

## INDEX-3

<b>SREYANSANATHA CHARITRA.....</b>	<b>3</b>
<i>Incarnation as Nalinagulma .....</i>	<i>3</i>
<i>Incarnation as Sreyansanatha .....</i>	<i>3</i>
<i>His parents .....</i>	<i>2</i>
<i>His birth .....</i>	<i>2</i>
<i>The fourteen dreams .....</i>	<i>2</i>
<i>Birth-rites .....</i>	<i>3</i>
<i>The birth-bath .....</i>	<i>4</i>
<i>Stuti .....</i>	<i>5</i>
<i>Life before initiation .....</i>	<i>5</i>
<i>Initiation .....</i>	<i>6</i>
<i>Narrative of Triprstha, Acala, and Asvagriva .....</i>	<i>6</i>
<i>Episode of Visakhanandin and Visvabhuti .....</i>	<i>6</i>
<i>The parents of Acala and Triprstha .....</i>	<i>9</i>
<i>Birth of Acala .....</i>	<i>9</i>
<i>Story of Mrgavati .....</i>	<i>10</i>
<i>Birth of Triprstha .....</i>	<i>11</i>
<i>Childhood of Triprstha .....</i>	<i>12</i>
<i>Story of Asvagriva .....</i>	<i>13</i>
<i>The attack on Candavega .....</i>	<i>15</i>
<i>The killing of the lion .....</i>	<i>18</i>
<i>Rivalry for Svayamprabha .....</i>	<i>21</i>
<i>The battle .....</i>	<i>26</i>
<i>Duel between Triprstha and Hayagriva .....</i>	<i>33</i>
<i>Conquest of southern half of Bharata .....</i>	<i>37</i>
<i>Omniscience of Sreyansa .....</i>	<i>38</i>
<i>Sasanadevatas .....</i>	<i>38</i>
<i>The samavasarana .....</i>	<i>39</i>
<i>Stuti .....</i>	<i>40</i>
<i>Sermon on nirjara .....</i>	<i>40</i>
<i>Founding of congregation .....</i>	<i>41</i>
<i>The congregation .....</i>	<i>42</i>
<i>His moksa .....</i>	<i>42</i>
<i>Triprstha and the musicians .....</i>	<i>42</i>
<i>Death of Triprstha .....</i>	<i>43</i>
<i>Acala's death .....</i>	<i>44</i>

**FOOTNOTE .....46**

## SREYANSANATHA CHARITRA

May the feet of the holy Lord Sreyansa, from whose nails the rays serve as lamps\* for seeing the road to *emancipation*, bestow happiness on you. The life of the lord Jina<sup>s</sup>, the holy Sreyansa, by which the three worlds are purified, a sickle for the creepers of karma, is herewith narrated.

### *Incarnation as Nalinagulma*

In the (inhabited) half of Puskaravaradvipa in the East Videhas in the province Kaccha there is a capital city named Ksema. Its king was Nalinagulma, always spotless because of his virtues, whose lotus-feet were rubbed by the crowns of kings. The master, the sole strong man in the world, powerful as Bahudanteya (Indra), as if with the idea, "May there be no imperfection in the realm," made the ministers possessors of their enemies' Sris attracted by the power of good counsel; made the kingdom resemble a kingdom of the gods, devoid of everything unfavorable; made fortresses that surpassed the cities of the Vidyadharas on Vaitadhya and treasuries devoted to humiliating the wealth of Srida; made an army that covered the surface of the earth with elephants, horses, infantry, and chariots, and had friends ploughing the fields of his enemies' hearts.

Wise, his mind spotless from discernment, he recognized the worthlessness of the body, youth, and wealth, even the very best. He, pure-minded, passed a certain amount of time with the kingdom, like passing a day with poor food\*, or a night with a poor bed. When he had cured the disease of *sovereignty* with the herb of enlightenment about the Principles, he took initiation at the hands of Rsi<sup>s</sup> Vajradatta, his mind set on *dharma*.\* Free from worldly connections, he wandered, performing severe penance, enduring the trials, wearing away his body as well as karma. By the sthanas, *devotion* to the *Arhats*, et cetera, described in the scriptures, he acquired firm Tirthakrt-body-making karma. Practicing severe penance, engaged in pure meditation, devoted to the four *recourse*,<sup>1</sup> he died in time and went to the heaven Mahasukra.

### *Incarnation as Sreyansanatha*

Now in this very Jambudvipa there is a city named Sinhapura, like a jeweled anklet of the earth, the ornament of Bharataksetra. The jeweled roofs of its houses, reflecting the stars, have the ap-

pearance of a dice-board spotted with dice on it. Clouds resting on the high terraces of its walls look like tilakas of *collyrium*\* made for protection of the eyes. A music-festival for the goddess Sri is held continuously in the houses of its rich men in the form of the tinkling of women's beautiful foot-ornaments. When it rains, the streams of its houses carry away jewel-dust and reach an equality with the ocean.

### *His parents*

Visnuraja, rich in glory, powerful from strength of arm, mighty as Visnu<sup>s</sup>, was king there. In him the virtue called 'subduing-the-senses' bore a brilliant heap of virtues, like a seed in the ground bearing a heap of grain.\* The Sris (Glories) and the Bhis (Fears), respectively delighted with him *submissive* and angry with him hostile, were reduced to the state of svayamvara\*-wreaths at the sight of him. His power was *resplendent* with dazzling glory, like liberality with suitability, like speech with *truthfulness*. the constant play-house and concert-hall, as it the very great virtues courage, dignity, firmness, et-cetera. Visnu was the wife of the king, like Saci of Jisnu (Indra)<sup>s</sup>, radiant with beauty, like another earth in Stability. She observed *fidelity* sharp as a sword-blade, which was the ornament of her own body delicate as a sirisa<sup>B</sup>. Just as no one was equal to the king in power, there was no one her equal in wealth of beauty and grace. She was *indolent* in her gait, to be sure, but not in pious acts; she was very small in her waist, but not in her heart. She and the king, their minds sewn together, as it were, delighting each other unhindered, experienced imperishable joy.

### *His birth*

Now in Sukra King Nalinagulma's *jiva* completed its life of maximum duration. Then on the sixth day of the black half of Jyestha, the moon being in Sravana, his *jiva* fell and descended into Visnu's womb. Then for a moment there was comfort for the hell-inhabitants and a light in the three worlds. For that happens at the kalyanas of the *Arhats*.

### *The fourteen dreams*

A great elephant,\* like Vaitadhya on a small scale white; a white bull with high horns like an autumn-cloud With fish; a superior lion with his tail erect like an umbrella being earned, Mahalaksmi being sprinkled like another *embodiment* of herself (the queen); a fragrant *wreath* of flowers like her own glory incarnate; a

full moon bathed in moonlight like a tank of nectar; a sun, shining like the crest-jewel of the sky; a flagstaff with fluttering pennants like a tree with branches; a very precious full pitcher like a depository of good fortune; a lotus-pool with large lotuses like another Lake Padma; an ocean with high waves wishing to ascend to the sky; a fine large aerial car like a younger brother of Palaka<sup>2</sup>; a heap of jewels like all the wealth taken from the ocean; a smokeless fire like an imitation of Bhauma (Mars) Queen Visnu<sup>s</sup> saw these fourteen great dreams, which indicate the birth of a Tirthakrt, entering her mouth.

On the twelfth day of the black half of Tapasya (the moon being) in Sravana, Queen Visnu gave easy birth to a son, marked with a rhinoceros, gold color.

### *Birth-rites*

Then came eight Dikkumaris, Bhogankara and the others, living in the lower world, knowing (the event) from the shaking of their thrones. Bowing to the Tirthakrt's mother with the words, "Do not be afraid," they introduced themselves, made a whirlwind, cleared the ground for a *yojana* around the birth-house and stood, singing, not far from the Master's mother.

Then eight Dikkanyas, living in the upper world, belonging to the peaks of the garden Nandana, Meghankara, et cetera, came, bowed to the queen, introduced themselves, made the sky cloudy, and sprinkled the ground around the birth-house with fragrant rain for the space of a *yojana*. They rained flowers, burned fair incense, and stood, singing the Arhat's virtues, not far from Queen Visnu. Nandottara, et cetera, goddesses from the east part of Rucaka; Samahara and the others from the south; Ila and others from the west; Alambusa and others from the north eight of each came, bowed to the Arhat and his mother, introduced themselves properly, and stood in the east and other directions respectively, singing the Master's virtues, holding mirrors, *pitchers*, fans, and white *chauris*. four, Citra and others, from the intermediate points bowed likewise and stood in the intermediate points, singing, holding lamps\* in their hands.

The four Dikkumaris, *Rupa* and others, belonging to the interior of Rucaka, bowed to the Arhat and the Arhat's mother and introduced themselves at the same time, cut the Master's navel-Chord, leaving four fingers' length, dug a hole, and at once buried it there. They filled up the hole with diamonds and quickly made a platform dense with incomparable *durva-grass*<sup>B</sup> over it. In three directions

from the birth-house they made plantain-houses of four rooms with lion-thrones. Taking the Arhat in their hands and his mother in their arms they seated them on the lion-throne in the southern four-room plantain-house. After they had anointed them both with oils, the oil with a hundred-thousand ingredients and others, they rubbed them with a pleasant touch with finely ground fragrant substances. Then they seated them on the lion-throne in the eastern four-room plantain-house and bathed them with fragrant water, flower-water, and pure water. Then they put clothes, ornaments, et cetera on them and set them on the lion-throne in the northern four-room plantain-house. After they had burned gosirsa-sandal in a fire made at once with a fire-stick, they tied an amulet made from its ashes on each of them. They struck together jeweled balls of stone with the blessing, "May you live as long as a mountain." Then they led the Arhat and the Arhat's mother to the birth-house and stood not far from them, singing auspicious\* songs.

### *The birth-bath*

Then Sakra came to the Master's birth-house and quickly circumambulated it with his aerial car, Palaka.

Purandara<sup>s</sup> left Palaka in the northeast, entered the birth-house, and bowed to the Arhat and the Arhat's mother. He gave the queen a sleeping-charm, put an image of the Arhat at her side, and made himself into five persons. Taking up the Lord with one, an umbrella with another, chauris with two more, and the thunderbolt with another who went in front, he set out. In a moment Sakra reached the rock Atipandukambala and seated himself on it, holding the Lord on his lap.

Then the nine Indras of the heavens, Acyuta, et cetera; the twenty lords of the Bhavanapatins, Camara, et cetera; the thirty-two lords of the Vyantaras, Kala, et cetera; the two Indras of the Jyotiskas, the Sun and Moon these sixty-three Indras came there for the Lord's bath. At the Indras' command the Abhiyogikas created full *pitchers*, et cetera. Then all the Indras in turn, beginning with Acyuta, made the Master's bath with pure water from the tirthas. Then Sakra set the Lord of the World on Isana's lap and created four crystal bulls in the four directions. Then Sakra bathed the Master with clear water which had gushed from their horns, united at the top, and was flowing down. After he had destroyed the crystal bulls, had anointed, et cetera, the Lord, and had waved the light-vessel, Sakra began the following hymn of praise:

### *Stuti*

“May your birth-kalyana, best of all kalyanas, grant happiness to me filled with auspicious\* *devotion*. Why do I bathe, anoint, worship, and praise you, Lord? There is no *satiety* on my part in the task of your worship. The bull (of *dharma*\*) has been terrified by the tigers of adherents of false congregations.\* With you as protector, let it wander at will now in the field of Bharataksetra. Today, you yourself, having founded the temple of my heart, fortunately afford protection to a high degree, God of Just as there is no ornament to me in the form of crown, et cetera, Lord, so there are ornaments from the rays from your toe-nails falling on top of my head.<sup>3</sup> Just as there is no joy to me praised by *bards*, Lord of the Three Worlds, so there is joy to me praising your virtues. Just as I have no joy seated on the lion-throne in the assembly, so I have much joy seated on the ground in front of you. I do not desire independence resulting from self-government. May I be for a long time subject to another with you as lord, Lord.”

After this hymn of praise, Hari<sup>s</sup> took the Lord, went into the presence of the Arhat’s mother, removed the Arhat’s image and the sleeping-charm, and put him down. Sakra went from the Master’s birth-house and the other Indras went from Mt. Meru to their respective abodes, like dismissed worshippers.

### *Life before initiation*

At dawn Visnuraja held a great festival. Then there was joy spread like one umbrella over the earth. On an auspicious\* day the Jina’s father and mother named him Sreyansa at a great festival. Cherished by five nurses appointed by Sakra, sucking his thumb which had nectar injected by Sakra, the Master grew up. Though he had the three kinds of knowledge, the Lord assumed simplicity suitable for a child. Even the sun does not attain heat at dawn. Playing with gods, asuras, and mortals in the form of boys, the Master gradually reached youth from childhood, like mounting an elephant\* from a chariot.

Eighty bows tall, the Master married princesses at his father’s insistence, even though he felt disgust with existence. When twenty-one lacs of years had passed his birth, at his father’s request the Lord took the burden of the kingdom. Sreyansa, the depository of good fortune, guarded the earth with undiminished power for forty-two lacs of years.

### *Initiation*

Then the Master, averse with existence, eager to take initiation, was urged by the Lokantika-gods, who had come like auspicious\* omens. The Master dispensed charity for a year by means of wealth supplied by gods, the Jrmbhakas, sent by Kubera at Sakra's command. At the end of a year the Indras came and quickly performed the Jinendra's initiation-bath, as if for conquest of the enemy karma. His body anointed with divine unguents, adorned with jeweled ornaments, wearing auspicious\*, divine garments, like auspiciousness embodied, supported on his arm by Bidaujas like a respectful servant, surrounded by other Indras carrying umbrella, *chauris*, et cetera, he ascended the *palanquin* Vimalaprabha shining with jewels and, surrounded by gods and men, went to Sahasramravana. He descended from the palanquin, removed his ornaments, et cetera, and wore on his shoulder a devadusya placed by sakra. In the forenoon of the thirteenth of the dark half of Phalguna in Sravana, observing a two-day fast, the Lord pulled out his hair in five handfuls. Sakra caught the hair in the end of his upper garment and threw it in the Ocean of Milk instantly, like a wind. The tumult being restrained by Vajrin by a gesture of his hand, the Lord undertook right-conduct which bestows fearlessness on all. Together with the Lord of the Universe one thousand kings abandoned their kingdoms like straw and took the vow. Celebrating an eight-day festival in honor of the images of the eternal *Arhats*, the lords of the gods and asuras went to their respective abodes.

On the next day the Supreme Lord broke his fast with rice-pudding in the city Siddhartha in the house of King Kanda. Then the gods made the five things the Rain of treasure, et cetera, and King Nanda made a platform over the place of the Master's feet. From place the Master, unhindered, set out to wander like the wind in villages, mines, cities, et cetera.

### *Narrative of Triprstha, Acala, and Asvagriva*

Now, in the city Pundarikini, the crest-jewel of East Videha, Subala<sup>4</sup> was king. He ruled the earth for a long time. At the right time he became a *mendicant* under *Muni* Vrsabha, performed penance for a long time, died, and went to an Anuttara-palace.

### *Episode of Visakhanandin and Visvabhuti*

Now in the city Rajagrha King Visvanandin had a son, Visakhanandin, by his wife Priyangu. Visvanandin had a younger brother, crown prince, Visakhabhuti, intelligent, heroic, well-bred, politic.

Marichi's jiva<sup>5</sup> became the son of Visakhabhuti by his wife Dharini because of rewards gained in a former birth. His parents gave him the name Visvabhuti<sup>6</sup> and he gradually grew up, cherished by nurses. He learned all the arts and acquired all the virtues and gradually attained youth the embodied ornament of the body.

He amused himself with the women of his palace in the garden Puspakarandaka, which was the chief of very delightful spots, like Nandana brought to earth. Visakha-nandin, the king's son, also wished to play there, but the garden was never free from Visvabhuti. The slave-girls of Visakhanandin's mother, who had gone for flowers, saw Visvabhuti playing there with the women of his household. Jealous, they went to Queen Priyangu and said: "Visvabhuti, the son of the crown prince, is king here; no one else. For he is always playing in Puspakarandaka with the women of his household, but your son, forbidden (to enter), remains outside." Angered at hearing that, the queen went to the *anger-room*.<sup>7</sup> At once she was asked by the king, "What is the matter?" and she replied: "Visvabhuti plays in Puspakarandaka like a king; even though you are here, my son stays outside like a beggar," The king said, "This is the rule in our family, honored lady. When one prince is playing (in the garden), a second should not enter." She, high-spirited, was not enlightened even by this explanation by the king.

Then the king, knowing devices, had the marching-drum sounded. The king issued a proclamation, "Because our vassal, *Pugilist*, does not obey our command, we are marching against him." When he heard that, Visvabhuti came in haste and said, "When I am here, why will our father himself go to battle?" Restraining the king by persisting in such remarks, Visvabhuti marched with an army to the vassal's country. Hearing that the prince was coming, the vassal came in haste like a servant and respectfully conducted him to his own house. Saying, "Master, what can I do?" standing in front of him with folded hands, he *conciliated* Visvabhuti by giving presents of elephants, horses, et cetera. Seeing that there was some *inconsistency*, then Visvabhuti returned by the same way he had come. Who can be angry with an innocent man?

Now, Visakhanandin had been allowed by the king to enter the garden. After traversing the country, Visvabhuti came there as before. Halted by the door-keeper who said, "Visakhanandin is inside," he stood just there, an ocean of valor (stopped) by the shore of propriety.

Visvabhuti thought, "At that time I was *enticed* away from the garden by a trick, like a forest-elephant\* from a forest. What shall I

do?” Thus angered, the prince struck a wood-apple tree, which was laden with fruit, with his fist, like an elephant striking it with a tusk. Pointing to the ground beneath which was completely covered with wood-apples shaken down, Visvabhuti said to the door-keeper:

“In the same way I would make fall the heads of you all, if *devotion* to my father’s elder brother did not prevent. Enough for me of these delights terrifying as the coils of a serpent, for the sake of which such a deceitful trick is used, alas!”

With these words Visvabhuti abandoned power like straw, went and took the vow under *Muni Sambhuta*.

When he heard about it, Visvanandin went there himself with the women of his household and his attendants, accompanied by the crown prince. After bowing to the suri and approaching Visvabhuti, Visvanandin, joyless, said with sobs: “Son, you have always done everything after obtaining our consent. Have you done this impulsively because of our loss of good fortune? Dear boy, we have always had hope in you as the support of the kingdom. Why have you, a protector in calamity, suddenly destroyed our hope? Today give up the vow, son. Enjoy pleasures at will. Play in Puspakarandaka as you like, as before.”

Then Visvabhuti said: “Enough for me of the wealth of pleasures. This pleasure of the senses is in reality only pain. Threads of affection for one’s own people act as Bonds in the prison of existence; people verily are bewildered by them, like spiders by spiderwebs. Henceforth, in order not to be censured for anything I shall practice penance to a high degree. That certainly goes along as a companion to the next world.”

When he had so spoken, the king went home *remorsefully*. Visvabhuti wandered as a muni with his guru. Engaged in fasts of two and three days, zealous in service to his guru, learning texts and interpretations, he gradually passed a very long time. Wandering alone by permission of his guru, observing pratima, he began to wander in villages, mines, cities, et cetera.

One day, as the great *sadhu* Visvabhuti wandered, observing numerous special vows, he went to the city Mathura. Just at that time Visakhanandin went there with his retinue to marry his paternal aunt’s daughter, the daughter of the king of Mathura. Visvabhuti, wandering to break his fast at the end of the month, came near Visakhanandin’s camp. Visakhanandin’s men pointed him out as he went along, saying repeatedly, “There is Prince Visvabhuti.” At the sight of him Visakhanandin’s *anger* arose at once. Just then Visvabhuti fell, knocked over by a *cow*. Visakhanandin laughed and said to

Visvabhuti, "What has become of that strength of yours which knocked off wood-apples?" When he saw Visakhanandin, Visvabhuti, angry, seized the cow by the horns and whirled it around like a bunch of straw. Then as he went away, Visvabhuti thought in his heart, "He, evil-minded, was just now angry with me, though I am free from attachment," and he made a *nidana*\*, "May I be very strong in my next birth from the power of this severe penance." When his life of a crores of years was completed, Visvabhuti died without confessing that and became a god with a maximum life-term in Mahasukra.

### ***The parents of Acala and Triprstha***

Now there is a city Potanapura with high city-gates, like the crown of the earth of the southern half of Bharata.

The king in the city was Ripuratisatru, *resplendent* with all the virtues like the sun with its rays. With the six policies<sup>8</sup> he resembled Bharataksetra with six divisions "And with the four means he resembled Indra's four-tusked elephant.\* He was like a lion in courage, like an elephant in strength, like Kandarpa in beauty, like *Brhaspati* in intellect. His intellect and strength, very clear and sharp in the subjection of the earth, adorned each other mutually like arms.

His chief-queen, named Bhadra, the fair home of good fortune, was like the king's land which had assumed a body. Armored with *devotion* to her husband, unceasingly watchful like a woman-guard, she guarded her conduct like a deposit of jewels. She always had the beautiful appearance of *collyrium*\* for the eyes, of the Sri of the kingdom embodied, of the family-constancy *personified*.

### ***Birth of Acala***

One day Subala's *jiva* fell from the Anuttaravimana and descended into the chief-queen's womb. Sleeping comfortably, she saw four great dreams, which indicate the birth of a *Bala*\*, at the last moment of the night. Since sleep had gone far away as if defeated by great joy, the queen told the king at that very time:

"I saw an elephant\*, four-tusked, resembling a crystal mountain, entering my own mouth like the moon entering a cloud; a bull, high-humped, bellowing, straight-tailed, of spotless color, produced by weaving autumn-clouds, as it were; a moon with its rays streaming forth a great distance as if making ear-ornaments for the quarters; and then a pond filled with full-blown lotuses with sweetly humming bees, just as if it had become one hundred-mouthed and were

singing. Master, what is the fruit of these dreams? Tell me. For ordinary people are not suitable to ask about the best dream.”

The king said, “Queen, your son will be a Balabhadra with extraordinary strength, like a god in beauty.”

In course of time she bore a son, white in color, long-armed, eighty bows tall, like the east bearing the moon. The king held a great festival because a jewel of a son had come, like the cakravartin when the cakra-jewel came. On an auspicious\* day at an auspicious moon the king named his son Acala with great pomp. Day by day displaying more and more beauty of the body, he grew through the care of the nurses like a tree by means of canals.

### *Story of Mrgavati*

When some time had passed after Acala’s birth, Queen Bhadra conceived an embryo like a ketaki<sup>9</sup> conceiving a blossom. At the completed time the king’s wife bore a daughter endowed with all the favorable marks, like the Jahnavi bearing a lotus. The king named her Mrgavati because of her moon-face and her eyes like a young deer’s. Going from lap to lap, the gazelle-eyed maiden grew up without difficulties, like a gazelle belonging to ascetics. The nurses looked like pillars of a house with jeweled puppets as they walked in the courtyard with her on their hips. Gradually traversing childhood, she attained youth distinguished by beauty of body, which is a life-giving herb for reviving Smara<sup>s</sup>. Her face was like an earring of the moon under the guise of arched eyebrows; her black and white eyes were like white lotuses with bees. Her beautiful neck was like the stalk of her lotus-face; her hands with straight fingers were like quivers of Kama<sup>s</sup>. Her breasts were like cakravakas of the river of the loveliness of her body; her waist was very small as if from weariness from the weight of her breasts of Ratnacala. Her thighs were like pillars of plantain, rounding; her feet with straight lower legs were like two lotuses with erect stalks. With her limbs thus endowed with the fresh beauty of youth, she looked like the supreme goddess of the Vidyadhara-women.

As Mrgavati’s youthful beauty increased, likewise Bhadra’s anxiety in regard to a suitable husband increased. With the idea, “The king, as well as I, should think about her husband,” one day Queen Bhadra had her brought before him. As if he did not know that she was his own daughter because of the agitation produced by the arrow of Love, Ripuratisatru thought in his heart: “Oh, here is loveliness of the body, a conquering arrow of Manobhu, wayward from the ease of victory over the women of the three worlds.

*Sovereignty* of the earth is easy to acquire and even sovereignty of heaven, but this girl, dear to my heart, is very hard to acquire. She is at hand because of my merit acquired in other births, excelling even the merit of gods, asuras, and kings.”

With these reflections, the king at once took her, dear as life, on his lap with affectionate words. Fixing her in his affection by touches, embraces, and kisses, he had her taken to the women’s quarters by old chamberlains.

Summoning the citizens together with the ministers in order to avoid censure from the people, the king asked, “Any jewel that is found in my country, in villages, cities, or elsewhere, whose jewel is it? Decide.” The people said, “Whatever jewel is produced anywhere in your country, you alone are its master. No one else can be.” After he obtained this decision three times, the king quickly showed them his daughter Mrgavati. He said to them again, “This is my jewel of a daughter. Now I shall marry myself with your consent.” The citizens went to their homes, ashamed at this speech. The king married with a Gandharva-marriage. Because he was the husband of his own daughter, the name Prajapati for the king spread over the earth.

When she heard of this new stain on the family which would be ridiculed by all the people, causing great shame to her husband, Bhadra was very much ashamed. She went to the Deccan with her son Acala. That is a fine country where evil gossip is never heard. Like a new *Visvakarman* Acala founded a city, Mahesvari, in the Deccan for his mother. The Baladeva<sup>s</sup> Acala had it filled with gold, like Kubera Ayodhya, taking it (the gold) from everywhere. He left his mother there, like the goddess of the city incarnate, surrounded by high-born ministers, body-guards, and slaves. Bhadra, the crest-jewel of women, a faithful wife with the ornament of good conduct, devoted to the six duties,<sup>10</sup> worship of the gods, et cetera, remained in the city. Baladeva, devoted, went to Potanapura. The father, whatever he may be, must be honored by the noble. Acala continued obeying his father as before. The wise do not blame the conduct of persons who should be honored. The king established doe-eyed Mrgavati in the rank of chief-queen, like the moon Rohini.

### ***Birth of Triprstha***

When some time had passed, *Muni* Visvabhuti’s *jiva* fell from Mahasukra and descended into her womb. In the last watch of the night the queen, comfortably asleep, saw these seven dreams indicating the birth of a Vishnu first, a young lion with a ruddy

mane, whose nails resembled digits of the moon, whose tail resembled a chauri; Padma, seated on a lotus, being sprinkled with water from the Ocean of Milk by two elephants with full *pitchers* in their trunks; a sun (lord of light) with a powerful stream of brilliance, Dispersing dense darkness, producing day even at night; “Pitcher filled with clear, sweet water, its mouth with white lotuses, with golden bells, wreathed an ocean filled with various aquatic animals, with its multitude of jewels, its waves rolling up to the sky; a heap of jewels with the beauty of a rainbow diffused in the sky with streams of light from five-colored jewels; and the seventh, a smokeless fire which made the sky have shoots of flames, with light giving pleasure to the eyes.

The king interpreted the dreams which she related when awake, “Your son will surely be an Ardhacakrin, queen.” The astrologers, questioned by the king who had summoned them at once, also explained the dreams in the same way. There is no disagreement among the wise, when the time was complete; the queen bore a son marked with all the marks, eighty bows tall, with a black body. The circle of the sky was serene, the earth expanded, and all the people were delighted, like the mind of the king. Ripupratisatru, delighted, released from prison even his enemies formerly imprisoned, like herdsmen freeing cows from a cow-pen. He gave money to beggars as they wished, like a cow of plenty, as if to make a place for the future sri of the Ardhacakrin. Among the people there was an unceasing great festival, like one at the birth of a son, or at a wedding. Women, carrying *auspicious\* things*, could not be contained within the palace; and in front (of it) were subject to contact with arrivals from the villages because of crowding together. On every spot arches, at every step concerts found place in the city as well as the palace.

### *Childhood of Tripirstha*

Because he had seen three backbones in his son’s back, the king gave him the name Tripirstha at a festival. Cherished by the nurses and playing with Acala, the Vasudeva<sup>s</sup> Tripirstha gradually grew up. As a child, wearing an anklet of tinkling small balls, he played with Balabhadra going in front, like an elephant\* with its driver. He, very intelligent, grasped all the arts with ease, like a mirror a reflection, his teachers being present as witnesses. In course of time he became of military age, strong-chested, long-armed, as if he were the same age as Balabhadra, though a younger brother. The two brothers, playing together constantly without interruptions, looked like the

bright and dark fortnights embodied. Wearing dark blue and yellow garments, with palm tree and garuda-banners, they looked like living Svarnasaila and Anjana mountains.<sup>11</sup> When Acala and Krsna<sup>s</sup> moved in play, the earth shook from their steps which were like claps of thunder. Strong elephants could not endure the sport of slaps on their bosses by the men-elephants mounted on them. The peaks of large mountains were like ant-hills, torn down by them, strong-armed, in play. Not afraid of demons, et cetera, to say nothing of others, the princes became the protection of those seeking protection. Triprstha was never without Acala nor Acala without Triprstha. They acted together like one mind with two bodies.\*

### *Story of Asvagriva*

Now in the city Ratnapura, there was a Prativisnu, Asvagriva, son of Mayuragriva, borne by Nilanjana. He was eighty bows tall, with the color of a new cloud,<sup>12</sup> with a life of eighty-four lacs of year, long-armed. The itch of his arms was not satisfied by beatings of his enemies, like that of a lion by rending the boss of an elephant. He, very powerful, long-armed, eager for a great war, was satisfied neither by enemies *submissive* nor by them fighting. His strength, constantly causing a flood of tears to flow from lotus eyes, was like a weapon sacred to Varuna<sup>13</sup> his enemies' wives. His cakra, by which the circle "Directions had been subdued, appeared in his hand like a second sun that had become a portent to enemies. Thinking, "May he, being in our heart, not kill us, considering us hostile," kings did not feel a lack of *devotion* riven in their minds. All the kings did not put him at all but of their own hearts, like yogis the supreme spirit.

By his strength he subdued the three parts of Bharataksetra with Mt. Vaitadhya made into a stone boundary-pillar. The chief of the Vidyadharas, he conquered the two rows of the (cities of the) Vidyadharas, which were like arms of Mt. Vaitadhya, by means of vidyas and strength. He was worshipped with gifts by the lords of Magadha, Prabhasa, and Varadaman, and by gods as well as kings. His powerful command was constantly borne on their heads like crowns by sixteen thousand crowned kings. Enjoying his *sovereignty* of one umbrella, long-armed, he passed much time like Indra on earth,

One day, as King Asvagriva was sporting at will, this thought came into his heart unexpectedly, like an ill-omened cloud into the sky:

“Whatever kings there are in the southern half of Bharata are submerged in my power, like mountains in the ocean. Who among kings will be my slayer, since I am the sole powerful man on earth, like a lion among deer? This is hard to know, yet I will know it.”

Reflecting thus, he had the astrologer Asvabindu summoned at once by the door-keeper. Asked by the king for his opinion, the astrologer said: “Heaven forbid! May this inauspicious speech be averted. For not even *Yama* causes the death\* of you who are the conqueror of the whole world. What wretch among mortals, certainly inferior (to *Yama*), will do so?”

Hayagriva said: “Sir, leave aside polite talk and tell me the truth. Do not be afraid. For reliable persons are not *flatterers*.” Questioned so persistently by the king, the best of astrologers considered the horoscope, et cetera, and declared *perspicuously*, “He who will attack your messenger, Candavega, and who will kill the lion living on the western border, he will be your slayer also.” Depressed by that speech, like one away from home by thunder, the king dismissed him like a hostile messenger, after showing him *hypocritical* honor.

The king had rice planted in the country that had been depopulated by a young lion, in order to find out the slayer of the lion. The king ordered the sixteen thousand kings to guard the rice-sowers in turn. The kings went in turn, armed, and protected the rice-cultivators from the lion, like herdsmen protecting fields from cows. Then the king summoned the assembly with *dissimulation* and said to his councillors ministers, generals, *vassals*, et cetera, “Now is there any long-armed son of kings, generals, et cetera, who has unequalled strength?” They replied: “Your Majesty, who is brilliant in the presence of the sun? Who is powerful compared with the wind? Who is swift compared with Garuda? What is *venerable* compared with Meru? What is deep compared with the ocean? Who, indeed, is powerful compared with you by whose power the powerful have been subdued?”

The king said: “This is flattering talk, gentlemen, but not true. For there are stronger than the strong. This earth, indeed, has many jewels.”

Then a certain minister among them, Carulocana, spoke like Vacaspati in language whose meaning was clear, “There are two sons of King Prajapati who resemble gods, who look on all mortal heroes as straw.”

### *The attack on Candavega*

After he had dismissed the assembly, the king sent the messenger Candavega to Prajapati on some business. The messenger traveled with excellent charioteers and horsemen to Potanapura in a few days, like his master's *splendor* embodied. There King Prajapati, adorned with all his ornaments, accompanied by Acala and Triprstha and many *vassals*; surrounded by distinguished persons, generals ministers, priests, et cetera, like Pasabhrt (Varuna) by sea-monsters; magnificent like a god, was staging unconcernedly a concert with dancers engaged in various dance-steps, postures\*, gestures, and leaps, with the hollow of the sky resounding with the noise of sounding drums, with flutes that had become like restorers of life by the flood of beautiful, clear song, with notes of widespread gramaragas made on lutes, with songs commenced with harmonious time.

Candavega suddenly entered the assembly, his course unhindered by the door-keepers, just like a flash of lightning. When Prajapati with his vassals had noticed that he had come unexpectedly, he rose hastily to greet the master's messenger like the master. With great respect the king seated him on a seat and asked all the news about the master. The concert was interrupted suddenly by his arrival, like the study of the scriptures merely by the sight of lightning. All the concert-performers went to their respective homes. For there is no favorable opportunity for artists when the master's mind is engaged elsewhere.

When Triprstha saw that he had stopped the show, he was very angry and asked some bystander: "Look! who is this man who does not know the suitable time, an animal in the form of a man, that enters my father's Assembly, without announcing his arrival? Why did my father rise in haste to greet him when he saw him? Why was he not restrained by the door-keeper, When he entered? The man replied to Triprstha: "He is certainly the messenger of Hayagriva, the supreme king of kings. Verily, in these three parts of Bharata, the kings are his servants. Therefore, your father rose to greet his messenger, like himself. Therefore he was not hindered by the door-keeper who knew what was fitting, since not even a dog that belongs to the master, to say nothing of a man, is attacked. If this messenger is pleased, King Hayagriva is pleased. By his favor the kingdoms of the kings flourish. If this man is injured contemptuously, Hayagriva is injured. For kings act in accordance with the view of the messen-

ger. If the master, hard to endure like Krtanta, is injured, the kings do not expect even to live, to say nothing of (keeping) a kingdom.”

Triprstha said: “No one is master of any one nor servant by birth. That surely is dependent on power. In the meantime we do not attack him with mere words. Certainly praise of one’s self, as well as blame of others, causes shame to the noble. By my strength I will make him, who shows disrespect to my father, lie on his back, and I will make Hayagriva into Chinnagriva<sup>14</sup> at the right time. Now is a suitable time. When he is dismissed by my father, I must be informed in order that I may do what is fitting.” The man agreed to this order even though it was dangerous to the king. For the king’s son is considered to be the king by the king’s dependents. Candavega told the king’s (Asvagriva’s) commands to Prajapati as if he were his servant. Candavega was dismissed by King Prajapati who had agreed and had rewarded him with gifts, et cetera. Satisfied, he set out with his attendants to his own country and left Potanapura in a chariot. Triprstha learned that he was leaving and with Acala got in front of him and headed him off completely, like a forest-fire with a wind obstructing a traveler. Triprstha spoke as follows:

“Impudent, base villain, although you have only the rank of a messenger, you act like a king, animal! Who else with intelligence, even an animal, who did not wish to die, would interrupt the concert as you did, fool! The king himself, when he comes to the house of a mere householder, enters after announcing himself. That is the custom of the wise. You, splitting open the earth, as it were, came suddenly unannounced. You were wrongly entertained like your master by my father who is naturally artless. Now show that power because of which you are disrespectful. I will show you the fruit of the tree of bad conduct.”

With these words he raised his fist, but before he struck, Musalapani got in front of him and said: “O prince, enough of striking this worm of a man! For the lion does not slap jackals even though they are howling. Because he is a messenger, he is not to be killed, even though he does improper things; just as a Brahman, even though he says something monstrous, cannot be killed because he is a Brahman. Therefore, restrain your *anger* against this man even if he is rough. The castor-bean plant<sup>15B</sup> is not the place for blows of an elephant’s tusk.”

Addressed thus by Balabhadra, Triprstha quickly withdrew his raised fist like an elephant its trunk, and instructed the soldiers: “Take everything, except life alone, from this villainous messenger who interrupted the show.” At the prince’s order the soldiers beat

him with clubs and fists like a dog that has entered the house. They took everything, ornaments, et cetera, from him, like guards from a condemned man who has reached the execution-place. Avoiding blows for a long time, in order to save his life, he rolled on the ground like one furnishing amusement for an elephant. His retinue had fled in all directions, avoiding blows, et cetera, saving their lives like crows that have abandoned food.\* When they had beaten him like a donkey, plucked him like a sparrow, and yelled at him like a rogue, the princes went home.

Prajapati learned all this from the people's gossip and reflected with an arrow in his heart, as it were: "Oh, that bad behavior was not suitable for my sons. In whose presence can I tell that which is like being thrown by my own horse\*! Candavega was not attacked, but rather Asvagriva was attacked. For these messengers act as the reflections of kings. Before he goes away, he must be *conciliated* by every means. As soon as fire starts, it must be extinguished then and there."

With these reflections, the king had him brought by the ministers and appeased him with words gentle from affection. His hands folded submissively, he showed him especial honor a flood of water for washing out the stain made by the princes. He gave him fourfold gifts<sup>16</sup> of great price to cool his *anger*, like a cold treatment to an elephant. The king said: "You know these young princes, because of their fresh youth, are ill-behaved to common people and distinguished persons. The princes are unrestrained, like untamed bulls, because of the success produced by the master's special favors to me. Even if they have committed a great outrage against you, bestower of honor, nevertheless you must forget that like a bad dream, friend. The imperishable friendship of us two who have always been like full brothers must not be abandoned suddenly in a moment, O you who are skilled in knowing the disposition of my mind. You must not tell Asvagriva the mischievous conduct of the princes, blameless as you are. This is the test of the indulgent."

With the fire of his *anger* extinguished by the rain of nectar of such conciliation, Candavega said in a voice gentle from affection: "Because of long-standing love for you, I was not angry. O king, what is to be pardoned here? Your sons are the same as mine. Certainly punishment for the bad conduct of boys is censure which is made known, not reporting to the royal court. For that is the custom among the people. I will not report to the king such conduct of your sons. Water can be thrown, not drawn, from the mouth of an

elephant.\* So, put your mind at rest, O king. I am going. Now give me dismissal. There is not the least evil in my mind.”

Prajapati embraced the messenger like his own brother, when he said this and, his hands folded submissively, dismissed him.

In a few days the messenger went into Asvagriva’s presence; but the story of the attack on him had gone ahead like a chamberlain. At that time (of the attack) Candavega’s whole retinue, terrified, had gone and reported to the king the whole story about Tripirstha. The messenger saw Hayagriva, his head up, red-eyed, like Vaivasvata (Yama) ready to swallow the earth. “I think someone has told the king the story of the attack on me,” the courier thought. For servants know the signs. Questioned by the king, he related the story completely. For in the presence of severe masters one cannot lie. Remembering his promise, the courier declared: “Just as I am devoted, Your Majesty, so is King Prajapati. What the princes did, that was trivial, childish ignorance. Besides, he was extremely disgusted by the behavior of the princes. Just as you are preeminent in power among all the kings, so King Prajapati is preeminent in *devotion* to you. The king blamed himself for a long time because of the princes’ fault. He accepted your command and gave this gift.” The courier became silent after saying this and Hayagriva reflected: “The prediction of the astrologer has been demonstrated by one test. If the second test, namely, the killing of the lion, takes place, then I think there is ground for fear.\*”

### *The killing of the lion*

With this reflection, he then commanded Prajapati through another messenger, “Protect the rice-fields from the lion.” Prajapati summoned the princes and said: “Your bad behavior has resulted unexpectedly in guarding (the fields) from the lion. If the command is broken unexpectedly, then Hayagriva acts like *Yama*. If his command is not broken, then the lion acts like *Yama*. In either case sudden death\* is present for us. Nevertheless, I go now to the guarding from the lion, sons.”

The princes said: “Asvagriva’s courage is known, by whom, like an animal, an animal (the lion) is considered terrifying. Stay here, father. We will go now and soon kill the lion. O man-lion, why should you go there yourself, lord?”

Prajapati, depressed, said: “You are young boys, ignorant of what should and should not be done. One such act was committed by you while in my jurisdiction, behaving badly like a rogue-elephant\*, little princes. This result of that action has appeared at

once. What will be the result of what you will do when you are far away?"

Then Triprstha said: "What is this fear\* of the lion shown by him, foolish, like that of foolish kings? Now, father, do us a favor. Stay here. We will go and destroy the lion together with Asvagriva's wishes."

So, finally persuading the king, they went with small, superior retinues to the country inhabited by the lion. The princes saw the bones of many soldiers killed by the lion at the foot of a mountain, like a heap of his glory incarnate. They asked the rice-cultivators who had climbed tall trees, "How do the kings keep off the lion?" The cultivators replied: "O heroes, after the kings had made a disposition of forces, they made a blockade of the lion in a cave with armored elephants, horses, chariots, and soldiers, like a dam of a stream, like a *moat* of an elephant. The kings, feeling doubtful of their lives, guarded us against the lion with soldiers who were continually killed and torn to pieces."

When they heard this speech of theirs, *Bala*<sup>s</sup> and Kesava smiled, left their army there, and went to the lion's cave.

The lion awakened at once at the noise of their chariot resembling thunder, like a king at the noise of *bards*. Opening a little his eyes, which were like torches of Yama, shaking his lofty, massive mane, which was like Yama's chauri, opening his mouth, which was like a door to hell, with a yawn, his neck contracted a little, the lion took a look. When he saw only two men with a retinue of only a chariot, he pretended to go to sleep from contempt.

"He has certainly been made *arrogant* by the kings guarding the rice-fields with complete armies, offering oblations with elephants, et cetera."

So addressed by Acala, the man-lion went ahead a little and challenged the best of lions, like a wrestler challenging a wrestler. Hearing the bragging noise of Visnu<sup>s</sup>, the lion, his ears erect, was astonished, thinking, "This is some hero." The lion came out of his cave with his ears firmly propped up on his head like posts in high ground, with eyes exceedingly red like terrifying torches, with a mouth, like an *armory* of Yama, filled with tusks and fangs, his tongue outside his mouth like a Taksaka (Naga) outside Patala, with tusks above his mouth like a festoon of Yama's house, with a mane like the flames of a fire of *anger* burning within, with nails like hooks for drawing out the life from creatures, his tail twitching like a hungry serpent, his mouth open, frightful with roaring like the emotion\* of cruelty in person.

The lion struck the earth with his large, cruel tail, like Indra striking a mountain with his thunderbolt. At the sound of the beating with his tail, creatures disappeared on all sides like sea-animals in the ocean at the sound of a drum.

“Stop, sir! When I am present there is no occasion for you to fight,” with these words Triprstha stopped Acala right there. Visnu got out of the chariot, saying, “It is not in accordance with military ethics for me now in a chariot to fight with him as a foot-soldier.’ Saying, “It is not fitting for me armed to fight with him unarmed,” Hari<sup>s</sup>, possessing a wealth of heroism, threw away his weapons.\* “Come, come, sir, I am going to take away your itch for battle, lion,” Triprstha, surpassing Purandara<sup>s</sup> in strength, said. The lion, too, furious with a spasm of *anger*, uttered that same speech, as it were, in the guise of a mountain-echo. The young lion reflected: “Oh, that boy acts very impetuously, since he came without an army, since he got down from his chariot, threw away his weapons, and challenged me aloud. Like a silly frog that has jumped against a serpent, let him take the consequences of his boldness.”

With these reflections, the lion, holding his tail erect, having the appearance of a lion that has fallen from a Vidyadhara’s chariot in the sky, leaped at once. As he fell, Kesava caught his jaws in his hands, one in one hand, the other in the other hand, like the jaws of a serpent in a pair of pincers. Pulling one jaw in one direction, and the other in the other direction, Visnu<sup>s</sup> tore him apart, like tearing a piece of cloth, with a ripping sound. Just then a cry of “Hail! Hail!” filling the space between heaven and earth, was made repeatedly by the people like councilors, like *bards*. The Vidyadharas, gods, and demons who had assembled in the sky from curiosity rained flowers on him, like a wind from *Malaya*. The two parts of the lion’s body, which had been thrown on the ground instantly, *quivered*, consciousness being retained voluntarily from *anger*.

The lion, whose body had been subjected to another with great disgrace, though divided in two parts, quivering, thought: “I who, falling like a thunderbolt, was not conquered by powerful princes, surrounded by armed soldiers, and also armed themselves, have been killed, alas! by this boy alone, unarmed, with his soft hand. That is what grieves me, not merely being killed.” Knowing his thoughts as he rolled on the ground, like a serpent, with this anxiety, Visnu’s charioteer spoke gently: “O lion, by whom rutting elephants were torn apart with ease, unsubdued by a hundred armies, why do you grieve so from pride? This one is surely the best of soldiers, Triprstha by name, first of the Sarngins in Bharata, a child in age,

but not in prestige. He is a lion among men; but you are one among animals. What shame is there to you killed by him? Rather there is reason for boasting of a fight with him.”

Soothed by this speech of his which was like a rain of nectar, the lion died and was born as a hell-inhabitant in hell, having acquired that birth.

Acala’s younger brother, handing over the skin to the Vidyadharas who had come to know the news at Hayagriva’s command, said: “Hand over this skin, which indicates the lion’s slaughter, to Ghotakakantha, the frightened animal. He, greedy for sweet food\*, must be delivered this message: ‘Be free from anxiety. Eat rice at ease.’”

The Vidyadhara darakas assented; and Balabhadra and Triprstha went to their own city. There the two brothers bowed at their father’s feet and *Bala*<sup>s</sup> told him the entire story. King Prajapati looked upon his sons as if reborn and was delighted by his son who had kept his promise. The Vidyadharas told Vajigriva the story of Triprstha in detail, which was like a clap of thunder.

### ***Rivalry for Svayamprabha***

Now there is a city Rathanupuracakravala, the ornament of the southern row on Mt. Vaitadhya. There lived a king of the Vidyadharas, Jvalanajatin, whose magnificence was unequaled, resembling a flame in brilliance. His chief-queen was named Vayuvega, the supreme *abode* of *Priti*, slow in gait like a swan. By this queen a son, who was named Arkakirti from the sight of a sun in a dream, was borne to the king. In time he had a daughter, also, named Svayamprabha, because of the sight in a dream of a digit of the moon by whose own light the sky was made white. The king established Arkakirti, when he was grown, as his heir-apparent, long-armed, Mt. Hima to the Ganga<sup>s</sup> of fame. In due time Svayamprabha attained youth, like a place in the forest the enchanting wealth of spring. With her moon-face she looked like the full moon incarnate and with the blackness of her abundant hair she looked like *amavasya*\*<sup>39</sup> embodied. Her eyes which extended to her ears were like lotus ear-ornaments; her ears were like banks of the spreading pools of the eyes. With red petals in the form of hands, feet, and lips she looked like a creeper with blossoms<sup>B</sup>; and she was beautiful with high breasts like pleasure-mountains of Sri. Her navel looked like a whirlpool in the river of loveliness and her broad hips were like an Antaradvipa. Among the women of the gods, asuras, and Vidyad-

haras there was no duplicate of her the treasury of the beauty of the body.

Then two flying ascetics, Abhinandana and Jagannandana, wandering through the air, came to that city. With great magnificence, like one who has obtained another incarnation of the goddess Sri, Svayamprabha went and paid homage to the excellent munis. After hearing their instruction, an *elixir* of nectar for the ears, she adopted right-belief firm as the color of indigo. In their presence she assented completely to lay-duties. For pure *souls* are not in the least negligent, knowingly. Then the excellent munis went elsewhere to wander.

One day she undertook a fast on a moon-day. On the next day, wishing to break her fast, after she had worshipped, et cetera, the Lord Jina<sup>s</sup>, she brought the statue's bath-water<sup>17</sup> and handed it to her father. The Vidyadhara-king, at once tender from delight, put the bath-water on his head and Svayamprabha on his lap. Seeing that she was grown, the king became anxious in the search for a husband for her, like a man in debt. After he had dismissed her with favor, the king summoned ministers, Susruta and others, and asked them about a suitable husband.

First Susruta spoke: "In the city Ratnapura there is a king, the son of Queen Nilanjana and Mayuragriva. He, having many vidyas acquired, lord of three-part Bharata, Indra of the Vidyadharas, Asvagriva by name, is the best husband."

The minister Bahusruta said: "He is certainly not a suitable husband for the Lady Svayamprabha because he is past his youth. In the north row there are many excellent Vidyadharas, strong-armed, possessing beauty, youth, and grace. After consideration you should give the gazelle-eyed maiden to one of them, Your Majesty, if you desire a suitable marriage."

Then the minister Sumati said to the king: "That was well said by that minister of yours, lord. On this mountain there is a city Prabhankara, the sole *abode* of many wonders<sup>\*</sup>, which has reached the first place in the necklace of the north row. Its king is named Meghavana<sup>s</sup>, possessing the power of Maghavan, fruitful like a cloud at dawn. He has a wife, Meghamalini, like a *wreath* of jasmine<sup>B</sup> with the fragrance of good conduct. They have a son, Vidyutprabha, by whom all kings are surpassed, with unrivaled beauty like Kandarpa. They have a daughter, Jyotirmala, like a daughter of the gods, with a wealth of immeasurable beauty and grace. Princess Svayamprabha is suitable for Prince Vidyutprabha as lightning, by which the heavens are lighted, is suitable for a cloud. On the other

hand, Jyotirmala is suitable for Prince Arkakirti. Let a festival of the two take place with an exchange of maidens.”

Then Srutasagara declared to the king: “This maiden of yours who has become a jewel, by whom is she, like Sri, not sought? A svayamvara\*, which would make no distinction between all the Vidyadhara-princes seeking her, is the proper thing for her. Otherwise, you will have trouble with all the Vidyadharas, if you give the girl to any one of them. Why this, needlessly?”

After hearing the advice of all the ministers and dismissing them, he questioned also an astrologer, Sambhinnasrotas, “Shall I give my daughter to Asvagriva or to another Vidyadhara as her husband, or should she hold a svayamvara?” The astrologer said: “I have heard from the monks what the Blessed Rsabhadhvaja said when he was questioned by Bharata. ‘There will be twenty-three *Arhats* in this *avasarpini* equal to me and eleven kings equal to you; nine Balas, nine Vasudevas, lords of half of Bharata; nine opponents of them (Prativasudevas).’ Of these the Hari<sup>s</sup> Triprstha, after killing Hayagriva, will enjoy the three-part Bharata with the cities of the Vidyadharas. He will *bestow* on you the lordship of all the Vidyadharas. Let the girl be given to him. There is no one else like him on earth.”

Delighted, the king rewarded the astrologer and dismissed him; and sent the courier Marici to King Prajapati about the matter. The Vidyadhara went to King Prajapati, bowed, introduced himself, and said respectfully: “The Vidyadhara-king, Jvalanajatin, has a daughter, Svayamprabha, the choicest of all maidens. King Vahnijatin has remained devoted to thought about a suitable husband for her for a long time, like a poet with *fastidious* taste. Although advised by ministers, he has found no one. The king then asked an astrologer about a suitable husband. He was told by the astrologer Sambhinnasrotas: ‘Your daughter, suitable, should be given to Triprstha, son of Prajapati. He, the first Vasudeva<sup>s</sup>, will enjoy half of Bharata and graciously bestow on you the overlordship of the two rows.’ Delighted by this speech of the astrologer, my lord sent me. O master, consent to receive her for Triprstha.”

King Prajapati, who was very intelligent, agreed with pleasure and dismissed him with suitable gifts.

From fear\* of Asvagriva, King Jvalanajatin went to Prajapati’s city to give the girl in marriage. With his Vidyadhara-*vassals*, with his ministers, army, and transport, he remained at the edge of the city, like the ocean at the shore. With his ministers and retinue, Prajapati himself went to meet him. For a guest is the senior of

every one. The two great armies that were joined by the friendly meeting of the two (kings) looked like the streams of the Ganga<sup>s</sup> and Yamuna. Both mounted on elephants because of equal dignity, they embraced each other like Samanika-gods. The day became at once a new-moon day from the meeting of these two kings like the sun and moon.<sup>18</sup> King Prajapati handed over ground to the Vidyadhara-king, like the ocean to Mainaka.<sup>19</sup> There the Vidyadharas made a beautiful city with various palaces, like a second Potana, by the power of a vidya. Jvalanajatin dwelt in the city's principal palace, which had divine festoons, like the sun on Meru. The others, the vassals, ministers, generals, et cetera, lived in suitable palaces like the gods in celestial palaces.

After taking leave of the King of Vidyadharas, King Prajapati went to his own *abode*, like the ocean turned back from the shore. Then Prajapati sent gifts food\*, ointment, ornaments, et cetera to the king of the Vidyadharas. For the wedding both of them had pavilions erected, jeweled, beautifully shaped, like the council-halls of Camara and Bali. In the houses of both there were auspicious\* songs with the beauty of the teaching of the art made by elderly women of good family.

Glistening with fragrant sandal-ointment like a statue of sapphire, Triprstha mounted a fine elephant\* and, surrounded by princely friends who had become attendants, went from his house to the house of Jvalanajatin. The younger brother of *Bala*<sup>s</sup> stopped beneath the festoon on the front of the house, like the sun in the east, waiting for the collection of offerings. Auspicious\* songs being sung by highborn women, Hari<sup>s</sup> broke the fire-cup and went with his best man to the shrine. Then Hari saw Svayamprabha like Sasiprabha incarnate, dressed in a white fringed garment, delighting the eye. Then they both sat down on one auspicious\* seat, Svayamprabha and Triprstha, like Citra<sup>20</sup> and the Moon. When the auspicious moment had been indicated by the sound of a gong, the priest joined their lotus-hands like two hemispheres. They both made a *conjunction* of the pupils of their eyes which resembled the sprinkling of the newly-appeared tree of affection. Svayamprabha and Triprstha united in that way like a creeper and a tree, went to the room with the fire-pit. With fuel from the pippal<sup>B</sup>, et cetera, the Brahmans lighted the fire accompanied by the burning of the *oblation* on the altar. They circumambulated the altar-fire with auspicious\* blazing of the flame, the Brahmans reciting mantras from the Vedas.

After marrying Princess Svayamprabha in this way, *Bala*'s younger brother mounted an elephant with her and started to his

house. Hari went to his house, making Aryaman's horses prick up their ears by the resounding echoes and the very loud sounds of musical instruments.\*

Hayagriva learned of the occurrence through a spy. Already angered by the story of the lion, he became exceedingly angry. He thought, "Though I am here, Jvalanajatin gave the woman-jewel to another. Verily, every jewel belongs to the ocean. Let a messenger go to the giver and the receiver and ask for the girl. For in statecraft a messenger goes first." After these reflections, he enjoined *secrecy* and sent a different messenger to the city Potanapura. The messenger went as quickly as a Samiranakumara, entered the house of Jvalanajatin and said:

"I say this to you by the command of Hayagriva, ruler of the southern half of Bharata, like the Indra of half of the world. Sir, there is a jewel of a maiden, named Svayamprabha, in your house. Go and give her to the master. A jewel in Bharata belongs to no one else. Asvagriva is your master and your family's master. Therefore, let your daughter be his. Indeed, a head does not shine without eyes. Why do you, angering Asvagriva, who has already been injured, by not giving your daughter, lose melted gold by (continued) blowing (with the blow-pipe)?"

Jvalanajatin replied to this speech by the messenger: "The girl was given to Triprstha and was received in marriage immediately, surely. There is no such thing as ownership of an article that has been given to someone else, much less of a high-born maiden. Let him consider that himself."

So answered by Agnijatin, the messenger went to Triprstha with evil in his heart. For he was the authorized agent of his lord. He said to Triprstha: "Asvagriva, the conqueror of the world, the Indra of the world, commands you by my voice: 'This girl, suitable for us, has been taken by you from ignorance, like the fruit of a tree in the royal garden by a traveler by mistake. I am your lord and your relatives' lord. You have been protected by me for a long time. Therefore, give up the girl. The command of the master is authority for servants.'"

Then Triprstha, his forehead terrible with a monstrous frown, brilliant with red eyes and cheeks, said to him: "Your lord promulgates law in this way, as if he were the chief of the people. Alas for his family dignity! I think all the high-born maidens in his own territory have been destroyed by him. Does milk survive in the presence of a kitten? Pray, whence and how does he have lordship over us? His lordship elsewhere also will soon be fleeting. If he has

had enough of life as well as eating rice, let him come here himself to take Svayamprabha. You are not to be killed because you are a messenger. Go! Do not stay now! I shall certainly kill him, Hayagriva, if he comes here.”

So answered by Visnu<sup>s</sup>, the messenger went quickly, as if struck by a goad, and told everything to King Asvagriva. When he heard that, Hayagriva, his eyes inflamed, his hair and beard twitching, biting his lip with his teeth, his body trembling, his forehead dreadful with a terrifying frown, thus instructed the best of his Vidyadharas with contempt and *anger*;

“Oh, fate has surely given feeble wit to Agnijatin, who would be in my presence like a chameleon compared with the sun.<sup>21</sup> What kind of nobility has one who, ignoring me, married his daughter to the son of the husband of his own daughter?<sup>22</sup> Now Jvalanajatin, one fool eager to die; Prajapati, a second; the son of his half-sister, another; and still another, the brother-in-law of his father,<sup>23</sup> shameless from their relationship, seek a fight with me, like jackals seeking a quarrel Go! Scatter them, like winds scattering clouds, like tigers scattering deer, like lions scattering elephants.”

### *The battle*

Then all the Vidyadharas, their arms itching for battle, were delighted at the master’s command, like thirsty people by water. Strong-armed, each one making a vow to fight, splitting the sky, as it were, by noise made by slaps on their arms, saying, “I hope no one else, either friend or foe, gets ahead of me from eagerness to fight,” hurrying past each other, beating their horses with whips; urging elephants with the yatas;<sup>24</sup> driving oxen with goads; striking camels with sticks; making sharp swords dance; banging shields frequently; fastening on quivers; making bow-strings resound; whirling hammers; shaking large clubs; brandishing tridents, and taking iron *bludgeons*, the soldiers of Asvagriva rushed to the attack, some through the air and some by the ground from eagerness, and arrived at Potanapura.

Hearing their confused murmur from afar, Jvalanajatin said to Prajapati who was bewildered and asked, “What is this?” “These soldiers come here, certainly sent by Hayagriva. Let them come. You see my eagerness. Do not let Triprstha, do not let Acala fight with them ahead of me.” Ardently he made preparations and set out for battle. The soldiers of Asvagriva attacked him simultaneously with *anger*. For *anger* is especially severe with one’s friends when they have become enemies. Jvalanajatin without exception struck

down their weapons\* with weapons, just as one refutes general rules by exceptions. He attacked them all with showers of sharp arrows, like an unexpected cloud attacking elephants with showers of hail. Jvalanajatin took away their insolence which had existed for a long time from the power of their vidyas and the power of their arms, like a snake-charmer that of serpents.

Agnijatin said to them: “Go away, quickly! Go, villains! Who will kill you, miserable creatures who have come here without your lord. Come to Mt. Rathavarta with your lord Hayagriva. We too shall meet there soon.” Addressed by him in this contemptuous way, the soldiers of Hayagriva disappeared quickly like a flight of crows, saving their lives, terrified. With faces as gloomy from great shame as if smeared with lamp-black, they went and reported that to Mayuragriva’s son. At once the son of Nilanjana, possessing imperishable strength of arm, was inflamed by their words like a fire by an *oblation*. With his eyes red and wide open from *anger*, terrifying as a Raksas, he commanded his *vassals*, ministers, generals, et cetera :

“Ho! All of you assemble quickly with your entire forces. How let our army advance like the ocean with high waves. I shall soon kill Prajapati, Triprstha, Acala, and Agnijatin in a battle, like smoke killing mosquitoes.”

The chief-minister, the *abode* of the group of intellectual *qualities*,<sup>25</sup> said to Asvakandhara who was excited and had spoken angrily: “In the past the master conquered three-part Bharata with ease. That took place for fame and fortune and you became at the head of the powerful. Now, what fame, what fortune, will our lord gain, eager himself for the conquest of one vassal? No powerful person should be proud of the conquest of an inferior. What is there to boast of in the killing of a deer by a lion who tears *asunder* elephants? If you should by chance be defeated by an inferior, all the heap of glory gained before would disappear at once. The course of battle is varied. There is great occasion for fear\* that the speech of the astrologer is true because of its proof from the killing of the lion and the attack on Candavega, In this case it is fitting for the lord to observe the policy of encamping from among the six kinds of policy. For even a great elephant\*, running without ascertaining (the road), mires in the mud. Moreover, the boy,<sup>26</sup> acting rashly, will jump up quickly some place like a sarabha<sup>27</sup> and *perish* you, though encamped, will derive the benefit. But if you cannot endure such a thing, then give orders to your army to fight, O king. Who can withstand your army?”

The king scorned this truthful and suitable advice. How can men have any common sense in *anger*, as in drinking wine? Insulting the minister with the words, "You are a coward" he, angry, had the marching-drum sounded at once by his servants. All the soldiers came with all their forces immediately at the sound of the drum even from a distance, just as if they had been at his side. Hayagriva went to the bath-house and bathed with water from *pitchers*, like a swan with high spotless waves of the Ganga<sup>s</sup>. His body dried with fine cloth and perfumed with divine perfumes, his body made white with gosirsa-sandal taken from Nandana, wearing a fringed white garment, carrying a knife, wearing a tilaka made by the priest, he, the tilaka of kings, being praised by the *bards*, with a white umbrella and *chauris* mounted a great elephant, whose *ichor* wet the surface of the ground.

Hayagriva set out, attended by irresistible elephants, horses, and chariots, shaking even the mountains. As he went along, the handle of his umbrella, shaken by a cruel wind that rose suddenly, was broken like a tree. Like a flower from a tree, like a star from the sky, the umbrella fell from Hayagriva's head. Then the elephant's\* ichor dried up at once; the pools were like pools in the month of Jyaistha, and the mud like that in autumn. Then the elephant Urinated, as if terrified of death\*, and gave a harsh cry, and did not hold his head erect. A rain of dust, a rain of blood, the sight of a constellation by day, the fall of a meteor, a flash of lightning these portents took place. The dogs lifted up their faces and howled miserably; hares appeared, and kites wheeled in the sky. Ravens croaked and vultures spread out overhead, and a dove perched on the banner.<sup>28</sup> There were such unfavorable omens.

Asvagriva paid no attention to the bad portents and unfavorable omens, but was unhindered from starting out,<sup>29</sup> as if drawn by *Yama's* noose. He was surrounded by Vidyadharas whose *fortitude* was gone, and by princes who were not eager for battle, like slaves who had been brought by force, even though they were free. In a few marches he arrived with a complete army at Mt. Rathavarta by which the turning of chariots is made. At Asvagriva's command the Vidyadhara-forces camped on the ground at the foot of that mountain resembling Mt. Vaitadhya.<sup>30</sup>

Now in Potanapura, the best of Vidyadharas, Jvalanajatin, said to Balabhadra and *Bala's* younger brother:

"There is no rival whatever to you in natural power. Timid from affection for affection produces fear\* even in unsuitable places I say this. Hayagriva with head erect (udgriva) is *arrogant* from .his

vidyas, powerful, fiery, victorious in many battles. By whom is he not to be feared? Without vidyas you are not inferior to Hayagriva. Nevertheless, I greatly wish for you to be able to kill him. You must make some effort here for acquiring vidyas in order that magic weapons\* created by his vidyas will be useless.” They agreed.

Jvalanajatin, delighted, taught vidyas to them, dressed in white, concentrated in meditation.\* Recalling the first syllables of the mantras, the two brothers passed seven nights, their minds devoted to one thing. On the seventh day, the lord of serpents (Sesa) having trembled, the vidyas approached Bala and Upendra absorbed in meditation. The vidyas Garudi, Rohini, Bhuvanaksobhani, Krpanastambhani, Sthamasumbhani, Vyomacarini, Tamisrakarini, Sinhattrasini, Vairimohini, Vegabhighamini, Divyakamini, Rاندhravasini, Krsanuvarsini, Nagavasini, Varisosini, Dharitriverini, Cakramarani, Bandhamocani, Vimuktakuntala, Nanarupini, Lohasrnkhala, Kalaraksasika, Channadasadis, Tiksnasulini, Candramauli, Vijayamangala, Rksamalini, Siddhatadanika, Pinganetra, Vacanapesala, Dhvanitahiphana, Ghoraghosini, Bhirubhisini, and others said, “We are in your power.” Both completed meditation\*, though the vidyas had been won. Everything is attracted spontaneously by merit. What should not belong to the noble?

Then Triprstha and his elder brother set out in style on an auspicious\* day with extensive forces and with Prajapati, Jvalanajatin, et cetera. With tall horses going to and fro swift as eagles; with chariots, abodes of Sris of victory, going towards the enemy; with elephants lively from *ichor*, surpassing the elephants of the gods; with superior infantry leaping like tigers; completely covering the sky and earth with sky-travelers (Vidyadharas) and earth-travelers (humans); urged on by favorable omens as well as by his own people; splitting the sky by the noise of musical instruments\* increased by neighings and trumpetings: shaking the earth by the weight of a multitude of soldiers; Hari<sup>s</sup>, the turning of whose chariot grinds the earth, arrived at Mt. Rathavarta which was very much like a stone boundary-pillar of his own country.

The battle-drums of both armies were sounding as if to summon gods with the idea, “There should be judges of the battle.” The armies of Triprstha and Hayakantha, who were very eager for battle like lords of the gods and demons, flew at each other. The loud tumult of the armored soldiers, as well as the dust of the earth crushed by the horses and army, invested the heavens. The heavens had a terrifying appearance, like a great forest, from the lions, sarabhas, tigers, elephants, and monkeys placed on the army-

banners. Like relatives of Narada,<sup>31</sup> eager for the sport of *strife*, bands of sworn comrades came together, skilled in arousing the enthusiasm of the soldiers. Then fighting was commenced by the vanguards of the two armies which made the sky appear to have birds in flight from the multitude of arrows. A great fire arose from the weapons\* of the vanguards of the two armies in battle, like a forest-fire from the rubbing together of the top branches of trees in a forest. In the van of the battle of the soldiers occupied with weapon against weapon, possessing unmeasured strength, there was angry conflict like that of sea-monsters in the ocean. Asvagriva's *vanguard* was turned back by Triprstha's vanguard, like the water of a river by the waves of the ocean. The followers of Vajigriva, the best of Vidyadharas, were enraged instantly by the crushing of the vanguard like the tip of the finger. They became vampires, eager for battle, cruel-armed; just like demons who had received the minister's seal from *Yama*; ghouls with monstrous huge teeth and broad chests, dark and terrifying, like peaks of the Anjana Mountains; lions by whom the earth was split by blows with ploughs in the form of tails, with nails doing the work of scimitars; sarabhas with (four) feet on top like mountains with high peaks, by whom elephants are tossed up as easily as a bunch of straw by an elephant's\* trunk; varalikas beating the ground with their tails and grinding trees with their tusks, terrible from their form of a lion and elephant; others became beasts of prey, panthers, tigers, bulls, serpents, bears, et cetera, like Raksases that had become animals. Making terrifying noises, as if summoning Death\*, they quickly attacked Triprstha's army. Gloomy faced, their eagerness broken in a moment, all the soldiers of Prajapati thought:

“Have we mistaken the road here to a city of ghosts? Have we come to an *abode* of Raksasas, or have we come to the Vindhya-plateau? Have these cruel demons and animals come from their homes to fight with us at Asvagriva's command? I think destruction caused by a girl is at hand for us. If Triprstha himself should be victorious, our courage would last.”

While they, absorbed in such thoughts, their wits distracted, were turning back, Vahnijatin said to Triprstha: “This is magic of the Vidyadharas. It is nothing real, I know. For the serpent, no one else, knows the track of the serpent. His lack of power has been made known by themselves, slow of wit, in this way. Who, if he is powerful, creates something to terrify a child, as it were? So, arise, hero. Get into your chariot. Make the enemy descend from the high peak of *conceit*. With you in your chariot with your hand raised and

with the sun in the sky with its lofty rays, whose *splendor*, pray, will spread?"

At this speech of Vahnijatin, Triprstha, first of charioteers, got into his great chariot, encouraging his own army. Long-armed Rama also got into his battle-chariot. At no time does he leave his younger brother alone. How much less in battle! The Vidyadharas, Jvalana-jatin and others, mounted their chariots like lions a mountain-plateau. Then drawn by merit, the gods gave Triprstha a divine bow named *Sarnga*, a club *Kaumodaki*<sup>s</sup>, a conch *Pancajanya*<sup>s</sup>, and a jewel named *Kaustubha*, a sword *Nandaka*<sup>s</sup>, and a garland *Vanamala*. They gave *Balabhadra* a plough named *Samvartaka*, a pestle named *Saumanda*, and a club named *Candrika*.

When they had seen these, all the other heroes, united, fought with their whole *souls*, like sons of *Antaka*. Triprstha made the jewel of a conch, *Pancajanya*, by which the sky was filled with noise, play the prologue of the play which was taking place. *Haya-kandhara*'s soldiers trembled at its noise which was like the thunder of the *Puskaravartaka* clouds at the end of the world. Of some the weapons\* fell like leaves from trees; others fell to the ground themselves, as if they had epilepsy. Some disappeared quickly like timid jackals; some shut their eyes and cowered like hares. Some entered caves, like owls; some shrieked like conches out of water. When he heard of this collapse of his army, as unheard of as the drying up of the ocean, *Hayagriva* said to his men:

"O wretched *Vidyadharas*, where are you going, terrified just at the sound of a conch, like deer, et cetera, in a forest at the bellow of a bull? What power of *Triprstha* or *Acala* have you seen that you are terrified like cattle at the sight of a scarecrow? The glory that was gained by victory in various battles you have destroyed. A drop of *collyrium*\* is sufficient to destroy the beauty of a clean white cloth. Go back! Verily, this stumbling of yours has come by fate. What inhabitants of the earth are superior to you who are inhabitants of the sky? Or rather, do not fight. Be only witnesses. I, *Hayagriva*, certainly am not asking for assistance in battle."

Addressed in these terms by *Hayakantha*, their heads bowed, overcome by shame, the *Vidyadharas* turned back like the ocean that has beaten against a mountain. Then *Hayagriva*, unconfused, set out in his chariot, like another cruel planet\* with the sky for a vehicle, to devour his enemies. Like a curious missile-cloud, he rained arrows, stones, darts and other missiles on *Triprstha*'s army. *Triprstha*'s army was worn out by this rain of missiles. What could earth-dwellers, even though resolute, do against sky-dwellers? Immedi-

ately Rama, Triprstha, and Jvalanajatin flew up in the air in their chariots with their own Vidyadharas. The Vidyadharas on both sides fought hard in the sky, showing each other the power of their vidyas, as if demonstrating to preceptors. The earth-people of the two armies also fought together, angry, like elephants with elephants in a forest. There was an unprecedented rain of blood, like a portent of calamity, from the Vidyadharas beating each other violently with weapons.

Some began fighting, staff against staff, like a show with single-sticks, the sky resounding with the noise of their blows on each other. Some, cruel-armed, beat their opponents with their sword-handles like drums with drumsticks. Some, meeting each other, unable to endure the victory of another, shook their large shields like *cymbals*. Others threw their spears which parted the sky like hair, making the sound of lightning like lightning-clouds. Some rained darts like cruel snakes; others arrows with gleaming feathers like garudas. Then the sky as well as the earth seemed to be made from various weapons by the weapons made to rise and fall in this way by the two armies. Some were seen with their enemies' heads, which they had just cut off, held in their hands, like extraordinary field-guardians on the battle-field. Others looked like Ganesas with elephant-faces; others like Kinnaras with faces of horses which had just fallen on headless bodies.\* Some looked as if faces had sprung from the navel because of their own heads just cut off which had fallen on their girdles and remained for a moment. The headless bodies\* of some powerful ones danced as if from joy produced by the *svayamvara*\* of some goddess. The fallen heads of some gave forth a humming sound, as if earnestly reciting charms for the purpose of ascending their trunks.

When the battle had gone on like this, terrible as the end of the world, Triprstha directed his chariot against the chariot of Asvakandhara. Rama, the best of charioteers, urged forward his horses and went near Triprstha's chariot, drawn by the cord of affection. Hayagriva, looking at them with eyes red from *anger* and starting out (of his head) as if he were thirsty, said to them:

“By which one of you was Candavega attacked, villains? Which of you is insolent because of killing the lion on the western border? Which of you married Svayamprabha, the daughter of Jvalanajatin, who fully resembles a poison-maiden, for his own slaughter? Which one, simple-minded, does not consider me his lord? Which of you has taken a leap against me, like a monkey against the sun? Why has the destruction of the soldiers been disregarded for so long? Now,

relying on what, have you approached me? Answer, boys! and fight in turn or together with me, like young elephants with a lion.”

Then the younger brother of Acala said with a smile: “I, Triprstha, made the attack on your messenger. I slew the lion on the western border and I married Svayamprabha. I do not consider you my lord and I have disregarded you for a long time. This is my elder brother, *Bala*<sup>s</sup> by name, a Balasudana (Indra) in strength, who has no rivals in the three worlds. What are you? If Enough of slaughtering soldiers’ is also your opinion, take your weapon, great-armed one. You are the battle-guest of me alone. Let us have a duel. Let the *desire* of the arm be satisfied. Let the soldiers of us both remain as witnesses”

Hayagriva and the younger brother of Bala agreed on these terms and had the soldiers stopped from battle by the mace-bearer.

### *Duel between Triprstha and Hayagriva*

Placing one hand on the middle of the bow and the other on the side of the notched end, Hayagriva strung his bow which was terrifying like *Yama*’s brow. With his hand Mayuragriva’s son made the bowstring resound like the string of a lute in a concert for the amusement of the Sri of battle. Sarngapani (Triprstha) also strung his bow at once, indicating the destruction of enemies, like a matsya which has appeared at night. Visnu<sup>s</sup> made a noise with the bow that was as terrible as the noise of a thunderbolt, a charm for the summoning of death\*, destroying the strength of enemies. Hayakandhara drew an arrow from the quiver, like a serpent from a cave, fitted it to the bow, and drew it back to his ear. He discharged the terrible arrow, blazing with light, that was like a leer from Death, like a flame of the fire at the end of the world. Kesava, whose power was unbroken, cut it as it fell, with an arrow discharged at once, like cutting a lotus-tendrill. The younger brother of Acala split Hayagriva’s bow with a second arrow like the first in speed. Again and again, whatever bow Hayagriva took up, Triprstha cut down, as well as his wish, with arrows.

With one arrow Hari<sup>s</sup> cut down Pratihari’s banner and with another overthrew the chariot from afar like a piece of a castor-bean plant<sup>b</sup>. Hayagriva, angered, got into another chariot and came from a distance raining arrows, like a cloud showers of rain. Neither the chariot, nor the charioteer, nor Triprstha, nor anything else, was visible in the air darkened by Hayagriva’s arrows. Triprstha drove back the shower of arrow with showers of arrows, like the blessed sun dispelling darkness with a mass of rays. Then Hayagriva,

enraged, the first of the powerful, strong as a rock, long-armed, raised up an arrow that was like a sister of lightning, like a companion of the thunderbolt, like the mother of death, like the tongue of the serpent-king, hard as rock. He made it whirl around his head like a shooting-wheel<sup>32</sup> on a pillar, like a dancer of Kinasa (*Yama*) with a girdle of tinkling bells. With all his strength he discharged it rapidly at Triprstha, a path being made for it by the gods fearing the destruction of their aerial cars. Then Triprstha picked up in his hand the club Kaumodaki<sup>s</sup> from the chariot, a third arm, a second staff of *Samavartin* (*Yama*). *Bala*'s younger brother struck the arrow as it fell with the club, like an elephant\* striking a toy-bellows<sup>33</sup> with his trunk. Instantly reduced to fragments it fell to the ground like a clod, imitating the fall of a hundred meteors with bright sparks.

Hayakandhara hurled an iron-bound club, terrifying as an up-lifted tusk of Airavana, at the lord of the club<sup>34</sup>. Hari<sup>s</sup> broke it, as it fell, with his club, like Patrarathesvara<sup>35</sup> breaking a serpent with the end of his beak. Hayagriva threw a club that was shaped like a thunderbolt and hard as a rock, like a tusk of Pitṛpati (*Yama*), like a sister of Taksaka. Adhoksaja (Triprstha), long-armed, broke it, like a mud-pie, beautifully in the air with Kaumodaki<sup>s</sup>. When his weapons\* had been broken in this way, Vajikandhara was embarrassed.

Then the hero thought of the serpent-missile like a brother in time of distress. Fitting the serpent-missile to the bow, he discharged it, and numerous serpents appeared just as if bursting forth from an ant-hill. Running on the ground and giving loud hisses in the air, the serpents turned the Middle World into Patala at once. Pendent, cruel, black, flashing, the serpents at once spread terror a thousand times more than that of a comet that has appeared. The Khecarawomen fled far away, terrified by the serpents moving in the sky like spies of Death.\* Very great terror arose in Triprstha's soldiers, also. Such a thing happens from *devotion* and from ignorance of the master's power.

Then Garudadhvaja (Triprstha) fitted the garuda-missile to his bow and discharged it. Verily the serpents of the missile were like plantain-leaves. Garudas appeared, making the sky seem to be covered with one hundred golden umbrellas from the moving mass of wings. At the sound of their wings, the serpents disappeared completely, like darkness at sunrise. Astonished, when he saw that the serpent-missile was useless also, Hayakandhara thought of the irresistible fire-missile. After fitting the fire-arrow to the bow, he discharged it. It made the sky appear to have a hundred meteors from its flames. Then Triprstha's whole army, submerged in fire, as

it were, became confused like sea-monsters terrified by the submarine-fire. Hayagriva's soldiers, excited, rejoiced, laughed, whirled around, jumped up, danced, sang, and clapped their hands.

Then the younger brother of Acala, red-eyed from *anger*, fitted to the bow the water-missile, which could not be warded off, and discharged it quickly. At once clouds spread, like the wishes of Hari, darkening the sky as well as Hayagriva's face. They rained like clouds in the rainy season, with unceasing streams of water, extinguishing completely the fire of the weapons like a forest-fire. When he saw his missiles destroyed by Sarngin like straw, Prativisnu remembered his unerring cakra, causing death.\*

Summoning it shining with a hundred flames like one hundred intervals between spokes, as if it had been brought from the chariot of Martanda, like an ear-ring that had been taken by force from *Yama*, like the serpent Taksaka made into a circle, having a multitude of tinkling bells, terrifying the Khecaras, presenting itself merely from being recalled, he took it and said:

"You are a stripling, boy. Slaughtering you is like killing an embryo, nothing else. Now go away. Today I am embarrassed before you. Verily, this weapon of mine, the cakra, never stumbles and never becomes dull, like Indra's thunderbolt. If it is discharged, you are *deprived* of life. There is no alternative. Do not show a warrior's pride. Obey my command. You are a boy. Therefore I endured your bad behavior in the past, because it was only boyish impetuosity. Go! Save your life unexpectedly."

Astonished, Triprstha said: "You are an old man, Hayakandhara. Otherwise, who would make such a foolish speech, like a crazy man? Even a young lion does not flee from elephants though large. Does a young garuda run from even a large serpent? Does the sun, though newly risen, tremble at the Raksases of twilight? Why should I, though a boy, run from you on the battlefield? You have seen how much force these weapons\* had which you have already used. When you have discharged it (the cakra), observe its force. Before you have seen it, why do you thunder?"

When he heard this, Hayagriva whirled his very terrifying cakra around his head, like the submarine fire of the ocean of the sky. After whirling it for a very long time, he hurled the cakra with all his strength and it gave at once the impression of the sun falling. The cakra fell on Hari's breast hard and broad as a mountain-crag with just a slap, but not with the edge. Struck by the end of the cakra's hub which was very hard, Visnu<sup>s</sup> fell unconscious, as if struck by a thunderbolt. The cakra remained in the same place in the

sky, as if watching, and a cry of “Ha! Ha!” arose in all of Visnu’s army. When he saw his brother unconscious from his enemy’s blow, Balabhadra, devoted to his younger brother, fainted immediately, though he had not been struck. Hayagriva gave a lion’s roar, just like a lion, and the cry “Kila! Kila!” as if announcing a victory was made by his soldiers. Rama regained consciousness in a moment and when he heard that loud noise, he asked the soldiers, “Whose inopportune joy is this?” They replied, “Your Majesty, this loud shouting is made by Hayagriva’s soldiers delighted at the prince’s death\* just now.”

Rama said, “Is my brother dead? My younger brother, worn out by battle, lies for a moment in the chariot. Considering in my own mind that this death of my brother is unreal, I shall take away the joy from them rejoicing. Stay, Hayagriva! Now at once I am going to make powder out of you and your chariot and your retinue with a club, as if you were a handful of flies.”

With these words he took up the club that was like a peak of Mt. Rathavarta. As he ran forward, Triprstha became conscious. “Sir! Sir! What is this exertion on your part when I am here?” Janardana<sup>s</sup> got up like one who had been asleep. When he saw Triprstha standing up, Jvalanjatin embraced him, like one from (one’s own) village who has been met, with outstretched arms. Hrsikesa’s soldiers made a joyous outcry, announcing the awakening of their lord, which was like an arrow in their enemies’ hearts. Adhoksaja saw the cakra standing near him as if wishing to obtain a penance for the crime of the blow. The younger brother of Balabhadra took it, terrifying from brilliance, resembling an heir of the sun, and made this excellent speech:

“You have seen the strength of the cakra which you hurled at me, after making such a loud roaring, like the strength of an elephant\* against a mountain. Go! Go, now! Who will kill you, fool, an old man, badly behaved like a cat?”

When he heard that, Hayagriva, biting his lip with his teeth, his body trembling with *anger*, frowning, said: “Miserable boy, you are intoxicated by obtaining that piece of iron, all the more by getting it from me, like a lame man by obtaining fruit that has fallen from a tree. Throw it! Throw it! See my strength also. I will split the cakra, as it falls, with my fist.”

Then Vaikuntha (Triprstha)<sup>s</sup>, whose force was unblunted, angered, whirled the cakra in the sky and hurled it at Hayakantha. It cut off Asvakantha’s head like a plantain-stalk. For the Praticakrins are killed by their own cakras. The Khecaras, delighted, rained

flowers on Sarngin's head and gave loud cries of "Hail! Hail!" The sound of lamentation arose in the wretched army of Hayagriva, making the atmosphere, too, lament with echoes. His people held Hayagriva's cremation-ceremonies, making the *oblation* of water, as it were, with tears flowing from their eyes. After his death\* Hayagriva became a hell-inhabitant in the seventh hell with a life of thirty-three *sagaropamas*.

Just then the chief-gods in the sky, said: "O kings, all of you give up your pride entirely. Give up your support of Hayagriva which was honorable for a long time and, furthermore, seek Triprstha, the best refuge\*, with *devotion*. He, the first Vasudeva<sup>s</sup>, has arisen here, long-armed, lord of the land of three parts of Bharata-ksetra." When they heard this divine speech, all of Hayagriva's kings approached and bowed to the younger brother of Acala. With hands folded submissively they said, "Pardon us for whatever crime we committed from ignorance and subjection to another. Henceforth, lord, we shall follow only your command, like your servants. Therefore, command us, lord."

Triprstha replied: "There was no crime on your part. Fighting at the master's order is certainly the course of warriors. Dismiss fear.\* Now I am your master. Henceforth remain in your respective kingdoms, having become subject to me." After reassuring the kings in this way, Triprstha went with his retinue to Potanapura, like another Purandara<sup>s</sup>.

### *Conquest of southern half of Bharata*

Janardana<sup>s</sup> and his elder brother again left Potanapura for an expedition of conquest, surrounded by seven jewels,<sup>36</sup> the cakra, et cetera. First he conquered Magadha, the face-ornament of the eastern part; and Varadaman, the head-*wreath* of the southern part; and the chief-god, Prabhasa, by whom the western part is made radiant; and also the Vidyadhara-kings of the two rows of Vaitadhya, Hari<sup>s</sup> gave Agnijatin the overlordship of the two rows. For the noble, being served, bear fruit like a kalpa-tree. After he had conquered the southern half of Bharata in just this way by an expedition of conquest, Triprstha turned his face towards his own city. He shone with half the magnificence and half the strength of arm of a cakravartin. Then in a few marches Madhava<sup>s</sup> reached the Magadhas. Then the tilaka of kings saw a huge stone being lifted by a crores of men, like a tilaka of the earth. With his left arm Hari<sup>s</sup> easily held the stone in the air over his head like an umbrella. Triprstha was warmly praised as skilful by kings and people, who were astonished at the sight of

his strength of arm, like *bards*. After depositing it (the stone) in the proper place, he set out and reached the city Potanapura, the *abode* of fortune, in a few days.

Sripati, mounted on an elephant\*, endowed with great good fortune, entered Potanapura, which was like a new city of sri, covered with pearl svastikas like the sky with stars; adorned with rows of festoons like a hundred rainbows; the surface of the ground sprinkled as if it had rained; with lofty heavenly palaces, as it were, in the form of high platforms with shining vessels; with a wedding being held at every house, as it were, from the auspicious\* songs; seeming to have all the people in the world made into a crowd from the excessive crowding (of the people). Then Prajapati, Jvalanjatin, Acala, and other kings celebrated Tripurtha's *coronation* as Ardhacakrin.

### *Omniscience of Sreyansa*

Now the Lord, Blessed Sreyansa, wandering for two months as an ordinary *ascetic*, reached the grove Sahasramravana. As the Master stood at the foot of an asoka, engaged in meditation\*, being at the unshakable end of the second pure meditation, his destructive karmas knowledge- and belief-obscuring, *deluding*, and obstructive disappeared like a ball of wax in a fire. On the fifteenth day of the black half of Magha, the moon being in *conjunction* with Sravana, by means of a two-day fast, the Lord's *omniscience* became manifest.

The eleventh Arhat, endowed with supernatural powers, delivered a sermon in a *samavasarana* made there by the gods. By that sermon of the Lord many people were enlightened. Some adopted complete self-control; others partial self-control. There were seventy-six ganabhrts, Gosubha and others, who composed the twelve scriptures after hearing the three-phrases\* from the Master.

### *Sasanadevatas*

A Yaksa, originating in the *congregation*\*, named Isvara, three-eyed, white, with a bull for a vehicle, with one right hand holding a citron<sup>B</sup> and a second holding a club, with an *ichneumon* and a rosary in his left hands, became Lord Sreyansa's messenger-deity at that time. Like wise the goddess Manavi, fair, with a Hon for a vehicle, with one right hand in the boon-granting position and one holding a hammer, holding a thunder-bolt and a goad in her left hands, became the Lord's attendant messenger-deity at that time.

### *The samavasarana*

With these two always near him, the Supreme Lord in the course of his wandering arrived one day at the best city, Potanapura. There the Marutkumaras cleaned the ground for a *yojana* for the Master's samavasarana and the Meghakumaras sprinkled it. The Vyantaras paved it with gold and jewels and threw down five-colored flowers knee-deep. They made ornamental arches in each direction, like frowns of the directions, and made a pure jeweled platform in the middle of the ground. Below it the Bhavanadhipas made a silver wall with a gold coping, like a head-wreath of the earth. The Jyotiskas made a second wall of gold with a jeweled coping as if made of their own light. The Vimanapatis created a third wall made of divine slabs of jewels with a coping of gems. In each wall there were four doors with festoons and to the northeast within the middle wall was a dais. A caitya-tree, sixty-nine bows tall, was created by the Vyantaras in the center of the ground inside the walls. Below it on the surface of the jeweled platform they made a dais and on it a jeweled lion-throne with a foot-stool facing east. Whatever else had to be done there, the Vyantaras did it. They, devoted, excelled even servants in freedom from carelessness.

Then Lord Sreyansa, shining with a triple umbrella in the sky; being fanned with *chauris* by Yaksas at his sides; adorned with an *Indradhvaja*\* preceding him; with blessings recited by the drum sounding of its own accord, like a bard; with a halo, like the eastern mountain with the sun; attended by a crores of gods, asuras and men; setting his lotus-feet on nine golden lotuses which were moved forward in turn by the gods; the Lord entered the samavasarana, the front of which was presided over by a shining dharmacakra, by the east door. Then the Lord of the World circumambulated three times the caitya-tree which welcomed him, as it were, with the sound of humming bees. Saying "Homage to the *congregation*\*,", the Lord, facing the east, adorned the lion-throne, the *pericarp* of the lotus of the dais.

The Vyantaras made images of the Master seated on jeweled lion-thrones in the other directions. Entering by the east door, the monks sat down in order, the Vaimanika-women and nuns stood. Entering by the south door and bowing to the Arhat, the Bhavanapati-, Jyotiska-, and Vyantara-women stood in the southwest. Entering by the west door, bowing to the Arhat, the Bhavanadhipas, Jyotiskas, and Vyantaras stood in the northwest. Entering by the north door, bowing to the Blessed One, the Vaimanikas, men, and

women, stood in order in the northeast. So within the third wall stood the holy fourfold *congregation*<sup>\*</sup>, the animals inside the middle wall, and within the lowest wall the draft-animals.

Then the royal agents reported joyfully to the Ardhacakrin, Triprstha, that the Master had stopped in the *samavasarana*. Rising from the lion-throne at once and taking off his shoes, standing facing the direction of the Master, Hari<sup>s</sup> did homage to the Master. Seated (again) on the lion-throne, the younger brother of Acala gave twelve and half crores of silver (125 million coins) silver to the men who announced the Master's arrival. Accompanied by Balabhadra, Sarngabhrat went with great magnificence to the *samavasarana*, the refuge<sup>\*</sup> of all creatures. Entering it by the north door, after bowing to the Arhat properly, he and Musalapani sat down behind Sakra. After bowing to the Master again, Indra, Triprstha, and *Bala*<sup>s</sup> began a hymn of praise as follows in voices penetrated with *devotion*:

### *Stuti*

“O Supreme Lord, to you who cause a stream of great joy, who have become the cause of emancipation, to you homage for the sake of *emancipation* only. Just at the sight of you, a person, forgetting other actions, would become devoted to the supreme spirit. How much more from hearing your sermon? Have you, an Ocean of Milk, appeared? Or, a kalpa tree, grown up? Or, a rain-cloud, descended in the desert of *samsara*? You, the eleventh Lord Jina<sup>s</sup>, lord of the kevalins, are the protector of the world suffering from cruel actions which must result in evil. By you the Ikshvaku-family, naturally pure, has been made extremely pure, O lord, like crystal by water. Your feet, O Lord, surpass all shade by the removal of all pain in the three worlds. Delighted to become a bee at your lotus-feet, I am eager neither for enjoyment nor for *emancipation*, O Jina. I seek your feet, my protection in every existence, O Lord of the World. What does service to you not accomplish?”

When Vasava<sup>s</sup>, Upendra (Triprstha), and Sirin had become silent after this hymn of praise, Sreyansa began a sermon, the source of emancipation.

### *Sermon on nirjara*

“This boundless *samsara* resembles the ocean Svayambhura-mana. People are whirled around in it, across, up, and down, by waves of karma. Just as perspiration is destroyed by a breeze, just as flavors are destroyed by medicine, so the eight karmas are destroyed quickly by nirjara only. Nirjara is said to be twofold, voluntary and

involuntary, because of its wearing away here of karma that has become the seed of samsara. That of persons with subdued senses is known as ‘voluntary’<sup>1</sup>; of other creatures as ‘involuntary’; since the maturing of karma, like that of fruit, results from (outside) means and by itself. Just as gold, though faulty, becomes purified when heated by a burning fire, so a *soul* becomes purified, burned by the fire of penance.

Fasting, partial fasting, limitation of food\*, giving up choice food, bodily *austerities*, and avoidance of all useless motion are *outer penance*. Confession and penance, service to others, study of sacred texts, reverence, indifference to the body, pure meditation\*, are the six fold *inner penance*. The self-restrained person destroys karma, though hard to destroy, immediately in the burning fire of inner and *outer penance*. Just as a pool with all the outlets blocked by some means is not filled at all with renewed streams of water, in the same way the soul, protected by *obstruction* of the channels (for acquiring karma), is not rilled with renewed karmic matter. Just as the water of a pool, formerly deep, dries up, when it is burned frequently by the attack of the fierce rays of the sun, so all of people’s formerly acquired karma burned up by penance attains real destruction immediately.

For creating destruction of karma, *inner penance* is better than outer; and in this (*inner penance*) the munis have said meditation\* to be the sole umbrella. Ascetics, indulging in meditation, actually destroy instantly much karma acquired during a long time, though it is very strong. Just as a disease of the humors, though advanced, dries up from fasting, so karma formerly accumulated is destroyed by penance. Just as a mass of clouds is dispersed here and there by cruel winds, so karma is dispersed by penance. When impeding of karma and destruction of karma, though always powerful, have reached their maximum, then they produce moksa quickly. Making ever new destruction of karma by the two kinds of penance, a pure-minded person, attains Liberation which is free from all action.”

### ***Founding of congregation***

As a result of the sermon of the Lord, many people became mendicants, but Balabhadra and Hari<sup>s</sup> adopted right-belief. The Lord completed his sermon at the end of the first division of the day and Tripirstha’s men brought the *oblation* weighing four prasthas. It was thrown up in the air in front of the Master and half was taken by the gods as it fell. When it had fallen, half of the remainder was taken by the king and the rest by the other people. Then the Lord left by

the north gate and sat down on the jeweled dais within the middle wall. Then Gosubha, the chief of the seventy-six *ganadharas*, seated on the Master's foot-stool, delivered a sermon. He concluded his sermon in the second division of the day and all the people, Sakra, Triprstha, *Bala*<sup>s</sup>, et cetera, went to their respective abodes. Then the Lord wandered over the earth from that place, spreading the light of knowledge like another sun.

### *The congregation*

Eighty-four thousand noble monks, one hundred and three thousand nuns, thirteen hundred of those knowing the fourteen purvas\*, six thousand each who had clairvoyant knowledge and mind-reading knowledge, sixty-five hundred who were omniscient, eleven thousand who had the art of transformation, five thousand disputants, two hundred and seventy-nine thousand laymen, four hundred and forty-eight thousand pure-minded laywomen constituted the Lord's retinue as he wandered over the earth for twenty-one lacs of years less two months from the time of his *omniscience*.

### *His moksa*

Knowing that it was time for his *emancipation*, he went to Sammeta with one thousand munis and began a fast. After passing a month thus, absorbed in sailesi-meditation\*, on the third day of the black half of Nabhas, the moon being in *conjunction* with Dhanistha, the Blessed One, having the nature of infinite perception, knowledge, power, and bliss, attained emancipation, and the munis also. As prince the Master passed twenty-one lacs of years; as king forty-two lacs of years; as *mendicant* twenty-one lacs of years. Thus he lived eighty-four lacs of years. One crores of sagaras less one hundred sagaras and six millions, six hundred and twenty-six thousand years after the date of Sri Sitalanatha's emancipation, the nirvana-festival of Lord Sreyansa was held. The nirvana-festival was held by the Indras and the gods. The death\* of the noble is occasion for a festival, not for sorrow.

### *Triprstha and the musicians*

Then Triprstha spent his life for a certain time enjoying pleasure with the thirty-two thousand women of his household. Svayamprabha bore two sons to Triprstha, the elder named Srivijaya, and the younger *Vijaya*.

One day some singers, who excelled the Kinnaras<sup>37</sup> in sweetness, came into Triprstha's presence when he was immersed in a sea

of pleasure. Singing beautifully with a diversity of very sweet melodies, they won the heart of Hrsikesa, the depository of all the arts. Triprstha kept them always at his side because of the merit of their singing. Others shine by singing; how much more experts!

One time when Visnu<sup>s</sup> was resting on his couch at night, these men of his began to sing in loud tones, like Indra's Gandharvas. Janardana<sup>s</sup>, whose heart was charmed by their singing, like an elephant<sup>38</sup> instructed a chamberlain on duty: "Dismiss the singers while I'm asleep. When the master is not attentive, exertion is useless." The chamberlain said, "Very well," in reply to the lord's command. Instantly sleep sealed Sarngin's eyes. But the chamberlain did not dismiss the singers because of his *desire* for hearing. The master's command can slip away from those whose minds are charmed by sense-objects. Then Adhoksaja wakened in the last watch of the night and heard them singing as before with undiminished sweetness of sound.

Questioned by Triprstha, "Why did you not dismiss these poor people who are obviously worn out?" the chamberlain said, "Lord, my heart was ensnared by the singing of those very men and I did not dismiss the singers. I forgot the master's order"

Then Kesava, enraged, had him imprisoned at once, and presided over the council at dawn like the sun over the east. Adhoksaja recalled the events of the night, showed the chamberlain, and gave orders to the guards: "Pour hot tin and copper into the ears of that man devoted to hearing. This fault was committed by the ears." They led away the chamberlain to a solitary place and did so. For the commands of kings whose commands are cruel are difficult to transgress. The chamberlain died from the pain and Sarngabhrt acquired bad feeling-karma with evil consequences.

### *Death of Triprstha*

Constantly absorbed in sense-objects, devoted to infatuation with *sovereignty*, he counted the world a straw because of pride in the strength of his arm. Fearless in destruction of life, having great enterprises and possessions, with the ornament of right-belief broken by cruel actions, Triprstha acquired a life as hell-inhabitant. After passing a life of eighty-four lacs of years, Triprstha went to the seventh hell. There in an *abode* in Apratisthana, he, five hundred bows tall, with a life term of thirty-three sagaras, saw the result of his acts. Triprstha passed twenty-five thousand years as prince, an equal number as king, one thousand years in the expedition of conquest, and eighty-three lacs plus forty-nine thousand years as

Ardhacakrin. So the term of his life was eighty-four lacs of years. Then Acala was overcome at once by grief arising from his brother's death\*, like the sun by Rahu. Halayudha gave loud lamentations, like an undiscerning person though he was *discerning*, pitifully, because of the power of his affection for his brother:

“Rise, brother! Why this *persistence* in lying down! Why is there now this unprecedented slowness on the part of you, the man-lion? All the kings are at the door eager to see you. This ungraciousness to these miserable from not seeing you is unsuitable. Even in sport silence for so long is not suitable for you, brother. My heart is parched without the nectar of your voice. Sleep and contempt for me were never present in you always energetic and always devoted to your elders. Oh! I am killed by this cruel conduct! What has happened to me?” With these outcries Musalin fell to the ground in a swoon. Langalin regained consciousness in a moment, got up, and took Hari<sup>s</sup> on his lap, crying aloud, “Oh! brother, brother!” Enlightened by the elders, he became resolute instantly and had the funeral rites of his younger brother performed.

### *Acala's death*

After he had held the funeral, *Bala*<sup>s</sup> frequently shed tears, like a cloud in Sravana, at recalling his brother. Balabhadra did not at any time take pleasure in a garden, as if it were a great forest, nor in a house, as if it were a cemetery, nor in pleasure-pools nor rivers, as if they were house-drains, nor in gatherings of relatives, as if they were enemies, like a fish in little water. Recalling the bliss-bestowing speech of Master Sreyansa, meditating on the worthlessness of *samsara*, averted from sense-objects, Bala went one day to *Acharya* Dharmaghosa, after delaying some days at the importunity of his people. Bala heard a sermon from him in accordance with the Arhat's speech and from it became all the more disgusted with existence. Pure-minded, he took initiation at his feet at once. The noble proceed to actions, when they know for certain. Observing completely the mula- and *uttara*-gunas, virtuous, preserving serenity in all circumstances, enduring trials, unhindered like the wind, his gaze fixed on one object like a snake, he wandered for some time in villages, mines, cities, et cetera. When he had lived eighty-five lacs of years, his mind and conduct inherently pure, after he had destroyed all the karmas, Acala attained an *abode* in the place of *emancipation*.



## FOOTNOTE

1. **Refuge 4:** Namely, Arhat, *siddha*, *sadhu*, and *dharma*. Seventeen *sagaropamas*.
2. Sakra's car.
3. Bowed at the lord's feet.
4. Prebirth of Acala.
5. Prebirth of Asvagriva.
6. Prebirth of Tripurtha.
7. **Krodhagara:** A room to which an angry queen retires in order to gain something desired. as 'krodhagara.'
8. **Strategies of war:** conciliation, war, marching, encamping, dividing the forces of the enemy, taking refuge with an ally.
9. The Pandanus odoratissimus, the screw-pine, a favorite tree in India.
10. Devapuja gurupasti svadhyayah samyamastapah |  
Danam ceti grhastlianath satkarmani dine dine ||  
Worship of the gods, attendance on gurus, study, self-restraint, penance, liberality an good duty of a laymen.
11. I.e., gold and antimony.
12. I.e., dark.
13. Because of his connection with water.
14. 'Horse-necked' into 'Cut-neck.' 'Neck' really means 'head,' of course:' Horse-headed' into 'Beheaded.'
15. A symbol of frailty.
16. Money, elephants, chariots, horses.
17. Sesa. But only the water in which an idol has been bathed, of all the offerings, may be accepted putting on head, eyes so as to purify our self.
18. I.e. the sun and moon 'dwell together' on the night of the new moon.
19. A mountain between India and Lanka. When Indra clipped the wings of the mountains, Mainaka took refuge in the ocean. (a saying)
20. One of the naksatras,' asterisms.'
21. The point is in the abhimukha and another name for the krkalasa, i.e., pratisurya.
22. Tripurtha's mother was his half-sister.
23. Acala, the full brother of Mrgavati.
24. Voice, foot, and goad.
25. There are 8 of these.

26. Triprstha.
27. The belief is that Sarabhas leap up at clouds under the *delusion* that they are elephants and so *perish*.
28. The dove is the messenger of Nirrti or *Yama* (divinities of death).
29. Also, 'from death.'
30. Another name for Vaitadhya. Used here, of course, for its meaning, 'rich in victory.'
31. Narada, in addition to his many accomplishments, is considered a fomentor of *strife*.
32. *Radhavedha*.
33. Like an elephant playfully wipping it of.
34. 'Kaumodaki' is the club-weapon of Vishnu.
35. Jatayus, king of the vultures.
36. The cakra makes the seventh.
37. Heavenly musicians.
38. Elephants are traditionally susceptible to music.