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## DHARMANATH CHARITRA

**I** resort to the feet of Sri Dharmanatha, the Himavat of the Ganga<sup>s</sup> of *dharma*\*, the sun for the darkness of heretical congregations\*, for protection. The life of that same Tirthanatha is herewith related, extended like a bridge for crossing the river of worldly existence.

#### Previous incarnation as Drdharatha

There is a large city, Bhadrilapura, in the province Bharata in East Videha in Dhatakikhandadvipa. Its king was Drdharatha, *resplendent* with strong arms like an elephant\* with tusks. He *devoured* the brilliance of kings, like the sun that of the heavenly bodies.\* He was the recipient of their tribute, like the ocean of rivers. He, *discerning*, did not assume any arrogance at all at his great *sovereignty*, knowing that the *splendor* even of Indra is as wavering as fluff. Even though experiencing various pleasures of the senses, he did not show any regard for living in worldly existence, like a guest.

Feeling strong disgust with pleasures, with no interest in his own body even, he abandoned his kingdom and subjects as easily as impurities of the body. Then the king went to the teacher Vimalavahana, sole physician for the disease of the great pain of worldly existence. He, the crest-jewel of kings, received from him the shining jewel of right-conduct, hard to obtain, at the price of *desire*. Maintaining *tranquility* alone, the mother of self-concentration, as it were, enduring trials, he practiced severe penance. He purified his *soul* which had been defiled by the Mlecchas of sense-objects by draughts of the scriptures absorbed like pure water Grasping the *sthanakas*, *devotion* to the *Arhats*, et cetera, wise, he acquired the body-making karma of a Tirthakrt. After fasting at the right time, he died when engaged in concentrated meditation\* and became a powerful god in the palace Vaijayanta.

#### Incarnation as Dharmanatha

Now in this same zone Bharata in Jambudvipa, there is a city Ratnapura, a mine of various jewels. Its ponds and groves look as if they were bridged by the multitude of rays joined together from the jeweled stairs at the sides. Its very houses with shrines of the Arhats, golden, and with mirrors at every step announced the three objects of existence<sup>94</sup> always apparent. The ground of its streets, paved with emeralds, shines at night with the reflected constellations as if set

with pearl svastikas. Wreaths, hung by wealthy women on the hooks of pegs in the walls of the houses, assume the form of necklaces. Cool from the garden-tanks, warm from the kitchens in the mansions, rainy from the elephants' *ichor*, it has three seasons, as it were.

### His parents

Its king was Bhanu<sup>s</sup>, brilliant as the sun, fire to the straw of his enemies, glowing with distinguished spotless virtues. Even *Brhaspati* was not able to count his various virtues like the waves of the ocean. This earth, whose tribute was collected by him alone, did not consider any other lord, like a high-born virtuous wife whose hand has been taken (in marriage). Having bound Sri, who is naturally fickle, by the very strong cords of his virtues, he fastened her, like a young *cow*-elephant\*, to the pillar of his arm. Possessing intense brilliance like the sun, he destroyed the *splendor* of rival kings like torches. Wishing to conquer kings, he did not put a frown on his brow, much less the string on his bow.

His wife was named Suvrata, an unusually virtuous wife, excelling the bees in attendance on his lotus-feet. Surely her low speech had been taught by the cuckoos, her skill in walking by the hansas, her glances by the deer. Modesty was her companion, a wealth of good conduct her maid, good-breeding her chamberlain. This was her natural retinue. *Devotion* to her husband was the ornament suited to her. Any other ornaments, necklace, et cetera, were ornamented (by her).

## Birth of Dharmanatha

At that time Drdharatha's *soul*, living in Vaijayanta, immersed in pleasure, completed its maximum life-period. The soul fell on the seventh day of the bright half of Radha, the moon being in Puspa, and entered Lady Suvrata's womb. Then Suvrata saw the fourteen great dreams, elephant\*, et cetera, indicating the birth of a Tirthakara. On the third day of the bright half of Magha, in the constellation Puspa, Queen Suvrata bore a son marked with a thunderbolt, gold color, at the right time.

The fifty-six Dikkumaris, Bhogankara, et cetera, came and performed the birth-rites for the Master and the Master's mother. Then the Indra of Saudharma (Sakra) got into Palaka, came, took the Master, and conducted him to Meru's peak. Haris sat down on the jeweled lion-throne on Atipandukambala, holding the Tirthakrt on the lion, throne of his lap. Then the sixty-three Indras, beginning

with Acyuta, made the Lord's bath in the prescribed fashion with pure water from the holy places. Vajrabhrt placed the Lord on Isana's lap, bathed him, anointed him, worshipped him, and began a hymn of praise as follows:

#### Stuti

"Reverence to you, the fifteenth Arhat, Supreme Lord, having a form deserving deepest meditation\*, absorbed in deepest meditation. I consider mortals more important than gods and demons, since you, who are entitled to homage in the three worlds, have appeared as leader of the *congregation*.\* Let me be a mortal now in this southern Bharatavarsa, as I wish to become your disciple, which is very effective for winning emancipation. What difference is there between hell-inhabitants and gods though happy to whom, negligent, there is no sight of you? As long as you, like the sun, did not rise, Lord of the Three Worlds, for just so long the heretics, like owls, prospered. Soon the whole half of Bharata will be filled by the water of your teaching of dharma\*, like a pond by that of a raincloud. O Supreme Lord, by making infinite people attain emancipation, you will make worldly existence uninhabited, like a king depopulating an enemy's territory. O Blessed One, even in heaven may my days pass with my mind clinging like a bee to your lotusfeet "

After this hymn of praise, Sakra received the Master from the Vasava<sup>s</sup> of Isana, took him, and deposited him at Queen Suvrata's side according to custom.

## Life before initiation

Because his mother had a pregnancy-whim for religious duties, while he was an embryo, King Bhanu<sup>s</sup> gave him the name Dharma.\* The Master passed his childhood playing with gods in the form of boys and attained youth, forty-five bows tall. To satisfy the long-desired wish of his parents and to consume pleasure-karma, the Lord married, When two and a half lacs of years from his birth had passed the Master took the burden of the kingdom at his father's request. The Lord ruled the earth for five lacs of years, and then he himself thought of initiation when the right time had come.

#### Initiation

Reminded by the Laukantika-gods, "Found a *congregation*\*, O Master" the Lord gave gifts for a year, the mouth of the river of initiation. Consecrated by the gods, the Lord got into a *palanquin* 

named Nagadatta and went to a beautiful garden Vaprakancana. The Lord entered the garden which had the beauty of the cool season; where there was a swarm of buzzing bees intoxicated by the mass of priyangu-blossoms<sup>B</sup>; where the women-gardeners were busy with wreathing ornaments of Alexandrian laurel; whose face had been rubbed with rodhra-powder by the townswomen; adorned with armories of Love, as it were, with blooming jasmines<sup>B</sup>; with girlgardeners engaged in cutting flowers of the lavali; its ground wet with drops of water from the juice of the mucukunda; its surface paved with emeralds, as it were, by the sweet marjoram.

On the thirteenth day of the bright half of Magha, in the constellation Puspa, in the afternoon, the Lord became a *mendicant* with a thousand kings, with a two-day fast. On the next day in the house of Dharmasinha in Saumanasa, the Lord broke his fast with rice-pudding. The five divine things, the rain of treasure, et cetera, took place there and Dharmasinha made a jeweled platform where the Master had stood. Indifferent to his own body, unstumbling like the wind, the Teacher of the World set out from that place to wander over the earth.

## Narrative of Sudarsana, Purusasinha, and Nisumbha Previous birth of Sudarsana

Now in the city Asoka in West Videha in Jambudvipa there lived a king, Purusavrsabha. Always disgusted with existence, knowing the Principles, virtuous, he became a mendicant at the feet of *Muni* Prajapala. After practicing severe penance, he died when the time had come, and became a god in Sahasrara with a life-term of eighteen samudras (sagaras).

## Previous birth of Purusasinha

When sixteen vardhis (sagaras) of his life as a god had passed, there was a king, named Vikata, in Potanapura just here (in Bharata). He was conquered on the battle-field by King Rajasinha by the strength of his arm, like an elephant\* by an elephant. From shame at this defeat he gave the kingdom to his son, left, and took the vow at the feet of Atibhuti. He practiced severe penance and made a *nidana*\*: "In another birth may I be able to destroy Rajasinha surely." With such a nidana having been made, he died in the course of time and was born as chief-god in the second heaven with a life term of two sagaras.

### Birth of the Prativasudeva Nisumbha

King Rajasinha wandered for a long time in the ocean of births and became King Nisumbha in Haripura in Bharata. Black in color, forty-five bows tall, with a life of ten lacs of years, he came to have a cruel command on earth. After subduing the southern half of Bharatavarsa with perfect ease, he became the fifth ardhacakrin, the Prativisnu.

### Birth of the Balabhadra Sudarsana

Now in the city Asvapura in this same Bharata, there was a king named Siva<sup>s</sup>, the sole *abode* of happiness. He had two wives, *Vijaya* and Ammaka, extremely dear, like Fame and Fortune embodied. Purusavrsabha's *soul* fell from Sahasrara and entered Vijaya's womb, with the birth of a *Bala*<sup>s</sup> indicated by four dreams. When the time was completed, Lady *Vijaya* bore a son, brilliant, like a heap of her husband's glory embodied. Siva gave him the name Sudarsana<sup>s</sup>, because of his beauty, with a great festival on an auspicious\* day.

### Birth of Purusasinha

Now, Vikata's soul fell from the second heaven and entered Ammaka's womb, with a birth of a Visnu<sup>s</sup> indicated by seven dreams. At the right time she bore a son with full auspicious\* marks, dark blue like a sapphire, like a river bearing a blue lotus. The king gave him the name *Purusasinha* because "He is a lion among men with remarkable valor."

#### Their childhood

The two boys grew up, cared for by nurses, playing together, wearing dark blue and yellow garments, with palm<sup>B</sup> tree- and garuda-banners. They, attentive, seized the arts, like a deposit near at hand which they had made themselves, making their teacher only a witness. Gradually the brothers became of military age and shone like rivals of heaven and earth. Devoted to each other like the two Asvins,<sup>95</sup> who were full brothers, exceedingly devoted to their father, they acted as his footmen.

## Death of their parents

One day Siva<sup>s</sup> sent Sirin, like a divine weapon, to subdue a certain insolent neighbouring king. Purusasinha followed him several marches from affection. Verily the bond of affection is like cement. With difficulty Balabhadra prevented him from following and Hari<sup>s</sup> remained there, alas! like an elephant<sup>\*</sup> lost from the herd. While he

was alleviating the pain caused by separation from his brother by various amusements, a man came from his father. Madhava<sup>s</sup> took on his head a letter from his father which he delivered and saw in it the words, "Come quickly, son." Disturbed, he said to the man, "Is my mother well? Is my father well? Why this sudden summoning of me?" The man replied, "His Majesty summons you hastily, because a strong inflammatory fever has appeared in his body." Distracted by the news of his father's inflammatory fever as if he had smelled a saptacchada, <sup>96</sup> Hari set out. Henceforth there is no pain of the noble.

On the next day Janardana<sup>s</sup> arrived at his own city. For such pain on the part of the noble is like a forest-fire on the road. Hari, pained by his pain as if assuming his pain, entered the house occupied by his father consumed by fever the house where servants were busy with many herbs of many kinds which were being mixed, cut up, cooked, and rolled; occupied by the best of doctors, skilled, knowing the juice, strength, and effects of herbs, considering their strength and weakness; with noise prevented by guards by signals with the hand; the physicians being stopped at a distance by the door-keepers by a gesture with the brow.

Hari bowed at his father's feet, touching them with his hands, bathing them, as it were, with his eyes shedding tears from *devotion*. Siva revived greatly from the touch of his son's hand. There is happiness just from the sight of a loved one, how much more from the touch. King Siva experienced strong *horripilation*, as if he were becoming cold, touching his son with his hand again and again. King Siva said to him, "Why are you lean-bellied and your lips dry like a tree near a fire?" Then Visnu's man said: "Your Majesty, when he heard of Your Majesty's dreadful condition, Haris set out at once to see you. He came here in two days without eating, without drinking water, recalling you with *devotion*, like an elephant the Vindhya Mountains,"

When Siva<sup>s</sup> heard that, experiencing double pain, he said, "What else have you done that is unsuitable like a boil on the cheek? Go with your attendants and take time to eat. For the body, accomplishing all things, moves by means of food.\*"

Thus commanded urgently by his father again and again, Visnus ate a little sorrowfully, like a rutting elephant. Without taking any sandal even, without putting on other clothes, like an *ichneumon* on hot ground because of great pain, as soon as he had barely eaten, Janardanas went on foot to his father's house with his whole unhappy retinue from his own house.

As he was entering there, Visnu was informed compassionately by his mother's female door-keeper, who appeared before him in tears: "O prince, help! help! Even while the king is living, the queen contemplates a terrible thing." When he heard that, Visnu, agitated, went to his mother's house and saw his mother as she was saying:

"All the great heaps of jewels that originated in my husband's favor, all the endless gold, all the piles of silver, all the thousands of collections of ornaments pearls, diamonds, genuine jewels, and miscellaneous, and whatever other treasure there may be, present all that to the seven fields. "For that is the first Holy communion given to somebody who is dying of those set out on the long journey. I cannot endure at all to be a widow at my husband's death." I shall go before him. So let the fire be prepared quickly."

Hari approached his mother, the mother of a wealth of sorrow, as she was saying this, bowed, and said with sobs, "Mother, mother, why do you also abandon me unfortunate? Alas! fate is hostile to me since the queen does this."

Queen Amma said: "Ha!, this fatal disease of your father's that has developed has been thoroughly examined by experts. I cannot bear hearing the word 'Widow' even for a moment. Consequently, I, wearing safflower, 98B shall go ahead of your father. My birth had its purpose accomplished by my husband, King Siva, and by you, a son, the fifth Ardhacakrin, son. At my husband's death\*, my life will depart of its own accord. I shall abandon it by entering the fire. May my courage not be deficient, O son, do not be an obstacle to me now even from affection, as I observe the custom of warrior-families. You, son, and Sudarsanas, rejoice with my blessing. I shall precede my husband by the sole road of fire. I make this last request of you today, prince. Do not say anything hindering this ceremony."

After saying this, afraid to hear of her husband's death\*, she went to enter the fire, the city-gate to the next world.

His body feeble from pain joined to pain, like yokes, his feet stumbling even on level ground, Hari<sup>s</sup> went to his father's side. Recalling his mother and seeing his father ill, too, unable to produce any remedy, thinking himself helpless, Visnu<sup>s</sup> fell to the ground. Though suffering from inflammatory fever, the king assumed firmness and said:

"What is this, son? Fear\* is not suitable for your house. This earth is your queen to be supported by your arm. Are you not ashamed to fall on her because of the lack of courage! Do not show by giving up your courage that I behaved ignorantly when I gave you the special name' *Purusasinha*."

Consoling Sarngin in this way, King Siva<sup>s</sup>, the *abode* of happiness, died in the evening. Who is able to escape death\*?

## Grief of the sons

Visnu fell on the ground in a swoon, when he heard, like a large tree falling from a storm, like a gouty person (vataka) from the humor, wind (vata). Then sprinkled with *pitchers* of water, Janardana's, conscious again, stood up, crying, "Oh, father, father! Is not your body in pain? What herb has any merit? What physician can be trusted? Or rather, is that a pleasant sleep now? Speak, father, as a favor to me." Bewildered by affection, Visnu talked thus for a moment and immediately burst into lamentations. Enlightened by the elders of his family, Sarngabhrt regained firmness and cremated his father in a fire of sandal and aloe.

After he had made the *oblation*, et cetera, and had sat in the council, he sent a letter, announcing their father's death, to *Bala's*. Bala had conquered the *arrogant* border-king and he returned in haste, grieved by that letter. Clinging to each other's neck, wailing at the top of their voices, Baladeva's and Vasudeva's made the council weep. Enlightened by friends, they became firm to some extent, and both abandoned affection for their father slowly, slowly. Whether they were still or moving, talking or silent, they saw their father before their eyes, like something on which to meditate.

### Quarrel with Nisumbha

While they were so overwhelmed with sorrow for their father, a messenger from Ardhacakrin Nisumbha came there. Announced first by the door-keeper, he entered at his command, bowed to Baladevas and Vasudevas, and said: "When he heard from the people that King Sivas had died, Nisumbha, your kind lord, felt great sorrow. Recalling your father's *devotion*, he, the crest-jewel of the dutiful, sent me to your side with instructions to deliver the following message. 'Now you are boys, indeed, the abodes of insults from enemies. This high rank of your father has been transferred by me to you. You boys come here to me and remain free from calamity. What can the forest-fire do to those standing in the middle of the river? You who are of little importance must be made of great importance by me wishing to pay the debt of devotion long shown by your father."

When they were addressed in these words, *anger* appeared and sorrow disappeared. For one emotion\*, though strong, is restrained by another emotion. Raising one eyebrow and frowning somewhat, *Purusasinha* spoke angrily, like a lion: "Who, who was not the

abode of sorrow at the death\* of our father, moon of the Iksvaku-family, benefactor to everyone? Other kings also grieved. That Nisumbha grieved if he did not send a message to that effect, that would be *malignity* on his part. Who, pray, offers territory to a young lion? Who rears him? Whence is there any insult to him? Is he not ashamed now speaking so to us? He is certainly an enemy, insulting us under the pretext of friendship. Let your lord be friend, foe, or neutral. We have no regard for him. The powerful have regard only for the arm."

The messenger said: "O son of Siva, your childishness is very apparent, since you do not wish happiness, making an enemy today of him who is equal to a father. O foolish prince, you are still unskilled in royal polity, since you create an enemy, like pressing your belly on a stake. I will not report this speech of yours to the master. So do as I say. By your favor let there be peace for a long time with your brother (Nisumbha). Otherwise, he will soon be your enemy. If he, like Krtanta, is angered, even your life is in doubt."

Exceedingly angry at that speech, Hari<sup>s</sup> replied: You are, to be sure, a messenger indifferent to your own life, O messenger. By the speech of messengers like you, skilled in deceitful speech only, he will terrify kings, like a non-venomous snake by its hood. Go! Our words must not be concealed. Tell everything to your master. He has been placed full well in the category of persons to be killed because of the words, 'He will be an enemy.'"

So answered with violence, the messenger got up hurriedly, went to Nisumbha, and told him everything in detail. After hearing that speech, Nisumbha, killer of enemies, angered, set out for Asvapura, covering the earth with soldiers. When Visnus, conqueror of enemies, heard that Nisumbha had started, he started at once with his whole army and his elder brother. Nisumbha and *Purusasinha* met in the middle of the road, eager to kill each other, like two rutting elephants. The soldiers of the two armies fought, shaking heaven and earth by the echoes of their shouts, of the twanging of their bows, and of slaps with their hands. Destruction of the two armies indifferent to self-protection took place at once, like that of the end of the world. Followed by Halin like a fire by the wind, Sarngadhanvan, standing in his chariot, blew Pancajanyas. At its loud sound, the enemy-soldiers on all sides trembled as if at the terrible sound of a falling thunderbolt.

"Stay! Stay! You who think yourself a soldier," challenging aloud with these words, Pratihari started in his chariot toward Haris to fight. Hari and Pratihari twanged their bows, each one bending

his brow in a frown terrible from *anger*. They both rained arrows, like clouds raining streams of water, making the Khecaras tremble like deer by their lion-roars. The battle-field had the appearance of the ocean covered with reeds from its piles of arrows that fell unceasingly. They fought with weapons\* thrown by hand, thrown by machines, ones which may be thrown or not thrown, and also other weapons, like two timingilas<sup>99</sup> in the ocean of battle.

Just then Nisumbha recalled the cakra, like Vajrin recalling the thunderbolt, voracious with its blazing row of flames, terrible with its sharp edge. Whirling it, which had appeared just from being recalled, on his finger in the air, Nisumbha made a terrifying speech arrogantly:

"You are to be pitied, you are a boy. What disgrace would it be to you if you retreat? So go, or serve me. Do you not have even a dog that gives advice to you? I split even mountains with this cakra when it is discharged, to say nothing of you tender as a young gourd."

Purusasinha said: "The strength of you who are roaring aloud in this way, and the strength of the cakra must be seen. What have you done with other weapons? This cakra is carried by you like a rainbow by a cloud. What will it do to me, fool! Throw it! I shall see its uselessness."

Nisumbha, to whom *Purusasinha* had spoken such-harsh words, hurled the cakra at him with all his strength, wishing to destroy him. Striking Hari's breast with the tip of the hub, like an elephant\* striking the slope of the Vindhya Mountains, it immediately became useless. Then Pundarikaksa fell in a *swoon*, his eyes half-closed, and was sprinkled by Musalastra with gosirsa-sandal. Conscious again, he got up, took the cakra in his hand, and said to Nisumbha, "Do not stay! Go! Go!" Nisumbha said, "Throw it! Throw it!" and then he, the fifth Ardhacakrin, cut off his head with the cakra. At once a rain of flowers fell from the sky on the head of Hari<sup>s</sup>, the chief of the bold, which resembled laughter of the Sri of Victory.

## Expedition of conquest

Just by a procession of conquest, Visnus subdued the half of Bharata. For the purpose of the noble bears fruit a thousand fold. Returning from the expedition of conquest, Hari came to the Magadhas and lifted with his arm a stone, that needed a crores of men to lift it, as easily as a clay-dish. Covering the earth with his horses, Hari arrived at Asvapura, surrounded by women of the city, his object accomplished at every step. There Sarngin's *coronation* as

Ardhacakrin was made by Langalin and other kings brilliant with devotion.

#### Dharmanatha's omniscience

Now the blessed *Dharma*\* came to the initiation-garden Vaprakancana, after he had wandered for two years as an ordinary *ascetic*. As the Lord was engaged in the second meditation\* under a dadhiparna tree, his *omniscience* arose from a two-day fast on the full moon of Pausa in the constellation Puspa.

The Lord delivered a sermon in the divine *samavasarana* to the forty-three ganabhrts, Arista, et cetera.

#### Sasanadevatas

Originating in that *congregation*\*, Kinnara, three-faced, with a tortoise for a vehicle, red in color, *resplendent* with right hands holding a citron<sup>B</sup> and a club, and with one in the position bestowing fearlessness; and with left hands encircled with an *ichneumon*, lotus, and rosary, became Dharmanatha's messenger-deity. Likewise originated, Kandarpa, fair in body, with a fish for a vehicle, adorned with right hands carrying a blue night-blooming lotus and goad, and with one left hand carrying a lotus and one in the position bestowing fearlessness, became the Lord's messenger-deity always near at hand.

#### The samavasarana

Always attended by them, wandering over the earth, one day the Lord approached the city Asvapura. At once the gods, Sakra, et cetera, made a samavasarana with an asoka five hundred and forty bows tall. The Lord entered there, circumambulated the caitya-tree, bowed to the *congregation*\*, and sat down on the eastern lion-throne. Then the Vyantaras made such images of the Lord placed on jeweled lion-thrones in the three other directions. The congregation entered and remained in their proper places in the Master's assembly, the animals within the middle wall, the draft-animals within the third.

Agents, wide-eyed, went quickly to *Purusasinha* and informed him that the Master was in the samavasarana. He bestowed twelve and a half crores of silver on them and went to the samavasarana, accompanied by Sudarsana<sup>s</sup>. After circumambulating the Lord and bowing with *devotion*, Adhoksaja sat down with his elder brother behind Sahasraksa. Bowing again to the Master, Sakra, Sarngin, and

Sudarsana, *insatiable* in *devotion* to the Master, joyfully praised him as follows:

#### Stuti

"Be victorious, moon for the delight of the cakora of the eye of the world, sun to the darkness of wrong belief, Dharmanatha, Lord of the World. For a long time you wandered as an ordinary *ascetic*. Nevertheless you are free from error. Possessing infinite belief, you destroy other beliefs. The impurity of karma of creatures whose *souls* are completely bathed by the water of your sermons departs instantly. Neither from the shade from clouds nor from the shade from trees does heat subside as at your feet, O Lord. People here whose bodies\* have streams of light from the sight of you look like carved puppets. Though separately hostile, the three worlds have met here in one place after a long time, having become brothers from your power, Brother of the World. Supreme Lord, protect us who have no other protector, divinity of the original sanctuary of three-part Bharataksetra. Again and again, O Lord of the World, we ask you for this may our minds become bees for your lotus-feet."

After this hymn of praise, Sakra, Kesava, and Sirin became silent, and the Blessed Dharmanatha delivered a sermon.

## Sermon on the kasayas

"Emancipation (moksa) is the chief of the four objects of existence and the source of it is self-concentration (yoga), and it (yoga) is the three jewels having the form of *inana*, sraddhana, and *chari*tra. Understanding in accordance with the Principles is *jnana*; rightbelief is samyaksraddha; and abandonment of all censurable activities is charitra. The Soul alone or rather, the right-belief, knowledge, and conduct of a Muni, since it (the soul) really consists of them rules the body. If anyone knows the soul in himself by himself because of the freedom from delusion, that itself is his rightconduct, knowledge, and belief. The pain arising from the ignorance of soul is destroyed by knowledge of the soul; it cannot be destroyed by penance even by persons lacking in comprehension of the soul. This very soul, consisting of pure thought, has a body from union with karma, but may become perfect soul, spotless, having its karma consumed by the fire of meditation.\* This same soul, overcome by passions and the senses is samsara (worldly existence); and wise men call the very same, when it overcomes the passions and senses, moksa (emancipation).

Creatures' passions are four-fold: anger (krodha), conceit (mana), deceit (maya), and greed(lobha); and each of them is divided into sanjvalana, et cetera. Sanjvalana (perfect conduct-preventing) lasts for two weeks; pratya-khyana (total vow-preventing) lasts for four months; apratyakhyana (partial vow-preventing) for a year; and anantanubandhaka (eternal) for a birth. They are destructive of freedom from passions, of being an ascetic, of being a layman, and of right-belief, respectively. They produce births as gods, humans, animals, and hell-inhabitants, respectively.

### Anger

Of these, anger causes pain, anger is the cause of hostility, anger is the path to an evil birth, anger is a bar to tranquility and happiness. First, when it is produced, anger burns its own abode, like a fire. Afterwards, it does or does not burn other things. Penance acquired by a crores of purvas\* less eight years is consumed immediately by the fire of anger. Water in the form of tranquility, collected by many meritorious acts, instantly becomes unfit for use from contact with the poison of anger. The smoke of anger, streaming forth, blackens deeply the bright pattern of good-conduct which possesses variegated threads of the virtues. The juice of tranquility which is caught with a cup made from the sami-leaf of asceticism, why is it spilled by anger which resembles a cup made from a vegetable-leaf?<sup>101</sup> When this anger increases, what does it not do that should not be done? Dvaraka is future fuel for the fire of Dvaipavana's anger. 102 Whatever accomplishment there may be on the part of an angry person does not have anger as its cause, but is the result of strong karma acquired in another birth. Alas! Alas! People produce anger in their bodies\* for the ruin of themselves in both worlds and for the destruction of their own and others' purposes. Look! Blind with anger, pitiless, they strike down father, mother, teacher, friend, brother, wives, and even themselves. Therefore, forbearance alone, the water-channel in the garden of self-control, must be resorted to by the pure souled for the quick extinction of the fire of anger.

How can *anger* against evil-doers be prevented? It can be prevented by great nobility, or by this reflection: 'If someone wishes to injure me, having consented to this evil on his own part who, even a fool, would be angry at him destroyed by his own act?' If you have the thought, 'I am angry at evil-doers,' then why are you not angry at your own action, the cause of pain? A dog bites a clod, disregarding the thrower of the clod; disregarding the arrow, a lion attacks the

thrower of the arrow. Why should I, disregarding the cruel deeds by which an enemy is impelled to be angry with me, be angry at the enemy and resort to a wealth of abuse?

#### For bearance

The than future Arhat Mahavira will go to the Mlecchas for forbearance, as he does not wish at all to bear forbearance that has come without effort. If those who are capable of giving protection against the destruction of the three worlds have resorted to forbearance, is not forbearance possible to you with the nature of a plantain?<sup>103B</sup> Why did you not acquire such merit that no one injures you? Now, grieving over your own negligence, agree to forbearance.

There is no difference between an *ascetic* blind with *anger* and a cruel outcaste. So, attain a stage of pure thought, having given up *anger*. A great sage penetrated by *anger* and Kuragadduka free from *anger* Kura-gadduka will be praised by the gods, ignoring the sage. Vexed by the cruel weapons\* of speech, one should reflect, 'If this is true, why *anger*? If false, it is spoken by a crazy man.' If another person has approached for the purpose of injury, one should laugh, astonished. 'The fool acts in vain, for injury has been produced by my karma.'

One should reflect at one eager to strike him down, 'There is destruction of our life (in any case). So he, fearless of evil, commits the killing of a dead man.' If you do not feel' *anger* at *anger*, which is the thief of all the objects of existence, shame on your feeling *anger* at another guilty of a little crime. Then a wise man should overcome the great serpent of *anger* which fatigues all the senses, creeping along, by the snake-charm of forbearance.

#### Conceit

Conceit is destructive of three things reverence, learning, and good conduct, injures the eye of discernment, makes men blind. Feeling pride in caste, wealth, family, power, strength, beauty, penance, and learning, a person gets the same in low degree in another birth, <sup>104</sup> What wise man, indeed, feels pride in caste, after seeing the numerous divisions of caste, high, low, and medium? One obtains high caste from karma; one obtains low caste from karma. Who, indeed, can be proud, because he has obtained transitory caste in that case?

Wealth comes only from destruction of obstructive (antaraya) karma, not otherwise. Knowing the truth about wealth, one should not show pride in it. Noble persons do not at all fall into pride in

wealth even in the case of great wealth arising from the favor of others, power, et cetera.

Pride in family must not be felt even by those born in a high family when they observe that low-born persons also possess knowledge, wealth, and good conduct. What has family to do with bad conduct, or with good conduct? Knowing this, a *discriminating* person would not feel pride in family.

After hearing of Indra's wealth of power over the three worlds, what kind of pride is there in power over cities, villages, money, et cetera? It could desert one brilliant with virtues; it could resort to a wicked person. Power, like a woman of evil conduct, is not a source of pride on the part of the *discerning*.

Even a very strong person is made weak in a moment by disease, et cetera. Verily, pride in strength in regard to such *transient* strength is not suitable for men. If the strong are weak in old age, in death\*, in other results of karma, then, indeed, their pride in strength is useless.

Who would show pride in beauty which increases and decreases in the body consisting of seven elements, having the nature of old age, disease, et cetera? After hearing of the future beauty of Sanatkumara and its destruction, who with ears would be proud of beauty, even in sleep?

After hearing of the perfection of penance of Nabheya and the Jina<sup>s</sup> Vira, who pray would resort to pride in his own slight penance? The heap of karma grows by the very same penance, if contaminated by pride, by which the heap of karma would break quickly.

After sniffing at the sastras made by others from their own knowledge for amusement, proud at the thought, 'I am omniscient,' he devours his own scriptures. When he has heard of the boundless memory of the holy chief-*ganadharas*, 105 who with ears and a heart would feel pride in learning?

## Humility

The tree of *conceit* which makes the branch of faults grow, bending down the roots of the virtues, must be rooted up by the floods of the river of *humility*. *Humility*, called *mardava*, wards off arrogance; furthermore, arrogance is the very form of *conceit*, not supernumerary. Wherever arrogance, in the sphere of caste, et cetera, touches the heart, then one should resort to *humility* as an antidote to it. Everywhere one should show *humility*, especially to

honored persons, by which one would avoid the evil of lack of respect to those entitled to it.

Bahubali, bound by evils like creepers because of *conceit*, freed at once by *humility*, attained *omniscience* immediately. A cakravartin, who has abandoned worldly attachment, goes to the houses even of enemies for alms. Indeed, *humility* is harsh for destroying *conceit*. Even a cakravartin just initiated bows to a poor *sadhu* and serves him for a long time, his *conceit* abandoned. So, realizing that the whole sphere of *conceit* is entirely sinful, the sensible man should resort unwearyingly to *humility* for its destruction.

#### Deceit

Deceit is the mother of untruthfulness, the axe to the tree of good conduct, the birth-place of ignorance; the cause of a low condition of existence. Persons who are clever at crookedness, evil through deceit, hypocritical, deceiving the world, certainly deceive themselves also. Kings deceive the whole world by means of the deceitful six stratagems through trickery and destruction of trusting people because of greed for wealth. Brahmans, empty within and strong without, deceive the people by tilakas, signs stamped on their bodies\*, charms, and sight of their emaciation. Deceitful merchants, false from contact with gain by the quick method of false weights and measures, deceive the simple people. Heretics atheists at heart cheat the simple laymen by wearing matted hair, maunji-grass girdles, top-knots, ashes, bark-dress, fire, et cetera. The world deceives lovers by courtesans not in love (themselves) who make them fall in love by attention to feeling emotion\*, sportiveness, and gait. 106 Monied men, after deceiving (others) by false oaths and after making false cowries<sup>107</sup> are deceived by gamblers. Husband and wife, fathers, sons, full brothers and sisters, one's own friends, masters, servants, and others, too, defraud each other by deceit. Greedy for money, pitiless, robbers and thieves, day and night the watchful men trick the careless ones. The artisans and the low castes, living as a result of their own work, defraud the good man by false oaths through deceit. Those living in inferior birth-nuclei, Vyantaras, et cetera, having observed them generally negligent, cruelly injure wretched men by numerous tricks. The sea-animals, fish, et cetera, devour their own offspring through trickery; they in turn are injured by fishermen holding nets deceitfully. Creatures on land, foolish, are bound and destroyed by various devices by hunters full of deceit. Birds of many kinds, pitiable partridges, et cetera, are injured by deceit by cruel persons eager for a little food.\* So, in the

whole world persons devoted to deceiving others deceive themselves, and destroy their own *dharma*\* and good condition of existence. *Deceit*, the best seed for producing animal-births, a bar to the city of *emancipation*, a forest-fire to the tree of confidence, must be abandoned by the wise. Mallinatha will be born as a woman, because she practiced very slight *deceit* in a former birth, as she had not removed the arrow of *deceit*.

### **Sincerity**

One should subdue *deceit* which causes injury to people like a serpent by the powerful herb sincerity, the source of joy to the world. Sincerity is celebrated as the straight road to the city of emancipation, characterized by the *abandonment* of pain to et cetera. Sincere people are a delight to the world. People are afraid of crookedness like a snake. The genuine happiness of emancipation, known to themselves, belongs the noble-minded honest in thought and deed, though they are still in worldly existence. How can there be happiness even in a dream to those whose minds are injured by the dart of crookedness, their souls deceitful, engaged in injuring others? In the learning of all the sciences and in the study of the arts, sincerity of the fortunate like that of children, appears. The sincerity of children, even though ignorant, is a source of delight. How much more that of minds engaged in interpretation of all the Sastras! Indeed, sincerity is natural; a crooked character is assumed. Then who would leave natural dharma\* and resort to fictitious?

Some fortunate people are unchangeable, like gold statues, in a people full of tricks, *slander*, evasive speech, and *deceit*. All the best ganabhrts, crossing the ocean of learning, look you! listened like pupils to the *Arhats*' words because of sincerity. By straightforward confession<sup>108</sup> one can throw away all bad karma; by crooked confession bad karma increases, even though it is very small. There is no *emancipation* of persons entirely crooked in body, speech, and mind; but there may be emancipation of persons always straight. The wise man, recognizing that the crookedness of the crooked has very severe karma, should resort to sincerity alone, with a *desire* for emancipation.

#### Greed

*Greed* is the akara<sup>109</sup> of all faults, a Rakshsa for devouring virtues, a bulb of creepers of calamities, injurious to all things. A man without money wants a hundred; the one with a hundred wants a thousand; the master of a thousand wants a lac; the possessor of a

lac; wants a crores; the owner of a crores wants to be a king; a king wants to be a cakravartin; a cakravartin wants to be a god; and a god wants to be an Indra. Even when the rank of an Indra has been attained, since desire is not checked, greed, though small in the beginning, grows like grass. As injury to life is the worst of all evils; as wrong belief is the worst of all karma; as tuberculosis is the worst of all diseases; so *greed* is the worst of all faults.

Oh! greed has a one umbrellaed sovereignty over the earth, since even trees cover up a deposit, which they have received, with their roots. Even the two-sensed, three-and four-sensed, because of greed for money, stand guard over their former deposits with infatuation. Serpents and house-lizards, though chief five-sensed creatures, cling to the places of deposits from greed for money. From greed Pisacas, Mudgalas, spirits, ghosts, Yaksas, et cetera, stand guard over their own or another's money. Even gods, infatuated with ornaments, gardens, ponds, et cetera, are born in these same things in birth-nuclei of earth-bodies\*, et cetera, when they have fallen. Even ascetics, after attaining the stage when *delusion* is quiescent, 110 when anger, et cetera, have been overcome, fall from the fault of just a particle of greed. Full brothers soon fight from desire for a bit of money, like dogs from desire for food.\* From greed villagers, ministers, and kings become enemies of each other, their friendship destroyed by the question of boundaries of villages, et cetera.

Greedy people, like actors, portray laughter, grief, enmity, joy, before the master, though obviously not present in themselves. In proportion as the cavity begins to be filled, it increases constantly, a very strange thing! It is possible that the ocean can be filled water, with, but *greed* is not satisfied, even though *sovereignty* of the three worlds has been attained. Endless heaps of food, clothes, sense-objects, and money have been enjoyed. Nevertheless, not a particle of *greed* is satisfied. If *greed* has been abandoned, then enough of unnecessary penance; if *greed* has not been abandoned, then enough of useless penance. Pressing out the wealth of the sastras, let this be understood. A wise man should Strive preeminently for the elimination of greed.

#### Contentment

A wise man should restrain the ocean of greed, overflowing, exceeding bounds, spreading out, by the like of contentment.<sup>111</sup> Just as a cakravartin is first of men and Pakasasana first of gods, so contentment is the best of all *qualities*. I think the degree of pleasure

in a contented ascetic and the degree of pain in a discontented cakrin are equal. After renouncing their own kingdoms from thirst for the nectar of contentment, cakravartins instantly attain freedom from interest. When the desire for money has been checked, wealth is only an attendant. When the ear is covered with the finger, nothing but sound spreads. Those who are satisfied in the accomplishment of contentment are disgusted with counterparts. In the covering of the eyes, the whole movable and immovable universe is Covered. What is the use of subduing the senses? What is the use of injuring the body? Verily, just from contentment, one sees the face of the sri of emancipation. People have the happiness of being free from greed are emancipated even though still alive. But, is there any sign of emancipation on the head? What happiness is there filled with love and hate, or originating in sense-objects, on account of which the happiness of blissful emancipation originating in contentment should be cast aside? Let persons whose eyes have been closed by the good counsels of the sastras spoiled by the explanations of other people meditate on the happiness from a taste of contentment. If you regulate actions in accordance with their cause, then let the joy of emancipation produced by the joy of contentment be recognized. Whatever severe penance they call destructive of karma, they know all that is fruitless, if devoid of contentment.

What is the use of ploughing, service, taking care of cattle, and trade, on the part of persons seeking happiness? Pray, does not the *soul* attain *emancipation* from observing contentment? The happiness which the contented feel lying on beds of straw is not felt by the discontented though lying on cotton. Rich men, if dissatisfied, are like straw, compared with rulers. Rulers are like straw, compared with the satisfied. The happiness arising from the fortune of a cakrin, Sakra, et cetera, is only with effort and it is transitory. That happiness originating in contentment is without effort and it is permanent. So a wise man should resort to contentment, the *abode* of peerless happiness, to destroy greed, the abode of all faults. Thus the one whose passions are conquered, though in this world, shares the happiness of emancipation; but in the next world he certainly attains imperishable emancipation."

After hearing this sermon by the Lord, many persons became mendicants. Hari<sup>s</sup> attained right belief and Sirabhrt became a layman. The Lord finished his sermon when the first watch was completed. Then Arista was made ganabhrt, occupying the Master's footstool. He finished a sermon at the end of the second watch. Then, after bowing to the Arhat, Sakra, Visnu<sup>s</sup>, *Bala*<sup>s</sup> and the others

went away. The Blessed Dharmanatha, adorned with all the supernatural *qualities*, wandered over the earth from that place to other places.

### His congregation

Sixty-four thousand noble ascetics, sixty-two thousand and four hundred nuns, nine hundred who knew the fourteen purvas\*, thirty-six hundred who had clairvoyant knowledge, forty-five hundred who had mind-reading knowledge, and the same hundreds of omniscients, seven hundred munis with the art of transformation, twenty-eight hundred disputants, two hundred and forty thousand laymen, four hundred and thirteen thousand laywomen, formed the Lord's retinue as he wandered for two and a half lacs less two years of years from the time of his *omniscience*.

### His emancipation

Knowing that it was time for his emancipation, the Master went to Sammeta with eight hundred munis, and fasted. At the end of a month, on the fifth day of the bright half of Jyestha, the moon being in Puspa, the Master reached the eternal abode with the munis. The gods, Sakra and others, at once held the nirvana-festival of Sri Dharmanatha and the ascetics. Dharmanatha's nirvana was four sagaras after Ananta Swamin's nirvanas. The Lord lived for two and a half lacs of years as prince, five lacs of years as king, and two and a half lacs of years in the vow. Hence his age was ten lacs of years.

#### Purusasinha's death

Purusasinha, when his life was completed in the course of time, went to the sixth hell because of various bloody deeds like a lion. His age was ten lacs of years three hundred years as prince, twelve hundred and fifty years as governor, seventy years in the expedition of conquest, nine hundred and ninety-eight thousand, three hundred and eighty as king.

#### Sudarsana's death

Then *Bala*<sup>s</sup>, who lived for seventeen lacs of years, endured life with difficulty without his younger brother, overcome by affection for his brother. Sudarsana<sup>s</sup>, powerless from fresh grief at the sight of Sudarsanabhrt's death<sup>\*</sup>, quickly took the vow in the presence of *Sadhu* Kirti when his life was completed, attained *emancipation*.

#### 1. MAGHAVACAKRAVARTI CHARITRA

### Previous birth of Maghavan as Amarapati

In this same Bharata in the city Mahimandala there was a king, named Amarapati, in Vasupujya's *congregation*.\* Sole lord of the lordless, best of kings, he was attentive to right behavior, like a good *sadhu* to right-conduct. He did not strike his people at all, even with a flower-stalk; he only guarded them carefully like a new flower. He, *discerning*, wore love and wealth like anklets, *dharma*\* like a crown, in accordance with their lower and higher natures. Arhat, god, teacher, *muni*, dharma, *compassion* these he studied like the syllables of a charm giving the highest happiness.

One day, noble-hearted and wise, he abandoned the kingdom like a disease, after he had given fearlessness to all, and became a *mendicant*. He, with a victory won by the carefulnesses, devoted to protection of the controls, guarded *mendicancy* properly like his kingdom for a long time. He shone brilliantly from un*censurable mulagunas* and uttaragunas\* like ornaments with divine jewels. He died after keeping the vows for a long time and became a chief-god, an Ahamindra, in the middle Graiveyaka.

## Maghavan's parents

Now in Jambudvipa in Bharataksetra, there is a city Sravasti, most important of cities. There Samudravijaya, victorious, was king, like the ocean embodied with innumerable jewels of virtues. He did not leave the hearts of his friends because he gave joy constantly, nor of his enemies because he gave fear\* constantly. When he, powerful, was in battles, he faced himself, reflected in the mirror of his drawn shining sword. He made all the quarters completely subject to himself in this very way he gave them glory as an ornament to keep them from going away. He, a herdsman, took proper care of the earth like a *cow*, and took taxes, like milk, at the right time without injury.

His wife was named Bhadra, whose body was fair with virtue and loveliness, the sole *abode* of good fortune. Much time passed as he experienced pleasures of the senses with her without injury to *dharma*.

### Birth of Maghavan

Now Amarapati's *soul*, which was in Graiveyaka, descended into Bhadra's womb when it had completed its maximum life. Then Bhadra, comfortably asleep, saw the fourteen great dreams entering her mouth, indicating the birth of a *cakrabhrt*. At the proper time she bore a son, whole, with auspicious\* marks, gold color, forty-two and a half bows tall. Saying, "He will certainly be like Maghavan (Indra) on earth," King Samudravijaya gave him the significant name, Maghavan.

### Conquest of Bharata

He, victorious, capable, adorned the earth, second to Samudravijaya, like the moon adorning the sky, second to the sun. One day, the cakra-jewel appeared in his *armory*, shining with streams of light, like lightning in a cloud. Then all the other jewels, the priest, et cetera, were produced in succession in their proper places. Following the path of the cakra, he set out with the intention of conquering the quarters, and went to the Lord of Magadhatirtha, the ornament of the eastern ocean. The Lord of Magadhatirtha came because of an arrow marked with his name, which was like a messenger who had come, and undertook service alone. He conquered Varadaman in the south, and also the god, Lord of Prabhasa, in the west, as he had the Lord of Magadha.

Then the cakrin went to the southern bank and conquered Sindhudevi; then, advancing, he arrived at Mt. Vaitadhya. The cakravartin made the Prince of Vaitadhya subject to himself, took presents from him, and went to Tamisra. He conquered duly the god Krtamala, placed like a door-keeper at the entrance to the cave Tamisra. At his command the general crossed the Sindhu by the skin(jewel), subdued her western district and returned. When the opening of the double-doors had been made by the general with the staff-jewel, the cakrin on the elephant-jewel entered the cave with his army. The cakrabhrt, provided with light inside by circles drawn with the cowrie and by a stream of light from the gem-jewel set on the elephant's right boss, crossed the rivers inside, Unmagnajala and Nimagnajala, very difficult to cross, by a path made by the carpenter(-jewel), and with his army left the cave by way of the north entrance whose double-doors opened of their own accord.

Maghavan duly conquered the Kiratas named Apatas, very hard to conquer, like Maghavan (Indra) conquering the asura-soldiers. The general conquered the western district of the Sindhu, and he himself went and subdued the Prince of Himacula. He took the cowrie-jewel and wrote his own name, "Maghavan Cakravartin," on the peak named Rsabha.

Then Maghavan turned back and had the eastern district of the Ganga's conquered by the general and he himself subdued the goddess Ganga. The third cakradhara easily subdued the Vidyadharas in the two rows on Mt. Vaitadhya. Knowing the duties of a *cakrabhrt*, he made another, Natyamala, living at the entrance of Khanda-prapata, subject to himself as usual. The cakrin left Vaitadhya by the double-door opened by the general, like a boat leaving the water of the ocean.

The nine treasures, dwelling there at the mouth of the Ganga, Naisarpa, et cetera, submitted to him with pleasure. He had the eastern district of the Ganga conquered by the general. So he conquered six-part Bharata.

### Life as cakravartin

Then Maghavan, resplendent with the full equipment of a cakravartin, went to Sravasti, like Maghavan (Indra) to Amaravati. There the coronation of Maghavan, whose success was complete, as a cakravartin was made fittingly by gods and kings. Though crowned as cakravartin, constantly attended by thirty-two thousand crowned kings, attended by sixteen thousand gods, all his wishes fulfilled by nine treasures, constantly adorned by wreaths of the blue lotuses of the eyes of the sixty-four thousand women of his household, and in other circumstances advantageous for negligence, still he did not become negligent at all in his ancestral layman's duties. He furnished various and numerous shrines, like palaces of the gods, which had statues of the Jinas with gold and jewels. Just as he alone was lord of the earth, so of him the Arhat, god, good sadhu, teacher, and dharma\* consisting of compassion were the lords. His senses always restrained, he never abandoned control in pujas in the shrines, like kings in their pujas to him.

#### His death

After passing his life as a layman without self-control,<sup>112</sup> he adopted *mendicancy* fittingly at the time of death.\* He lived twenty-five thousand years as prince, twenty-five thousand as governor, ten thousand in the expedition of conquest, three hundred and ninety thousand as cakravartin and fifty thousand in the vow. When he had lived for five hundred thousand years from

birth, pure-minded, recalling the five Paramesthins<sup>s</sup>, he died, and became a chief-god, with power equal to Indra's, in Sanatkumara.

#### 2. SANATKUMARCAKRI CHARITRA

## Previous incarnations of Sanatkumara as King Vikramayasas and of Asitaksa as Nagadatta

**T**here is here a city, Kancanapura, possessing golden *Splendor* excelling Bhogavati, Amarapuri, Lanka, et cetera. its king was Vikramayasas, whose power was excellent, the lightning of whose splendor increased the rain of the tears of his enemies' wives. There were five hundred gazelle-eyed women in his household, objects of affection, like *cow*-elephants of an elephant\* who is lord of the herd.

At that time there was a very wealthy merchant, Nagadatta, like a treasury of wealth, in the city. Of him there was a wife, like sri of Visnus, possessing charm and grace, endowed with exceeding beauty, named Visnusri. they, whose affection for each other was as constant as the color of indigo, passed the time like two sarasas<sup>113</sup> enamored of unhindered love-sport.

In the manner of the crow and the palm<sup>B</sup> fruit, 114 somehow she came one day into the range of vision of King Vikramayasas. When he saw her, Vikramayasas, whose wealth of discernment was stolen by Manobhu like a thief, reflected thus in his mind:

"Oh, her eyes are charming like a deer's; her abundant Hair beautiful like a peacock's tail; her lips soft and red like a ripe bimba in two parts; her breasts full and arched like pleasure-peaks of Smara's; her arms straight and soft like young creepers; her waist extremely small, that could be clasped with one hand, like the middle of a thunderbolt; a line of hair, like a row of duckweed; a navel like a whirl-pool; her hips like a beach in the river of loveliness; her thighs like pillars of plantain<sup>B</sup>; her feet like lotuses; and all the rest of her whose mind would it not steal? Because his mind was confused by old age, she was bestowed by the Creator unsuitably on some unfit person, like a Sakra-pillar<sup>115</sup> in a cemetery. I shall take her away and place her in my own household. Let the blame for placing her unsuitably pass away from the Creator."

With these reflections Vikramayasas, distracted by Kandarpa, took her and disgraced his glory. The king put her in his household and, very attentive, always pleased her with varied love-sports. The merchant was distracted by separation from her, as if he were

possessed by a demon, as if he had eaten dhattura, 116 as if he had caught a disease, as if he had drunk wine, as if he had been smelled by a serpent, as if he had experienced a derangement of the three humors. Time passed, bringing pain and pleasure to the merchant separated from her and to the king united with her.

Because the king constantly delighted in Visnusri, the women of the household, angered by jealousy, used sorcery (against her). Because of the sorcery she withered away moment by moment, like a creeper from an ant at its root, and died. The king was dead, as it were, though alive, from her death\*; lamenting and wailing, he became like Nagadatta. He did not permit Visnusri's corpse to be thrown into the fire, saying repeatedly, "My wife is pretending silence." The ministers took counsel and deceived the king. They took Visnusri's body and threw it into the forest. "Just now you were here."Why, beloved, are you not visible? Enough of this game of disappearing, the companion of separation. For the fire of separation, knowing vulnerable points, is not joined with play. Why do you not grieve because of my grief? For we always had one soul. Have you gone alone to some pleasure-stream from curiosity? Or did you ascend a pleasure-mountain, or did you go to a pleasuregarden? How can you play without me? I am coming."

Talking in this way, the king wandered in various places, as if out of his senses. When three days had passed since he had eaten or drunk, the ministers feared for the king's life and showed him her body. When he had seen Visnusri's body, with its hair exceedingly disordered like a bear, with its eyes pecked out by wild herons, like a hare in the grass, with its breasts chewed by vultures eager for flesh, all its intestines pulled out by jackals, having an unlovely appearance, covered with swarms of flies like sweet rice-water, filled with ants like a dish of eggs broken by a fall, smelling of putrefaction, Vikramayasas at once became disgusted with existence and reflected:

"Oh! there is nothing whatever of value in this worthless worldly existence. For how long a time have we been deluded by the idea of value in her, alas! No one who knows the highest good, indeed, is ensnared by women with *qualities* that are purely incidental like the color of turmeric. Women covered by skin are charming outside, filled with liver, excrement, impurities, phlegm, marrow, and bone, fastened together by muscles. If there could be a transposition of the outside and inside of a woman's body, its lover would conceal (within himself) a vulture and jackal. If Kamas wishes to conquer the world with women as a weapon, why does he, confused

in mind, not take a weapon in the form of a small feather? I will root up completely the root of *desire* for that love by which, alas! everything is transformed."

With these reflections, disgusted with *samsara*, noble-minded, he went and took initiation at the feet of *Acharya* Suvrata. Free from interest in the body, he dried himself up by penances of one day, two days, a month, et cetera, as the sun dries up water by its rays. After practicing severe penance, in course of time he died and became a chief-god in Sanatkumara with a maximum life.

### Other Previous births of Sanatkumara

Then at the end of his life he fell and was born a merchant's son, Jinadharma, in the city Ratnapura. Even from childhood, he always observed the twelvefold *dharma*\* of the layman, like the ocean observing its boundary. Worshipping the Tirthakaras with the eightfold puja, feeding the monks with gifts of food\* free from faults, et cetera, possessing extraordinary *devotion*, favoring his coreligionists, like brothers, with gifts, he passed some time.

Now, Nagadatta, grieved by the separation from his wife, wandered in animal-births after death\* because of painful meditation\* (artadhyana). Wandering through births for a long time, he became a Brahman's son, Agnisarma, in the city Sinhapura. In course of time he became a three-staved *ascetic* and went to the city Ratnapura, devoted to severe penance of two months, et cetera. Harivahana was the king in that city. He was a Vaisnava and he heard that an ascetic had come. At the time for breaking his fast, he was invited by the king and went to the palace. By chance he saw Jinadharma. Then because of the hostility of a former birth, the Rsi<sup>s</sup>, red-eyed from *anger*, spoke to King Harivahana whose hands were joined (respectfully):

"If you set a very hot dish of rice-pudding on this merchant's back and feed me, O king, then I shall eat, but not otherwise"

"I will set the dish on another man's back and feed you," the king replied to the Rusi. He, angered, repeated, "If you set the very hot dish of rice-pudding on his back, I shall eat, O lord of kings; otherwise, I shall certainly go away with my desire unaccomplished."

The king consented because he was a Vaisnava. What kind of discernment have men outside the Jaina teaching? At the king's command his (Jinadharma's) back was given the Brahman while he ate and he endured the heat of the dish like an elephant\* a forest-fire.

"This is the result of my former action, nothing else. May it be destroyed by this (result), a friend," he reflected for a long time,

When he had eaten, the pudding-dish was pulled up from his back together with blood, flesh, fat, and serum, like an inlaid brick with mud. Jinadharma, learned in the religion of the Jinas, went home, summoned his people, all of them, and bestowed and begged forgiveness for all faults. Jinadharma made a puja in the shrine, went to the monks and adopted *mendicancy* according to rules. He left the city, ascended a mountain-top, made final renunciation, and practiced kayotsarga\* for two weeks (facing) the east. He performed kayotsarga in the other directions also, though torn by birds, vultures, herons, et cetera, with their beaks.

## Incarnation of Sanatkumara as Sakra

Enduring the pain in this way, engaged in the namaskara (to the Pancaparamesthins\*), he died and became the Indra in the heaven Saudharma.

## Birth of Asitaksa as Airavana

The three-staved *ascetic* died and, because of his Servant-karma, became the elephant\* Airavana, the vehicle of Sakra,

When his life as Airavana was finished, the *soul* of the three-staved ascetic fell and, after wandering through births, was born as a king of Yaksas, Asitaksa.

### Incarnation as Sanatkumara His parents

Now, in Jambudvipa in Bharataksetra in the country Kurujanga-la, there was a city Hastinapura. There Asvasena was king, by whom the circle of the earth was covered with an army of horses; and the circle of his enemies was subdued by his rounded sword. In him, the Mt. Rohana of the jewels of virtues, there was not the least atom of a fault, like a water-worm in milk. Sri stood on his sword, as if to perform a very difficult task, with a *desire* for good fortune, thinking, "I am like straw compared with him."He experienced great delight when beggars had come and he was depressed in accordance with his desire to give when they asked for little. His chief queen was named Sahadevi, in beauty like some goddess who had come to earth.

#### His birth

When it had enjoyed Sakra's rank for some time, its life completed, Jinadharma's *soul* descended from the first heaven into her womb. Sahadevi saw at once the fourteen great dreams, the ele-

phant, et cetera, entering her mouth. At the right time she bore a son marked with all the marks, with a wealth of peerless beauty, the color of real gold. Then the king gave him the name of Sanatkumara at a great festival which gave joy to the world,

#### Childhood

The child, his body fair as a piece of gold, delighting the eyes of the people like a young moon, gradually grew up. Passing from lap to lap of kings, he looked just like a *hansa* going from lotus to lotus. Even as a child, just from being seen, he stole the eyes and minds of gazelle-eyed women by his incomparable beauty. He drank in grammar with its divisions, the mother of complete knowledge, which was poured from his guru's mouth, as easily as a sip of water. He grasped completely military science and statecraft, pillars of the palace of *sovereignty*, like other pillars in the form of arms for himself. He acquired all the other arts also with ease; and gradually grew up like a spotless moon (kalanidhi). His body was forty-one and a half bows tall, and he attained youth from childhood like heaven from the world of mortals.

### His horse carries him into the forest

He had a very intimate friend, the son of Kalindi and Sura, named Mahendrasinha, whose strength was celebrated. One day when spring had come, he went to the garden Makaranda with Kalindi's son from a desire to play. There Sanatkumara amused himself with his friend in various sports, like a young god in Nandana. Then the king's stud-master sent horses as gifts, which were skilled in five gaits, marked with all the marks. He gave Sanatkumara one horse\*, Jaladhikallola (Ocean-wave) by name, unsteady as a wave. The prince abandoned his play and mounted the horse. Always horses and elephants are of great interest to princes. Taking the whip in one hand and the bridle in the other, with a light seat in the saddle, he started the horse by (pressure of) his thighs. It ran forward rapidly, not touching the earth with its feet, as it were, going rather in the air, as if to see the horses of the sun. Whenever the prince pulled the horse with the bridle, he ran all the more, as he had inverted training. In a moment the horse left the princes on horseback even though they were running, like a Raksasa in the form of a horse. Instantly the horse with the prince on his back became invisible to the kings, even while they looked on, like the moon to the constellations.

### Search for him

Asvasena went after his son, who had been carried away by his horse\* like a boat by a river's flood, with a troop of horses to bring him back. "Here he goes. The horse goes here. Here are his tracks. Here is his foam." While the people were saying this, a strong wind arose, cruel, a bellows for the whole universe, unseasonable, blinding the eyes like the night at the end of the world. The soldiers were hidden by the cruel dust from all directions like houses by walls of cloth and were not able to lift a foot as if they were transfixed by a charm. The tracks and foam, signs of the horse as it traveled, were all destroyed by a series of dust-waves. Neither low ground, nor high ground, nor level ground, nor trees, et cetera, were visible. All the people were just as if they had entered Patala. The soldiers, whose expedients were useless, became confused, like sea-faring merchants whose boats were being filled with ocean-water.

Mahendrasinha bowed to Asvasena and said: "Your Majesty, this is certainly an act of fate which has cruel acts. Otherwise, why the prince, why the horse from a distant country, why the prince's mounting it whose habits were unknown, why the carrying off the prince by the wicked horse, or why the strong wind by which the range of sight is hidden by the extraordinary dust? Nevertheless I, having conquered fate like a vassal on the border, will bring him back, searching for my friend like a master. In the caves and on the high peaks of great mountains, in forests difficult of access because of the unbroken mass of trees, in the chasms of river-banks resembling Patala, in places, without water and other dangerous places, search for the prince will be easy for me with a retinue, or even alone in some places like a spy, O lord. That is not suitable here and there for Your stay with a large army because of the inequality the entrance of an elephant\* into a small road."

## Mahendrasinha goes in search of the prince

Asvasena, restrained by him saying this again and again, clinging to his feet, returned in grief to his own city. At once Mahendrasinha entered the great forest with a small choice retinue, hard to restrain like an elephant. He penetrated it in every direction to hunt for Sanatkumara, (the forest) whose paths were uneven from stones thrown tip by the horns of rhinoceroses, whose pools were muddied by boars entering them because they were tormented by heat, whose thickets were echoing with the loud growls of bears, terrifying from the cries of tigers lying in thickets, filled with herds of black antelope bewildered by packs of leaping leopards, whose trees were

encircled by strong boa-constrictors who had swallowed animals, with trees whose shade was a path frequented by herds of deer, the paths to whose rivers are blocked by lions drinking water with their lioness-friends, and difficult to travel because the roads were covered with branches of trees which had been broken by rutting elephants.

His army was scattered as he wandered over the great forest which was horrible from thorny trees and wild animals, from holes and mounds. Deserted by ministers, friends, et cetera, who were completely exhausted, he gradually became solitary like a *muni* who has abandoned all association. Again he wandered alone in deep thickets and caves of the mountains, like the lord of a settlement of a wild tribe, carrying a bow. At the trumpeting of forest-elephants, at the roars of lions he ran with the idea that they were shouts of the hero Sanatkumara. Not seeing his friend there, he jumped up at the sound of a waterfall and ran to another place with the idea that it was he. For such is the course of affection. He said to the rivers, elephants, and lions, "Since that is the voice of my brother, then he is at your side. The whole can be grasped from the sight of a part."

#### The seasons

Not seeing his friend anywhere, he climbed tall trees and looked in all directions again, like a traveler who has lost the way. He passed the spring, alone, like the son of a poor man, like a sorrowful man among the asokas, confused among the bakulas, impatient among the sahakaras, weak among the mallikas, scornful among the karnikaras, pale among the patalas, remote among the sinduvaras, trembling among the campakas, turned away from the winds of *Malaya* as well as the khalas, his ears bursting from the singing of the fifth note by the cuckoos, his burning pain unallayed even by moonlight.

He spent the hot season wandering alone, parched at every step by the dust heated by the rays of the sun which cooked the nails of his lotus-feet like a scattered fire of chaff; disregarding the burning of his feet, as if making a magic quenching of fire, on the road hard to traverse because of the ashes of forest-fires just extinguished; ignoring the heat of his body from many hot winds like flames of fire, like a mountain-ranging elephant\*; and drinking the muddy, hot water of rivers, like a sick man medicines.

His heart unshaken by clouds emitting fires in the form of lightning like Raksases emitting flames from their mouths, terrifying to all; not bewildered at all, as if he wore armor, though being struck by rain with unbroken torrents like sharp arrows; crossing without effort, like a rajahansa, here and there the forest-streams with trees uprooted by their speed, though they were difficult to cross; traversing the muddy road with ease, like a boar, he spent the rainy season, wandering in search of his friend.

Enduring the terrible heat of Citra<sup>117</sup> on his head and the hot sand on his feet, as if he were living in the cavity of a fire-vessel; his mind unceasingly on clear water, lotuses, birds, hansas, et cetera, crying, "Where are you? Where are you, friend?" going among charging elephants irritated by the saptaparna which smells like *ichor*, like an elephant\* that had come into the forest; carried forward by the wind fragrant with lotuses like a friend, he spent the autumn, wandering like an autumn-cloud.

The water of ponds and rivers being made into ice by the north wind like a brother of Mt. Hima; the rows of red lotuses, day-blooming white lotuses, night-blooming white lotuses, and blue lotuses in the water being consumed everywhere (by cold), incombustible even by a forest-fire; the Kiratas suffering from cold and even wishing for a forest-fire; he passed the winter, surely possessing a strong determination.

Taking steps fearlessly in old leaves, fallen knee-deep from trees, which concealed snakes and scorpions; unshaken at the roars of lions whose ears were pricked up and who had been awakened by noises painful to hear, as if they knew the weak points of the ears; satisfying his hunger only by eating fresh shoots, he passed the cool weather, though he himself was not cool because of worry about his friend.

## Meeting with Sanatkumara

So a year passed while Mahendrasinha wandered over the forest in the search for Sanatkumara. One day, after he had gone some distance in the forest, he stopped and looked at the sky, his face upturned like an astrologer. Then unconfused, he heard at once the noise of birds, ducks, curlews, hansas, and cranes. Revived by a wind carrying the fragrance of lotuses, he inferred, "There is a pool here." Thinking to meet his friend, he ran like a rajahansa to the pool with tears of joy. As he ran forward, he heard a song beautiful with the gandharagrama, the sweet noise of flutes, and the delightful sound of lutes. He saw his friend, Sanatkumara, pleasing to the sight, in the midst of young women with brilliant garments and ornaments.

"Is that my dear friend? Or is it someone's trickery? Or is it magic? Or has he come from my heart? "As he was thinking this, he heard this *elixir* for the ears recited by a bard: "O Sanatkumara, *hansa* to the pool of the Kura race, moon to the ocean of Asvasena, Manobhava to good fortune, long live! O tree, supporting creepers of the arms of Vidyadhara-women, becoming rich by the wealth from victory over the two rows of Vaitadhya, long live!"

After hearing that, he advanced into Sanatkumara's range of vision, like an elephant\*, burned by the heat, into the ocean. Falling at his lotus-feet simultaneously with a flood of tears from joy, he was embraced by Sanatkumara who had risen and raised him up. Both shed tears of joy, like clouds in the rainy season, astonished at their unexpected meeting with each other. With hair erect from joy, they sat down on costly seats watched by the Vidyadhara-princes with astonishment. Their eyes and minds were on each other and nothing else, like yogis engaged in the position of meditation on the form of the Tirthankaras. Then Mahendrasinha's weariness was destroyed by union with Prince Sanatkumara, like disease by a divine healing herb. Wiping tears of joy from his eyes, Sanatkumara said to Mahendrasinha in a voice with a flood of nectar:

"How have you come here? And why are you alone? And how did you know I was here? And how have you spent the time? And how did my honored father live on separation from me? And why did my parents send you alone into this inaccessible place?"

Questioned thus by the prince, Mahendrasinha, his voice choked with tears, related his past adventures just as they happened. Then Sanatkumara had him fed, bathed, et cetera, by skilful Vidyadhara-women. After that, Mahendrasinha, his eyes wide open with astonishment, his hands folded respectfully, said to Sanatkumara: "Please tell me how far you were carried away by the horse\* then; and what else happened to you during separation from me, beginning with that; and whence this magnificence, if this is not a secret of yours which must be concealed from me."

At these words Sanatkumara reflected in his mind: "Nothing at all must be concealed from this friend who is like myself. Noble men are embarrassed at their experiences being related even by others, though truthfully; how can I tell my own adventures? Let it be thus." With these reflections Asvasena's son instructed his wife seated at his left side, "My dear Bakulamatika, knowing (all) there is to be known by means of a magic art, tell my true story to Mahendrasinha. Now sleep is making buds of my lotus-eyes."

## His previous adventures in the forest

With these words he went to the pleasure-house, wishing to sleep. Then Bakulamati said: "On that day your friend was carried away by the horse\*, as you looked on. He was made to enter the great forest, which was very terrible like a secret play-ground of the god Samavartin. The next day as the horse went along in the fifth gait, it stopped in the middle of the day, suffering from hunger and thirst, and put out its tongue. Aryaputra<sup>118</sup> got down from the horse, whose throat was filled with breath and whose feet were transfixed. as from the roof of a house about to fall. He himself cut the long girth and took the saddle and bridle from the horse. The horse reeled and fell to the ground and was at once deserted by breath as if from fear\* of destruction at the same time. Then Aryaputra wandered here and there in search of water because of thirst, and did not see anyone in the forest which was like a desert. Your friend became confused because of his physical delicacy and fatigue from long travelling and from a forest-fire. After he had gone a long distance, he sat down quickly at the foot of a saptaparna and fell on the ground, his eyes closed (in a faint).

Then from the power of his merit a Yaksa, a forest-divinity, sprinkled his body with cool water like nectar. When he had become conscious, he got up, drank the water he gave him and asked him slowly, 'Who are you and where is the water from?' The Yaksa-king said, 'I am a Yaksa living here and for your sake I brought this water from Manasa,' Then Aryaputra said again, 'This intense burning in my body will not stop without a bath in Lake Manasa, 'I shall fulfill your wish,' the best of Yaksas said and put him in a plantain-bowl and took him to Lake Manasa. There he bathed Aryaputra according to rule with cool pure water, like an elephant-driver bathing an elephant.\* Aryaputra's weariness, penetrating his whole body, was removed by the water with a pleasant touch like skilled shampooers.

### Fight with Asitaks

The Yaksa Asitaksa, an enemy of your friend from a former birth, came there like a new Krtanta to slaughter him. "O villain, stop! You have been watched by me for a long time, like an elephant by a hungry lion. How far will you go?' Abusing him in this bragging way, he uprooted a tree and threw it he, a low fellow at Aryaputra, as easily as a stick. Your friend knocked away the falling tree with his hand and made it fall, like an elephant making fall the bellows of an elephant-driver. Then the Yaksa made the earth dark

with thick dust, as if the end of the world had suddenly taken place. He created Pisacas by magic with bodies\* gray as smoke, twinbrothers of darkness, with terrifying forms. They, with faces horrible with jets of flame like living funeral pyres, uttering bursts of laughter like the noise of a falling thunderbolt, with red hair and red eyes like mountains with fires, with pendent tongues like trees with snakes in their cavities, with sharp mouths with large fangs like saws, they ran to Aryaputra, like flies to honey.

When Aryaputra saw them wandering about, distorted in shape like actors from a stage, he was not in the least terrified. He bound the bold Aryaputra, who was unterrified by the Pisacas, with magic nooses resembling nooses of untimely *Yama*. Aryaputra tore them all apart easily with a blow of his hand, like an active elephant\* a bower of vines. The Yaksa, disconcerted, then struck him with blows of his hand, like a lion a mountain-plateau with blows of his tail. Aryaputra struck him with his fist, the essence of the thunderbolt, like an angry elephant-driver striking an elephant with an iron ball. The Yaksa struck Aryaputra with a very heavy hammer bound with iron, like a cloud striking a mountain with lightning. Aryaputra struck the Yaksa, who was increasing (in size), with a sandal tree which he had pulled up and the Yaksa fell to the ground, completely exhausted, like a dry tree.

The Yaksa lifted a mountain easily as a large rock and, angry, threw it on top of Aryaputra. He became Unconscious at once from the blow with the mountain, his lotus-eyes closed as if in a pool in the evening. When he had become conscious again, Aryaputra scattered the mountain, like a great wind scattering a cloud, and began to fight vigorously with his arms. Your friend hit him (the Yaksa) with the staff of his arm, like Yama with a rod, and broke him into little pieces. But he did not die, because he was a god. Then Asitaksa fled with speed like the wind, howling disagreeably like a pig about to die. Goddesses and Vidyadhara-women, who had been watching the spectacle of the fight, rained flowers on your friend, like Sris of the seasons themselves.

## Sanatkumara's marriages

Then in the afternoon Aryaputra left Manasa with a firm mind and went a short distance like a rutting elephant. He saw Khecaramaidens who had come there from Nandana, resembling embodied life-giving herbs for Smara<sup>s</sup>. Your friend was regarded by them casting slow glances, which were like svayamvara\*-wreaths, in a way delightful with emotion\* and feeling. Wishing to ascertain the

true state of affairs, Aryaputra, lord of the *eloquent*, approached them with a nectar-sweet voice:

'Of what noble men are you the daughters, ornaments of the family? And why do you adorn this forest?' They replied: 'Noble sir, we are the eight daughters of a king of the Vidyadharas, distinguished Bhanuvega. Our father's excellent city is not far from here. Adorn it by reposing there like a rajahansa on a lotus.'

So answered by them politely, your friend went to their city as if to perform the evening rites, and the sun sank into the ocean. They had your friend, who was an herb for curing the wound of anxiety for a husband, conducted by the *harem*-guards to their father's presence. Bhanuvega rose to greet him and spoke to him:

'By good fortune, our house is pure since you, a heap of merit, have come. By your appearance alone you are known to be well-born and powerful. For the birth of the moon from the Ocean of Milk is inferred from appearance alone. Since you are a suitable husband for the maidens, I ask you to marry them, the eight of them. For a jewel is joined with gold.

Urged by him in this way, your friend married the right, who were like Sris of the directions, with proper rites at that very time. With the marriage string tied on (his wrist), he went to sleep in the pleasure-house with them; and; occupying a jeweled couch, he experienced the pleasure of sleep. Instantly Asitaksa lifted him up, when he was overcome by sleep, and threw him down somewhere else. A trick is stronger than the strong even. At the end of his sleep, your friend, seeing himself with the marriage-string on the ground, alone in the forest, thought, 'What has happened?' Wandering again in the forest, alone as before, he saw a seven-storied lofty palace. 'Is this a magic display by some sorcerer?' With these reflections, Aryaputra went to the palace. He heard there a young woman crying in a pitiful tone like an osprey, which made even the forest weep. Aryaputra, a hero in *compassion*, mounted to the palace's seventh floor which presented the appearance of a palace of a constellation. Your friend saw there a maiden whose eyes were full of tears, miserable, her face bent down, her body fair with beauty and grace, saying again and again, 'O Sanatkumara, belonging to the Kuru race, may you, and no one else, be my husband in another birth, at least.'

Doubtful at the thought, 'Who is she to me?' from hearing his own name, he went before her, like a wished-for divinity in person, and said: 'Fair lady, who is Sanatkumara? Who are you? Why have you come here? What is your trouble because of which you weep,

recalling him?' So addressed by him, the girl experienced joy against her will and spoke in a sweet voice as if raining nectar:

'I am the daughter, Sunanda by name, of King Surastra, lord of Saketapura, and his queen, Candrayasas. Sanatkumara, by whose beauty Manmatha's is humiliated, is the son of King Asvasena, the sun to the sky of the Kuru line. He, long-armed, is my husband merely in wish, since I was given to him by my parents with the pouring of water into the hand. Then a Vidyadhara's son brought me, before the marriage was held, here from my own palace-roof, like a robber bringing another man's property. He created this palace by magic and left me here in this very place. The Vidyadhara went somewhere. I do not know. What will happen?'

Then Aryaputra said: 'Do not fear\*, O timid-eyed lady. I myself am Sanatkumara, the Kuru, whom you well remember.' She replied: 'After a long time now you, like a good dream, have been made by fate to appear within my range of vision. Thank heaven, my lord!'

While they were talking in this way, the Vidyadhara, Vajravega by name, the son of Asanivega, came, red-eyed from *anger*. The Vidyadhara-boy lifted Aryaputra and made him fly up, giving the appearance of a bird by his ascent. Saying, 'Oh! lord, I ord, I am destroyed by fate,' she fell on the ground in a *swoon*, like an old leaf. Aryaputra, angry, killed the evil Vajravega with his fist which had the strength of adamant, like killing a handful of mosquitoes. Uninjured, Aryaputra approached her bringing joy to the blue lotuseyes, like the moon. He restored her and wisely married her at once, for she had been indicated by the best astrologers as a 'womanjewel.'

At once Vajravega's sister came there, a maiden named Sandhyavali, and she was angry at her brother's death.\* Recalling the saying of astrologers,' Your brother's slayer will be your husband,' she became calm at once. Whose own *desire* is not paramount? Desiring Aryaputra, for a husband, the maid approached like a second Sri of victory engaged in a svayamvara.\* Sunanda, joyful, gave her consent to your friend and he married the infatuated woman with a gandharva-marriage.<sup>120</sup>

# Battle with Asanivega

Just then two Vidyadharas came, brought a chariot and armor to Asvasena's son and said: 'Asanivega, lord of Vidyadharas, Vajravega's father, has learned that he has been killed by you, like a snake by a garuda. He, concealing the sky by his army of Vidyadharas, possessing the strength of the elephants of the quarters, comes

to fight you, an ocean with the salt-water of *anger*. We are your brothers-in-law and have come to help, sent by our fathers, Candravega and Bhanuvega. Get into the chariot they sent, which resembles Indra's chariot, take that armor, and subdue the enemy's army. Know that Candravega and Bhanuvega, who have come to help with conveyances swift as the wind, are like other forms of yourself.'

Just then Candravega and Bhanuvega came with great armies, like the eastern and western oceans with great rivers. Then a noise arose from the throngs of Asanivega's soldiers, as he advanced, like that from Puskaravartaka-clouds in the sky. Just then Sandhyavali gave Aryaputra the vidya Prajnaptika. For women adhere to their husbands' party. Aryaputra armed himself and got in to the chariot, eager for battle. For the warrior-caste is fond of battle. Candravega, Bhanuvega, and other Vidyadharas, Rahus to the moon of their enemies' glory, surrounded him with their soldiers. Crying, 'Capture! capture! kill! kill!' Asanivega's soldiers advanced with great speed. On both sides the soldiers, devoid of weakness, fought like cocks, flying up repeatedly, striking angrily. Then nothing else was heard except the sound of their battle-cries; nothing else was seen except their blazing weapons.\* The soldiers retreated and advanced, they gave and received blows repeatedly, expert in battle like elephants. After they had fought for a long time and the soldiers of both were exhausted, Asanivega appeared with his chariot swift as the wind. 'Ha! Ha! where is Vajravega's enemy, a new guest for the house of Yama?' Insulting his enemies with these words, he strung his bow. Saying, 'I am he, Vajravega's enemy, O new guest of the house of Yama,' Aryaputra strung his bow. Then a battle between the two very powerful men took place, arrow against arrow, causing the multitude of the sun's rays to disappear.

After Aryaputra and the king of Vidyadharas, intent on killing each other, had fought with missiles and also with clubs, et cetera, without reaching a victory, they fought with cruel divine missiles, the serpent-missile, the garuda-missile, the fire and water-missiles, checked and checking.<sup>121</sup>

The Vidyadhara-king discharged an arrow after twanging his bow and Aryaputra cut his bow string, like his life, with an arrow. Asvasena's son cut off half the arm, like half the glory, of Asanivega as he ran forward, after drawing his sword. Like an elephant\* with one tusk broken, like a boar with one tusk lost, even though one arm was cut off, he ran on because of excessive *anger*. As he

ran forward to strike, biting his lower lip with his teeth, my husband cut off his head with the cakra delivered to him by the vidya<sup>122</sup>

Then Asvasena's Laxmi of *sovereignty* joined my husband completely. For the courageous man is the home of Sri. Asvasena's son, confident, went to Vaitadhya with Candravega and other kings of the Vidyadharas. His installation as overlord of the Vidyadharas was held by the Vidyadhara-lords who had been reduced to the rank of footmen. He, whose magnificence was unequaled, held an eight-day festival there in honor of the images of the immortal *Arhats*, like Sakra in Nandisyara.

### Other marriages

One day, my father Candravega, crest-jewel of the Vidyadharas, said to Aryaputra respectfully: 'One day in the past I saw and questioned a certain *muni* whose power was unequaled, an ocean of knowledge, and he said, "The fourth cakrin, Sanatkumara, will marry your hundred daughters, Bakulamati, et cetera." By good fortune you came here, when I was occupied with the thought, "How is he to be met? How is he to be asked to marry these girls?" Be gracious. Marry these hundred maidens, O lord. For the request of the great is not vain and the speech of sages is not vain.'

Your friend, the wishing-gem of beggars, when he had been requested thus by my father, married the hundred girls, myself and others. Your friend, surrounded by Vidyadharas, passed the time pleasantly, amusing himself sometimes with pleasing concerts, sometimes with excellent plays, now with choice stories, now by looking at paintings, at times with festivals of water-sports in divine pools, at times with the pastime of gathering flowers in rows of gardens, and with other sports. Because of sport your friend came here and you were met; and the wish of a cruel fate was frustrated."

## Return to Hastinapura

As Bakulamati said this, Sanatkumara came from the pleasure-house like an elephant from a pool. Attended by Vidyadharas he went then to Mt. Vaitadhya with Mahendrasinha, like Indra to Sumeru. He passed the time, endowed with great magnificence. One day, Mahendrasinha made this suitable declaration to him: "Master, my mind rejoices very greatly at this magnificence of yours. Your parents are unhappy, grieved at separation from you, recalling you constantly. Devoted to their son, I think your parents look at every one resembling them with the thought, 'That is Sanatkumara; that is

Mahendra.' So be gracious. Let us go to the city Hastinapura. Give joy to your parents like the moon to the ocean."

When his friend had made this explanation, Sanatkumara, a thunderbolt to the mountain of enemies, went eagerly to the city Hastinapura at once, together with his wives and friends, attended by hundreds of Vidyadhara-lords with armies, making the sky appear to have various suns by shining aerial cars, his umbrella carried by some Vidyadharas, his *chauris* waved by some, his slippers carried by others, a palm-leaf fan and staff being held by some; his betel-box being carried by others; the road being described by some, diversions being shown by others, his virtues being praised by others some of them mounted on elephants and some on horses, some in chariots and some on foot, going through the air.

He rejoiced his parents there, *afflicted* by sorrow, and the citizens by the sight of himself, as a cloud rejoices people suffering from the heat of summer. King Asvasena, delighted at heart, established Sanatkumara in his kingdom and Mahendrasinha as his general. The king accomplished his own purpose when he had taken initiation in the presence of the elders in the *congregation*\* of the Tirthakrt, Sri *Dharma*.\*

Installation as cakravartin. The fourteen great jewels, the cakra, et cetera, of Sanatkumara guarding the kingdom, came into existence. Following the path of the cakra he conquered then the six-part Bharataksetra and the treasures, Naisarpa, et cetera. After he had conquered Bharata in ten thousand years, he entered Hastinapura with the elephant\* that had become a jewel. By means of clairvoyant knowledge Sahasraksa saw him, noble-souled, as he entered and regarded him like himself in person because of friendship. Because he was the Indra of Saudharm in a former birth, he is my brother; and from affection Sakra instructed Kubera: This best of Sakras, the cakrin, moon to the ocean of the Kuru-line, the son of King Asvasena, noble, is like my brother. Sanatkumara enters his own city today, after conquering the six parts of Bharata. Arrange his Installation as cakrin."

At once Hari<sup>s</sup> gave a long necklace, a sasimala, an umbrella, two chauris, a crown, a pair of earrings, two garments of devadusya, a lion-throne, slippers, and a shining foot-stool to Kubera for Sanatkumara. Quickly Indra instructed others also Tilottama, Urvasi, Mena, Rambha, Tumburu, <sup>124</sup> and Narada in regard to the installation. Then Kubera went with them to Nagapura and told Sanatkumara Sakra's instructions. With Sanatkumara's consent Dhanada created a platform of jewels for a *yojana* which was like

the slope of Mt. Rohana. Above it Dhanada made at once a divine pavilion and in the center a dais of jewels and on it he set a lion-throne. At Dhanada's command water was brought from the Ocean of Milk by the gods, and costly perfumes, garlands, et cetera, by all the kings.

After apprising Sanatkumara, Kubera seated him on the lion-throne and gave him Sakra's presents. Sanatkumara's entourage, the *vassals*, et cetera, stood, each in its proper place, like Vajrapani's Samanikas, et cetera. then the gods consecrated him as cakravartin with pure water, just like the *consecration* of Sri Nabhi's son as king.

An auspicious\* song was begun by Tumburu and others; musical instruments\*, drums, et cetera, were beaten by the gods; dancers, Rambha, Urvasi, et cetera, danced; and various plays were produced by the Gandharvas. After the gods had consecrated Sanatkumara in this way, they provided him with divine garments, ointments, ornaments, and wreaths. Kubera, delighted, had Sanatkumara mount the elephant-jewel (decorated) with fragrant saffron and enter Hastinapura. After filling Hastinapura with wealth, like his own city, Kubera departed, dismissed by the cakravartin.

His *consecration*, the water-channel to the creeper of his *sover-eignty*, was made by crowned kings and other vassals also. Because of his *coronation*-festival the city Hastinapura was exempted from fines, customs-duties, entrance of soldiers, et cetera, for twelve years. The cakrin protected his subjects fittingly like a father, very magnificent like Sakra, and did not oppress them by taxes, et cetera. As there was no one his equal in power, so there was no one his equal in beauty in the three worlds.

At that time Sakra, seated on his lion-throne in Sudharma, was having a play, named Saudamini, presented. The god Sangama came there from Aisana-kalpa, extinguishing the *splendor* of all the gods by the brightness of his body, astonishing the gods present in the assembly by his beauty beyond criticism, surpassing the beauty of all. When he had gone, the gods asked Sakra, "What is the reason for his extraordinary *splendor* and beauty unparalled?" Sakra explained: "In a former birth he performed the penance acamamla\* *vardhamana*. Because of that this beauty and brilliance resulted." "Is there anyone else in the three worlds like him?" asked again by the gods, the Indra of Saudharma said, "There is no beauty anywhere else among gods or men like that of King Sanatkumara, the ornament of the Kuru-line."

Two gods, *Vijaya* and Vaijayanta, who did not believe this description of his beauty, descended to earth. In the form of Brahmans they stood at the door of the king's palace near the door-keeper for the purpose of inspecting Sanatkumara's beauty. Sanatkumara was just then beginning his bath; all his finery had been taken off and he was *anointing* his body. The two Brahmans at the door were announced by the door-keeper and the cakravartin, acting properly, had them enter then. When they saw Sanatkumara, their minds were filled with astonishment; they shook their heads and reflected:

"The surface of his forehead surpasses the moon of the eighth night; the eyes extending to the tips of his ears overcome the beauty of the blue lotus; the lips excel the color of the ripe bimba; the ears are superior to mother-of-pearl; and the neck is victorious over Pancajanya<sup>s</sup>; the arms cause censure of the shape of the trunk of the king of elephants; the chest is the thief of the beauty of a slab of Svarnasaila; his waist resembles the loin of a young lion. What else? The beauty of his body is not within the range; of speech. Oh! there is some unchecked flood of the river of loveliness because of which we are not conscious of the ointment, like starlight because of moonlight. He looks just as Indra described, not otherwise. Verily, high-minded persons never speak falsely."

Questioned by Sanatkumara, "Why have you come here, best of Brahmans?" they replied: "O tiger among men, your beauty is sung in the world of the moving and unmoving, causing unparalleled astonishment. After learning about it at a distance, we, filled with overflowing curiosity, came to see for ourselves, O king. Your beauty is seen to be just as wonderful as we had heard it described among the people."

Sanatkumara, his lips covered with a smile, said, "How can so much beauty be in a body covered with ointment? Stay here and wait a moment, best of Brahmans, until we finish the bath. Look again at my form prepared with various embellishments, adorned with many ornaments, like gold with jewels."

Then the king, after he had bathed and put on fine garments and ornaments, presided over the assembly with great pride, like the sun over the sky. Then the two Brahmans were allowed to appear before the king and observed his beauty. Depressed, they thought: "Where have his beauty, his *splendor*, his grace gone in a moment? Verily, everything of mortals is momentary."

The king said, "Why were you delighted before when you looked at me and now suddenly gloomy-faced from sadness?" Then they said in a nectar-sweet voice: "O fortunate one, we are gods,

dwelling in the heaven Saudharma. In the assembly of the gods Sakra described your beauty. We did not believe him and came here in the form of mortals to see it. We saw your beauty at first just as described by Sakra; just now, O king, it has changed-Now this body has become completely overspread by diseases, thieves of the whole wealth of beauty, like a mirror by a breath."

After they had made this truthful answer and had quickly departed, the king saw himself lusterless like a tree consumed by frost. He thought, "Alas! this body is always the home of disease. Foolish people of little wit are infatuated with it in vain, indeed. This body is torn by manifold diseases originated within, like a tree by cruel collections of tree-worms. Even if it is pleasing to some extent outwardly, nevertheless it is like the fruit of the banyan filled with insects inside. Disease instantly spoils the body's wealth of beauty like tendrils of duckweed water of the best pool. The body relaxes, but not *desire*; beauty goes, but evil thought does not go; old age appears, not knowledge. Shame on the true constitution of people! Beauty, grace, *splendor*, body, and property everything in *samsara* is as unsteady as a drop of water on the tip of kusa grass<sup>B</sup>. Penance only, the essence of voluntary destruction of karma, is the great fruit of creatures bodies\* which *perish* today or tomorrow."

The king, in whom the feeling of disgust with existence had been produced by these reflections, wishing to adopt *mendicancy* himself, established his son in the kingdom. He went to the garden and took penance, which is most important in the giving up of everything *censurable*, from Vinayandhara with reverence. As he, observing the great vows, practicing the uttaragunas\*, wandered from village to village, his mind intent on *tranquility*, his whole kingdom followed him from the bond of deep affection, like a herd of elephants the leader of the herd. When they had attended him who was free from passions, indifferent, free from affection, free from possessions, for six months, they returned gradually.

One day, after he had fasted for two days, he entered a compound to break his fast and received and ate millet and boiled rice with goat's butter-milk. From breaking his fast again in the same way after a two-day fast, his diseases increased as if from an unsatisfied pregnancy-whim. Virtuous-minded, he endured seven diseases itch, consumption, fever, asthma, want of appetite, and pain in the eyes for seven hundred years. Magic powers were acquired by him enduring all the trials hard to endure, indifferent to any expedient for relief. The seven magic powers, namely: phlegm, viprus, dried

perspiration, impurity, excrement, touch, and also 'everything,' are called remedies.

Just at that time Sakra, astonished in his heart, described him to the gods: "After resigning the glory of a cakravartin like a blazing bunch of straw, look! Sanatkumara endures penance hard to endure. For even though all the magic powers have been acquired by the greatness of his penance, indifferent to the body, he does not cure his diseases." Two gods, *Vijaya* and Vaijayanta, who did not believe that speech, went into his presence in the form of physicians. They said: "Illustrious sir, do you suffer from diseases? We are physicians. We cure everything by our own remedies. If you, whose body is consumed by disease, consent, we shall remove at once your aggravated diseases."

Then Sanatkumara said: "Sir doctors, people's diseases are two-fold, bodily and spiritual. *Anger*, *conceit*, *deceit*, and *greed* are people's spiritual diseases which produce endless pain, following into a thousand births. If you are able to cure these, then cure them, by all means; but if you cure bodily diseases, just look at this!"

Then he raised his finger which was torn and had an oozing scab and at once made it golden with a drop of his own phlegm, like copper with mercury. When they saw the finger shining like a golden rod, they fell at his feet and said;

"We, the same gods who came formerly to inspect your beauty, have come now also. Indra described you, 'The blessed Sanatkumara, even though he has the magic arts perfected, performs penance, enduring the pain of disease.' That has been tested before our eyes by us who have come here." With these words the gods bowed and departed.

#### His death

The age of the fourth cakrin was three lacs of years half a lac as prince, the same as governor, ten thousand years in the conquest of the quarters, ninety thousand years as cakrin, and a lac in the vow. When he knew that it was time for his death\*, when his life of three lacs of years was completed, Sanatkumara fasted to death with pure meditation\* and the homage to the Pancaparamesthins\* and was born a god in the heaven Sanatkumara.

May this fourth book from the ocean with jewels in the form of texts in which are described twenty-two persons five *Arhats*, five Sirins, five Upendras, five enemies of these (Prativasudevas) and two Cakrins be for your good fortune. Something from the sutras is

related here, something from fiction, something from yogapata.<sup>127</sup> If there is anything false in these, may it be the wicked deeds that are false, good people.

#### **FOOTNOTE**

- 93. Properly speaking kala has no 'atoms,' nor pradesas. Infinite past and infinite future time's are measured, understood and used generally as 'units of' time. Like hour, day, year, century etc to pudgalaparavert Kala.
  - (See chart for Kala) The interpretation that kala is believed to be and object (because of its usefulness), though not really an object with other view point kala is changes in *Atma* and *pudgala*. Indivisible unit 'samaya' when passes it becomes past, the one which is going to come is future and the present samaya-a single unit is 'kala'.
- 94. The shrines, of course, represent *dharma*, the golden houses artha, and the mirrors Kama.
- 95. Twins really, sons of the Sun.
- 96. The Alstonia scholars.
- 97. **Seven fields:** The 'seven fields' are Jain shrines, statues, scriptures, monks, nuns, laymen, laywomen.
- 98. A safflower sari seems to have been the usual garment of a sati. Technically, she would not be a sati (window), as her husband was still living, but it amounts to the same thing.
- 99. Evidently considered a fighting-fish.
- 100. I.e., if it is already manifest. The anantanubandha-kasayas that are in existence, but not yet *mainifested*, pass on in a succession of births. Hence the name.
- 101. Obviously, one cup is made from a leaf that could be made to hold liquid and one from a leaf that could not; drop by it is word and spined.
- 102. The *ascetic* Dvaipayana was beaten by drunken princes of Dvaraka and vowed revenge. In his next birth he was an Agnikumara and burned Dvaraka and all its inhabitants except Krsna and Balarama. After Dvaraka was burned, it was covered by the ocean.
- 103. Frail, but the argument seems reversed. Certainly ksama would be easier for a strong character than a weak one.
- 104. That is, the penalty for pride in high caste is low caste in another birth, et cetera.
- 105. That is, the early *ganadharas* knew all the scriptures by heart.
- 106. **Emotion** (*Bhava*) is ardent love which produces a change in eyes and brows.' 'Feeling (bhava) is the first touch of emotion

- in a nature that was previously unaffected Lila (sportiveness) is 'imitation of a lover in the actions of a fair-limbed maiden.
- 107. Counterfeit money.
- 108. Rjubhava is the result of alocana.
- 109. It isn't the first alphabet. It is 'Mine' here in interpreted. (Akara = mine) source for something. A kind of Vyantara.
- 110. The eleventh gunasthana.
- 111. **Kasayas:** In the case of the other kasayas; *krodha*, *mana*, and *maya*, in respective opposites: kasayas; *krodha*, *mana*, and *maya*, *ksanti*, *mardava*, and *arjava*, belong to the yatidharmas. Santosa (content) takes the place of *mukti-nirlobhata*.
- 112. I.e., technically. A layman does not have virati. (i.e. he is viratavirat) I.e., he became a Samanika.
- 113. The sarasa is the Ardea Sibirica, the blue Indian crane.
- 114. By chance.
- 115. A decorated wooden pillar used in the festival to Indra, now obsolete.
- 116. The Datura, the seeds of which are one of the most common and deadly poisons of India. says that the seeds "Enter into the composition of certain alcoholic beverages and render the consumers of these literally mad."
- 117. A naksatra, constellation, Spicavirginis, in ascendency in the autumn.
- 118. I.e., 'my husband.'
- 119. In confirmation of a gift or promise.
- 120. A marriage of inclination without ceremonies. It is one of the 8 recognized forms of marriage.
- 121. The serpent-missile was obstructed by the garuda-missile, and the fire-missile by the water-missile.
- 122. Prajnapti.
- 123. The elephant-jewel among the 14.
- 124. Tumburu and Narada: the generals of Sakra's and Isana's Gandharva-armies.
- 125. **Acamamlavardha-mana:** Acamamla (or acamla) is dry food, such as rice, pulse, or flour-cake without ghi or dressing. Acamamlavardha is a series of fasts broken by such meals. The whole penance lasts 14 years, 3 months, and 20 days.
- 126. *Takra* is butter-milk with part of water; but he also uses it as the name of butter-milk in general.
- 127. Yogapata (°patta) is the secret traditional knowledge handed down orally by a guru to a disciple as his successor.