the son of the courtesan? I shall see the courtesan herself."With this thought he went to her house and she gave him respectful welcome by rising up, et-cetera. Disturbed' by

the speech of the *cow*, putting off the business of love, after moment he said to her, "Tell your own history." She pretended not to hear and displayed emotions and feelings." For that is the chief instruction in love of courtesans. He said: "I will give double the money agreed on. Tell the true about yourself. There is a curse on you from your parents." Questioned again and again in this way by him, she told the true facts. He, anxious, left and went to his village.

He asked his parents there: "Am I your natural-born son or someone else, obtained or bought? Tell me the facts." When they said, "You are our natural-born son," he did not eat, grieved by the falsehood. Then the parents described truly how they got him; and he knew that the courtesan Vesika was his mother.

He went to Campa and told his own history to Vesika. She too knew that he was her son and wept, her face hidden from shame. He paid money and released his mother from the procuress. He took her to his village, released her, and set her on the path in *dharma*.^{*} Because he was the son of Vesika, he was called Vaisikayana. At that very time, disgusted with worldly things, he took the vows of an *ascetic*. Devoid to the study of his religious books, expert in his religion, he gradually went to Kurmagrama before sri Vira's arrival. Outside the village, he endured the sun's heat midday, holding his arms erect, his gaze fixed on the sun, with a mass of twisted hair hanging down, like a banyan tree, motionless, naturally reverent, compassionate and courteous, tranquil, absorbed in pious meditation.^{*} From the sun heat a louse fell to the ground. He, a depository of *compassion*, picked it up and threw it on his head again.

Gosala observed him from the Master's side, approached him, and said; "Do you know the truth or are you offering a refuge to lice? Are you a woman or a man? For you cannot be distinguished at all." The ascetic, patient, made no reply at all, when he was addressed in this way. Again and again Gosala spoke to him in the same way. Even if a dog's tail were put in a machine many time. it would be crooked. Then the ascetic became angry and discharged a hot flash. A fire is produced even from sandal by excessive rubbing. Terrified by the terrible flame of the hot flash, the miserable Gosala went to the Lord, like a forest elephant, terrified by a forest-fire, to a river. To rescue the wretched Gosala the Master discharged a cold flash. The hot flash was put out by the cold flash like a fire by water. When he had seen the Master's power, Vaisikayana, astonished, approached Mahavira and said respectfully: "Blessed One, I did not know that this man was a disciple of yours. So pardon such incorrect conduct on my part in this matter."

After he had said this and had gone away, Gosala said to the Lord, "Blessed One, how is this hot flash acquired?" The Master said; "If any one observes two-day fasts constantly and, self-controlled, breaks the fast with a handful of unhusked pulse and a mouthful of water, at the end of six months, a very powerful hot flash will arise, irresistible, terrifying to enemies."

The Supreme Lord accompanied by Gosala, left Kurmagrama for the excellent town, Siddharthapura. When they reached the place of the sesame-stalk, Gosalaka said, "The sesame-stalk has not ripened as the Master predicted." The Master said, "The ripened sesame-stalk is found here." Gosala did not believe it and split open the sesame seed-pod. Seeing the seven sesame seeds in it, Gosala said, "People are born again, having returned to the very same body."

One day he went to the city Sravasti, abandoning the Master's feet, to acquire the hot flash described by the Master. He stayed at a potter's house, practiced the prescribed penance for six months and the hot flash resulted. To test the hot flash he went to the proximity of a well and, to create anger against himself, broke a slave-girl's jar with a rock. She began to abuse him and he discharged a hot flash instantly, it fell like lightning and burned the slave-girl. With confidence acquired in this way devoted to the sight of curiosities, Gosalaka began to wander, surrounded by people. Six disciples of Sri Parsva, learned in the eight divisions of the science of omens, who had abandoned their vows, joined Gosalaka. They were named Sona, Kalinda, Karnikara, Acchidra, Agnivesana, and Arjuna, the sixth. From friendship they explained the eight divisions of the science of omens to him. Friendship develops at once between men of the same character. Proud of the hot flash and the eightfold science of omens he began to wander over the earth, saying, "I am a Jina."

The Lord went from Siddharthapura to the city Vaisali and there Sankha, a friend of his father, a vassal, paid honor to the Lord. Then the Blessed One started to Vanijakagrama and on the way he crossed the river Mandikika by boat. As soon as he had debarked, the Blessed One was held on the hot sand on the bank by the sailors who asked for pay for taking him across the river. Just then the nephew, named Citra, of the vassal Sankha, came on an embassy and saw the Lord being held by the boatmen. He reviled the boatmen and had the Lord released. After Citra had paid homage to the Lord with extreme *devotion*, he went to his own city.

And now the Blessed One went to Vanijakagrama and stood outside in statuesque posture, absorbed in pious meditation.* Then a lay-disciple, Ananda, who had fasted for two days constantly engaged in enduring the heat of the sun, in whom clairvoyance had arisen, paid homage to the Lord. Extending his joined hands, he said:

“Blessed One, you have endured trials hard to endure and cruel attacks. Your body is as hard as a diamond and your mind is as hard as a diamond, since neither one is broken even by these trials and attacks. Now *omniscience* is near, Lord.”

With these words Ananda bowed to the Lord again and went home. The Master completed *kayotsarga** and went to Sravasti and passed the tenth rainy season since his initiation. He broke his fast outside and went to the village Sanuyastika.

There the Blessed One observed the bhadra-penance. In this the Lord, fasting, stood a whole day facing the east first, his gaze fixed on a single object. Facing the south during the night, the west during the day and the north during the night, the Lord observed the penance with a two-day fast. Without breaking his fast the Lord performed the mahabhadra-penance and stood four days and nights in the directions, east, et-cetera in turn. After the Lord had thus performed the mahabhadra-penance with a four-day fast, he undertook the sarvatobhadra with a ten-day fast. He stood a day and night in each of the ten directions. However, he set the high and low objects in the high and low directions in his mind.

After he had performed the three penances, the Teacher of the World entered the house of the householder Ananda to break his fast. There a slave-girl, Bahula, was cleaning the dishes and intending to throw out the left-over food*, saw the Lord who had come.”Is it suitable for you? “She asked the Master. The Master held out his hand and she, devoted, gave him the food. Then the gods, pleased with the Master’s fast-breaking, made the five, divine things³⁴¹ on that house and all the people rejoiced.

At that same time Bahula was freed from slavery by the king. Indeed, *souls* capable of emancipation are freed from existence itself by the Master’s favor.

After the Lord had broken his fast there, wandering over the earth, he came to the Drdha-country which was inhabited by many Mleccha-families. Near the village Pedhala in a garden Pedhala he entered a temple made of palasa, observing a three-day fast. Standing on a stone slab that was devoid of injury to living creatures, his arms hanging down to his knees, his body slightly bent, his mind

firm, unwinking, his gaze fixed on one gross object, the Lord stood there in statuesque posture for one night long.

Then Sakra in the council-hall Sudharma surrounded by eighty-four thousand Samanikas, thirty-three Trayastrinsas, the three divisions of councilors, four Lokapalas, *Prakirnakas* beyond number, eighty-four thousand body-guards with firmly bound girdles in each of the four directions, seven generals surrounded by armies, groups of gods and goddesses who were Abhiyogyas, Kilbisikas, et-cetera,³⁴² the protector of the southern half of the universe, was passing the time with amusements, the three kinds of musical instruments,^{343*} et-cetera, seated on Sakra's (own) lion-throne. Knowing by clairvoyance that the Blessed One was standing so Sakra rose, removed his shoes, put on his upper garment, placed his right knee on the ground, bent the left one somewhat, and, his head touching the ground, paid homage to him with a Sakrastava.*

Sasipati rose and, having coat of mail from hair raised on all his body from delight, said to the whole assembly:

"Sirs, all of you, highest gods living in Saudharma, hear the wonderful power of the Master, Sri Mahavira. Observing the five kinds of carefulness, purified by the three controls, not subject to anger, conceit, deceit and greed, devoid of channels of karma, his mind unrestricted in *substance*, place, time, and nature, his gaze fixed on one gross object, absorbed in meditation*, he cannot be moved from meditation by gods, asuras, Yaksas, Raksasas, Nagas, men, nor even by the three worlds."

Hearing this speech of Sakra's, a god who was one of Sakra's Samanikas, terrifying from the frown that was made on the surface of his forehead, his lips quivering, his eyes protruding and red from anger, a *soul* not capable of emancipation, devoted to deep false belief, named Sangamaka, said:

"Majesty, if this mortal, a mere *ascetic* is described thus, power at will over true and false speech is the cause of that.' This one cannot be moved from meditation even by the gods.' Lord, how can this extraordinary idea be conceived in the heart or, if conceived, how can it be uttered? What is this mere mortal to gods of unequalled magnificence, of unlimited power, of fully gratified wishes, who raise Sumeru, which fills the sky with its peaks and the lower world with its roots, by the arm as easily as a clod of earth, for whom the ocean, whose power was apparent from the flooding of the earth with its mountain-ranges, makes only a mouthful, who support the great earth with many mountains with only one arm, as easily as an umbrella? I here will move him from meditation."

Attacks by Sangamaka

Saying this, he struck the earth with his hand and rushed out of the assembly-hall. "The *Arhats* do unbroken penance with the assistance of enemies. May he not know this." With this thought Sakra watched the malignant god. With a dense cloud about to fall with the rising of a swift wind, hard to look at because of his terrifying appearance, from whom the Apsarases fled in fear*, with the planets* piled up by a blow from his huge chest, evil, he went to the place where was the Supreme Lord.

His jealousy increased greatly when he saw Sri Vira standing so, undisturbed, a disinterested friend of the world. The rogue, a disgrace to the gods, sent down a rain of sand with sudden disaster on the Lord of the World, Just as the moon was hidden by Rahu, just as the sun. by a rainy day. So the Lord of the World's body was hidden by the stream of sand. When the body-openings were entirely filled with sand, then the Master was *deprived* of inhaling and exhaling. The Teacher of the World did not move from meditation* even the extent of a sesame^B seed. Does mountain move because of elephants stooped (to strike with their tusks)?

Then he took away the sand and produced ants with hard beaks that tortured the Lord's body. They penetrated his limbs one by one and went elsewhere at will, perforating with their sharp beaks like needles in cloth. When these proved to be in vain, like the wishes of an unlucky man, he produced stinging insects. There is no limb to the crimes of wicked people. From one attack of theirs the Lord with his dripping blood, which resembled milk, was like Himalaya with waterfalls. When the Lord of the World was unshaken even by them, the villain made cockroaches with large, pointed beaks, irresistible. Their beaks buried in the Supreme Lord's body, they looked like a line of hair grown up all at once.

When the mind of the Teacher of the World, celebrated for self-concentration, was unmoved even by them, he made huge scorpions, determined on destruction of the meditation. They divided the Blessed One's body with the thorns of the sprouts of their tails, cruel hot javelins that resembled sparks of the fire at the end of the world. When the Lord was undisturbed even by these he, filled with depravity, made numerous ichneumons with many teeth. Making the sound "Khi, khi," tearing the Blessed One's body with their teeth, piece by piece, they made pieces of flesh fall. Not accomplishing his purpose even by these, from anger he used serpents with large swelling hoods, cruel arms of *Yama*. The big serpents encircled

Mahavira completely from head to foot, like tendrils of cowage a big tree. They attack him so that their hoods burst; they bite him so that their fangs are broken! When these were hanging like ropes, their poison ejected, he quickly produced sharp-toothed mice. The mice dug into the Master's body with nails, teeth, mouths, and paws and making water on those places repeatedly, threw acid on the wounds.

These also proving useless, as if turned into a ghou, angrily he created an elephant* with a club in the form of his upraised tusk. He ran forward, bending the earth, as it were, by his steps, knocking the stars from the sky, as it were, with his uplifted trunk. The elephant sized the Blessed One with the end of his trunk hard to resist and tossed him high up in the air. Thinking, "He, shattered, has me to pieces," pitiless, he received him falling from the arising his tusks. When he had fallen, he wounded him again and again by blows with his tusks and sparks flew up from the diamond-hard breast (of the Lord). When the rogue-elephant was not able to do anything, the god created a female elephant like a female enemy. She split the Blessed One with tusks and the whole trunk and sprinkled him at will with body-water like poison.

The strength of the *cow*-elephant being reduced to dust, the *basest* of gods made a pisaca with the huge teeth of a crocodile. The cavity of his mouth, wide and long, filled with blazing flames, was terrifying as a blazing fire-pit. His uplifted arms were like the pillars of the gale to Yama's house and his legs and thighs were like tall palm trees^B. Giving a loud burst of laughter, hissing, with thundering cries of "Kila! Kila!" clothed in leather and carrying a knife, he ran at the Blessed One, When he had been extinguished like a lamp whose oil has given out, inflamed by anger, the pitiless (god) quickly made a tiger. Cleaving the earth, as it were, with the blows of his massive tail; making heaven and earth cry, as it were, with the echoes of his roars, the tiger went to work on the Lord of the World deliberately with teeth hard as diamonds and nails that resembled spear-points.

When the tiger had reached a colorless state, like a tree burned by a forest-fire, the *basest* of gods created a figure of King Siddhartha.

"What is this, which is very difficult, that you are doing, my dear? Give up this wandering. Do not disregard my request."

"In old age Nandivardhana has abandoned me without protection," Trisala, who had been created, spoke in this way again and again.

When the Lord's mind was untouched even by the talk of these two, the wretch made a camp with inhabitants. Not finding stones there, the cook, intent on cooking rice, made a hearth out of the Lord's feet and set down a cooking-pot. The lire, which he kindled at once, burned severely the soles of the feet of the Lord of the World like a forest-fire the foot of a mountain. The Lord's beauty, like that of gold, did not diminish, even when he was burned. Then the *basest* of gods made an outcaste who had a terrifying cry. The outcaste hung small bird-cages on the Lord's neck, ears, arms, and legs. The Lord's body was so pierced by the birds with blows from their bills and claws that it was perforated with a hundred holes, like a cage of theirs.

When the outcaste was reduced to worthlessness like a ripe leaf in this, too, He created a sharp wind which produced great prodigies. Tossing big trees and grass up in the air, scattering a cloud of dust and stones and gravel in all directions, filling the space between heaven and earth completely, like filling a bellows, the wind picked up the Blessed One again and again and dropped him. His wish unfulfilled even by that sharp wind, this disgrace to the assembly of gods quickly made a cyclone. Strong enough to move mountains, it whirled the Lord like a lump of clay on a wheel. When he was whirled around by the wind that was like a whirlpool in the ocean, the Lord, his mind fixed on one thing, did not leave meditation* at all.

"Tormented many times, he is not disturbed, his mind hard as a diamond. How shall I, my word broken, go to the assembly? By his death*, not otherwise, his meditation -will be destroyed." With these reflections the basest of gods made a wheel of death time. At once the god lifted it which was made of a thousand bharas³⁴⁴ of iron, like Ravana lifting Mount Kailasa. Picking up the wheel of time which, I think, had been made as another cover for the earth, he threw it on the Lord. Making all the directions terrifying by the mass of flames shooting up, it fell on the Lord of the World like submarine fire on the ocean. From the blow of the wheel which was able to destroy mountain-ranges, the Blessed One sank into the ground up to his knees.

When this happened, the Blessed One regretted this: "We wish to help everyone cross (*samsara*), (but) with us also he has made the cause of his *samsara*."

"Since he did not die even when struck by the wheel of time, he is outside the sphere of weapons.* What other device is there in this matter? Perhaps he would be disturbed some by favorable attacks."

With this idea the god made them quickly on the Teacher of the World. The villain at once made dawn appear unseasonably by which the sky was made light, filled with flocks of twittering birds. The Lord, high-minded, considering this a celestial illusion, did not relax his meditation*, persisting in his vow. The god, after removing that, appeared before him in a heavenly car, lighting up the sky with his earrings, necklace, armlets and *diadem*, and said:

“Great sage, I am pleased by your strength of character, by the vigor of your penance, by your indifference to life and by the completion of what was undertaken. Enough of that penance torturing the body. Speak! Ask! Do not hesitate. What I can give you? Shall I convey you with this same body to that heaven where wishes are constantly fulfilled by mere wishing? Or shall I lead you to emancipation characterized by liberation from karma rooted in existence without beginning? Or shall I give you here *sovereignty* abounding in wealth, its commands accepted respectfully by the lords of the whole world?”

The Lord’s mind being undisturbed by these alluring speeches, the wretch again reflected, as he had obtained no answer: “He made this manifestation of my power futile. I wonder if instruction in love would be futile now. For even great men have been seen to break their heroic vows when they have been looked at coyly by women who have become missiles of love.” With this decision he instructed goddesses by thought and employed the six seasons to assist his illusion. The Sri of Spring, by whom the introduction was made with the soft murmurs of an excited hen-cuckoo, an actress in the play of love, looked beautiful. The Laksmi of Summer, preparing a breath-perfume from the pollen of the blossoming asoka^B, like a slave-girl of the maidens of the quarters, bloomed. The Rainy Season appeared, making auspicious* tilakas, as it were, at a *coronation* of love, exactly in the guise of pandanus^B blossoms^B. Autumn shone, seeing her own unrestrained beauty, as it were, having become a thousand eyes in the guise of new blue lotuses. The Sri of Winter wrote, as it were, a *paean* of the victory of Love with the fresh jasmine^B-buds which resembled white letters. The Sri of the Cool Season was covered with jasmines and sinduvaras, like a courtesan maintaining herself from Winter and Spring at the same lime. At the same time with the seasons manifesting themselves in this way, goddesses appeared instantly, flag-bearers of Minadhvaja.

They, whose bodies* were in harmony, performed before the Lord a concert that was like a magic missile, leading to victory of Manmatha^S. In it some sang jatis with pure vesaras, with smooth

tempo, charming with the gandhara-grama. One expert played the lute with loud sounds and soft sounds, with tanas going in order and inverted order and with distinct vyanjanadhatus. Some played the three kinds of drums, with the sounds of clouds with kinds of distinctna-sounds and dhom-sounds.

Some danced with dance steps belonging to those of space and earth, extraordinary with various karanas*, with ever new glances of the dominant states. One, her bodice torn at once by violent dramatic action and by angaharas, exposed her arm-pits when she was binding up her loosened hair. One exposed the top of her thigh fair with beautiful orpiment again and again, under pretext of the dramatic action dandapada.

One showed the circle of the navel, which resembled a tank, by the pretense of fastening the knot of her loosened garment. One, pretending to make the hand-gesture called "Elephant's-tooth," made the sign of embracing the body closely. One, pulling together her upper garment under the pretext of tightening the waist-cloth, made apparent the surface of the round buttocks. One fair-eyed maiden made attractive for a long time her so with full, high breasts under pretext of bending.

"If you are free from passion, why do you arouse passion in us? If you are indifferent to the body, why do you not give us even your breast? If you are compassionate, why do you not rescue us now from Kama^s whose bow has been drawn suddenly? If you are indifferent as amusement, to us who *desire* love, a little of that is suitable, but not for a life-time. Master, relax your severity. Fulfill our wishes. Do not be averse to our prayer." Some talked like this for a long time. The Teacher of the World was not disturbed by the songs, music, and dances, nor even by the contortions of their bodies* and the enticing talk of the goddesses. Thus the *basest* of gods, Sangamaka, made twenty attacks on the Teacher of the World engaged in kayotsarg during the night.

At daybreak Sangamaka thought: "Oh! He did not leave his 'meditation*' at all, like the ocean its shore. So, shall I go to heaven? How can I go with a broken promise? I shall continue to harass him with attacks for a long time."

Then the Blessed One, his eyes directed on the road touched by sunlight for a distance of six feet, went to the village Valuka. Sangamaka, the *basest* of gods, created five hundred thieves on the road and deep sand that resembled an ocean of sand. Saying aloud, "Uncle! Uncle! "The thieves embraced the Lord so closely that even a mountain would burst. The Teacher of the World, an ocean of the

nectar of *tranquility*, his feet sinking in the sand up to his knees, went to the village Valuka. In this way the basest of gods, cruel by nature, following the Lord, made attacks on him in city, village, forest and elsewhere.

Six months passed while Sangamaka was making attacks. Then the Master went to Gokula and a festival was taking place there at that time. As the Blessed One had passed six months fasting, he wished to break his fast and entered Gokula for alms. The basest of gods, evil-minded, created a fault in the alms at every house whatever where the Master went. Employing knowledge and perception, the Master knew that the basest of gods had not *desisted* and he, giving up alms, stood outside in statuesque posture. When the god looked by means of clairvoyance, thinking, "Does he have any frustrated development?" he saw the Lord undisturbed. The god reflected: "He was unshaken attacks made continuously for six months, like Mt. Sahya by ocean-water. He certainly will not move from meditation* for a long time. My procedure against him was useless like that of an elephant* in the destruction of a mountain. After abandoning the comfort and pleasures of heaven like one destroyed by a curse, how long have I wandered over the earth, alas' deceived by my own stupidity! "

With these reflections the god, his hands folded respectfully, sad-faced, ashamed, bowed to the Teacher or of the World and said: "Just as you were praised by sakra in the council, so you are. You have been persecuted by me in this way because I did not believe what he said. You have the affirmation of the truth; but I have my vow broken. it was not well done by me. Pardon me for that, Depository of *Compassion*. I shall go to heaven, pacified, averse to attacks. Do you go without anxiety to villages, mines, cities, etcetera. Enter villages for alms, enjoy food* free from faults. The faults in alms before were caused by me, nothing else."

The Master said: "Dismiss anxiety, god Sangamaka. We are dependent on no one. We wander as we like." The basest of gods bowed to Sri Vira saying this and, remorseful, went to Puruhuta's city.

Now for so long a time the gods living in Saudharma had been joyless, languid, and depressed. Even Sakra, fine apparel and unguents laid aside, exceedingly unhappy, averse to concerts, etcetera, thought to himself: "I was the cause of such severe attacks. The god became angry at my praise of the Master." Just then Sangamaka, soiled with the mud of evil, his great beauty blurred like a mirror sprinkled with water, his vow broken, his senses dull and his

lotus-eyes dimmed, arrived, at the council-hall Sudharma, presided over by Sakra. When Sakra had seen Sangamaka, he turned his back on him at once and said; "Listen, all you gods, to my words. The god Sangamaka, an outcaste in deeds, evil, just by being seen causes evil. Therefore, it is not fitting for him to be seen. That our Master was tormented was a big offence on his part. Is he not afraid of us, if he is not afraid of (future) existence? With the thought, 'The *Arhats* do not practice penance from others' assistance,' I did not punish this wretch at the time of such attacks. If the *basest* of gods remains here in future he will cause us evil. Therefore, he must be expelled from this heaven."

With these words angry Vujrapani kicked the basest of gods with his left foot, like striking a mountain with a thunder-bolt. Knocked down by Maghavan's soldiers with various weapons*, cursed by goddesses whose hands were twisted (into claws), laughed at by the Samanikas, the god, who had one sagara of life remaining, went to the peak of Meru, traveling in an aerial car named Yanaka. Sangamaka's wives announced to Sakra, "We shall follow our lord, if you give the order." Vasava^s permitted them, sad-faced, to follow Sangamaka, but he prevented the entire retinue.

On the next day the Teacher of the World, in wandering in that district, entered the enclosure of a cow-house, wishing to break his fast. There an old woman of the herdsmen devotedly fed the Lord with rice pudding that had been left over, according to rules. The gods nearby, delighted by the Blessed One's fast-breaking after so long a time, made the five divine things there.

Then the Master went to the city Alabhika in his wandering and stood there in statuesque posture, as steady as if he were in a painting. The Indra of the Vidyutkumaras, named Hari^s, came there, circumambulated the Lord, bowed to him, and said: "Lord, you endured attacks by which people like us are torn by anguish at hearing of them. You are superior to diamond. By means of a slight attack still you will destroy the four destructive karmas³⁴⁵ and acquire *omniscience* very soon." After saying this, Hari, the Indra of the Vidyutkumaras, bowed to the Blessed One with *devotion* and went to his own home.

The Blessed One left and went to the city Svetavi and Harisaha,³⁴⁶ the Indra of the Vidyuts, came there and paid homage to the Lord. After making the same assertion as Hari^s, he went to his own house.

The Lord went to Sravasti and stood motionless in statuesque posture. In this city on that day the people held a great festival with

a procession of Skanda's chariot accompanied by great pomp. The people of the city passed the Blessed One standing in statuesque posture and went to Skanda, carrying the *paraphernalia* for a puja to the statue. After they had bathed and worshipped Skanda's statue, the people got ready-to mount it on the chariot according to rule.

At that time Sakra thought, "How does the Lord wander?" and by clairvoyance saw Vira standing so and the townsmen."Why do these people, undiscerning, make a puja to Skanda, passing by the Lord?" and Hari went there angrily. Skanda's statue, inhabited by Sakra, advanced like a mechanical doll to the Blessed One standing in statuesque posture. While the townsmen said, "Look! Skandakumara will get into the chariot by himself, "He went to the Master. He circumambulated the Blessed One three times, bowed to him, and, seated on the ground, began to serve him."Who is this entitled to worship from this god? We did not do a fitting thing surely, when we passed him by."The townsmen saying this, feeling astonishment and joy, showed great honor to the Lord.

The Lord went to Kausambi. The Sun and Moon came there with their original aerial cars and paid homage with devotion to the Lord Jina, who was standing in statuesque posture, accompanied by enquiries about a good vihara.³⁴⁷ Gradually wandering, the Master went to the city Varanasi and was worshipped by Sakra, who came there with a delighted heart. Then Indra Isana bowed with devotion together with enquiries about a good vihara to the Lord, who had gone to Rajagrha and was standing in statuesque posture.

Then the Master went to the city Mithila and was worshipped with a pooja and friendly enquiries by King Janaka and Indra Dharana. Then in his wandering, the Lord went to the town Vaisali and there the eleventh rainy season from the day of his vow arrived. The Lord, observing a fast of four months, stood in statuesque posture in Baladeva's temple in the garden Samaraf in the town. The king of the Nagas, Bhutananda, came there, paid homage to the Lord, announced that *omniscience* was near and went away. A very advanced layman, named Jinadatta, lived there, compassionate, known as Jirnasresthin. At that time Jinadatta had gone to Baladeva's temple in that garden and he saw the Lord Jina standing in statuesque posture. Deciding, "This *ascetic* is a (future) omniscient," he paid homage to the Lord with extreme *devotion* and thought to himself: "Today the Blessed One is fasting, observing the statuesque posture. It would be a fine thing if he would breakfast in my house tomorrow."

With this hope he served the Lord constantly for four months. On the final day he went to his own house, after inviting the Lord. He, *magnanimous*, thought about the best food*, previously prepared for himself, free from life, suitable for acceptance. Jinadatta stood in his court-yard, his eyes fixed on the Jina's road, and thought; "I shall certainly give this food to the Master. I am fortunate to whose house the Arhat himself will come and make his fast-breaking, a boat for the ocean of worldly existence. I shall go to meet the Lord as he comes and after circumambulating him three times, I shall pay homage to his lotus-feet. This birth of mine will be the cause of freedom from another birth. Even the sight of the Lord helps to emancipation, how much more his fast-breaking."

While he, pure-minded, stood, reflecting in this way, the Lord went to the house of Sheth Abhinava. The sheth, his head held high because of his wealth, a wrong-believer; ordered the slave-girl, "After giving alms send away this *mendicant* quickly, girl." Holding a wooden ladle, she brought half-cooked pulse³⁴⁸ and threw it in the Lord of the World's hand, held out as a dish. A drum was beaten by the gods and a waving of garments was made, and a stream of treasure, and showers of flowers and perfume immediately.

Questioned by the people, Sheth Abhinava said deceitfully, "I myself had the Lord break his fast with rice pudding." "Oh, the gift! the good gift!" After hearing this speech of the gods, the people and the king praised Sheth Abhinava again and again. Jirnasresthin, standing so, thinking about the Master's coming, heard the sound of the gods' drum and thought: "Alas! I am unfortunate. My wish was in vain, since the Lord passing by my house has broken his fast somewhere else." After breaking his fast, the Lord went elsewhere in his wandering.

A disciple of Parsva, an omniscient, came to that garden. The king and the people went to him and asked, "Blessed One, what person in this city has acquired a big accumulation of merit?" He replied, "Jirnasresthin." The people said: "Why he? The Master's fast was not broken by him, but it was broken by Abhinava, The stream of treasure fell in the house of Sheth Abhinava. Why has he not acquired a big store of merit, lord?" The omniscient explained: "The Arhat's fast was broken by Jinadatta in spirit. So he acquired birth in the heaven Acyuta after this birth. If he, having such a character, had not heard the sound of the drum³⁴⁹ at that time, absorbed in meditation*, he would have attained brilliant *omniscience* then but the stream of treasure, fruit in this world of the *Arhats* fast-breaking was obtained by Sheth Abhinava, who is

devoid of pure character. There is fruit arising from the Arhat's fast-breaking which is lacking in *devotion* and which is not lacking in devotion."

After hearing that, the people, astonished, went to their respective homes.

Now the Blessed Vira, wanduring in towns, villages, mines, towns approached by land, et-cetera, went to the city Sunsumara. Observing a fast of three days, the Lord performed the penance lasting one night on a stone slab under an asoka^B in the garden Asokahanda there.

Indra Camaras attack on Sakra

Now there was a rich householder Purana in the hamlet Vibhela situated at the foot of the Vindhya (Mts.) in this same Bharata. One time during the night he thought: "Surely in a former birth I performed much penance, as a result of which I have this wealth and honor. For the good and bad fruit of former actions is obtained here. That is deduced by the state among people of master and servant. Wherefore, after abandoning my house and enlightening my people, I shall practice penance to obtain fruit in a future birth. For eight months by day a human must do that in youth and vigor by means of which happiness thrives at the end."

With these reflections, he fed his people at day-break, took leave of them for sake of the vow, and established his son in his place. He himself took the vow of penance called pratima; and carried a begging-bowl, made of wood, with four sections. Starting from that very day, he observed fasts of two days constantly and daily *emaciated* himself by exposure to the sun. When the day for breaking fast came, he took his vessel of four sections and went for alms at noon. He gave travelers, et-cetera the alms that were thrown into the first section; the alms of the second section he gave to crows, et-cetera; those of the third section he gave to water-creatures, fish et-cetera; the alms of the fourth section he ate himself, without like or dislike.

After performing thus fools-penance for twelve years, he undertook a fast in the northeast of the hamlet Vibhela. After fasting for a month he died, and because of the fool's penance he became the Indra in Canca with a life-term of a *sagaropama*.* As soon as he was born looking as quickly at the other worlds with the eyes of clairvoyance, he the Indra of Saudharma above when he saw sakra occupying the palace Saudharmavatansaka, holding the thunderbolt, very magnificent, he, angry said to his attendants: "Who is this

seeker of the unsought placed over my head, wicked, who glitters so, shameless, a disgrace to the gods?" The Samanikas, et-cetera, their folded hands touched to their heads, said: "This is the Indra of Saudharmakalpa, very powerful, whose commands are cruel." Exceedingly angry at hearing that, Camara, his face terrifying from frowns, his fly-whisks upset by his snorting, said: "You are ignorant of my own power, so you praise him. I will show you my own strength by humbling him. Placed in a high position by chance, he is not a lord because of that. Does a raven, seated on an elephant's trappings, become a driver? For so long as he has stayed, he has stayed, sirs. But in future he will not stay, since I am angered. When the sun has risen there are no light and darkness."

The Samanikas said: "He became lord of the gods, possessing a high degree of magnificence and power, because of merit acquired in a former birth. In accordance with your own merit you became the lord of such as us. For power is dependent on merit. So do not show envy of him. A test of power made by you against him would lead to ridicule, like one on clouds by a sarabha to a fall. So calm down, stay comfortably, enjoy pleasures at ease, see numerous amusements, served by us and others."

Camara said to them: "If you are afraid of him, then stay right here. I shall go alone to fight him. Either he or I should be lord of gods and asuras, since two swords cannot be in one scabbard at the same time."

After making this loud boasting, on the point of jumping up into the sky, he had a little discernment arise and again thought: "Sakra will be as powerful as these Samanikas have described him. They are not enemies of mine. The path of action is rough. If by chance I should be defeated, to what refuge* from him extremely strong shall I go then?"

After these reflections, he used clairvoyance and saw Vira Swamin standing in statuesque posture in the city Sunsumara. After deciding that Sri Vira would afford a refuge*, Asura Camara got up and went to the *armory* named Tumbalaya. There he took an iron club that was like another arm of Death* and rapidly threw it up and sideways two or three times. Observed lovingly by the Asura-women saying, "He is a hero," encouraged by the Bhuvanapatis who wanted a show, regarded indifferently by his own Samanika-gods, saying, "He is stupid," Asura Camara left the city Camaracanca. At once he resorted to Sri Vira, laid aside the club, circumambulated him three times, bowed, and announced:

“By your power, Blessed One, I shall conquer Sakra who is hard to conquer. He annoys me extremely, placed over my head.”

After saying this, he took up the club, approached the northeast, and at once made his own figure a hundred thousand yojanas long. Like the sky embodied, with a huge body dark colored, like a living Mt. Anjana in the continent Nandisvara, with a face terrifying from saw like fangs, with black wavy hair, with the sky full of a mass of flames issuing from his well-like mouth, with the sun obscured by the expanse of his broad chest, with the planets*, constellations, and stars breaking from the movement of his long arms, terrible from the hissing of a serpent attached to his navel, creating astonishment by his knees touching mountain-peaks, with the earth depressed by his footsteps, blind with arrogance, he leaped up against the lord of Saudharma.

Splitting open the whole universe, as it were, by loud roars, terrifying the Vyantaras, terrible like another *Yama*, frightening very much the Jyotiskas like a lion deer, passing by the Sun and Moon, he reached Sakra's region in a moment. The Kilbisikas fled, the Abhiyogikas trembled, and even the generals and their soldiers ran away at once. The Dikpalas, Soma, Vaisravana, and the others, fled from this terrifying huge body, rushing forward with speed. Unchecked by bodyguards, unhindered by even a doorkeeper, observed by the Trayastrinsas who were confused, saying, “What is this?” seen by the Samanikas with anger and astonishment, he set one foot on the lotus-terrace and the other in Sudharma.

After striking the bolt (of the door) three times with the club, very excited, frowning heavily, he said to Sakra: “Why do you sit above me, with a multitude of many kinds of gods that are like weaklings in strength, Bidaujas? Now I am going to make you fall beneath me. You have been here too long uselessly, like a crow on a mountain-top. Do you not know me, Asura Camara, master of Camaracanca, whose strength is insuperable by every one?”

Indra, who had never heard before such a harsh speech, smiled, and was astonished, like a lion at the challenge of a hunter. Knowing Camara by clairvoyance, saying, “Villain, run!” Sakra raised the thunderbolt hard to look at, as well as a frown. He discharged the thunderbolt that was like the essence of the fire at the end of the world, like a mass of lightning, like the blazing flame of submarine fire multiplied. Making the sound, *tadat*, *taditi*, watched by the terrified gods, discharged by the lord of gods, it attacked Camara. The Asura, unable to look at the thunderbolt like an owl sunlight, dropped head over heels like a bat.

Wishing to reach Blessed Mahavira as a refuge*, Camara fled quickly like a yak from a cheetah. As he fled, he was ridiculed by the gods: “O *basest* of Asuras, how is it you, not knowing yourself, eager to fight, made an attack on Sakra, like a frog on a snake, like a goat on an elephant*, like an elephant on a sarabha, like a snake on a garuda?”

He, whose body had been so large, had a light body instantly and went very quickly like a cloud blown by the wind. Following him, whose body had been made small like that of a lizard, the thunderbolt glowed, filled with a mass of flames, Now, as soon as the thunderbolt had been discharged, Vajrin thought: “The Asuras do not have the power to come here by themselves. I think he has come here with power created by concentrating on an Arhat, or the statue of an Arhat, or some great sage.” Reflecting thus, Sakra knew by clairvoyance that *Indra Camara had come by the Master’s power* and that he was going to the Master. Saying, “Oh! Oh! I am undone! “Indra ran very, very fast by the thunderbolt’s path, his ornaments, necklace, et-cetera, falling apart. Because his own country was below, Camara went first, behind him the thunderbolt, and behind it Vajrin in turn. Although he had started later, Indra was extremely fast from his own power and got close to them, like an elephant to its driver. The Asura with the thunderbolt of death* near somehow reached Mahavira standing in statuesque posture, like an elephant injured by a forest-fire reaching a river. Saying, “Sanctuary! Sanctuary!” Camara, who had become as small as a kunthu, entered the space between the Master’s feet. When the thunderbolt was four inches from the Master’s lotus-feet, Vajrin seized it in his fist, like a snake-charmer a snake.

After he had circumambulated the Lord and paid homage to him, Purandara^s, his hands folded respectfully, said in a voice ardent with *devotion*: “I did not know that Indra Camara came to attack me, *arrogant* from the power of the Master’s lotus-feet. From ignorance I discharged the thunderbolt. Afterwards I knew by clairvoyance that he was clinging to your feet. Pardon this offence of mine.”

After saying this, Sakra stood in the northeast, split the earth three times with his left foot to destroy anger and said to Indra Camara: “Sir, you did well that you took sanctuary with the Lord who bestows freedom from fear* on every one. He is more *venerable* than all the highly venerable. I have given up hostility and dismiss you, Asura Camara. Go to Camaracanca and enjoy your own magnificence.” After consoling Camara in this way and again bowing to the Supreme Lord, Purandara^s went to his own place.

When Sakra had gone, Indra Camara came out from between the Lord's feet, like an owl from its hole when the sun has set. After he had bowed to the Lord of the World, his hands folded respectfully, he said: "You alone saved my life, O life-giving herb of all creatures. Those who have taken sanctuary at your feet are freed even from existence, the home of many griefs. Why mention that I was saved from the thunderbolt! In a former birth, ignorant practiced fool's penance, Lord. As the fruit of that, obtained the indraship of the Asuras which was accompanied by ignorance. This evil thing was done by me myself from ignorance. This alone was well done: that you were sought as sanctuary. If I had taken sanctuary with you in a former birth, I would have obtained the indraship of Acyuta, and even the status of an Ahamindra. But, enough of indraships! I have obtained the whole lordship of the three worlds, Lord, since a lord (you) has been obtained now."

When he had said this with confidence and bowed to the Supreme Lord, Asura Camara went to the city, Camaracanra. Seated on a lion-throne there, Indra Camara, bowed with shame, said to his people, Samanikas and others, who were welcoming him:

"Sakra was just like you described him with impartiality, but I did not know that from *delusion*. I went to his assembly, like a jackal to a lion cave, observed with indifference by his people from a *desire* to see a show. With difficulty I escaped from a thunderbolt threw by Sakra and went for protection to Vira's feet which are worshipped by gods and asuras. I, being under protection of Sri Vira was dismissed alive by Bidaujas and came here Sirs, set out. We shall go and pay homage to the Jina. With these words, Camara and his retinue went to the Lord bowed, gave a concert, and then went to their own city.

The next morning- the Lord, having finished his penance of one night, reached the city Bhogapura in the course of his wandering. There a stupid ksatriya, Mahendra, saw the Jinendra, picked up a club of wild date and ran at him, intending to strike him. At that time Indra Sanatkumara came there to see the Master, eager for a sight of him after a long time, and saw the scoundrel. After reviling the ksatriya, the Indra paid homage to the Lord with *devotion*, asked if he had had a good vihara, and went to his own place.

Vira's special Vow

The Blessed One went to the village Nandigrama in his wandering. There he was worshipped devotedly by his father's friend, Nandin. Then the Blessed One wandered to the village Medhaka-

grama and there a cowherd, carrying a hair-rope, ran up to beat him. Purandara^s came there, as in the case of Kurmaragrama, restrained the cowherd as he was striking, and paid homage to the Teacher of the World.

Then the Blessed One left and went to the city Kausambi. Its king was satanika, inspiring fear* in enemy armies. His queen Mrgavati, daughter of King Cetaka, was a laywoman, always worshipping the Tirthakrts feet. The king's minister was named Sugupta and his wife, Nanda, was Mrgavati's best friend because she was a Laywoman. A very rich sheth, Dhanavaha, lived there and he had a wife, Mula, an expert housewife. There the Master made a vow, difficult to be performed, difficult to be satisfied, on the first day of the dark half of the month Saha. If a princess, who has been reduced to slavery, her feet bound by iron chains, shaven, fasting, weeping from distress, one foot inside the thresholds, the other one outside, all seeking alms being turned away from the house shall offer me kulmasa in the corner of a winnowing basket then only shall I break my fast even after a long time, not otherwise."

With this secret vow having been made, daily the Lord goes to houses, high and low, at the right time. As the Master does not take alms even they are offered because of the vow, the townsmen are digressed daily, blaming themselves. Thus the Master, no alms being accepted, enduring the twenty-two trials, passed four months like four watches.

One day the Master entered Sugupta's house for alms and was seen by Nanda from a distance. Saying, "By good fortune the Arhat Mahavira has come to my house," Nanda got up to meet him, filled with joy. She, well-informed, brought him food* in accordance with rules, but the Master left without taking it, because of his vow."Alas! I am unfortunate. My wish was not fulfilled," Nanda grieved aloud, being slow-witted, a slave-girl said to her grieving, "Every day this devarya goes away without taking alms. It is not only today that he has gone." When she heard this, Nanda understood, "There is some special vow that is the reason he does not take even food* free from life. How can the Master's vow be known? "

With this thought Nanda stood, completely joyless, and Sugupta saw her. Sugupta said to her: "Why do you appear depressed? Has an order of yours been disobeyed by some one? Or have committed a fault? "She said: "No order has been disobeyed and there is no fault of yours. However, the fact that I did not break Sri Vira's fast is the occasion for grief to me. The Blessed Vira comes continually for alms and goes away without taking alms, because of some

special vow. Learn the Lord's vow. If you do not know it, then your cleverness in observing other people's thoughts is in vain, great minister." Sugupta said: "I shall try to make the Lord of the World's vow known tomorrow, my dear."

Just then a female door-keeper of Mrgavati, named *Vijaya*, came and, having heard their conversation, went and told the queen, instantly Mrgavati grieved likewise and Satanika, perplexed, asked her the reason for her grief. Mrgavati, her eyebrows raised a little, explained in a speech etched with the outpouring of trouble from inner dejection:

"Princes know this world, movable and immovable, by means of spies, but you do not know your own city. What shall we say in this case? The Blessed Vira, the last Tirthakrt, entitled to worship from the three worlds, lives here. Do you, careless of your kingdom's welfare, know this? After entering house after house, he goes away without taking alms because of some vow. Pray, do you know this? Shame on me, shame on you shame on the ministers that the Supreme Lord has been here so long without taking alms, his vow unknown."

The king replied: "I, careless, have been very properly re-proved, lady with a pure heart, in a place distinguished for *dharmā*.* After ascertaining his vow, tomorrow I shall cause the Master of the Universe to break his fast." The king summoned the minister and said to him: "In my city the Lord of the Three Worlds has remained for four months without taking alms. Shame on us for this. The Lord's vow must be known so that, after he has fulfilled the vow, I can cause the Lord of the World to break his fast for my own purification."

The minister said: "The Lord's vow is not known. I am exceedingly grieved for that. Let some stratagem be devised." Then the king summoned a teacher learned in the dharmasastras named Tathyavadin and said to him: "The rules of all religions are recited in your shastra, clever sir. So tell me the Lord Jina's vow." The teacher said: "Indeed, there are many vows of sages in the categories-of *substance*, place, time, and nature. This vow that has been taken by the Blessed one, certainly cannot be known without special knowledge."

Then the king had proclaimed in the city that many kinds of alms must be offered to the Lord with a vow, when he came for alms. From the king's command and from faith all the people did so. The Master, whose vow had not been fulfilled, did not accept any alms at all. Yet the Lord, possessing pure knowledge, continued to

have an unwithered body, watched every day by the townsmen full of shame and grief.

The story of Candana

Now in the past Satanika had gone one night with marines and besieged the city Campa, his arrival equal to a jump. Then Dadhivahana, the lord of Campa fled. There is no other safety, except flight for men besieged by a stronger man. Looting of everything was proclaimed there by King Satanika and his soldiers looted Campa as they liked. A camel-man seized King Dadhivahana's wife, Dharini, with the daughter Vasumati. His business accomplished, Satanika went to Kausambi surrounded by his soldiers, a sun to the night-blooming lotuses of his enemies. The camel-man, infatuated with the beauty of Queen Dharini, said aloud in the presence of people as he was marching, "This beautiful woman shall be my wife, but I am going to take the girl to the cross-roads of the city and sell her."

Hearing that, Queen Dharini thought to herself: "I was born in a great spotless family from the Moon. I am the wife of King Dadhivahana sprung from a great family. From the beginning I have had full Jaina religion. After I have heard these words, shame that I am alive, a vessel of sin. O *soul*, fickle by nature, why do you still remain! If you do not depart of your own accord, still I will expel you by force at once, like a bird from the nest."

Just as if crushed by her scorn, her breath instantly left her heart broken from distress. When the camel-man saw her dead, he thought, "Shame on what I said about this good wife, that she would be my wife. Just as a melon perishes at the mere sight of a finger, so she perished at my harsh speech. In the same way the girl will *perish*."

With this reflection he spoke to her gently, took her to Kausambi and put her for sale on the king's highway. By chance Sheth Dhanavaha came there, saw her, and thought: "Judging from her appearance, she is not the daughter of common people. Lost from her parents, she has been obtained now by the cruel man, like a *doe* lost from the herd by a wicked hunter. Put up for sale here like meat, the poor girl will fall into the hands of some low person for money. Paying him even a big price I shall take her, an object of *compassion*. I am not able to abandon her like my own daughter. Staying in my house without misfortune, in due course she will meet her own people."

So thinking, Dhanavaha paid the price he wished and took the girl, Vasumati, compassionately to his own house. He, pure-minded,

asked her: "Child, whose daughter are you? What is your family? Do not be afraid. You are my daughter." Unable to tell her family from pride, she said nothing and remained downcast, like a day-blooming lotus in the evening. He said to Shethani Mula: "Wife, she is a daughter for us. She must be guarded and cherished very carefully like a flower." So by the sheth's order the girl lived in his house like her own house, giving delight to the eye, like a digit of the moon. Delighted by her modest speech and behavior that were like sandal, the sheth and his attendants gave her the name Candana. She reached a slight beginning of youth with a thigh like that of a young elephant*, giving delight to the sheth like the night of a full moon to the ocean. When Mula saw Candana naturally beautiful and especially so from youth, jealous, she thought:

"Even though he received her as a daughter, if, infatuated with her beauty, he should marry her, I would be dead, even though alive, alas!" From then on, Mula, evil-minded, continued to suffer day and night from "vanity which has easy access to women."

One day the sheth, suffering from summer-heat, went to the house from the shop and by chance there was no servant to wash his feet at that time. Candana got up respectfully and, though opposed by the sheth, began to wash his feet from *devotion* to her father. Then the abundant, glossy, dark, soft, loosened hair of her, weak, fell on the ground muddy from the water. Thinking, "The child's hair must not get muddy from the ground," the sheth lifted it with his pleasure-stick and fastened it carefully. Mula, standing in the window, saw that and thought: "The *conjecture* that I made before agrees (with this). The binding of her hair itself is the first link in being a wife of the sheth. Indeed, such an act is not that of a father. She must be dug up from the root like a disease that has arisen." After making this resolution, evil-minded Mula stood like a witch. The sheth, after resting for a moment, went out again. Mula summoned a barber and had Candana's head shaved. Mula put chains on her feet and had Candana, like a creeper, beaten very hard. A barren woman is subject to the Raksas of anger. Mula put Candana in a distant part of the house, shut the door, and said to the servants: "This is to be told by no one to the sheth, when he asks. If anyone tells, he shall be a burnt-offering in the fire of my anger."

After, restraining them in this way, Mula went to the main house. The sheth came in the evening and asked, "Where is Candana?" From fear* of Mula no one told him and the sheth had the idea, "My child is playing somewhere or is on the top of the house."

At night he asked the same question and likewise no one answered. Honest-minded, he conjectured, "Candana is asleep." He did not see her on the next day nor on the third day, either. Filled with fear* and anger, the sheth said to the servants: "Villains, tell me where my daughter Candana is. If you know and do not tell, then I shall imprison you." Hearing this, an old female slave among them thought: "I have lived a long time. My death* is near. What will Mula do to me, if the news about candana is told?" With this thought, she told the story of Mula and Candana. She went and showed the sheth "Candana" in prison. Sheth Dhanavaha himself opened the door. Dhanavaha saw Candana there, suffering from hunger and thirst like a creeper singed by a forest-fire, bound by chains on her feet like a young *cow*-elephant newly captured, bald from being shaved like a female *ascetic*, her lotus eyes filled with tears saying, "Be of good courage, child," the sheth, tearful, went very quickly to the kitchen to get her food.* Not seeing any superior food there, by chance Dhanavaha gave Candana kulmas placed in the corner of a winnowing-basket."While you eat this, I'll bring a smith to cut your chains," saying, the then sheth the went outside.

Standing up, Candana thought to herself: "Alas! On the one hand is my birth in a royal family; on the other, such a condition as this. In this existence which is like a drama, the plot can change in a moment. This I have experienced. Oh! What shall I do? This kulmasa is for the purpose of breaking a two-day fast now. If a guest comes, I shall eat after giving him some, not otherwise."

With this idea, she gave a look here and there from the door. At that time Lord Mahavira came for alms in his wandering."Oh! Here is a suitable person! Oh! Here is a suitable person! Oh! here is a heap of merit for me, since some noble *muni* has come for alms." After this thought, the girl started, carrying the basket of kulmasa. She put one foot inside the threshold and the other outside. But she was not able to cross the threshold because of her chains. Standing there, she said to the Blessed One with tender *devotion*: "Master, even if this food* is not suitable, nevertheless, accept it, you who delight only in benefits to others. Favor me." Knowing that his vow was fulfilled, satisfied in regard to the categories *substance*, etcetera, the Master held out his hand to her for the alms of kulmasa. Thinking, "Oh! I alone am blessed," Candan threw the kulmasa from the corner of the basket into the Master's hand.

Delighted by the fulfillment of the Master's vow, the gods came there and made the five divine things, the rain of treasure et-cetera. Her chains fell apart and golden anklets took their place; and there

was abundant hair as before. Immediately the gods, devoted to Sri Vira, made Candana have jeweled ornaments on her whole body. The gods made a loud noise filling the space between heaven and earth and, very joyful, sang and danced energetically like the stage-directors.

Mrgavati and Satanika, Sugupta, and Nanda came there with their retinues, after hearing the sound of the drum. Even the lord of the gods, Sakra, his mind delighted, came very quickly to pay homage to the Lord whose vow had been fulfilled. Dadhivahana's chamberlain, Sampur by name, who had been brought here when Campa was stormed, was set free by the king at that time. He came there and saw Vasumati. Bowed at her feet, he wept at the top of his voice and made her weep at once also. Asked by the king, "Why do you weep?" the chamberlain replied tearfully: "She is the daughter of King Dadhivahana and Dharini. Fallen from such high position, *deprived* of her parents, alas! she lives like a slave in another's house. Therefore I weep." The king said: "Do not grieve. It is she by whom Sri Vira, Hero for the protection of the three worlds, his vow fulfilled, was given food." Mrgavati said: "Dharini was my sister. This girl, her daughter, will certainly be my daughter."

The Blessed One, whose penance was six months lacking five days, after breaking fast at the end, left Dhanavaha's house. The Lord of Saudharma himself declared to King Satanika wishing to take the treasure because of the ascendancy of greed: "In this matter there is no ownership of yours, that you wish to take the rain of jewels. O king, he alone takes it to whom this girl gives it." Asked by the king, "Who will obtain it?" Candana said, "Sheth Dhanavaha, truly my father because of his protection of me." Then Sheth Dhanavaha took the stream of treasure. Again Akhandala said to King Satanika: "This girl, who has her last body,³⁵⁰ averse to *desire* for worldly pleasures, will be the first female disciple, when Vira's *omniscience* has developed. You must protect her until the manifestation of the Master's omniscience." After saying this and bowing to the Lord, Maghavan went to heaven.

Candana was conducted by Satanika to the maidens' quarters and she remained there meditating on the development of the Master's omniscience. Mula, the root of evil, was expelled by the sheth. She, engaged in evil meditation,³⁵¹ died and went to hell.

Further attacks on Vira

The Lord reached the village Sumangala in his wandering and there was worshipped by Indra Sanatkumara who had come. Then

the Blessed One went to the hamlet Satksetra and there was revered with *devotion* by the Indra of Mahendra-kalpa who had come. Then the Lord went to Palakagrama and there was seen by the merchant Bhayala who was just starting to a religious festival."This *mendicant* is a bad *omen*. I'll hit him on the head."The wretch drew a sword and ran up to strike the Lord. The Vyantara Siddhartha cut off his head.

The Master went to the large city Campa. The Master spent the twelfth rainy season, fasting, in the Agnihotra³⁵² shed of Brahman Svatidatta. Two Yaksas, Purnabhadra and Manibhadra, came there with great magnificence night after night and worshipped the Lord. Svatidatta reflected, "Does this holy man know something, that the gods worship him every night?" So thinking and wishing to find out, he went and asked the Lord, "What is the *soul* in the whole body, the head and other parts, called?" The Master explained, "The ego is considered to be the soul." Svatidatta said, "What is it? Destroy doubt."The Blessed Mahavira answered: "Sir Brahman, it is very fine, divided by head, hands, et-cetera." The Brahman Svatidatta said, "Explain what 'fine' is." The Lord said, "What cannot be grasped by the senses." The Brahman knew by this questioning that the Lord knew the truth and worshipped him with devotion, and he was enlightened by the Lord thinking, "He is capable of emancipation."

At the end of the rainy season, the Master went to the village Jrmabhaka. There Sakra put on a dramatic performance and said, "Teacher of the World, in a few days from today, your brilliant omniscience will arise here." Saying this, Sunasira bowed to Vira and went to heaven. Sri Vira went to the village Mendhakagrama. Indra Camara came there, paid homage to the Blessed One, enquired whether he had had a good vihara, and went to his own house.

The Blessed one went to the village named Sanmani and stood outside in *kayotsarga*^{*}, absorbed in meditation.* At that time the feeling-karma, which was acquired in the Lord's incarnation as Visnu³⁵³, resulting from the hot tin poured into the chamberlain's ears, matured. The chamberlain's *soul* had become a cowherd there. He turned loose the bulls in the Master's presence and went away to milk the cows, et-cetera. The bulls, roaming at will, entered the forest. In a moment the cowherd came and, not seeing the bulls, said to the Lord: "Devarya, where are my bulls? Why do you not speak, miserable *muni*? Do you not hear what I say or are your ear-cavities useless?" When the Lord did not speak, he became extremely angry and threw spears of kusa-grass^B into the cavities of the Master's

ears. He drove the sprigs so that they joined together and formed one unbroken spear. Evil-minded by disposition, the cowherd cut off the outside part of the pegs with the idea, "May no one draw out these pegs," and went away.

Though he had the spears of deceit, false belief, et-cetera³⁵⁴ destroyed, having the spears in his ears, unshaken from pure meditation, he (the Lord) went to Apapa in the middle country. There the Lord went to the merchant Siddhartha's house and he gave food* to the Blessed One with *devotion*. A friend of Siddhartha, named Kharaka, a physician, had come there earlier. When he saw the Lord, he, having an acute intellect, said;

"Indeed, the Blessed One's form is covered with all the favorable signs, but it is evident from its faded condition that it has some foreign *substance*." Siddhartha said hurriedly, "If that is so, look carefully at the Blessed One's body to see where the foreign substance is." The physician looked skillfully at the Master's whole body and saw the pegs in his ears and showed them to Siddhartha. Siddhartha said: "Who, unafraid of censure, not afraid of he even, has done this cruel deed? But enough of talk about the villain. Friend, exert yourself in removing the Lord's foreign object, noble sir. I have great pain because of the object in the Master's ears. I cannot endure delay. My wealth can go in this matter. If the objects here are removed from the ears of the Lord of the Universe, I think we shall be saved from the ocean of births."

The physician said: "This Lord, enduring destruction for the protection of all, is indifferent to injury for the sake of the destruction of karma, not from lack of power. How can he, indifferent to the body, be cured whol, eager to wear away karma, thinks pain a good thing?" Siddhartha said: "What is the use of this talk of yours now? There is no time for this talk. The Blessed One must certainly be cured."

While they were talking in this way, the Lord, indifferent, went away and stood in a garden outside, absorbed in pure meditation.* Siddhartha and Kharaka took remedies, et-cetera and, hastening, approached the Lord in the garden. After placing the Lord in a tub of oil and rubbing him with oil, they had him massaged by very strong masseurs. When the Lord's joints had been relaxed from the rubbing by strong men, the pegs in the ears were pulled out with pincers at the same time. The two bloody pegs left the ear-cavities, like the Lord's remaining feeling-karma in person. The pain from pulling out the pegs was such that the Lord uttered a terrible cry, like a mountain struck by a thunderbolt. The earth did not burst from the

cry because of the Master's power. Even in distress the *Arhats* do not cause calamities to others. After healing his ears with a healing herb and bowing to the Lord and asking his forgiveness (for any fault), Siddhartha and Kharaka went to their house.

Since they had caused the Lord pain with pure hearts, they both became recipients of glory in heaven. But the cowherd had caused pain to the Master with an evil heart and he became the recipient of the pains of the seventh hell. From the Master's terrible cry, the garden was called Mahabhairava and the people made a temple in it.

Among all the attacks made on Lord Sri Vira the extreme cold made by Kataputana was the worst of those in the lowest category; the wheel of time was the worst of those in the medium category; and this extraction of pegs the worst of those in the highest category. The attacks commenced by a cowherd were completed by a cowherd, too. There were nine fasts of four months; six of two months; twelve of one month; seventy-two of half month; one of six months; two of three months; two of one month and a half; two of two months and a half; one of the *triad* of penances, bhadra, et-cetera; one of six months lacking five days accompanied by his vow in the city Kausmbi; twelve penances of one night with fasts of three days, accompanied by *kayotsarga** in the last night; two hundred and twenty-nine fasts of two days observed by the Lord; and there never was a day on which he ate all meals nor was there any a one-day fast. There were three hundred and forty-nine fast-breaking days of the Lord. Thus there were twelve years, six months and a half from the day he took the vow.

After practicing penance, all of it *deprived* of water, in this, way, wandering as an ordinary *ascetic*, with the attacks overcome, the Master went to the hamlet Jrmbhaka which was provided with the great river, Rjuvalika.

5. MAHAVIRA'S OMNISCIENCE AND THE ORIGINATING OF THE FOURFOLD CONGREGATION

Mahavira's omniscience

The Masters Lord of the World, exposing himself to the heat of the sun remained under a sal tree in the field of the householder Syamaka on the north bank of the Rjupalika, in the vicinity of an old shrine, in the *cow* milling posture, observing a fast.³⁵⁵ of two days, in the muhurta *Vijaya*. The destructive karma's of the Master, who was engaged in pure meditation*, standing on the ladder of destruction of karma,³⁵⁵ snapped like a old rope. On the tenth day of the while half of Vaisakha, when the moon was in *conjunction* with Hastottara, in the fourth watch of the day, the Lord's omniscience rose.

Knowing about the Lord's omniscience from the shaking of their thrones the Indras came there with the gods, delighted. Some jumped up, some flew, some danced, some laughed, some sang, some roared like a lion, some neighed like a horse, some trumpeted like an elephant*, some squeaked like a chariot, some hissed like a snake. Other gods of the four categories their hearts delighted by the appearance of the Master's omniscience, behaved in various ways. The gods made a *samavasarana*³⁵⁶ according to rule, adorned with three walls, with four doors in each wall. Seated in it, the Lord delivered a sermon, because it was the rule, though he knew, "There is no one here capable of complete self-control."

Sasanadevatas

In that *congregation** originated the Yaksa Matanga, with an elephant for a vehicle, black, holding a citron^B in his left hand and a mongoose in his right. Likewise originated Siddhayika, with a lion for a vehicle, green, her two left hands holding a citron and a lute, one right hand holding a book, the other in the safety-giving position. These two were the Lord's messenger-deities, always near him.

Because of the lack of people worthy of benefit there, the Lord, who was devoted solely to the benefit of others, whose bonds of

affection were completely destroyed, realizing, "I must experience much karma, suitable for consumption, called 'body-making and family-determining of a Tirthakrt' by the enlightenment of creatures capable of emancipation," surrounded by innumerable crores of the categories of gods, setting his feet on golden lotuses moved forward by the gods, on a road as clear at night as by day from the brilliance of the gods, went to the city Apapa adorned with noble bhavyas, with twelve yojanas of roads, inhabited by Gautama and others worthy of enlightenment, surrounded by many disciples, who had come together for a sacrifice.

The gods erected a beautiful *samavasarana* in a garden named Mahasenavana, not far from the city. The Lord, with all the supernatural powers apparent, hymned by gods and asuras, entered the samavasarana by the east door. Then the Teacher of the World circumambulated the caitya-tree which was thirty-two bows high, resembling the *splendor* of the jeweled dais. Saying, "Reverence to the *congregation*," observing the custom of the *Arhats*, the Lord sat down on the east lion-throne provided with a foot-stool. The gods, devoted, created images of the Master, by means of his power alone, in the three other directions. Then all the gods, men, et-cetera, entered by the proper door and took their proper places, looking at the Master's face.

After he had paid homage to the Lord of the World, the Lord of the Gods (Sakra), his hands folded in reverence, the hair on his body erect from pleasure, began a hymn of praise with *devotion*.

Stuti

"In you, whose body is beautiful and virtuous, who are an ointment of nectar for the eye, there is indifference to pain, to say nothing of destruction of hatred. Do the *discerning* live by the report, 'You have an adversary; he is pervaded by anger, et-cetera?' If your adversary is free from passion, he is like you, yourself. If an adversary of yours has passion, he is not an adversary. Is a firefly an adversary of the sun? Since even the Lavasattamas³⁵⁷ long for your *ascetic* practices, why even mention others who lack even the outer *paraphernalia* of ascetic practices? We take refuge* with you as lord; we sing your praises; we worship you. There is no other protector except you. What can we say? What can we do? This world is deceived by others who have impure practices, devoted to deceit. Before whom can we complain? What intelligent person would rely on gods, emancipated forever, who are concerned about the creation, preservation, and destruction of the world, who are like

the sons of a barren woman? Others, believing in gods, satisfied with gods distressed by the womb and loins, reject such as you, oh! oh! Others, having decided on and having proclaimed some opinion resembling a flower in the sky, heroes at home, are not contained in the house nor in the body. The passion of love and the passion of affection are easily restrained. The passion of the eye, very evil, is hard to destroy even by the good. Saying, 'The face is tranquil; the eyes, indifferent; the speech friendly to the world,' they, certainly confused, are indifferent to you, the *abode* of kindness. Even if ever the wind should stand still, a mountain run, water burn, nevertheless, the one consumed by passion, et-cetera is not suitable to become an Arhat."

After he had recited this hymn of praise, Bidaujas became silent. The Teacher of the World delivered a sermon in a speech similar to all dialects.

Sermon on samsara

"Look you! The ocean of existence is boundless like a cruel sea; and the cause of that is karma and nothing else, see! like a seed of a tree. A creature devoid of discernment attains a low state of existence like a well-digger, by means of his karma created by himself only. A creature with a pure heart attains a high state of existence, like the builder of a palace, by his own karma alone. One should not destroy life, the cause of acquiring karma; one should be as intent on saving the lives of others as one's own life. A person should certainly not speak falsely, but should speak what is pleasant and true, avoiding pain to others like pain to one's self. One should not take property that has not been given, for it resembles an external breath of men. Actual murder would be committed by taking their property. One should not have sexual relations which cause the destruction of many *souls*. The wise man should practice continence only, the cause of emancipation.

One should not acquire possessions, for a man worried about his possessions falls down like an overloaded ox. If people eager to abandon fully these things, destruction of life, et-cetera, are not able to abandon them fully, in that case they should abandon gross-offenses.

The people, attentive, listening to this sermon of the Lord's, stood as if painted in a picture, streaming with joy.

Conversion of the Gautamas and other Brahman

Now, in the country Magadha in the village Gobaragrama lived a Brahman, Vasubhuti, belonging to the Gautamagotra. By his wife Prthivi he had three sons: Indrabhuti, Agnibhuti, and Vayubhuti. They also were Gautamas by gotra. In Kollaka lived Dhanurmitra and the Brahman, Dhammilla. They had sons, Vyakta and Sudharman, borne by Varuni and Bhadrila. In the hamlet Maurya lived two Brahmins, Dhana-deva and Maurya, cousins on their mothers' side. Dhanadeva had a son, *Mandaka* by his wife Vijayadeva and Dhana-deva died when he was born. Because it was the custom of the people there, Mauryaka, who had no wife, made Vijayadeva his wife. For the custom of the country is not a reason for shame. In the course of time Maurya had a son by Vijayadeva and he was known among the people just as Mauryaputra. Also in Vimalapuri there was the son, Akampita, of the Brahman Deva and Jayanti. In the city Kosala there was the son, Acalabhratr, of the Brahman Vasu and Nanda. In the hamlet Tungika in the country Vatsa there was the son, Metarya, of the Brahman Datta and Karuna. Also in the city Rajagrha there was the son, Prabhasa, of the Brahman *Bala*^s and Atibhadra. These eleven, the Gautamas and the others were learned in the four Vedas, teachers, each one attended by hundreds of disciples. A Brahman, Somila, in the city Apapa wished to make a sacrifice and brought them, who were skilled in sacrificial rites, with faith. Gautama saw gods coming there, because they wished to pay homage to Vira who was in the *samavasarana* there at that time, and said to the Brahmins:

"These gods, summoned by us by a magic formula, before our eyes, indeed, come here to the sacrifice. See the power of a sacrifice"

As the gods ignored the sacrificial enclosure like the house of an outcaste and went to the *samavasarana*, the people said: "The Omniscient, endowed with supernatural powers, has stopped in a *samavasarana* in a garden. The gods and these townsman rejoicing, go to pay homage to him. "Hearing the word, Omniscient," like a gross insult. Indrabhuti was highly enraged and said to his people:

"Ignoring me, alas! the people go to that heretic, like ignorant people of the desert ignoring a mango^B tree and going to a Karira.³⁵⁸ Does anyone here in my presence say 'Omniscient?' For no one else is courageous in the presence of the him If these mortals, fools, go to him, very well, let them go But how is it these gods go? There is some great fraud on his part. Either they are gods of the same kind

as he is an omniscient; or, the offering takes place of such a kind as he is a Yaksha. I shall take away his pride in *omniscience* now, *wane* gods and men actually look on,”

After speaking like this from conceit, surrounded by five hundred disciples, he went to Vira surrounded by gods and men in the *samavasarana*. When he had seen the Master's magnificence and such beauty and *splendor*, Indrabhuti stopped in wonder and thought, “What is this?” The Teacher of the World said to him in a nectar-sweet voice, “O Gautama Indrabhuti, hare you come here? (There is a welcome for you!)”

Gautama thought: “Does he know my name and gotra? And yet, who here does not know me who am famous throughout the world? If he speaks and destroys the doubt that is in my mind by an abundance of knowledge, then he is certainly a miracle-worker.”

The Supreme Lord said to him cherishing a doubt to this effect: “Is there a *soul* or not?” That is your special doubt. There is certainly a soul, Gautama, but it must be known by its characteristics life, consciousness, knowledge, reason, et-cetera. If there is no soul determined, the vessel of merit and evil, in that case what reason is there for sacrifices, gifts, et-cetera on your part, indeed?” After hearing this speech of the Master he gave up his doubt along with false-belief and bowed to the Master. He said: “I came with evil intention to test you. like a dwarf intent upon measuring a high tree. Even though wicked, I have been well enlightened by you today. Favor me disgusted with existence with the gift of initiation.” Knowing that he would be the first future ganadhara, the Teacher of the World himself initiated him together with his five hundred disciples. then Gautama, with worldly attachment abandoned, accepting, the religious equipment brought by Kubera, thought to himself:

“Since it is suitable for keeping of the faultless vow, the religious equipment, clothes, vessels, et-cetera, must be accepted. Otherwise, how could the ascetics here devoted to efforts on behalf of the six categories of souls, completely observe *compassion* for living creatures? Whatever, pure in regard to the avoidance of faults created by the giver (udgama) and receiver (*utpada*), endowed with virtues, has been received, that must be accepted by the *discerning* man for non-injury. One endowed with power from the practices of right-knowledge, right-belief, and right-conduct would acquire the unconfused texts and interpretation in the beginning, end, and middle.³⁵⁹ Any man who, lacking in knowledge and perception, but having a wealth of arrogance, causes doubt about possessions in

regard to this, commits an injury. Whoever gives thought to possessions, even religious equipment, wishes to please fools to whom the Principles are unknown. Without the religious equipment, how is it possible to protect many souls in the categories of water, fire, wind, earth, plants, and mobile life. Even though he has accepted the religious equipment, (if) corrupted by the three activities, he is discontented, he only deceives himself."

After these reflections, Indrabhuti and his five hundred disciples accepted the religious equipment presented by the gods.

When Agnibhuti heard that he (Indrabhuti) had taken initiation, he thought: "Certainly Indrabhuti has been deceived by that sorcerer. I shall go and defeat this one thinking himself omniscient, though he is not omniscient. I shall bring back my brother who was defeated only by sorcery. Without sorcery who is able to defeat the very intelligent Indrabhuti who knows the *esoteric* meaning of all the sastras? Sorcery is victorious over the honest. If he knows the doubt that is in my heart and destroys it, then I, too, with my disciples will become his disciple, like Indrabhuti."

After these reflections, Agnibhuti, attended by five hundred disciples, went to the *samavasarana* and stood near the Lord Jina. The Lord said to him: "Brahman Agnibhuti, member of the Gautama-family, the doubt in your heart is: 'Is there karma or not? How can the *soul* which is without form, acquire karma which has form and which cannot be reached by the pramanas,^{360*} direct, et-cetera? How can there be injury and benefit between a formless soul and karma with form?' Your doubt is quite unnecessary. Karma is grasped directly by people with supernatural knowledge, but for people like you it is understandable by inference from the sight of the diversity of souls. From the diversity of karmas only arise the conditions of existence, pleasant, unpleasant, et-cetera of creatures. Therefore, determine: there is karma. For instance, some may be kings with elephants, horses, and chariots as vehicles; some in this birth may be going on foot without shoes. Some, very rich, fill the stomachs of thousands; but others fill their own stomachs by begging. Even when place, time, et-cetera are the same, one trader makes a very large profit and another loses his capital. Karma alone must be recognized as the cause of these various effects. A diversity of effects is produced not without cause. The union of karmas with form with soul without form is proper. It is surely like that of space and a jar. The saying that "Injury and benefit exist even to the formless (soul) by means of various and manifold wines and herbs, is not be criticized," Thus, his doubt resolved by the Master and his

jealousy abandoned, Agnibhuti and his five hundred disciples became mendicants.

When he, too, took initiation, Vayubhuti thought: "He is surely omniscient by whom my two brothers were defeated. May I have the stain of sin washed away by worship, homage, et-cetera to this Blessed One and I will destroy my doubt." With this thought he, too, went to the Master and bowed. The Master said:

"The *soul* and the body are your difficulty. The soul is not separated from the body because it is not grasped directly by the senses, et-cetera; it assumes shape in the body like a bubble in water. This is your thought. That is wrong. The soul of all creatures is partly grasped directly by the knowledge of one's self from the direct perceptibility of its properties, wishes, et-cetera. Separated from the body, senses, et-cetera at the destruction of the senses, it (the soul) recalls sense-objects and dies."

His doubt destroyed by this speech of the Master, averse to existence, Vayubhuti and his five hundred disciples became mendicants.

Vyakta thought: "Clearly this Blessed One is omniscient, by whom Indrabhuti and the others, like the three Vedas, are defeated. Surely this Blessed One will destroy my doubt and then I shall become his disciple." With this thought, he went to the Lord. The Blessed One said to him:

"O Vyakta, there is the doubt in your mind: 'The elements, earth, et-cetera, do not exist. Whatever knowledge there is of them is unsteady like the moon (reflected) in water. Thus there is a complete void, nothing else. That is your fixed idea. That is wrong. In the doctrine of complete void, sleep and wakefulness, mirages and cities, and other categories, well-known in the world, would not exist,'"

Vyakta, his doubt resolved in this way, possessing clear perception, took initiation with his five hundred disciples.

The teacher Sudharman went to Mahavira, a sun of great *splendor*, with the *desire* for the resolution of his doubt. The Blessed One said to him:

"O Sudharman, this is your thought: 'A creature of whatever kind in this birth will be the same kind in another birth. For in *samsara* the result is in accordance with the cause. If a rice-seed is sown, a barley-shoot does not grow. That is not right, since in this birth a man who acquires karma for a human age by means of gentleness, *honesty*, et-cetera becomes a man again. Any animal, who employs deceit, et-cetera, certainly is an animal after death.'

Birth is subject to karma. Therefore there is a variety of creatures. The idea that the result resembles the source alone is disproved from the development of arrows, et cetera from horn and other things.”

After hearing this, Sudharman and five hundred disciples took initiation at the Master’s lotus-feet.

Mandika then went to the Master for the destruction of his doubt. The Master said to him: “Your doubt is in regard to bondage and emancipation. That is not right. In them bondage and emancipation of the *soul* are accomplished.

The binding of karma by false belief, et-cetera is called bondage. Because of it, as if bound by a rope, a creature experiences very harsh pain in the hell inhabitant, animal, man, and god stages. The separation from karma by means of (right) knowledge, belief, and conduct which confers infinite delight, is known as emancipation. The separation of the soul and karma even though they have a union mutually produced without beginning, may be from knowledge, et-cetera, like that of gold and stones by fire.

His doubt resolved by this speech of the Master, Mandika also took the vow, accompanied by three hundred and fifty disciples.

Mauryaputra also went to the Master for the destruction of his doubt and the Master said:

“Mauryaputra, your doubt is about the gods. It is false. Look, please, at these gods, sakra and others, before your eyes, who have come themselves to this *samavasarana*. Because of their absorption in concerts, et-cetera and because of the unbearable odor of mortals, they do not come during the rest of the time. Their non-existence is not (proved) by that. That they come to earth at the birth-bath, et cetera of the *Arhats* the reason for that is the very great power of the holy Arhats.”

Thus enlightened by the Master’s speech, Mauryaputra instantly became a *mendicant* with his three hundred and fifty disciples.

Then Akampita went to the Lord and the Lord said:

“Akampita, your thought is, ‘Hell-inhabitants do not exist because they cannot be seen.’ That is false. Hell-inhabitants cannot come here at will because of their subjection to others. People like you cannot go there. They are not perceptible by the senses, (but) to be understood by reasoning, by people like you. They are actually grasped by the senses of those having knowledge from destruction of karma. Do not say, ‘There are here no possessors of knowledge from destruction of karma.’ The error of that doubt is evident just from me.”

After hearing this, Akampita, enlightened, undertook *mendicancy* in the Master's presence together with three hundred disciples.

Then Acalabhratr went to the Lord and the Lord said clearly; "Acalabhratr, your doubt is about good and evil. Do not entertain any doubt about them, since the fruit of good and evil is seen clearly among people just the same as from business. Long life, wealth, beauty, good health, birth in a good family, et-cetera are the fruit of good; the opposites are the fruit of evil."

His doubt removed in this way by the Blessed One, Acalabhratr became a *mendicant* together with three hundred disciples then Metarya went to the Master and the Master said:

"This is your thought: 'There is no future life in the form of reaching another birth. How can there be a future life of the *soul* having pure intelligence here (in this life) from the from of a collection of elements from its non-existence in the absence of elements?' That is certainly false. The continuance of the soul separately from the elements (is evidence from the non-perception of consciousness even when the elements are collected. So consciousness is separate from the elements by the inherent nature of the soul. Therefore, the going to a future life would be from memory of former births, et-cetera."

Thus enlightened Metarya undertook *mendicancy* in the Master's presence accompanied by three hundred disciples.

Prabhasa went to the Lord and the Blessed One said to him:

"Prabhasa, your doubt is whether there is nirvana^s. Do not be in doubt. Nirvana is emancipation (moksa); and it (moksa) is destruction of karma. Karma is proved from the Veda and from the variety of conditions of the soul. Karma is destroyed by pure knowledge, belief, and conduct. So emancipation is evident to those having superior knowledge, sir."

Enlightened by the speech delivered by the Master, Prabhasa took initiation, together with three hundred disciples.

These eleven, well-born, very intelligent, desiring emancipation, honored by everyone, were the original disciples of the Teacher of the World.

Founding of the congregation and ganas

Now, Candana, living in Satanika's house there, seeing the gods coming and going in the sky, longing for the vow from the certainty of the manifestation of the Master's *omniscience*, was led to Sri Vira's assembly by gods in the vicinity. After circumambulating and

bowing to the Lord, she stood near him for the sake of initiation, and many other daughters of kings and ministers also. The Lord himself initiated them and put Candana at the head of them; and established thousands of men and women as lay-disciples.

When the fourfold *congregation** had thus been created, the Lord recited the three-phrases* permanence, origination, and perishing to Indrabhuti and the others. The Acaranga, Sutrakrta, Stannag, Samavaya, Bhagavatyanga, the fifth, Jnatadharma had the Upasakadasa, Antakrddasa, Anuttaro-papatikadasa, Prasnavyakarana, Vipakasruta, and Drstivada were composed by them from the three-phrases and the fourteen purvas* were composed in the Drstivada. The *Utpada*, Agrayaniya, Viryappravada, Astinastipravada, Jnana-pravada, Satyappravada, Atmapravada, Karmappravada, *Pratyakhya-na*, Yidyappravada, *Kalyanaka*, Pranavaya, Kriyavisala and Lokabin-dusara were the fourteen purvas. Because these fourteen were composed by the *ganadharas* before the angas, they were named purvas. The teachings of the sutras of seven ganadharas composing in this way became different from each other. The teachings of Akampita and Acalabhratr were like each other; and those of Sri Metarya and Prabhasa. So, though there were eleven ganadharas of Lord Vira, there were nine ganas because of the identity of the teaching of the two pairs.

Then, knowing it was the proper time, Vajrabhrt (Sakra) arose, took a dish filled with fragrant, choice sandal-powder and stood at the Master's side. They stood in a line with Indrabhuti at the head, awaiting the Master's orders, their heads slightly bowed. Saying, "The congregation* has been instructed in regard to the substances, *qualities*, and modifications, "The Master threw the powder on Gautama's head first. The Master threw the powder on the others' heads in turn; and the gods, delighted, made showers of flowers and sandal-powder.

The Lord, having appointed Sudharman to be the head, saying, "Long-lived, he will illuminate *dharma** for a long time," approved the *gana*. At the same time the Master put Candana at the head of the nuns for the sake of their striving after *persistence* in self-control.

The Lord stopped preaching at the end of the first three-hour period of the day. The *oblation* entered by the east door, carried by the king. The gods took half of the oblation thrown up in the air; the king took half of the half that fell and the people the rest.

Then the Lord of the World, arose and sat down on the day's, and Gautama, seated on the Master's foot-stool, delivered a sermon.

At the end of the second three-hour period of the day, Gautama stopped preaching, like a new cloud from giving rain.

After he had passed several days occupied with universal benefit to everyone, having enlightened the people, the Master wandered over the earth, his lotus-feet served by gods, asuras, and king.

6. ADOPTION OF RIGHT-BELIEF BY SRENIKA AND INITIATION OF MEGHAKUMARA AND NANDISENA

Prasenajit in Kusagrapura

Now, in this same Bharata in the town Kusagrapura there was a king, Prasenajit, who had a very sharp wit. His boundless ocean of glory, by which every quarter is adorned, swallowed entirely his enemies' rivers of fame. His army was merely for the glory of the kingdom, since he destroyed his tiger-enemies just by the fire of his *splendor*. Even the wind is obstructed by the mountain, even the thunderbolt by the ocean; but his command was obstructed by no one on earth. Giving riches to supplicants with outstretched hands, he never closed his own hand, as if in rivalry with them. When darkness was produced by the dust of battle, the Sris of victory deserted their own lords and, going to meet their lover, embraced him fully. The religion of the Jina was fixed in the pure mind of him, the crest-jewel of good conduct, like perfume in a heavy mass of hair. He, the bee to the lotus of Sri Parsva Jina's teaching, observed the lesser vows, pious with right belief. He, the crest-jewel of kings, like Indra in heaven, had extensive women's apartments because of the princesses he had married. Ruling the earth, equal to Pakasasana, he had many sons who were like other forms of himself.

Sumangala and the ascetic

Now, in this same Bharata, in the town Vasantapura, there was a king suitably named Jitasatru. His chief-queen, Amarasundari, was like a goddess who had come to earth, a mine of the jewels of virtues. They had a son, named Sumangala, the dwelling-place of felicity, a Kandarpa in beauty, a depository of the arts, like the moon of digits. There was a minister's sons of the same age, named Senaka, a supreme example of all bad characteristics. He had tawny hair, like a mountain whose peak was blazing with a forest-fire; he was flat-nosed like an owl and yellow-eyed like a cat; his lips and neck were pendulant like a camel's; his ears small like a moles he

had a row of teeth outside (his lips) that had the appearance of shoots from the bulb of his mouth; he was big-bellied like a person with dropsy; his thighs were small like a domestic pig's; his shanks bowed as if by a round seat; his feet bigger than a winnowing basket.

Wherever the misshapen wretch went, there laughter attained sole command. Prince Sumangala laughed at him coming, even at a distance, as if he had seen a deformed clown Ridiculed thus by the prince day and night, Senaka felt disgust with existence, the great fruit of the tree of contempt. The unfortunate Senaka, with disgust with existence produced left the city, vacant-minded like an insane person.

After some time while the minister's son was away, Prince Sumangala was established by his father on his throne. In his wandering Senaka saw an abbot in the forest, became an *ascetic* at his side, and took the *usirika-vow*,³⁶¹ Constantly and excessively tormenting himself by severe penance, one day he went to that same Vasantapura with the ascetic (his guru). All the people honored him, saying, "He is a minister's son and an ascetic." Questioned about the reason for his disgust with existence, he explained:

"Prince Sumangala laughed at this figure of mine. Because of that my disgust with existence was born, earnest-money of a wealth of penance."

King Sumangala heard that and went to pay respect to him, begged for forgiveness, and invited him cordially for breaking his fast. He gave the king a blessing and consented to his request. The king went to his house like one who has accomplished his *desire*.

When a month's fast had been completed recalling, the king's invitation, the ascetic, tranquil in mind, went to the palace-door. At that time the king was not well. A doorkeeper shut the door. Who looks at a *mendicant muni* then? He was blocked by the door-closing like a flow of water by a dam. The ascetic returned by the same road by which he had come. Deciding on a month's fast, he went back to the jar. He was not angry."Great sages rejoice at an increase in penance."

The king, who had recovered, devoted to ascetics, went the next day, bowed, asked his forgiveness, and said to him:

"I invited you for merit, but demerit was acquired. Generally, demerit alone is the guest of those living in sin. I prevented your breaking fast elsewhere, Blessed One. Friendly speech of one who does not give creates an obstacle for receiving elsewhere. At the

fast-breaking of the second month's fast, please adorn my courtyard like a kalpa tree Nandana."

The *ascetic* agreed and the king went home. He kept counting on his fingers the day for fast-breaking. When the month's fast was completed, the ascetic went to the palace. By chance the king was ill as before. The door being shut in the same way, he turned away and went to the jar. When the king had recovered, he invited him as before.

When the third month's fast had been completed, the ascetic went in the same way and the king was ill again in the same way. The King's servants thought, "Whenever this ascetic comes, then our Master becomes really ill." They instructed the guards, "This ascetic, the minister's son, must be thrown out, even as he enters, like a serpent." The guards did just so and the ascetic made a *nidana*, "May I be instrumental in the destruction of this king." The ascetic died and was born as a Vanamantara of little magnificence. The king too, having become an ascetic, reached that same status. Sumangala fell and was born the son of King Prasenajit, named Srenika, borne by Dharini.

The charioteer Naga

Now, in that same city there was a charioteer, named Naga, a bee to King Prasenajit's lotus-feet. Liberal to the one deserving sympathy and assistance, a brother to other men's wife, strong, brave, knowing the arts, he was the depository of all the virtues. He had a wife Sulasa, who was untiring in *meritorious* works like an incarnation of the Sri of merit. Virtues loyalty to her husband, right-belief, sincerity, et-cetera dwelt in her at the same time like play-mates making mud pies together.

One day charioteer Naga, who was childless, his face resting on the couch of his hand like a lotus on a lotus-stalk, thought aloud:

"The wish of me who am sonless, 'I shall play with and caress a son' has been fruitless like a barren plant. By whom chastity has not been practiced from childhood, by whom the face of a son has not been seen, shame on their unrestrained love deceiving the two worlds."³⁶²

Sulasa, making the *anjali* respectfully, said to her husband, whose face was wan from anxiety, like an elephant* immersed in mud:

"This hand-couch of your face betrays anxiety on your part, lord. What are you worrying about, lord? Tell me. Make me share in your anxiety."

Naga replied: "I am childless. I have a great *desire* for a child. There is no device for obtaining a child for the one desiring a child."

Sulasa said: "Marry many other maidens. Will there not be one among them who will bear a child?"

Naga said: "I have a wife in you alone in this birth. Enough of other wives, to say nothing of children by them. I wish a child borne by you, lady, pleasing to look at. There should be fruit of the vine of our love even after a long time. You are my life: you are another body of mine; you are my minister; you are my friend. So, in this matter of a son, try by prayers, et-cetera."

Sulasa said: "I shall make a propitiation of the *Arhats*, husband. A propitiation of the Arhats, alone among all religious practices, in a cow of plenty."

Even though she was pure from birth, she purified herself especially by penance hard to endure, the *acamamla*,³⁶³ et-cetera. Adorned with a few pearls like a new-blown jasmine^B; wearing saffron garments like the morning twilight with red clouds; devoted to worship of those free from passion, observing chastity; her mind concentrated in meditation*, her heart was tender from her husband's sorrow.

Now, Sakra in his assembly gave a commendation, "Now laywomen in Bharat are inferior to Sulasa." A certain god heard this, his ears pricked up from astonishment, and went to test Sulasa's laymanship. After making the *nisedhika*,³⁶⁴ in the form of a *sadhu* he entered the house of Sulasa who was engaged in the worship of the gods. When Sulasa had seen him who had come like a cloudless rain, she paid homage to him with *devotion* and asked the reason for his coming.

He replied: "A doctor told me that a fine oil made from a lack of ingredients is in your house. Give it because of sickness,"

Saying, "This preparation of oil will benefit the *sadhu* by its results," she brought a pitcher of oil joyfully. The god made the pitcher of oil fall from her hand of its own accord. It burst at once with a cracking noise, like an egg that has fallen from the nest. She brought again a second pitcher of oil and it burst in the same way; but she did not despair. She brought a third pitcher and it also burst. She thought, "I must have little merit since the *sadhu*'s request is in vain."

Then the god assumed his own form and said to her: "Lady, Indra praised your laymanship. I, a god, was astonished greatly at Sakra's praise and came to test you. I am satisfied. Choose a boon." Laywoman Sulasa said: "If you are satisfied, then give me a son.

There is no other wish of a childless woman than this.” The god gave her thirty-two pills and said: “If you eat these successively, you will have the same number of sons. Furthermore, if I am called on by you for some purpose, faultless lady, I shall come again.” With these words, the god went away.

Sulasa thought to herself: “Who will get rid of the impurity of many children from eating the pills in succession? Therefore, I shall eat all these pills at the same time that I may have one son with thirty-two favorable marks.” So reflecting, with this idea she ate all the pills, just as this idea originated. What is to be cannot be otherwise. Accordingly, thirty-two embryos developed in her womb. She became unable to endure these embryos, like a vine with much fruit. She had a small womb and, unable to carry the embryos hard as diamonds, standing in *kayotsarga**, she thought again of the god.

The god was present at once just from being remembered and asked her, “Why was I remembered?” She told the full story of the pills. The god said: “Why did you eat the pills at the same time? They are surely *efficacious*. Hence you will have the same number of embryos. Lady, this was not well-done by you. Simple-minded. Thus you will have thirty-two children of the same age. Do not despair, lucky lady. Fate is very strong, but I shall take away the pain in the womb. Be comfortable.”

The god removed the pain in Sulasa’s womb and went away. She became comfortable, her embryos concealed, like the earth. When the time was completed, at an auspicious* moment on an auspicious day Sulasa bore thirty-two sons with thirty-two auspicious marks. The sons, tended by nurses, gradually grew up like young elephants on the Vindhya Mountains, their wishes unbroken. Playing in the courtyard, the small boys had the handsome appearance of pleasure-trees of the bird, the Laksmi of the house. The charioteer Naga took the little boys one by one on his lap and from affection bathed them, as it were, with the water of his tears of joy. With the little boys clinging to his feet, breast, and head the charioteer Naga had the beautiful appearance of a mountain with young lions. All of charioteer Naga’s sons became companions of Prince Srenika, being of the same age.

Tests of the princes

One day, to test the fitness of his sons to rule, the king sent dishes of rice pudding to a certain place for their meal. When the princes had begun to eat, he, strong-minded, had dogs, with their mouths wide open like tigers, turned loose. When the dogs rushed at

them, the princes got up in a hurry. Srenika alone stayed just as he was, the *abode* of wisdom. He gave the dogs rice pudding from another dish, little by little, and while the dogs lapped, he himself ate. The king, delighted by that, thought, "By some device or other, he will crush his enemies and enjoy the earth himself."

One day, to test his sons again, the king gave them sealed baskets of sweetmeats and *pitchers* of water. The king told them, "Eat the sweetmeats without breaking the seal and drink the water, but do not make a hole (in the pitcher)." Not one of them ate nor drank except Srenika. What can strong men do in matters to be solved by wit? But Srenika turned the basket around and around and ate the dust of the sweetmeats which fell from the spaces between the slats. By means of a silver shell under the jar which was filled with drops of water oozing out he drank the water. What is difficult for intelligent persons to accomplish by intelligence? So the King of Kusagra city decided that Srenika had passed the tests with a wealth of cleverness suitable for *sovereignty*.

Founding of Rajagrha

The calamity of fires, one after the other took place in Kusagra. Then King Prasenajit had a proclamation made: "If a fire breaks out in the city from the house of any one here, he shall be banished from the city like a sick camel." One day, from the cook's carelessness a fire broke out from the house of the king himself. Fire, like a Brahman, belongs to no one. As the fire increased the king said to his sons, "Any one may have whatever he takes from my house." All the princes collected elephants, et-cetera, as they liked and left; but Srenika took one kettle-drum and left. Srenika, questioned by the king, "Why did you take this?" said: "This kettle-drum is the first sign of victory of kings. By its sound there is the great auspiciousness of kings' processions of conquest. Therefore, it, above all, must be preserved by kings, lord." Then the king, pleased by ambition, gave Srenika an additional name, 'Bambhasara.'

At that time King Prasenajit had not forgotten this: "He may not live in the city, from whose house a fire breaks out." He thought, "If I do not obey myself, certainly obedience from others is completely ended." With this thought, the king with his retinue abandoned the city and had a camp made at one *kos* from it. Then the people, going along, say to each other, "Where will you go? We shall go to the king's house."

Then the king founded just there a city, named Rajagrha, beautiful with moats, ramparts, shrines, palaces and bazaars.

Srenika and Nanda

With the idea, "My other sons, who think themselves fit to rule, must not know that he is fit to rule," the king treated Srenika with contempt. The king gave territories to each of the princes, but nothing at all to Srenika with the intention, "The kingdom will be his, in the future," Srenika, proud, left his city, like an elephant* leaving a forest, and in course of time went to Venatatapura. There, like embodied karma producing gain, he entered the shop of Sheth Bhadra.

At that time in this city there was an important festival thronged with townsmen in new and beautiful apparel and unguents. The sheth was bewildered by many customers and the prince tied up and delivered boxes, bags, et-cetera. From the prince's magnanimity the sheth acquired a great deal of money. Indeed, wealth is the companion of virtuous men even in a strange place. Asked by the sheth, "Of what truthful and virtuous man are you the guest today?" Srenika replied, "Of you." The sheth thought to himself, "He is in person exactly the one I saw in a dream last night as a suitable husband for Nanda." He said: "I am fortunate that you are my guest. Certainly, he (a guest) is a Ganga^s met by means of indolence." Then the sheth closed the shop and took him to his house. After having him bathed and clothed, he fed him respectfully.

One day the sheth asked Srenika, who was staying in his house, "Marry my daughter, named Nanda." Srenika asked him, "How can you give your daughter to me whose family is unknown?" and he replied, "Your family is known by your virtues." Then at his insistence Srenika married her, like Hari^s the daughter of the Ocean, with auspicious* songs taking place. Enjoying manifold pleasures with his wife, Srenika remained there, like an elephant in a thicket.

Prasenajit knew about Srenika's experience very soon. For kings have a thousand eyes from the eyes of their spies. Prasenajit contracted a severe illness and, knowing his death* (was near), then ordered camel-riders to bring Srenika quickly. Then Srenika, informed of the news by the camel-riders, told Nanda affectionately the news of his father's severe illness and started out. He gave (Nanda) words equal to a name-charm: "We are cowherds with a white house in Rajagrha." Thinking, "My father, suffering from illness, must not have additional suffering on my account," Srenika quickly mounted a camel and went to the city Rajagrha.

When the king saw him, delighted, with tears of joy he installed him on the throne with pure water in golden *pitchers*. Thinking of

Jina Parsva and the formula of homage to the Five, having resorted to the four *recourse*, the king died and went to heaven.

Then Srenika supported the whole burden of the world and Nanda, who was pregnant and deserted by him, supported the embryo hard to carry. She had a pregnancy-whim: "I wish that mounted on an elephant*, bestowing benefits by great wealth, I may give freedom from fear* to creatures." After asking the king, her father gratified the pregnancy-whim. At the completed time, she bore a son, like the East bearing the sun. On an auspicious* day the maternal grandfather gave him the name Abhayakumara, in conformity with the pregnancy-whim.

He grew up gradually and learned the unobjectionable science and, when he was eight years old, was skilled in the seventy two arts. During a quarrel a playmate ridiculed him from anger, "Why do you, whose father, look! is not known, talk?" Abhayakumara said, "Bhadra is certainly my father," He replied to *Abhaya*, "Bhadra is your mother's father." Abhaya said to Nanda, "Mother, who is my father?" Nanda replied, This Sheth Bhadra is your father." Bhadra is your father. Please name my father." So told by her son, Nanda unwillingly said:

"I was married by a man who came from a foreign country. While you were in my womb, some camel-riders came to him. He talked to them secretly and went away somewhere with them. Even now I do not know who he was."

"So I am a person of unknown origin. When he went with them, did he say nothing at all to you?" Questioned by Abhaya she showed the letter, saying, "These words were handed over." Abhaya understood it and delighted, said: "My father is king in Rajagrha. Now we are going there certainly." They bade farewell to Sheth Bhadra and with all their possessions Nanda's son and Nanda went to the city Rajagrha. He left his mother with her attendants in a garden outside and Abhaya entered the city with a small retinue.

Now, that time five hundred, less one, ministers, clever in counsel, had been assembled by King Srenika. Then the king sought some outstanding man among the people to make the full number of five hundred ministers. In order to test them the king hrew his own ring in a dry well and told the people the conditions.

"Whoever, standing on the rim (of the well), gets this ring with his hand, shall have the office of my prime minister, bought by his sharp intellect."

They said: "It is an impossible undertaking for people like us. One who could draw down the stars with his hand, he could draw up this ring."

Then Abhayakumara came there and said with astonishment, "Why is it not taken? What is difficult about this?" When they had seen him, the people thought, "He is someone with very superior intellect." For on occasion the hue of the face shows men's valor. They said to him: "Take this ring that has been made their stake and take the wealth of half the kingdom, a maiden, and the chief place among the ministers."

Then Abhayakumara, standing above, struck with a ball of moist dung the ring that was in the well. Then, clever, he threw a burning bunch of grass on top and at once dried out the dung. Nanda's son quickly had a water-channel made and filled the well with water and the people with astonishment. Srenika's son took the floating dung with his hand. What difficulty is there in a stratagem well-managed by intelligent persons?

When this incident was made known by the guards, the king, astonished, at once summoned Abhayakumara to his presence. Srenika embraced Abhaya with a welcome suitable for a son. A relative, even though he is unknown, who has been seen delights the mind. Questioned by King Srenika, "Whence have you come?" Abhaya said, "From the city Venatata."

The king asked: "Good sir, there is a sheth there, named Subhadra and he had a daughter Nanda." "That is quite right," he said. The king said again: "Nanda was pregnant. What offspring did she bear?" Then Srenika's son, whose row of teeth had beautiful rays, said, "She bore a son named Abhayakumara, Majesty." "How does he look? What is he like?" The king asked and Abhaya said, "Master, consider that I am that same son."

The king embraced him, seated him on his lap, smelled his head and sprinkled him with tears, as if bathing him, from affection." "Son, is your mother well?" the king asked. Abhaya, his hands folded respectfully announced,

"Remembering the meeting with your lotus-feet, like a bee, my honored mother is now in a garden outside the city, Master."

Then the king, a shoot of great joy, instructed Abhaya to bring Nanda, after collecting all her effects first. Then the king himself, his heart torn by great longing, went to meet Nanda, like a rajahansa a lotus. Joyfully, the king saw Nanda in the garden, her girdle loosened, her hair in disorder on her check, her eyes devoid of *collyrium**, her hair in a braid, her clothes soiled, very thin like a

second digit of the moon. The king rejoiced and conducted Nanda to his own house; and set her in the rank of chief-queen, like Rama Sita. Then King Srenika gave Abhaya the daughter of his sister Susena, the first place among the ministers, and half his kingdom. From *devotion* to his father and considering himself an insignificant footman, Abhaya conquered kings who were difficult to conquer.

And now there is a city named Vaisali, with extensive wealth, very important, like a crest jewel of the earth as a woman. The king there, whose commands were unbroken like Akhandala's, was called 'Cetaka' because he had made slaves of kings who were his enemies. He had seven daughters, each by a different queen, who were like seven goddesses of the seven divisions of royalty. Prabhavati, Padmavati, Mrgavati, Siva^s, Jyestha, Sujyestha, and Cillana were their names in order. But Cetaka, a layman observing restraint in regard to other marriages, did not give the girls to anyone, remaining indifferent, as it were.

After their mothers had obtained permission from Cetaka even though he was indifferent, they gave five girls to suitable husbands. Prabhavati was given to King Udayana, lord of Vitabhaya; Padmavati to King Dadhivahana, Lord of Campa; Mrgavati to King Satanika, Lord of Kausambi; Siva to King Pradyota, Lord of Ujjayini; and Jyestha to King Nandivardhana, Lord of Kundagrama, who was the elder brother of Sri Virā; according to their liking. Sujyestha and Cillana remained maidens and the two of them were compared with each other for beauty and grace. Possessing divine figures with divine garments and ornaments, they were always together like the two constellations, the two Punarvasus. Expert in the collection of arts, knowing the *esoteric* meaning of the scriptures, they were happy with each other, like two personifications of Sarasvati. Together they worshipped the god, together they listened to *dharma*^{*}, together they did everything, just as if the two had one *soul*.

One day an old female ascetic came to the women's quarters adorned by Sujyestha and Cillana. With her cheeks puffed out, she expounded to them, as if to an ignorant assembly, dharma which had its root in cleanliness, destructive of evil. Sujyestha said: "Oh! Cleanliness³⁶⁵ has the form of a channel of impure things! How can an impure channel, a source of evil, be of any use for destroying evil?" So Sujyestha, excelling in good *qualities*, scorned her *dharma* with words armored with reason, like water-troughs to the well of the scriptures. Then the slaves of the women's quarters laughed at her, because she could not answer, her mouth sealed, as it were, and made monkey-faces, et-cetera. The *harem* slave-girls excited by the

victory of their mistress, making a loud tumult, took her by the neck and threw her out.

The *ascetic* had gone to receive and had been obliged, as it were, to give. She had come for a *poja* and, on the contrary, she obtained a reverse. Going away, the ascetic thought, "I shall make her, conceited because of her cleverness, the receptacle of pain among many co-wives." Having fixed Sujvestha's figure in her mind, clever in all the arts she painted it on canvas with facility and thought combined. The cruel ascetic went in haste to Rajagrha and showed the painted figure to King Srenika. When he had seen the painting of her, the sole snare for the deer of the eye, the king, lord of Rajagrha, had her described from love:

"The tails of peacocks become slaves to her hair; her face with beautiful eyes is like a lotus to which bees are clinging; the shoot of the neck gives support to the leaf of the three lines,³⁶⁶ her chest is adorned with breasts like a pond with ruddy geese playing; her wide hips are like a country suitable for the arher Love; her thighs, gradually round, resemble an elephant-post; her lower legs, straight and soft, are copies of lotus-stalks; her feet with straight legs are like lotuses with upraised stalks. Oh! the peerless beauty! the dazzling grace! Oh! the charming whole of the *doe*-eyed girl, which is unrivaled!"

He asked, "Good lady is this paragon of a woman painted by your skill or from a sight of her person?"

The ascetic replied: "That figure was painted from life to the best of my ability. If it should appear in a mirror, it would be like this, king."

The king, looking at her even in a picture, confused by love, felt like embracing her or kissing her. He said;

"In what family³⁶⁷ did she, like a necklace of pearls, originate? What city does she adorn, like a-digit of the moon the sky? Of what happy man is she the daughter, like Laksmi of the Ocean of Milk? What pure letters from her name? With what different arts is she endowed by Sarasvati? Is her hand touched by a husband's hand, or not? "

The ascetic replied: "She is a maiden, the daughter of Cetaka, lord of Vaisali, belonging to the Haihaya-line. A depository of all the arts, her name is Sujvestha in accordance with her, beauty and virtues. So you deserve to marry her. While you are in existence, if she has any other husband, surely you have been deceived by the third object of existence (*dharma*).

The king dismissed the *ascetic* and remained (where he was) with difficulty, wishing to go to Vaisali, having made wings, as it were, when he thought of her. One day the Lord of Rajagrha gave instructions for asking for Sujyestha in marriage and sent a messenger to King Cetaka. The messenger went at once to Vaisali, bowed to Cetaka and, skilled in making speeches, said what was neither flattering nor harsh:

“My master, Lord of Magadha, asks for Sujyestha from you. Surely, the request for a maiden is not a reason for shame even to the great.”

Cetaka replied: “Your lord does not know himself,³⁶⁸ seeking a maiden belonging to the Haihaya-line, when he belongs to the Vahika-line. Marriage should be between equal families only, certainly not between others. So I will not give the maiden to Srenika. Go, sir!”

When this was reported exactly by the messenger who had returned, King Srenika was depressed like a soldier who had been defeated by enemies. Abhaya, who was there, the bee to his father’s lotus-feet, said, “Do not despair, father. I shall accomplish, your wish.” Abhaya, the Kumbhajanman (Agastya)³⁶⁹ of the ocean of the collection of arts, went to his house and painted a likeness of the Lord of Magadha on a tablet. Then he changed his color and voice by means of a pill, put on the dress of a merchant, and went to the city of Vaisali. He took a shop near King Cetaka’s *harem* and gave much merchandise to the harem’s slave-girls. Abhaya constantly worshipped Srenika painted on the tablet and said, when he was questioned by the slave-girls, “This is King Srenika, my god.” Astonished, the slave-girls described to Sujyestha Srenika’s form, just as they had seen it, surpassing that of gods. Sujyestha instructed her chief slave-girl, who was like a friend: “Bring that picture quickly, I have great curiosity.” The slave-girl got it from Abhaya by *persistence* and showed King Srenika’s picture to her mistress.

When Sujyestha had looked at the very handsome form, she became absorbed, her lotus-eyes motionless, like a yogini. In a moment, she went in haste secretly to her friend, the earth for the deposit of wealth of secret plans, and said: ‘Clever girl, I wish the man whose likeness is on the tablet a husband. Who shall be an honored creator to arrange a meeting with him? If he is not my husband, beyond doubt my heart will break in two, like a ripe cucumber. Lady, what device is there in this matter? Or perhaps, this is a device. This same merchant, who worships this picture is a

refuge.* Cultivate him, manager of my affairs. Go quickly and tell him this message from me, Greeting to you, illustrious sir.”

After urgent requests from the slave-girl who had gone (to him), Abhaya said: “I shall soon accomplish the wish of your mistress. I shall have an underground passage dug. I shall bring him by the passage. Your mistress must get into his chariot immediately. When your mistress has seen Srenika who has come then, she will be delighted at the agreement of his looks with the picture. The king will come by the tunnel to that place on that day, at that moment, “Abhaya made an appointment by her mouth.

The slave-girl came and reported this to her and told Abhaya, “Your speech is a command,” and went back to the *harem*. Abhaya, devoted to his father’s purpose, quickly told his father and informed him of the appointment. From that time on Sujyestha, in subjection to the God of Love, thinking of Srenika, experienced great unhappiness.

Some time on the appointed day Srenika went to the door of the passage with the thirty-two sons of Sulasa. Srenika in a chariot, accompanied by Sulasa’s sons in chariots, entered the passage like a cakrin entering a cave of Vaitadhya. When Sujyestha saw the Lord of Magadha emerge from the passage and had observed that he looked like the picture, she was greatly delighted. She told the whole affair to Cillana and said good bye to her. Cillana declared, “I will certainly not stay here without you.” Sujyestha had Cillana get in the chariot fast and she herself hurried to get her jewel-casket. Then Sulasa’s sons said to King Srenika, “Master, it is not fitting to stay too long in an enemy’s house.” Impelled by Sulasa’s Sons, the King took Cillana, returned by the same passage, and went away as he had come.

When Sujyestha came, after getting her jewel-casket, she did not see Srenika like the moon hidden in a cloud. Then because of her frustrated love and her sister’s abduction, Jyestha cried out, “I have been robbed. Cillana is being kidnapped, alas!” Then the charioteer Virangaka said to Cetaka, who was rapidly arming himself, “What is this insult to you, lord, when I am here?” Then Virangaka, prepared for battle, irresistible, went to the door of the passage with the intention of taking back the maiden. Then, as Sulasa’s sons left the passage, long-armed Virangaka slew them with just one arrow. While the charioteer dragged out their chariots because of the crowded condition of the passage, the Lord of Magadha went far away.

Then Virangaka, whose wish was done and not done by the rule of incompatibility in argument, told the whole thing to Cetaka. Cetaka was filled with anger and delight simultaneously at the abduction of his daughter and the slaughter of the charioteers. Sujyestha thought, "Shame, shame on greediness for sense-objects, since such disappointments are experienced by those seeking pleasure." Having become disgusted with existence thus, Sujyestha herself took leave of Cetaka and became a *mendicant* under Arya Candana.

Srenika spoke to Cillana, calling her "Sujyestha, Sujyestha," not knowing that it was Cillana who was there. Cillana explained to him, Sujyestha did not come. I am Cillana, Sujyestha's younger sister."Srenika asserted," *My effort was not useless. Fair lady, you indeed are most excellent.*³⁷⁰ Certainly you are not inferior to her."Cillana was inflamed with joy and sorrow to a high degree at the same time at the acquisition of a husband and the cheating of her sister. Srenika quickly arrived in his own city with a chariot of insuperable speed like the wind, and Abhaya also after him.

After he had married Cillana with a gandharva-marriage, the king told Naga and Sulasa that their sons were dead. When the husband and wife heard from the king the inauspicious news about their sons, they wept at the top of their voices, and lamented:

"O Krtanta, why have you caused the death* of our sons at the same time? Did they come to have a single chain of yours at the sometime? Of birds, too, there are many offspring, but these *perish* gradually, not all at once at some place like this. Moreover, sons, you died at one time because of being united from affection. Are we known to be lacking in affection, defrauded of death at the same time? "

While they were lamenting aloud in this way, Abhaya, who had come with Srenika, enlightened them, like a teacher knowing the truth."Death is the normal nature of living things; life is the abnormal. Then why should there be regret for an object that has fulfilled its own nature, O ye with discernment?" Srenika made some suitable remarks to the husband and wife enlightened by Abhaya with these words and went to his house. Then the Lord of Magadha enjoyed delights with Queen Cillana without hindrance, like Purandara^s with Paulomi.

After he had passed through a birth as a Vyantara, the *ascetic* with the ustrika-vow descended into Cillana's womb as a son. Through the fault of the embryo, Cillana had an evil pregnancy-whim-one which not even a Raksasi would have for eating her

husband's flesh. Devoted to her husband, Cillana did not tell anyone her pregnancy-whim and because the pregnancy-whim was not fulfilled, she waned like the moon by day. The embryo did not fall, though Queen Cillana, disgusted with the evil pregnancy-whim, tried to make it fall, having recognized that it was evil.

The king observed her with her body dried up like a creeper without water and asked her the reason in a voice tender with love.

"Have I aggrieved you? is any order of yours disobeyed? Have you seen bad dreams? Is any wish of yours frustrated, dear?"

Questioned thus persistently by the king, with difficulty she told such a thing with stumbling words, as if she had drunk poison. The king consoled his wife, "I shall have your whim fulfilled." "How can this pregnancy-whim be fulfilled?" he instructed Abhaya. Abhaya put the flesh of a hare with its skin removed on Srenika's stomach and had him lie down on his back. Then at Srenika's command, Cillana ate the flesh eagerly in secret, like a goddess of the Raksases. Just while she was eating the flesh thus, the king fainted several times, like one skilled in the art of acting. One moment when she thought of her husband, her heart trembled; but another moment, when she thought of her embryo, it rejoiced. So, Celana, whose pregnancy whim had been fulfilled by the use of wit, fainted at the thought, "Oh! I have killed my husband. I am wicked." At that time the king showed himself uninjured to the queen and she rejoiced at the sight of him, like a day lotus at the sight of the sun.

When nine months had passed, Cetaka's daughter bore a son, like the *Malaya* land bearing sandal. She commanded the slave-girl: "The child is an enemy of his father. Therefore, abandon him, wicked, somewhere far away like the young of a serpent." The slave-girl took him to a grove of asokas^B and left him there. He shone on the ground, *resplendent* as a god who has appeared in the place of spontaneous birth.³⁷¹

After the slave-girl had abandoned the baby there has she returned the king asked her, "Where have you gone?" and she told just what had happened. The king went to the asoka grove, saw his son, and took him up in his arms, delighted as if at a favor from a master. He went to Celana and said:

"Discerning lady, born in a good family, why have you committed this crime which is not committed even by oucastes? Even a woman of evil life, who would be very harsh and ignorant of *dharma**, does not abandon a son born in edultery while her husband is living nor one born after he is death.*"

Cellana said: "He is an enemy of yours, lord, in form of a son. While he was an embryo, there was a pregnancy-whim leading to hell. For that reason he was exposed as soon as he was born. What is a son, or anyone else, to women wellborn and desiring the welfare of their husbands?"

Srenika advised the queen, "If you abandon your eldest son, then your other sons will be weak, like bubbles." So at her husband's order, Celana, though unwilling, cared for the child like a serpent by nursing it. The king gave him the name Asokacandra because he was seen in the asoka grove, like a moon in brilliance. While he was abandoned in the forest his little finger, tender as an asoka-leaf, was pierced by a cock-feather. He was crying from its pain and the king put the finger, though it was infected, in his mouth from affection, and he stopped crying. The finger became contracted, though the wound healed, and because of that he was called Kunika by his playmates.

In the course of time, two other sons of Queen Celana, Halla and Vihalla, were born, sons to the lotus of her heart, Celana's three sons were always in the company of the king, like visible embodiments of excellence of treasure and art good counsel, and energy. The mother always sent sweetmeats of molasses to Kunika, his father's enemy, but sweetmeat of refined sugar to Halla and Vihalla. Kunika, spoiled a karma of a former incarnation, always thinking, "Srenika has this done," reached middle age.

One day Srenika, affectionately disposed, married Princes Padmavati to Kunika with a great festival. And now there was an embryo of Dharini from Srenika, indicated by a dream of an elephant* and he caused a pregnancy -whim of roaming in the rain. At the king's order it was fulfilled by Abhaya who prayed to a deity. Then she bore a son named Meghakumara.

Now, in the past a Brahman began to make the Some sacrifice. He employed a slave in that and the slave said to him: "If you give me the remains of the sacrifice, then I will stay; not otherwise." The Brahman agreed to that and the slave stayed in the sacrificial compound. The slave always gave the remains of the sacrifice that he received to sadhus and by the power of that he acquired the status of a god. After death* he went to heaven. The slave's *jiva* fell from heaven and become Srenika's son, Nandisena, but the Brahman wandered through many kinds of births.

Now in a certain forest there was a lord of the herd in a large herd of elephants that was like a son of an elephant* of the quarters in strength."There must not be any lover in his prime of this herd of

cows." With this idea he killed every young male as soon as it was born.

One day the Brahman's *soul* descended into the womb of a *cow* belonging to this herd and she, pregnant, thought, "Many sons of mine have been destroyed by that wretch; but now I will save my son by some device."

With this determination, the cow-elephant pretended to have a foot pierced by a thorn and walked very, very slowly, fraudulently lame. Thinking, "She must not be enjoyed by any other lord of a herd," the lord of the herd guarded the cow, roaming very little. The cow-elephant, who had become extremely slow in gait, joined the elephant for a watch, or a half watch, or for a day or two. Thinking, "This poor creature, disabled as she is, does join me at last," the elephant became over-confident."Who is not deceived by the crafty?"

One day when the lord of the herd was far away, the cow-elephant put a bunch of straw on her head and went to a hermitage. Falling at their feet, the bunch of straw on her head, she was recognized by the ascetics as a poor creature who was seeking protection. They told her, "Be comforted, child, "And she remained comfortably in their hermitage, like a maiden in her father's house.

One day after her son was born, she left her son in that hermitage, but she herself went back to the herd in the forest as before. For some time she came frequently and nursed the young elephant and he grew up gradually like a tree of the hermitage. The ascetics fed him from affection, as if he were their own child, with mouthfuls of cooked rice and olibanum. He sat on his haunches and with his trunk made a high crown of twisted hair on his head, playing at the side of the ascetics. The ascetics sprinkled their trees with watering-pots and he, observing them, filled his trunk with water repeatedly and sprinkled. The ascetics gave him the name Secanaka (Sprinkler), because he sprinkled the trees of the hermitage daily in this way. With curved tusks joined to the trunk, with eyes yellow as honey, with the tip of the trunk touching the ground, with high withers, with a high boss, a short neck, a gradually sloping back, with a tail not quite equal to his trunk, adorned with twenty nails, with low hind-quarters and high front quarters, endowed with all the favorable marks, in course of time he became a mature elephant.

One day when he went to the river to drink, he saw his father, lord of the herd who, engaging in a fight, was killed. He himself became lord of the herd and thought to himself: "I have been protected in that hermitage by my mother by trickery, some other

elephant*, born and protected in that hermitage, must not do to me what I, having been protected, did to my father.” With this thought he destroyed the entire hermitage and made its site unmarked, like a river dry ground.

“He will not give the hermitage any peace, evil-minded,” the ascetics described the elephant to Srenika as suitable for a king, with all the favorable marks. Srenika went quickly, captured this best of elephants, and led him back. Kings are eager about the divisions of the army. The elephant, though insuperably strong, was tied at once to a post. Just as nothing is impenetrable by water, what is impossible for men to accomplish? His trunk, tail, and ear-flaps motionless from anger, he stood as if painted, though he was free of leg-fetters.

“Thank heaven, the hermitage has become peaceful.” The ascetics, delighted at this thought, came and reviled the elephant tied to a post.

“We cherished you, protected you, fed you, and reared you; and you, wretch, destroyed your own house, like a fire. Since you, *arrogant* because of your strength destroyed, our hermitage, you have attained this friendship with the tying-post, the fruit of that deed.”

The elephant thought, “Certainly these ascetics have made me reach this condition by employing some device.” Angered, he quickly broke the post like a plantain-stem and broke the chain with a crack, like a lotus-stalk. His face red like heated copper, he ran to the forest, scattering the ascetics like bees even from afar. Srenika went with his sons horseback to bring him back and surrounded him like a deer found in hunting. The elephant did not pay the least attention to the enticements nor the abuse of the horsemen, as if he were possessed by a powerful Vyantara. But when he heard the voice of Nandisena and saw him, knowing the former birth fully from clairvoyance, he became quiet. At once Nandisena took hold of a girth and, his foot supported on another one, mounted the elephant with three handholds. At Nandisena’s order, making the exercises, a bite, et-cetera as if trained, he was reduced to the state of being subject to the tying-post. Srenika gave the elephant a frontlet and made him a recipient of favor like an heir-apparent.

There were other sons, Kala and others celebrated for their valor, of King Srenika from his high-born wives.

And now the Teacher of the World wandering for the enlightenment of *souls* capable of emancipation, attended by gods and asuras, went to the city Rajagrha. The Lord adorned a *samavasarana* made by the gods, *resplendent* with a caitya-tree at the shrine

Gunasila. When he had heard that Sri Vira had stopped in a samava-sarana, King Srenika and his sons went with great magnificence to pay homage to him. King Srenika circumambulated the Lord, bowed, sat down in the proper place, and recited a hymn of praise with *devotion*.

Stuti

“O Protector, let other *qualities* of yours be victorious over the world. The three worlds have been conquered by a high degree of *tranquility*, (like) an actual material form. Meru was reduced to straw, the ocean made into a small puddle from *delusion* by those evil men who disowned you, the most to be revered among the revered. A crest-jewel fell from their hands; nectar was received uselessly by those by whom, ignorant, the wealth of your teaching was not acquired for themselves. Whoever has given you a glance with the appearance of a firebrand,³⁷² may the fire visibly or, enough of this talk. Whoever think there is equality of your doctrine with other doctrines, nectar and poison are the same to them, their minds lost, alas! Let them be deaf and dumb, who are jealous of you. In evil acts defectiveness leads to auspicious* consequences (in future). Homage to them; this *anjali* to them; we worship those by whom the mind is sprinkled daily with the nectar of your teaching. Homage to this world in which the tips of the nails of your feet have been crest-jewels for a long time. What more can we say? I have a (fruitful) birth; I am blessed; I am satisfied, since I have been frequently eager for the beauty of your collection of virtues.”

Story of Meghakumara

When Srenika had finished, having recited this hymn of praise, the Supreme Lord delivered a sermon resembling a shower of nectar. After he had heard the Lord's sermon Srenika adopted right-belief, but Abhayakumara and others assumed the duties of laymen. At the end of the sermon, bowing to the Lord of the World, King Srenika, delighted, went home with his sons delighted by the master's speech. Prince Meghakumara, making the *anjali* with respect, declared to Srenika and Dharini in a noble speech:

“I have been guarded and cherished by you both for a long time. Indeed, I was a trouble to you. Nevertheless, I ask this: I am terrified of worldly existence which is burdened with infinite pain. The Arhat himself, the deliverer from worldly existence, is here. So give your permission today for me to become a *mendicant* now at the feet of Sri Vira, the refuge* of those who fear* worldly existence.” They

said: "The vow is not easily kept, certainly. How will you, a delicate youth, do this, prince?"

Megha replied: "Terrified of rebirth, I, though delicate, shall keep the vow, though it is difficult. So, be gracious now. Death* cuts down sons, et-cetera even from the parents' laps. I shall cheat death by following the Master."

Srenika said to him: "Even if you are afraid of rebirth, nevertheless, take my kingdom. Delight my eyes."

Megha said, "Very well," and the king installed him on the throne; and said to him again and again because he was possessed by joy, "What can I do for you?"

Megha answered: "Father, have brought to me, wishing to take initiation, the *Rajoharan**, bowl, et-cetera from somewhere."

Bound by his speech, the king did so, though heart-broken. Megha went to the Master and took initiation. At night Meghakumara slept on a bed placed in order of seniority and was jostled by the feet of the munis coming and going. He thought: "These jostle me with their feet because I am powerless. Everywhere the powerful must be honored. Tomorrow I shall abandon the vow." With this thought, he passed the night somehow or other and in the morning went to the Master with the intention of giving up the vow. Knowing his intention by *omniscience*, the Omniscient said to him:

"Do you, crushed by the burden of self-control, not remember your former births? In the third birth from this, you were an elephant*, named Meruprabha, in the country at the foot of Vaitadhya. Injured by a forest-fire, you went to a pool to drink. Mired in its mud, helpless, you were beaten by a rival elephant. You died at the end of a week and were born an elephant on Vindhya by that name. When you saw a forest-fire, remembering your former birth, you rooted up trees, et-cetera and made three bare places on the river for the protection of your herd.

One day a forest-fire blazed and you ran to the bare places. Two of these bare places were filled with deer, et-cetera who had come first. You passed them and went to the third and stayed there. You raised a foot to scratch yourself and a hare, shoved by the crowding of the animals against each other, fell under the raised foot of poor you. You saw the hare placed that way and, your heart filled with *compassion*, stood with your foot raised just so, like one wearing a chain because of rutting. After two and half days the fire died down and the animals, the hare and others, went away. You, worn out by hunger and thirst, started for a drink. Because of one foot being

weak from being held up so long, you fell on the ground and, helpless from the torture of hunger and thirst, died after three days.

Now you were born a king's son from the most acquired by compassion for the hare. Will you pass uselessly this human birth won with difficulty? Then you underwent pain in that way to protect a hare. Now why are you crushed by the discomfort of jostling by the sadhus' feet? You obtained such fruit from the gift of freedom from war to one creature, therefore you have well undertaken one gift of freedom from fear* to all creatures. Keep your promise; cross the ocean of births; indeed, this human birth, difficult to attain, is adequate for its crossing."

Meghakumara became firm in the vow from this speech of the Master. He repented his sin and practiced various penances. After keeping the vow completely he became a god in *Vijaya* after death.* After falling from there and being born in the Videhas, he will attain emancipation.

The story of Nandisena

One day, enlightened by the Master's preaching, with a wish to take the vow Nandisena obtained King Srenika's permission with difficulty. With his father's approval, he left the house to take the vow and was addressed by a deity standing in the air as follows:

"Son, why are you eager to take the vow, since you have karma which has pleasure as its fruit and is obstructive to right conduct? Wait for some time at home. Become a *mendicant* when that karma is destroyed. Action at the wrong time does not bear fruit."

Saying, "What will right-conduct-obstructive karma do to me delighting in association with sadhus?" he went to the Master's presence. Though opposed by the Lord in the same way, very vehement from his *zeal*, he was given initiation at his lotus-feet. He practiced penances, fasts of two and three days, et-cetera and wandered with the Lord in villages, mines, cities, et-cetera.

Constantly, seated at his teacher's feet, he studied the texts and their interpretation, enduring the trials. He *emaciated* his body very much by penance to prevent the *desire* for pleasure arising against his will because of the maturing of pleasure-karma. To prevent disturbances from the senses, daily he practiced severe burning in the sun in cemeteries, et-cetera. Disturbances taking place against his will, angry at his senses, began to harm himself, afraid that he would break the vow the deity, obstructing his vow, cut his bonds and, when he struck himself with a knife, blunted the knife. When he ate poison, wishing to die, she made it without strength. When he

entered the lire, at once she made the lire cool. He threw himself from a mountain-top and, catching him in midair, the deity said to him:

"Do you not remember what I said? Even the Jinas are not able to get rid of karma that has pleasure as its fruit without consuming it. Why do you make useless efforts to the contrary every day?"

Exhorted by her so, he, observing the practice of solitary wandering, went alone to take alms, wishing to break a fast of two days. Then by reason of the non-consumption (of the karma) he entered the house of a courtesan and the great *muni* gave the blessing, "Acquisition of *dharma*." The courtesan replied with ridicule from hostility: "Our business is not with acquisition of dharma. There must be only acquisition of money."

He thought, "Is this wretched woman laughing at me?" He pulled a sharp blade of grass and by a magic art made a heap of jewels fall. Saying, "Here is the acquisition of Money," he left the house. The courtesan ran after him in haste and said to him:

"Give up this penance hard to do. Enjoy pleasures with me. Otherwise, I shall certainly kill myself, lord of my life."

Again and again addressed so by her, he agreed to her proposition because of subjection to pleasure karma, although he knew that pleasures were sins. He made a vow: "I shall enlighten a minimum to ten or more persons every day. If I do not, then I shall take initiation again."

Giving up the outfit of a sage, he lived in her house, always thinking of the speeches of the deity and the Jina which had opposed initiation. He enjoyed pleasures with her and daily enlightened ten persons who were capable of emancipation and sent them to the Lord Jina for initiation, for days.

One day the karma which had pleasure as its fruit became consumed while he was bestowing enlightenment. Nine *parsers* were enlightened, but not the tenth, who belonged to the goldsmith caste. While he was unenlightened, the courtesan, knowing that it was the proper time, told Nandisena again and again that the meal was prepared. As his vow had not been fulfilled, he did not get up to eat, but continued enlightening the goldsmith earnestly with many arguments.

Then the courtesan said to him: "The food* that was prepared before became tasteless. Food is ready again. Why do you delay, lord?"

Nandisena said: "The tenth person has not been enlightened. I myself shall be the tenth today. I shall take initiation again."

After telling her this, knowing that the pleasure-fruit had been consumed, Nandiscna left and took initiation again under the Master. High-minded Nandisena wandered with the Lord Jina after confessing his evil conduct and, keeping a sharp vow, went to heaven.

7. THE STORIES OF CELANA'S ONE-PILLARED PALACE, OF SRENIKA'S LEARNING THE CHARM FOR TAKING MANGOES, OF DUR-GANDHA AND ARDRAKUMARA

Celana's one-pillared house

Then Srenika played with Celana in water-sports, et-cetera, as if they were sewed together with the thread of affection. Every day in secret Srenika dressed Queen Celana's mass of hair, making combs out of his own hands. He himself, like a hair-dresser, bound her braid with faultless wreaths of flowers just twined by his own hands. He himself, like a painter, painted various decorations on her cheeks with powdered musk. In sitting, lying down, walking, eating, or anything else, the king did not leave her side, just as if he were the *harem-guard* himself.

One day the cool season began, terrifying with a wind from the north carrying frost, consuming the gardens." Rich people with fire-pots close at hand, *anointed* with saffron,^{373B} staying inside the house, passed the season. Poor boys, their hands like ivory, trembling as if from fear*, stood in the house-doors, their teeth chattering. At night young men did not take away their lotus-hands, which resembled the staff of a lute with a *gourd*, from their wives' breasts which were naturally warm.

At that time Sri Jnata's son stopped there, endowed with all the supernatural *qualities*, attended by gods and asuras. One day in the afternoon the king went with Queen Cellana to pay homage to Vira occupying a *samavasarana*. After they had paid homage to the holy Arhat, the husband and wife returned and Saw an *ascetic* standing in statuesque posture on the edge of water. The husband and wife got out of their carriage at once and paid homage to the *muni*, who was enduring the trial of cold without an upper garment. After the king with his wife had paid homage devotedly to the ascetic, he went to his palace, spreading the auspicious* news. After he had performed the rites suitable for evening, the king went to his chamber darkened by the smoke of incense of burned aloes and camphor.

At night Srenika slept with his hand on her breast, his arm-creeper made into a pillow by Queen Celana. The king went to sleep, closely embraced by her with her breasts contracted, and the queen went to sleep. In the depth of sleep, Cellana's blossom-hand got outside the cover. Sleep destroys embraces. Her hand was touched by the unbearable cold that was like a scorpion's sting and Celana woke up from the pain. She made a sound from the pain of the cold and put her lotus-hand like her own heart on the king's heart under the cover.

At that time she remembered the sage standing in statuesque posture without an, upper garment and she said, "Alas! How will he fare in such cold?" She went to sleep again in the same way, pure in heart. Generally sleep is *submissive*, like a slave, to those of great mind.

The king, sleeping lightly, was awakened by her sound and, hearing what she said, thought to himself: "Surely another lover, who wishes *dalliance*, is in her mind for whom she grieves from the supposition of pain from the cold." Suffering from jealousy in this way, he passed the night awake." A lover is never free from jealousy while he lives."

At dawn Srenika ordered Celana to go to the *harem*. He, cruel in commands, summoned Abhaya and said to him: "It is known that the harem, ha! has been defiled by evil conduct. Burn it all. Do not be uncooperative from folly toward the mothers." After giving this order to Abhaya, the king, shining with great *splendor*, went to pay homage to Vira Swamin, the *venerable* Arhat, Abhaya, afraid of his father, cautious by nature, skilled-in counsel, wise, reflected in his mind: "All my mothers are excellent wives by nature. I have been made their guard. Such is the father's command. That has been mentioned by my honored father which should not be mentioned. What shall I do? At first the lord's anger is unbearable like a river-flood. Nevertheless, lapse of time, after producing something different, will have effect. Perhaps from lapse of time the lord's anger will die."

Then Abhaya set fire to old elephant-stables that were near the harem and had it announced, "The harem has burned down."

Now at a suitable time, Srenika asked the Supreme Lord, "Lord, does Celana have one husband or more?"

The Master replied: "Your lawful wife, Celana, is a model wife. Do not suspect her, who possesses the ornament of good conduct, of not being otherwise."

When Srenika heard this, he felt *remorse* and, after bowing to the Lord, hurried at once to the city. The king asked Abhaya who was coming from setting the fire as told, "Did you carry out my order?" Abhaya bowed with an *anjali* and said from fear, "The master's order is authority for anyone else, how much more for me?" The king said: "Villain, why are you still alive after burning your own mothers? Why did you not fall into the fire?"

Abhaya replied: "Majesty, the death* of a moth is not suitable for me who have heard the Arhat's teaching. At a suitable time I shall take the vow. If then there had been such an order to me, lord, doubtless then I would have experienced a death like a moth."

Saying, "Why did you commit such a crime even at my order?" the king was seized by a fainting attack as if he had drunk poison. Abhaya himself sprinkled the king with cool water and when he had recovered, said:

"Lord, the *harem* is safe. You did this disfavor to my mothers from a reverse of fortune. I committed the sin of suppressing your order. I burned down old elephant* stables near the harem, father. I do not carry out even your order without reflection."

The king said: "You are my son. You are intelligent, Abhaya, by whom the approaching guilt was sent far away."

The king favored Abhaya by the gift of a boon and went home, very eager for the sight of Queen Celana. Then the king sported daily with Queen Celana, as if with ever new affection, like Vrsakapi (Visnu*) with Sridevi.

One day the king thought: "Celana is very dear to me. What favor can I do her that distinguishes her from the other queens? I shall have a one-pillared palace made for her. Placed in it, she can play like a Khecari in a heavenly palace." After deciding on this plan, Srenika instructed Abhaya: "Have a one-pillared palace made for Celana." Abhaya gave orders to a carpenter for bringing wood suitable for the pillar and the carpenter went to a forest for the timber. Looking at the trees in the forest one by one, the carpenter saw one tree marked with all the favorable marks. He thought:

"Surely this tree with dense shade, lofty, blossoming, bearing fruit, with a large crown and with a large trunk is no ordinary one. Such an *abode* as it is, surely is not without a divinity. On the contrary, this king of trees by its very beauty evidently has a divinity. I shall worship its presiding divinity with penance, so there will be no calamity to me and my master because I cut it down."

Then the carpenter, observing a fast, put perfume, incense, wreaths, and other objects on the great tree with *devotion*. At that

time the Vyantara, whose home was the tree, with the view of accomplishing his purpose and protecting his own home, said to Abhayakumara:

“My home-tree must not be cut down. Stop the carpenter. I myself, sir, will build a one-pillared palace. I will make a garden, like Nandana, attached to it, adorned by all the seasons, filled with all kinds of vegetation.”

Abhaya, when the Vyantara said this, summoned the" carpenter from the forest immediately and said," Our purpose is accomplished." The Vyantara built the palace just as promised. Demi-gods, bound by a promise, are superior to servants. Abhaya showed the king the one-pillared palace adorned with a *perennial* garden and the king, delighted, said: "A perennial garden has come into being for me desiring only a palace, A deed, that is the unexpected occurrence of sugar in a drink of milk that has been commenced."

The King of Magadha sent Celana to that place and she adorned it highly like Sri a lotus-pond. Queen Celana worshipped the omniscient with flowers originating in that perennial garden with she herself gathered and arranged. With flowers arranged as soon as she had gathered them, Celana herself, like unslave, filled her husband's abundant hair. So, thinking of the business of the holy Dispassionate One and of her husband, she made the flowers of that garden bear the fruit of religion and love. Celana, like the garden divinity incarnate, made Srenika sport in that garden which always had flowers and always had fruit.

The charm for taking mangoes

One day the wife of a Matanga-chief, who was accomplished in charms and lived in that city, had a pregnancy-whim for mangoes^B develop. She told her husband: "Give me mangoes. Satisfy my pregnancy-whim." He said:

"Listen! you are foolish. Where would there be mangoes in the wrong season?" His wife said to the Matanga-chief, "Husband, in Celana's garden there is a mango-grove that always has fruit." At once the Matanga went close to Celana's garden and saw the lofty mango trees, always bearing fruit. He came at night and, looking up, looked again at the ripe mangoes, like an astronomer standing on the ground, looking at the constellations. At once he, accomplished in charms, made the tops of the mango trees bend down by means of a charm causing bending and he took mangoes at his pleasure.

In the morning the queen saw the mango-plantation with its fruit plucked, causing distress like a picture-gallery whose pictures have been destroyed.

The queen told the king and the king instructed Abhaya: "Search for the thief of the mangoes whose foot-path is invisible. Injury to the *harem* can arise from a thief who has such excessive superhi an power, son."

Abhaya said: "I, like, a surety for his appearance, shall hand over the thief very soon." After making this promise, from that day Abhaya wondered in the city day and night with the hope of seeing the thief. One day as Abhaya, first of the clever, roamed in the city, he went to a concert some place being given by the citizens. Seated on a seat provided by the citizens, Abhaya said to them: "Listen to a story until the actors come."

Story of the faithful bride

"There was an old merchant, a resident of Vasantapura, very poor. He had a grown daughter, suitable for a husband. Mindful of worshipping a god to acquire a good husband, she gathered flowers daily by theft in a certain garden. One day the gardener said, "I will catch the flower-thief today," and hid himself inside and remained motionless as a hunter. He saw her, who Had come as before with confidence, gathering the flowers. She was beautiful and the gardener became agitated. Trembling, he caught her by the arm and, his anger at the taking of the flowers forgotten, said: "Best of women, dally with me who have come eager for *dalliance*. Otherwise I shall not let you go. For I have bought you with flowers. The flower-gatherer said to him: 'Do not, do not touch me with your hand. I am a maiden. I am not yet suitable to be touched by a man, gardener. The gardener said to her: As soon as you are married, you must make this body a vessel of pleasure to me first.' The girl agreed, 'Very well,' and the gardener released her. She went home, her maidenhood unharmed.

One day she was married to a very excellent husband and, when she had gone to the bedchamber at night, said to her husband: 'Husband, I promised a gardener that as soon as I was married I would go to him first. So give me your permission that I, bound my promise, may go to him. After I have gone to him once, I shall be completely yours.' She left the bedchamber at once, permitted by her husband saying in astonishment, 'Oh, she is pure in heart, keeping her promise.'

As she went along the road, wearing ornaments of various jewels, keeping her promise, she was stopped by wicked robber seeking money. She told the story of the gardener as it was and said to the robbers, 'O brothers, take; my ornaments as I return. 'Because of her true story she was released by the thieves who esteemed the keeping of a promise and who said, 'We will take you as you return.'

Further on she was stopped by a Raksasa whose stomach! was lean from hunger she, *doe-eyed*, like a doe by a lion. Astonished by her true story, the Raksasa let her go with the thought, 'I will eat her when she returns.'

She went to the lustful gardener and said: 'I am here flower-gatherer. Newly married, I have come to you. 'Oh! she is a good woman, keeping her promise, high-minded.' With this idea the gardener bowed to her like a mother and let her go.

She returned to the same place where the Raksas waited and told him the whole story of how she was released by the gardener. Thinking, Shall I be inferior in magnanimity to a gardener? the Raksasa let her go, bowing to her like a mistress. She reached the vicinity of the thieves who were watching the road and said, 'Brothers, all of you take my property.' She told the whole story of how she had been released by the gardener and how she had been released by the Raksas and after hearing that, they said: "We are not inferior in magnanimity to a gardener and a Raksasa. So go, lady. Good luck to you. You are to be honored. You are our sister."

The excellent woman went and told her husband the true story of the gardener, the Raksasa, and the robbers, just as it happened. After enjoying pleasure with her through the whole night, at sunrise her husband made her mistress of his property. Now, people, after consideration tell me: who did the most difficult thing the husband, the robbers, the Raksas, or the gardener?"

The jealous men among them said: "The husband did the most difficult thing, by whom his bride, intent on love, was sent to another man." The ones, suffering from hunger said: "The Raksasa did the most difficult thing, by whom, though he was very hungry, she was not eaten after she had been caught." The lovers said, "The gardener did the most difficult thing, since he did not enjoy her after she had come of her own accord in the night." The mango-thief said, "The robbers did the most difficult thing, since the bride was released with her ornaments intact."

Abhaya recognized the thief and had him arrested. He asked, "How did you take the mangoes?" The thief replied, "By the power

of a charm.” Then Abhaya told it all to the king and handed over the thief. Srenika said: “The thief has been found. No one else is looked for. However, this man is powerful; so he must be punished, no doubt.” Abhaya, wishing the king to be free from tricks, said: “Majesty, take the charm from him. Later, what is fitting will be done.”

Then the king of Magadha had the Matanga chief come before him and began to repeat the charm from his lips. Though the king, seated on the lion-throne, recited it, the charm did not stay in his mind, like water that has fallen on a high place. Then the Lord of Rajagrha blamed the thief, “There is some deceit on your part, since the charm does not pass over to me.”

Abhaya said: “Majesty, this man is your charm-teacher. A charm becomes manifest to those showing reverence to the teacher, not otherwise. Have this Matanga sit on your own lion-throne, Majesty, and you yourself sit “On the ground, after making the *anjali* before him.” For the sake of the charm the king showed him respect. One might get the highest charm even from a low man.” That is well-known. The two charms for raising and bending, heard from his lips, remained in the king’s mind, like an image in a mirror. Abhaya pacified the king, making the *anjali*, and had the thief released because he had attained the rank of a charm-teacher.

Story of Durgandha

On another day the King of Magadha, filling the directions with the sound of the bells of a troop of elephants; blocking the ground with horses, talking to each other, as it were, in the guise of neighs, dancing in the theater of the road: with the people of the army *resplendent* with umbrellas of peacock-feathers that imitated the beauty of a bank of clouds descending from the sky; his jeweled ear-ornaments dancing quickly as if in rivalry with the prancing riding-horse; born in the saddle, as it were; with a white umbrella rivaling a full moon; with fly-whisks, waved by courtesans resembling Jahnvi and Yamuna; hymned by *bards* beautified by gold ornaments, like Sutraman on earth, went to bow to the son of the Jnatas who was in a *samavasarana*.

At that time there was a baby-girl on the road, who had been abandoned as soon as born. She had an evil odor from pus, et-cetera, like a part of hell that had come. All, unable to bear smelling the odor, held their noses, like reciters of the *gayatri*,³⁷⁴ doing breath-exercises, in the evening. Srenika asked, “What is this?” and his attendants told him about the evil-smelling girl who had been

abandoned newly-born. The king who had heard constantly the twelve reflections from the lips of the Arhat, indifferent to disgust, looked at the girl himself and went away. After he had gone to the samavasarana and paid homage to the Supreme Lord, at the proper time the king asked for the story of the evil-smelling girl.

The Master related: "In Saligrama in a neighboring country there were a wealthy sheth, Dhanamitra, and his daughter, Dhanasri. One time when the sheth had commenced Dhanasri's wedding, some sadhus on their tour came in the hot weather. Her father instructed her, 'Give food' to the sadhus.' She, well-mannered, began at once to give them food. As she was giving them food, she smelled a bad odor from the munis whose bodies* and clothes were wet with perspiration. She, whose clothes were fragrant and clean, wearing various ornaments, *anointed* with unguent, confused by her fine apparel, thought: 'All the *dharma*' taught by the *Arhats* is beyond censure. (But) if one should bathe in water free from life, what sin would it be?' Bad karma arose from the disgust at the bad odor from the munis' perspiration, as she had died without confessing and repenting that.

After death*, O king, she entered a courtesan's womb in Rajgrha and even in the womb caused her mother distress. Daily the courtesan drank remedies to make a miscarriage, but the embryo did not fall. What remedy is stronger than karma? The courtesan bore this daughter evil-smelling because of the karma and abandoned her like excrement, as soon as she left the womb."

Again Srenika asked the Supreme Lord, "Will she experience pleasant or unpleasant things?" The Master said: "She has consumed all the unpleasant. Hear how she will experience pleasant things. For eight years she will be your chief-queen. This will be the sign causing her recognition in this. Whoever makes swan-play on your back as you play in the *harem*, know that this one is she, King of Magadha." Thinking, "Oh! this is a wonder. How will she become my wife?" the king bowed to the Supreme Lord and went home.

The odor left Durgandha from the wearing away of karma and she was seen and taken up by the childless wife of a cowherd. Cherished by the cowherd's wife like her own child, she grew up gradually endowed with beauty and grace.

One day in the city there was a charming full moon-festival, resembling the pleasure of a play with a wealth of the erotic sentiment. She, just mature, a snare for the deer of young men's eyes, went along from a *desire* to see the festival. Srenika and Abhaya, covered completely with white garments, went there like bride

grooms who had set out for a wedding. In the of crush of the festival, Srenika's hand touched the chest, the place of curved breasts, of the cowherd's daughter. The king, whose love was quickly aroused, tied his ring in the hem of her garment, like a surety of pleasure.

He informed Abhaya: "My seal-ring has been stolen by someone, while my attention was distracted. You must ascertain who took it." Abhaya, the chief of intelligent persons, closed the doors of the arena and began to move the people about, one by one, like a gambler moving game-pieces. Abhaya, the depository of me treasure of shrewdness, examined the clothes, hair-dressings, and mouths of everyone. When he was examining the clothes, et cetera of the cowherd's daughter, he saw the ring marked with the king's name tied in the hem.

He asked her, "How did you get this ring?" She covered her ears and said, "I do not know anything about it." When he saw that she was beautiful, he, the first of the intelligent, thought: "Surely my father has fallen in love with this cow-herd's daughter. The king himself *submissive* to love, certainly tied his own ring, a token for finding her."

With this thought Abhaya led her into the king's presence. The king asked him: "Have you found the thief, illustrious sir?" Abhaya replied: "Majesty, this is the thief by whom your heart was stolen. Enough of this story about the ring." The king smiled and said: "I am going to marry her. Have you not heard that a woman-jewel is acceptable even from a low family?" So saying, the king at once married her whose body was perfect and made her chief-queen because of his great love.

One day the king played with nice with the queens; and in this game there was a wager that the winner should mount on the back of the loser like a horse. When any of the highborn queens defeated the king, they merely laid a cloth, indicating victory, on the king's back. One day the queen, who was a courtesan's daughter, defeated the king and she, hard-hearted, unhesitatingly mounted on his back. The king recalled the Blessed One's speech and laughed suddenly. She got down and asked him insistently about the reason for his laughter. The king told her the events described by the Master, beginning with her former birth and ending with the mounting on his back. When she heard that, she became disgusted with existence quickly and, having respectfully obtained her husband's permission she became a *mendicant* at Sri Mahavira's feet.

Story of Ardrakakumara

Now in the middle of the ocean there is a country, named Ardraka, which resembles a palace in Patala. In it there is a city, Ardraka. The king there was named Ardraka, *resplendent* with beauty, delighting the eyes like the moon. His chief-queen was Ardraka. They had a son, Ardraka-kumara, gentle-minded, who, having reached manhood, was enjoying pleasures as he liked.

Between King Ardraka and Srenika there was a traditional friendship that was like a bond for their hearts. One day Srenika sent his minister to Ardraka to deliver numerous gifts the pregnancy-whim of the plant of affection. The minister as soon as he arrived was treated by King Ardraka with respect like Srenika's friendship embodied. The king accepted the gifts of various kinds sochal salt, nimba-leaves, blankets, et-cetera brought by the minister. King Ardraka honored him with great courtesy and asked, "How fares my brother, the King of Magadha? "The moon of a minister gave delight to the lotus of his mind by favorable news of his master's welfare like moonlight.

Ardrakakumara asked; "Father, who is this King of Magadha who has such affection for you like Spring for Manobhu?" The king said: "The King of Magadha is Srenika and there is traditional friendship between his family and mine." Ardrakakumara, of whom a shoot of love had shot up quickly, looking at the minister with a glance filled with nectar, said: "Minister, does your lord have a son whose good *qualities* are not deficient? I wish to make him the recipient of courtesy."

The minister said: "There is a son of King Srenika, named Abhaya, a house of intelligence, the chief of five hundred ministers, *munificent*, an ocean with the water of extra-ordinary *compassion*, clever, appreciative of favors, who has crossed the ocean of all the arts. Prince, do you not know Abhaya, endowed with wit and strength, pious, devoid of fear*, known to all? There are no good qualities that do not have a home in Abhaya, like the *soul*-forms in the ocean Svyambhuramana."³⁷⁵

King Ardraka said to his son who was seeking friendship with Abhaya: "You are my son, following my path, nobly-born. Friendship, like the marriage-bond, is suitable between persons of equal qualities and of equal birth and wealth, son." After receiving his father's advice which was in accordance with his own wish, Ardraka's son said to the minister aside: "Do not go without letting me

know. When you go, you must listen to a message resembling seed of the tree of affection from me for Abhaya.”

The gentle-voiced minister said, “Very well,” to the prince and, dismissed by the king, went to the house shown by a door-keeper. The next day King Ardraka had his servant deliver gifts of pearls, et-cetera and dismissed the minister. Ardrakakumara sent valuable objects, coral, pearls, et-cetera, to the hand of the minister himself for Abhaya. The man went with the minister to Rajagrha and delivered the gifts to Srenika and Abhaya. The chief-minister delivered the message to Abhaya, “Ardrakakumara desires brotherly friendship with you.”

Abhaya, expert in Jain doctrine, thought to himself: “He was surely born in the Anaryas because of injured *mendicancy*. Now he, a king’s son, noble-minded, is near being capable of emancipation. I do not wish friendship with persons not capable of emancipation nor with those whose capability is remote.” Friendship is usually between persons of equal merit and demerit.” They would have the same character. Friendship arises from the sameness of character. Having made him a follower of the Jina by some device, I am a friend and he is a friend who goes forward on the road of *dharma*. Perhaps from the sight by Ardrakakumara of a Tirthakrt-statue, the best recollection of former births will arise. So under pretext of a gift, I shall send a fine Arhat-statue, made of jewels, that has been consecrated by a great *acharya*.”

With this idea, he himself put such an unequaled statue of the god Adinatha, a *cow* of plenty of good fortune, in a box inside a basket. Then he put before it all the apparatus of a puja to the god an incense-burner, little bells, et-cetera. After he had put a lock on the opening, King Srenika’s son sealed the basket with his own seal. The King of Magadha dismissed King Ardraka’s servant with wonderful gifts and friendly talk. Abhaya put the basket into his hand and, after rewarding him, said in a voice of nectar: “Present this basket to Ardrakakumara and tell this message of mine to him, my brother: ‘After unsealing this basket yourself alone in secret, the object to be seen inside must not be shown to anyone.’” Saying, “It will be done so,” the man went to his own city and delivered the presents to his master and his master’s son.

He told Ardrakakumara Abhaya’s message. Then he opened the basket in secret. He saw inside it Adinatha’s statue creating light in darkness as if it had been wrought of light. He thought: “What is this? Is it some fine ornament for the person? Should it be put on the head, the neck, the breast, or somewhere else? This looks to me like

something seen before somewhere, but it does not reach the path of memory, like a treatise in the case of a person of little diligence.”

While Ardrakakumara was reflecting seriously to this effect, a very deep *swoon*, the mother of recollection of former births, took place. He, with the recollection of former births having been produced, consciousness being regained by himself alone, reflected on his own story of former births.

“In the next to the last birth from this, I was a householder, named Samayika in Vasantapura in the country of Magadha. I had a wife, Bandhumati, and with her I listened duly to the *dharma** of the *Arhats* in the presence of Susthita *Acharya*. After I had listened with my wife to dharma, I was enlightened in his presence. Disgusted with house holding, I became a *mendicant*.

Wandering with my guru, I went to a certain town and Bandhumati went there too, belonging to a group of *sadhvis*. Seeing her one day and remembering former pleasures, I became infatuated with her and told another *sadhu* about it. He told the head-*sadhvi* and she in turn told Bandhumati. Depressed, Bandhumati said to the head-*sadhvi*: ‘What condition of existence would there be if he, though an *ascetic*, should cross the bounds of propriety? Even the ocean, observing the boundary, does not violate the earth. So long as he hears of me, even though I went to another country, he, though having strong resolution, will not give up his love for me. Therefore, blessed lady, I shall surely resort to death*, so that breaking the vow may not happen either on his part or mine.’

Accordingly, she fasted and hanged herself with ease. She abandoned life like spittle and became a god. When I heard that she had died in this way, I thought: ‘She, having a strong resolution, died from fear* of breaking her vow. I, on the other hand, have broken the vow. So, enough of life for me.’ According I fasted, died, and became a god.

Then I fell and was born a non-*arya* devoid of dharma. Whoever enlightens me is my brother; he is my guru. I have been enlightened by the minister Abhaya because of some maturing of good fortune. Even now I am unfortunate since I am unable to see him. Either with or without my father’s consent, I shall go to the land of the *Aryas* where my guru Abhaya is.”

Thus forming his *desire*, worshipping the statue of the first *Arhat*, Ardraka’s son passed the days. One day, Ardraka’s son said to the king, “Father, I long for a meeting with Abhayakumara. King Ardraka said: “Indeed, you must not go. Son, the friendship of us occupying a high place is with Srenika.” Restrained by his father’s

command, longing for Abhaya, then Ardrakakumara did not stay (still) and did not go.

Shedding tears constantly like a cloud in Bhadrapada, his eyes down-cast, he continued to long for Abhaya. Whether engaged in sitting, lying, walking, eating, or other actions, he kept before his eyes the direction adorned by Abhaya. Wishing to go to Abhaya like a pigeon that has flown up, Ardrakakumara did not experience pleasure, like a poor man who is sick.

“What sort of country is Magadha? What sort of city is Rajagṛha? Which is the road for going there?” he asked the attendants.

King Ardraka thought: “This son of mine will certainly go sometime to Abhaya without even telling it” Then Ardraka ordered five hundred *vassals*: “Ardrakakumara, intending to go to a foreign country, must be guarded.” The vassals did not leave his side, like the shadow of the body; and the prince considered himself like one held a prisoner, Ardraki, intelligent, as he had set his heart on going to Abhaya, began to ride daily on the bridle-path. The vassal-bodyguards horseback stayed at his side. The prince, riding his horse, went some distance and returned. So riding his horse, he went further and further and again turned and came back, and they had confidence in him.

One day Ardraka’s son had his own confidential agents make ready a boat on the ocean. Ardraki had the boat filled with jewels and had the statue of the Arhat mounted on its bow. At the same time, riding his horse, he went out of sight as before and, embarking in that boat, went to the Aryan country. Disembarking from the boat, he sent the statue to Abhaya, sowed his wealth in the seven fields,^{376*} and put on the dress of an *ascetic*. When he began to pronounce the *samayika*, a deity standing in the air addressed him aloud: “Even if you are noble in Character, nevertheless do not take initiation. You still have karma with the fruit of pleasure. So be patient. When you have consumed the karma with the fruit of pleasure, take the vow, at the proper time. Most certainly that which is to be enjoyed must be enjoyed even by the Tirthakrts. Noble sir, enough of the vow, since it will be abandoned, if taken. What is the use in eating when what has been eaten is vomited?”

Ardrakakumara, having assumed strength of character, did not heed the deity’s speech and himself became a *mendicant*. Enlightened by himself, observing a severe vow, one day the *muni* came to the town Vasantapura, in his wandering. He stood in a statuesque posture in some temple outside and achieved concentrated meditation* by *abandonment* of all anxieties.

Story of Srimati

Now in this city there was an excellent sheth, Devadatta, of good family. His wife was Dhanavati. Bandhumati's *jiva* fell and was born as their daughter, named Srimati, beautiful, the crest-jewel of beautiful women. Cherished by nurses like a garland of jasmines^B, she gradually reached an age suitable for playing in sand.

One day Srimati together with girls of the town went to that temple to play at the game of husband and wife. All the little girls said, "Choose your husband," and husbands were chosen by all someone by each girl as she liked. Srimati said, "Friends, I choose that holy man" "Well chosen! Well chosen!" a goddess said and, producing thunder, the goddess rained jewels. Terrified by the thunder, Srimati clung to the *muni*'s feet. He thought in a moment: "This favorable attack, a strong wind for the tree of the vow, took place on me because I have stayed here." With this thought he went elsewhere."Great sages generally do not remain in one place, to say nothing of places with unfavorable occurrences."

The king came to take the shower of jewels. It has been decided: Property without an owner belongs to the king. The king's agents, wishing to take the treasure, saw the place filled with Nagas like the entrance to Nagaloka (the *abode* of Nagas). The goddess said to them, "I gave her the money for her wedding." When the king heard that, he went away embarrassed.

Srimati's father took all the wealth and then all went to their respective homes like birds in the evening. Many suitors came to marry Srimati and, told by her father, "Choose a husband," Srimati said:

"The sage whom I chose, he only shall be my husband, father. The temple-goddess gave me the wealth at the choosing of him. While the sage was chosen as a husband by me of my own accord, it was approved by you, too, when you took the money. So you are under obligation to arrange to give me to him and to no one else. Have you not heard, father? Even the children say: 'Kings speak once for all; sadhus speak once for all; maidens, are given once for all. These three things are done only once,'"

The sheth said: "How is he to be found? For he does, not stay in one place, but goes to a new place continually, like a bee to a flower. He will not come at all or, if he has come, how will he be known? What is his token? How many begging monks do not come?"

Srimati said: "At the time when I, terrified by thunder, clung like a monkey, I saw a mark on his foot, father. So from now on, father, arrange it so that I shall see all the sadhus coming and going every day." The sheth said: "Give alms yourself every day to whatever sages come to this town." From that time she did so every day. She paid homage to the munis' feet, wishing to see his mark. In the twelfth year the *muni*, confused about the direction, went there one day and was recognized by her from an inspection of his marks.

Srimati said to the sage: "At that time in the temple I chose you (as a husband), lord. You alone shall be my husband. Then you have gone away, after shaking simple me off like a drop of perspiration. But now, that you have been found, where will you, like one owing a debt, go? When you were lost to sight, from then until now the time passed for me like a dead person. So be gracious. Take me. Such being the case, if you scorn me now from cruelty, I, consumed by fire, shall make you responsible for the calamity of killing a woman."

Urged by the king, the leading citizens, and others to the marriage, he recalled the speech of the goddess opposing the taking of the vow. Recalling the speech of the goddess and persistently urged by them, the mahatma married Srimati."What will be cannot be changed."

In course of time a son, the glory of householdership, was born to him enjoying pleasures for a long time with Srimati. Gradually growing up, leaving infancy, his tongue jumping to speak, he was like a parrot. When the son was so large, he first of the wise, said to Srimati: "Let your son be your companion in future. I am going to take initiation."

Clever Srimati, in order to inform her son about that, took a spindle with a bunch of cotton and sat down on a seat. She began to spin and the child asked, "Mother, why have you begun this work suitable for common people?" She said: "Son, your father is going away to be a *mendicant*. When he has gone, the spindle alone is a refuge* for me *deprived* of a husband."

The child said with words in indistinct whispers from childishness: "I shall tie and keep him a prisoner. How will my father go away?" Saying this, he wound his father's feet with the thread from the spindle, like a little spider with a spider web, his face innocent and gentle. Then he said: "Mother, do not be afraid. Be comforted. With his feet tied by me, like an elephant*, how can father go away?"

Srimati's husband thought: "Alas! this bond of affection for a child has become a snare for the bird of my mind. From love for the child I will continue as a householder for so many years as there are loops of thread around my feet." When the loops of thread on his feet were counted they proved to be twelve and then he passed twelve more years as a householder.

When the limit of his promise was reached, he, wise, possessed by disgust with existence, thought in the last watch of the night: "I took the vow like a rope in order to leave the pit of worldly existence. As it was taken and given up by me, I am stuck in it (worldly existence) again. In a former birth, the vow was broken only mentally. Nevertheless, I was born in the non-Aryans. What will my status be in future? Be it so. Now I, having undertaken *mendicancy*, shall cleanse myself by the fire of penance, like a cloth by the cleansing of fire."

On the morning he talked with his wife Srimati, obtained her consent, put on the costume of an *ascetic* and left the house, indifferent to worldly matters. He set out for Rajagrha and on the way he saw his own five hundred *vassals*, engaged in the business of theft. When they saw him, they paid homage to him devotedly. He said to them, "Why has this livelihood, a source of evil, been practiced by you?" They replied: "Lord, when you fled after deceiving us, we did not show ourselves to the king from shame. Wandering over the earth, engaged in searching for you, we live only by the occupation of thieving. What else is there for people without money and with weapons?"* The *muni* said: "Sirs, if a misfortune has happened, its result connected with *dharma** bears fruit in the two worlds. A human birth is attained by some union with merit. When it has been reached, its fruit is dharma which confers heaven and emancipation. Non-injury to creatures, abstain from untruth, non stealing, possessionless, poverty let this dharma of the *Arhats* be esteemed by you. we are devoted to you master. Look, sirs! I am not your master like a king. Therefore, do you, intelligent, enter on this road of mine."

They said: "At first you were our master. Now you are our guru. We have this dharma expounded by you. Favor us with initiation." Accordingly Ardrakakumara initiated them and together with them went toward Rajagrha to pay homage to Sri Mahavira.

Gosala met the muni as he was going and began a debate without making *obeisance* to him. Inhabitants of the earth and inhabitants of the sky (Khecaras) came there by the thousand and stood, forming an assembly, their eyes wide-open from curiosity. Gosala said:

“Sir, misery rooted in penance is useless. Fate is the cause of pleasant and unpleasant results, certainly.”

The *muni* replied: “Do not say ‘Happiness is.’ Consider effort the cause for this reason. If you consider Fate to be the cause of all things, then your action would be useless for the accomplishment of your wishes. For instance, why do you, depending on Fate, not stay at home? Why do you exert yourself for food* at meal-time? Thus effort as well as Fate, is a good thing for accomplishing one’s object. Effort is superior to Fate for accomplishing one’s object. For instance, water falls from the sky. It would come also from digging up the ground. Fate is very strong, indeed. Effort is stronger even than Fate.”

Thus the great muni defeated Gosala and he was praised by Khecaras and others giving a cheer of victory.

Then the sage Ardraka went to the hermitage of ascetics who live from killing elephants,³⁷⁷ a hut filled with elephant-meat thrown into the sun for drying. The ascetics living there killed one very large elephant* and lived many days, eating its meat. They said: “It is better for one elephant to be killed on whose meat alone much time is spent. What is the use of many deer, partridges, fish, et-cetera?” With them the purpose namely food predominated over the sin in it.

At that time the ascetics, devoted to a religion with a show of *compassion*, tied up a large elephant for slaughter. The sage, his mind tender with compassion, went by the road where the elephant was tied with a lot of chains. The elephant saw the sage, surrounded by five hundred munis, being honored by the people whose heads were touching the ground.

The elephant, whose karma was light, saw the muni and thought: “Suppose I also pay homage to him. Can I do that, chained? “At the sight of the sage, the iron chains fell apart just like serpent-nooses at the sight of Garuda. The elephant, unimpeded, touched the muni to pay homage to him and the people said,” The muni is killed! He is killed! “The people fled, but the muni stood just as he was. The elephant bowed to him, his forehead bowed. When the elephant had touched his feet repeatedly with his extended trunk, like one injured by a forest-fire touching the plantain tree, he attained the highest bliss. The elephant got up again and, looking at the sage with eyes motionless from *devotion*, calmly entered the large forest.

When they had seen his remarkable power, the ascetics, who were in a state of great anger, were enlightened by Ardrakakumara.

Sent to Sri Mahavira's *samavasarana*, they went and took initiation possessing *tranquility* and *desire* for emancipation.³⁷⁸

King Srenika heard of the release of the elephant*, how it happened, and of the enlightenment of the ascetics and went there with Abhaya. The *muni* delighted the king, who paid homage with *devotion*, with the blessing, "May you have *dharma*," which bestows good fortune on all. When he had seen the muni seated on pure ground, free from care, the king asked, "Blessed One, I am amazed at the freeing of the elephant." The sage said "Lord, the freeing of the elephant was not difficult, (but) release from the snare of the spinning-thread seems difficult." Questioned by the king, the muni told the story of the spinning-thread. The king and the people were astonished.

Then the sage, Ardrakakumara, said to Abhaya: "You, a disinterested benefactor, became my brother in dharma. You, Prince, sent the Arhat-statue to me. Having remembered former births from the sight of it, I became a follower of the *Arhats*. What was not given me by you? What benefit was not conferred by you by whom, having employed a device, I was turned to the religion of the Arhats? I, sunk in the deep mud of non-Aryanism, was raised by you. Enlightened by your cleverness, I came to the land of the Aryas. I have taken initiation, enlightened by you. Because of that, Abhayakumara, you will prosper greatly with good fortune."

Then Srenika, Abhaya, and the other people, after paying homage to the sage with delighted hearts, went to their respective homes. Then the muni paid homage to Lord Sri Vira who had come to the city Rajagrha. Having accomplished his own purpose from service at his lotus-feet, he attained emancipation.

8. INITIATION OF RSABHADATTA AND DEVANANDA, OPPOSITION AND DEATH OF JAMALI AND GOSALA, ILLNESS OF MAHAVIRA

Initiation of Rsabhadatta and Devananda

The Supreme Lord, wandering in villages, mines, cities, etcetera to give help to *souls* capable of emancipation went to Brahmanakundagrama. The chief-gods made a three-walled *samavasarana* in a garden named Bahusala outside the town. The Lord sat on the eastern lion-throne in it, facing the east. Gautama and others, the gods and others remained each in the proper place.

When they had heard that the Omniscient had come, many people of the city came. The husband and wife, Devananda and Rsabhadatta, came. The layman, Rsabhadatta, sat down in the proper place, after circumambulating the Teacher of the World three times and bowing to him. Devananda bowed to the Lord after Rsabhadatta. Knowing the way (to her own seat), she stood, listening attentively, her face shining with joy. Then, when Devananda looked at the Supreme Lord, milk flowed from her breasts and the hair on her body was erect from delight.

When Gautama Swamin had seen her in this condition, feeling doubt and astonishment, making the *anjali*, he asked the Master: "Why does Devananda, with unwinking eyes like a goddess, have a flow of milk at the sight of you like a son, Lord?" Then the Blessed Vira explained in a voice deep as thunder: "Sir, dear to the gods, I am Devananda's son. When I fell from heaven, I dwelt in her womb eighty-two days. Therefore she, even though not knowing the full truth, is devoted to me."

Devananda and Rsabhadatta rejoiced on hearing that; and all the assembly, which had never heard such a thing before, was astonished. Saying, "On one hand, our son is Lord of Three Worlds; on the other hand, we are nothing but householders," the husband and wife got up and paid homage again to the Lord, The Blessed One with such intention delivered a sermon for the benefit of his parents, who had *requital* of pain, and of the people also.

Sermon

“Here in existence the relation of creatures this one is a mother; that one a father; this one a son, et-cetera is produced and destroyed. Everything in worldly existence is like sorcery. Anyone with a *discriminating* mind would not consent to stay in it even for a moment. So long as old age makes this body of ours decrepit, so long as death* is not present to cut off life, for so long resort to initiation, the only means of emancipation, the unequalled depository of happiness. Carelessness in this matter is not fitting.”

Devananda and Rsabhadatta bowed and said: “We are disgusted with dwelling in this worldly existence because of its worthlessness. O living wishing-tree, give us initiation which leads across worldly existence. Who else except you is able to cross and to lead across it?”

Told by the Lord, “Very well,” they, considering themselves fortunate, went to the north-east and took off ornaments, et-cetera. After pulling out their hair in five handfuls from *desire* for emancipation, circumambulating the Lord, and paying homage to him, they said:

“Master, we, terrified of birth, old age, and death, have resorted to you as a refuge.* Please favor us by granting initiation yourself.”

He himself gave them initiation, taught them good practices, and explained the practice of the daily duties to them whose hearts were above reproach. Wherever the good stay even for a day they confer benefits. How much more the Blessed Lord, the chief of all who remember past favors! The Master entrusted Devananda to Candana and Rsabha to the elder sadhus and they reached the final vow. They learned eleven angas, practiced various and numerous penances, attained *omniscience*, died, and reached emancipation.

Jamali's heresy

Then the Blessed *Vardhamana*, increasing the joy of the world, wandered over the earth covered with villages, mines, and cities. In course of time the Master arrived at Ksatriya-kundagrama, stopped in a *samavasarana*, and delivered a sermon. King Nāndivardhana came there with great magnificence and *devotion* to pay homage to the Master in the *samavasarana*. He circumambulated the Teacher of the World three times, paid homage to him, and sat down in the proper place, making the *anjali* from devotion.

Then the Lord's sister's son, his son-in-law, named Jamali, came there with Priyadarsana to pay homage. After he had heard a sermon and had obtained his parents' consent, Jamali took the vow,

together with five hundred of the warrior caste. Priyadarsana, Jamali's wife, the Blessed One's daughter, together with one thousand women, took initiation under the Master. Then the Blessed One went elsewhere to wander and Jamali also as a follower with the warrior-sadhus. In the course of time Jamali, as he wandered, learned the eleven angas and the Lord made him the head of his fellow-mendicants. He practiced penances, one-day, two-day, three-day fasts, et-cetera. Priyadarsana followed Candana.

One day Jamali bowed to the Lord and said, "With your permission I and my group shall proceed with unrestricted wandering," The Blessed One knew by the eye of knowledge that evil would result and gave no answer to Jamali asking again and again. Jamali, with the idea that "What is not forbidden is permitted," and his group separated from the Lord to wander. In the course of his wandering he arrived at the city Sravasti' one day and stopped in the garden Kostaka outside. One day while there he developed a bilious fever from food* and drink which were tasteless; cold, harsh, scanty, and eaten at the wrong time: Unable to stand, sitting like a stake in mud, he said to his disciples, "Make a bed for me." The sadhus began to make a bed. Disciples execute the' guru's order like servants a king's order.

Suffering very much from the bilious humor, he asked again and again, "Is the bed spread or not? Say, sadhus." The sadhus said, "The bed is spread," and Jamali, sick, got up and went to them. When" he saw that the bed was being spread, he sat down from bodily weakness and, angry, said to the sadhus because of false belief that had arisen:

"Sirs! We have been in error for a long time. At last this truth is known. What is being done is not done. Only when it is done is something done. The bed, being spread, was described as 'spread.' It certainly is not proper for you to say that which is not true. The Arhat says, 'What is being produced, is produced; what is being done, is done.' That is obviously not possible because of its *inconsistency*. In the case of an act that is being produced by the activity of a collection of moments earlier and later, how can it be said even in the beginning, It is done? There is the state of being an object of that alone of which there is creation of the function of an object; that does not exist in an object produced in the beginning. If one says, 'It is done' even in the beginning, then surely non-finality follows in the doing of a thing done in the remaining moments. This is clearly in accordance with that reasoning: That which is actually done is done. No one gives a name to an unborn son. Then, munis, agree

with what is obviously infallible. Do not accept something because It was said. 'What is in accord with reasoning is accepted. The Arhat, described as "Omniscient," cannot speak falsely. It is not so. He does speak falsely. There is stumbling even of the great.'

The elders said to Jamali, who was talking so, the bounds of propriety put aside, very angry." Why do you say what is false? The *Arhats* do not speak falsely, devoid of love and hate. There is not an atom of error, obscured perception, et-cetera, in their words. If an object is not said to be completed in the first moment, it does not come into existence at another moment because of the non-distinction between moments. The effecting of the function of an object which is a characteristic of an object, even that is unfailing from employment of knowledge of names. For instance, any one being asked by the people about such an object even at first, 'What are you making?' would speak with the name 'Jar,' et-cetera. As for the non-finality of action in something done in earlier time, that also is false because of the making of repeated different effects. How can there be discrimination between right and wrong on the part of ordinary ascetics like you? By whom is your word taken as proved?

- The Omniscient, by whom the objects of the three worlds are known by the light of *omniscience*, the Blessed Vira is authority. Proof and non-proof are simply foolish, on your part. As for what you said, Jamali, 'There is stumbling even of the great,' your words are like those of an intoxicated man, a heedless man, a crazy man. 'Being done is done' was well said by the Omniscient. If not, why did you abandon a kingdom and take initiation because of his words? Are you not ashamed, corrupting his incorruptible teaching? Why do you submerge yourself in the ocean of existence by this action of yours? Take your penance before Sri Vira Swamin. Do not pass your *austerities* and this birth uselessly. Whoever does not have faith in even one syllable of the Arhats, he acquires wrong belief and from that a series of births."

Jamali, though enlightened many times by the elders in this way, did not desist from false doctrines, but resorted to complete silence. Some of the elders abandoned him adhering to false doctrine at that time and went to the Master; some remained there. Because of *delusion* which is easily acquired by women and because of former affection Priyadarsana and her followers supported Jamali's faction. Jamali recovered in course of time and, daily immersing himself and others in false doctrine laughing at the Jinendra's teaching, saying, "I am omniscient," full of arrogance, he began to wander with his followers.

One day he went to a grove named Purnabhadra near Campa where Sri Vira had stopped and, unrestrained in pride, said to him:

“Blessed One, many disciples of yours have died as ordinary ascetics without *omniscience* developed. I Indeed am not such a one. My imperishable perfect knowledge and perfect perception having developed, I, all-knowing, all-perceiving, am an Arhat here on earth.”

Gautama said: “Jamali, if you are omniscient, explain this: Are the universe and *soul* permanent or transitory?” Confused, Jamali was unable to answer him and stood distracted, with his mouth open like a young crow. Then the Blessed Vira said:

“Jamali, know that in reality this universe is permanent and transitory and soul is like the universe. The universe is permanent from its composition of *substance*; it is transitory with reference to the continual and destructive modifications. Soul is permanent with reference to its composition of substance, it is transitory from its conformity to different modifications such as man, god, et-cetera.”

Though the Lord explained in this way, Jamali, his heart agitated by wrong belief, left the *samavasarana* with his followers. Then Jamali was expelled by the *congregation** because of disrespect (to Vira), fourteen years after the manifestation of the Master’s omniscience. He wandered over the earth independently, thinking himself omniscient, explaining the meaning of his doctrine everywhere. The report arose everywhere that Jamali, dissenting from the Teacher of the World because of *delusion*, had adopted wrong-belief.

One day in his wandering he came to the city Sravasti again and remained in a certain garden, surrounded by his followers. The *sadhvi* Priyadarsana with a thousand *sadhvis* stayed in the house of a wealthy potter, Dhanka. When Dhanka, who was an advanced layman, had seen her adhering to false doctrine, he thought, “I shall enlighten her by some device or other.”

One day while collecting wares he dropped intentionally a spark of fire, which was unnoticed, on Priyadarsana’s habit dress. When she saw that her habit was being burned Priyadarsana said: “Look, Dhanka, my habit is burned by your carelessness.” Dhanka said: “Do not speak falsely, *sadhvi*. For according to your doctrine, it is proper to say such a thing when the whole habit has been burned. ‘Being burned is burned,’ is the teaching of the holy *Arhats*. It is fitting for you to adopt that teaching of theirs from your experience.”

After hearing that she, with pure thought arisen, said: "I, deluded for a long time, have been well enlightened by you. Alas! for so long a time Sri Vira's teaching has been corrupted. Let my sin be uncommitted, as it were. Henceforth, it (Vira's teaching) is authority."

Dhanka said to her: "It will be all right in the end. Now go to the All-knowing to make atonement." So advised by Dhanka, saying, "We wish instruction," she left Jamali and with her followers went to Vira. All the other munis except Jamali were enlightened by Dhanka and went to Sri Vira Swamin.

Then Jamali wandered over the earth alone for many years, deceiving by false doctrine, observing the vow. At the end he fasted for two weeks. He died without confessing his own sin and became a Kilbisika in the sixth heaven.

Having learned that Jamali was dead, Gautama paid homage to the Lord and asked, "What status did Jamali, the great *ascetic*, reach?" The Master, explained: "Jamali, a great ascetic, became a Kilbisika god in the 'heaven Lantaka with a life of thirteen sagaras.'" Again Gautama asked: "Why did he become a Kilbisika by such penances?" Where will he go, when he has fallen?" The Blessed One replied: "*Souls* that are hostile to teachers of *dharma*", the possessors of good conduct, to teachers, sect, order, *congregation* are born among the Kilbisikas, et-cetera, even though they have practiced penance. Because of that sin Jamali became a Kilbisika. After he has fallen from that and has wandered thorough animal man and god-births five times, Jamali, having experienced enlightenment, will attain emancipation. That is not accomplished by an enemy of the teachers of dharma, et-cetera." Having explained so, the Blessed One went elsewhere in his wandering.

Story of the Yaksa and painter

Now in the city Saketa a Yaksa, named Surapriya, is painted every year and a great festival is held. If he is painted, he kills the painter who does the painting. On the other hand, if he is not painted, he creates a *pestilence* throughout the whole city. Then the painters, terrified, began to flee; and all were prevented by the king who was afraid of a pestilence among his subjects. Bail was taken from them and their names were written on leaves and thrown in a jar resembling a film over *Yama*'s eye. Each year the painter, whose leaf drawn by mere chance came up, went and painted the Yaksa.

So, time passing, one day a painter, Daraka, came there from Kausambi for the purpose of studying painting. The painter lived in

the house of an old woman and gradually friendship developed between him and her son. At that time the name-leaf of the old woman's son came up, like a leaf turned up by Krtanta; and the old woman wept. Asked by the young painter from Kausambi the reason for her weeping, she told him the, story of the Yaksha and her son's, turn.

He said: "Do not weep, mother. Let your son stay (here). I shall paint the painter-eating Yaksa." The old woman said, "My dear, you are my son, also." He said, "Mother, I being so, let my brother be Safe,"

At the proper time after observing a two-day fast and Bathing, *anointed* with sandal, his face covered with an' eight-fold veil of pure cloth, the painter Daraka painted him with new brushes and the best colors. Bowing to the Yaksa, he said:

"Surapriya, best of gods, who, even the most skilled, is able to make a painting of you? Who am I, foolish, a poor' wretch? Nevertheless, I did it according to my teaching, right or wrong, king of the Yaksas. Pardon it, O you are capable of blame or favor."

Delighted by this speech of his, the essence of respect, the Yaksa said, "Choose a boon," and the painter chose-as follows: "God, if you are pleased with wretched me, now let this be the boon. In future people must not be killed."

The Yaksa said: "That is accomplished, since' you have not been destroyed. Choose something else, sir, connected with accomplishing your own wishes."

The painter said again: "If you keep away the *pestilence*, master, my *desire* is fulfilled by such measure."

Astonished, the Yaksa said: "I am pleased very much by your request for a boon for others. Choose a boon for yourself."

The painter said: "If you are pleased with me, god if I see one part of any two-footed or four-footed creature or anything else, may I have the power to paint its form, just as it is, according to the one part" "Let it be so," told by the Yaksa and feted by the townsmen, he went to Kausambi subject to King Satanika.

There one day Satanika, present in the assembly, proud because of his wealth, said to his messenger, "What do other kings have that I do not have?" Told by the messenger, You do not have a picture gallery the king gave Orders to the painters for painting a gallery. The area of the gallery was divided and taken by the painters; and the part near the women's quarters fell to that painter. As he was painting there, he saw Queen Mrgavati's big toe with a ring through a slit in a lattice window. Thinking, "This is Queen Mrgavati," the

painter painted her figure accurately from *conjecture* by the favor of the Yaksa-king. While the eye was being made visible a drop of black paint fell from the brush's tip on the top of, the thigh, but he quickly removed it. Again a drop of black paint fell and again he wiped it away. When he had seen that it fell again the painter thought: "Surely there is a mark on her in this place. Therefore it (the drop of paint) must be. I will not remove it in future."

The painting having been completed so, the king went there to see it. Looking at it in order, he saw Mrgavati's figure. When he saw the drop on the thigh, the king angered thought: "Certainly my wife has been corrupted by the wretch. Otherwise how would he, evil-minded, know that gazelle-eyed Mrgavati had this dark spot under her clothing?"

Having made this accusation angrily, the king himself had him turned over to the guards for punishment.

The painters told the king: "By the power of a boon given by a Yaksa he paints a whole painting from the sight of one part." This being said, in order to test it, the stupid king had the best of painters shown the face of a hunchbacked girl. The painter painted the hunchbacked girl just she was. Nevertheless, the king had his thumb and forefinger cut off from anger. The painter went to the Yaksa as a refuge*, and observed a fast. He (the Yaksa) said, "You will paint the same with your left hand."

His boon obtained thus, the painter reflected angrily: "Why was I, innocent, reduced to this condition by the king? I shall get even with him by some device. Intelligent people accomplish by wit alone what cannot be accomplished by force."

With these reflections, he painted. Queen Mrgavati with fine garments and ornaments, the sole ornament of the universe. He went and showed the charming picture of Mrgavati to king Candapradhyota, who was lustful and cruel. When he had seen it, Candapradhyota said to him: "Best of painters, I think this is skill in art on your part but not on that of the creator. How was this likeness, never seen nor heard of before in the world nor in heaven, painted by you without a model? Tell me truthfully: Who is she? How shall I take her? She is somewhere in the wrong place. Suitability leads to one alone."

Thinking, "My wish is fulfilled" the delighted painter related: "Satanika is king in the city Kausambi, She, named Mrgavati, doe-eyed, with a face like a full moon, is the chief-queen of him whose strength is that of a lion. Even *Visvakarman* is not able paint her as she really is; but painted to some extent by me, she is beyond words."

Mrgavti and Pradyota

Candapradhyota said "I, a lion, shall take Mrgavati, a *doe* from the buck, Satanika, as he looks on. Nevertheless, let royal usage be observed. Let a messenger go to ask for her. If he obeys my commands, a calamity must not happen to him first."

Saying thus, he sent Vajrajangha to him with instructions. The chief-messenger went to Satanika and said to him. "Satanika, King Candapradhyota commands you: 'Certainly Queen Mrgavati was obtained by you by chance. Such a jewel of a woman is suitable for me alone. What are you like? Send her quickly to us, if kingdom and life are dear (to you).'"

Satanika said angrily: "Contemptible messenger, you, talking about such improper conduct, are not killed now because of your status as a messenger. What kind of conduct is there, indeed, of people subject to a villain who has such a *desire*, even though I am independent?"

Reviling him fearlessly in this way, King Satanika expelled the messenger. He went to Avanti and told about it. Angry, Candapradhyota covered the quarters with soldiers and set out for Kausambi like a boundless ocean. When Satanika, like a serpent, heard that Pradyota, like a garuda, was approaching, he had dysentery produced by terror and died.

Queen Mrgavati thought: "Now my husband has died and my son Udayana is; child of little strength. Following a stronger person is good policy. But in the case of this lustful man, it would result in a stain on my family. Therefore, a trick is proper in this matter. I shall stay here and, luring him by flattering speeches, shall pass the time with the hope of finding a suitable occasion."

With these reflections she gave instructions to a messenger and dispatched him. He went to Candapradhyota who was encamped and said to him: 'Mrgavati says to you 'Since Satanika has died. you alone are my refuge' But I have a son whose strength has not been reached. If he is abandoned by me, he will be overcome by rival kings as well as powerful agitations of grief caused to a high degree by the death of his father' "

Delighted by this speech, Pradyota said: "What king, pray, would be able to overcome her son, if I am his protector?" The messenger said again: "Your Majesty, the queen said: "If Pradyota is my lord, no king is able to defeat my son. But His Majesty is far away: neighboring kings are near. Remedies are on Mt. Hima, but the serpent is on the pillow. Since you wish an unhindered union

with me, do this- make a high wall in Kausambi with bricks from Ujjayini.' "

Pradyota agreed to that and set his own fourteen kings with their attendants in a row on the road. He had bricks brought from Avanti by a line of men and soon made a very strong wall at Kausambi.

Again Mrgavati said to him through a messenger, "King Pradyota, fill this city with money, grain, fuel, et-cetera."

King Candapadyota did everything just as she said, quickly. What does a man, bewitched by the snare of hope, not do? Knowing that the city could stand a siege, clever Mrgavati stayed and, after closing the gates, mounted soldiers on the wall. King Candapadyota *besieged* the city on all sides, feeling extreme *embarrassment* like a monkey that has missed its jump.

One day, Mrgavati, with disgust with the world rising, thought, "If the Blessed Vira comes, then I shall take initiation." Knowing this decision of hers, the Supreme Lord came very soon with a retinue of gods and asuras. When Mrgavati heard that the Arhat had a *samavasarana* outside, she opened the gates fearlessly and went there with great magnificence. After paying homage to the Lord of the World, she remained in the proper place. Pradyota also came there, paid homage, and sat down, his hostility abandoned. Lord Sri Vira delivered a sermon in a speech extending for a *yojana* and adapted to every dialect.

Having heard from the people, "He is omniscient," a certain man, an archer, standing near, mentally asked the Teacher of the World about a doubt. The Lord of the World said to him, "Tell your doubt in words, that other *souls* capable of emancipation may be enlightened." This being said, he, embarrassed, unable to speak clearly, said, "Blessed One, who-she-she-she" in a few syllables. The Master replied briefly, "It is so." Gautama asked, "Master, what is this speech, Who-she-she-she?"

Story of the goldsmith and his five hundred wives

Then the Blessed One informed them: "In the city Campa in this same Bharata in the past there was a lustful goldsmith. Any beautiful maid whom he saw, as he moved about on the earth he married, after giving her five hundred gold pieces. In this way in course of time he married five hundred women and he gave each of them ornaments covering the body. When the turn of one came, then she, wearing all her ornaments, her body *anointed* with bathing and unguents, was prepared for sporting with him. Sometimes all his

wives had a very subdued appearance; otherwise, he taught them by scoldings and beatings, et-cetera. Because of excessive jealousy, alert for their protection, he did not leave the house-door at all, like a *harem-guard*. He did not give food* even to his own people in his house and he himself did not eat in other houses, because he did not trust them (his wives.)

One day, though he was unwilling, he was taken somehow by a friend to his house to chat. For this is a sign of friendship. Then his wives thought; 'Alas for wealth! Alas for youth! Alas for life! Since we are shut up in prison, as it were. Like a messenger of *Yama*, this wicked husband of ours does not leave the door. Today after a long time, fortunately he has gone elsewhere. Now for a moment we shall do as we please.'

With this idea, after bathing, they put on unguents, ornaments, choice wreaths, et-cetera. While they were looking at themselves in mirrors, the goldsmith came and was angry, when he saw them. The wretch beat one of the women so hard that she died, like a lotus crushed by an elephant's foot. The others took counsel: 'He will certainly kill us. So, together we shall kill him. He has been protected long enough!'

Reflecting in this way, unhesitatingly they threw four hundred and ninety-nine mirrors, like cakras, at him. He died at once. The women, remorseful, set fire to the house like a funeral pyre and perished instantly.

Because they died in a state of *remorse* with involuntary wearing a way of karma, the four hundred and ninety-nine were born in a human status. By the bad contrivance of fate, living by theft, they joined together in course of time and staying in a certain stronghold, practiced thieving together.

The goldsmith was born in an animal-status, but his wife who died first, after being born an animal, became a son in a Brahman family. After five years had passed, the gold smith was born from his animal status into that family as a sister of the same boy. The boy was made her caretaker by the parents and she, while he was taking care of her, cried because of excessive badness.

One day when he was touching her stomach, he happened to touch her private part and she stopped crying. Having learned this remedy for her crying, the boy touched that place in the same way whenever she cried. One day when he was doing this he was discovered by the parents who punished him. Banished from his house he went to a mountain-cave. He went to the village where the four hundred and ninety-nine thieves lived and joined the thieves.

His sister, even before she was grown, was unchaste. Roaming about as she liked, she went one day to a certain village. At that very time the village was looted by the robbers who came; and the girl was captured and made their wife by them all. One day the thieves thought, 'This wretched girl will soon die from service to us all.' And with this idea they brought another woman. From jealousy the first wife searches for her weak points.

One day the thieves went away to steal and she, having hit on the trick, led her co-wife to a well by some device. She said, 'Lady, what is here inside the well? Look at it.' She, naive, began to look and was pushed inside by the first wife. The robbers returned and asked her, 'Where is she?' She said: 'How do I know? Do you not guard your wife?' They knew that she had killed the miserable woman from jealousy.

Then the Brahman reflected, 'Is this unchaste woman my sister?' Having heard from the people, 'The Omniscient has come here, 'he came here and first asked in his mind from shame "At his sister's unchastity. Told by me, 'Ask in words' he asked, 'She-she-she-who' and we, having told him, It is so,' made him know that she was his sister. In this way creatures, their *souls* confused by love, hate, etcetera, wander in birth after birth, becoming receptacles of various evils."

After hearing this, the man experienced extreme disgust with existence, took initiation under the Master and returned to his village. The four hundred and ninety-nine thieves, enlightened by the one who had become a *mendicant*, took the vow.

Mrgavati arose, bowed to the Master, and said, "After obtaining permission from Candapradhyota, I shall take initiation, Lord." Then she said to Pradyota, "If you consent, I, afraid of birth, shall become a mendicant. Then my son may be surrendered to you." King Pradyota, his hostility destroyed by the Master's power, gave her permission; and made Udayana king in Kausambi. Eight wives of King Pradyota, Angaravati and others, took initiation with Mrgavati in the Master's presence. Mrgavati and the others were entrusted to Candana by the Lord after giving instructions. By service to her they learned the practices of *sadhvis*,

Story of Ananda

Now there is a great city, named Vanijakagrama, that has no equal in its great wealth. Its king was named Jitasatru, who looked after his subjects properly like a father. A householder lived there, the sight of whom was a joy to the eyes, named Ananda, like the

Moon descended to earth. Of him there was a wife, named Sivananda, like Rohini of the Moon, possessing beauty and grace. He had four crores of gold in deposit, in loans, and in business each, and there were four herds of cows. In the suburb Kollaka in the north-east of the city, there were very many relatives and connections of Ananda.

At that time the Jina, Siddhartha's son, wandering over the earth, stopped in the garden, Dutipalasa, of that city.

The King Jitasatru heard that the Lord of Three Worlds had come; he went in haste with his retinue to pay homage to him. Ananda also went on foot to the feet of the Lord of the World. After hearing a sermon that was like a mouthful of nectar for the ears, Ananda bowed to the feet of the Master of Three Worlds and, high-minded, took the twelve-fold householder's law.

He gave up women except Sivananda; and gold except the four crores of gold each in deposit, et-cetera. He renounced herds except for present herds; and he gave up land except five hundred ploughs. He gave up carts except five hundred carts each used for foreign traffic and for home use. He renounced other boats except four boats for foreign traffic, and four for home use. He gave up cloths for cleansing the body except a fragrant bed one; and abandoned tooth-cleaners except a green liquorices stick. He renounced other fruit except the milky *myrobalan* and ointment except the oils made of one hundred thousand ingredients. He gave up other powder except fragrant sandal powder and other bathing except with eight *pitchers* of water from an *austrika*. He gave up all other clothes except the two linen garments; and other unguents except those of sandal, aloes, and saffron^B. He gave up flowers except a *wreath* of jasmine^B and the lotus; and all ornaments except ear-ornaments and name-rings. He gave up the use of incense except *olibanum* and aloes; and other pastry except *ghrtapura*³⁷⁹ and *khanda-khadya*. He renounced beverages except *kasthapeya*³⁸⁰ and boiled rice except *kalama*³⁸¹ and soups except black gram, green gram, and pea. He renounced ghi except that from cows' milk produced in the autumn; and he gave up vegetables except *svastika*,³⁸² pumpkin, and cucumber.

He gave up dressings except, oil and vinegar and pulse and vinegar; and water except, rain water; and mouth-perfumes except pan with five spices.

Then Ananda went joyfully to Sivananda and told her that the complete layman's *dharma** had been accepted. Sivananda happily got into a carriage immediately and went to the Blessed One, seeking the layman's *dharma*. After bowing at the feet of the

Teacher of the Three Worlds there, Sivananda devoutly accepted the layman's dharma. Then she got into the carriage that was splendid as a heavenly aerial car and went home, delighted with the nectar drink of the Blessed One's speech.

Then Gautama bowed to the omniscient and asked, "Will this high-minded Ananda except the *ascetic-vow*?" The Blessed One, omniscient, said: "For a long time Ananda will observe the layman's vows. Then he will become the chief-god, with a life-duration of four palyas*, in the palace Arunaprabha in the heaven Saudharma."

Story of Kamadeva

Now there is a large city Campa *resplendent* with banners on shrines, like beautiful rows of hansas on the Jahnavi. Its king was named Jitasatru, whose arm-pillars were as long as a serpent's body, who was a temple of Sri. There was in this city a householder, named Kamadeva, wise, a refuge* of many persons like a large tree on a road. He had a wife, named Bhadra, with a fair form, endowed with beauty and grace, like beauty that had become immobilized. He had six crores of gold in deposit, six out at interest, and six engaged in business, and he had six herds of ten thousand cattle each.

At that time Sri Vira, as he wandered over the earth, stopped there in a garden named Purnabhadra, an ornament on the face of the earth. Kamadeva approached on foot the Blessed One and listened to the Master's sermon that, was nectar to the car. Then Kamadeva, pure in mind, took the twelvefold layman's vows in the presence of gods, men, asuras, and the guru. He renounced women except Bhadra; herds except the six herds; money except the six crores each on deposit, out at interest, and in business. He took restrictions on remaining objects, like Ananda. Then he went to his own house, after paying homage to the Lord. When he told that he had taken the lay-vows, his wife Bhadra also went and took the lay-vows before the Master.

Story of Culanipitr

Now, there was an excellent city on the Ganga^s, Kasi, beautiful with various buildings, like the beauty of a tilaka of the earth. Jitasatru was its eminent king with unbroken power like Sutraman in Amaravati. In this city, there was a very rich householder, Culanipitr, who for some reason had reached a human status like Kubera (Manusyadharman). Of him delighting the world, there was a suitable wife endowed with beauty, Syama, like night (syama) of the moon. He had eight crores on deposit, eight out at interest and eight

engaged in business so he had twenty-four crores of gold. He had eight herds of ten thousand head of cattle each family-abodes of Wealth.

One day, the Blessed One, the last Jina, as he wandered, stopped in a garden, Kosthaka, in this city. Then gods and asuras with their Indras came there to pay homage to the Blessed one and King Jitasatru also. Culanipitr, his heart delighted, wearing his usual ornaments, went on foot to pay homage to Sri Vira, the Lord of Three Worlds. Then, after bowing to the Blessed One, Culanipitr sat down, his hands extended in the *anjali*, and listened with extreme devotion to a sermon.

Then, when the assembly had dispersed, bowing to the Lord's feet, Culanipitr, reverent, announced: "Master, you wandered over the earth for the sake of enlightening people like us. There is no other purpose in the movement of the sun except the waking of the world. Everyone, when he has come, is asked (for something). Perhaps he gives or does not give. You have come and, unasked, give *dharma*.* *Compassion* is your reason for this. I know if I take the *ascetic-vows* in the Master's presence, later there would not be so much suitability on my part, unfortunate that I am. But I ask for layman's vows. Master, be gracious to me. Give them to me. Even an oil-vessel takes its own load, no more, on the ocean. Given permission by the Master, "Take as you like," he professed the twelvefold vows suitable for laymen. He renounced gold except the eight crores in each of the three deposit, et-cetera; and other herds than the eight herds. Like Kamadeva he set restrictions on other objects. His wife Syama also took the lay-vows in the Master's presence.

At that time Gautama bowed and asked the Lord of the World: "Will this Culanipitr take the great vows (of an ascetic) or not?" The Master said: "He will not take the ascetics' vows, but devoted to lay-vows, he will go to Saudharma after death* with a life-duration of four palyas* in the palace Arunabha. After falling from there and being born in the Videhas, he will reach emancipation,"

Story of Surdeva, Cullasatika, Kandgolika

In the same place there were a householder Suradeva and his wife *Dhanya*. His gold, et-cetera were equal in quantity to Kamadeva's. Like Kamadeva he went and took the lay-vows and restrictions before the Master together with Dhanya rich in *dharma*.*

Then in his wandering the Master went to the city Alabhika and the Blessed One stopped in the garden Sankhavana in it. In that city

there were a householder, Cullasatika, with wealth equal to that of Kamadeva, and his wife Bahula. Like Kamadeva he went with Bahula to Sri Vira's presence and accepted (lay)-dharma and restrictions.

Then the Lord went in his wandering to the city Kampilya and stopped in a garden Sahasramravana. There were a house-holder, Kundagolika, whose wealth was equal to Kamadeva's, and his wife, Puspa, endowed with the ornament of good conduct. Like Kamadeva he and his wife Puspa took the lay vows and restrictions at the Master's feet.

Story of Sabdalaputra

Now in Paulasapura there lived a disciple of Gosala, a potter named Sabdalaputra, with his wife Agnimitra. He had one crores of gold on deposit, another out at interest, and a third in business; and one herd of ten thousand head. Moreover, outside Paulasapura there were always five hundred potter-shops that belonged to the potter.

A certain god said to him in a grove of asokas: "At dawn the Omniscient, the Arhat, a very holy man, to be worshipped by the three worlds, will come here. You should serve him with plank,³⁸³ stool, bedding, et-cetera." After telling him this two or three times, the god went away.

Devoted to the *Ajivika* doctrine, he thought, "Certainly my teacher of dharma, omniscient, Gosala, will come here at daybreak." With this idea he stayed and at dawn Sri Vira came there and stopped in the garden Sahasramravana. The potter went and paid homage to the Blessed One. The Master delivered a sermon and said to the potter: "Sir Sabdalaputra, yesterday a god said to you in the asoka grove: 'At dawn a holy man, omniscient, an Arhat, will come here. He must be served by you by delivery of a stool, plank, et-cetera.' At his speech you thought, 'Gosala will come,'"

After hearing this speech of the Master, he thought: "Oh! this omniscient Arhat, very holy, Mahavira has come. He must be honored, must be served in every way." With this thought he got up, bowed to the Lord, and said, his hands held out in the *anjali*, "Outside this city I have five hundred pottery shops. Favor me by accepting a stool, et-cetera, from them." That proposition was accepted.

By arguments the Lord converted him from the doctrine of Fate taken from Gosala's teaching. He abandoned the doctrine of Fate and accepted human action as authority. Like Ananda he took lay vows before the Master. But there was a difference in restrictions

three crores of gold in deposit, out at interest, and in business and one herd of cattle. His wife Agnimitira was enlightened by him himself and came and took the lay-vows before the Master,

Then the Blessed One set forth to wander elsewhere and the wretched Gosala heard all about this from popular report. "Sabdalaputraka has abandoned the doctrine of the Ajivakas and has adopted the teaching of the Nirgrantha^s ascetics." Then he thought, "I shall go there and reinstate Sabdalaputraka in the doctrine of the Ajivakas now, as before." With this idea Gosala went to his house, attended by Ajivakas, and Sabdalaputra did not salute him even by a glance. Gosala went away again, unable to reinstate Sabdalaputra in his own doctrine or to move him from his lay-vows.

Story of Mahasataka, Nandinipitr, Lantikapitr

Vira went to Rajagrha and, attended by gods and asuras, stopped at the shrine Gunasila. There was a house-holder, Mahasataka, whose wealth was equal to Culanipitr's, who had thirteen wives, Revati and others. Revati had eight crores of gold and eight herds. The others had one crores of gold and one herd each. Like Culanipitr he took the lay vows and restrictions and gave up women except the wives.

One day in his wandering the Blessed One went to the city Sravasti and stopped in the garden named Kothaka in it. There was a householder, Nandinipitr, whose wealth was equal to Ananda's. Of him there was a wife, Asvini, like Asvini of the Moon. From paying homage to Sri Mahavira he heard a sermon and, restrictions, took the lay vows and restrictions.

In the same place there was a householder, Lanlikapitr, whose wealth was equal to Ananda's and his wife, named Phalguni, who spoke little and beautifully. Hearing a sermon at the feet of Sri Vira Swamin, he took lay vows and restrictions like Ananda.

So there were ten child lay-disciples of Sri Vira Swamin, firm as mountains, who could not be shaken from their state as laymen even by gods.

The ten wonders

Thus, awakening *souls* capable of emancipation, like the sun day-lotuses, the Supreme Lord went again to the town Kausambi. In the last quarter of the day the sun and moon, occupying their eternal aerial cars, came together to this town to pay homage to the Lord. The sky being lighted up by the brilliance of their aerial cars, the people stayed there just as they were, their minds full of curiosity.

However, Candana, the head-*sadhvi*, knowing that it was time to rise to leave, bowed to Vira, and went with her attendants to her own dwelling.

But Mrgavati did not know that night had come because of the brilliance spread by the Sun present there and she stayed there from the mistaken idea that it was day. When Mrgavati knew that it was night, the Sun and Moon having gone, she went to the upasraya, frightened at the transgression* of the time.

Candana said to her, "Sadhvi, is such a thing fitting for you, well-born, that you stayed out at night alone?" As Mrgavati apologized again and again to Candana after these words, her *omniscience* manifested itself from the destruction of the destructive karmas.

While the head-*sadhvi* was sleeping, by the power of omniscience Mrgavati saw a serpent moving at Candana's side and she raised her arm from the ground. Candana, awakened, asked her, "Why did you lift my arm?" Mrgavati explained, "A big snake was moving here." Again Candana said; "Mrgavati, how did you see the snake in the impenetrable darkness? I am astonished." The Blessed Mrgavati explained: "Head-*sadhvi*, knew by the eye of omniscience which has arisen." "Shame on me scolding an omniscient," and the omniscience of chandana, blaming herself unceasingly in this way, also manifested itself instantly.

Now Gautama asked, "Lord do future events become different spontaneously because the aerial cars of the Sun and Moon have come; here?"

The Master explained: "There are ten wonders."³⁸⁴*

"Attacks on the *Arhats*, the removal of the embryo, the *descent* of the aerial cars of the Sun and Moon, the attack of Camara, an assembly of people incapable of emancipation, the one hundred and eight Siddhas, the going of Krsna^s to Aparakanka, the worship of householders, a woman Tirthankara^s, origin of the family of the Hari-line. Of these the *descent* of the aerial cars of the Sun and Moon has occurred."

Meeting with Gosala

After this explanation, the Lord went in his wandering to Sravasti and stopped in a garden Koshthaka in it. Gosala had come here earlier, his rivals destroyed by a hot flash, the people's wishes known by knowledge of eightfold omens, and, calling himself by the word 'Jina,' although he was not a Jina, he resided in the shop of a woman potter, Halahala. The simple-minded people, after hearing his assertion that he was an Arhat, kept coming and gave him

constant service. Now when the proper time came, with the Master's permission Gautama entered the city for alms, wishing to break a two-day fast. Gautama heard, "Gosala, an omniscient Arhat, is here," and, after he had received alms, went to the Lord, in a depressed state of mind. After he had broken his fast properly at the right time, pure-minded Gautama asked the Lord, while the townspeople looked on: "Master, in this town all the people call Gosala" omniscient. Is this possible or not?"

The Blessed One said: "The son of the Mankha, Mankhali, thinking himself a Jina though he is not a Jina, Gosala is a house of deceit. Initiated by me myself, taught by me, he resorted to wrong belief about me. He is not omniscient, Gautama."

After hearing this speech of the Master, the townspeople here and there in the city talked to each other at the junctions of three and four streets, "Oh! the Arhat who has come here, Vira Swamin, says that Gosala, the son of Mankhali, falsely considers himself omniscient." Then Gosala heard that by rumor and, surrounded by Ajivakas, was filled with anger, like a black cobra.

Now, the Master's disciple, Ananda, head of the elders, entered the city for alms to break a two-day fast. Seated in Halahala's house, Gosala called *Muni* Ananda, who had come in his vicinity, and said contemptuously: "O Ananda, your *acharya*, Vira, seeking respect for himself from the people, reviles me very much in public. He says that I am the son of a Mankha, not an *Arha*, not an omniscient. Does he not know my hot flash which is capable of consuming an enemy? I will reduce to ashes him and his followers. I will spare you alone. Hear an example:

In the past Avasara, Prasara, Sumvada, Karaka, and Bhalana were traders in the city Ksemila. They filled carts with merchandise and went on a trading trip. As they went, they entered by some road on a waterless forest. The five were suffering from thirst, like travelers on a desert road, and searched for water, roaming over the forest.

As he roamed about, Avasara saw an ant-hill with five peaks and he showed it to his four friends. At once they broke open its east peak together and got water from it and, after drinking, were restored to good condition.

Then Prasara said: 'its south peak should be broken open. Surely we shall get some other treasure from it.' Avasara said: 'It is not proper to open it. A serpent will come out of it. An ant-hill is the home of serpents.' Samvada, disagreeing with this said, 'No serpent came out of the east peak when it was broken open.' Again Avasara

said, 'By chance there was water here.' Then Karaka said, 'By chance there will be money in this one.' With these words Karaka began to dig. Saying, 'This is not my opinion.' Avasara went to his cart.

Bhalanu said: 'If Avasara has gone, let him go. We will dig without him.' And all dug. At once dramas fell out of that peak of the ant-hill when it had been opened and the four, without Avasara, divided and took them. Then from greed they dug open the third peak of the ant-hill and found silver. They took it and threw away the drammas. They dug open the fourth peak and found gold. They threw away the silver from greed for taking the gold. With the idea, 'In the fifth peak there will be jewels,' blind with greed, they dug it open. For greed increases with gain.

Like strong poison from the ocean when it had been stirred up very much, a serpent which poisoned by its glance came out of that peak when it was dug open. Standing on the top of the ant-hill, the serpent first looked at the sun and by its glance reduced to ashes the four with their carts and bulls, Saying, 'He is not greedy,' the serpent's tutelary deity had Avasara with his cart and bulls reach the place he wished. I will consume your guru as the serpent consumed the four. I will spare you as the serpent spared Avasara."

Then Ananda, without even carrying out his intention of obtaining alms, went to the Lord, told him what Gosala had said and, troubled, asked, "This talk of Gosala, 'I will make them a heap of ashes, is it the talk of a crazy man or is he able to do this?'" The Blessed One explained: "He is able to do it except to *Arhats*. He, with dishonorable intention, could cause mere discomfort to Arhats. So go and explain this to Gautama and the others so that they will not annoy him, if he comes here, by driving him away, even though it would be just."

Then Ananda went and told this to them. The wretch Gosala went there and, standing before the Master said: "O Kasyapa, you say this: 'Gosala, is the son of Mankhali, my pupil, et-cetera.' That talk of yours is false. The Gosala who was your disciple, of pure birth, died while engaged in pious meditation* and was born among the gods. I, a sage named Udaya, abandoned my own body and entered this body of his which endures attacks and trials. Then, since you do not know me, how can you say Gosala is Mankhali's son, your disciple? Certainly you are not my guru."

The Master said: "Just as a robber, when approached by guards and when he has not reached a cave, or a stronghold or a forest, or invisibility of himself, being stupid, thinks himself concealed by a

thread of wool or a thread of hemp or a bit of cotton or grass placed in between, so you, the same Gosala, are calling yourself otherwise. Why do you lie? You are the same one; you are not another."

Angered by this speech of the Master, Gosala said to the Lord, "Now you are crushed, you are destroyed, you cease to exist, Kasyapa." A disciple of the Omniscient, Sarvanubhuti, unable to endure this talk because of *devotion* to his guru, said to the wretch Gosala: "You were initiated by him as guru; you were taught by him alone. Why do you deny it, Gosala? You are he and no one else." Then from anger the wretch Gosala discharged his unbeaten hot flash at Sarvanubhuti like a poison-eyed serpent a flame from its eyes. Consumed by Gosala's hot flash, Sarvanubhuti died engaged in pure meditation and became a god in Sahasrara.

Gosala then, puffed up by the power of his hot flash, began to revile the Blessed One again and again. Sunaksatra, a disciple of the Master, from devotion to his guru reproved him severely as he was abusing the Master, as Sarvanubhuti had done. His body burning from a hot flash discharged by Gosala, after circumambulating the Lord, taking the vows again, making confession, repenting his faults, asking forgiveness of all the munis, *Muni* Sunaksatra died and became a god in the heaven Acyuta.

Then Gosala, behaving like a conqueror, ranting with very harsh words, was addressed by the Master with *compassion*: "You were initiated and taught by me; you were made to know the scriptures by me. You speak evil of me alone. What is this perversion of mind of yours?"

Gosala, so addressed by the Master himself, exceedingly angered, coming a little nearer, discharged a hot flash against the Lord. Powerless against the Master like a hurricane against a mountain, it circumambulated the Lord, resembling a devote. From the hot flash there was only warmth in the Master's body like that of river-water from a fire originating in a wood on the bank. The hot flash, as if angry because he had used it for a crime, alas! turned and entered gosala's body forcibly.

Burned internally by it, Gosala had *recourse* to audacity and said arrogantly to the Blessed Mahavira, "Consumed by my hot flash, you will die at the end of six months, succumbing to a bilious fever, still an ordinary *ascetic*, Kasyapa."

The Master said, "Gosala, your speech is false, since I, omniscient, shall wander for sixteen years more. But you, suffering from a bilious fever from your own hot flash, will die at the end of seven days. There is no doubt about it."

His miserable body injured by the hot flash, like a sal tree (felled) by a wind, Gosala fell moaning to the ground. The munis, Gautama and the others, angered by his contempt for the guru, said to Gosala in a loud cutting speech: "Look as this happens to those opposing a teacher of *dharma*.* Where is that hot flash of yours used against a teacher of *dharma*? Disregarded by the Lord for a long time from *compassion*, though you were making false statements, though you killed two munis, you will die from yourself alone. You would have perished in the past from Vaisakayana's hot flash, if the Lord had not protected you by his own cool flash."

Fallen among the sadhus, like a tiger into a hole, unable to subdue (them), he continued rolling on the ground from anger. Taking long, hot breaths, pulling out teeth and hair, beating the ground with his feet, saying repeatedly, "I am killed," having left the Master's house like a thief, Gosala, watched by the people, went to the shop of the potter woman, Halahala.

Then the Master said to the munis: "This hot flash which was discharged by the miserable Gosala to kill me has very strong power. Able to destroy sixteen countries: Vatsa, Accha, Kutsa, Magadha, Vanga, Malava, Kosala, Pata, Lata, Vajri^s, Mali, *Malaya*, Avadhaka, Angaka, Kasi, Sahyottara, Gosala's hot flash was acquired by severe penance."

All the munis, Gautama and the "Others, were astonished." Good people do not feel jealous of the power even of an enemy."

Gosala's death

The miserable Gosala, burned by his own hot flash, drank wine to allay the heat, accepting a bowl of wine. Intoxicated by the wine, Gosala songs and dances and frequently bows to Halahala, making an *anjali*. He *anointed* his body with clay that had been preosed for pots and rolled in the water of the house-stream and drank it frequently. He spoke disconnected and contradict in speeches; and he passed the day nursed by his sorrowful disciples.

A lay-disciple of Gosala there, Ayampula, observing a religious vigil in the first and last parts of the night, thought: "I do not know what shape of the *trnagopalika* is. I shall go and ask Gosala who is omniscient, my guru." With this resolution, wearing simple ornaments, he went at daybreak to Halahala's house and saw Gosala in such a slate. From shame Ayampula went away very quickly. He was seen by the sadhus, Gosala's disciples, who said to him, "Ayampula, in the last part of the night a doubt of yours arose re-

garding the shape of the *trnagopalika*.” Astonished, he said, “That is so.” To conceal Gosala’s behavior, the sages said again to him: “Your guru explains that the fact that he is singing, dancing, holding a cup, and making the *anjali* are signs of the attainment of emancipation. For this is the last song, dance, making of the *anjali*, drinking, *anointing* with clay, and anything else. This is a sign of the emancipation of Gosala, the twenty-fourth Arhat. Go and ask him your doubt. For he, your guru, is omniscient.”

Told this by them, he started to approach (Gosala); and they told Gosala in advance about his coming and his doubt. They had Gosala put aside the wine-cup and other things and made him sit on a scat. At that time Ayampula came. Then the wretched Gosala said to him seated before him: “You have a doubt about the shape of the *trnagopalika*. Know that the *trnagopalika* is the same shape as a bambooroot.” After hearing this, Ayampula, delighted, went to his own house.

One day Gosala, who had regained consciousness and knew that it was the time of his own death*, summoned his disciples and instructed them earnestly: “When I am dead, my body must be bathed in scented water, anointed with fragrant ointments, dressed in fine apparel, and adorned with divine ornaments. Immediately after that it must be put on a *lier* carried by a thousand men. Then it must be taken out in a procession. It must be proclaimed throughout the whole city: “Gosala, the twenty-fourth Lord Jina in this *avasarpini*, has reached emancipation.”

They promised to do this. On the seventh day, Gosala, in whom a pure heart had developed, thought remorsefully: “Oh! I am wicked. I have injured very much the Arhat Vira, my own teacher of *dharma**, in three ways, I, exceedingly evil-minded. I called myself omniscient* and deceived all the people everywhere by false teachings which resembled the truth. Alas! two *sadhus* belonging to the guru’s party were consumed by me. Alas! the hot flash was discharged against the Master for my own destruction. For the sake of a few days what crime did I not commit that results in dwelling in very many hell-abodes? Not only was I myself made a guest of hell, but all the people from the teaching of the wrong path. Very well. Even having gone so far, let the people go by the right path.”

With these reflections, he summoned his disciples and said: “Oh, sirs! all of you listen. I am not an Arhat; I do not possess *omniscience*. But I am Gosala, Mankhali’s son, Vira’s disciple. I was an enemy of (my) guru like a fire consuming (its own) shelter. I myself and the people were deceived for so long a time by me by

fraud. I shall die, an ordinary *ascetic*, consumed by my own hot flash. Sirs, I must be dragged through this city by ropes tied to the left foot. You, spitting on my face, dragging me like a dead dog, must proclaim this at the intersections of three streets and of four streets, et-cetera in the city:

‘This is Gosala, Mankhali’s son, by whom the people were deceived, the slayer of munis, not a Jina, the depository of sins, the violator of his teacher’s bed. But the Blessed Vira is a Jina, omniscient, the depository of *compassion*, a teacher of what is beneficial. Gosala disowned him entirely falsely.’ ”

He had them take an oath to this effect and died in pain. His disciples closed the doors of the potter’s house from shame. In order to satisfy their oath the disciples drew a plan of Sravasti in it and dragged Gosala, making the proclamation, et-cetera accordingly. Then his disciples took away Gosala’s corpse and made it the guest of fire with great magnificence.

Future of Gosala

Lord Sri *Vardhamana* went to the village Mendhaka and stopped there at shrine named Kosthaka. There *Muni* Gautama asked the Master at a suitable time, “To what state of existence did Gosala go?” The Master replied, “He went to Acyuta.” Again Gautama asked: “Master, how did he, evil, with such sins become a god? That is strange to me.” The Master explained: “Good head is not far from one who denounces his own sins at time of death.”

Gosala did this.” Gautama asked, “When he has fallen from Acyuta, Master, where will he be born and when will he attain emancipation?”

The Master said: “In this very Jambudvipa in the zone Bharata there will be a large city Satadvarya in the Pundras near the Vindhya. There Gosala’s *soul* will become the son, named Mahapadma, of King Sammuci and Bhadra. He will be a maharaja and two chiefs of the Yaksas, Purnabhadra and Manibhadra, will command his army. His subjects will give him, the great depository of prosperity, another name, Devasena, originated by his virtues. Of him possessing wonderful *splendor* just like a cakrin, there will appear a white, four-tusked elephant* like another Airavana. The people, delighted at the sight of him mounted on this, will give him another name, Vimalavahana.

One day as a result of karma producing hostility to ascetics acquired in a former birth, evil designs against ascetics will develop in him to a high degree. He will injure munis, as soon as he has seen or

heard of them, by abuse, beatings, bindings, burnings, and killings. The citizens, ministers, and others will say to him: "Oppression of the wicked, protection of the good is suitable for kings. If you do not protect these innocent sadhus, Master, who live on alms, great ascetics, do not protect. But why oppress them? If some *muni* becomes angry from the beating of an innocent person, then he will consume you and also your subjects by his hot Hash.' Told this by them, he will agree with their speech without feeling.

One day, seated in his chariot, he will go to a garden for sport. He will see a muni, Sumangala, who has three kinds of knowledge, whose hot flash is perfected, practicing penance in the *kayotsarga**-posture. Angry without cause, averse to the sight of a *sadhu*, upsetting him by the front of the chariot, he will make the great sage fall. The muni will get up and will assume *kayotsarga* again; and the king will make him fall to the ground again in the same way.

Sumangala will get up and again stand in *kayotsarga*.* Employing clairvoyance and knowing his (the king's former) births, he will say:

'O villain! You are not Devasena nor Vimalavahana. Remember! You are the wretched Goshala, the son of the Mankha Mankhali, you by whom your teacher in religion, the last Tirthakrt, was injured. At that time you, *arrogant*, burned two disciples of his. I shall not pardon you as you were pardoned then by them, *benevolent*. If you do that again, then I shall consume you instantly.'

This being said by him, Mahapadma, blazing up intensely like a fire sprinkled with ghi, will knock over Sumangala again. Withdrawing seven or eight paces, the *muni* will consume Mahapadma with his horses, chariot, and charioteer by his hot flash. Having confessed that deed and having observed the vow for a long time, at the end, after fasting for a month, the muni will go to Sarvartha. Falling at the end of a life-term of thirty-three sagaras and being born in the Mahavidehas, he will attain emancipation by initiation.

When Mahapadma has been consumed, he will go to the seventh hell. In course of time he will be born twice in all the hells. He will be born again and again in all the generation of animals and he will die in every case killed by a weapon and injured by burning. After wandering through painful births in this way for an endless (infinite) time, he will be born as a courtesan outside the city Rajagrha. She will be killed in her sleep by a lover greedy for her ornaments. Having become a courtesan again in Rajagrha, she will die. He will become a Brahman's daughter in the hamlet Ubhela at the foot of the Vindhya and will marry a Brahman. She, pregnant,

will be burned by a forest-fire on the road as she is coming from her father-in-law's house and will be born among the Agnikumara-gods.

Then he will be a human and will take initiation and, breaking his *ascetic's* vows, will be born in the Asuras. Obtaining human births again and again, breaking his vow repeatedly, he will be born in the Asuras, et-cetera. After attaining a human birth again and observing the vow without *transgressions**, he will become a god in the heaven Saudharma. After observing asceticism in this way through seven births and being born in heaven after heaven, he will go to Sarvartha.

After falling and becoming the son, named Drdhapratijna, intelligent, of a rich man in the Videhas, he will take the vows disgusted with existence. He, whose *omniscience* has developed, knowing his own births from the time of the wretched Gosala, which originated in disrespect of the guru and the killing of munis, will tell them to his disciples. He will instruct his disciples: 'Disrespect to the guru, et-cetera, must in no case be shown, I experienced many births as the fruit of that.' After so enlightening his disciples, wandering over the earth, Gosala's *soul* attain emancipation by the destruction of karma."

Past births of Gosala

Gautama asked again, "By what act in a former birth did Gosala become your enemy. Blessed One?"

Then the Blessed One related: "In this Jambudvipa in this Bharata in the past twenty-four there was an Arhat named Udaya. Gods and asuras came to hold his emancipation-festival. A man who lived near saw them and remembered his former births. He, self-enlightened, high-minded, became a *mendicant* at that same time and a messenger-deity delivered the *ascetic's* outfit to him.

An evil-minded man, named Isvara, saw him practicing severe penance and being honored by the people, approached and asked him: 'By whom were you initiated? Where were you born and what is your family? From whom have you obtained your text and interpretation?' The self-enlightened *muni* explained in detail and Isvara thought: 'Surely he obtains followers by fraud. I think what he said is the same as the Jina says. However, should he, free from *delusion*, not say such, then I shall go to him. I welcome *mendicancy*, the destroyer of all pain.' With this thought he went there and did not see the Lord Jina. He, slow-witted like a monkey, with disgust with existence filled with delusion, took initiation at the ganadhara's side.

When, the Jina having attained emancipation, the ganabhrta, seated in the assembly, recited the texts and interpretations pronounced by the Jina, they there was conversation to this effect, "Whoever destroy even one earth-*jiva*, he is considered without self-control the teaching of the Lord Jina."

Isvara thought: 'Jivas of the earth-category are crushed everywhere. Who is able to protect them? This incredible speech only shows his insignificance. After hearing that, who would follow the teaching of one like a crazy man? Without this, if he teaches sonic moderate asceticism, then surely all the people are pleased. However, if I did not follow it, saying, "Oh! Oh! I am killed," why would not the people follow? For that was said by the omniscient's Now I must accept atonement for falsifying the teaching of the Arhat.' With this thought he went to the self-enlightened muni. In his exposition of *dharma** also he heard that the muni must avoid injury to earth-bodies*, et-cetera in three ways.

Isvara thought: 'Who would not injure them? For instance, he sits on the ground, he eats food* cooked by fire, he drinks water. He, speaking inaccurately, says what is contradictory in itself. The ganadhara would be better. However, his speech is contradictory, also. So enough of both of them. I myself shall teach a dharma which people who are not disgusted with the world will follow in perfect comfort.'

While he was reflecting thus, lightning fell from the sky on his head. He died and was born as a hell-inhabitant in the seventh hell. After experiencing there for a long time pain that arose from the sin of hostility to right-belief in the teaching (of the Jina) when it was heard, he became a fish in the ocean here. Again he went to the seventh hell and, coming here, he became a crow. Then he went to the first hell and, coming here, became a villainous man. Again he went to the first hell and became a donkey here for six births. Then he became a human and, after he died, became a man living in a forest. Then after death* he became a cat and then went to hell. Rising up, he became a potter here and then a leper filled with worms. *Devoured* by worms for fifty years, he died and attained godhood from the involuntary destruction of karma. After falling, he became a king; and after death* he went to the seventh hell. After wandering in this way in man-, animal-, and hell-(births), he became the miserable Gosala. So from intentness on knowledge derived from memory of practices in former births, he became extremely hostile to Tirthakrts, *dharma**, and sadhus."

When they had heard this speech of the Master, many people were enlightened and, afraid of existence, took initiation: and some became laymen.

Mahavira's illness

Then the Master became weak from dysentery and bilious fever from Gosala's hot flash, but he did not use a medicine. From the sight of such illness there was a rumor among the people, "Vira will die in six months from Gosala's hot flash." Heaving that, Sinha, a devoted disciple of the Master, went to a secret place and wept aloud. Where is *fortitude* at such a speech? The Lord knew this from *omniscience*, summoned him, and said:

"Why do you grieve in your heart, afraid of popular rumor, *sadhu*? Tirthakrts never die from disease. Were not the attacks by Sangamaka and others useless?"

Sinha said: "Blessed One, even if that is true, nevertheless, all the people grieve very much at your illness, Master. So, Master, take medicine to allay the grief of people like me. We are not able even for a moment to see the Master suffering,"

At his insistence the Master said: "Do not take the pan of *gourd* which was cooked for me by the Sheth's wife, Revati. Take the pan of citron^B which was cooked for the household and come back. I shall give you satisfaction with it."

Sinha went to Revati's house and got the prescribed remedy which she gave. Immediately a shower of gold was made by delighted gods. Lord *Vardhamana* made use of the excellent medicine brought by Sinha and at once regained health, the full moon to the *partridge* (cakora) of the *congregation*.*

9. STORIES OF THE PLOUGHMAN; PRASANNA-CANDRA; THE GOD DARDURANKA; THE FUTURE ARHATSHIP OF SRENIKA; SALA, MAHA-SALA; THE CLIMBING OF ASTAPADA BY GAUTAMA; AMBADA AND SULASA

Story of the ploughman

Now, the Aghnikumara, Sudanstra, who made attacks on the Lord in the boat, became a ploughman in a certain village. One day he, who made his living by the plough, had begun to plough a field, when Sri Vira came to the village. Gautama was sent by the Master to enlighten him and said, "What are you doing?" He replied, "What is imposed by fate." Again Gautama said: "What happiness or what good deeds of yours can there be when you live by a cruel means of livelihood? This work of yours, sir, marked by destruction of life, causes pain not only here (in this life), but leads to pain in other births also. If the exertion of that pernicious work were made in religious work even in a thousandth part, then there would surely be an end to misery."

Addressed by Gautama in this way, he said: "I have been well enlightened by you today. Then give me, afraid of existence, initiation." Recognizing that he was enlightened, Gautama initiated him and set out to go with him to Sri Vira's feet. The ploughman-sadhu said to him, "Where must you go now, Blessed One?" Gautama said, "Sadhu, I must go to my guru." The ploughman said, "Surely no one is equal to you. Why do you have a guru and what is he like?"

Gautama explained: "I have here as my guru the guru of the world, possessing thirty-four supernatural *qualities*, omniscient, the last Jina." Hearing that, the ploughman-sadhu, feeling friendliness to the Omniscient, acquired the seed of enlightenment and followed Gautama.

When he saw the Lord, angry from the hostility in the births as a lion, et-cetera, he said to Gautama, "Who is this before us, Blessed One?" Gautama said, "This is the Lord Jina, my teacher in religion,"

and he said, "If he is your guru, then I have no business with you. Enough of your initiation." With these words he laid aside the Rajaharon, et-cetera, went up his own district, and resumed the plough, et-cetera.

Gautama bowed to the Master and asked: "Blessed One, this is a very strange thing to me that he is hostile to you, the joy of the people. At the mere sight of you, he renounced the vow taken of his own accord. What is the reason of this, Lord? Before, he was friendly to me, but as soon as it was explained that you were my guru, he became hostile to you and to me also, Lord."

The Master explained: "He was the lion that was torn to pieces by me as Tripirstha. Twitching from anger, he was calmed with gentle words by you, my charioteer. From that time he became hostile to me but, on the contrary, friendly to you. Therefore I sent you, Gautama, for the sake of the seed of his enlightenment."

Story of Prasannacandra

After this explanation, the Blessed One went to the city Potana and stopped outside it in the garden Manorama. The Lord of Potana, Prasannacandra, came to pay homage to the Lord Jina and heard a sermon that was destructive of *delusion*. Enlightened by the Master's sermon, afraid of existence, the king installed his son, though a child, on the throne and took the vow. Wandering with the Master, practicing severe penance, the royal sage became learned in the texts and interpretations in course of time.

One day the Blessed Vira, attended by this *sadhu* and other sadhus, went in his wandering to Rajagrha. Eager to see the Lord of the World, Srenika, surrounded by his sons, with the surface of the earth adorned by ranks of horses and elephants, went there. In the van of his army went two men, Sumukha and Durmukha, who had wrong-belief, talking to each other about various things. On the way they saw Prasannacandra enduring the heat of the sun, standing on one foot, his arms upraised.

When he saw him, Sumukha said, "Look! Surely neither heaven nor emancipation will be hard to gain for that *muni* enduring the heat of the sun." Durmukha (Abusive), both in name and fact, replied: "That is King Prasannacandra, Lord of potana, certainly. How is there *dharma** of that man by whom his son a child, is yoked to the burden of the kingdom, like a young bull to a very large cart? His son will be deprive of the kingdom by Dadhivahana, Lord of Campa, together with the ministers. The royal ethics has been trodden under foot by him; even his wives have gone some-where.

Therefore he, by whom a heretical doctrine is held, is not worthy of a visit."

Hearing that speech, a thunderbolt to the mountain of meditation*, Prasannacandra, the royal sage, instantly reflected: "Alas! the ungrateful ministers whom I always treated well have caused the overthrow of my son. If I were there now I would punish them severely."

With such reflections Prasanna untroubled from these doubts, forgot his vow. Thinking himself a king, he began to fight in his mind, and then Srenika came there and paid homage to him with reverence. Thinking, "Oh! What a state of meditation of Prasannacandra!" Srenika went to Mahavira, bowed, and said, "If the royal sage, Prasannacandra, had died at the time when, engaged in meditation, he was honored by me, where would he have gone? Tell me."

The Lord explained, "To the seventh hell." Srenika thought: "I have not heard right. There is no hell for a *sadhu*." After a moment Srenika asked the Lord again, "If Prasanna dies now, where will he go?" The Blessed One replied, "He will go to Sarvarthasiddha." Then Srenika asked, "Why this double explanation?" The Master said: "This double explanation is from the kind of meditation. At that time Prasanna was angered by the speech of Durmukha. With anger risen he was fighting in his mind with *vassals*, ministers, etcetera. At that time he, suitable for hell, was honored by you. When you had come here, he thought, 'Since my weapons* are gone, I will kill the enemy with my helmet,' and with this idea he put his hand on his head. Touching his head from which the hair had been plucked, enlightened, recalling his vow, he censured himself, Shame on the crime that I commenced,' et-cetera. Having confessed and repented, and having resorted to auspicious* meditation, he became suitable for Sarvarthasiddha in reply to your second question.

Just then a great tumult with the noise of drums of the gods arose near Sadhu Prasannacandra. Srenika asked, "Master, what is this?" and the Lord said: "Now his *omniscience* has developed as he was absorbed in meditation. The gods are holding his omniscience-festival. Their tumult of joy has the sound of drums." Again King Srenika asked, Blessed One, in whom will this omniscience reach an end in this world?"

At that time Vidyummalin, a brilliant Samanika of Brahmaloka's Indra, accompanied by four goddesses, came to bow to the Lord. Pointing to him, the Master said, "Omniscience will reach an end in this one." Again Srenika asked, "Is there omniscience in gods?" The Master explained: "After falling on the seventh, day he

will become the son of wealthy Rsabhadatta, a resident of your city. He will become a disciple, named Jambu, of my disciple Sudharman. Subsequent to him no one will attain *omniscience*." Again the king asked the Lord: "If his fall is near, why is his *splendor* not dimmed? For gods have little splendor at the end." The Master said: "Indeed, this god does have dimmed splendor now. Before, his splendor was very great because of former merit."

Story of Darduranka

After this explanation, the Blessed One delivered a sermon warning against sin in a speech adapted to every dialect. Then a man, whose body was in an advanced stage of leprosy, came there, bowed, and sat down near the Tirthesa, like a mad dog in a house. Then fearlessly he *anointed* the Blessed One's feet with the discharge from his sores like much sandal. Seeing that, Srenika thought angrily, "When he gets up, he must be killed since, very wicked, he is intent on injury to the Lord of the World."

Just then the Lord Jina sneezed and the leper said, "Die," and when Srenika sneezed, he said, "Live." Abhayakumara sneezed and he said, "Live or die." The butcher Kala sneezed and he said, "Do not live nor die." Angered by the speech, "Die," to the Jina, the king instructed his soldiers, "When he has got up from this place, seize him."

At the end of the sermon, the leper got up and bowed to Mahavira and was surrounded by Srenika's soldiers like a boar by Kiratas. Even as they looked on, assuming a divine form instantly, he flew up in the air, giving an imitation of the sun. This was described by the soldiers and the next day the Lord was asked by the king with astonishment, "Who is the leper?" and the Lord informed him, "He is a god". Again the king asked the Omniscient, "How did a god become a leper or from what reason?"

The Blessed One said, "There is a city, Kausambi by name, known to all. Satanika was its king. In this city there was a Brahman, Seduka by name, always the boundary of the poor and the extreme limit of fools.

One day his wife, who was pregnant, said to him: "Brahman, bring me ghi for the birthing. Otherwise, the pain is not to be borne.' He said to her, 'My dear, I do not have in any way cleverness by which I can obtain anything anywhere since the powerful are to be won by the arts.' She said to the Brahman: 'Go and ask the king. For there is no other wishing-tree on earth except the king,' The Brahman agreed and set out with flowers, fruit, et-cetera

to attend upon the king, like one who wished for jewels upon the ocean.

Now at one time Kausambi was completely blockaded by the King of Campa with unlimited forces, like the sky by the rainy season with clouds. Satanika stayed inside Kausambi with his army waiting for a suitable time, like a serpent in its hole. After a long time the King of Campa started with a diminished army to go to his own home in the rainy season, like a rajahansa.

At that time Seduka had gone to a garden for flowers and saw him with his diminished army like the moon at dawn with the stars without light. He went quickly to Satanika and informed him: 'Your enemy goes away with a diminished army, like a serpent with its fangs drawn. If you go after him now, then he can be taken easily. For even a stronger man, if exhausted, can be defeated by one who is not exhausted.'

The king approved his proposition and set out with a complete army, cruel by means of the van of the army that was powerful from a rain of arrows. Then the King of Campa's soldiers in the rear, perished unseeing. Who is able to see in the case of an unexpected stroke of lightning? The King of Campa escaped, a solitary fugitive, and the King of Kausambi seized his elephants, horses, treasure, et-cetera.

Satanika, delighted, entered Kausambi and magnanimously said to the Brahman Seduka, 'Tell me what to give you.' The Brahman said to him: 'I shall make my request after I have consulted my wife. For householders there is no other source of consideration except the housewife.' Very delighted, the Brahman told all this to his wife and she, very shrewd, thought to herself: 'If I have him take a village, et-cetera from the king, then he will take other wives. Surely wealth leads to pride,' 'You must ask for a daily audience, a front seat, food', and a dinar gratuity,' she instructed her husband.

The Brahman made his request accordingly and the king granted it, saying, 'When a jar has reached the ocean, it takes water suitable for itself.' So daily he received those things and attained high respect. The favor of kings spreads great benefits for men. He was honored by the people constantly, 'He is honored by the king.' Who would not serve the man to whom the king is gracious?

He ate several times daily, vomiting what he had eaten before, from greed for gifts. Alas! Brahmans are greedy. The Brahman prospered from the numerous gifts of money and spread out with sons, grandsons, et-cetera like a banyan with its roots. But his skin became injured by the raw liquids coming up constantly from the

vomiting of undigested food*, like a pippal^B injured by lac. Gradually he became a leper with his nose, feet, and hands destroyed. He ate before the king just the same, *insatiable* like a fire.

One day his ministers told the king: 'Your Majesty, that man is a leper. Leprosy is contagious. For him to eat here is not fitting. His children are healthy. Let one of them eat here. If a statue is broken, another statue is set up.' The king said, 'Very well,' and the Brahman was so informed by the ministers. He installed a son in his place and stayed at home himself.

The Brahman, crowned with a mass of small flies, like a honey-cake, was thrown out of the house into a hovel by his sons. His daughters-in-law also did not go to feed him, filled with disgust, spitting, their heads turned away, holding their noses. His sons did not obey his orders when he had been put outside; but gave food in a wooden bowl to him like a dog. The Brahman reflected: 'They have been made wealthy by me. I have been abandoned by them regardless, like a boat by men who have crossed water. They do not please me even by words; they actually make me angry. An angry leper is not satisfied, concealed with the words, "He should not be," Just as they are disgusted with me, I will do so that they shall be disgusting.'

After these reflections, he said to his sons: 'I am tired of living. This is the custom of the family, sons. Those who are about to die must give the household an animal that has been purified by a charm. Bring an animal.' Delighted at hearing this, slow-witted like an animal, they brought an animal. He made his body burst repeatedly from food and fed the animal the diseased discharges so that it became leprous.

One day the Brahman killed the animal and gave it to his sons. They, ignorant of his intention, foolishly ate it. The Brahman took leave of his sons, saying, 'I shall go to a holy place for my own benefit.' And he went away, head erect, considering a forest to be a refuge.* As he was exceedingly thirsty, he wandered in the forest for a long time, looking for water, and saw a pond, like a friend, in a place with various trees. The Brahman drank the water that had leaves, flowers, and fruit scattered by the trees on the bank and was heated by the midday summer sun, like an infusion. As he, suffering from thirst, drank the water again and again, a purging with worms took place. In a few days he was cured and had beautiful limbs from the water in the pool, like a tree from spring. Delighted at being cured, the Brahman returned to his own house quickly. Men have an

affection for their place of birth when a fine appearance arises from a difference in the body.

Entering the city, he was beheld by the citizens with astonishment, glistening like a snake that has cast off its old skin. Questioned by the townsmen, 'How have you been cured as if reborn?' the Brahman explained, 'By propitiation of the gods,' He went to his own house and saw with pleasure that his sons were lepers. He said to them, 'This fruit of contempt was well given by me.' The sons said, 'Cruel father, why did you, like an enemy, do this to us trusting (you)?'

Reviled by the people, he came to your city, king, and, shelterless, took shelter with a doorkeeper who kept a door for a living. We came there at that time, and the doorkeeper left the Brahman in charge of his work and went to hear our sermon. He served at the door and in pain from hunger ate at pleasure the offering in front of the door-Durgas,³⁸⁵ as if he had not seen any in his life. From the food* that he ate up to his neck and from summer-heat he was made like a desert traveler filled with thirst that has developed. From fear* of the door-keeper, he did not go to wells, et-cetera, deserting his post, but suffering from thirst, he considered water-creatures fortunate. Crying, 'Water! Water!' he died from thirst and was born a frog in the tank at the city-gate here.

In our wandering we came again to this town and the people came forth eagerly to pay homage to us the frog heard the news of our arrival from the lips water-carriers and thought to himself. Somewhere I have heard this before.' Then as he used uha and apoha again and again the recollection of former birth he like the recollection of a dream, took place immediately. The frog thought: 'The Blessed One has come here, whom the doorkeeper went to worship before, after putting me in charge of the door. Just as these people go to see him, I shall go, too.' 'The Ganga*, common to all, is ancestral (property) of no one.' Then as he jumped along the road with the intention of paying homage to us, the frog died, crushed by your horse's hoof, as he came.

Purified by *devotion* to me, he was born a god, Darduranka."For intention bears fruit surely even without accomplishment." Indra said in his assembly, 'The followers of the Arhat are inferior to Srenika.' He did not believe this and came to test you. He *anointed* my feet with gosirsa-sandal. Every other strange thing was done for the confusion of your eye."

Srenika said: "Master, why did he say something inauspicious when the Lord sneezed, but something auspicious* and inauspicious

when others sneezed?" The Blessed One explained: "Why do you stay in existence even today? Seek emancipation quickly," he said to me in the word, 'Die.' He said 'Live,' to you since you are happy while living. When you are dead, O man-lion, you will have an existence in hell. He said to Abhaya 'Live or die,' because he practices *dharma** while he lives and will be in the palace Anuttara after he dies. He said, 'Do not live and do not die,' to the butcher Kala because he is devoted to evil while living and will go to the seventh hell after death."

Srenika's future

After hearing this Srenika bowed to the Blessed One and asked, "How shall I have existence in hell, Lord of the word, When you are the Lord?" The Blessed one said: "In the past, king, you acquired age (-hell) before starting in dharma because of which you will go there necessarily. The fruit of good and bad karmas acquired in the past first be consumed Padmanabha, Its of the future twenty-four the Jina, king, so do not grieve."

Srenika said, "Is there any means by which I can escape hell, like a blind man a hidden well?"

The Blessed One replied: "If you make the Brahmani Kapila give alms cheerfully with *devotion* to sadhus; if you make the butcher Kala give up killing, then there would release from hell, not otherwise, king."

Duly carrying the admonition to this effect in his heart, like a necklace on his heart, he bowed to Sri Mahavira, and went to his own house.

Just then in order to test him Darduranka showed him a *sadhu* committing a sin as a fisherman. After seeing him, having restrained him from sin gently, saying, "May there be no stain on the teaching," the king went to his own house. The god showed him a *sadhvi* who was pregnant. Devoted to the doctrine, the king hid her in his own house. The god appeared in person and said to him, "Well done! Well done, sir! You are not to be moved at all from right-belief, like a mountain from its base. King, you have been seen to be just as Sakra described you in his assembly. Such people do not speak falsely."

Then he gave Srenika a pearl necklace with a row of constellations made by day (as it were) and also a pair of balls."Whoever mends this necklace when it is broken will die." With these words, the god vanished like a dream. Joyfully the king gave Queen Celana the divine beautiful necklace, but the pair of balls to Nanda. Nanda,

high-tempered, jealously thought, "I am suitable for that gift," and threw the pair of balls against a pillar and burst them. From one shone a pair of earrings like a spotless pair of moons. From the other a pair of linen garments came out. Nanda took these divine gifts joyfully. Unexpected acquisition by people of high rank is like a cloudless rain.

The king asked Kapila, "Give alms to sadhus with faith. I shall provide you who are without means for alms with heaps of money." Kapila said, "If you made me of solid gold or if you kill me, yet I will not commit this sin."

The king said to the butcher Kala, "Give up slaughter, I will give you much money. You are a butcher from greed for money." The butcher Kala said: "What fault is there in butchery by which men live? I will certainly not give it up." Saying, "How will he carry on the business of slaughter here?" the king threw him in a hidden well and kept him prisoner a day and night.

Then the king went and declared to the Blessed One, "The butcher has given up slaughter this day and night, Lord." The Omniscient replied, "O king, even in the hidden well he has killed five hundred buffaloes, after making them out of clay himself." Srenika went and saw that himself and was much depressed from that." Alas! my former karma is as the Blessed One said, not otherwise."

Sala and Mahasala

The Sri Vira, wandering with his return from that place, attended by gods and asuras, went to the city, Prsthacampa. King Sala and Crown Prince Mahasala, brothers, came there to pay homage to Vira, brother to the three worlds. Enlightened by hearing his sermon, they themselves installed on the throne their nephew, Gagali, the son of Yasomati and Pithara. Then Sala and Mahasala, disgusted with living in worldly existence, took the vow at Sri Vira's lotus-feet.

After some time the Blessed One, possessing the thirty-four divine characteristics, wandering with his retinue went to the large city, Campa. Then at the Master's command Ganabhrat Gautama went to Prsthacampa with sadhus Sala and Mahasala. There King Gagali paid homage to Gautama with *devotion*, and his father and mother and others, citizens, ministers, et-cetera also paid homage to him.

Seated on a golden lotus-throne made by the gods, Indrabhuti, who had four kinds of knowledge, delivered a sermon. Gagali,

enlightened, installed his son on the throne and took initiation at Gautama's feet together with his parents. Attended by these three and Sala and Mahasala, *Muni* Gautama went to Campa to pay homage to the Lord.

On the way *omniscience* of these five who followed Gautama *mainifested* itself from the power of a pure state of mind. All reached Campa; they circumambulated the Lord Jina, but Gautama bowed to him. After they had bowed to the *congregation**, the five went to the assembly of kevalins. Gautama said to them, "Look! Pay homage to the Supreme Lord." The Master said, "Gautama *sadhu*, do not insult the kevalins." Gautama apologized to them together with a *mithyaduskṛta*."

Climbing of Astapada

Gautama, very depressed, thought; "Will my omniscience not become manifest? Shall I not reach emancipation in this birth?" He recalled the gods saying, "It was said by the Arhat, 'Whoever lives for a night on Astapada, after bowing to the Jinās, will be emancipated in the same birth.' "At that time with confidence in the gods' words Muni Gautama wished to go to Astapada to pay homage to the Tirthakṛts. Knowing his wish and that enlightenment from penance was near, the Arhat gave Gautama orders for homage to the *Arhats*. Delighted by the Master's command that was in accordance with his own wish, Muni Gautama went to Astapada in a moment by supernatural (power of) flying, like the wind.

Now, when they heard that Astapada was a means of emancipation, ascetics Kaundinya, Datta, and Sevala went to climb it. The first, always observing fasts of one day and breaking the fasts by green bulbs, et-cetera, reached the first terrace with five hundred ascetics. The second, observing fasts of two days and breaking the fasts by dry bulbs, et-cetera, reached the second terrace with five hundred ascetics. The third, observing fasts of three days and breaking the fasts with dry duck-weeds, reached the third terrace with five hundred disciples.

Unable to climb higher, as they stood looking up, they saw Gautama, shining like gold, whose body was fat. They said to each other: "We are not able to climb this mountain, though we are thin. How will he, fat, climb it?" While they were saying this, Gautama climbed the mountain and became invisible instantly like a god. They said to each other: "This is some magic power of the great *sadhu*. If he comes, we shall become his disciples." With this deter-

mination, the ascetics eagerly watched for him returning, like a brother, experiencing great longing.

Gautama went to the shrine which Lord Bharata had ordered to be made, which resembled the shrines on Nandisvara, ornamented with (statues of) the twenty-four Jinas. He paid homage with extreme *devotion* to the matchless statues of the twenty-four *Arhats*. After he left the shrine, Gautama sat on the ground under a large asoka tree^B and gods, asuras, and Vidyadharas paid homage to him.

Gautama delivered a sermon suitable for the occasion to them and, questioned by them because they considered him to be omniscient, solved their doubts. When he delivered the sermon, he said as an introduction: "With bodies* nothing but skin and bones, with creaking joints, suffering from exhaustion just from talking, moving only from spiritual strength, sadhus become such as a result of severe penance."

Hearing that, Vaisravana, perceiving his large size, laughed a little at the thought, "His words do not agree with himself." Indrabhuti, who had mind-reading knowledge, knew his thought and said: "Thinness of the body is not a standard, but, look you! there should be a grasp on meditation.* For instance:

Story of Pundarika and Kandarika

In this Jambudvīpa in the province Puskalavati, the ornament of Mahavideha, there is a city Pundarikini. Its king was Mahapadma; his wife was Padmavati; and their sons were Pundarika and Kandarika. One day King Mahapadma listened to *dharma** in the presence of sadhus who had come to a garden Nalinavana. After installing Pundarika on the throne, Mahapadma took the vow. *Omniscience* arose from the destruction of karma and in course of time he reached emancipation.

One day the sadhus came again to Pundarikini and Pundarika and Kandarika listened to dharma then. Pundarika, a sadhu in spirit, went to his house and said to Kandarika in the presence of ministers: 'Dear boy, do you take this great ancestral throne, I am afraid of existence and shall take initiation which wards off fear* of it.' Kandarika replied: 'Why do you make me fall into the cycle of births? I shall take the vow and cross the ocean of births.'

When he did not do what was asked by the king two or three times in regard to the throne, then he was allowed to take the vow; and was thus instructed by him seeking his welfare.

'The senses are difficult to repress in this existence; the mind is always fickle; youth in the house of change; carelessness is inborn

in men. Trial and attacks are hard to bear. That would have to be accomplished by you with a resolute vow, dear boy. Indeed, *mendicancy* is hard to practice. Rather, observe lay-duties and take care of the kingdom. Take initiation when youth has passed. Then it is suitable.'

Kandarika said: "That is true. Nevertheless, what I said must be done. Certainly I shall become a *mendicant*.'

Kandarika took initiation, but King Pundarika, restrained from the vow by the ministers, remained at home, a mendicant in spirit. Kandarika, his body *emaciated* by numerous penances, observing all the practices of sadhus, become dear to the sadhus.

One day, when the spring season was unfolding, *Sadhu* Kandarika's mind became confused from the maturing of good conduct-obscuring karma. He thought: 'Enough of this mendicancy of mine. I shall go and accept the throne which my brother offered me before.' With this thought, he went to Pundarikini and stopped in a garden. Hanging his bowls, et-cetera to a tree, he rested on cool ground with a green couch. Soon he had himself announced to the king by the gardener; and the king went there with his ministers and paid homage to him.

The king knew, "His equipment fastened to a tree, resting on vegetable-bodies", alone, I think he has abandoned the vow,' and said: 'Sirs! you all remember that he, though I opposed it, took the vow at that time as a boy from excessive *zeal*.' After saying this, Pundarika installed Kandarika on the throne for which he asked and delivered the royal *insignia* to him. King Pundarika received a sadhu's equipment from him and, after taking initiation himself, pure-minded, wandered as a mendicant.

'His vow broken, emaciated, he seeks food', like a poor man,' ridiculed thus by his attendants, Kandarika became exceedingly angry in his heart." First I shall eat and later I shall kill, et-cetera these ridiculers, thinking, he went in the house. He ate three kinds of food the worst, medium, and the best as he liked, up to his neck, like a young pigeon at daybreak. During the night because of staying awake from the food and because of the excessive food that was indigestible, a kind of cholera developed and he had great pain. His stomach was swollen like a leather bag filled with air; his breathing was obstructed and there was severe burning with thirst.

Thinking, 'He is a wicked man with a broken vow,' his ministers had no medical attendance called in and he, suffering, thought, 'If I live through the night somehow, at dawn I shall execute all these ministers and their families.' Thus with a black *soul-color* and

engaged in cruel meditation*, he died and was born a hell-inhabitant in the seventh hell, Apratisthana.

With the thought, 'By good fortune the long-desired *dharma** has been taken and I shall practice it in the presence of a good guru,' Pundarika set out for a good guru. After reaching the presence of a good guru, *Muni* Pundarika took the vow again and broke his fast of three days. Injured by cold, harsh food* taken at the wrong time, soft, worn out by the blood dripping from his feet from walking on the ground, seated on a couch of grass, after asking for a shelter in a village, he thought, 'When shall I take initiation under a guru?'³⁸⁶ Making the act of propitiation completely, absorbed in pure meditation, even though his body was fat, he died, and went to Sarvartha *Siddha*. So the fatness or thinness of ascetics is not a standard. Pure meditation is the means for the highest object of existence (i.e. *moksa*)."

The god, Srida's samanika, grasped the lesson on Pundarika, which had been told by Gautama for his sake, by its termination alone. He adopted right-belief, but Vaisravana delighted by the understanding of his opinion, bowed, and went to his own *abode*.

In this way Master Gautama passed the night in teaching; and at dawn the ascetics saw him descending the mountain. The ascetics bowed to him and said: "Mahatma, depository of penance, we wish to be your disciples. Be our guru." Master Gautama said to them: "The Supreme Lord, the Omniscient, Arhat Mahavira is my guru. Let him be your guru." But Gautama initiated them, as they were persistent, and the outfit of sadhus was brought to them at once by a god.

They set out with Gautama to go to the Master, like young elephants with the Lord of the herd on Mt. Vindhya. At a hamlet on the road at time for alms, the head of the order said to them: "What do you wish for breaking your fast? I shall bring it." They said, "Rice pudding." When he had finished taking alms, Gautama had in his bowl just enough to fill his own stomach and he brought that. Indrabhuti said to them: "Sit down, sadhus. All of you break your fast with this rice pudding." Thinking: "What is the use of that much pudding? Nevertheless, he is our guru," all the munis sat down. Indrabhuti dipping his right hand thumb inside the bowl fed them all by means of the magic power of an unfailing *labdhi*³⁸⁷ and ate, himself, afterwards, astonishing them.

"By good fortune we have obtained Vira, Teacher of the World, as our guru in *dharma**, and this *muni* like a father and enlightenment which is very hard to obtain. By all means we had merit

acquired (in the past)." As they were thinking this, the *omniscience* of the ones eating duck-weed took place there quickly while they were eating. Brilliant omniscience of Datta and his followers took place while they were looking at the miraculous appearances,³⁸⁸ and of Kaundinya and his followers while they were looking at Sri Vira.

After circumambulating the Lord, they went to the assembly of omniscients."Pay homage to the Master," Gautama said to them. The Lord said, "Do not insult omniscients," and Gautama apologized to them together with *mithyaduskrtam*, Gautama thought again: "Shall I not be emancipated in this birth? I have teacher-karma. But they are fortunate, initiated by me, in whom, high-minded, omniscience has arisen."

As he was thinking this, the Blessed One said to him: "Gautama is the speech of the gods or of the Jinas true?" He replied, "Of the Jinas." "Do not show lack of restraint. For the affections of disciples for their gurus become equal to screens of straw, forked grain, skin and wool. Yours is like a screen of wool. From long association your affection for me is very strong. Your omniscience is blocked by it and will take place when it ceases to exist." For Gautama's enlightenment and the instruction of the others, the Supreme Lord composed the lecture, "The leaf of the tree."³⁸⁹

Ambada and Sulasa

Just then a flying worshipper of the Lord of the World, a stranger, the *mendicant* Ambada came there, carrying an umbrella and a triple staff. He circumambulated the Lord Jina three times, bowed to him, his hair erect from joy, making the *anjali*, and recited a hymn of praise with *devotion*.

Stuti

"I am present in your mind.' With these words presence is hard to obtain. If you are present in my mind enough of anyone else. Having restrained some from anger and favored some from satisfaction, the dull-witted are deceived by enemies devoted to deceit. How can this unequal fruit be obtained from one untroubled? Do not the thought-gem, et-cetera bear fruit, though without consciousness? Worship of those freed from passion is the best observance of your teaching. The teaching, carried out, leads to emancipation; not carried out, it leads to worldly existence. Throughout *samsara* your teaching has the range of being rejected or accepted. The channel of karma must be rejected by all means; the blocking of karma must be accepted. 'A channel of karma is the source of existence; the

blocking of karma is the cause of emancipation.' This is the essence of the Arhat's teaching. Anything else is the expansion of it. Countless people, devoted to carrying out teaching to this effect have become emancipated; others are being emancipated somewhere and others will be emancipated likewise. Abandoning misery for the sake of favor,³⁹⁰ by your teaching alone creatures are surely freed from the net of karma."

After hymming the Teacher of the World thus, he sat down in the proper place and heard the Master's sermon, his eyes unwinking like a god's. When Ambada started to Rajagrha at the end of the sermon, after bowing to the Lord, the Master himself said to him:

"Please ask Sulasa, the wife of the charioteer! Naga, there respectfully and tactfully, about her behavior because of our teaching." Saying, 'I agree,' he went to Rajagrha through the air. Stopping at the door of Sulasa's house, he thought: "In the presence of gods, asuras, and kings, the Lord of the Three Worlds was favorable to Sulasa. What can I do to test her?"

Possessing the magic power of transformation, he assumed another form. Clever, he entered Sulasa's house and asked for alms. Making the assertion, "I give alms to a *sadhu* who is worthy," Sulasa did not give at that time to him when he asked.

Then leaving the city, he assumed the form of a Brahman and remained absorbed in meditation* at the door of the east city-gate. Seated in the padmasana,³⁹¹ having four arms and four faces, wearing the Brahmanical sacred thread and a rosary, adorned with a crown of twisted hair, accompanied by Savitri, with a *hansa* for a vehicle, he taught *dharma** and delighted the minds of the townspeople who thought, "This is Brahma in person." Summoned by her women friends, "Brahma himself is outside (the city) ", Sulasa did not go, afraid of acquaintance with false belief.

On the next day Ambada stayed at the south gate in the garudaposture, holding the conch, disc, club, and bow, in the form of Govinda (Visnu)⁸. Not to be moved from right belief, Sulasa did not go there even at the rumor of Visnu which caused confusion to the people.

On the third day at the west gate, with a bull for a vehicle, moon-crested, accompanied by Gauri, with a skin-garment, three-eyed, smeared with ashes, carrying a staff with a skull on top, holding a trident, carrying a bow, holding a skull, with a necklace of headless bodies*, surrounded by various demi-gods, Ambada taught *dharma**, having become Hara, and stole the minds of the

townspeople. But she, an advanced lay-woman, did not go even to see him.

On the fourth day in the north he created a divine *samavasarana* adorned with three walls, with wide portals. When the townspeople heard that he, having become the Jina, was stationed there, they approached him with especially great magnificence and livened to dharma from him. This being so, Ambada sent someone to carry Sulasa who had not come. He went and said: "Sulasa, the Master of the World, the Lord Jina, has stoped in a samavasarana. So come, lady. Why do you hesiate to pay homage to him?"

Sulasa said to him, "He is certainly not the Teacher of the World, the Blessed One, Sri Mahavira, the twenty-fourth Lord Jina." He replied: "Foolish woman, certainly he, the twenty-fifth Tirthankara^s, is here. See him before your eyes."

Sulasa said: "Certainly there is no twenty-fifth Jina. This man is some evil-minded rogue who deceives the people."

He said; "Do not make a distinction. Propagation of the doctrine is taking place, lady. Come there. What harm to you will there be?"

Sulasa said: "Propagation of the doctrine does not take place in this way by deceit, but only wrong propagation."

"When he saw Sulasa unshaken like this, resolute, Ambada, with confidence created in his heart, thought: "The Teacher of the World justly honored her in the assembly. Her right belief was not shaken by me even by trickery." Then suppressing all trickery, he entered Sulasa's house in his own form, pronouncing the *naisedhiki*.

Sulasa got up to greet him and said: "Welcome to you, brother in religion, best lay-disciple of Vira, the brother of the world."

She washed his feet, affectionate like a mother, and paid homage devotedly to her own house-statues. He paid homage to her statues and said to her: "Pure-minded lady, pay homage to the permanent and impermanent statues with my voice." She paid homage to the statues, her head resting on the ground, with her mind permeated with *devotion*, seeing them as if before her eyes.

He said to Sulasa again: "You alone are virtuous; about whom the Master himself asked news today by my lips." Delighted at hearing that speech, she paid homage to the Lord and, the hair on her body exact from joy, recited a hymn of praise in a clear voice.

With the intention of testing her again, he said to her cleverly: "Brahma and others desended here and expounded dharma. The townspeople have gone to pay homage to them and have listened to

dharma from them. Why have you not gone even from curiosity, Sulasa? "

Sulasa said: What kind of ascetics are Brahma and others, who have weapons to kill and wives to serve? What dharma do they teach who? they themselves are deeply engaged in wrong-doing? Who can endure seeing them, who has seen the Blessed Mahavira, the friend of the world and has adopted his dharma?'

"Well said! Well said!" saying, Ambada, rejoicing, went to his house, Sulasa always guarded in her heart the dharma of the *Arhats* which is absolutely beyond criticism.

10. STORIES OF DASARNABHADRA, SALIBHADRA AND DHANYAKA

Dasarnabhadra

Now the Lord, surrounded by gods and asuras, in the course of his wandering from the city Campa arrived at the country Dasarna. In it there is a large city, Dasarnapura, and its king was named Dasarnabhadra, who was very magnificent.

There his spies said to him as he was seated in the assembly in the evening, "Vira, the Lord Jina, will come to this city of yours at dawn." Delighted at that speech, the king wore a coat of mail, as it were, of hair erect from joy, like Vidura a multitude of small pearls at thunder. He said in the presence of the assembly, "At dawn I shall pay homage to the Lord with a magnificence with which no one in the three worlds has paid homage to him."

With these words the King of Dasarnapura dismissed all the ministers, et-cetera and went to the women's quarters." Thinking, "I shall pay homage to the Teacher of the World in this way and I shall recite such hymns of praise to him," he passed the night with difficulty, engaged in such reflections. Just as the sun rose, the royal sun summoned the city-superintendents and others and instructed them, "The road between my house and the Master's *samavasarana* must be decorated with all magnificence, suitable for my passage."

And now, the Blessed One arrived outside the city and a *samavasarana* was erected there by the gods. The king's servants executed the king's order immediately. Results are produced by an order of kings just as by the mind of gods. The dust of the king's highway was laid with saffron water the surface of the road was made uneven with heaps of flowers. At intervals arches with golden pillars were erected, and platforms were prepared, adorned with rows of golden vessels, *variegated* with tiger-skins, covered with Chinese cloths, excellent with fly-whisks, beautiful with jeweled mirrors. Garlands, fragrant with baskets and bags of perfume, were fastened by the thousand to pillars placed on both sides of the road. Solid shade was made by lofty pavilions, imitating the beauty of thunder, with awnings which had bunches of pearls. At close

intervals were set jars of burning incense and the pavilions had shoots of smoke from scattered aloes and camphor. When they had in this way made the road like a piece of heaven, the officials informed the king who was eager for a sight of the Master.

After he had bathed, the king, with divine ointment and ornaments on his person, wearing clean garments, wreathed, mounted the best elephant.* *Resplendent* with a white umbrella over his head and with fly-whisks at his sides, the best of kings set forth like the king of gods (Indra). The king was followed by *vassals* and others by the thousand, wearing ornaments of great price, like vaikriya-forms of himself.³⁹² immediately after him followed the women of his family, whose forms surpassed that of Saci, resplendent with waving fly-whisks. The king, being praised by bands of *bards*, hymned by singers, shown their own skill by the men who decorated the road, with a new pavilion resulting from the unbroken line of the kings' umbrellas, gradually reached the *samavasarana*.

He circumambulated the Supreme Lord three times, paid homage to him; and sat down in the assembly in the proper place, proud of his own magnificence. Perceiving his pride in magnificence, in order to enlighten him, Pakasasana created an aerial car made of water. Together with gods Sakra got into the aerial car, Jalakanta, which was beautiful with large lotuses on the edge of water clear as crystal, filled with the cries and answers of maralas and cranes, adorned with blossoms^B falling from the rows of creepers of kalpa-trees, shining with blue lotuses made of sapphire, gleaming highly with blooming golden lotuses resting in lotus-beds made of emerald, bearing rows of pennants from the series of billowing waves. Fanned with fly-whisks by; thousands of goddesses, listening a very little to a concert commenced by musicians, his gaze directed down on the earth purified by the Master's feet, then the lord of immortals descended to the world of mortals. Having descended to the world of mortals, Purandara^s mounted, with the support of their hands extended by the goddesses who had mounted first, the best of the elephants of the gods, mighty with eight tusks with sheaths made of jewels, his back covered with fine cloth, his feet like a mountain with its base set on golden lotuses adorned with stalks of emerald. The crest-jewel of the gods went to the *samavasarana*, penetrated with *devotion*, worshipper of the Lord Jina's feet.

Then concerts took place at every lotus in the pleasure-tanks in the aerial car, Jalakanta. At each concert a god with rank corresponding to Indra, fair with divine beauty and finery, was a spectator.

The magnificent retinue of each god like Maghavan was a source of astonishment to everyone. Sakra himself was astonished at the magnificence of the aerial car. Why speak of other glories inferior to it?

Hari^s, observed by the astonished gods and men present there, bowed to the Lord again and again, his pearl-necklace touching the ground. Dasarnabhadra was transfixed instantly by the sight of Sakra's magnificence, like a villager by the magnificence of a city. His eyes opened wide from astonishment, Dasarnabhadra thought:

"Oh! the *splendor* of Sakra's aerial car is the "Greatest in the world. Oh! the beautiful body of the elephant" of Indra! Oh! that extent of the power of Puruhuta! I felt pride in my own glory, alas! There is the same difference between Sakra and me as between the ocean and a puddle. I despise myself for that pride in magnificence. Never having seen such magnificence before, I was like a frog in a well."

As he was so meditating, gradually attaining disgust with existence, having light karma because of these thoughts, a very pure change took place in him."If I have been surpassed by Bidaujas by that magnificence, nevertheless I shall surpass him now by taking initiation. Not only shall I surpass him now by taking the vow, but I shall defeat the enemies in the form of karma that cause wandering through births."

After so reflecting, the king of Dasarnapura, *discerning*, discarded his crown, bracelets, et-cetera, just while he was standing there. Dasarnabhadra tore out all the hair from his head in five handfuls, as if it were the root of the tree of karma. While Sakra looked on, wide-eyed from astonishment, he went to the side of the ganabhart and received the outfit of a *sadhu*. The *ascetic* Dasarnabhadra, possessing unprecedented strength of will and daring, went and paid homage accompanied by circumambulation to the Lord of the World.

Sakra said: "Bravo! mahatma, this is heroism on your part. By it you have surpassed me, not to speak of anyone else."

After saying this and bowing to him, Sakra went to his own place. *Muni* Dasarnabhadra observed the vow fully. The Lord of the World, devoted to assistance to *souls* capable of emancipation, wandered from that place to other towns, et-cetera.

Salibhadra

Now, a young woman named *Dhanya*, whose family had perished, came to Saligrama, (a suburb) of Rajagrha. She brought with

her son, a child named Sangamaka. For it is hard to abandon the offspring of the womb even in misfortune. The boy herded the small calves of the townsmen there. For that is an easy livelihood suitable for poor boys.

One day a certain festival took place there and Sangama saw rice pudding eaten in every house. When he had gone home, he asked his mother for rice pudding. She said: "I am poor. How would there be rice pudding in my house?" Begged again and again by the boy from ignorance, she wept aloud, remembering her former prosperity. Her neighbors, their hearts pieced as it were by the pain of her crying, asked her the reason for her grief. She told them in *stammering* words the reason for her grief. They gave her milk, etcetera and then she cooked a rice pudding. She carried a dish of molasses, ghi, and rice pudding, and gave it to the boy; and went into the house on some task.

Just then a *muni*, who had fasted for a month, came for alms to break the fast. He was a boat to him (the boy) for crossing the ocean of births. He reflected: "Like a sentient thought-gem, Like a living wish-granting tree, like a *cow* of plenty that is not an animal, the great *sadhu* has come very fortunately because of my past merit. Otherwise, how would I, wretched, meet such a worthy person? Because of some maturing of past merit today my wish, goods, and a suitable person happened. Indeed, this meeting is a triveni³⁹³

With this thought he picked up the dish and gave the rice pudding to the *sadhu*. The *muni*, compassionate, took it as a favor to him. The *muni* went away and Dhanya came from the house." I think he ate that and she gave him rice pudding again. *Insatiable*, he ate rice pudding until he was full. During the night, thinking of the *sadhu*, he died from indigestion from the pudding.

From the power of the gift he came into existence in the womb of Bhadra, the wife of Gobhadra, a rich man in the city Rajagrha. Then she saw a well-ripened field of rice in a dream and related it to her husband. He explained that she would have a son. She had a pregnancy whim, "I wish that I might perform pious acts of liberality," and Gobhadra, fair-minded, fulfilled it. When the time was completed, the sky ablaze with light, Bhadra bore a son like the ground of Mt. Vidura bearing a jewel.

Because of the dream that was seen, on an auspicious* day the parents gave their son an auspicious name, Salibhadra. Tended by five nurses,³⁹⁴ the gradually grew up and was taught the arts by his father, when he was slightly under eight years of age. When he was grown, dear to young women, he sported with friends of his own

age, like another Pradyumna (Kamadeva). the sheths of the city came and offered to give Bhadra's husband thirty-two of their daughters in marriage to Salibhadra. Delighted, Gobhadra eagerly married the girls endowed with all the favorable marks to Shlibhadra. Salibhadra, like the lord of the gods, amused himself with them in a beautiful palace that was like a palace in heaven. Immersed in joy, he distinguished neither day nor night; his parents themselves supplied him with the means of pleasure.

Gobhadra took the vow at Sri Vira's feet and, having fasted according to rule, went to heaven. Knowing by clairvoyance that Salibhadra was his son, overcome by his merit, he became absorbed in affection for his son. The god gave him and his wives divine clothes, finery, et-cetera daily, like a wishing-tree. Any task that was suitable for humans, Bhadra performed that. From the power of his former gift, he enjoyed pleasures only.

One day Srenika was approached by some merchants who had obtained jeweled blankets and Srenika did not take them because of their high price. Then the merchants went to Salibhadra's house and Bhadra took the jeweled-blankets at the price asked. At that time Queen Celana said to King Srenika, "Take one blanket suitable for me at a high price." The king asked the merchants for one blanket at the price and they said, "Bhadra took all the blankets." Then Srenika sent a clever man to Bhadra to get a blanket by paying the price.

Bhadra, when he asked her, said: "After cutting up the jeweled blankets, I made foot-cleansers for Salibhadra's wives. If anything can be done with worn-out jeweled blankets, after going and asking the king, come and take them." He went and told the king this. Queen Celana said, "Look! Between me and merchants there is a difference like that between brass and gold." When Salibhadra had been invited by Srenika who sent the same man from curiosity, Bhadra came and explained: "My son truly does not go outside, king. Do me a favor, Your Majesty, by coming to his house." From curiosity Srenika agreed to that. She went ahead to her house, a waiting the moment (of his coming). She decorated the markets with varied cloths, jewels, and tiger-skins from her house to the palace.

Summoned by her, the king went to Salibhadra's house, observing the decoration of its markets that looked like it had been made suddenly by the gods. The house had swinging festoons of sapphire on top of golden pillars; the ground at the door was uneven with rows of pearl-svastikas; it had awnings made of divine cloth; it was filled with incense from fragrant substances, like a duplicate of heavenly palaces that had been placed on the earth. The king entered

it, wide-eyed from astonishment, and sat down on a lion-throne in the fourth story.

Bhadra went to the seventh story and said to Salibhadra: "Srenika has come here. Come at once to see him." He said to Bhadra: "Mother, attend to the business which you know yourself. What have I to do with that?" Then Bhadra said, "This is not goods to be bought; but he is lord of all people and of you also." Hearing that, Salibhadra thought despondently: "Out upon this lordship in wordly existence since there is another lord of even me. Henceforth, enough of these pleasures of mine like coils of a serpent; I shall take initiation at Sri Vira's feet very soon."

So filled with *desire* for emancipation, at his mother's insistence, he went with his wives and bowed respectfully to the king. Srenika embraced him and set him on his lap, like a son. When his head was smelled from affection, he shed tears at once. Bhadra said: "Your Majesty, let him go, since, although a mortal, he suffers from the scent of garlands of mortals. The sheth became a god and daily brings him an his wives divine finery, garments, unguents, etcetera."

Then dismissed by the king, he went to the seventh floor.

Bhadra informed the king, "You must dine here," and the king agreed to that from courtesy to Bhadra. She arranged everything at once. What does not succeed with the wealthy? Then the king bathed quickly with oil, water and powder suitable for the bath; and a ring fell from his finger into the house-tank. While the king was searching for it here and there, Bhadra instructed the slave-girl, "Draw off the tank-water to another place" When she had done so, the king was astonished to see his ring like a charcoal in the midst of bright, divine ornaments. The slave-girl, asked by the king, "What is this?" said, "Every day what has been worn the day before by Salibhadra and his wives is thrown here" The king reflected, "He is certainly very rich and now I am rich in whose realm there are such people." Then the chief of kings and his attendants dined and, honored with various ornaments, garments et-cetera, went home.

While Salibhadra was wishing for release from worldly existence, a friend in religion came and told him, "A *muni* named Dharmaghosa, like *dharma** embodied, who has four kinds of knowledge, honored by gods and asuras, has come to the garden." Then Salibhadra joyfully got into his chariot and went there. After paying homage to the *acharya* and the sadhus, he sat down before them.

As the suri was giving instruction, he bowed and asked, "Blessed sir, by what act is one born a lord and not something else?" The Blessed One said, "All the people of the whole world, who take initiation, share in lordship." "If that is so, lord, I shall take the vow, after I have gone and taken leave of my mother," Salibhadra declared. Told by the suri, "Do not be negligent," Salibhadra went home, bowed to Bhadra, and said:

"Today I have heard dharma, which has become the means of release from all pain, from the lotus-mouth of Sri Dharmaghosa Suri." Joyfully Bhadra praised Salibhadra: "You did well, son. You are your father's son." He said: "If this is so, mother, favor me. I want to take the vow. I am indeed my father's son."

She said: "Son, this striving for the vow is suitable for you. But in that case red chick-peas must be eaten constantly. How would you, delicate by nature and nourished by divine food*, observe the vow, like a young calf pulling a chariot?" Salibhadra said, "Men, nourished by (divine) food, are unable to endure the hardships of the vow, only if they are weak, not others."

She said: "Abandon luxuries gradually. Endure the scent of garlands on humans. After such practice take the vow, son." Then Salibhadra agreed to Bhadra's proposal and day by day gives up one wife and one mattress. (belongings)

Dhanya

Now in this city there was a very rich man, named Dhanya, the husband of Salibhadra's youngest sister. At that time Salibhadra's sister was bathing him (her husband) in tears and he asked her, "Why are you crying?" She replied with sobs: "My brother abandons one wife and one mattress each day in order to take the vow. I am crying for that reason."

Dhanya said jokingly: "Whoever does so is afraid of penance, like a jackal. Your brother is lacking in courage." His other wives said to him laughingly, "If the vow is easy to practice, lord, why do you yourself not practice it?" *Dhanya* said: "These women who were an obstacle to the vow have given their consent to me today because of my merit. So I shall take the vow quickly."

They said seriously: "Be kind. We said that as a joke. Do not abandon wealth and us, wise sir."

"Giving up impermanent things women, money, et-cetera from a *desire* for a permanent state, I shall certainly take initiation," *Dhanya* said and got up. "Following you, we shall take initiation,"

they said. Noble-minded Dhanya gave his consent, thinking himself fortunate.

Now, Sri Vira stopped on Mt. Vaibhara and Dhanya heard of him at once from word from a co-religionist. After giving gifts, he got into a *palanquin* with his wives and, afraid of existence, went to Mahavira's feet as a refuge.* With his wives he took initiation in the Master's presence.

When he heard that, Salibhadra hastened forth, thinking himself excelled. After that, accompanied by King Srenika, he went and took the vow at Sri Mahavira's feet. Then the Master, Siddhartha's son, with his entourage went elsewhere in his wandering, like the lord of an elephant-herd with the herd.

Dhanya and Salibhadra became very famous and practiced severe penance like the edge of a sword. Completely indifferent to their bodies*, the munis broke fast after fasts of a fortnight, a month, two months, three months, and four months. The great munis, Dhanya and Salibhadra, became like leather bags from fasting, their bodies *emaciated* and bloodless.

One day, the munis, accompanied by Sri Mahavira, came to the city Rajagrha, their own birth-place. Then the people by reason of preminent faith, went unceasingly from the city to pay homage to the Lord of the World occupying a *samavasarana*. Both Dhanya and Salibhadra at the end of a month's fast bowed to the Blessed One (for permission) to wander for alms at the right time. Told by the Master, "Today you will breakfast at your mother's," Salibhadra said, "I wish it," and went away with Dhanya.

The two went and stepped at the door of Bhadra's house; and they were recognized by no one because of their emaciation from penance. Even Bhadra, intent on the thought, "I am going today to pay homage to Sri Vira, Salibhadra, and Dhanya," eager, did not recognize them. After waiting there a moment, the great sages went away. They left (the city) by the highway from the city-gate.

Then Dhanya, Salibhadra's mother in a former birth who was going to sell curds and ghi in the city, met them. When she saw Salibhadra, a flow of milk look place and, after she had paid homage, devotedly to their feet, she gave them both curds. Salibhadra went to Sri Vira's presence, narrated that and, making the *anjali*, said, "Master, how was the fast-breaking from the mother?" The Omniscient explained to *Muni* Salibhadra that *Dhanya* was his mother in a former birth and explained other things arising from the other birth.

After breaking their fast with the curds and taking leave of the Master, Salibhadra and Dhanya went to Mt. Vaibhara. Salibhadra and Dhanya resorted to the fast named 'padapopagama' there on a slab of rock that had been inspected for life.

At that time his mother Bhadra and King Srenika, full of devotion, went to Sri Vira's presence. Then Bhadra said: "Where are the munis, Dhanya and Salibhadra? Why have they not come to my house for alms, Lord of the World?" The Omniscient said: "The munis went to your house. But you' your mind intent on coming here did not know them. Your son's mother in a former birth, Dhanya, going to the city, gave them curds and they broke their fast with that. Both, noble, eager to abandon existence, went to Mt. Vaibhara and observed a fast."

Then Bhadra went with Srenika to Mt. Vaibhara and saw them placed in such a way, as if they were made of stone. Seeing his miserable condition and recalling his comforts, she wept, making Mt. Vaibhara weep, as it were, by the echoes.

"Do not show me disfavor, son because miserable I, having little luck, through carelessness did not know you when you came to my house. Even if you have deserted us, yet you will rejoice our eyes by the sight of you. This was my wish formerly. Now you are intent on destroying that wish of mine, by this undertaking with the purpose of abandoning the body, son. The penance which you undertook there, I do not oppose for you; but this is much harsher. You became like a slab of stone.

Then Srenika said: "Why do you weep instead of rejoicing? You who have such a son, along among women, have a son. He, knowing the fundamental principles, noble, having abandoned wealth like straw, reached the Master's feet like the highest place (emancipation) before his eyes. He practiced penance suitable for a disciple of the Master of the World. Why is he annoyed uselessly by you, foolish woman, because of your woman's nature?"

Thus enlightened by the king, Bhadra paid homage to the great munis and, disconsolate, went to her own house. Srenika did likewise.

After the two great munis died, they became chief-gods in the heavenly palace named Sarvarthasiddha, immersed in an ocean of wonderful joy, with life-terms of thirty three sagaras.

11. THE STORY OF RAUHINEYA; THE KIDNAPING OF ABHAYAKUMARA; STORY OF UDAYANA; CAPTURE OF PRADYOTA; INITIATION OF UDAYANA

Story of Rauhineya

Then the Blessed Vira inspired by a *desire* to benefit humanity, wandered through hamlets, towns, mines, capital villages, et-cetera. At this time there was a thief, named Lohakhura, living in a cave in Mt. Vaibhara near Rajagrha, like the sentiment *Fury personified*. During the festivals and similar functions on the part of the citizens of Rajagrha, he frequently seized the opportunity to commit outrages like a demon; and in consequence of carrying away property and enjoying other men's wives, he looked upon the city as a treasury, or indeed, his own house. Theft only, no other occupation, was a pleasure to him. Demons are pleased with no other food* but flesh.

By his wife Rohini, he had a son Rauhineya who resembled him in person and character. When the father's death* was near at hand, he summoned his son and said, "I shall give you some advice, if you will be sure to follow it." "Most certainly I shall follow your advice. Who on earth would disregard a father's teaching?" Rauhineya replied. Then, delighted by this speech, the thief Lohakhura, caressing his son, spoke solemnly as follows: "Do not listen to the speech of that Vira who preaches inside a *samavasarana* built by the gods; but rather, son, do as you please, without restraint! After he had given this advice, Lohakhura died. Rauhineya attended to the funeral ceremonies of his father, and then practiced theft unceasingly, as if a second Lohakhura had appeared. He guarded his father's advice, as if it were his very life and robbed the city Rajagrha, as if it were his own slave.

At that time, as he was wandering gradually through towns, villages, and mines, Vira, the last Tirthankara^s, surrounded by fourteen thousand great ascetics, setting his feet on beautiful golden lotuses put in motion by the gods, came there (to Rajagrha); and for the Lord Jina the gods, the Vaimanikas,⁷ the Jyotisikas, the Asuras, the

Vyantaras, made a *samavasarana*, where the Blessed Vira gave religious instruction in a speech adapted to every dialect and extending for a *yojana*.

Then Rauhineya too as he was on his way to Rajagrha, arrived in the vicinity of the asserabiy-hall which was on the way and meditated to this effect: "If I go by that road, I shall hear Vira's discourse and my father's command will be broken. Yet there is no other road; so be it."; With this reflection, he covered his ears with his hands, and quickly went on to Rajagrha. As he came and went every day in this manner, one day near the *samavasarana* a thorn was broken off in his foot; and because of the pain in walking, he was not able to take a step without extracting the thorn imbedded in his foot. Thinking, "There is no other way," he took his hand from his ear. While he was extracting the thorn, he heard the voice of the Teacher of the World."The gods do not touch the earth with their feet, their eyes are unwinking, their wreaths are unwithered, their bodies* are free from perspiration and dust." "Alas! I have heard a great deal! "Quickly he pulled out the thorn, covered his ear with his hand, and departed in that manner.

Now, as the city was robbed daily by this thief, the leading merchants went to Srenika and announced: "While you are ruling, Your Majesty, we have no other fear"; but, on the other hand, our property is seized and carried away by thieves who are not seen, as if by slaves." The king indeed sympathized with them just as if they had been his relatives, and spoke with a burst of anger to the chief of police: "Do you take pay from, me, having turned thief, or having become a sharer, since these men are robbed by thieves, whom you ignore?" He replied: "Your Majesty, a certain thief, named Rauhineya, robs the citizens. He cannot be caught, even when seen. He jumps from house to house like a monkey, and then easily gets over the wall with a leap like lightning. While we follow his track by the road, he disappears. Verily, lost by one step, he is lost by a hundred. I can neither kill nor catch this thief. Therefore, Your Majesty, take charge of this police-business of yours."

Then the king, by raising an eyebrow, indicated to the minister Abhayakumara that he was to speak, and he said to the policeman: "Equip a force consisting of the four branches,³⁹⁵ and station it outside the city. When the thief goes inside then surround the city. After he has been frightened inside, he will take the lightning like jump and fall into the hands of the army outside, like a deer into a net. Led here by his own feet, as if by witnesses, the great thief must be captured by vigilant soldiers." The chief of police received

instructions to this effect and went away. Being clever, he secretly armed the force and placed it as he had been told,

On that day, Rauhineya came from another village and unknowingly entered the surrounded city, like an elephant* an elephant-trap. The chief of police led the thief, captured and bound by these means, to the king and handed him over.”Just as the good deserve proper protection, so the wicked deserve punishment. Therefore, let him be punished.” The king gave such orders. Then Abhaya said: “Verily, as he was caught without any stolen property, he does not deserve punishment. After an investigation, he must be punished.” Thereupon the king questioned him: “Where do you come from? What is your occupation? For what reason have you come here? Are you Rauhineya?”

Terrified at hearing his own name, he said to the king:

“I am Durgacanda, a householder in Saligrama. I came here on a matter of business, and my curiosity having been aroused, I stayed in a temple until late at night. As I was going to my own house, I was challenged by guards like demons, and jumped the wall. Verily, fear* of one’s life is a great fear. After I had escaped the guards in the city, I fell among the troops of guards outside, like a fish dropped by the hand of the fisherman into a net. Now, although innocent, I am led here by them, having bound me like a thief. you essence of *niti* consider.”

Then the king sent him to prison, and at once sent a man to the village to make enquiries regarding his character. In the beginning (before this), the thief had forced the village to make an agreement. Even some thieves have amazing forethought for the future. When the village was questioned by the king’s man in regard to his true character, the people said: “Durgacanda was a resident here, but has gone to another village.” When this was reported by the man who had gone there, the son of Srenika thought, “Alas, even Brahma does not penetrate well-planned deceit.”

Next, Abhaya prepared a seven-storied palace, ornamented with precious jewels, like unto a palace of the gods. Adorned with charming young women equal to Apsarases in beauty, it was looked upon as a piece of Amaravati that had fallen from the sky. A great festival with a concert rendered by a troupe of singers produced at once the magnificence of a real Gandharva city. Then Abhaya intoxicated the thief with wine, clothed him in fine apparel, and laid him on a couch. When he arose, the intoxication having passed away, he perceived immediately a divine *splendor*, unprecedented and amazing.

Just then, groups of men and women, in accordance with Abhaya's instructions, said to him: "Hail! O Delight of the World and other *auspicious things*." In this great palace you have now become a god. You have become our master; we are your slaves. Sport with these Apsarases at your pleasure, like Indra." They addressed him agreeably and coaxingly with this introductory speech." Have I become a god?" While the thief reflected thus, they clapped their hands for a concert. At that point, a certain man carrying a gold scepter approached and abruptly demanded, "What is this, sirs! that you have started in this way?" They replied: "Doorkeeper, we have undertaken this to show our cleverness and accomplishments to our lord." He (the doorkeeper, said: "Show your accomplishments to your lord; but nevertheless, have him carry out the customs of heaven." What custom?" When the man heard this, he said angrily: "Have you forgotten even this? Whoever originates Here as a god, relates his own former actions, good and bad; then he may share the joys of heaven." "In the excitement of acquiring a lord, we forgot all this. Favor us. Have the god carry out the practice of heaven," they said. The doorkeeper, said to Rauhineya, "Come, tell us your former deeds, good and bad; then later enjoy the delights of heaven."

Then the thief thought: "Is such a thing true, or is it a trick planned by Abhaya to test me? How can I determine this?" As he was reflecting thus, he remembered the speech of the Jina that he heard when he extracted the thorn. "If the true nature of the gods as described by Vira fits (them), I shall tell the truth; if not, I shall answer falsely." Reflecting thus, he deliberately observed them as they touched the surface of the earth, impure from perspiration, with withered wreaths and winking eyes. Having detected the whole trick, the thief considered a reply.

The doorkeeper said, "Please tell the story to all these gods eager (to hear it)." Rauhineya then related: "In a former incarnation I gave gifts to worthy persons, and founded temples; I set up idols and worshipped them with eightfold worship;³⁹⁶ I performed pilgrimages and honored gurus. I practiced the conduct of the good, such as these things mentioned." After he had related this, he was commanded by the scepter-bearer, "Tell your bad deeds, also," "As the result of association with ascetics, I have never done anything wicked." Rauhineya replied. The doorkeeper said, "A life passes according to several natures; so confess theft, adultery, and other things." "Would anyone guilty of such conduct reach heaven? Does a blind man climb a mountain?" answered Rauhineya. They went and reported all this to Abhaya, and Abhaya reported to King

Srenika."By such means it is not possible to determine who is a thief. Even if he is a thief, he must be released. The law cannot be broken." So on the advice of the king, Abhaya released Rauhineya. Sometimes even the wise are deceived by those clever in deceit.

Then the thief reflected: "Shame upon the teaching of my father, by which for too long a time I have been defrauded of the nectar of the speech of the Jina. If the speech of the Lord had not entered the hollow of my ear, then I would have entered the realm of *Yama* as the result of many beatings. Verily, a cure of making me live as if I had been a sick man was produced, when I heard the speech of the Jina, even though by accident. Alas! I ignored the word of the Arhat, and took delight in the word of a thief for a long time. I cast aside mangoes^B for nimbas,³⁹⁷ like a crow. If a part of his instruction bears such fruit, what will his teaching, regarded in its entirety, accomplish?" Reflecting thus, Rauhineya entered the presence of the Jina, bowed with reverence at his feet and made confession:

"In the ocean of worldly existence of living creatures, an ocean filled with crocodiles in the form of terrible calamities, your speech extending for a *yojana* is a big ship. I was prevented from hearing your words for so long a time, and was deceived by my father, who was not a friend (to me), (though) thinking himself a friend, O Teacher of the Three Worlds. Protector of the Three Worlds, they are blessed who always as believers drink the nectar of your speech with the cups of their ears; but I, wicked, inattentive to your speech, O Blessed One, covered my ears and passed this place, alas! On one occasion, I heard one speech of yours, though unintentionally; by it, as if by a magic syllable, I was saved from a Raksasa of a king. As I was saved from death*, so, Lord, save me drowning in a whirlpool of the ocean of *samsara*, Lord of the World! "Then out of pity for him the Master gave him pure instruction in the duty of a *sadhu*, which furnishes access to emancipation.

After he was enlightened, Rauhineya made *obeisance*, and spoke as follows, "Lord, please decide whether or not I am suitable for the duties of an *ascetic*." On being told, "You are suitable," he said, "Lord, I am going to take the vow, but (first), I want to tell Srenika something." "Say what you have to say, without fear* or hesitation." Addressed thus by King Srenika, the son of Lohakhura said: "Your Majesty, I whom you hear here am that Rauhineya, the robber of your town, in accordance with the popular report. By one speech of the Jina, the cleverness of Abhayakumara, hard to cross, was crossed by me like a river by a boat. I robbed this whole city of

yours; it is not necessary to look for any other thief, O Royal Sun! Send someone so that I can show the plunder. Then I shall make my life fruitful by wandering as a *mendicant*.”

At the command of Srenika, Abhaya himself rose and went with the thief, and the people of the town went along out of curiosity. Then the thief showed Srenika's son the treasure concealed in mountains, rivers, bowers, cemeteries, and other places; and Abhaya distributed the treasure to everyone what belonged to him. There is no other course of conduct for ministers who know *niti*, and are not *avaricious*. After he had told the whole truth and enlightened his own people, Rauhineya, believing, attached himself to the Jina. Then King Srenika, performed the ceremony of going out (into homelessness), and Rauhineya took the vow of *mendicancy* at the feet of Sri Vira. Beginning with a one-day fast, for six months he performed wonderful penance for the destruction of karma. *Ema-ciated* by penance and having accomplished complete destruction of the passions,³⁹⁸ he bade farewell to Sri Vira and performed padapopagama³⁹⁹ on the mountain. With pure meditation*, remembering the nama-skriya⁴⁰⁰ to the five spiritual dignitaries, *Muni* Rauhineya abandoned his body and went to heaven.

Contest between Pradyota and Abhaya

Then the Blessed One, surrounded by gods to the number of a crores of least, wandered as a mendicant to destroy tirthakrt-karma. By teaching *dharma**, the Master converted some as laymen and some as sadhus, including the king and minister. Now, King Srenika in the city Rajagrha practiced right-belief, and governed his city with complete observance of law.

One day, King Candapradhyota set out from the city Ujjayini with complete equipment to besiege the city Rajagrha. Pradyota and fourteen other crowned kings, coming there, were looked upon by the people as Paramadharmikas.

King Srenika learned from spies that he was coming, splitting open the earth, as it were, with horses capering skillfully. He reflected a while, “How is this cruel Pradyota, who is making an attack here like a cruel crocodile, to be *deprived* of his strength?” Then the king looked with nectar-sweet glance at the face of Abhayakumara, the depository of inborn and other kinds of knowledge;⁴⁰¹ and Abhaya, whose name was appropriate, declared to the king: “What cause of anxiety is there? The king of Ujjayini would be my fight-guest today; yet in a matter to be settled by wit, talk of

sword against sword is idle. Therefore, I shall use wit. Verily, wit is a *cow* of plenty for producing victory.”

So he planted an iron box with “Money inside in the ground in the camp of the enemy troops outside the city. At that time the city Rajagrha was surrounded by the troops of King Pradyota, like the earth by the waves of the ocean. Next, Abhaya sent soft-speaking spies to King Pradyota with a letter as follows: “I make no distinction between Queen Siva^s and Celana.⁴⁰² Therefore, you are to be honored at all times because of the connection with Queen Siva. Because of that, Lord of Avanti, I speak to you only from *desire* for advantage to you. All your princes have been seduced by King Srenika. Money has been sent them to make them his; and they, after accepting it, will bind you and deliver you to my father. The money has been buried in their dwellings for their benefit. Dig and look. Who, indeed, looks at a fire, when there is a lamp at hand? “After he had been informed to this effect, he (Pradyota) dug up the dwelling ground of one prince and there the money was found. When he had seen this, he fled in great haste. After he had disappeared, the king of Magadha churned his whole army like the ocean and took treasure elephants, horses, et-cetera, on all sides. Then King Pradyota reached his own city somehow or other, by means of a horse swift as the wind, with his breath of life reaching his nostrils. Even the ones who were crowned kings, and other great warriors, disappeared too like crows in flight. For an army without a leader is ruined. With hair unconfined and disheveled and their heads bereft of parasols, they too arrived in the city Ujjayini, following the king.” This is a trick of Abhaya’s, no one else. We do not do such things.” So, by an oath, they convinced the king of Ujjayini.

On one occasion, the lord of Avanti, out of patience, said in the assembly, “Whoever binds and delivers Abhaya to me, what will he obtain?” Thereupon a certain courtesan raised her hand like a banner and announced to the king of Avanti, “I here am sufficient for the task,” and the king of Avanti commanded her: “If that is so, then do it. I shall give you money, et-cetera to assist you. Tell me now what you need.” She reflected, “Since Abhaya is not to be taken by other means, I shall accomplish my purpose by adopting the disguise of religion.” Then she asked for two mature women, whom the king supplied at once together with much money. Showing *zeal*, daily worshipping, self-controlled, the three became very famous, (as) having great wisdom.

Then the three went to the city adorned by Srenika, incarnations of guile, as it were, to deceive the three worlds. The best of courtesans took up her residence in the garden outside (the city) and went to the city with the intention of worshipping the images in succession. After they had said 'naisedhaki' three times, she and the other two women entered the temple erected by the king, with superlative magnificence. After she had performed a puja, she began to pay homage to the god in a song united with melodies, Malava and Kausiki, et-cetera. Abhayakumara, too, went there, wishing to worship the god, and saw her ahead, worshipping with the two others."I must not, by entering, create an obstacle to her seeing the god." Thinking thus, Abhaya stopped just at the door and did not enter the shrine.

When she arose after she had prayed and sung a hymn of praise with her hands in the pearl-oyster position,⁴⁰³ then Abhaya approached her. He observed such *devotion* on her part, her dress; and her calmness, and delightedly spoke to her, "By good fortune, fair lady, now, there is a meeting with a coreligionist like yourself. In *samsara* there is no relative of the *discerning* better than a coreligionist. Who are you? Why have you come? Where do you live? Who are these, with whom you shine like a digit of the moon with Svati and Radha?" Then the fictitious laywomen answered: "I was the wife of a wealthy merchant, a citizen of Avanti, but am a widow; and these are the wives of my son who, left widows by death, are lusterless like vines on a broken tree. These two at that time consulted me about the vow, Verily, the vow is a protection for women whose husbands are dead. I told them: 'I also, having lost husband and son, will undertake the vow. But let the fruit of layman-ship by won a pilgrimage. Verily, in the vow, a spiritual puja, not a material one is fitting.' Saying this, I set out on a pilgrimage with them,"

Then Abhaya said, "Be our guest today, for hospitality to fellow-pilgrims is even more purifying than a holy place," and she replied to Abhaya, "What you say is quite right, but how can I be your guest today, when I am observing the fast of on the day visits holy places?" Delighted by her devotion, Abhaya addressed her again, "Then tomorrow you must surely enter my house." "Since the birth of a human is completed in a moment, how can a wise person say, I shall do this tomorrow?" With the reflection, "Let her be for the present. Invite her again tomorrow," Abhaya left her, and after he had paid homage to the image, went to his own house.

The next morning, Abhaya invited her (to his house), had her worship the household images, provided refreshments, and gave her

gifts of many clothes and other things. The next day, Abhaya was invited by her (to her house) and went alone. Verily, what will such men not do from regard for a coreligionist? She gave Abhaya many dainties to eat and gave him beverages mixed with Candrasa wine to drink. After he had eaten and risen, the son of Srenika immediately went to sleep. Verily sleep is the first companion of wine-drinking. She, the home of deceit hard to detect, sent him to Avanti in a chariot, and in other chariots that had been stationed at intervals. At that time, searchers came there, hunting here and there, who had been ordered by Srenika to look for Abhaya. "Has Abhaya come here?" they asked her, and they said, "Abhaya came here, but went away at once." Believing what she said, the searchers went elsewhere,

By means of horses stationed in relays, she arrived in Avanti, where she delivered the furious Abhaya to Candrapadyota, and declared the true nature of the stratagem for bringing Abhaya. To her Padyota said, "You did not do well, since by means of a religious trick you captured him who had confidence in religion"; and to Abhaya he said, "You, although known; *niti* and well versed in the seventy stories, were caught by her like a parrot by a cat." Abhaya replied, "You are very clever, whose royal duties prosper by this kind of cleverness." Ashamed and angry, King Candrapadyota cast Abhaya, like a rajahansa, into a wooden cage. Now, a chariot named Agnibhiru, queen Siva^s, an elephant^{*} Nalagiri, and a messenger Lohajangha, are the jewels of his (Padyota's) kingdom. The king sent Lohajangha to Bhrgukaccha very often, and the people there, exhausted by his coming and going, made the following plan. "This man comes twenty-five yojanas in a day, talks to us⁴⁰⁴ frequently. So now we will kill him." Having made this plan, they put poisoned sweetmeats in his food^{*}, and took away all the other food that was in the bag. After he had gone a certain distance on the road, he stopped on a river bank to eat the food, and there were unfavorable omens. As he was conversant with omens, he started up without eating and went a long way. Then, (although) hungry and eager to eat, he was prevented again by omens. Again, he went a long distance, tried to eat, and was prevented by omens.

Then he went and told the whole incident to Padyota; and the king summoned the son of Srenika and questioned him. He, being wise, smelled the food-bag and pronounced this decision, "There is here a serpent that poisons by its glance that originated from the combination of substances. If he had opened the bag, he would have been consumed, certainly. So turn it loose in the forest with your

face averted." At this advice of Abhaya, it was set free in that way. The trees were consumed at once, and it died."Ask (any) boon from me, except release from custody." When the king told him this, Abhaya replied, "Let the boon remain in reserve for me."

Story of Udayana and Vasavadatta

Now, King Candapraditya had a daughter, Vasavadatta, born from Angaravati, like Sri from the ocean. Cherished by nurses, she grew up gradually, and played in the court-yard of the palace, the Lakshmi of the kingdom in person, as it were. The king was very devoted to her and esteemed her, covered with all auspicious* marks and endowed with *qualities* of humility, et-cetera, even more than a son. Under teachers worthy of herself she learned all the arts. The art of music alone remained without a teacher and the king asked a minister who had seen much and heard much: "Who, pray, will be a teacher for my daughter in the study of music? Generally the art of music is especially suitable for amusing the husband in the case of kings' daughters who have gone to the husband's house."

The minister said: "King Udayana, who is a veritable reincarnation of Tumburu, is now the crest-jewel of the best musicians. He is reported to have a surpassing skill in music and he captures elephants in the forest, after lulling them by singing. He goes to the forest and sings and the elephants, as lulled by his singing as if they had drunk liquor are entirely unconscious of being captured. Just as he captures elephants in the forest by the device of singing, even so there is a means of capturing him and bringing him here. An elephant* must be made from wood, just like a real one, in the forest there, which will make motions, walking, sitting down, et cetera, by mechanical means. Armed soldiers will stand within the wooden elephant. They will make the elephant move and they too will capture him (Udayana). After they have captured him in this way and brought him here, at your order the king of the Vatsas will teach music to your daughter Vasavadatta.

The minister, approved by the king saying, "Very good," had such an elephant made that it was superior to a real elephant in its qualities. Foresters took it to be a real elephant that could bite, toss up its trunk, trumpet, walk, et-cetera. Foresters described the elephant to Udayana and Udayana went to the forest to capture it. He dismissed his attendants at a distance and entered the forest, walking about very slowly as if looking for birds. When he approached the trick elephant*, Udayana sang aloud, surpassing the Kinnaras;⁴⁰⁵ and while Udayana sang a nectar-sweet song, the men

inside kept the elephant motionless. The lord of Kausambi thought it was lulled by his song and approached it very slowly, as if he were walking in the dark."He has been hypnotized by my song." With this thought, the king approached, jumped up, and mounted the elephant like a bird lighting on a tree. The soldiers, who were Pradyota's agents, descended from the interior of the elephant, threw the king of the Vatsas from the elephant's shoulder, and took him prisoner. Alone, unarmed, unsuspecting, surrounded by a hundred soldiers, like a boar by dogs, he did not resist.

The soldiers delivered the king of the Vatsas to Candapradhyota who said to him: "Teach your own art of music to my daughter who is one-eyed. By teaching my daughter, remain comfortably in my house. Otherwise, your life depends on me, as you are a prisoner." Udayana reflected: "I shall pass the time teaching the daughter. Verily, a living man sees fair things." With this reflection, the king of the Vatsas the man who indeed knew the arts accepted Pradyota's command.

Candapradhyota said to him: "My daughter is one-eyed. Do not look at her. If you do, she will be embarrassed." After saying this, he went to the *harem* and said to his daughter: "You must not look at the music-teacher who has come, because he is a leper." Accordingly, the king of the Vatsas taught her music and they did not see each other, both of them deceived by Pradyota.

One day, the king of Avanti's daughter was absent-minded because she was thinking, "I am going to see this man," and recited incorrectly. Verily, conduct is subject to the mind. Then the king of the Vatsas scolded the king of Avanti's daughter: "Why do you waste my teaching? Why are you hard to teach, one-eyed girl?" Angered by his censure, she said to the king of the Vatsas: "Why do you call me one-eyed? You do not see yourself, a leper." Whereupon the king of the Vatsas reflected: "She is the same kind of a one-eyed person as I am a leper. Certainly I will see her." At this thought he, quick-witted, tore down the curtain and saw her like a digit of the moon with the clouds scattered. Wide-eyed Vasavadatta saw him with a fair body like Manmatha^s in person.

When Vasavadatta had seen him and the king of the Vatsas had seen her, they gave each other a smile that indicated the growth of a mutual love. Pradyota's daughter said: "Oh! Oh! I have been deceived by my father, sir, I who did not see you like the moon in the darkness of *amavasya*.⁴⁰⁶" Teacher of the arts, you taught me all the arts thoroughly. Let them be of use to you, no one else. Be my husband." This king of the Vatsas replied: "Fair lady, I also have

been deceived by your father. I was prevented from seeing you by his concealing you with the words, 'She is one-eyed.' Beloved, let our union take place, even while we remain here. At a suitable time, I shall take you away, as Vainateya (Garuda) took the nectar." They spoke thus in direct communication with each other in a manner charming with intelligence and the union of their bodies* took place as if in emulation of the union of their minds. A slave-woman, Vasavadatta's nurse, a suitable depository of confidence, named Kancanamala, alone knew their behavior. Served by the slave Kancanamala alone, they lived as man and wife, unknown to anyone.

One day Nalagiri pulled up his post, knocked down two elephant-drivers and, roaming as he liked, terrified the townspeople."How is that elephant, which is controlled by no one, to be subdued?" the king asked Abhaya who suggested, "Have king Udayana sing." Commanded by the king, "Sing to Nalagiri," Udayana and Vasavadatta sang to him. As a result of hearing his song, the elephant Nalagiri was thrown and made captive. Then the king gave Abhaya another boon which he kept in reserve also.

One day the king, accompanied by a train of women from the *harem* and of wealthy citizens, went to a garden for a picnic. At that time the minister Yogandharayana was wandering along the path, reflecting on a means of freeing the king of the Vatsas. Unable to control in his heart the burning power of his own cleverness, he spoke aloud. Generally what is in the mind is also in the speech."If I do not take her and her and her and the long-eyed maiden for the king, I am not Yogandharayana." Candapadyota, as he was walking, heard his clever speech and looked at him with a leering glance. Yogandharayana, who was a judge of human nature, knew at once by the gestures, et-cetera, of the others that the king of Avanti was angry. First of the quick-witted, the minister adopted this expedient to sown his partisanship of the king of Kausambi. He took of his upper clothing and, standing in the deformed shape of a ghoul committing a nuisance, he made it appear that he was possessed by a demon."That is someone possessed by a demon." The king recognized this and restrained his anger at once, like an elephant-driver restraining an elephant. Then Candapadyota, who had a faultless voice, went to the garden and began a musical entertainment an *efficacious* remedy for the elephant Smara^s. Eager to see new skill in music, King Pradyota summoned Vasavadatta and the king of the Vatsas. The king of the Vatsas said to Pradyota's daughter, "Fair lady, now is the time for us to mount the she-elephant* Vegavati and

go' At Udayana's command the king of Avanti's daughter at once had the she-elephant Vegavati, that was faster than the wind, led out. As the girth was being fastened, the elephant cried out; and a blind astrologer, who heard the cry, said, "Since the elephant cries out while the girth is being fastened, she will die after she has gone a hundred yojanas." The elephant-driver, Vasantaka, fastened four jars of urine at the sides of the elephant at Udayana's order. Then the king of the Vatsas, holding Ghosavati in his hand, Pradyota's daughter, Kancanamala, and Vasanta mounted the she-elephant. Yogandharayana came and urged on Udayana with a gesture of his hand, saying, "Go! Go!" As he went, he (Udayana) said: "Vasavadatta, Kancanamala, Vasantaka, Vegavati, Ghosavati and the king of the Vatsas these are leaving." The king of the Vatsas, urging on the she-elephant with great speed, but making this announcement, did not violate the conduct (fitting) for a warrior.

When Pradyota knew that Udayana had gone with the five, he rubbed his hands, as if he were throwing dice in gambling. The lord of Avanti, whose courage was *invincible*, fitted out Nalagiri loaded with elephant-drivers and soldiers and sent him in pursuit. After twenty-five yojanas had been traveled, the fear-inspiring elephant was seen by Udayana not very far away. Then Udayana had one of the jars broken on the ground and at the same time urged on his elephant. The elephant (Nalagiri) stopped a moment to sniff the contents of the jar and then, urged on by a stick, started again. The king of the Vatsas delayed the progress of Nalagiri by having the other jars broken, each at the same distance on the road. After Udayana had gone one hundred yojanas he entered Kausambi and then the she-elephant died from exhaustion. While the elephant Nalagiri delayed to sniff the contents of the jars, the king of Kausambi's army approached to fight, whereupon the elephant-drivers turned Nalagiri and returned to Ujjayini by the same road by which they had come.

Pradyota, a Krtanta from anger, began to collect an army but was prevented by the faithful ministers of the house with the argument: "Certainly, the girl will have to be given to some suitor or other. So, what better son-in-law than the king of the Vatsas will you find? Vasavadatta herself chose him of her own free will. As a result of his good deeds, he was a suitable husband for your daughter, master. Therefore, enough of collecting an army. Accept him as her husband, since he has taken Vasavadatta as a maiden." Enlightened by them with this reasoning, the king, knowing what was

proper, joyfully sent the king of the Vatsas a collection of gifts suitable for a son-in-law.

Continuation of Abhaya and Pradyota story

One day a fire raged, unchecked in Avanti. Abhaya, asked by Pradyota for a remedy for it, said; "Just as poison: is a remedy for poison, so fire alone is a remedy for fire: So, have another fire made, in order that the fire may go out." The king did so and the fire was extinguished; so he gave a third boon which Abhaya kept in reserve.

At one time a great epidemic broke out in Ujjayini and Abhaya, questioned by the king in regard to its extinction, said: "Have all the queens fully arrayed come into the assembly-hall. Report to me who overcomes you by her glance." The king did as he said. The other queens were overcome by the king's glance, but the king was overcome by Queen Siva's. This was reported to Abhaya who said: "Have the chief-queen Siva herself worship the ghouls at night with an offering of boiled rice. The queen herself must throw the offering of boiled rice into the mouth of any ghoul whatever that stands up or sits down in the form of a female jackal." Siva did this and there • was a *cessation* of the epidemic. The king gave a fourth boon and Abhaya made the following request:

"I, seated on the lap of Siva on Nalagiri with you as elephant-driver, wish to enter a funeral-pyre made from the wood of the chariot Agnibhiru." Then Pradyota, depressed because he was unable to grant the boon, dismissed the son of the lord of Magadha, making the *anjali*. Abhaya made the assertion: "I was led here by you by a trick: I am the man who will lead you shrieking through the city by day." Then Abhayakumara went gradually somehow or other to the city Rajagrha and, clever, remained there for some time.

Then Abhaya went with two beautiful courtesans to Avanti in the guise of a trader and took a house on the king's highway. As he went along the road, Pradyota saw the girls who looked at him with amorous gestures. So, after he had gone home, infatuated Pradyota sent a go-between to make entreaties, whom they angrily repelled. 'On the second day, the go-between made entreaties on behalf of the king, and was rejected by them angrily, (but) slowly. On the third day, urged by her coming undiscouraged, they said: "Our brother, who is very, moral, watches us, (but) on the seventh day from now, when he has gone out, the king may come here and a secret meeting will take place."

Abhaya pretended that one of his own men, who resembled Pradyota, was crazy; and his name was also Pradyota."This man, my

brother, wanders here and there in this condition and I must guard him. Alas, what can I do?" he said to the people. Under pretext of taking him to a doctor's house, Abhaya led him outside daily confined to a bed as if ill, and crying out. The madman, while he was being conducted by Abhaya, cried out at the cross-roads, his face streaming with tears, "I, Pradyota, have been seized by that man." On the seventh day, the king went there secretly and alone. Blind from love, he was bound by Abhaya's men, like an elephant.* "I am taking him to the doctor's house," Abhaya said, and he, crying out, was taken with the bed through the city by day. Fearless Abhaya took Pradyota to Rajagrha by chariots with good horses which had been sent ahead at each kos.* Then Abhaya led Pradyota to King Srenika who drew his sword and ran towards him. However, enlightened by Abhayakumara, the king of Magadha joyfully dismissed Pradyota, honoring him with clothes and jewelry.

Story of Udayana

Once upon a time, a certain wood-carrier who was disgusted with existence, took initiation under *venerable* Ganabhrt Sudharmaswamin. Wandering in the city, he was reviled, ridiculed, and insulted at every step by the citizens who scorned his former occupation."I am not able to endure the contempt here, so wander elsewhere," he said to his guru, Sri Sudharmaswamin. Sudharmaswamin asked permission of Abhaya to go elsewhere and was told, after enquiry for his reason, "Wait one day; afterwards do whatever, seems best to you." The son of Srenika made *obeisance* and asked this.

Thereafter, he took three crores of jewels from the king's treasury and had a proclamation made with a drum, 'I am going to give this away, Come, people' Then all the people came and Abhaya announced." Whoever avoids water, fire, and women shall have this collection of jewels." This is too much for human beings. Lord, what are people able to do?" To them saying this, Abhaya replied, "If there is no such person among you, then let the *muni*, the wood-carrier, free from water, fire, and women have the three crores of jewels." "This *sadhu*, fully such a one, is truly entitled to the gift to a worthy person. We laughed at him unjustly they said to Abhaya." In future you must not ridicule, abuse him, et-cetera instructed by Abhaya to this effect, the people agreed and went away.

Thus Abhaya, a great ocean of intelligence, devoted to his father, desireless, intent on *dharma**, directed his father's kingdom. Living according to dharma himself, he had his subjects live so. The

affairs of subjects and cattle are subject to kings and cowherds. Just as he watched over the twelvefold royal circle,⁴⁰⁷ so he watched over the twelvefold duties of laymen.⁴⁰⁸ Just as he conquered external enemies though difficult to conquer so he, efficient in both spheres, conquered internal enemies.^{409*}

One day, Srenika said to him: "Son, rule the kingdom. Daily I shall practice the pleasures of obedience to Sri Vira." Abhaya, fearing (on the one hand) rebirth and (on the other hand) breaking his father's command, said, "What you intend is a good thing, but wait a while."

Now, Blessed Vira, having initiated King Udayana, came there from Marumandala and stopped."Heaven be praised, the Blessed One has come today," said Abhaya, delighted. After he had gone and paid homage to the Blessed One, full of *devotion*, he recited this hymn of praise.

Stuti

"In the absolute permanence of a *substance* exist the destruction of the things done and the appearance of the things undone. Also in absolute impermanence exist the destruction of the things done and the appearance of the things undone. In the absolute permanence of the *soul* there is no experience of pleasure and pain; in the form of absolute impermanence there is no experience of pleasure and pain. Good and evil, bondage and emancipation are not in the doctrine of absolute permanence; good and evil, bondage and emancipation are not in the doctrine of absolute impermanence. Indeed, the function of an object is not joined to the successive order or simultaneousness of permanent things; the function of an object is not joined to absolute momentariness. But, when the character of permanence and impermanence is attributed to an object, as you teach, Blessed One, then there is certainly no flaw. Verily, sugar⁴¹⁰ is the cause of phlegm, and ginger the cause of bile; yet there is no defect in the medicine that has the twofold nature (i.e. a mixture) of sugar and ginger. It has not been demonstrated by means of knowledge (*pramana**) that two contrary *attributes* in the same thing are wrong; for the union of opposing colors is seen in objects of *variegated* color. A learned Buddhist who considers one form of knowledge (consciousness) combined with several kinds cannot scorn a many-sided statement. A Yauga or a Vaishesika who says that it is authoritative to consider a *variegated* form as one or as many, cannot scorn a many-sided statement. The Sankhya, foremost among the learned, who considers the first principle (*pradhana*) to be strung

together by opposing *attributes*, goodness (*sattva*), et-cetera, cannot scorn a many-sided statement. It makes no difference whether a Carvaka agrees or disagrees, since his understanding in regard to the future world, *soul*, and emancipation is confused. Therefore, the philosophers have adopted your self-obtained knowledge, that every existing subject is characterized by origination, perishing, and permanence, like *cow's* milk, et-cetera."

Story of the conversion of Udayana

After he had delivered this eulogy and had done homage again, he asked the Supreme Lord, "Who will be the last royal sage?" the Master replied, "King Udayana." Again Abhaya asked, "Lord, who is this Udayana?" Then the Master related the life of Udayana.

"There is in the country Sindhusauvira a city named Vitabhaya and in it there was a powerful king named Udayana, who was lord of three hundred and sixty-three cities, Vitabhaya and others; lord of sixteen realms, Sindhusauvira and others. He was the overlord of ten crowned kings, Mahasena and others; and of others on earth he was the leader, having conquered them. His wife was named Prabhavati, whose *soul* was purified by right-belief and by whom propagation of Jain doctrine was made and hence was called Prabhavati.' He had a son, named Abhici, borne by Prabhavati, who endured the burden of the office of crown prince, and a nephew, excellent Kesin.

The story of Kumaranandin and Nagila

Now, in the city Campa, there was a wealthy goldsmith, named Kumaranandin, who was very lustful from his birth. Whatever maiden with a beautiful form he saw or heard of, he gave her five hundred pieces of gold and married her. Gradually he acquired five hundred wives and sported with them in a palace with one pillar, because he was jealous. He had a very dear friend, Nagila, who was a worshipper of ascetics and observed the five pure lesser vows.

One day two Vyantara-women who lived on the island Pancasaila started out on a pilgrimage to Nandisvara at Sakra's command. At that time, their husband Vidyunmalin, lord of Pancasaila, had fallen, and they thought, 'Who is to be found now who can be our husband?' As they went along, they saw Kumaranandin playing with his five hundred wives in the city of Campa; and they descended in his vicinity with the intention of seizing him, because of their *desire* for a husband. Kumaranandin saw them also, and said, 'Who are you?' They replied, We are goddesses, O mortal, named Hasa and Prahasa. Looking at them, he fainted. When he had regained con-

sciousness, the lustful gold smith made a request, to which they replied, 'You must come to the island Pancasailaka,' and with these words they flew away.

The goldsmith, however, gave money to the king and had proclamation made by the drum: 'Whoever will guide me in Pancasaila will receive a crores of money.' A certain old man stopped the drum and received the money. The old man had a boat made and filled it with many provisions, but gave the money to his sons. Embarked with Kumaranandin, after he had gone a long way on the ocean-path, the old man said: 'Look here, please. On the shore of the sea at the foot of a mountain one can see a fig tree. Cling to this when the boat passes underneath. The bharundas, three-legged birds, will come here from Pancasaila. While they are resting at night bind yourself firmly with a cloth to the middle foot of one of them and hold on with a tight grip. At daylight, you will reach Pancasaila by the bharundas flying up. Later the boat will *perish* in the whirlpool and, if you do not cling to the fig tree, you also will perish in the same way, alas! 'The goldsmith followed these instructions' and was carried there by a bird. He was seen by them (the goddesses) and at the sight of them, he fell very much in love. They said, 'We are not to be enjoyed by that (mortal) body of yours, faultless sir; therefore become lord of Pancasaila by entering the fire, et-cetera.' 'What am I to do? Where am I to go?' asked the goldsmith. They made hollows of their hands and set him down in a garden in Campa. Questioned by the people who observed him, he told his story. Recalling Hasa and Prahasa, he began the fire-ceremony,

His friend Nagila enlightened him thus: 'A death* suitable for a coward is not suitable for you, surely. The birth of a mortal is hard to attain. Do not pass it uselessly by the acquisition of the trifling reward of pleasure. Who would be willing to take a *cowrie* in the place of a jewel? Or even if you have pleasure as your object, even so, rely on the religion of the Arhat. It is indeed a *cow* of plenty for both wealth and love and grants also heaven and emancipation.' Even thus restrained by Nagila, he performed the *ingini*-death⁴¹¹ and because of a *nidana** became lord of Pancasaila. Nagila attained disgust with the world at once from the foolish death of his friend and took initiation. Observing *mendicancy*, after he died he became a god in Acyuta and saw by clairvoyance that his friend had gone to Pancasaila.

When the gods had set out on a pilgrimage to holy Nandisvara, at their order Hasa and Prahasa began to sing before them. Appointed by them to carry the drum, Vidyunmalin said, Is there any

lord, pray, giving orders to me?' However, while his mouth was buzzing with conceit with these words, the drum stuck to his throat like servant-karma embodied. The drum clung to his body as if it had been produced at the same time like hands, feet, et-cetera and he, though ashamed, could not make it come down.

Hasa and Prahasa said: 'This is the work of those born here. Do not be ashamed. Begin. You must necessarily play the drum.' Then he went in front of the gods, playing the drum and accompanied by Hasa and Prahasa singing. The god, excellent Nagila, going on the pilgrimage, saw the god the drummer in the troupe of Hasa and Prahasa. When he saw Vidyunmalin in front playing the drum and knew by clairvoyance that it was his friend, he approached to speak to him. Unable to endure even from afar the light of his body, he (Vidyunmalin) fled even as an owl flees from the light of the sun. Restraining his own *splendor* so that it was like the evening sun, the Acyuta-god spoke to Vidyunmalin, 'Look, do you not know me?' The drummer-god replied, Pray, who am I, since I do not know even the magnificent gods, Indra and others?' Then the Acyuta-god assumed the form of a layman and enlightened the husband of Hasa and Prahasa.

'O friend, you did not follow my advice and rely upon the religion of the Arhat, but like a foolish moth underwent the fire-death. I, who knew the religion of the Jina and observed *mendicancy*, died; and each one of us received a reward according to his acts.'

Then the god, lord of Pancasaila, who had attained disgust with the world, asked, 'What am I to do?' and the god Nagila said: 'In the picture-gallery of a householder you should have made a statue of the Lord Mahavira, an *ascetic* in spirit, standing in *kayotsarga*.* Verily, when the image of the Arhat has been ordered made, friend, the seed of knowledge which produces great fruit will shoot up into another existence of yours. Whoever has an image made of the holy *Arhats* who have conquered love, hatred, and *delusion*, verily on him religion will *bestow* heaven and emancipation. There is no inferior birth, no low condition of existence, no poverty, no misfortune, nor anything else contemptible for the worshippers of the Jina.'

Vidyunmalin assented to his command and, making haste, saw me standing like a statue in Ksatriyakundagrama. Going to Mahahimavat, he cut gosirsa-sandal and made a statue of us adorned just as he had seen us. He put the image, like a miser a treasure, in a box which he himself had made from real sandal. Then Vidyunmalin went to the ocean and saw a boat which had been wandering for six

months because of (natural) calamities. He stopped the calamities at once and, after he had told about the box with the image inside, gave it to the sea-trader and said to him, Good luck to you. Go without misfortune to the town Vitabhaya in the country Sindhusauvira. Then stop at the cross-roads and make a proclamation: "Listen! Receive, receive the image of the god of gods." By the power of the image, the sea-trader at once crossed the ocean like a river and reached the shore. He went to the country Sindhusauvira and the city Vitabhaya, stopped at the cross-roads, and made the proclamation just as he was told.

Later history of the image

King Udayana himself, who was devoted to ascetics, went there, and Brahmans with the triple staff and other ascetics. The people themselves, recalling Visnu^s, Brahma, Siva^s and' any other favorite god, struck the wooden box with an axe. The iron axes, struck against it constantly by the people at their pleasure, fell to pieces as if made of tin. While the king was absorbed in this wonder from break of day, midday came with the heat that burns the forehead. Queen Prabhavati, who knew that it was past the king's meal-time, sent a servant to call the king. Indeed, that was suitable for one devoted to her husband. Prabhavati, directed by the king to see the miracle, went to the place and asked about it; and the king described just what had happened.

The queen said: 'Verily, Brahma and the other gods are not supreme gods. The Blessed Arhat alone is god of gods, the supreme lord. Therefore, doubtless an image of the Arhat, and no one else, is here. It does not give a sight of itself from the repetition of the names of Brahma and other gods. I myself will show the statue of the Lord Arhat by repetition of his name. O people, behold the wonder.' Prabhavati rubbed the box with an ointment made of five ingredients, threw handfuls of flowers on it, bowed, and said, 'May the Arhat, free from love, hate, and *delusion*, attended by the eight miraculous appearances, god of gods, omniscient, grant me a sight of himself.'

When the queen said this, the box containing the image burst open voluntarily, like a lotus-bud at dawn. Within was seen the sandal-wood image made by the god, with un-withered *wreath*, complete with every limb. So there was a demonstration beyond measure* of the doctrine of the Arhat. Prabhavati bowed to the image and chanted a hymn of praise: 'O Teacher of the World, having the appearance of the moon, knowing all things, free from

rebirth, Arhat, delight of all bhavyas, thought-gem of the universe, hail!' After she had honored the sea-trader like a relative, Prabhavati conducted the statue to the women's quarters and held a festival. Prabhavati had a shrine made, set up the statue there, and made a puja together with a bath at dawn, noon, and sunset.

One day after she had worshipped the image with joy, Prabhavati together with her husband gave a faultless concert. The king played the lute with singing accompanied by collections of tones, with clear vyanjanadhatus, with clear notes, with clear melodies. The queen, delighted, danced the *lesya* together with the tandava, with distinct angaharas and karanas*, splendid with dramatic interpretations of the body. Once for a moment the king did not see Prabhavati's head, but saw her body dancing like a torso in a battle. The king was disturbed at once by the sight of the bad *omen* and the lute slipped from his hand, as if he were going to sleep. The queen was angered by the sudden interruption of the tandava and said, 'Why? and I *deprived* of (musical) time, since you have stopped playing?' Thus asked again and again the reason for dropping the lute, the king told what had happened. For a woman's *persistence* is very powerful.

The queen said: 'Dear, according to that bad *omen*, I am short-lived. Let death* come to me who have followed the teaching of the Arhat since birth. I am not afraid. On the contrary, the sight of the bad *omen* is cause for joy on my part since it is a warning to me to give up worldly things completely.' After this speech, the queen with unchanged intention went to the women's apartments; the king, whose ears were closed to the religion of the Arhat, was disregarded.

One day Queen Prabhavati, whose purificatory bath had been taken, had a slave-girl bring her clothes suitable for the occasion of worship of the god. By the force of impending calamity, the queen saw these clothes red and became angry, saying, 'These are not suitable at this time.' Because of her anger. Queen Prabhavati struck with a hand-mirror the slave-girl, who died from such a (small) thing. For the course of death is uneven. At once Prabhavati saw that the clothes were really white and she thought: 'Alas! I have broken a vow. The killing of any other five-sensed being is cause for hell. How much more this killing of a woman! Therefore, it is better that I take the vow. '

Then Queen Prabhavati, making an *anjali*, described the evil-*omen* to the king and the disgust with worldly existence from the great crime of killing the slave-girl, and made the following request:

‘Master, I do not have long to live. Permit me to abandon completely worldly things now, lord. You saw me headless; moreover, just now I saw the clothes change color. That is a double ill-omen. Lord, do not create any obstacle to my taking now the vow of *mendicancy* for which the time is suitable, as the fact that I am to live for a short time is indicated by the double ill omen.’

Thus addressed with importunity, the king replied: ‘Chief-queen, do whatever is pleasing to you. When you have attained divinity, queen, you must enlighten me daily. For my sake, you must endure for the moment the delay to the delights of heaven.’ Then having attained complete indifference to worldly- things and having fasted, she died, and became a very powerful god in the first heaven.

A hunchbacked slave-girl, named Devadatta, made the pujas to the image of the god of gods that had been placed in the shrine of the women’s apartments. Now the god Prabhavati knew by clairvoyance that Udayana, though being enlightened, was not ‘enlightened, so she planned this stratagem. One day the god assumed the form of an *ascetic* and approached the king, carrying a bowl filled with divine, immortal fruit. Saying; An ascetic bearing a gift is like sweet-smelling gold, the king honored the ascetic highly because of his *devotion* to ascetics. The king ate the fruit which was ripe, more fragrant than camphor, and brought by an esteemed person, as if it were seeds of the highest joy.

‘Where did you get such remarkably fine fruit? Show me the place,’ the king asked him. ‘Not very far from this city, there is a hermitage, restful to the sight, which produces such fruit.’ ‘Show me the hermitage,’ said the king and the god by his own power isolated him and led him away, as if to give the information. After he had gone a short distance, he created a garden delightful with such fruit and filled with many ascetics, like Nandana. ‘This is an ascetics’ garden and, as I am devoted to them, my wish for fruit will be granted.’ With this thought the king ran forward like a monkey. Then, abused by these fictitious ascetics running up angrily, the king fled like a thief; but his mind was not confused.

As he fled, he saw sadhus standing ahead, who gave him protection, saying, ‘Do not be afraid.’ Comforted by them and recovered, the king thought, ‘Alas from birth I have been deceived by these cruel ascetics.’ The sadhus instructed him to this effect: ‘Truly, *dharma** is a protection in worldly existence. A wise man, seeking dharma, should consider god, dharma, and a guru. A god free from the eighteen faults,⁴¹² a religion endowed with *compassion*, a teacher really chaste who has no enterprises nor possessions.’

The king was enlightened by instruction such as this and the religion of the Jina became fixed in his heart as if engraved there. The god became visible and, having established the king in the religion of the Arhat, went away. Then the king found himself in the midst of the assembly. From that time King Udayana was completely possessed by the (Jain) principles of god, guru, and religion.

The story of Gandhara

Now there was a man named Gandhara, a native of the country Gandhara. Desiring to worship the images of the eternal *Arhats*, he went to Vaitadhya. He stopped at the foot of Vaitadhya and the messenger-deity, pleased with his fasts and his *desire* to see, granted his wish. The goddess set him, satisfied, down at the foot of Vaitadhya and gave him one hundred and eight wishing-pills. He put one pill in his mouth and thought, 'I wish that I may worship the image of the god of gods in the town Sri Vitabhaya.' With this thought, he went to Vitabhaya and the hunchback had him worship the image of the god of gods. The next day Gandhara became ill and the hunchback, devoted to the Jain religion, watched beside him. Gandhara, wise, knowing that his own death* was near, gave the pills to the hunchback and adopted *mendicancy* himself.

Story of Devadatta and Pradyota

As she (the hunchback) was ugly and desired beauty, she put a pill in her mouth and at once had a divine form like one coming into existence by manifestation. Her whole body became gold color from the pill and then everyone called her Suvānagūlika. She put a second pill in her mouth and thought: 'In vain, have I such beauty, if there is no suitable husband for me. This king is like a father to me; other kings are his footmen. Therefore, let Candapadyota, cruel in his commands, be my husband.'

In the presence of Pradyota the deity described her beauty; and Pradyota sent a messenger to ask for the hunchback. The messenger went and asked for her. She said, 'Show me Pradyota.' He reported this in detail to Pradyota. At once, assuming the *splendor* of Indra mounted on Airavana, Pradyota mounted the elephant* Anilavega and went there during the night. Just as she had pleased him, so then he pleased her. Pradyota said to the hunchback, 'O lotus-eyed lady, come to my city.' The hunchback replied: 'I cannot go any place without the statue of the god of gods, without which I cannot live even a moment. Therefore, king, you must bring a copy of the statue that can be left here and this (the original) be taken.' The king of

Avanti examined the form of the statue, spent the night, and went back at the end of the night.

Pradyota went to Avanti and had made a statue of the god of gods of real sandal wood, just like the one he had seen. He asked the ministers, 'Who will consecrate this new image of the god of gods that I have had made?'

Story of Kapila

The ministers answered: 'Master, there is a fine city, Kausambi, and in it there was a king suitably named Jitasatru. He had a chaplain, a Brahman named Kasyapa, who had crossed the ocean of the entire sphere of knowledge. He had a wife. Punaryasas and they had a son, Kapila. In his infancy Kasyapa died and Kapila was without a protector. The king, disregarding the boy, appointed another Brahman to Kasyapa's position. Of what value is custom without suitability? The Brahman roamed in the city, mounted on a prancing horse, with the *splendor* of an umbrella, his body untouched by the sun's rays. At the sight of him, Kapila's mother recalled her husband's splendor and wept.' Weeping is the friend in misfortune of the unhappy-fated.' Kapila wept aloud also when he saw his mother weeping. Sorrow is reflected in a friend like an image in a mirror.

Shedding tears from both eyes, Kapila lifted up his face that resembled a strainer with two streams and said to his mother, "Why are you crying?" She replied: "Just as this Brahman is flourishing with splendor, so was your father. Recalling that, son, I weep. Your father's wealth has been obtained by him, indeed, since you have not acquired the (necessary) *qualities*. The father's wealth is not preserved even by sons, if they are worthless." Kapila said, "Then, mother, I shall study to become qualified." She said: "Everyone here is envious. Who will teach you? If you have such an intention, go to the city Sravasti. There is a friend of your father, a Brahman named Indradatta. Son, he, well-pleased, will make you having come seeking knowledge full of arts, like a son, equal to your father."

Kapila went to Indradatta, bowed, made himself known, and said, "Teach me, father. There is no one else to be my protector." The teacher replied: "You are the son of my brother, certainly. Your father is not disgraced by you seeking knowledge thus. However, I say I am helpless in the matter of hospitality, as I am poor. Where will your daily food* come from, now that you have come here to us? For the *desire* for knowledge is really useless to one without food. Not even the drum sounds without food."

Kapila said: "Father, food will come from alms. Indeed, from the time of tying on the maunji-girdle, the words, 'Give alms,' are an accomplishment of Brahmans. A Brahman, even mounted on an elephant*, is not ashamed, begging for alms. The *mendicant*, like a king, is dependent on no one, no place." Indradatta said: "Son, alms are most excellent for those practicing *austerities*. In your case, if they are not received even once, what will become of your study?"

With these words, the Brahman took the boy by the arm and at once took him to the house of a very rich man Salibhadra. He stopped outside and made himself known as a Brahman by repeating the gayatri beginning, "Om! Earth, air, heaven." The rich man summoned the Brahman and asked, "Pray, what do you want?" "Give food daily to this young Brahman," he requested. The rich man granted this and so Kapila always ate in his house and studied every day with Indradatta.

Now, when Kapila went to Salibhadra's house to eat, a young slave-girl always offered him special food, Young and fond of laughter, he fell in love with her. For young men the presence of young women is a pregnancy-whim of the tree of love. She also fell in love with him and in the course of time they became lovers. One day the slave-girl, though she had no inclination toward any other man, said to him secretly: "You alone are my husband, but you are poor. Therefore, for the sake of subsistence, I shall take another man." He agreed.

One day in this city, there was a slave-girls' festival, and this girl became very sad at the thought of flowers, leaves, et-cetera. Kapila saw her sorrowful and asked, "Fair lady, why are you pale like a frost-bitten lotus?" She said: "Today there is a slave-girl's festival. I have no flowers, nor leaves, nor anything. I shall have to hide myself among the slave-girls. What alternative is there for me?" "Kapila, possessed by a Vyantara of sorrow for her stood silent from unhappiness. The slave-girl spoke as follows: "Do not be downcast. there is a rich sheth here. Whoever wakens him at day-light, to him he gives two masas of gold.⁴¹³ Go to his house before the night has become light and recite with gentle speech, 'Good fortune, son of a fortunate lady.' "She urged Kapila, who had agreed, (to go) to the house of the rich man " is very night at midnight. Wandering on an unfrequented greet in the city, he was soon captured and bound by the guards with the idea that he was a thief. For such is the conduct of thieves.

At daybreak he was taken before King Prasenajit and on examination told the story in full of the masas of gold. the king heard this

as it was and, filled with the water of *compassion*, said to him, "Sir, ask for whatever you wish and I shall give it." He said, "I shall make a request after I have reflected." Then the Brahman went to a grove of asokas, concentrated on one thing like a yogi^s, and reflected:

Two masas of gold would not be sufficient for clothes, et-cetera. Therefore, I should ask the king for one hundred. When you gain a request, should the request be very small? Even with one hundred (masas) of gold there would not be high position, carriages, et-cetera. I should ask for one thousand, the price of obtaining the things desired. Even with one thousand, whence would come the festivals of children's marriages, et-cetera? Therefore, I should ask for a lac. For I am clever in asking. Even with a lac, whence would come the support of friends, relatives, and the poor? Therefore, I should ask for a crores, a hundred crores, a thousand crores."

As he was reflecting thus, from the maturing of good karma there was a thought with good development for thought conforms to karma: "The contentment that was mine at the (prospect of the) acquisition of two masas of gold, that has left me today at the acquisition of even a crores, as if frightened by it. That is a great calamity for me who came here for the sake of knowledge, like one, who wished to go to the sea, going to Himavat. The teacher's imparting knowledge to me was like planting a lotus in dry ground, since I practiced slavery, not suited to a good family, to a slave-girl. Therefore, enough of these worldly desires." With these reflections he attained *desire* for emancipation and, the memory of former births having arisen, he became self-enlightened. He pulled the hair from his head himself and took the broom, the mouth-cloth*, and other things brought by a deity.

When he went to the king, the king asked him, "What did you decide?" So he related the expansion of his desires and said: "Just as gain, so is desire. From gaining (what you desire), desire increases." The result which was planned within the limits of two masas of gold, that is not accomplished even with a crores." The king, astonished, said, "I shall give even crores. Enjoy pleasures. Give up your vow. There was no witness to your vow." Kapila said: "Enough of objects that cause evil, king. I have become free from desire. May you acquire dharma*, sir." Saying this, *Muni* Kapila, free from all worldly connections, desireless, free from egotism, went away then and wandered over the earth. When he had thus observed the vow for six months, brilliant *omniscience* came to the great muni Kapila.

Now, there was a terrible forest, eighteen yojanas in extent, on the way to Rajagraha, where there were five hundred thieves, named

Kadadasa, Balabhadra, and others whom Kapila knew were worthy of enlightenment. In order to benefit the thieves, the muni, giving protection to all living things, approached the forest. One thief climbed to the top of a tree, like a monkey, and saw Kapila, the best of ascetics, coming at a distance. The thief thought, "Who is this that comes, disregarding us?" He described him to the leader. Kapila approached the leader who, saying in his ignorance, "Thank heaven for the sport that has come" ordered the muni, "Dance, dance, *ascetic*." Rsi^s Kapila said; "There is no musician. How is dancing possible without music? There is no result without cause." So the five hundred thieves made music by clapping their hands and Kapila danced and sang aloud in a way pleasing to the ear.

"In this transitory existence full of painful experiences, that action should take place by which I shall not come to a low status." Kapila sang five hundred verses beginning with this one, all in Prakrit, charming with beautiful melody. When the great sage Kapila had sung these verses, the thieves were enlightened by these verses, one by each verse. Then Muni Kapila had the five hundred thieves take the vow of *mendicancy*. Indeed, this was (fore) seen by Supernatural vision.

The Brahman sage, Kapila, having accepted the teaching of the god of gods in Rajagrha, is right here, purifying your city. He, omniscient, self-enlightened, the crest-jewel of the Svetambaras, will make the consecration. There is a maturing of your merit.'

Then Muni Kapila, requested by the lord of Avanti, consecrated the statue, throwing powder purified by sacred verses on it,⁴¹⁴

After he had *anointed* it and worshipped it, the king lifted the statue in his arms and set it on the door of his heart as a miser would a treasure. The king set the statue on Anilavega's shoulder and, mounted near it, supported it himself like a minister.' He went' on the elephant' swifter than the vehicles of the servant-gods to Vitabhaya and gave the statue to the slave-girl. She deposited the statue in the shrine, took the original one, and came. The king mounted the slave-girl and the statue on the elephant. The king also mounted the elephant and arrived in Avanti so quickly that the city appeared to have come to meet him.

Episode of Bhayala Swamin

One day the king and the hunchback gave the sandal-wood statue made by Vidyunmalin to Bhayala Swamin, a merchant from the city Vidisa, for worship. This was an important thing for them always devoted to sense-objects. One day Bhayala saw two men

with bodies* like masses of light and in their hands *paraphernalia* for making a puja. When he saw them pleasing to the sight and like friends from birth, Bhayala asked, 'Who are you?' and they replied: 'We are Nagakumaras, named Kambala and Sambala, living in Patala. At the command of Indra *Dharana* we have come to the shrine to worship the god of god's statue made by Vidyunmalin and for this reason we have the paraphernalia for worship. By a path through the water of the river Vidisa we constantly dive and come up here like swans.'

Bhayala said: 'Gods, show me, who have had *recourse* to the Blessed One, your houses in Patala today. By your favor let my *desire* to worship the eternal statues* there be fulfilled. The sight of gods is not in vain.' So Bhayala was conducted by them, who had agreed, by that same path, leaving his puja half-finished from impatience. There Bhayala worshipped the statues of the eternal *Arhats*. From pleasure at that Dharana said to him, 'Ask a favor.' Bhayala said: 'Let it be so that my name is known everywhere. Verily, an eternal name is the only manly thing for men.' Indra Dharana said: 'King Candapradhyota will make a divine city there with your name. Because you came with a puja half-made, in the course of time the image, actually concealed, will be worshipped by heretics. Saying, "This is an Aditya named Bhayala Swamin," they will set up outside a duplicate of it. Then the whole people, saying," O Surya^s, Bhayala Swamin," will perform a puja. Even deceit well arranged is not fruitless.'

Bhayala replied: 'Alas! I am wicked. Shame on me. A calamity has happened; that is a sin committed by me that the statue of the god of gods will be worshipped by he wicked by means of a duplicate which they made and called an Aditya by my name.' Dharana replied: 'Do not grieve What difference does it make sinless one? For this is an amusement practiced by the time of duhsama.' Then Bhayala was at once set down in the same place by the Nagakumaras who conducted him by the same path, like one who had been a dream.

Fight between Udayana and Pradyota

Now, in the city Vitabhaya, King Udayana, devoted to daily rites, went to the temple at daybreak. In the from of the temple Udayana saw the statue with withered wreaths and thought: This is not the statue, but some other. Flowers that have been put in it look the next day as if they had just been gathered. Alas, what is this? The slave Devadatta, who always stood here glued to the pillar like

a puppet, is not seen, as if she were hidden. The *ichor* of the elephants has disappeared like a desert stream of water in the hot season.⁴¹⁵ Therefore, it is certain that Anilavega, a scent-elephant*, has come. Certainly King Pradyota has come like a thief in the night with Anilavega and taken the statue and Devadatta.'

Udayana started at once with an army in pursuit of Pradyota, making the earth resound with the hooves of horses like another drum of victory. Ten crowned kings followed him and the eleven shone like the powerful Rudras.⁴¹⁶ And on the arid earth mirages consisting of the sun's rays turning to water were visible to Udayana's soldiers. Colliding with each other and rolling on the earth, the soldiers could see nothing at all, because of their thirst, like owls in the day light. Then suddenly Udayana called on the god Prabhavati. When calamity has come, who indeed does not call on the favorite deity? Three lakes were filled with water, and the soldiers with delight, by the god; who appeared as soon as called. Then the army drank the water and drank again and was restored. Without food* it would be possible to live, but not without water. Then the god Prabhavati went to her own *abode* and the king, lord of Vitabhaya, arrived at the city Ujjayini.

There through a messenger King Udayana and the lord of Avanti soon made an agreement with each other for a chariot-fight. Udayana, armed with a bow, mounted his war-chariot and made the bowstring resound like another war-drum. Pradyota, who knew that Udayana was *invincible* in a chariot, mounted the elephant Anilavega. What is an agreement to a very strong man? Udayana saw him mounted on the elephant and said: 'Wretch! you are false to the agreement. Nevertheless, you shall not remain alive, villain.' With these words, making his chariot advance rapidly in a circle, powerful Udayana, smiling, advanced to fight. Best of bowmen, he pierced the soles of Anilavega's feet on all sides with sharp arrows. With the edge of his feet resembling the mouth of a cuspidor, the elephant* was unable to walk and fell. Then Udayana made Pradyota get down from the elephant, seized him by the hand, and bound him firmly, like a heap of glory. Then he branded on the forehead of the king of Avanti the words. 'Husband of a slave-girl,' like a new glorification of his own.

After he had branded him like a slave, the lord of Vitabhaya went to Vidisa to take the jewel of a divine image.

After he had made puja and had bowed to it, the king approached the divine image to take it, but it remained immovable just like a mountain. After worshipping the god of gods in every detail,

Udayana said, 'Am I ill-fated that you do not come, Supreme Lord? The god said: 'Do not grieve, king. The city Vitabhaya will become a desert from a rain of sand. Therefore, I will not go, noble sir.' Having received this information from the god, Udayana returned; and his progress was delayed, (as it was) in the midst of the rainy season. There the king established a camp that was very much like a town. For wherever kings dwell, there is a town. Ten kings made a wall of earth for their protection and then the camp became a city named Dasapura.

Udayana treated Pradyota, a prisoner of war, like himself in regard to food*, et-cetera. Such is the duty of a warrior. One day during the Paryusana festival, Udayana, an advanced layman, was observing a fast by command of the god. So the cook asked Pradyota, 'What will you eat today, king?' When he heard that, the lord of Avanti was suspicious and thought: 'Truly this question, never asked before, does not give me pleasure today. This sarcastic speech indicates death*, bonds, and things of that kind.' He asked the cook: 'What is the reason for the question today? For the meal has always come at the right time, as if brought by a charm.' The cook replied: 'King, today is the Paryusana festival. Our master, the *harem*, and the attendants have to fast. You always had to eat whatever meal was prepared for the king. Now I shall prepare it for you, so I asked you about it.' Pradyota said: 'Cook, let me also fast today. It is a good thing that this festival has been made known. My parents are lay-disciples.'

The cook reported this speech of Pradyota's to Udayana who said: 'That villain knows the art of courtesans. If he, whatever kind of person he is, remains in prison, Paryusana will not be auspicious* for me.' Saying this, Udayana released him. Udayana asked pardon of Pradyota, as suitable for the festival, and put on him a gold *fillet* that covered the mark on his forehead. From that time a fillet indicated the power of kings. Formerly they wore a crown as a head-dress.⁴¹⁷ King Udayana gave the territory Avanti to Pradyota and, the rainy season having passed, he himself went to Vitabhaya. The merchants remained just so in the camp and the city inhabited by them alone became known as Dasapura.⁴¹⁸

Pradyota, purified in mind, gave a grant to Dasapura to the image of Vitabhaya (the duplicate) and went to the city Avanti. One day when he had gone to Vidisa, he gave the name of Bhayala Swamin⁴¹⁹ to the divine city. What was told by *Dharana* was not false. The king gave a grant to twelve thousand villages to the statue made by Vidyunmalin.

Just then the god Prabhavati came and with affection enlightened King Udayana, who was at Vitabhaya. 'This new image of Jivantaswamin⁴²⁰ which is here, king, is a special object of veneration because of unusual power. For that statue was consecrated by the Brahman sage, omniscient Kapila, a Svetambara mahatma, king. This image must also be worshipped by you like the original. And you must attain complete self-control which bears great fruit.' Udayana assented entirely to this speech of hers. The god, a cloud to the kandali^{421B} of his mind, disappeared.

Then one day King Udayana, devoted to *dharma** and staying in the fasting-house, took a vow to fast for a fortnight. During a watch in the night, as he was engaged in pure meditation*, such an apprehension took place, a full brother of discernment. 'The cities and villages purified by Sri Vira are blessed; the kings and others who heard religion from his lips are blessed. Those who have received enlightenment at his lotus-like feet and have had *recourse* to the twelvefold duties of a householder, they indeed are blessed. Whoever attained complete self-control from his favor, they are praiseworthy, they are to be praised. Constant reverence to them! If the Master purifies Vitabhaya by his wandering, then I shall be satisfied, when I have taken the vow of *mendicancy* at his feet.'

We,⁴²² knowing that, Abhaya, from a *desire* to help him set out from the city Campa and stopped in his city. After he had paid homage to us and had listened to a sermon, he went to his house and reflected as follows, in accordance with his quality of discernment:

'If I, desiring to take the vow, give the kingdom to my son Abhici, I shall compel him to be an actor in the play of worldly existence. For those who know wise conduct affirm that a kingdom ends in hell. Therefore, I shall not give it to my son. If I did give it to him, I would not be his benefactor.' So Udayana at once transferred the glory of the kingdom to his nephew Kestin, as the sun transfers its heat to fire. The king granted many villages, mines, cities, etcetera to the god Jivantaswamin for the sake of pujas. Then King Kestin held his departure-festival and Udayana took *mendicancy* under us. From the day of his vow he *emaciated* himself, as well as diminishing his karma, by penances of two-, three-, four-, five-day fasts. Having given away the royal majesty like straw, he attained pure asceticism. With this account, the last royal sage, Udayana, has been celebrated for you, Abhayakumara."

12. OMNISCIENCE AND WANDERING OF MAHAVI- RA; SOVEREIGNTY OF UDAYIN; LIFE OF KUNIKA; MENDICANCY OF ABHAYA; LIFE OF FUTURE KING KUMARAPALA

Conclusion of Uddyana-story

Abhaya bowed again and asked the Supreme Lord, "What will be the future fate of the royal sage, Udayana?" Then the Blessed One, son of the Jnata-family, intent upon the wearing a way of strong tirthakrt-karma, explained:

"One day, as *Muni* Udayana wanders over the earth, he will be attacked by severe illness due to unwholesome food" at the wrong season. One day his doctors, with unimpeachable intentions, will say to the muni, 'Eat curds, O ocean of the jewels of good *qualities*, though you are indifferent to the body.' Then the great muni Udayana will wander to the cattle-stations; for alms of curds, free from faults, are easy to get there.

One day Udayana will go to the town Vitabhaya governed by his sister's son, King Kesin. Kesin will be told by his ministers when they learned that Udayana had come: 'Certainly your maternal uncle is disgusted with penance. After abandoning a wealthy kingdom and a rank like Indra, regretting it, certainly he has come for the kingdom. By no means be trustful.' Kesin will say: 'Let him take the kingdom now. Who am I? What cause for anger is there, if a rich man takes the money of a cowherd? 'The ministers will say: 'The kingdom came to you from your merit. It was not given by anyone. The duty of kings is not such. Who would take a kingdom by force from father, brother, uncle, or a friend, or even an enemy? Who gives it up, when it has been given?'

Talked to by them to this effect, Kesin, abandoning *devotion* to Udayana, will ask, 'What is to be done?' and they will have him give poison, Mixing curd with poison Kesin will have it given to him by a herd-girl. What course is there of the dependent of another? A deity, seizing the poison, will say to the muni: 'The taking of curd is poisonous for you. Do not touch curd.' The, curd being given

up, the *muni*'s disease will increase. For diseases spread, like a ghoul that has played a trick. He will take curd again to check the disease. Three times the deity will take away the poison.

One day from negligence the deity will not take away the poison and the muni will eat the curd with the poison. Knowing that his death* was near from the waves of poison stealing consciousness away, the grant sage will observe a fast. After he has fasted for thirty days, with concentrated meditation*, *omniscience* having arise he will die and attain emancipation.

The goddess, when she has come again after Udayana has died and has learned that, will become angry in a way like the night at the end of the world. From anger she will fill Vitabhaya with sand and from that time she will make a rain of sand unceasingly. Then the statue consecrated by Kapila will be in the ground like a deposit, sir. The goddess, raining sand, will take away a sinless potter, who afforded refuge* to Muni Udayana. After taking him to Sinapalli, she will found a place, named Kumbhakarakata, from his name

Abhaya bowed to the Supreme Lord and asked again, "What is the future course of Abhici, son of Udayana?" The Master explained: "When his father gives the kingdom to Kesin, Abhici, Prabhavati's son, will reflect: 'Even though I am here, a devoted son. fit for the kingdom, my father gave the kingdom, to Kesin, treating it like a royal debt. What discernment is this of my father, that he gives the kingdom to Kesin, his sister's son, who is fit for prison? My father is my lord. Let him do whatever he wishes at his fancy. How shall I do service now to Kesin? For I am his son.' With this idea, humiliated by his father, he will go to Kunika. For the proud, a foreign country is better in case of disaster. Being treated with dignity always by Kunika, his mother's sister's son, he will remain there happily. A worshipper of ascetics, knowing fully the principles of *jiva*, *ajiva*, et-cetera, Abhici will observe fittingly a layman's duties. Observing a householder's duties unbroken for many years, recalling his humiliation, he will not give up hostility to Udayana. After making *samlekha*; with all rites by a fast of a fortnight, not confessing his hostility to his father, after death he will become a chief Asura. After completing a life of a *palyopama** in that, Abhici *soul*, arising in the Mahavidehas, will attain emancipation.

Kumarapala

Abhaya asks, "When will the statue of the Supreme Lord consecrated by Kapila come to light?" The Master said: "On the border of Saurashtra, Lata, and Gurjara, in the course of time there will be a

city named Anahila-patanaka. The crest-jewel of the Aryan country, the *abode* of the illustrious, with the religion of the *Arhats* as its only umbrella, it will become a tirtha. In the shrines there the statues of the Arhats, made of jewels, spotless, will bring to truth the story of the statues in Nandisvara, et-cetera. It will shine with shrines whose tops are adorned with rows of bright golden *pitchers* like suns at rest. All the people there, generally worshippers of ascetics, sharing in hospitality, will strive for happiness. Unenvious of others' prosperity, satisfied with their own prosperity, the people there will be liberally disposed toward worthy persons. The wealthy laymen there, exceedingly devoted to the Arhats, will scatter wealth in the seven fields*, like the Guhyakas in Alaka. Everyone will be averse to another's property and wife. The people in this city will be as if born in the susama-period. When 1669 years have passed from the time of our nirvana^s, Abhaya, then in that city there will be a king, Kumarapala, moon of the Caulukya family, very powerful, with a fierce, unbroken rule. He, noble, a hero joined with liberality, will lead his subjects to extreme wealth, guarding them like a father. Straightforward, very clever, tranquil, like Indra in his command, forbearing, *invincible*, he will govern the earth for a long time. He will make the people like himself, settled in religion, full of knowledge, like a friendly teacher a pupil. A refuge* for those desiring a refuge, a brother to other men's wives, he will esteem *dharma** much more than life or wealth. In heroism, dharma, liberality, *compassion*, authority, and other manly *qualities* he will be without an equal. He will conquer the north up to the country of the Turks, the east up to the river of the gods (Ganga^s), the south to the Vindhya, the west to the ocean.

Meeting with Hemacandra

One day the king will see *Acharya* Hemacandra of the followers of Muniendra in the Vajrasakha. Delighted at the sight of him, like a peacock at the sight of a cloud, he, pure minded, will hasten to pay homage constantly to the *muni*. The king, with layman and ministers, will go to pay homage to the suri delivering a sermon in a Jain shrine. There, bowing to the god, though not knowing the truth, he will pay homage to the acharya with a mind pure by nature. Hearing with pleasure from his mouth a pure sermon, he will take the lesser vows accompanied by right-belief. Enlightenment having been attained, he will become proficient in lay-practices. Even in the assembly he will delight himself with a religious fellowship. Daily he will accept especially the restraints on food*, vegetables, fruits,

et-cetera and he will generally observe continence. He, intelligent, will not only abandon courtesans, but will enlighten his wives to practice continence.

Knowing the principles of *jiva*, *jiva*, et-cetera, like an *acharya*, from the teaching of the *muni*, he will enlighten others. Some people, Brahmans named Pandura, et-cetera, who are hostile to the religion of the *Arhats*, will be embryo-laymen, as it were, from his teaching. If the shrines do not have pujas, if the gurus are not honored, he, pious, having taken layman's vows, will not eat. He will not take the money of men who have died childless. That is the fruit of discernment. The undiscerning are *insatiable*. He himself will give up hunting which was not given up by the Pandus and others; and all the people will give it up at his command. With him preventing injury (*hinsa*), not even an outcaste will kill a bug nor a louse, to say nothing of hunting, et-cetera. With him preventing hunting in the forest, the deer will always chew their cuds unhindered like cows in a stable. Always he will guard against the killing of creatures, belonging to water, earth. and air, a *Pakasasana* in commands. Ones, who have eaten meat from birth, will reach forgetfulness of even the mention of meat, like an evil dream, from the power of his command. That which was not abandoned formerly by the Dasarhas, though they were laymen, namely, drinking he, with a *soul* beyond censure, will suppress everywhere. Just as he will suppress the preparation of liquor on earth, so the potter will not make liquor-vessels. When they have stopped drinking at his command, prosperity will come to those drinkers, whose prosperity was always destroyed by their addiction to liquor. That which was not given up formerly by kings, Nala and others namely, gambling, he will root up even the name, like his enemies. The sport of betting on pigeons and cock-fights will not exist, while his rule prevails on earth. He, with unlimited power, will make this earth adorned with temples of the Jinas in almost every village. In every village, in every city on earth, as far as the sea, he will make a chariot-procession of the statues of the Jinas. Constantly giving money, freeing the world from debt, he will brand his own era on the earth.

One day he will hear from the mouth of his guru in the course of conversation that the statue consecrated by Kapila is covered by sand. Then he will form the wish, "Digging away the sand, I shall take the all-purifying statue." At that same time, knowing the impetuosity of his mind and other reasons, the king will resolve that the statue shall come into his possession. Obtaining the guru's permission, appointing agents he will undertake to dig up the ground

at Vitabhaya. Then the messenger-deity will make an appearance, because of the noble character of the king, an advanced layman. By the great merit of King Kumarapala, the statue will appear at once in the place being excavated. Then the grant over villages that was given to the statue by King Udayana will appear, also. The king's agents will put the statue though old, like a new one on a chariot, after they have made a fitting puja. The agents will bring the statue to the edge of the city, many kinds of pujas taking place on the road, concerts being held constantly day and night, special dances with hand clippings of young women of the villages taking place, musical instruments* with five notes played excitedly, and fly-whisks rising and falling on both sides. The king will go to meet it, accompanied by his *harem* and attendants, surrounded by the four-part army, taking the whole *congregation*.* After taking it down from the chariot himself and mounting it on a noble elephant*, the king will escort the statue to the city. Establishing it in the play-house near his own house, Kumarapala will make a puja properly three times a day. When he has had read the grant to the statue, he will confirm what was given by Udayana. For the installation of the statue in that same place, the king, guileless, will have a palace of crystal made. The palace caused to be made like the heir-apparent of Astapada, to be honored, will cause astonishment to the world. The king, because of the statue being installed, will flourish in power, wealth, and knowledge leading to emancipation. By *devotion* to gods and to gurus, like your father, Kumarapala will become king in Bharata, Abhaya."

Initiation and death of Abhaya

After hearing this and bowing to the Blessed One, Abhaya went to Srenika and began to speak: "If I become king, father, then I cannot be a *yati*^s, since Sri Vira said that Udayana would be the last royal sage. Since I have obtained Sri Vira as master and the state of being your son, if I, distracted, do not cut off the pain of existence, then who else is base? I am Abhaya by name, father, but I am fearful of existence. So I am taking refuge* with Vira who gives fearlessness to the world. Give orders. Enough for me of *sovereignty*, the cause of arrogance and pleasure, since the sages say that happiness depends chiefly on contentment." When Abhaya, though urged persistently, did not take the kingdom, then he was allowed joyfully by the king to take the vow. Abandoning the kingdom like straw, he took initiation the seat of contentment and happiness at the feet of Vira, the last Tirthesa. Since Abhaya had taken the vow, Nanda obtained permission from King Srenika and took the vow at the feet

of Sri Mahavira. The two earrings and the two divine garments were given to Halla and Vihalla by Nanda wandering as a *mendicant* fearlessly.

Then for the sake of enlightening bhavyas, the Blessed One wandered over the earth, attended by gods and asuras. After observing the vow accompanied by many special vows for a long time, Abhaya died and became the chief god in Sarvarthasiddha.

Death of Srenika

When Abhaya took initiation at the lotus-feet of Sri Vira, the pure-minded King of Magadha reflected: "Abhaya, among the princes, was the ground of all the virtues. By taking the vow, he wisely accomplished his own object. I shall *bestow* the kingdom of some prince, powerful, healthy, handsome. For that is the course of kings. A son, with or without virtues, is entitled to his father's wealth. If he has virtues, then the father's merit is splendid. Apart from Abhayakumara, Kunika, the *abode* of contentment of my mind, virtuous, deserves the kingdom, no other." Having decided on Kunika for the throne he gave the necklace with eighteen strands and the elephant* Secanaka to Halla and Vihalla.

In the meantime Prince Kunika planned with ten brothers like himself, Kala and the others: "Our father is old, he takes no delight in sovereignly. When a son of a king has reached military age, he (the king) is entitled to take the vow. Better, very excellent Abhaya, who gave up his wealth though young, than our father, blind from sense-objects, who does not perceive his own old age. So now, after arresting our father, we will take the kingdom suitable for our age. In this there will be no evil talk. For he is devoid of discernment. After doing that, we brothers will enjoy the kingdom in eleven parts. Let our father, imprisoned, live a hundred years,"

Accordingly, they all, evil-minded, imprisoned their trusting father. Evil offspring are like a poison-tree that has appeared in the house. Kunika then threw Srenika into a cage, like a parrot. But this is the difference; he did not even give him food* and drink. Because of his former hatred, evil Kunika gave his father a hundred lashes with a whip, morning and evening, every day. Srenika endured this evil lot wrought by fate. What can an elephant, even if strong, do, if tied by a rope?

Kunika did not permit any one to go near Srenika; only he did not prevent Celana from courtesy to his mother. Celana, her hair wet with a hundred washings in wine, like one who had just bathed, went to Srenika daily. Inside her hair, Celana puja ball of kulmasa

like a *wreath* of: flowers and, devoted to the husband, took it to him. Celana gave the hidden ball of kulmasa to her husband. When he had obtained it hard to obtain, he thought it equal to divine food.* Srenika maintained life by the ball of food. For disease, characterized by a *desire* to eat, without food leads to death.* Celana, devoted to her husband, made drops of wine from the hundred washings fall from her mass of hair together with tear-drops from her eyes. Srenika drinks the falling drops of wine, like a thirsty cataka⁴²³ the drops of rain-water fallen from a cloud. By means of this wine drunk only in drops, Srenika did not feel the beatings and did not suffer from thirst.

While Kunika was haughtily exercising *sovereignty* after imprisoning Srenika, his wife Padmavati bore a son. Kunika made the slave-girls, nurses who had come at that time, covered with clothes and ornaments like shoots of a wishing tree. He himself went to the *harem* and took the boy with his hands; and the baby, resting on his lotus-hands, looked like a young *hansa*. Looking at his son, the sun to his lotus-eyes, Kunika recited a verse, with extreme delight unrestrained: "You were produced from body and body; you were born from the heart. You have become like myself, son. Live for a hundred years." Reciting this again and again, Kunika never tired, as if pouring forth the joy in his heart in the guise of this verse. The baby was laid on the lying-in couch by old women skilled in the care of children, who took it from the king's hand. The king held a great birth-ceremony festival for his son, giving gifts, whatever they wanted, to petitioners, Brahmans and others. Kunika named his son Udayin, with a very fine festival making the day an auspicious* day. Prince Udayin, gold color, grew day by day, surrounded by guards, like a tree in a forest. With the boy held on his hip constantly, the king assumed the beauty of a pillar with a doll of Sal-wood. Caressing the boy with speech with indistinct whispers, the king heaped wealth on the boy unable to speak. While sitting, lying, walking, eating, the king did not let the baby, like an auspicious* position of the fingers, go from his hand.

One day the king, Srenika's son, sat down to eat and, devoted to his son, set Udayin on his left knee. When Kunika had eaten half his food, the baby made water and the stream, like a stream of ghi, fell on the food."May there be no interruption of my son's stream," the king, Srenika's son, did not move his knee. Such is the affection for a son. Picking up in his hand the food that was wet, he ate it just so. This was a pleasure from love for his son. Kunika asked Celana who was sitting there, "Mother, was there or is there a son dearer to any

one?" Celana said: "Villain, wretched man, disgrace to the family, do you not know that you were exceedingly dear to your father? I knew then by an evil pregnancy-whim that you were an enemy of your father. For the pregnancy-whims of pregnant women are like the embryo. Knowing that you, wretch, still an embryo were your father's enemy. I undertook an abortion from *desire* for my husband's welfare. Nevertheless, you were not destroyed by these various abortion-remedies, but on the contrary you flourished. Everything is wholesome for the very strong. Such a wish of mine was fulfilled frequently by your father with the hope, 'When shall I see the face of my son?' 'He is an enemy of his father,' I exposed you when you were born, but your father brought you back carefully like his own life. At that time a finger of yours had been pierced by a tail-feather of a wild hen and had become exceedingly disgusting, filled with pus from worms. Your father put your finger, even such as it was, in his mouth. So long as your finger was in his mouth, you were comfortable. So you were cherished by the father, you ill-mannered wretch, whom you have thrown into prison as a return."

Kunika said, "Why did father send me molasses-sweetmeats and sugar-sweetmeats to Halla and Vihalla?"

Celana said, "You, were displeasing to me because you were an enemy to your father. I alone had the molasses-sweetmeats given to you, simpleton."

Kunika said: "Shame, shame on me, acting without reflecting. I shall restore the kingdom to father, as if it had been given on deposit."

With these words, he sipped water,⁴²⁴ though the meal was half-eaten, and handed the boy to a nurse. Kunika got up, eager to go to his father. Thinking, "I shall break the chains on father's feet," he took an iron staff and ran to Srenika. The guards assigned to Srenika, former attendants, saw Kunika coming and, confused, said: "Your son comes quickly, carrying an iron staff, like *Yama* in person. We do not know what he will do." Srenika thought: "Certainly he intends to kill me. Other times he came, carrying a whip; now he comes, carrying a staff. I do not know. He will kill me by some evil death.* So, death is a refuge* for me before he has come." With this idea, Srenika put poison in the hollow of the palate on the tip of his tongue and his life departed quickly, as if it had been at the starting-point in front.⁴²⁵

When Kunika came and saw his father lifeless before him, beating his breast, he screamed. He moaned: "Oh! Honored father, by such deeds I became a scoundrel without an equal on earth. Since

my wish, 'I shall beg forgiveness from my honored father,' was not fulfilled, I am now again the most wicked. There were favorable speech and abusive speech. I did not hear yours. An evil fate intervened. By jumping off a *precipice*, by a sword, fire, or water, I shall kill myself. For that is suitable to my deeds."

Consumed by the disease of grief, wishing to die, Kunika, enlightened by the ministers, cremated Srenika's body. The ministers saw the king wasting away day by day from excessive grief, as if from tuberculosis, and thought: "The king will certainly die from grief and the kingdom will *perish*. We must contrive some distraction for him under pretext of *devotion* to his father." They themselves engraved on an old copper-plate the words, "Even though dead, a father accepts oblations, et-cetera, given by a son." They had that read before the king and the king himself, deceived by them, gave oblations to his father. From that time began the giving of oblations." Father, though dead, eats what I give him," the simple-minded king thought and gradually gave up grieving, like a man with fever the change in body-fluids. But again and again grief came to Kunika, according to the axiom of a lion's backward look, when he saw his father's couch, seat, et-cetera. Sorrow blooming again and again, like the stem of the moonseed, the king became entirely unable to stay in Rajagrha.

Founding of Campa

"I shall make a city elsewhere," and the king instructed experts in architecture to look for a suitable place. Looking everywhere for a suitable place, the architects saw somewhere in the district a large campaka tree^B. They said: "It is not in a garden. No stream is apparent here. It is not encircled by a basin of water. Nevertheless, it has a wonderful appearance. Oh! the great number of large branches. Oh! the wonderful leaves and creepers. Oh! the abundance of blossoms^B. Oh! the fragrance of the blossoms. Oh! the one umbrellaship of its shade, surpassing an umbrella. Oh! its suitability for rest. Oh! everything in fact is there. As this campaka, the home of Sri, is lovely naturally, doubtless a city here will be so."

They described the place as it was, suitable for the establishment of a city, adorned by the campaka like earnest money of Sri. The king had the city Campa with the name of the campaka built quickly. For there is accomplishment from the (mere) order of kings. Then Srenika's son, accompanied by his brothers, went to the city Campa with army and transport and ruled the earth.

War between Kunika and Cetaka

Then Padmavati saw her brothers-in-law Halla and Vihalla mounted on Secanaka, adorned with divine earrings, wearing the divine necklace and divine garments, like gods come to earth, wonderfully beautiful. In accordance with women's nature, Padmavati thought: "Without the divine necklace, earrings, garments and Secanaka, the kingdom appears like a face without eyes."

Then, with the determination to take these from Halla and Vihalla, the queen spoke to Kunika and Kunika replied: "It is not fitting for me to take from them objects given by my father. They are especially entitled to favor from me since Father died." From her excessive *persistence* the king considered asking for the necklace, et-cetera. For the persistence of women certainly exceeds the persistence of a termite.

One day the king, abandoning brotherliness, asked Halla and Vihalla for four things the necklace, et-cetera. Consenting, "Your command is authority," they went home and both, shrewd, took counsel."His purpose is not favorable. What is his motive? We shall go elsewhere. Everywhere there is good fortune for the strong." After reaching this decision, they went in the night to Vaisali, taking their harems, the elephant* Secanaka, the necklace, et-cetera.

Their maternal grandfather, Cetaka, embraced them when they arrived and looked on them like an heir-apparent with affection and respectful welcome. When Kunika knew that they had gone to Vaisali, like a deceived rogue, his chin resting on his hand, he reflected: "I have no jewels, the elephant, et-cetera and no brothers, either. I am *deprived* of both from the domination of a woman. Very well! Since this calamity has happened, if I do not bring them back, what difference is there between me, enduring humiliation, and a merchant?"

Then he sent a messenger with instructions to Cetaka at Vaisali to demand the brothers who had gone with the jewels. The messenger went to Vaisali to Cetaka's assembly, bowed to Cetaka, sat down in the proper place and said with self-confidence: 'Hand over to Kunika the princes Halla and Vihalla who fled here with the jewels, the elephant, et-cetera. If you do not deliver them, you will cause the destruction of your kingdom. You ought not to destroy a temple for the sake of a nail.'

Cetaka said: "Anyone who has come for protection should not be given up; how much less these, my daughter's sons, trusting, dear as sons." The messenger said, "If you, affording protection, will not

give them up, then take their jewels and deliver them to my master, king."

Cetaka replied: "This law is the same to kings and poor men. Certainly no one else is able to give another's property. Neither by force nor by persuasion will I take anything from them. For a daughter's sons, suitable persons for good works, are especially entitled to liberality from me." The messenger, calm in the wind and fire of anger, went to Campa and told his master what Cetaka had said.

Then Kunika had the drum of war sounded. For the powerful, like lions, do not endure a challenge from others. The soldiers of the king, whose *splendor* was extraordinary, prepared at once for an attack with the whole army. Ten powerful princes, Kala and others, were in front, having equipped themselves with complete armor. Three thousand elephants, as many horses, as many chariots, three crores of foot-soldiers this force of each one of the ten princes, so great, was in addition to Kunika's might. The Lord of Campa, going against Cetaka with so great an army, covered the earth and the sun with clouds of dust.

Cetaka with unlimited troops went to attack Kunika, accompanied by eighteen crowned kings. Three thousand elephants, as many horses, as many chariots, and three crores of foot-soldiers there was the army of each one of the eighteen kings. King Cetaka also had an army equal in number. Cetaka went to the border of his own country and halted with his army. He made a deep ocean-formation hard to break. The lord of Campa went there with an army of the number mentioned before and made the garuda-formation unbreakable by in enemy-army. The terrible war-drums of both armies were beaten by the thousands, their sound filling the space between heaven and earth. Soldiers of both armies, who had taken the oath to die fighting, met, with their hands which were whitened with dust lifted up like pillars of fame.

Prince Kala, general of Kunika's army, in the beginning advanced to fight with Cetaka's army. Horseman fought with horseman, elephant-rider with elephant-rider, charioteer with charioteer, foot-soldier with foot-soldier in both armies. Then the earth appeared to have mountains of big rocks from the elephants and horses that had been felled by blows from spears. The rivers of blood looked like they had islands with water-men from the broken chariots and from the men killed in battle. There was the appearance of a plantation of *asipatra*⁴²⁶ from the flashing swords of eminent heroes on the battle-field. Raksasas satisfied their *desire* for garlands

with heroes' lotus-hands, cut off by swords, springing up. Soldiers' heads fell, cut off by sword-blades, instructing their own trunks for fighting, as it were, by groans. Kala plunged into the ocean-formation like a boat into the ocean and went near Cetaka like the shore. Cetaka saw Kala coming like death* at the wrong time and reflected: "He was hindered by no one, like a thunderbolt. So, I shall instantly kill him, rushing near, Mandara in the ocean of battle, with the divine arrow." Striking him with the divine arrow, thief, of the wealth of enemies' lives, Cetaka killed Kala.

Then the sun set, like Prince Kala, and the world was *devoured* by darkness like the army of Campa's lord by grief. Giving up fighting, the army of Campa's lord stayed awake. Whence comes sleep to men living in enmity, like men with faithless wives? But the heroes in Cetaka's army passed the night holding a dance of victory with music from the drums of victory. On the next day Cetaka killed Mahakala, installed as general by Campa's lord, like Kala. Cetaka killed eight other generals, sons of Srenika, one a day, as before.

The King of Campa reflected: "Ten brothers equal to myself, Kala and the others, have been killed by Cetaka. Victorious by the favor of a deity and a single arrow, *Arya* Cetaka cannot be killed by mortals numbered by crores. Alas! As I did not know that power of Cetaka, ten godlike brothers were sent to death by me alone. My fate will be the same as theirs. It is not fitting for me, having seen the slaughter of my brothers, to retreat. Propitiating a deity, I shall conquer the enemy by his power. For divine power is restrained by divine power."

Having determined on this device and having put the god in his heart, the king, Srenika's son, observed a three-day fast. Impelled by his penance and the friendship in a former birth, Sakra and Indra Camara came to him then. The Indra of the gods and the Indra of the Asuras said, "Sir, what do you wish?" He said, "If you are pleased, let Cetaka be killed." Sakra said again: "Ask for something else. Cetaka is a co-religionist of mine. Certainly, I will not kill him.

Nevertheless, king, I shall give you bodily protection, so that you will not be conquered by him." He said, "Very well." Indra Camara thought fit to make a battle which had big stones and a thorn, and a second which had a chariot and a mace, leading to victory. In the first a pebble that had fallen would resemble a large stone. The thorn would be superior to a large weapon. In the second the chariot and the mace roam without an operator. The enemy-army, which had risen for battle, is crushed on all sides by them. Then the three, the Indra of the gods, the Indra of the Asuras, and

the Indra of men, Kunika, fought with Cetaka's army. A general, named Varuna, a grandson of the charioteer Naga, an observer of the twelve vows, possessing right-belief, making a two-day fast, his mind always disgusted with worldly existence, having made a three-day fast at the end of the two-day fast, because of the attack on the king, strongly urged by King Cetaka himself, entered the battle, faithful to a promise, the chariot-mace being so irresistible.

He, insulting the king of Campa's general for the sake of a battle, very strong, set out in a chariot with unexcelled speed. They approached, their chariots facing each other, with a *desire* to fight, beginning hostilities, terrifying like *Ravi** and Rahu come to earth. The king of Campa's general shouted to Varuna who was before him seeking a fight, "Strike! Strike!" "Varuna said: "Powerful sir, I have the layman's vow. I may not strike even an enemy before I am struck." "Very Well! Very well! noble sir," The King of Campa's general discharged an arrow and Varuna was wounded in a vital spot. Then Varuna, red-eyed, led Kunika's general to the house of *Yama* by one blow. Suffering from the deep blow, Varuna left the battle-field, made a couch of grass, sat down, and reflected:

"My master's work has been done with all my *soul* and body. Now death* is at hand. It is certainly time for my own business. May all the revered *Arhats*, *Siddhas*, and *sadhus*, the religion taught by the Omniscient, be my refuge.* I pardon all souls. May they all pardon me. There is friendliness on my part toward all existing things. There is hostility on my part toward no one. Nothing is mine; nor do I belong to any one. Whatever action in my own interest I performed, I renounce that. What abodes of evil, did I, deluded, not serve? May that sin of me, free from passion now, be uncommitted, as it were. Whatever sin I committed as god, man, animal, or hell-inhabitant, I repent that. The *Arhat*, *Sri Vira*, is my refuge.*" After making an *aradhana* like this, he renounced the four kinds of food* and thought of the *namaskara* in deep meditation.*

At that time a friend of Varuna, a heretic, left the battle, came to Varuna and said: "Friend, bought by your friendship, now without knowing it I have accepted the path followed by you." Desisting from the *namaskara*, absorbed in pious meditation, Varuna attained a death in concentrated meditation and went to *Saudharma*. After completing a life of four *palyopamas** in its palace *Arunabha*, born in the *Videhas*, he will attain emancipation.

As a result of Varuna's path though followed in ignorance, after his friend had died, he again became a human in good family. After again attaining a human-birth in a good family in the *Videhas* and

adopting the path to emancipation, he will reach the place of emancipation.

When Varuna had died, Cetaka's soldiers became doubly energetic in fighting, like a wild boar touched by a stick. Kunika's army was beaten angrily by Cetaka's soldiers, biting their lips from anger, commanded by the vassal-kings. When Kunika had seen his own army being beaten, he ran forward, fierce with anger, like a lion struck by a clod. Kunika, the elephant* of heroes, playing on the battle-field like a pool, threw the enemy-army here and there, like a collection of lotuses. Cetaka, very angry, with a wealth of courage, knowing that Kunika was hard to conquer, fitted the divine arrow to the bow. Now Hari^s made an armor of diamond in front of Kunika and Indra Camara an armor of iron at his back. The arrow, discharged by the King of Vaisali who had drawn his bow to his ear, was stopped on the way by the diamond coat-of-mail. From the sight of the failure of the unerring arrow, Cetaka's soldiers conjectured a 'decrease in merit. Cetaka, observing his promise, did not discharge a second arrow but retreating, fought in the same way on the next day. On the next day Cetaka's arrow was useless in the same way. Thus day after day there was terrible fighting of the two. The crores and eighty lacs of soldiers on both sides who died were born as animals and hell-inhabitants.

When the vassal-kings had escaped, going to their respective cities, Cetaka fled to his city and Kunika *besieged* it. Then the heroes Halla and Vihalla, mounted on Secanaka, attacked the King of Campa's whole army at night. No one could either hit or catch the elephant, like a dream-elephant, when it had come to the King of Campa's camp for a night attack. Kunika said to his circle of ministers; "After they have killed and killed at night, Halla and Vihalla go away safely. Almost our whole army has been destroyed by them. So, speak: What device is there for conquering Halla and Vihalla?"

The ministers said: "They cannot be conquered by any one so long as, man-elephants, they are mounted on the elephant. So we must exert ourselves to kill the elephant. Have a ditch made in the road filled with charcoal made from acacia.^{427B} By covering it, it will be made hard to see like a pit for capturing elephants. Secanaka, running along quickly, Will fall into it."

The King of Campa had the ditch dug, filled with acacia-charcoal^B, covered over on top, in the road by which they came. Then in the night Halla and Vihalla, mounted on the elephant* Secanaka, thinking themselves conquerors, came to attack. When

Secanaka came near the charcoal-ditch, *discerning* it from the furrow, he stopped, paying no attention to the goad. Then the elephant was abused by Halla and Vihalla: "You are an animal, you are ungrateful, since you have become afraid of fighting. Going to a strange country and *abandonment* of relatives were made for your sake. *Arya* Cetaka was thrown into this calamity for you. Better a dog had been nourished, well-disposed, that is always devoted to its master, than you who are indifferent to work of ours from love of life."

Abused in this way, the elephant, thinking himself devoted, quickly made the princes dismount from his back by force. The elephant himself jumped into the ditch of charcoal, died at once, and was born in the first hell. The princes ought: "Alas! Alas! What have we done! It is evident that we are animals, but Secanaka is not an animal. For whose sake the noble *Arya* has been hurled into calamity for a long time, after leading him to death* ourselves, we evil minded, are still alive. Like pledges of destruction for the great army of *Aryas*, we have caused destruction in vain. A brother has been led to hostility. So it is not fitting for us to live now. Henceforth, if we live, it will be as disciples of the *Arhat*, *Vira Swamin*, not otherwise. Then, having become ascetics in mind, they were led by the messenger-deity and quickly took the vow at *Sri Vira's* feet. Then *Asokacandra* (*Kunika*) was not able to take *Vaisali*, though *Halla* and *Vihalla* had taken the vow. Such being the case, *Campa's* king made such a vow for the valor of the powerful increases greatly from a vow: "If I do not dig up that city with a plough hitched to a donkey, then" I shall die by jumping off a *precipice* or entering a fire." After he had made this promise, unable to break down *Vaisali*, *Kunika* became distressed in turn. Then a goddess, angered at the *ascetic Kulavaluka*. Standing in the air, said this to the miserable *Asokacandra*: "If the ascetic *Kulavaluka* enjoys the courtesan *Magadhika*, then King *Kunika* will take *Vaisali*."

Kunika, hearing this speech of the goddess in the air, at once breathing easier with the hope of victory produced, said: "The speech of children, the speech of women, and speech concerned with portents, they do not prove false. Where is the ascetic, *Kulavaluka*? How will he be found? Where is the courtesan, named *Magadhika*, to be found?" Hearing that, the ministers said: "In your own city, Majesty, there is a courtesan, *Magadhika*. We do not know *Kulavaluka*."

Just then leaving half of his army to besiege *Vaisali*, the king, the Lord of *Campa*, went to *Campa* with the other half. As soon as

he arrived, the son of the King of Magadha summoned the courtesan Magadhika in haste, like the best of ministers. He instructed her: "Lady, you are clever; you possess the arts. From birth you have had a constant livelihood from many men. Make fruitful your courtesan's art in my business, having delighted the *ascetic* Kulavaluka by marriage." "I will do it" she promised, clever, and was rewarded by Campa's lord with garments, ornaments, et-cetera. Dismissed, she went home and, a depository of intelligence, considered. At once, like deceit embodied, she became a fictitious laywoman. Like a laywoman from birth she showed the people the twelvefold lay vows properly and veraciously. The simple-minded acaryas knew her as a laywoman, constantly engaged in temple-pujas, et-cetera, devoted to listening to *dharma*.* One day she asked the acaryas, "Who is the *sadhu*, Kulavaluka?" Not knowing her intention, they told her as follows:

"Pious lady, there is an excellent *muni*, devoted to the fivefold practices. He has a young disciple, unsteady like a monkey. The young disciple, having fallen away from the practices of sadhus, impelled by the memory of restraints, et-cetera, very badly behaved, becomes angry. The guru gave *zealously* instruction in the practices, hard to listen to, to the young disciple, for it is said in the scriptures: "Let an enemy be angry or not; let it appear like poison or not, beneficial speech must be spoken, productive of good *qualities* in one's own followers." He paid no attention to the guru's admonitions, harsh or gentle. For the guru's words are powerful in the case of a disciple with light karma.

One day the *acharya* went in his wandering to Girinagara and climbed Ujjayanta with the young disciple. The evil-minded disciple, after he had paid homage to the god, let loose a large stone to crush his guru as he was descending the mountain. When he heard the noise, khada, khada, squinting his eyes, the guru saw the rock falling like a round thunderbolt. His legs being bent in a circle, the stone passed between them. Generally calamities do not prevail over an intelligent man.

Angered by that act, the guru cursed the young disciple, Wretch, you will break your vow from the presence of a woman. The young disciple said, 'Guru, I will make your curse false. I shall live in a forest where I shall not see a woman.' At once, evil-minded, he left the guru as well as the bounds of propriety and, like a tiger, entered a forest devoid of humans. Always- standing in statuesque posture in the proximity of a mountain-river, he broke his fast of a month or a fortnight with grapes, et-cetera. While the *muni*

was practicing penance thus in the proximity of a river, the rainy season appeared, with the sky covered with clouds. From the excess of water rivers broke both banks like two families, going on the wrong roads, like unchaste women. The river being in flood, its bank occupied by the young disciple, the goddess, devoted to the commands of the holy *Arhats*, thought, 'This muni, standing on the bank, like a bank-tree, will be carried away now by the volume of water, if I show indifference.' Then the deity turned the mountain-river to its own bank from another direction. Everywhere there is safety indeed for those practicing penance. Kulavaluka was the name of that muni. Now he is in that place, a great *ascetic*."

Her eyes open with astonishment, she went away at once, like one satisfied from the information about Kulavaluka, a tree whose fruit is deceit. Paying homage to the temples, under pretext of a pilgrimage, she went to the place where the sage Kulavaluka was. After paying homage to the excellent muni, the fictitious laywoman said, "I want to pay homage to the holy places, Ujjayanta, et-cetera through you, muni." The muni gave up *kayotsarga*, gave her the blessing "Dharmalabha," paid homage to the holy places, and asked, "Whence have you come, lady?" She said: "I have come from Campa to pay homage to the holy places. You have been worshipped here, the best tirtha of tirthas. Favor me, great sage, by breaking your fast with these provisions of mine, free from faults for alms."

His mind softened by her devout behavior, the muni went to take alms in her caravan, the *abode* of evil. The false laywoman, delighted, gave him sweetmeats in which (other) substances had been previously mixed. He became very ill from dysentery as soon as the sweetmeats had been eaten. For the result of the inherent quality and efficacy of substances cannot be changed. The sage became weak from dysentery so that, his strength diminished, he was not able to move his limbs.

Magadhika, remembering the courtesan's art at the right time, said to him: "You broke your fast from a *desire* to favor me. Immediately after eating my food", Master, you have reached this evil condition. Shame on me, a river of evil! Leaving you alone after you have reached such a state, my feet are unable to go, as if they were chained."

With these words, she stayed there and approached him every minute to massage his limbs with ointment and to give him medicine. Magadhika arranged the massage, et-cetera in such a way that she made him have contact with her body. He was gradually made

well by her care and he was fragrant from her *devotion* like a garment from a campaka flower. From the side glances of her eyes, from the contact with her body, from her gentle speech, the *muni*'s mind wavered. Of what account is penance in association with women! The relation of husband and wife of the muni and Magadhika expanded from day to day from the couch, seat, et-cetera' together. Kulavaluka was led to Campa by Magadhika what does a man, blind from love, not do, like a slave of women?

She announced to the King of Campa, "Majesty, there is Kulavaluka. After, making him my husband, I have brought him. What is he to do? Give orders." The king instructed Kulavaluka earnestly, "Muni, arrange it so that Vaisali will fall quickly." When he had heard the king's instruction, Kulavaluka, a depository of intelligence, went with an unstumbling gait to Vaisali in the guise of an *ascetic*. The lord of Campa then *besieged* Vaisali with all his forces, though it had been besieged before, eager from the hope of victory.

Magadhika's husband began to look at objects in the city and he saw the mound of Munisuvrata Swamin. When he had seen it he thought: "The moment of its dedication is very strong. Surely because of its power the city does not fall. If this mound can be destroyed by some device, then Vaisali will fall, but not otherwise, even by Vajrin." With these thoughts, Kulavaluka roamed through Vaisali and was asked by the people worn out by the siege of the city, "We are tamed by the enemy's siege of the city, ascetic. If you know, then tell us when it will be raised." He said; "I know for certain that so long as that mound is in the city, -the siege will not be raised, people. This mound being destroyed, you will have this proof: the enemy's army will go away at once like the ocean-tide. When the mound is, completely destroyed, you. will have prosperity, people. This, was erected at an inauspicious, moment. Do not make a mistake about this, sirs!"

The people, deceived by the rogue's intelligence, began to destroy the mound."Generally, everyone worn out by misfortune can be easily deceived." As soon as the destruction of the mound was started, 'Magadhika's husband left and ran two kos' to Kunika. The people, with the intelligence of a frog in a well, convinced, tore up the mound, down to the stone resting on a tortoise,⁴²⁸ so that it was completely destroyed.

At the end of twelve years, Kunika made a breach into Vaisali. The power of the mound itself was difficult to overcome before. Then the fighting between the kings of Campa and Vaisali ceased. Never had there been such fighting in this *avasarpini*. Then the lord

of Campa said to the lord of Vaisali: "Arya Cetaka, you are entitled to be honored. What can I do to please you?" Depressed in mind, Cetaka replied to Kunika, "Do you, eager for a festival of victory, delay your entrance into the city." Cetaka's speech was reported by the messenger and Kunika, embarrassed at the thought, "What does he want?" agreed.

Now, a Vidyadhara, named Satyaki, a son of Sujyestha, Cetaka's grandson, came and reflected as follows: "How can I see the subjects of my maternal grandfather plundered by enemies? I shall take them somewhere else." By a magic art, he lifted up all the people of the city and took them to Mt. Nilavati, cherishing them like a *wreath* of flowers.

Then tying an iron doll to his neck, like a sign of death*, Cetaka fasted and jumped into deep water. Sinking, he was led to his own house by Indra *Dharana*, who had seen him, thinking, "He is a co-religionist." There is no death of those whose life-terms are unbroken. Cetaka, noble-minded, his pious meditation* praised by Dhara-na, remained unafraid of death as of battle in the past. He, clever, himself recalled the four: Arhat, *Siddha*, *sadhu* and *dharma**, conferring happiness, the essence of happiness, most superior.

"The *Arhats*, giving instruction in the principles of *soul*, non-*soul*, et-cetera, supreme gods, bestowing enlightenment, self-enlightened, are my refuge.* The Siddhas, whose karma has been burned by the fire of meditation, consisting of *splendor*, imperishable, possessing limitless *omniscience*, are my refuge. Sadhus, desireless, free from egotism, indifferent to worldly affairs, tranquil-minded, observing the great vows, resolute, are my refuge. The highest dharma, consisting of non-injury, *truthfulness*, *honesty*, chastity, and poverty, taught by the omniscients, is my refuge. Whatever sin was committed against creatures in a hundred births, that I repent, steadfast, threefold in three ways. Whatever *transgressions** were committed by me when I was observing the twelvefold lay-*dharma*, I renounce all these. Whatever, injury, et-cetera, was done in three ways by me always overcome by anger, conceit, deceit, and greed, shame on me! "

After making final propitiation thus, engaged in reciting the namaskara, Cetaka died and became a participant in the joys of heaven. Asokacandra ploughed up the city, like a field, with ploughs hitched to donkeys; and fulfilled his vow. After crossing his vow like a river hard to cross, the lord of Campa went to the city Campa with a very great festival.

One day Sri Vira, the Teacher of the World, purifying the earth by his wandering, went to Campa and stopped (in a *samavasarana*) there. The wives of Srenika, the mothers of Kala and the others, disgusted with the world from the slaughter of their sons, took initiation under Sri Vira Swamin. Kunika went to the *samavasarana* to pay homage to the Supreme Lord, the destroyer of the doubts of the three worlds. After bowing to the Lord and seating himself in the proper place, Kunika, choosing the proper time, his folded hands placed on his head, asked, "To what status do the cakrins go, who from birth have not abandoned the pleasures of love, Supreme Lord?" The Master said, "They go to the seventh hell" Kunika asked again, "What is my future status?" The Blessed One replied, "You will go to the sixth hell," Kunika said, "Why shall I not go to the seventh?" The Blessed One said, "You are not a cakravartin. Being pious, good works are considered (by you), son of Srenika." Kunika asked, "Why, Lord, am I not a cakrin? My four-part army is equal to that of a cakrin." The master said: "Sir, you have no jewels, the *cakra*, et-cetera. Without a single jewel, the name of '*cakrabhrt*' is hard to be accomplished."

After hearing that, the lord of Campa got up, a mountain of egotism, and had made one-sensed jewels of iron. He of hard wit made Padmavati a woman-jewel, and the jewels, the elephant* et-cetera, tormented by his *desire*. Conquering Bharataketra, Kunika, whose power was *invincible*, gradually reached Tamisra, the cave of Vaitadhya, with his army. Not knowing himself, like a crazy man, corrupted by an evil. false, he knocked on the doors of the entrance to the cave three times with a staff. The god, Krtamala, the guardian of the cave's door, said, "Who is this who, wishing to die, knocks on the cave door, not knowing himself?" Kunika said, "Do you not know me who have come, intending to conquer? I am a cakravartin, named Asokacandra, who has arisen." The god Krtamalin said: "There were twelve cakrins. You are seeking the unsought. Be advised. Good fortune to you, sir!" Kunika said: "I am the thirteenth cakrin, arisen from merit that had been acquired. What, pray, is hard to acquire with merit? Do you not know my power, Krtamala? Open wide the door of the cave. Otherwise, you cease to exist, look you! "

From anger Krtamala quickly reduced to ashes Kunika talking wildly as if from a fault inflicted by the gods. After death* King Asokacandra went to the sixth hell. The speech of the Arhat does not prove false.

When Kunika had died all the ministers installed his son, Udayin, on the throne. Udayin governed the people by the proper

path, his commands unbroken, spreading the Jain doctrine on earth. His enemies, unable to endure his *splendor* as he occupied his place, a sun in brilliance, entered a mountain-cave like owls. Wonderful power of his developed by *dharma**, liberality, fighting and dividing, for an example of past, present, and future kings. At no time did he suffer from fear* arising from his own or an enemy's circle, but on the other hand, he was always afraid of breaking the lay-vows. Maintaining his purity by fasts of one-day, et-cetera on the four moon-days engaged in samayika,⁴²⁹ he remained comfortably in the fasting-house."Arhat, god, teacher, and *sadhu*," to be meditated on like the words of a charm, did not leave his heart day and night. With his commands unbroken, always compassionate, King Udayin ruled this three-part world, successful. Wise, he purified himself by sipping constantly the preaching, resembling nectar, of Sri Vira Swamin.

The retinue of the Master, the last Arhat, as he wandered over the earth, from the manifestation of *omniscience* was as follows: fourteen thousand sadhus; thirty-six thousand sadhvis with tranquil minds; three hundred ascetics who knew the fourteen purvas*; thirteen hundred with clairvoyance; seven hundred with the art of transformation; the same number of those who will go to the Anuttara heaven; the same number of omniscients; five hundred with mind-reading knowledge; four hundred disputants; one lac and fifty-nine thousand laymen; three lacs and eighteen thousand laywomen. Nine *ganadharas*, except the great munis Gautama and Sudharman, had gone to the bliss of emancipation. The Master, his feet served by gods, asuras, and Vidyadharas, the Blessed One, went to the city Apapa.

13. SRI MAHAVIRA'S NIRVANA

Then the gods made there a beautiful *samavasarana*, a preaching-hall for the Master, ornamented with three walls. Knowing that the end of his life was near, the Lord, attended by gods and asuras, took his seat in it to deliver his last sermon. Learning that the Master had stopped in a *samavasarana* the lord of the city Apapa, Hastipala, came, bowed, and sat down. The gods and others remained there in their proper places, wishing to listen, and Sahasraksa came, bowed, and recited a hymn of praise of the Master.

Stuti

“Without merit and demerit there is no body; without a body, how would there be a mouth? Without a mouth, there is no speech. How would others (gods) be teachers? Activity of one without a body in the creation of the world is not suitable. There is no work from his own will nor by the command of another. If he should act in sport, passionate, he would be like a boy. If he should create with *compassion*, in that case he would create everything pleasant only. But, of him creating people distressed by the afflictions of pain, a low condition of existence, birth in low categories, et-cetera, what compassion is there of him, compassionate? If he is dependent on karma, in that case he is not independent, like us and others; in the variety produced by karma, what is the use of that weakling?

The activity of the Supreme Lord is not to be considered from his own nature. In that case he, (Lord) of investigators, is the drum for giving up investigation. If in all objects, the state of being the performer is agreed to be the state of being a knower, our doctrine is the omniscients are emancipated, even while they have bodies.* Having given up the evil whim of the doctrine of creation which is without authority, they are happy in your doctrine, whom, you favor, Lord,” After this eulogy, Sunasira stopped and king Hastipala, Lord of Apapa, *eulogized* Vira Swamin.

Stuti

“Not only something mild, but something harsh must be declared to the Master knowing distinctions, more in heart. (Of him) there is no body seated on a bird, domestic animal, lion, et-cetera as a vehicle. There is no appearance changed by transformation of eyes, mouth, limbs, et-cetera. There are no fingers characterized by weapons* trident, bow, disc, et-cetera. There is no *devotion* to the embrace of beautiful bodies* of women. There are no important people made to tremble because of *censurable* behavior. God’s and men are not annoyed by anger, favor, et-cetera, here is no *zeal* shown in the origination, the permanence and the perishable nature of the world. There is no existence distressed by the evils of the dance, laughter, song, et-cetera. Thus you are different from all the gods in every respect. How, pray, are you to be invested with divinity by investigators? Leaves, grass, wood, et-cetera moving with the stream are reasonable; by what reasoning can an object, going against the stream be admitted? Rather, enough of investigations by investigators of slow wit. Also enough of this boldness of mine, Lord of the World. The very dissimilarity of character from that of all the creatures of *samsara* which exists, let the wise observe that is characteristic of you. You, different from this world overcome by anger, greed, and fear*, are not at all within the sphere of the senses of stupid people; dispassionate one.”

After this eulogy, Hastipala stopped and the last Arhat, the Blessed One, delivered his last sermon.

Sermon

“There are four objects of existence of people in this world. Of these, wealth and love are valuable in name only; in reality they are worthless. Emancipation alone is of value and *dharma** is the cause of it. The tenfold self-control, et-cetera is a boat for the ocean of worldly existence. Worldly existence has infinite pain, but emancipation has infinite bliss. There is no means for the giving up and acquirement of the two except dharma. Just as a lame man may go a long way slowly, if he follows a path, so one even with heavy karma may attain emancipation, if he practices dharma.”

The eight dreams

After delivering this sermon, the Teacher of the World stopped; and the governor, Punyapala, bowed to he Lord and announced: “Master, today I saw eight dreams: an elephant*, monkey, fig tree,

crow, lion, lotus, seed, and pitcher in succession. Tell me the meaning of these. I am frightened, Blessed one.”

Questioned, the Lord of the World explained their meaning: “Those who have discernment, having become equal to elephants, in the future will live as greedy laymen in a house pleasant with transitory wealth. They will not take initiation, if a bad condition or a hostile army is present; and even if initiation has been taken, they will abandon it from bad association. Certainly a few will keep the vow even in evil association. This is the meaning of the elephant-dream.

The meaning of the monkey-dream is as follows: The chief-acaryas, belonging to sects, for the most part equal to monkeys, with uncertain mental processes and little strength of character, will become negligent in the vow. The pious will deteriorate constantly, but very few will exert themselves in *dharma*.^{*} The ones who, are not negligent and will give instruction to those lax in dharma, they will be ridiculed by them (the negligent) like city-people in a village by the villagers. In future there will be contempt for the scriptures. Know, king, this is the meaning of the monkey-dream.

Laymen, equal to a holy fig tree in a good field, liberal worshippers of the doctrine, will be oppressed by deceitful false sadhus. The great sages, having the character of lions, will look like watchdogs of those having contacts with worthless doctrine. The false sadhus will take over the path of the touring-country of the well behaved sadhus, like babbulas.⁴³⁰ Such is the meaning of the holy fig tree.

For the most part munis of a bold nature, even though seeking dharma, will not be satisfied in the sects, like crows in ditch-water. Then they, stupid, will go with other sectarians, with suris at the head devoted to deceit, like mirages. They will constantly harass the teachers among them, saying, ‘Going with them is not fitting.’ This is the meaning of the crow-dream.

The doctrine of the Jinas, equal to a lion, devoid of memory of former births, et-cetera in succession, will *perish* in this forest of Bharata devoid of righteous people. Certainly animals of teachers of corrupt doctrine will not prevail; but the false sadhus, self-originated like worms, having impure knowledge. The false sadhus surely will not prevail by corrupt teachers like wild animals, but from former power. That is the meaning of the lion-dream.

Righteous people will not be produced even in good families, like fragrant lotuses in multitudes of lotuses. Even though they have been devoted to dharma, they will change from bad association, like

a white waterlily sprung up in a village dust heap. Born in a bad country, in a bad family, even the righteous will be inferior. So you should understand the meaning of the lotus-dream.

Just as one would sow for fruit in saline ground what are not seeds with the idea that they are seeds, so they will sow improper things in a bad person with the idea that they are proper. Or rather, as a farmer by chance would unintentionally sow in the field a seed mixed in what was not seed, so laymen, not knowing what is proper amidst improper things, will make a gift to a suitable person. That is the meaning of the seed-dream.

A few great sages, marked with the lotuses of the virtues, tolerance, et-cetera, will be in a secluded place, like *pitchers*, filled with the water of good conduct. But many false sadhus will be everywhere, with lax practices and conduct, like dirty pitchers. Jealous, they will quarrel with the sages and the people will be impartial to the two. The ascetics and false sadhus would be dealing with impartiality like a king not possessed by a demon, (but like one) possessed by a demon, with people possessed by a demon.

Story of Purna

Now there was a king named Purna in the city Prthivi and his minister, Subuddhi, a depository of the wealth of wit. One day, questioned by Subuddhi in regard to the future, an expert astrologer, named Lokadeva. said: 'After a month a cloud will rain, but everyone who drinks its water will be possessed by a demon. After some time has passed there will be a good rain. The people will be well again from drinking its water.' The minister told that to the king and the king had it proclaimed to the people by beating a drum and instructed them to collect water. Everyone did so. The cloud rained on the predicted day. After some time had passed, the collected water was consumed. Then the people, except the king and minister who had unconsumed collected water, *vassals*, et-cetera drank the new water. From drinking it all were seized by demons and danced, laughed, sang, and behaved as they liked in other ways, except the king and minister. The vassals and the others saw that the king and minister were different and they planned to make the king and minister possessed by demons. 'These two, with practices different from ours have avoided that. We shall make the king and minister, who are different, like ourselves.'

The minister learned about the plan and told the king; and the king said, 'How will we protect ourselves from them? A mob is like a king.' The minister said: 'Becoming possessed by a demon, we

must behave like those possessed by a demon. There is no other means of protection. This is suitable for the occasion.' Then pretending to be possessed by a demon, the king and minister lived in their midst, guarding their own good fortune. Then at the proper time a good rain came and when the new water had been drunk, all became well, having their original nature. Thus in the evil period of time the ascetics will live with the false sadhus, having become like them, waiting for their own opportunity in future.'

After hearing the meaning of his dreams, noble Punyapala, enlightened, took initiation and in course of time attained emancipation.

The fifth spoke

Ganabhrta Gautama bowed to the Blessed One and said: "The Blessed Rsabha was at the end of the third spoke (of the wheel of time). In the fourth spoke in the *avasarpini* there were twenty-three *Arhats*, beginning with Ajita and ending with you, Teacher of the World. Please tell what will happen in future in the fifth spoke called *duhsama* (evil), Supreme Lord."

The Master said: "The fifth spoke will begin three years, eight and one half months after my emancipation. When nineteen hundred and fourteen years have passed after my emancipation, on the eighth day of Caitra in the half-tithi Visti,⁴³¹ in a Mleccha family there will be a king, known by three names, Kalkin, Rudra, and Caturmukha in the city Pataliputra. At that time the temple of Rama and Krsna^s in the city Mathura will fall suddenly like an old tree blown down by wind.

Anger, conceit, deceit, and greed will always be innate in him, cruel-hearted, like worms in wood. Oppression by thieves and the king, fear* of the king, loss of taste and smell, poor alms, plague and drouth will certainly take place then, Kalkin, will be prince for eighteen years, lord for as many, and after that a cruel minded king.

Kalkin

Wandering in the city, after he has seen five stupas there, he will ask his attendants, 'Who had these built?' They will explain: In the past there was a famous king, Nanda, like Dhanada in wealth. He deposited much gold here in the stupas and no king has been able to take it.' When King Kalkin hears that, *avaricious* by nature, he will have the stupas dug up and will take the gold. Seeking money, he will have the city dug up everywhere and will regard all the kings like straw, A stone *cow*, named Lavanadevi, will appear from the

ground of the city dug up by Kalkin at that time. Set up at the cross-roads, by a miracle she will touch the munis wandering for alms with the tip of her horn. The elders will declare: 'She indicates a future severe water-calamity. So wander elsewhere.' Hearing that, some sages will go away in wandering; others, greedy for food*, clothes, et-cetera, will say, 'If something good or bad will happen from time or the power of karma, who, though victorious himself, is able to ward it off?'

Then Kalkin will ask all the heretics for a tax. The ones with property and enterprises will give it to him. Saying: "The other heretics paid the tax. Why do you not pay? he, greedy, will oppress the sadhus. The sadhus will say: 'King, we have nothing. Dependent on alms, what can we give you, except "Dharmalabha?" It is said in the Puranas, "Protecting ascetics absorbed in contemplating the one supreme spirit, the king will have a sixth part of their merit" So, cease persecuting us, king. This action leads to misfortune, both in the city and realm always.'

When Kalkin hears this speech of the munis, he will certainly be angry, frowning, his face terrible, terrifying like Krtanta. The city-goddess will say to him, '*Basest* of mortals, do you wish to die that you ask the munis for money?' Terrified by the speech of the goddess like an elephant* by the roar of a lion, Kalkin will apologize to the sadhus with humility. Then there will be many terrifying portents daily, indicating the destruction of King Kalkin's city. The cloud will rain for seventeen days and nights and the stream of the Ganga*, rising, will good the city. There *Acharya* Pratipada some of the *congregation**, some of the people of the city, and Kalkin will stand on a dry mound. Many citizens and treasure will go at once with the Gangas water advancing on all sides. When the calamity of water ends, King Kalkin will make again a new city with Nanda's money. There will be temples: the sadhus will wander; the cloud will rain at the right time, the cause of the grain's ripening. The people will not buy grain with a drama even when taking a kumbha.⁴³² It will be (a country) of good alms for fifty years, while Kalkin lives.

When his death* is near, Kalkin will make all the heretics give up their outfits and will oppress them especially, After putting Pratipada with the congregation* into a *cow*-compound, he, hard-hearted, will demand the sixth part of alms. The congregation will make *kayotsarga** for the propitiation of Sakra. Messenger-deities will say, 'Kalkin. This is not conducive to peace.' His throne shaken by the power of the congregation's kayotsarga, Sakra will assume

the form of an old Brahman and go there. Sakra will say to Kalkin seated on his lion-throne in the assembly, 'Why have you shut up these sadhus?' Kalkin will say to Sakra: 'They live in my city, but they do not give me a tax, the sixth part of their alms, look you! All the heretics paid me the tax, but not these. For that reason they are shut up in the compound, like a bad *cow*, to be milked by force.' Sakra will say: 'These have nothing. They will never give a part of alms to anyone. Are you not ashamed, decanding a part of their alms from begging monks? Let them go. Otherwise, you will have a great misfortune in future.'

Angry at this speech Kalkin will say, 'Here, soldiers! Take this Brahman by the neck and throw him out at once.' At this speech Pakasasana will at once reduce Kalkin a mountain of baseness to a heap of ashes by a blow from his open hand. Having completed a life of eighty-six years, King Kalkin will become a hell-inhabitant in a hell which has no end.

Sakra will go away, after instructing Kalkin's son, Datta, in the religion of the *Arhats* and installing him on the throne, having paid homage to the *congregation*.* Remembering the terrifying consequences of his father's sin and Sakra's teaching, Datta will make the earth adorned with temples of the Arhats. Henceforth, up to the end of the fifth spoke, there will be constant advance of the religion of the Arhats. In the time of the Arhats this Bharataksatra, covered with villages, mines, and cities, laden with wealth and grain, was like heaven. Villages were like towns; towns were equal to heaven; householders were equal to kings; kings resembled Kubera. Teachers were equal to the moon-god; parents were equal to divinities; mothers-in-law to mothers; fathers-in-law to fathers.

Then the people were devoted to truth and purity, knowing right and wrong, attached to good breeding, worshippers of honored gurus; satisfied with their own wives. Science, learning, morals, and also the family thrive. There was no fear* of a hostile army, plague, robbers, and there was no new tax. The kings were devoted to the Arhats and the followers of false doctrine were blamed. Ten marvels took place, the attacks, et-cetera.

Henceforth in duhsama, the people with minds whose righteousness has been stolen by passions will be without bounds, like an excessively watery field. As the time will pass, so the people, their understanding confused by false doctrine, will be devoid of non-violence, et-cetera. Villages will be like cemeteries; towns like the world of the dead; householders like slaves; kings equal to rods

of *Yama*. Greedy kings will take money from their own servants; the servants from the people. The law of fishes will prevail.

The ones who were lowest will be in the middle; and the ones who were in the middle will be the lowest, in turn. Kingdoms will be unsteady, like boats with loose sails. Thieves will oppress the earth by thievery and kings by taxes. Guilds will be absorbed in the acquisition of wealth and the superintendents greedy for bribes. People, devoted solely to their own interests, will oppress their own people, turned away from others' interests, devoid of truth, shame, and courtesy. Disciples will not honor teachers; and they, indeed, will not give the disciples any instruction at all in scriptural knowledge. Then the pupil living in the house of the teacher will gradually pass away. There will be sluggish intellect in *dharma** and the earth will be over-burdened with many creatures.

The gods will not appear in person; sons will not honor parents; daughters-in-law will be like serpents; mothers-in-law equal to the night at the end of the world, on the other hand. Women of good family, devoid of shame, will practice courtesanship by contortions of the eyes, smiles, chatter, and other coqueties. There will be a decrease in laymen and lay-women, destruction of fourfold *dharma*, no invitations to *sadhus* and *sadhvis* even on festival days. There will be dishonest weight, dishonest measure*, deceit, even in *dharma*. Virtuous people will be in painful circumstances; the wicked will be very comfortable. In the fifth spoke there will be a decrease in gems, charms, herbs, spells, and of different kinds of knowledge; in money and life; in fruits, flowers, and juices; in beauty; and in height of the body; of *dharma* and other pure conditions; in the sixth spoke, more so. With merit decreasing gradually in this way as time advances, whoever, will have a disposition toward *dharma*, his life will be fruitful.

An' *acharya*, named *Dusprasaha*, a *sadhvi* *Phalgusri* a layman *Nagila*, a laywoman, *Satyasri*, a king *Vimalavahana*, a minister *Sumukha*- these will be the last in *duhsama* in *Bharata*. They will be two cubits tall and will live for twenty years. The penance of the four *Dusprasaha* and the others, will be the last two-day fast. Anyone, knowing the *Dasavaikalika*, he, knowing the fourteen *purvas*,^{433*} will enlighten the *congregation** about the doctrine, ending with *Dusprasaha*. Then *dharma* will turn downward, but whoever says, 'There is no *dharma*' must be expelled from the *congregation* by the congregation. After *Dusprasaha* has passed twelve years as a householder and eight years in the vow, at the end he will go to the heaven *Saudharma* by means of a three-day fast,

The sixth spoke

In the morning there will be destruction of right-conduct; at mid-day, of kingly duty; in the afternoon, of fire. Duhsama will last for twenty-one thousand years; and this will be the length of time of ekantaduhsama (duhsama-duhsama). The essence of *dharma** having perished, the people, full of the cry, 'Ha, Ha,' will be like cattle without any laws about mother, son, et-cetera. Harsh winds with much dust, ill-omened, will blow. The heavens will smoke, terrifying by day and night. The moon will send forth exceeding cold and the sun will burn exceedingly hot. The people, *afflicted*, by excessive heat and cold, will experience misery. Then the clouds will be without water. Clouds of acid and clouds of vinegar, clouds of poison, fire, and lightning will rain what is similar to themselves. Because of this there will be cough, asthma, gout, leprosy, dropsy, fever, headache, and other serious diseases of humans. The animals will feel pain those of water, earth, air. There will be destruction of fields, forests, gardens, creepers, trees, and grass. Except Vaitadhya and Rsabhakuta, the Ganga^s and the Sindhu, all the mountains, caves, rivers, et-cetera will be leveled. The earth will be reduced to ashes, resembling embers and charcoal; sometimes with much dust, sometimes with thick mud. Men and women will be a cubit in height, bad-colored, harsh-spoken, afflicted with diseases, violent-tempered, hunch-backed, snub-nosed, shameless, without clothes. Men will live for twenty years and women sixteen. A woman will conceive at the age of six and then will have a painful child-bearing. She will be an old woman at sixteen with many children and grandchildren.

There will be cave-dwellings in Mt. Vaitadhya, but there will be seventy-two caves in the ground of both banks of the rivers.⁴³⁴ In each bank of the rivers there will be nine caves and in those animals will come into existence only enough to preserve the species. At that time humans and others will become completely devoted to eating meat, cruel, devoid of discernment. Then the water of the rivers Ganga and Sindhu, a mere chariot-path, will flow, filled with moving fish, turtles, et-cetera. Going there at night, after dragging out the fish, et-cetera, they will abandon them on the dry ground and will eat them, cooked during the day by the heat of the sun, at the next night. In this way they will always eat, because at that time there will be no curd, et-cetera, nor flower, nor fruit, nor rice, nor a bed, seat, et-cetera. Such will duhsama be in the ten Bharatas and

Airavatas⁴³⁵ and also duhsamaduhsama for twenty-one thousand years.

Utsarpini

The two spokes that are the last and next to the last in *avasarpini* are the first and second in *utasarpini*, having their own powers. At the end of duhsamaduhsama in *utsarpini*, there will be five clouds that will rain for seven days each. Among these the first, named Puskara will sow the earth; the second, named Ksiramegha, will make grain spring up; the third, Ghrtamegha, will produce oil; the fourth, Amrtamegha, will make herbs, et-cetera. The fifth, Rasamegha, will make liquids of the earth, et-cetera. For thirty-five days there will be rain with cool and moist cloudy weather. When they have seen the trees, herbs, vines, creepers, grass, et-cetera, the cave-dwellers, delighted, will come out of their caves. They will say: 'The land of Bharata has produced flowers, fruit, et-cetera. Henceforth, meat will not be eaten. Whoever eats meat will be *ostracized*.'

As time passes, so beauty, bodily structure and age, grain, et-cetera will increase in Bharata. There will be pleasant winds; the seasons will be merry; animals and men will gradually be free from disease. At the end of duhsama there will be seven founders of families in East Bharata. The first of these will be Vimalavahana; in succession Suda-man, Sangama, Suparsva the fourth, Datta, Sumukha, and Sammuci. Then with recollection of former births, the first of these, Vimalavahana, will settle villages, cities, et-cetera for the sake of a kingdom. He will collect cattle, elephants, horses, et-cetera and will make appear the crafts, trade, writing, arithmetic, et cetera. Milk, curd, et-cetera, grain, and fire having come forth, he, a benefactor, will teach cooking, et-cetera to his subjects.

Future Arhats

Duhsama having passed, Srenika's *soul*, the son of King Sammuci by his chief-queen Bhadra in the great city Satadvara, will become the first Tirthakrt, named Padmanabha, equal to me in birth, size, et-cetera. Thereafter there will be Jinesvaras^s as before, all these in succession equal to former Arhats in reverse order. Of these Srenika's *soul* will be the Jinesvara Padmanabha; the *soul* of suparsva will be the second, Blessed Suradeva; the *soul* of Pottila will be the third excellent Jina, Suparsva; the *soul* of rdhayus will be the fourth Tirthanatha, Svayamprabhu; the *soul* of Kartika will be the fifth, Sarvanubhuti; the *soul* of Sankha will be sixth, Devasruta by name; the *soul* of Nanda will be the seventh Jinendra, named Udaya;

Sunanda"- soul will be the eight Arhat, Pedhala by name; Kekasi's soul! will be the ninth Jinendra, Pottila; Revati's soul will be the tenth Jinesvara^s, Satakirti; Satyaki's soul will be the eleventh Arhat, Suvrata; the soul of Sarngin Krsna^s will be the twelfth Arhat, Amama; Baladeva's soul will be the thirteenth Arhat, Niskasaya; Rohini's soul will be the fourteenth Jinendra, Nispulaka; Sulasa's soul will be the fifteenth Jina, Nirmama; Revati's soul will be the sixteenth, named Citragupta; Gavali's soul will be the seventeenth Jina, Samadhi^{*}; Gargali's soul will be the eighteenth Arhat, Samvara; Dvipayana's soul will be the nineteenth Arhat, Yasodhara; Karna's soul will be the twentieth Jinesvara, *Vijaya*; the one who was Narada before will be the twenty-first Jina, Malla; the soul of Ambada will be the twenty-second Tirthakrt, Deva; the soul of Dvaramada will be the twenty-third, Anantavirya; Svati's soul will be the twenty-fourth Tirthakrt, Bhadrakrt.

Future Cakrins, Vasudeva, Ramas, Prativasudevas

Dirghadanta, Gudhadanta, Suddhadanta, the third, Sricandra, Sribhuti, Srisoma, Padma, Mahapadma, Udasama, Vimala, Vimalavahana, Arista, are the future cakrins.

Nandi, Nandimitra, Sundarabahuka, Mahabahu, Atibala, Mahabala, *Bala*^s, Dviprsthā, Triprsthā, are the nine (future) Ardhacakrins (Vasudevas)^s.

And the Ramas with ever increasing preeminence: Bala (will be) the first of them; Jayanta, Ajita, *Dharma*^{*}, Suprabha, Sudarsana^s, Ananda, Nandana, and Padma, the last Rama.

These will be the Pratiyardhacakrins (Prativasudevas): Tilaka, Lohajanghaka, Vajrajangha, Kesarin, Pali, Prahlada, Aparajita, Bhima, and Sugriva, the ninth. there will be the sixty-three illustrious persons in *utsarpini*.

Vira's prophecy about future of Jainism

Sudharman, the first of ganabhrts, asked Sri Vira, when he had told this, "When will the extirpation of *omniscience*, et-cetera take place?" Master said: "When so much time after my emancipation has passed, there will be no omniscience after your disciple, Jambu^B. Omniscience being extirpated, there will be no mind-reading knowledge, no pulaka-magic power,⁴³⁶ no supreme clairvoyance. There will be no ladders of subsidence and destruction of karma, no *aharaka*-body,⁴³⁷ no Jinakalpa,⁴³⁸ no three controls. Your disciple Jambu will attain emancipation and will know the fourteen purvas^{*}; Jambu's disciple, Prabhava, will know all the purvas. His disciple,

Sayyambhava, will know twelve angas and will produce the book, Dasavaikalika, taking it from the Scripture. His disciple, Yasobhadra, will know all the purvas; and his disciples, Sambhuta and Bhadrabahu, will know all the purvas. Sthulabhadra, Sambhuta's disciple, will know all the purvas. Then the last four purvas will be lost. After that there will be those who know ten purvas, beginning with Mahagiri and Suhastin and ending with *Vajra*, directors of the congregation.*"

Vira's emancipation

After explaining this, the Lord left the *samavasarana* and went to the pure house of king Hastipala. The Master, knowing that his emancipation would take place in the night of that day, thought: "Gautama has a secure affection for me. It is an obstacle to the omniscience of him, noble-minded. It must be destroyed." After reflecting this, he said to Gautama: "In another village, a Brahman, named Devasarman, will attain enlightenment through you. For his sake go there, Gautama." Muni Gautama said, "Just as my Master commands," and having bowed, he went and executed the Lord's command. Then at the last moment of the night of the new moon of Kartika, the constellation Svati being in ascendancy, the Teacher of the World, having made a two-day fast, recited fifty-five lessons about the good results of merit and the same number about the bad results of sin. After making thirty-six unasked explanations⁴³⁹ the Teacher of the World originated the lesson named 'Principal.'⁴⁴⁰

Knowing from the shaking of their thrones that it was the time of the Master's emancipation, all the Indras of the gods and asuras went there with their retinues. Sahasraksa, his eyes filled with tears, bowed to the Teacher of the World, made the *anjali* at his head, and said respectfully:

"At your conception, birth, initiation, omniscience, the constellation Hastottara (was in ascendancy), Lord. Now the planet' Bhasmaka is in ascendancy It, an unfavorable planet, crossing the birth-constellation of you, dying, will oppress your successors for two thousand years. Guard against the moment of its entry, Lord, so that the planet will become without effect by your power. Bad dreams, bad omens, 'bad planets of all others who keep you in their hearts will become favorable; how much more, where you are in person, Master. Please remain a moment (extend your like by a moment) let the subsidence of this evil planet take place."

The Master replied: "No one is able to mend life, Sakra. Though you know this, why do you say such a thing, confused by

affection for the *congregation**? Oppression of the congregation* will come from advancing duhsama and the rising of Bhasmaka was in conformity with destiny.”

After enlightening Vajrin in this way, the Teacher of the World, who had passed thirty years less six and one half months in *omnis-science*, seated in the paryanka-posture, continuing the coarse activity of the body, blocked the coarse activity of mind and speech. Continuing the fine-activity of the body the Supreme Lord, expert in activity, blocked the coarse activity of the body. The Lord blocked the fine activities of speech and mind and made the third pure meditation* which has fine action. The Teacher of the World blocked fine activity of the body and made the fourth pure meditation in which all action is destroyed. By means of the fourth meditation which lasts long enough for the utterance of five short vowels, unfailing for the fourth object of existence (moksa), the Lord, having an upward path from the absence of bondage like the seed of a castor-bean plant^B (in water) went to emancipation alone by a path naturally straight. Then there was a moment of comfort even for in the hell-inhabitants, who are never the recipients of even an atom of comfort.

Then the year was *Candra*^S; the month Pritivardhana; the fortnight Nandivardhanaka; the day Agnivesa and it had another name, *Upasama*; the night, Devananda, Nairrti by another name; the lava, Arcya; the prana,^{441*} *Sukla*; the stoka, Suddha; the muhurta, Sarvarthasiddha; the karana,⁴⁴² Naga.

At that time (the creature) kunthu by name originated, which cannot be lifted up. It cannot be seen by the eye when it is motionless. When it moves, it can be seen. When they had seen it, with the thought “Henceforth, self-control will be difficult to preserve,” many sadhus and sadhvis observed a lifelong fast.

The light of knowledge, the Master, having been extinguished, at that time all the kings made material lights. From that time among the people also a festival, called Dipotsava (diwali), takes place everywhere on that night by making lights. The gods, their eyes full of tears, bowed to the body of the Teacher of the World and remained near, grieving over their lack of a lord. Then Sakra regained composure and made apart a funeral pyre from fuel of gosirsa-sandal brought from the groves of Nandana, et-cetera. He had the Lord’s body bathed in water from the Ocean of Milk and Hari^S himself *anointed* it with divine unguents. After putting divine garments on it, Sakra himself lifted up the Master’s body, bathing it again, as it were, with tears. Watched by weeping gods and asuras,

Sakra laid the Lord's body on a *bier* that was equal to the best aerial car. His grief restrained somewhat, Purandara^s took the Master's bier on his head, like the Master's command. The gods rained divine flowers on it, crying, "Hail! Hail!" Just like a troupe of *bards*. The gods sprinkled the earth all around with fragrant rain mixed with water from their own lotus-eyes. The Gandharvas sang aloud and the gods sang like Gandharvas; recalling again and again the Master's virtues, they recited then again and again. The gods beat violently hundreds of musical instruments*, mrdanga, panava,⁴⁴³ et-cetera, as well as their own breasts from grief. Goddesses danced, before the Master's bier, their feet stumbling in the dance-steps from grief, like in experienced dancers. The gods of the four classes worshipped the Lord's bier with divine cloths, ornaments, necklaces, et-cetera, and garlands of flowers. Laymen and lay women, filled with grief, danced and sang and wept at the same time. Grief made a very deep impression on the sadhus and sadhvis, like a heavy sleep on the day-blooming lotuses at the setting of the sun.

Then Purandara placed the Master's body on the pyre, his heart torn by grief as if a spike had entered. The Agni-kumaras created a fire on the pyre; the Vayukumaras created a wind that made it burn. Other gods threw fragrant incense and *pitchers* of ghi and honey by the hundred on the burning pyre. When the flesh, et-cetera had been consumed, the Stanita-gods at once extinguished the pyre with water from the Ocean of Milk. Sakra and Isana took the Lord's right and left upper eye-teeth; Camara and Bali took the lower eye-teeth. Other Indras and the gods took the Lord's other teeth and bones; and men, longing for good fortune, took the ashes of the pyre. On the place of the pyre the gods made the best jeweled mound, the *abode* of the wealth of good fortune. After they had held the Lord's emancipation-festival in this way, the gods went to Nandisvara and held an eight-day festival to the eternal *Arhats*. When they had gone to heaven, the gods put the Master's eye-teeth in round diamond boxes on top of pillars named Manava inside their own palaces.

With thirty years as householder and forty-two years in the vow, the life of Lord Vira was seventy-two years. The emancipation of Lord Sri Vira took place when two hundred and fifty years had passed since the emancipation of Sri Parsvanatha.

Gautama's omniscience and emancipation

Now, after he had enlightened Devasarman and had returned, Gautama heard of the Master's nirvana^s thought a report by the gods. Gautama Swamin fainting, thought to himself: "Why was I

sent away by the Lord for one day, alas! After serving the Lord of the World for so long, I was especially unfortunate not to have seen him at the end. They who were present there were fortunate. Gautama, you are hard as diamond or more than diamond, since you are not broken into a hundred pieces on hearing of the Master's nirvana. Or rather, I have been mistaken from the first, since I felt love for the Lord devoid of love, and interest in him disinterested such was the Lord. Moreover, love, hate, et-cetera are causes of birth. For that reason they were abandoned by the Supreme Lord. Enough of interest on my part in the Lord so disinterested. Interest even in the case of interest is not fitting for sadhus."

So engaged in pure meditation*, occupying the ladder of destruction, *Muni* Gautama instantly attained *omniscience* from the destruction of the destructive karmas. After he had enlightened the bhavyas on earth for twelve years, Gautama, who had a wealth of spotless omniscience, just like the Master, was worshipped by the gods. He went to the city Rajagrha and the karma prolonging existence being destroyed, after he had fasted for a month, the lord went to the place which is the *abode* indestructible delight.

His successors

When he (Gautama) had become emancipated, the fifth ganadhara, lord Sudharman acquired the fifth knowledge (omniscience) and taught *dharma** to the people on earth for a Very long time. One day, after he arrived at the city Rajagrha, he made all his sinless community subject to *Arya* Jambuswamin. In that same city, Ganabhart Sudharman, his eight karmas destroyed in course of time, engaged in the fourth meditation, went to the place of unequalled bliss from which there is no return

Later, the last omniscient, lord Jambu*, leader on the path of sri Virā, enlightened the bhavyas on path about dharma for a long time and one day attained emancipation.

Envoi

Who is able to tell the whole life of the Lord Jina, Srimat Virā, unequalled among the creatures of the three worlds, from the beginning of his former births up to his emancipation? Nevertheless, after taking a little from the deep ocean of the Scriptures, something of the kind has been celebrated by me with the *desire* for benefit to myself and, others.

EPILOGUE

Muni Jambu had a disciple Prabhava; and he had one, Sri Sayyambhava; and he had one, Yasobhadra. His two chief disciples were Sambhuta and Muni Bhadrabahu; and Sri Sthulabhadra was the bee to Sambhuta's lotus-feet.

His chief disciple, who had outstanding magic powers, was Mahagiri a great mountain of firmness, knowing ten purvas* of the treasury of fourteen purvas that had come down in succession in the line of teachers. Another disciple, knowing the ten purvas, best of munis, Suhastin by name, had a great wealth of knowledge produced by service to his (Mahagiri's) lotus-feet. King Samprati made the surface of the earth everywhere in every city, village, and mine in this half of Bharata adorned with shrines of the Jinas. The great muni, *Arya* Suhastin, had a disciple, named Suthita supratibuddha, who knew ten purvas in a wealth of *tranquility*, an elephant* for breaking the big tree of existence. Then there was the great order, Kotika, whose wandering extended to the Lavanoda Ocean from the vicinity of places served by sadhus, like the stream of the Ganga^s from Mt. Himavat. In this order, after a number of chief sadhus had gone by, there was the last one who knew ten purvas, the great muni, *Vajra* Suri, a diamond from the diamond-mine of the large city, Tumbavana.

One time when a famine had arisen, like the end of the world, he, sharing the fear*, with pure magic arts set the whole terrified community of sadhus on a carpet, lifting (them) up by his lotus-hand, and took them through the air quickly to the city Mahapuri, which was a place of abundant alms, he the depository of unlimited power from penance.

From him the branch (*sakha*) named *Vajra* took place in the tree of the Kotika order, the sister of the *triad* of branches, Uccanagari-ka, et-cetera.⁴⁴⁴ In the Vajra-branch there was the sect, *Candra*^s, which became a bunch of flowers with the bees of munis clinging to it. In that sect there was Yasobhadra Suri, the moon of nectar of pious meditation*, an ocean of interpretation of the spotless scriptures, the sun to the lotuses of bhavyas, a lion for the destruction of the elephant* Love, who had a wealth of self-restraint, a heap of *compassion*, by whom the earth was filled with his own pure glory. He made a death* from voluntary starvation on the mountain, whose peak had been purified by Sri Jinendra Nemi,⁴⁴⁵ first having observed a fast, at the last engaging in pure meditation, remaining with a tranquil mind, creating a miracle for thirteen days, he verified fully the stories of self-restraint of earlier sages.

Srimat Pradyumna Suri, who caused the enlightenment of many bhavyas, was his disciple, whose collection of good *qualities* was known to all the world. Like a rain-cloud he favors the whole earth with water of interpretation taken from the ocean of scripture, after spreading everywhere the sthanakas⁴⁴⁶ which resemble a shower of nectar for the car.

Then Gunasena Suri, a jeweled mirror of the *esoteric* meanings of all the sacred books, a tree for the creeper of happiness, an ocean of nectar of compassion, the sun in the sky of Jain doctrine, Mt. Rohana of the jewels of good-conduct, et-cetera, purifying the earth, general to King *Dharma**, was his disciple.

His disciple was Sri Devacandra Suri, a living tirtha, purifying the earth, Mt. Hima with the Ganga^s of Syadvada, the sun of enlightenment of the universe, who attained the highest fame, having composed a commentary on the Sthanaka⁴⁴⁷ and a Santicarita, the seat of power from much penance. *Acharya* Hemacandra was the bee to his lotus-feet, master of a wealth of knowledge acquired by his favor.

One day, the Caulukya, King Kumarapala, an advanced layman, well-behaved, belonging to the family of Sri Mula Raja, conqueror of Cedi, Dasarna, Malava, Maharastra, and the western country, the Kurus, Sindhus and other fortified territories, a Hari^s by the power of his strength of arm, bowed to him and said: "Whatever is the cause of life in hell hunting, gambling, liquor, et-cetera all that has been forbidden on earth, (by me) having accepted your command for attention given to benefits without motive, master; the money of a man who dies without a son has been released; the earth has been

adorned with shrines of *Arhats*. For these reasons I am now equal to Samprati in this world.

In the past at the request of my predecessor King Siddharaja, who had a trace of *devotion*, you composed a grammar with appendices, comprehensible from a good commentary. You composed the spotless Yogasastra for my sake; and other manuals, the Dvyasraya, Chando (nusasana), *Alankrti*, and collections of nouns⁴⁴⁸ for the people. If you are ready to confer benefits on the people of your own accord, nevertheless I ask you: for the enlightenment of people like me, reveal also the lives of the sixty-three illustrious persons."

Because of his insistence Hemacandra *Acharya* wrote the biographies called Salakapurusa, which have as their main result instruction in *dharma**, in a profusion of beautiful words.

So long as Mt. Kanaka keeps the state of a *pericarp* to the lotus Jambudvipa, so long as the ocean makes an island of the earth; so long as the sun and moon wander, travelers on the paths of the sky; for so long may this Jain poem, named Salakapurusakarita, survive on earth. (Also this Translation)

FOOTNOTE

1. The *Alstonia Scholaris*. It has a strong scent. (Pg-2)
2. A blue-flowering *Barleria*. (Pg-2)
3. *Sarasa*. Proverbial as inseparable. (Pg-2)
4. A kind of goose or swan with dark gray wings. (Pg-2)
5. A symbol of ignorance and contemptibility. (Pg-3)
6. A water-fowl. *Maralas* are included among the *hansas*.
(Pg-3)
7. I.e., fires have been superseded by lamps as a source of light.
(Pg-4)
8. There is a double meaning throughout this sloka which it is impossible to bring out in one sentence. "The day-blooming lotus whose beauty is increased by autumn, its face faded, wishes the touch of the sun's rays."
"A woman of the best kind, whose beauty is increased by youth, her face languid, desires the touch of hand." (Pg-5)
9. The horseman, par excellence. (Pg-6)
10. A *bhadra* has the slightest degree of right-belief with light karma. (Pg-6)
11. "May you acquire *dharma*." The customary blessing from a *sadhu*. (Pg-7)
12. Really his step-mother, of course. (Pg-9)
13. *Pratyakhyana* and *namaskara*. (Pg-10)
14. *Raudradhyana*. (Pg-10)
15. *Bandhakarma*. (Pg-11)
16. For these duties, which are really six. Liberality (*dana*) is omitted here. (Pg-11)
17. Of the original fourteen. As time went on, fewer and fewer were learned. They were all lost eventually. (Pg-12)
18. *Sadhus* do not travel alone normally. (Pg-12)
19. ***Kayotsarga***: Indifference to the body by one standing or sitting, with the arms hanging down, is called *kayotsarga*.
(Pg-12)
20. A garden on the peak of *Meru*. Either spelling, *Pandaka* or *Panduka*, is used. (Pg-14)
21. I.e., to the house of a friend. (Pg-15)
22. The target is located merely by sound. (Pg-16)
23. *Nagapasa*, here with a play on the meaning 'elephant' of *naga*. Usually the play is on its meaning 'serpent.' (Pg-16)

24. The Indian upper garment serves as a purse among its many uses. Sometimes at a Knol at the end of louse garment. (Pg-16)
25. The most beautiful heavenly nymph. (Pg-19)
26. Bhavya. (Pg-19)
27. Fifth birth from this one, but the present birth is included. This incarnation is the fifth of nine. (Pg-19)
28. I.e., she would state the question and take the affirmative. (Pg-20)
29. By the moon white as a conch that his mother had seen. It was quite customary for a child to be named after something seen in a dream by his mother. (Pg-23)
30. A sign of submission. (Pg-24)
31. I.e., by fanning. (Pg-25)
32. A palace in the highest heaven, the Pancanuttara. (Pg-27)
33. Sauryapura was on the Yamuna, below Mathura. (Pg-28)
34. Vaiyavrttya. (Pg-29)
35. Anesaniya, technically impure for a *sadhu*. (Pg-29)
36. Abhigraha. (Pg-30)
37. For *dohada* a pregnancy-whim. (Pg-31)
38. For the fourteenth. (Pg-31)
39. Rasavanija. *Rasa* seems to include a wide range, such as honey, milk, ghi, sugar-cane juice, wine. (Pg-31)
40. For this incident. (Pg-32)
41. When this prediction was made is not told in our account. Apparently he tell's what he heard. (Pg-32)
42. With large trees. (Pg-39)
43. Normally, he would have paid homage to the *muni* first. (Pg-41)
44. I.e., she wore her hair as if she were a widow. (Pg-42)
45. Matanga here is the name of a Vidyadhara-line. (Pg-43)
46. Preta is here used interchangeably with bhuta. (Pg-43)
47. This contradicts the description of Narada as a celibate but Here in it is only the 'name' 'narada' and not the traditional 'Naradas' (Pg-45)
48. The same as the Indrotsava. (Pg-47)
49. Brahmaloka is a lower heaven than Mahasukra. He got only so far. (Pg-48)
50. Kandarpika. A class of gods devoted to amorous sport. (Pg-49)
51. I.e., Somasri. (Pg-49)
52. I.e., tricked him into marriage. (Pg-49)

53. A thunderbolt. (Pg-50)
54. Where he had been staying with Vegavati. (Pg-53)
55. A left-hand Sakta. (Pg-54)
56. As an *ascetic*, he should have been immune to grief. (Pg-55)
57. 'Son of a *doe*.' (Pg-55)
58. Vegavati. (Pg-57)
59. Mustika is obviously of a caste that acts as executioners.
(Pg-57)
60. Proverbial guardians of treasure. (Pg-59)
61. I.e., flags indicated the number of crores the owner possessed. (Pg-59)
62. Song, dance, and instrumental music. (Pg-60)
63. A kind of *hansa* with red bill and feet. (Pg-61)
64. Plantain is considered cooling. (Pg-62)
65. Which made him invisible. (Pg-65)
66. I.e., it was paved with something that gave the effect of waves of milk as the sapphire gave the effect of water. Probably the floor was of crystal. (Pg-65)
67. The ordinary human body. (Pg-67)
68. Hara is a very elaborate necklace with many strings of pearls. (Pg-67)
69. Ardhasarada. A surmise, but surely analogous to saradi, 'the night of full moon in Karttika or Asvina.' (Pg-67)
70. A class of rsis the size of a thumb, 60,000 of whom surround the chariot of the sun. (Pg-68)
71. The assembly-ball in Saudharmakalpa. (Pg-68)
72. Twenty-four minutes. (Pg-70)
73. I.e., they had rajoguna. (Pg-70)
74. Acamamla. (Pg-70)
75. (or Mimosa) concinna(Pg-70)
76. *Amavasya*, which is entirely dark. (Pg-71)
77. *Parisaha*. (Pg-71)
78. *Dhanya* acquired merit by providing the milk. (Pg-72)
79. Iryasamiti. (Pg-72)
80. *Lesya*. (Pg-72)
81. For the kinds of dhyana(Pg-72)
82. The Nature of Karma. (Pg-73)
83. Kama. (Pg-75)
84. I.e., from the torment of the bees. (Pg-77)
85. I.e., from an excess of the windy humor. (Pg-79)
86. 'Grass-eater' (mustada) is one of the words for 'hog,' 'wild boar.' (Pg-79)

87. The damaruka is a small drum shaped like an hour-glass, with a string at the center with a knot in its end. When the drum is shaken, the knot strikes the ends of the drum alternately. (Pg-80)
88. I have not located this elsewhere. (Pg-82)
89. A form of challenge still in use. (Pg-82)
90. With a double meaning of pattabandha as 'tiara' and a 'bandage of cloth.' (Pg-83)
91. The 5 Paramesthins. It is usually called simply 'Navakara.' (Pg-83)
92. Pulinda is the name of a barbarous tribe. (Pg-86)
93. Vikrti wine, meat, honey, and butter. And Oil, Ghee, Milk etc. (Pg-88)
94. Such as digging a well. (Pg-89)
95. Avarta is a form of homage in which the devote recites a sutra, at six points in which he touches the feet of the guru. The sutra is repeated, so making twelve avartas. It must be done daily by sadhus, but the "Guru" need not be an individual, present in person. (Pg-89)
96. Two divisions of sense-knowledge. Uha is the *desire* to know more about something; apoha (=avaya) is finding out the facts. (Pg-91)
97. 'Knowledge and perception. (Pg-92)
98. Ghatikarma. (Pg-92)
99. *Upagrahikarma*. (Pg-92)
100. The banyan is especially favored by the Yaksas as a dwelling. (Pg-93)
101. Caityavandana (or a) is a ritualistic performance. The worshipper must be in a proper spiritual state of mind, sit in a prescribed manner, and recite certain sutras, during which, at certain places, he makes *anjali* and other gestures of worship. For a detailed account, see the Lalitavistara. (Pg-94)
102. As if at their funeral rites. (Pg-95)
103. That the strong devour the weak. (Pg-96)
104. Kites are great thieves and will snatch things out of a person's hands. (Pg-97)
105. A sign of affection. (Pg-99)
106. This is a final confession, but more also. It includes gratitude for being allowed to perform good actions; request for pardon for sins committed; complete submission to Arhat, *Siddha*, *dharma*, *sadhu*. Also includes fast unto death. (Pg-99)
107. I.e., free from grass. (Pg-101)

108. There is a tradition of appeasing snakes by putting out milk for them. (Pg-101)
109. Not for the fifth day from that time, as one might think, but for the fifth day of the white half of Caitra, as appears below. (Pg-105)
110. I.e., Kundina. (Pg-105)
111. I.e., in 18 hours. (Pg-106)
112. Aksa is usually the *Eleocarpus ganitrus*, whose seeds are used in rosaries, but it can also be the *Terminalia belerica*, the beleric *myrobalan*, whose most common name is vibhitaka. (Pg-106)
113. The only goddess Nirvrti that I have been able to find is a sasanadevata of santinatha, who is called Nirvani. (Pg-107)
114. The *Momordica mixta*. Its flowers are *downy*. (Pg-108)
115. As narrated by Kubera himself. (Pg-109)
116. When he left Sauryapura. (Pg-112)
117. In Aristapura. (Pg-113)
118. For any offence he may have committed. (Pg-113)
119. two-mouthed' snake. (Pg-114)
120. Servants of Kubera. (Pg-115)
121. The general of Sakra's infantry. (Pg-118)
122. Nanda's cattle-station. (Pg-120)
123. *Terminaliaarjuna*; *Pentaptera arjuna*. (Pg-120)
124. The name of a Ragini, a musical mode. (Pg-122)
125. The time of Bliss in the wheel of time. It is the second-best period, next to Pure Bliss. (Pg-122)
126. The 5 important, auspicious occasions in an Arhat's life. (Pg-122)
127. With the second meaning: sole pearl of the yellow bamboo. The bamboo is considered a source of pearls. (Pg-123)
128. Or rista, a kind of black jewel. (Pg-124)
129. The destroyer of the bull Arista. (Pg-128)
130. Forty-two feet. (Pg-128)
131. I.e., nephews. (Pg-130)
132. The council-hall in Saudharma. (Pg-133)
133. Really cousins. (Pg-135)
134. I.e., Raivata's. (Pg-139)
135. Kalasamvara, above. (Pg-141)
136. A palya is an inestimably long period of time. (innumerable years.) (Pg-143)
137. Madhu was a Samanika, which is a much higher rank than Jyotiska. (Pg-145)

138. A red power whose chief ingredient is turmeric. (Pg-146)
139. A *ghatika* is 24 minutes, so the egg was deserted for 6 hours and 24 minutes. (Pg-146)
140. I.e., *sadhvi*. (Pg-147)
141. Who was in the Videhas. (Pg-147)
142. But they were in Kampilya, not in Campa. (Pg-149)
143. The 16 diseases: asthma, cough, fever, burning sensation, colic, fistula, hemorrhoids, indigestion, sharp pain in the eyes (glaucoma?), headache, lack of appetite, inflammation of the eyes, earache, itch, dropsy, leprosy. (Pg-149)
144. I.e., she was about to decapitate herself and make a 'head-offering.' (Pg-156)
145. The best kind of elephant. (Pg-160)
146. Deer are considered especially susceptible to music. (Pg-161)
147. His grandfather. (Pg-165)
148. Unlucky in a man. (Pg-166)
149. I.e., like friends attempting to warn him. (Pg-166)
150. These are the 10 Dasarhas, beginning with Samudravijaya and ending with Vasudeva. (Pg-167)
151. The 3 divisions of sakti. (Pg-168)
152. Sisupala, the son of Damaghosa and Madri, a sister of the Das. (Pg-169)
153. Bheda has been used one of the 4 upayas. (Pg-169)
154. A gulma consists of 27 elephants, 27 chariots, 81 horses, and 135 infantry. (Pg-170)
155. One of these 'Bhanus' must be Mahabhanu. (Pg-170)
156. Nemi alone usually means Aristanemi, but here it refers to Mahanemi. (Pg-171)
157. A kind of *hansa* with black bill and feet. (Pg-172)
158. The name of Karna's bow. (Pg-174)
159. The sun. (Pg-175)
160. Rukmin was the brother-in-law of Vasudeva, the cousin of Mahanemi. (Pg-175)
161. Pundra. On the chest, back, face, and flanks. (Pg-176)
162. As a matter of fact, Rukmin was not responsible. It was Jivayasa, who incited her father. (Pg-177)
163. Apparently he means that nothing has happened so far to prevent peace, if Rama and Krsna are surrendered. (Pg-177)
164. A younger brother-in-law has more privileges than an older one. In fact, Krsna and Nemi were cousins. (Pg-188)
165. A *raga*. Bharatakosa. (Pg-188)

166. **Vibhava** is that by which love, et-cetera are made to appear. It is two-fold: alambana and uddipana. Alambana is the object on which an emotion* is concentrated, e.g., a girl. Uddipana is something that excites an emotion, e.g., a garden. Vibhava is the condition that is favorable to producing an emotion. Ghosh In other words, determinant, seasons, garlands, unguent, ornaments, dear ones, et-cetera. (Pg-188)
167. Because it increases heat in the body: pitta. (Pg-189)
168. Unlucky for a woman. (Pg-193)
169. The loose use of terms of relationship is sometimes confusing. Rajimati is a daughter of Ugrasena, hence a sister-in-law of Krsna. Krsna and Nemi are cousins. (Pg-194)
170. For the *srivatsa* and nandyavarta. (Pg-197)
171. Oval-leaved rose bay. (Pg-197)
172. Cessation of all *censurable* activity, including mental. (Pg-198)
173. The 4 classes of gods that build a *samavasarana* are: Vaimanikas, Bhavanapatis, Jyotiskas, and Vyantaras. (Pg-199)
174. A kind of liquor distilled from flowers of the Cadamba. (Pg-200)
175. I.e., he is easily forced to betray a secret, such as designs against the king. (Pg-201)
176. Liquor from hogweed mixed with juice of date or palm and distilled. (Pg-201)
177. 'A spirituous liquor.' (Pg-201)
178. A deadly poison. (Pg-201)
179. Water, etc. (Pg-201)
180. Sammurchita. (Pg-202)
181. An infinitesimal fraction of a second. (Pg-202)
182. A tree named lavana.' I suspect this should be 'lavana,' Anona Reticulata. (Pg-202)
183. 'A variety of Achyranthes with white blossoms, 'vallivisesa.' (Pg-202)
184. 'Vallivisesa.' Asparagus Racemosus. (Pg-202)
185. 'Villivisesa.' Cocculus cordifolius, The Ausadhi. calls it, 'heart-leaved moonseed.' (Pg-202)
186. Before the kernels are formed. (Pg-202)
187. He must make the vow, just as one cannot collect interest without an agreement. (Pg-203)
188. Rain in Svati is supposed to produce pearls. (Pg-204)
189. Hastinapura. (Pg-206)

190. *Ghana* menas dense. The water and dense air are found in cosmos. (Pg-207)
191. The lord of Lavanoda. (Pg-207)
192. I.e., with the Pandavas. (Pg-208)
193. By a *vaikriya-samudghata*. (Pg-208)
194. Not our Campa, nor our Munisuvrata. This is all in Dhata-kikhanda. There was a Visnu Kapila there. (Pg-209)
195. I.e., Amarakanka. Such an abbreviation, so common in names of persons, is unusual in place-names. (Pg-209)
196. Identified with Madura in South India. (Pg-210)
197. Laddu, a sweetmeat ball. (Pg-210)
198. Pala of a tola, It takes 2 tolas to make an ounce. (Pg-214)
199. 'Visalya,' of various plants (also of a specific for arrow wounds).' Here visalya is used to remove the arrow and rohini to cure the wound. (Pg-215)
200. With a play on kalasi, 'water-jar.' (Pg-217)
201. It would be brought by the families of the workers. (Pg-218)
202. Alabhaparisaha. (Pg-218)
203. A species of serpent. Once's bitten by this species though Snake charmer call's snake to suck the venom they do not, and instead wish to burn in fire, as option. (Pg-219)
204. He was the younger brother of Aristanemi, and the grandson, not the son, of Andhakavrsni. (Pg-219)
205. The third hell. (Pg-223)
206. In the coming *utsarpini*. (Pg-223)
207. *Asana*, solid food; *pana*, drink; *khadya*, fruit; *svadya*, betel, ginger, etc., usually taken after a meal. (Pg-225)
208. Identified as Hathab near Bhavnagar. (Pg-226)
209. He seems to forget Rama. (Pg-228)
210. I have translated *vayu*, 'the windy humor,' as 'tetanus' on the authority of an Indian doctor. Krsna certainly died from tetanus. (Pg-229)
211. His hands, feet, and forehead. (Pg-233)
212. At the time of Nemi's prediction. (Pg-234)
213. The three-phrases are *utpada*, *dhrauvya*. and *vigama*. They were not makers of the three-phrases. This was for boasting to justify their claims to worship, like Tirthankar. (Pg-234)
214. Abhigraha. (Pg-234)
215. Meghakumaras. (Pg-236)
216. For an elaborate exposition of four-fold *dharma*: liberality, good conduct, penance, and good state of mind. (Pg-237)
217. Famous Gandharvas. (Pg-238)

218. I.e., where the *ichor* emerges. (Pg-239)
219. *Samlekhana*. (Pg-241)
220. It was only what was to be expected. (Pg-243)
221. The third kind of elephant. (Pg-243)
222. Just as water can serve the two purposes of sprinkling trees and making an offering, so a device must be found to kill Brahmadaṭṭa and avoid scandal. (Pg-244)
223. Mixed, the worst of the 4 kinds of elephants. (Pg-251)
224. The ati is an aquatic bird. (Pg-256)
225. With a play on yoga meaning 'a means of control of an elephant' and 'self-concentration.' (Pg-257)
226. Dakṣa gave 27 daughters as wives to the Moon. (Pg-257)
227. A part of a stanza to be completed. (Pg-260)
228. Earlier and later she is called 'Kurumatī.' (Pg-265)
229. I.e., foolish kinds of penance that produce no results. (Pg-269)
230. Part serpent and part cock. (Pg-272)
231. The sun has seven horses. (Pg-278)
232. God of wind. (Pg-278)
233. *Gaertnera racemosa*. (Pg-279)
234. Indian medlar, which poetically blossoms from the nectar of a woman's mouth. (Pg-279)
235. A variant of the earlier Kulisabahu. (Pg-279)
236. Who must have been in another part of the hermitage. (Pg-280)
237. Dark blue and black are anti-evil eye colors. (Pg-284)
238. In the form of the *Srivatsa*. (Pg-285)
239. For the bulls. (Pg-286)
240. I.e., very dark. (Pg-286)
241. The best kind of joints. (Pg-287)
242. One in each direction and the sun overhead. (Pg-294)
243. Meghākumaras = Stanitas; Bhuvanavasins = Bhavanapatis. (Pg-294)
244. *Pterospermum suberifolium*. It has fragrant white flowers. (Pg-295)
245. I.e., he made a platform where Pārśva had stood. (Pg-295)
246. 'Caitya-tree' should be inserted after 'four-fold face and body.' (Pg-298)
247. Infinite perception, knowledge, power, and bliss. (Pg-299)
248. Without thinking. (Pg-299)
249. Itvaratā, a courtesan. cites itvara also as 'small,' 'for a short time.' (Pg-299)

250. A courtesan who has not been taken of her own free will, or respectable widow or maiden. (Pg-299)
251. **Transgression:** A transgression of bandhana, 'acquisition,' would be, e.g., waiting until after the term of his vow to acquire something; or keeping it in storage to use later. A transgression of *bhava*, existence,' would be, e.g., to make two piles of base metal into one, thus keeping within the limit. In regard to offspring (*garbha*), it would be a transgression to have pregnant cattle, so the number would exceed the permitted one. In joining (*yojana*) he might erase the boundary, so two farms would count as one. In regard to gifts, (*dana*), he might receive a gift which would cause his limit to be exceeded, in which case he might give it to someone else on condition that he would return it which would, of course, be a transgression. (Pg-299)
252. *Asati* is collective. (Pg-300)
253. The *Grislea tomentosa*, because its bark and flowers are used in making wine. (Pg-300)
254. A surmise, but it must be something of the sort. The Com. I says: *prsthagalanam karabhanam*. (Pg-300)
255. E.g., burning the old grass would be a good thing an idea still prevalent. (Pg-300)
256. I.e., two objects, either of which is harmless, but injurious when combined, e.g., bow and arrow. (Pg-300)
257. Gestures to produce love. (Pg-300)
258. To do something not permitted for him to do himself. (Pg-301)
259. E.g., bricks, wood, etc. for other people to use. (Pg-301)
260. While staying in the prescribed space, he summons others by a cough, etc. and lets them see him. (Pg-301)
261. When the layman lives like a *sadhu* for a day. (Pg-301)
262. He throws something that should be given into something with life, or covers it with something with life, so the *sadhus* will not accept it. (Pg-301)
263. He sets a time after the usual time for *sadhus* to take alms, or he eats before that time. (Pg-301)
264. He is angry at being asked for something and does not give it, even if he has it; or, he gives something from jealousy because someone else has given so much. In that case, he acquires no merit. (Pg-301)
265. He pretends that something belongs to someone else, so he cannot give it. (Pg-301)

266. Karnadhara, 'sailor,' karnadharaka, 'helmsman.' But as there were several persons concerned here, they must have been the sailors. (Pg-303)
267. Not Jainas, the non jains. (Pg-304)
268. Nikacita. (Pg-312)
269. Damma, equals a gold mohar. (Pg-316)
270. *Dravya* is 'Wealth or goods' not damma. Just so, it is more than gold acquired in previous life and this meaning suits 'to be richer in each next birth' (Pg-316)
271. Tattva. Usually Tattvas 9, including punya and papa. here punya and papa are included in Ashrava. (Pg-319)
272. A *palyopama* is an inestimably long period of time. (Pg-319)
273. **Triguṇti**: Control of mind, body, and speech. (Pg-320)
274. **Samiti**: Irya care in walking not to injure any living thing; bhasa-, care not to injure any one by speech; esana-, care in obtaining alms; adananiksepana-, care in regard to handling possessions; pratisthapana-, or utsarga-, care in regard to sanitary hygienic practices. (Pg-320)
275. **Mahavṛta**: 1. non injury (non killing), 2. abstaining from untruth, 3. non stealing, 4. Chastity (celibacy) 5. non possession. (Pg-320)
276. The 11 foremost books of the Canon. There were 12 originally, 'but one was lost. (Pg-320)
277. Caritravarana. (Pg-320)
278. Of mind, body, and speech. (Pg-320)
279. The lesser vows are the same as the great vows, but in lesser degree. They are the vows for laymen. (Pg-320)
280. *Souls* capable of emancipation. (Pg-320)
281. **Jatimada /Kulamada**: *Jati* and *Kula* both are interpreted as *jati* made. i.e., pride in (of) Family. elsewhere Father's Family is denoted by jati and Momers Family is denoted by kula. But in Monnier william's Dictionary both are defined as 'Family' and thus our Presentation is right in both places. In the 1st Parvan the words are 'kulmada' and that in 10th parvan the words are 'Jatimada' but both are same as is referred in reference to Pride in father's Family. (Pg-321)
282. *Abdhi*=sagara=*sagaropama*=10 crores of crores of palyopamas. (Pg-322)
283. A purva is 84,00,000 X 84,00,000 years. (Pg-322)
284. A room for an offended queen. (Pg-323)
285. I.e. his uncle. (Pg-324)
286. A *nidana* is a wish for a reward for penance. It is often made

- for next lives. (Pg-324)
287. **Chakra:** The Chakra is the discus of the cakravartin (ruler of all of Bharata) and the Vasudeva (ruler of half of Bharata). Chakra formally obtained by prativishnu as ruler of half Bharat during fight is obtained by Vishnu with whom he kills. It is *invincible* with rare exceptions, e.g. a member of the family. (Pg-327)
288. A sarabha is a fabulous animal, the only superior of the elephant. (Pg-327)
289. *Arta* (painful) and *raudra* (evil). (Pg-330)
290. **Bandhana:** *raga* (love) and *dvesa* (hate). (Pg-330)
291. **Gaurava:** The 3 are: *rasa* (choice food); *rddhi* (riches and high position); *sata* (pleasure). (Pg-330)
292. **Salya:** *maya* (deceit); *nidana* (wish for reward for penance); *mithyadarsana* (wrong belief). (Pg-330)
293. **Kasaya:** *krodha* (anger); *mana* (conceit); *maya* (deceit); *lobha* (greed). (Pg-330)
294. **Sanjna:** *ahara* (*desire* for food, etc.), *bhaya* (fear), *maithuna* (sex), *parigraha* (acquisition). (Pg-330)
295. **Vikatha:** talks of (women); *bhakta* (food); *raja* (nation); *desa* (country).” (Pg-330)
296. **Dharma:** *Dana* (liberality); *sila* (Austerity good conduct);-*tapas* (penance); *bhava* (good state of mind). (Pg-330)
297. **Upasarga:** good or bad behavior arising from gods, men, animals, and one’s own body. against one’s wish. (Pg-330)
298. Arising from the five senses. (Pg-330)
299. **Astikaya:** *Prakara*, *dharma* (medium of motion); *adhrma* (medium of rest); *akasa* (space); *jiva* (*soul*); *pudgala* (matter). (Pg-330)
300. Earth, water, fire, wind, vegetable, and the moving (2-, 3-, 4-5-sensed) creatures. (Pg-330)
301. **Bhaya(fear):** *ihaloka* (fear in present life); *paraloka* (fear of other life); *adana* (fear of thieves, etc.); *akasmata* (accident); *ajiva* (fear in regard to livelihood); *marana* (fear of death); (fear of censure for misconduct).*apyash*. (Pg-330)
302. **Mada:** *jati* (caste); *kula* (family); *bala* (strength); *rupa* (beauty); *tapas* (penance); *sruta* (learning); *labha* (wealth); *aisvarya* (power). (Pg-330)
303. **Brahmagupti:** not to: use bed, bedding, house, or seat connected with women, animals, or eunuchs; avoidance of all conversation about women; not to: join any gathering of women, look at a woman’s features, eat highly flavored or

lushior food, take too much food or drink, think about former pleasures with women, indulge in anything pertaining to the 5 senses which arouses love; avoidance of pleasure (*sa-ta*). (Pg-330)

304. **Yatidharma:** the 10 duties of monks: *ksanti* (forbearance); *mardava* (humility); *arjava* (sincerity); *mukti* or *nirlobhalta* (freedom from greed); *tapas* (*austerities*); *samyama* (control ahimsa. avoidance of injury to anything living); *saiya* (*truthfulness*); *sauca* (antiunion-stealing); *akincanya* (=aparigrahata, non possession); *brahmacharya*. (Pg-330)
305. **Tapas:** The 12 are 6 internal and 6 external. He 6 outer are: *anasana* (fasting); *anodarya* (partial fasting); **vrtehs sanksepa**, limitation of food); *rasatyaga* (giving up choice food); Kaya-klesha (bodily); Sanlinta (avoidance of all useless motion). The 6 inner are: *prayascitta* confession and penance); *vaiyavirta* (service to others); *svadhyaya* (study of sacred texts); *vinaya* (reverence); *vyutsarga* (indifference to the body); Subhadhyana (good meditation). (Pg-330)
306. The 12 pratimas of sadhus, which are sometimes confused with the 11 pratimas of laymen, are a series of fasts. (Pg-330)
307. **Parisaha 22:** *ksudha* (hunger); *trsu* (thirst); *sita* (cold); *usna* (heat); *dansa* (stinging insects); *achelaka* (nudity); *arati* (discontent); *stri* (women); *carya* (wandering); *naisedhiki* (place for meditation; must sit alone in deserted place); *sayya* (lodging); *akrosa* (abuse); *vadha* (injury); *yacana* (begging); *alabha* (failure in begging); *roga* (illness); *trifle* (injury from thorns, etc.); *mala* (personal uncleanness); *satkara* (kind treatment; should not be influenced by it); *prajna* (knowledge, obscure); *Ajnana* (ignorance); *samyaktva* (right-belief-doubt). (Pg-330)
308. **Jnanacara:** *kala* (reading of sastras at proper time); *vinaya* (respect for the learned and for books that produce knowledge); *bahumana* (zeal for benefiting the learned and knowledge); *upadhana* (penance according to the Agama); *aniniyana* (absence of failure to show gratitude to guru); *vyahjana* (correct pronunciation of words of the texts); *artha* (correct meaning of texts); *vyanjanartha* (correct speaking and interpretation of texts.). (Pg-330)
309. **Darsanacara:** *nihsankita* (freedom from doubt); *niskanksita* (freedom from desire for any other doctrine except Jainism); *nirvikitsa* (freedom from doubt about fruit of *dharma*); *amudhadrsti* (unconfused belief); *upabrnha* (strengthening

- those of little merit on the path of dharma); *sthirikarana* (support of people in dharma); *vatsalya* (showing attention to coreligionists); *prabhavana* (propagation of the Jain doctrine). (Pg-331)
310. 'Coarse' is something that can be grasped by any of the 5 senses. (Pg-331)
311. **Trikarana:** By action, consent to action, causing action: with reference to thought, speech, and deed. (Pg-331)
312. *Asana* (solid food); *pana* (drink); *khadya* (fruit); *svadya* (betel, et-cetera). (Pg-331)
313. Jains are forbidden to eat at night. (Pg-331)
314. Such as committed by Mallinatha in a former birth. She performed extra penance and concealed it from her fellow-ascetics, it was as a result of this that she was born a woman though tirthankar. (Pg-331)
315. The Sutrakrtanga 1.8 deals with *virya*. It is one of the 4 'infinities' of Siddhas. (Pg-331)
316. The only zone in which Tirthankaras exist. ((Pg-332)
317. **Acara-5:** practice of knowledge, faith, right-conduct, penance, and power. (Pg-332)
318. **Sikavratas:** The sikavratas are 7, the 3 *meritorious* (*guna*) vows and the 4 proper disciplinary (*siksa*) vows. (Pg-332)
319. The book containing rules of procedure. (Pg-333)
320. **Kalyanakas:** The kalyanas are the 5 important events in an Arhat's life: conception, birth, initiation, attainment of *omniscience*, emancipation. These take place only in the Videhas, Bharata, and Airavata. (Pg-333)
321. The vansa, bamboo, is also considered a source of pearls. (Pg-334)
322. **Atisaya:** These are 34. They are characteristics of the *Arhats*. There are 4 inborn *atisayas*: the body has wonderful beauty and fragrance, is free from disease, free from perspiration and dirt; breath has fragrance of a lotus; flesh and blood are white as *cow's* milk; process of eating and elimination to body waste is not visible.

There are 11 arising from destruction of karma: for a crores of crores of men, gods, and animals to be contained in the space of a *yojana*; language corresponding to the different languages (*bhasa*) of men, animals, and gods, extending for a *yojana*; a beautiful halo at the back of the head, whose *splendor* surpasses that of the sun; in the space of 200 *ga-vyutis* plus 25 *yojanas*, there is no sickness, hostility, plague,

pestilence, excess nor lack of rain, hunger, fear* of oppression from own or another king.

There are 19 divine *atisayas*: a dharmacakra in the sky; fly-whisks; a shining lion-throne with a footstool; three umbrellas; a jeweled banner; golden lotuses for walking on; three splendid walls (*samavasarana*); fourfold face and body; caitya-tree; thorns with points turned down; bending of trees; loud music from a drum; a favorable wind; birds flying to the right; rain of perfumed water; rain of many-colored flowers; the hair, beard, and nails cease to grow; a crores of the 4 classes of gods in order of rank standing near; the favorableness of the seasons always having objects (such as flowers) that appeal to the senses. (Pg-338)

323. Pleasant to the sight. (Pg-341)
324. Esaniya See the list of the 47 faults to be avoided in regard to alms. (Pg-342)
325. Indra's car. (Pg-342)
326. Saha Margasirsa, the first month of the cold season. (Pg-344)
327. Bharanda: A fabulous bird. It has 3 legs and 2 faces, and is ever vigilant. Mahavira is vigilant from lack of sleep. (Pg-347)
328. A respectful title of a *sadhu*: 'revered sadhu.' (Pg-351)
329. *Avasyaka*: A 'daily duty.' Here it is the *pratikramana*, confession, which must be made in the morning and evening. In this case it is obviously the evening public (i.e. before the other sadhus) confession, Pratikramana may be either public or private. (Pg-356)
330. Rajanyas were one of the 4 classes created by Rsabha as king. The rajanyas were his companions, distinct from the ksatriyas. (Pg-357)
331. Apparently he drew strength from the sun for the flames from his eyes. (Pg-357)
332. Uha and apoha are 2 of the 8 dhlgunas. Uha is reasoning and doubt about meaning. Apoha is resolution of doubts. (Pg-358)
333. To live like a sadhu. (Pg-360)
334. They had a tinge of right belief. (Pg-360)
335. **Khetra 7**: This occurs on statues of the Tirthankaras. though it is the exception rather than the rule. (Pg-362)
336. Literally, 'the quality of all desires. a food having all tastes, a savoury dish.' (Pg-364)

337. I.e. rice that has stood after cooking, incurd (perhaps overnight.) (Pg-365)
338. The Puritans of the Jains living like a Jina. (Pg-367)
339. A term of reproach their heads were shaven, instead of the hair being pulled out. (Pg-368)
340. Demons who torture *souls* in hell. There are 15 divisions of them. (Pg-378)
341. 5- dirive: The sound of drums, a shower of flowers, a shower of fragrant rain, a shower of jewels, and waving of garments took place on auspicious occasions. (Pg-383)
342. These are servant gods. (Pg-384)
343. There are conventionally 4 kinds of musical instruments. (Pg-384)
344. Bhara, 76, 25, 59, 400 kg. (Pg-387)
345. **Ghatikarma:** *knowledge-obscuring*, *faith-obscuring*, *obstructive*, and *deluding*. (Pg-391)
346. There were 2 Indras of the Vidyutkumaras. (Pg-391)
347. This refers to a ritual greeting to sadhus in which the greeter enquires about various aspects of the *sadhu's* comfort on his vihar. (Pg-392)
348. Kulmasa is half-cooked pulse. (Pg-393)
349. It interrupted his meditation. (Pg-393)
350. In which she will attain emancipation. (Pg-404)
351. Apadhyana includes both *arta* and *raudra*, but *raudra* is meant here, as Mula goes to hell, which is the penalty of dying in *raudradhyana*. (Pg-405)
352. A sacrifice to Agni, the god of fire. (Pg-405)
353. c., Triprstha. (Pg-405)
354. *Maya-Salya* Mithadarsana. The third *salya* is *nidana*. (Pg-406)
355. For the spiritual ladders, One cannot fall from the *ksapaka-sreni*. (Pg-408)
356. The preaching-hall erected by the gods for an Arhat, when he has acquired *kevala*. (Pg-408)
357. The very highest gods who live in *Sarvarthasiddha*, If they had lived 7 lavas (about 4 minutes) longer, they would have attained emancipation. (Pg-409)
358. The mango tree is considered the most valuable tree in India. The *karira* (*Capparis Aphylla*) is a worthless thorny tree. (Pg-411)
359. Apparently the 'beginning, end, and middle' of the *sutrartha*. (Pg-412)

360. Means of knowledge. There are 2 kinds: direct (pratyaksa) and indirect (paroksa). *Mati* and *sruta* knowledge are indirect. The other three are direct. The term here is *Atma* – Pratyaksa and Atma Paroksa. (Pg-413)
361. ‘*Sadhu* of *Ajivika*-faith who practices penance by sitting in a large jar.’ (Pg-420)
362. chastity would have obtained heaven; lack of a son causes Unhappiness in this world. (Pg-421)
363. Dry meals, such as plain cooked rice and flour-cakes. (Pg-422)
364. Warding off other business. (Pg-422)
365. The *sauca* that is an “Impure channel,” is mere physical cleanliness. (Pg-428)
366. Three lines in the neck, indicative of good fortune. (Pg-429)
367. With a play on *vansa* as 'family' and 'bamboo' which is considered a source of pearls. (Pg-429)
368. I.e. does not recognize his inferiority as a *Vahika*. (Pg-430)
369. Agastya was born in a water-jar and was very accomplished and powerful. (Pg-430)
370. With a play on her name. (Pg-432)
371. Gods come into existence spontaneously on a couch in heaven. (Pg-433)
372. I.e., red from jealousy. (Pg-437)
373. Saffron is considered heating. (Pg-443)
374. A sacred verse recited by Brahmans in morning and evening devotions. (Pg-448)
375. The outside ocean of the universe. It is one of 3 oceans that contain life. (Pg-451)
376. Statues of the Jinas, shrines of the Jinas, Jain Scriptures, and the fourfold *congregation*. (Pg-454)
377. Hastitapasa. A Buddhist sect of monks who lived on elephant- meat. (Pg-458)
378. Two of the characteristics of right-belief. (Pg-459)
379. This is the present ghebar. which is a sweetmeat made of wheat flour, sugar, milk, cocoanut and ghi, which is definition of ghrtapura. Some nuts, or additional trimming, may be placed on top. (Pg-472)
380. A decoction made from pulse. (Pg-472)
381. A kind of the best rice. (Pg-472)
382. A kind of vegetable. (Pg-472)
383. For a bed. (Pg-475)
384. **Wonders:** These wonders happen once in “Infinite time.”

The attacks on the Arhat, the removal of the embryo, Camara's attack, the assembly of *souls* incapable of emancipation are described earlier in this parvan. The going of Krsna to Aparakanka is narrated. The worship of householders took place after the nirvana of Suvidhinatha (and after that of six following *Arhats*) The life of Malli, the only woman Tirthankara, The beginning of the Hari-line is told in the "108 siddhas" is the only one of the wonders not definitely mentioned in the Trisasti. The "wonder" is for 108 sadhus of the best bodily structure to attain emancipation at the same time. (Pg-477)

385. I.e. statues of Durga in front of doors. (Pg-494)
386. He had first taken the vows by himself, so he took them again under a guru. I am told that it is customary to repeat the vows at the time of death. Hence, his question was equivalent to asking when would he die. (Pg-500)
387. Another *labdhi*. (Pg-500)
388. **Pratiharya:** There are 8 of these associated and accompanied with the *Arhats*: asoka tree, a shower of flowers, heavenly music, fly-whisks, throne, halo, heavenly drum, triple umbrella. (Pg-501)
389. The title of the tenth lecture in the Uttaradhyayana. (Pg-501)
390. I.e., describing his miserable state with humility in order to obtain favor. (Pg-502)
391. In ordinary usage the posture of the statues of the Tirthankaras for the asanas. (Pg-502)
392. The outer body of gods and hell-inhabitants. A new, vaikriya-body can be made at will from jewels, which is the point of the allusion here. (Pg-506)
393. The meeting-place of the 3 rivers: the Ganga, the Yamuna, and the Sarasvati. The meeting-place of the 3 good things = the *muni*, the rice prudence and my feeling to give. (Pg-508)
394. 5 nurses: One who nurses, one who bathes, one who adorns, one who holds, and one who plays with him. (Pg-509)
395. Elephants, horses, chariots, men. (Pg-515)
396. Water, sandal, flowers, incense, lamp of ghi, rice, sweetmeats, fresh fruit. (Pg-517)
397. The mango is the choicest fruit in India; the nimba is very bitter. (Pg-518)
398. Bhavasamlekhana. (Pg-519)
399. One of the 17 kinds of death and one of the 3 by fasting. The

- person remains motionless like a tree, fails like a tree, falls.
(Pg-519)
400. **Homage to the Five:** The formula of homage to the Five: Homage to the *Arhats*, Siddhas, acaryas, teachers, and all the sadhus in the world. (Pg-519)
401. **Buddhis:** There are 4 of these, usually called 'buddhis': autpattiki (inborn); parinamiki a (result of deliberation); vai-neyiki (result of teaching); karmiki (result of karma in past lives). (Pg-519)
402. Siva, Pradyota's wife, was the sister of Celana, srenika's wife. (Pg-520)
403. In this position the palms of the hands are put together and raised to the forehead. (Pg-521).
404. I.e. gives orders. (Pg-522)
405. Heavenly musicians. (Pg-523)
406. The night of complete darkness. (Pg-524)
407. A king's neighbors with whom he must maintain relations. (Pg-529)
408. The 5 lesser vows and the 7 sikavratas. (Pg-529)
409. **Internal enemies:** The internal enemies are the 4 passions: anger (*krodha*), conceit (*mana*), deceit (*maya*), greed (lobha); love (*raga*), and hate (*dvesa*). (Pg-529)
410. Guda is the first raw sugar, Anglo-Indian jiggery. (Pg-529)
411. The *ingini*-marana is one of the well-known deaths by fasting. (Pg-531)
412. **Faults as god:** 18 faults as god 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. (Pg-535)
413. the masa is a jeweler's weight which varies, but the one in most general use is 17 gr. (Pg-538)
414. The powder is kept in the hands, mantras are recited, then the powder is thrown on the statue. (Pg-540)
415. The presence of a superior elephant makes the mada of others dry up. (Pg-542)
416. There were 11 Rudras, gods of destruction. (Pg-542)
417. Pattabandha is a *fillet* around the forehead and hair; kirita, 'crown,' covers the whole head. (Pg-543)
418. Identified with modern Mandasor. (Pg-543)
419. The present Bhilsa. (Pg-543)

420. I.e. the statue was made of Mahavira while he was living.
(Pg-544)
421. The kandali is a plant with white flowers that blossoms suddenly and plentifully in the rainy season. (Pg-544)
422. Vira is speaking. (Pg-544)
423. Cucculus melanoleucus. It lives on raindrops, traditionally.
(Pg-551)
424. Sipping water the end of a meal. (Pg-552)
425. Kunika is usually credited with the murder of Srenika.
(Pg-552)
426. A kind of sugar-cane with sword-shaped leaves. (Pg-555)
427. Acacia wood is extremely hard. (Pg-558)
428. I.e. the foundation-stone. (Pg-562)
429. The effort to avoid commission of any sin. (Pg-565)
430. A thorny bush of little value that spreads rapidly. (Pg-568)
431. A tithi is a lunar day. This is an inauspicious half-tithi.
(Pg-570)
432. I.e, it will be so cheap. (Pg-571)
433. I. e. anyone knowing the Dasavaikalika will be considered to know the 14 purvas. (Pg-573)
434. The Ganga and the Sindhu. (Pg-574)
435. In the two and a half continents of the Human World.
(Pg-575)
436. A Pulaka is the first of the 5 divisions of Nirgranthas.
(Pg-576)
437. A body which may be acquired by one who knows the 14 purvas, by which he may go to another world. (Pg-576)
438. The Puritanical practices like a Jina. (Pg-576)
439. The Uttaradhyayana, Shastra. (Pg-577)
440. It's is not lecture on Marudeva. It is a lecture 'named' Marudeva. (Pg-577)
441. A prana is the time required for inspiration and expiration; 7 *pranas* 1 stoka; 7 stokas =1 lava. (Pg-578)
442. A karana is half of a lunar day. (Pg-578)
443. Two kinds of drums. (Pg-579)
444. The other sakhas are Vidyadhara and Madhyamika. (Pg-582)
445. I.e., Girnar. (Pg-582)
446. This does not refer to the 20 *sthanakas*, as the text suggests, but to a work by Pradyumnasuri. Sthanakani, which deals with the saptaksetri. (Pg-582)
447. This Sthanakavrtti is a commentary on Pradyumnasuri's work. It is called Mulasuddhi and is now being published by

the Prakrit Text Society. (Pg-582)

448. These include the Abhidhanacintamani, the Abhidhanacintamani parasite or Sesasangraha, the Anekarthasangraha, the Nighantu, and the Desinamamala. (Pg-583)

The scripture teaches how to live day to day life with integrity, joy, peace and balance. You will realise that cause and effect simply outlines that we are the cause not some outside other, fate or god... we only reap what we sow, through our thinking feelings or action. This is what karma is - what we have chosen over lifetimes to experience, expand and disempowered and thus meet as outer effects. If the powerful Tirthankara's had also to experience the effects of their good and bad karmas of lifetimes, then how can we as mere human beings escape? Negative karma is not some retribution or punishment from god but simply an awareness that you are yet to align with your higher potential. The more you become aware, the more higher energy you attract and more karmas you burn.



STOR
OF

STOR
OF

SONS
RLD

