

C H A P T E R VI

A CONSPECTUS OF THE TEXT OF THE TM.

INTRODUCTORY:-

Kavi Dhanapāla's TM is a prose-romance (katha) in Sanskrit depicting a love-affair each (a) between a human prince Harivāhana and a celestial princess Tilakamañjarī on the one hand, and (b) that between a human prince Samaraketu and a semi-celestial princess Malayasundarī on the other hand.

Dr. A.B.Keith,¹ Dr. S.K.De,² Dr. M.Krishnamachariar³ and all other writers⁴ on the history of Sanskrit literature have exhibited utter carelessness with respect to this elementary fact about the story of the TM. This negligence is more glaring in view of the fact

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1. cf. CSL.p.69 : "We have, however, in the TM of Dhanapāla ... in the account of the love of the heroine, who gave her name to the tale, and Samaraketu." Also, HSL(K). p.331 : "His romance is styled after the heroine.... in describing this lady's love of Samaraketu."
 2. cf. HSL(DD).p.431 : "The Tilakamañjarī is an elaborate tale of love and union of Tilakamañjarī and Samaraketu.... "
 3. cf. HCSL.p.475 : "The Tilakamanjari is an elaborate tale. It describes the love and union of Tilakamañjarī and Samaraketu..."
 4. SHSL.p.146 : "It gives an account of the love of Tilakamañjarī, the heroine and Samaraketu, the hero." Also, HSL(Var)p.117 : "Dhanapala wrote about 943 A.D. the work Tilakamanjari describing the love of Tilaka a princess and Samaraketu a prince". Also, SSSI. p.194 : "Samarakṣtu va Tilakamañjarī yāncyā prañayā-cī hī dīrghakāthā āhe." (Marāthī)

that an edition⁵ of the full text of the TM, and at least two compendiums of the TM, viz. the TMKS and the TMSm were already published⁶ long before these scholars undertook their works on the history of Sanskrit literature.⁷

The following compendium by me, compiled for the second time in English⁸, will certainly promote a better understanding of the text, and will justify the necessity of a fresh approach to the original prose-romance, which deserves a thoroughly fresh evaluation and appreciation after a careful and detailed firsthand study.

The TM has been composed in the form of an ornate prose-romance, which, like Bāṇa's Kādambarī, runs from end to end without being divided into chapters.

5. The first edition of the TM was published by the Nir. Sag. Press, Bombay, in A.D.1903.

6. cf. Appendix N. The TMKS was published in A.D.1919 by the Hemacandrācārya Saṅghā, Pātan (Gujarat). The TMSm was published even before that, as it has been noticed by the editors of the TMKS. cf. TMKS. Intro. p. 2a: मुद्रासा-
सन्नवर्ति श्रीरङ्गामित्याख्यनगरे वास्तव्यैः श्रीमदभिनवव्याजोपाधि-
धारिभिः कृष्णमान्धार्यैः सहृदयाख्ये स्वकीयमासिकपत्रे सांक्षिप्य क्रमशः
प्रसिद्धिकृतेयं कथा पृथगपि ग्रन्थाकारेण मुद्रापिता रुप्यकद्वयेन प्राप्यते स्म।

Dr. Krishnamachariar also has taken note of it in HCSL on p.475&ft.nt.

7. HSL(K) was first published in A.D.1928; HCSL in 1937; and HSL(DD) in 1947.

8. See Appendix N for an account of other compendiums of the TM. Refer the TMS Intro. pp. - for a shorter independent one compiled for the first time by me in English by way of a cantowise summary of the TMS critically edited by me and published by the L.D. Institute, Ahmedabad, 1968.

INTRODUCTORY VERSES:-

The work begins with a benedictory verse saluting Jina, the Omniscient and Omnipresent Lord (vs.I). It is followed by next five verses which express salutations to the Tirthankaras (vs.2), especially the first one, viz, Ṛṣabha (vs.3), to his first religious discourse (vs.4), delivered in extremely pure chaste language -- a veritable Goddess-of-Speech (vs.5), and to the beneficent glance by Lord Mahāvīra, the last Tirthankara, towards an inimical god who had been obstructing his penance (vs.6). The next two verses praise a good poetic composition (vs.7) and an impartial critic (vs.8). Then follows a censure against the wicked ignoramuses (vss.9-10), an acknowledgement of the power of a really poetic piece (vss.II-12) and a dig at the attempts of poetasters as well as bad critics (vss.I3-14). The next four verses deal with the defects of tiring prose full of long compounds (vs.I5) or too much of paronomasia (vs.I6), ceaseless prose only or too many verses (vs.I7) and lack of a good story content (vs.I8). In the following nineteen verses the poet respectfully and appreciatively mentions the names of his predecessors and their works; viz, Muni Indrabhūti, who, being the first disciple of the last Tirthankara, obtained the meritorious "Three Jewels" of the Jain

scriptures (vs.19); Vālmīki and "Kanīna" i.e. Vyāsa (vs.20); the author of the Bṛhatkathā (vs.21), Prava-rasena, the author of the 'Setu' kāvya (vs.22); the author of the Taraṅgavatī-kathā (vs.23); the Prakrit poet Jīvadeva (vs.24); Kālidāsa (vs.25); Bāṇa -- along with his son Pulindra -- the author of the Kādambarī-kathā and the Harṣacarita, an Ākhyāyikā (vs.26-27); Māgha and Bhāravi (vs.28); the author of the Prakrit Samarāditya-kathā (vs.29); Bhavabhūti, the dramatist (vs.30); Vākpatirāja, the author of the Gaudavadha-kāvya in Prakrit (vs.31); Bhadrakīrti, the Svetāmbara Jain author of the Tārāgana-kāvya (vs.32); ^{Yāyāvāra Kavi i.e. Rājasekhara} (vs.33); Mahendrasūri, the poet's own Jain preceptor (vs.34); the poet Rūdra, the author of the Trailokyasundarī-kathā (vs.35); Kardamarāja, adept in composing fine homiletic verses (vs.36); and a general tribute to their mastery in either in language or story-telling or lucidity or in all the three simultaneously. Then commences an account of his patrons beginning with the description of Mount Arbuda (vs.38). There is a reference to the fire-pit origin, and a tribute to the valour, of King Paramāra, the founder of the dynasty known by his name (vs.39), and of his son Śrī Vairisīmha (vs.40), whose son was Śrī Sīyaka well-known as Śrī Harṣa (vs.41). His son was Śrī Sindhurāja,

a highly brave warrior, whose elder brother was the king Śrīmad Vākpatirāja (Muñja) (vs. 42). The former's son was Śrī Bhoja, who was ~~xxx~~ crowned as the heir-apparent by Vākpatirāja, ~~m~~ alias Muñja, himself (vs. 43). The next seven verses eulogize the martial career of the Paramāra King Bhoja (vss. 44-49). Then the poet informs us that he composed his prose-romance with the purpose of entertaining this King Bhoja, who was otherwise well-versed in all the branches of literature, but who wanted to listen ~~xx~~ to a tale based on Jain scriptural lore (vs. 50). In the next three verses follows the poet's autobiographical account. There lived in the village called Sānkāśya an extremely munificent brahmin named Devarsi (vs. 51). His son was Sarvadeva, highly learned both in the lore and luxuries (vs. 52). His son was Dhanapāla, who ~~xx~~ acquired his education at the feet of his father. This poet, the author of this prose-romance, the Tilakamañjarī, was publicly honoured by King Muñja, who conferred on him the coveted title "Sarasvatī", i.e. the scholar par excellence, in the presence of his royal assembly (vs. 53).

Then unfolds the story proper with a long and elaborate poetic description of Ayodhyā, the capital city of the Kosalā country.

KING MEGHAVĀHANA IN AYODHYĀ(pp.7-23):

There is in the Bhāratavarṣa a city named 'Ayodhyā' (invincible), very true to its name, surrounded as it is by a massive rampart wall and a very broad and deep defensive ditch. It is the capital of the kings of the Ikṣvaku line. The river Sarayū flows along its precincts.

In this wonderful city, ruled Meghavahana, an emperor unrivalled in physical prowess, well-versed in all the fourteen sciences, adept in wielding all the six political expedients, treating all his citizens equally though knowing their idiosyncrasies thoroughly well. Having been crowned at an early age, he conquered the whole earth by his valour and made all the directions safe for his subjects. Having uprooted all his enemies, he entrusted the administration of his kingdom to his learned and wise chief minister, and took to ~~XXXXXX~~ amorous enjoyments, though attending to normal routine of the regal responsibilities. And thus indeed did a long period of his reign elapse with perfect happiness, except that he did not have even a single male child to inherit his vast wealthy empire. As the old age began to creep in, a sense of dejection gradually took possession of his mind, while he yearned for a son. His queen, named Madirāvati, was a lady of rare beauty and equally matching moral as well as noble qualities. She was regarded

very highly and loved deeply by the king, whose consecrated queen she was.

MEGHAVĀHANA'S MEETING WITH THE VIDYĀDHARA MUNI(BB.23-

33):

Once in the early morning, on the terrace of the palace called Bhadrasāla, when the king and the queen were busy enjoying a chat, they saw in the sky a highly luminous figure of a Vidyādhara Muni approaching them from the southern direction. As he saw the royal couple, the Vidyādhara Muni descended on the terrace. The king, approaching with utmost respect, greeted him befittingly. After offering him due worship and a golden chair, and having introduced himself and his queen to the Muni, the king told him that he, along with all his wealth and power, was at his disposal. But the Muni gently and thankfully rejected the offer, adding that he was devoid of all desires and activities, and had, therefore, no use for all such means of worldly enjoyments. He, then, enquired as to the queen and the cause of her grief, which could at once be inferred from her sad face and almost tearful eyes. The king revealed to the Muni the cause of their grief thus :

'As we don't have a male child who would inherit our throne, we pass our sleepless miserable nights in anxiety. To-day in the morning, I heard a bard singing--

"The misery, like the night, has now exhausted.

Worship, O King!& unhindered, the deities.

Blooming forth the worlds, before long

Will thy line, like the disc of the Sun, rise."

Taking heart from this clue, I made up my mind to retire to a forest and propitiate some deity. Then I asked this queen of mine to wait for me till I returned after successfully obtaining the cherished boon. She, however, instantly swooned on hearing my words. Having come to her own after sometime, she implored me to take her with me, and began to weep incessantly. It behoves you, Sir! to kindly persuade her not to come in the way of my austerities. Hearing this and realizing the depth of the misery of the royal couple, the Muni instantly reverted to deep meditation. Before long he opened his eyes and told the king;

"O King! the ill-luck hindering your cherished wish has almost vanished and there is no cause now to worry. Please don't make your consort unhappy. Abandon all your thoughts ~~about~~ about retiring to a distant forest and undergoing consequent unbearable hardships. Worship, here in your palace, your family deity, Srī, the Goddess-of-Prosperity. She is favourably inclined

to your line by nature, worshipped as she was by your forefathers like Īkṣvāku, Bharata, Bhagīratha, and others. And do accept from me Vidyā, a mystic lore, ~~now~~ known as 'Aparājitā'. Worship the deity thrice in the day and the night time."

The Muni then conferred on him the Vidyā along with its mystic word-armour, the Mantra-kavaca. The king received it with utmost ~~raz~~ faith and gratitude and worshipped the Muni again. The latter, then, having instructed the queen to be helpful to her husband in his sacred undertaking and lead a life of abstinence during the period of the vow, wished the king a happy fulfilment of his desire for a son. Having then expressed a wish to visit various holy places of Jambudvīpa, the Muni took leave of the royal couple and muttered a mystic formula, "the Sky-soaring Vidyā", by the power of which he flew away in the sky.

WORSHIP OF THE GODDESS ŚRĪ (pp.33-35) :-

King Meghavāhana informed his ministers about the incident and in consultation with them he built, in the garden in the harem, a beautiful temple studded with jewels. Therein he erected, with due ceremonies, a pearl image of Śrī, the Goddess-of-Prosperity, on an auspicious day and started his worship day by day.

Thus, in the morning, accompanied by the servants, who collected for his worship fresh flowers from the garden, he would go to the garden-steam where he finished his morning routines and ablution and performed Japa. He would then put on silk garments, perform Sandhyā, and having put on a covering piece of cloth to his mouth, he would proceed to the temple where he bathed the image-goddess for a long time with water flowing from golden jars, anointed her with sandal paste, offered her beautiful pearl ornaments, garlands and Kṛṣṇāguru incense. He would then bow down to the image-goddess with utmost devotion and sing, to the accompaniment of musical instruments, a significant panygyric in the honour of the deity. After performing the Japa of the Mantra (imparted by the Muni) he would leave the temple and greet the elders. At midday, after offering the necessary worship, he would engage himself in the discussions with scholars versed in various schools of philosophy. At the sunset, again, he would worship the goddess in the same manner as he did in the morning and then stroll for a while in the harem garden. Thus did many days pass.

THE GIFT OF A DIVINE NECKLACE BY A VAIMĀNIKA

GOD JVALANAPRABHA(pp.35-45) :-

Once, as it was an auspicious day, the king, after offering special worship to the deity, visited the holy Śakrāvātāra, the Temple of the Masters (Siddhāyatana), situated on the outskirts of the city. As he was just entering it, he saw a Vaimānika god, who ~~was just~~ suddenly appeared before him. The god was approaching him after offering due worship to the Premordial Jina. The god came to him and said:

" ~~O King~~ O King ! I have heard about you many good things as they were being reported to Indra, the Lord of the gods. I am fortunate to meet you in person. I am Jvalanaprabha, a Vaimānika, a resident of Saudharma heaven. Having seen this divine Siddhāyatana of Lord Ṛsabha, the Premordial Jina, I have come here to worship Him. I have to proceed to Nandīśvara-dvīpa where a friend of mine, god Sumālī, has gone at the instance of his celestial consort Svayamprabhā in order to feast his eyes on the beauty of the Jina Temple. He is enjoying with her there in the garden on the shore of a lake. In that Dvīpa there is a celestial city called Rativiśālā. Today in the morning, during

their routine perambulation, my servants found it completely sacked. This bodes some impending evil for my friend. I would meet him and console him in this distress. I have not been able to do a good turn to you. So, please, accept compliments along with this divine Candrātapa necklace. It was obtained from the Ocean at the time of the Great ~~Sham~~ Churning by the gods and the demons. The Ocean presented it to his daughter Śrī, the Goddess-of-Prosperity. She on her part gifted it to Indrānī, the wife of her husband's elder brother, on the occasion of the birth of their son, Jayanta. Thence did it reach my wife, to whom Indrānī presented it. I have put it on my person in order to reduce the pangs of separation from my wife. You are a person fit to receive such a valued gift. Please do not entertain any reservations in this regard. It might perhaps enable me to be united with her when I might have to be born as a human being."

And he made over the necklace to the king, who accepted it to oblige the Vaimānika. At that moment the latter disappeared. The king fastened the necklace to the skirt-end of his upper garment and went to the holy Śakrāvata to offer his worship to the Premordial Jina.

THE KING'S ENCOUNTER WITH A VETĀLA (pp.46-55):-

In the evening he offered the necklace to the image-goddess during the course of his evening worship. No sooner did the king put it at the feet of the image, he heard a terrible laughter, which, however, could not frighten the king. Looking for the source of it, he saw, to the left of the image, an extremely black tall terrible figure of a Vetāla, on whose thin bloodless legs the veins were clearly visible. In one of his hands he held a big skull from which the blood dripped on the temple pillars. Serpents residing along his head, ears, nostrils and chest were his ornaments. His tongue repeatedly licked the flesh from under his nose. He was busy eating some part of the body of a Sudra sadhaka. His eyes were red like fire. He wore a garland of human skulls and armlets of human bones. Between his teeth clung a piece of half-chewed human bone. A lion-skin covered his body along his waist and downwards.

Having looked at him from top to toe, the king inquired of the Vetāla the cause of his laughter. The latter replied: " O King! You have been worshipping the Goddess-of-Prosperity for days together. But you have neglected me, who am an important servant of hers. This is quite contrary to the accepted usage. You should

mend the mistake lest some evil befalls you". The king replied : "I am thankful to you for enlightening me in regard to the servant's right of priority in being worshipped! But now that I have already advanced too far in the worship, I cannot pay attention to you, unless I complete my present worship of the Goddess-of-Prosperity. In the meantime if you wish to have something to eat, please take as many as you like from these fruits, roots, sweets and others brought for the worship of the deity." The Vetāla, however, said that being a demon he had no use for vegetarian eatables, but wished to have, for a new bowl, the head of somebody who was the best of the human beings. At that the king said: "It is not possible for me at this moment to fetch you somebody else's head. I would rather offer my own head if it fulfils your requirements". The Vetāla readily agreed.

The king, then, declined the help offered by the Vetāla in severing the head and drew out his own sword in the right hand and applied it to his neck. By the time the sword was half-way into the neck, his right hand got benumbed. He tried with his left hand to finish with the neck, when, lo ! there arose a groaning outcry of divine damsels. Following with his eyes, he saw

nearby a suddenly appearing figure of the goddess Sri, seated on the lotus and brightening all the quarters by her bodily lustre. She had put on a divine white silk garments. In her neck was a necklace of pearls and in her ears she wore Mandāra sprouts. By her left hand she was caressing her well-bound braid of hair. And she was surrounded by her tutelary goddesses like Prajñapti, Rohiṇī and others.

THE GODDESS ŚRĪ CONFERS THE BOON (pp.55-61):-

Having seen her the king enquired of her the cause of her appearance there. The goddess, then, introduced herself to him saying that she was the Goddess-of-Prosperity who, being pleased by his heroic worship, was now ready to fulfil all his wishes. The king, however, asked her to help him in cutting off his head for the Vetāla. The goddess, thus doubly pleased, informed him that she did not have such frightful attendants, that he was really her principal Yakṣa attendant Mahodara by name, who had come to test him, that the king should not bother now to fulfil his promise to the Vetāla, and that he should ask for whatever boon he cherished, At this the king asked her to enable queen Madirāvati to bear a male child, who would be an emperor of the whole world. The goddess, pleased more and more as she was by

his witty conversation, granted the boon adding that two of her eight-handed forms will ever be fanning with the chawries at the back of that offspring. She then presented to him the Candrātapa necklace and a jewelled ring named Bālārūṇa and directed him to discontinue the worship, engage in worldly enjoyments and attend to regal responsibilities. Expressing her intention of going to a pilgrimage of border mountains like Trikūṭa, Malaya etcetara and of oceans like the Milk-ocean and of holy places like Nandīśvara on her way back to her home in the great Padma lake, the goddess disappeared. And the king went to the bed.

THE KING RETURNS TO HIS CAPITAL^{pp.}(61-74):-

Next morning elders, ministers and citizens poured in masses to greet him. The king showed them the divine necklace and the ring and entrusted the former to the Minister of Treasure, while he gave the latter to Vijayavega with an instruction to send it to his friend Vajrāyudha, who was in the command of an expedition to the South, so that the ring may be helpful to him during the night attacks. Having, then, received all the visitors who ~~WERE~~ were overjoyed and sung his glory all round, the king retired to the assembly hall for Brahmins.

After that he rode the royal female-elephant and went round the city in a grand procession and returned to the royal palace, where he took his lunch.

After a siesta, he ~~proposed~~ proceeded to the court, attended to the pending regal business and met the chief ambassadors and spies. In the evening he went to the harem where he saw the queen, Madirāvati, who had emaciated due to long separation and who greeted him with auspicious ceremony. He adorned her with his own hands, embraced her heartily and passed the night with her. When the night was about to be over, the king saw, in the dream the celestial elephant Airāvāna descending from the ~~xxxxxx~~ sky on to the Silver Mountain (i.e. Kailāsa) sucking in the milk from the breasts of Madirāvati, who was looking very beautiful in the white clothes, garlands and perfumes and who was sitting on the top of the mountain. Awakened by the auspicious morning music of bugles, he related to the queen the dream assuring her as to the certainty of her begetting a son by the grace of the Goddess-of-Prosperity.

BIRTH OF HARIVĀHANA (pp.74-78):-

After some days the queen conceived and, in due course, she gave birth to a handsome son at the proper

course gave birth to a handsome son at the proper hour when the planets were passing through auspicious zodiacal signs. the whole harem was, then, throbbing with the bustle of the harem staff and the whole city celebrated the occasion to the accompaniment of drums, conches, bells etc., the music of which reverberated in all the directions of the world, announcing to it, as though, the birth of an uncommon prince. Students, who were granted a holiday, thronged at the palace to confer blessings on the new-born child. The city damsels were seen dancing in groups everywhere out of ecstasy. The astrologers appointed by the king took special pains to note the correct time of birth of the child and worked out the horoscope. The king then entered the labour-room in the harem, which was guarded on all sides by fully armed guards, which was adorned with flowers and colourful designs, and which thronged with busy old women of the harem. Having had a look at the child with perfect satisfaction and having confirmed the signs of an absolute emperor on his various limbs the king ordered celebrations on a grand scale lasting for full one month. On the tenth day, having ordered special devotional service in all the temples of his capital,

having honoured friends and elders, and having given away in charity thousands of adorned cows and profuse gold to the Brahmins, he named his son 'Harivāhana' in view of the dream and his own name.

HARIVĀHANA'S CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION(pp.78-81):

Surrounded always by healthy, happy and young nurses the prince grew day by day. The family priest performed all the due ceremonies like the first feeding and others. Highly qualified physicians and well-known feudatory kings looked after the child. The ladies of the harem called the prince every now and then and embraced and kissed him and fondly adorned him with many types of clothes and priceless jewelled ornaments. Thus did the king prince pass his first five years.

In the sixth year the king invited highly qualified well-tested teachers of sterling character and entrusted them with the education of the prince at the school built within the precincts of the royal palace. In the holy presence of the Goddess-of-Wisdom, Sarasvatī, they gradually imparted to him instruction in all the principal arts and sciences so that within a short period of ten years the prince became an adept in all the fourteen Vidyās along with their Auxiliaries and

fine ~~at~~ arts. He developed special proficiency in painting and instrumental music -- playing the lute. Extreme physical vigour and wonderful stamina was but second nature to him.

In the seventeenth year, having been formally sent off by the teachers, prince Harivāhana returned to his father, King Meghavāhana, who celebrated his return, got a new palace built for him exclusively and, wishing to anoint him as his heir-apparent, he deputed ambassadors and spies to all the countries in search of princes of princely qualities, like generosity, valour, depth and dignity, and ordered them to fetch them to him with due honours.

Once upon a time when the king was sitting with the prince, a female-doorkeeper announced the arrival of ~~Vajrāyudha, the~~ Vijayavega, the chief orderly of Vajrāyudha, the Commander-in-Chief. Ordered by the king, Vijayavega entered and reported that Vajrāyudha had succeeded in subordinating, after subduing, the kings like Bhavadatta, Bhīma, Bhānuvega and others and that he had returned through him the divine Bālārūpa ring which, said he, had been duly deposited with the Minister of Treasury, Mahodadhi. When the king asked as

to whether the ring was useful in any way, Vijayavega began to narrate thus :

VIJAYAVEGA'S REPORT (pp.81-99):-

"sir : nothing else could achieve what has actually been by the divine power of the ring. Last year at the end of the rainy season when the rivers were free from floods, the Commander-in-Chief ordered from Kuṇḍinapura a march in the direction of Kāñcī-maṇḍala with the intention of bearing King Kusumasekhara down. Bringing to book the intervening vassals, he entered the boundaries of the Kāñcī region. Knowing full well the inferior power of his own army, King Kusumasekhara took refuge in a castle with full military preparations, with the intention of passing time, while he deputed his spies to various kings for military assistance. Meanwhile the Commander-in-Chief laid a tight sēige around the castle. Day after day passed with fighting which became at times curious, at other times fierce, sometimes comic and sometimes boaring. Thus did a long time pass away.

"Once during the Spring season, when the Festival-of-Love-god (Madanamahotsava) was at its height, everybody was busy enjoying and, the first quarter of the ~~night~~ ^{almost} night being ~~over~~

almost night being/over, and the soldiers were about to go to bed, the bugles and drums all of a sudden ~~xxx~~ emitted a warning signal and the whole camp was up on the feet in a moment. The commander could not make out the cause of confusion. But presently two riders, Karataka and Kāṇḍarāta, came rushing to report that the enemy had mounted a surprise night assault against them. The commander was much delighted at the news and ordered ~~z~~ for his chariot, and having mounted it, he swiftly drew at the head of the attack. Then ensued a fierce battle at close quarters and the whole atmosphere was full of various noises of twangs of the bows, cries of the wounded, clinking of swords, clatter of chariot-wheels and roars of flooding blood-steams. Soldiers began to fall dead with every passing moment in the terribly raging battle, when a young prince was seen approaching and repeatedly ~~shouting~~ shouting at Vajrāyudha by his name in a challenging voice. The commander also took up the challenge and both, Vajrāyudha and the prince, were locked in a fierce duel. When I soon found that the former was fighting a losing battle, I remembered the Bālāruṇa ring which I slipped into one of his fingers. And, lo ! the whole army of the enemy suddenly

became motionless and fell fast asleep along with the prince. Our forces were overjoyed and rushed forward. But the commander stopped them in your name and approached the chariot of the prince, whose condition was miserable. He, therefore, asked the accompanying female attendant about the prince.

" With eyes full of tears, the chowry-bearer replied: 'He is Samaraketu, the heir-apparent of Canraketu, the king of the Simhala country. Ordered as he was by his father to help Kusumasekhara of this city, he arrived with his army at Kāñcī. For the last five or six days he was cheerless and care-worn. Today, in the morning, for some unknown reason, he dressed magnificently, went with the retinue to the temple of the Love-god, passed there the whole day and, at night, having sent off all his attendants, slept in the temple. At midnight unexpectedly he ~~was~~ set out with his army ready for a surprise night-attack, in spite of the disapproval of his ministers and friends and came to the present plight.'

" When the next day dawned, the rival army regained consciousness along with the prince, Samaraketu, who, realizing that he was captured by the enemy, again swooned out of deep sense of shame. Thanks to the cool

breeze of the forest, he again regained consciousness. The commander then announced ceasefire and restrained our soldiers from looting the enemy camp. The prince was brought to our barracks where he was lodged with the commander who arranged for due medical treatment. When the prince recovered completely he was brought, with all his attendants, to the commander who honoured him with best of dishes, drinks, dresses and ornaments and told the prince that he was free to return to his country. At this juncture as the prince wanted to know about his rivals at whose hands he had suffered such an unexpected defeat, the commander told him about the power of the divine Balaruna ring and the whole story of Your Highness acquiring it, beginning with the meeting with the god Jvalanaprabha and winning the grace of the Goddess-of-Prosperty. The prince was highly impressed by the story and expressed a desire to have the honour of meeting and of paying his respects to Your Highness. The commander, therefore, brought with him the prince, who is at present camping near Śakrāvātāra garden on the bank of the Sarayū. I have been detailed in advance to wait on Your Highness for further orders."

FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN HARIVĀHANA AND SAMARAKETU (pp. 99-
-104):-

King Meghavāhana was very much curious about the prince and ordered Haradāsa, a chamberlain, to usher him along with his retinue to the court immediately. At the arrival of Samaraketu, the King received him very warmly, embraced him and, out of affection, seated him in his lap. When the prince took his seat nearby, the king said:-

"We are very happy to receive you here. You are very lucky in that your enemies, though defeated by you, are joyful as if they have come out victorious. The divine Bālāruṇa ring has brought me another son in you, who will henceforth share this kingdom with my son Harivāhana. Live with him and enjoy. Don't think that you have been brought here under duress. The whole of my retinue will be at your service and all your wishes shall be fulfilled." Then he turned to his son, Prince Harivāhana, and, pointing out to him the ~~xxx~~ exceptional good qualities of Samaraketu, said:

"My dear son ! I have found in this prince Samaraketu a worthy principal companion for you. Honour him by friendship and preserve him by sharing with him your confidence!"

Prince Harivāhana took Samaraketu by hand and took him to Queen Madirāvati in the royal harem and introduced

him to her. After their lunch, minister Sudrṣṭi produced before them a map of the kingdom wherein were demarked the boundaries of the northern regions which were conferred on them by the royal order for their pocket expenses. Both the princes then lived happily, while their mutual friendship grew more and more intimate.

THE UNIDENTIFIED LOVE-LETTER AND ITS EFFECT ON

SAMARAKETU (pp. 105-113):-

Once during the Summer season both the princes, accompanied by their companions, went to the Mattakokila garden on the bank of Sarayū. Enjoying a walk there, they came near a garden pool beside the temple of Love-god. They were engrossed in a very interesting general discussion with wellknown scholars on various topics of mythology, history, poetry, novel, drama, music, and so on when the witty and poetic Mañjīraka, a son of a bard, dropped in and said : O Prince ! I shall relate to you something bearing on the topic under discussion. I had been to the temple of Love-god on the occasion of the festival on the thirteenth in the waxing half of the month of Māgha. Under a mango-tree I found an envelope tied up by lotus filaments and closed with the seal bearing the mark of a breast-nipple. I picked^{it} up and examined it at my house in secret. Getting no clue as to the addressee, I ~~opened it and found~~

opened it and found therein a letter containing a message composed in an Āryā metre. The verse was written with musk-ink and bordered with beautiful designs of red sandalwood paste and treated with Aguru scent. But I could not make out anything out of it. Here it is :

"Wishing to marry, soon and without ceremony, with me, who am not given away (to you), you will be in the dansely overgrown forest, where fire will be by your side."

All the companions were listening attentively, when, having grasped the significance of the couplet, Prince Harivāhana began to elaborate it thus :

"This is a love-letter from a ~~xxx~~ shrewd girl to a lover who has failed to get the consent of her father in regard to their marriage. The girl has hereby conveyed that though her parents have not been kind to him, he should not think of kidnapping her. Instead, he should wait for a while ~~for~~ since she has arranged for a secret marriage in the very forest where they had first met. He should come to that place with none else but the holy fire, while she will also arrive there with a couple of friends. The couplet also suggests a baneful idea, evidently intended to mislead one who might conspire to

foil their plan. The idea is *- 'If you try to marry with me unlawfully, inspite of my parents' refusal, you will be consigned to a dense forest of swords, where fire will await your company.' But this is not the intended sense. No beloved would ever write such a message while she acually expressed so much intensity of love by posting the letter so carefully and artistically."

Everybody was astonished at the depth of Prince Harivāhana's power of appreciation, except Prince Samaraketu who was all the while sighing and restless with unbearable agony. Prince Kamalagupta tried unsuccessfully to give a jolly turn by connecting the incident with Samaraketu . When entreated by Prince Harivahana, Samaraketu said : "O Prince ! I am really surprised at your extraordinary grasp of the innermost recesses of human hearts. How could you fathom my thoughts ? When you have pressed me I have got to narrate to you the whole story. Please listen.

SAMARAKETU'S ROMANTIC ACCOUNT(pp.II4-161):-

There is in the Siṃhala country a city named Rāngasālā, where my father Candraketu rules. Once, in order to inflict punishment ꝑ on defiant feudatories, he detailed a unit of his naval fleet, appointed me as his heir-appa-

rent and commissioned me in charge of its command. On an auspicious day, having duly worshipped the favourite deities and having honoured Brahmins with gifts of dresses etc., I went to the court where I sat on a golden throne. After being honoured by city courtezans with ceremonial send-off, I mounted an elephant named Amaravallabha, who was driven by a driver called Vajrāṅkuṣa, and set out for the task in company of a few ministers, vassals and admirals. Reciprocating the greetings of the citizens, I crossed the boundaries of the city and marched through the rural country and forests and arrived at the shore of the southern ocean, where I camped for three days in order to take rest and make advance preparations for the campaign. On the fourth day in the afternoon I offered my worship to the ocean and, having ordered the captains to get ready for the expedition, I came to the outer court from where I saw, among the group of oarsmen, a handsome sailor youth about twenty years in age. Astonished at the contrast he afforded with his monstrous associates, I asked about him to Yakṣapālita, one of my admirals. I was informed that he was a captain of the oarsmen. But noticing that I was not convinced about a sailor possessing such an impressive personality, he began to give a detailed

report about him thus:

THE ROMANTIC INTERLUDE OF TĀRAKA, A SAILOR YOUTH
(pp.126-130):-

There is in the Suvarṇadvīpa a city called Maṇiputa, where lived a merchant named Vaiśravaṇa, who was highly experienced in seafaring and honoured by the king and citizens. In his old age his wife Vasudattā begot a very handsome son who was named Tāraka. Having been properly educated in sciences and arts, he took to seafaring right from his teens and arrived, with a ship, here, to Raṅgāśālā. Shortly after his arrival here, he made friends, somehow, with a sailor chieftain named Jalaketu, who had a beautiful daughter, Priyadarśanā. Once Priyadarśanā went, on behalf of her father, to Tāraka's house to hand over a pearl necklace, when she saw him and instantly fell in love with him. He, on his part, received her well with all the formalities and sent her back. But thenceforward she began to visit his house off and on. One day, when she was at his house and was playing with her friends, suddenly she saw him approaching. Being overpowered with bashfulness she tried to escape but her feet failed her and she slipped off from over the steps of the staircase. Tāraka

came running in order to save her and caught her by her right palm. When she got up, he asked her to calm down and then return home. But Priyadarśanā just smiled significantly and told him that as he had caught her right hand she was, from that moment practically his married wife, who considered his home as her own. Tāraka was amused and he readily accepted her as his bride and married her there and then by the Gandharva ceremony. Tāraka's days passed happily in her company and he left his seafaring in the lurch. He was informed that his wife was really a daughter of a merchant whose ship collapsed in the sea and she, the daughter of the merchant, was rescued and brought up by Jalaketu. In spite of this information, and repeated entreaties of the accompanying merchants, he was too ashamed to return home and, therefore, settled here. Lord Candraketu came to know about him and put him in charge of his naval unit. Serving his term therein, he developed uncommon skill in handling vessels of various types and acquired minute knowledge about every nook and corner of this ocean. In view of his exceptional fortitude and unrivalled courage rarely to be found in one born in merchant ~~family~~ community, he has been

promoted to rank of the Chief of all the sailor squadrons. He is now detailed to take charge of your ship.

Please put your confidence in him and he will see you through all the odds in the course of this expedition." (Here ends the admiral's report.)

SAMARAKETU'S ACCOUNT CONTINUES (pp.130 ff.) :-

In the meantime, Tāraka approached me and submitted that the ship, Vijayayātrā, was ready, stuffed as it was with all the necessary supplies, and requested me to board it. I, then came to the shore, bade good-buy to all who had come to see me off, saluted the ocean and boarded the ship. The accompanying princes and others also boarded their respective ships. The conch was blown as the signal and the fleet started and voyaged on and on till it arrived near the Suvēla mountain, where we put up our camp. On the very first day, after having defeated Parvataka, a Bhilla chieftain, Atri, a captain of mine, came to me and submitted on behalf of the admiral that to the left was the mount Ratnakūṭa, a veritable ornament of the Pañcasāila-dvīpa. This mountain was carried here by Hanuman from the Meru mountain. Deeming it improper to set such a pearl mountain among the stones for setting up a bridge, the Chief Engineer

Nīla put it aside in the ocean. It abounds in many miracles and for that reason you would like to pay a visit there. If we camp here for a couple of days the fleet will also get some rest. I gave my assent and the signal was given for a halt. The soldiers began to land and the whole fleet was busy putting up the camp.

At that time a sweet note of divine music from the north-east side of Mount Ratnakūṭa sounded my ears. It captivated my mind and I asked Tāraka if he could get ready with me to launch a boat in the direction of the music and inquire. Tāraka initially discouraged me saying that the island was encircled by a castle-wall and that the waters were dangerously turbulent there with risky rocks. ~~But~~ But realizing my eagerness, he got ready at last and we started in the direction with barely half a dozen crew. We came near the island, sailed around it once to locate the source of the music, when, all of a sudden, it stopped. We were helpless and Tāraka asked me for orders to return. I hung my head down from shame for having put them into such a predicament. We somehow passed the night in the boat. Towards the dawn we looked up and saw, on the island, an extremely bright hallow of light which gradually turned out to be the

retinue of some Vidyādhara king approaching from the Suvela mountain. Having seen it, I ordered Tāraka to sail on, while the vidyādharas began to inquire among themselves about us. Having sailed for a short distance, I saw a wonderful divine temple and our hopes got a fresh lease of life. Tāraka observed that it was difficult to get into the temple, it being surrounded by a castle-wall and the windows being too high to be reached. He thought it advisable to wait there till some inmate could guide and enable them to get in to pay their homage to the deity therein.

SAMARAKETU ENAMoured OF AN UNKNOWN BEAUTY ~~XXXX~~

(MALAYASUNDARĪ)--(pp.158ff.):-

At that moment, we heard a sweet jingling of anklets. Looking up I saw a group of lustrously beautiful girls. Among them my eyes were captured at the sight of a damsel of unprecedented beauty and of about sixteen ~~xxx~~ ^{autobiographical} years of age. (Samaraketu's/account ends here)

GANDHARVAKA PRESENTS A PORTRAIT OF TILAKAMANJARĪ

(pp. 162 ff.)

While all were deeply engrossed in listening to this romantic episode of Samaraketu's life, a maid of honour, Vajrārgalā, entered with a portrait which she

unfolded and handed over to Prince Harivāhana, requesting him to feast his eyes on it. The prince was delighted to find that it was a portrait of a girl and studied it. After showing it to Samaraketu, Kamalagupta and other companions, he asked the attendant as to where she got it from. She reported that it was found with a handsome boy of fifteen who seemed to be a traveller as he inquired of her about the country. Having been informed about King Meghavāhana and Prince Harivāhana, he showed his eagerness to see them both and present the portrait. "He is just following me," she added.

Within a moment they saw the boy entering the court. Having duly saluted the prince, who received him gladly, the boy asked him whether he liked the portrait and whether there was any artistic flaw in it. The prince admitted that it was a superb piece with its background of natural scenery of a lake and the trees on its bank and with the princess accompanied by her friends and maids of honour, except for the fact that there was to be expected a figure of at least one young man, which would have enhanced its beauty. The boy explained that it was omitted intentionally. Elaborating further he said : "There is on Mount Vaitāḍhya a wonderful Vidyādhara city

called Rathanūpuracakravāla, ruled by the Vidyādhara emperor Cakrasena. His crowned queen Patralekhā begot a daughter who was named Tilakamañjarī. Passing her childhood in play, she gradually became well-versed in fine arts and attained youthful age and began to enjoy the company of her female friends and companions in the gardens and ponds on the slopes of mountains like Malaya, Himālaya and on the shores of oceans and lakes. But she would not, even in a dream, think of associating with males, in spite of many attempts by her companions who narrated to her the wonderful incidents about handsome and valorous young princes of various countries. Observing such a mental condition of the princess her parents, --the royal Vidyādhara couple,-- were much worried about her. Once during the night her Queen Mother Patralekhā invoked the goddess Prajñapti Vidyā and sought her advice in the matter. The goddess revealed to her ^{in a dream} that her daughter was really a friend of the goddess Śrī in the former birth and that a prince of a human emperor was destined to be her husband. At this the queen directed her nurse Citralekhā to use to an advantage Tilakamañjarī's hobby for painting and show to her the portraits of handsome princes and narrate to her their pedigrees and

prowess, so that she might, by chance, fix her heart upon one of them. My mother Citralekhā, then, directed her attendants in all directions with express orders to fetch portraits of various princes. As I was standing nearby, she asked me to go to the Suvela mountain and deliver in the name of Queen Patralekhā, a message to her father Vicitravīrya. The message read thus : "When in the divine temple
 /you came to hear about Gandharvadattā, who was said to be the crowned queen of King Kusumāśekhara of Kāñcī, a doubt had developed in your mind due to similarity of names. She is the very same daughter of yours. I have confirmed this myself when I saw her personally and consoled her about the well-being of all her relatives. When asked in secret she has herself narrated all the incidents beginning with the sack of the city of Vaijayantī upto her consequent sojourn at the Vaikhānasa Ashrama and her marriage with King Kusumāśekhara. There is thus no further room for doubt." Citralekhā further conveyed to me that I should spend a night there, pay homage to Gandharvadattā the next morning and return immediately. I shall try to come back to you after the task is finished. Please, tell me if you have to send some message with me," said Gandharvaka. Prince Harivāhana, however, replied that he had nothing to convey

in the southern direction, but that he should not forget this acquaintance in the days of his distress. He, then, asked him to carry a message of Samaraketu to Malayasundarī, the daughter of Queen Gandharvadattā and King Kumasāekhara of Kāñcī. The boy -- Gandharvaka --, then, took leave of the prince and went away.

THE LOVE-LORN CONDITION OF HARIVĀHANA (pp. 173-183):-

Prince Harivāhana went to his palace and passed the day in looking at the beauty of the girl in the portrait. He became love-lorn. His nights passed sleeplessly. Next morning he went to the palace garden where he ascended the hillock built for love-sport and fixing his gaze in the southern ~~direction~~ direction he eagerly passed his whole day awaiting the arrival of Gandharvaka, who, however, did not turn up. Days after days passed by in this manner till the rainy season approached and the condition of the love-lorn prince began to go from bad to worse. Then commenced the Winter season. As the pangs of separation became unbearable for the prince, he sought the permission from his father, King Meghavāhana, through the Chief Minister and proceeded in company of Samaraketu and other friends, on a tour of various regions of his father's domain. Being entertained by the kings of the

intervening regions they passed by various places of interest, such as, the fort-mountain Mandaraka, the lake constructed by his royal father, the village donated in the service of a deity by his Queen Mother, the sacred grove reared up and granted to the mendicants by the minister Surānanda, the place where the Huna was defeated by lieutenant Nītivarman, the regions allotted to Samaraketu and Kamalagupta. Solicited by the king of Prāgjyotiṣa region, he pitched his camp there and roamed in the forests on the slopes of the Lauhitya mountain and everyday met with wild beasts like buffaloes, lions, boars, tigers, chowry-deers, elephants and others in thousands. In deference to the request of the accompanying princes he would chase them but would never kill them. On the contrary, he tranquilized them with ^{the} music of his lute to such an extent that they could be handled even by children, who played with, and teased, them.

THE FLYING ELEPHANT KIDNAPS HARIVĀHANA(pp.183-187):-

One day, in the morning, while he was busy playing on his lute, there approached Puṣkara, the Chief of the elephant-trainers, to report that their chief elephant named Vairiyamaṇḍa was in rut and had run amuck since early morning, that the trainers were unable to tackle him and that something should be done before it ran away

out of sight. Prince Harivāhana himself undertook to tame the elephant and, concealing behind the bushes, he stealthily approached the animal and began to play on the lute. The music permeated the whole atmosphere. Gradually the animal began to calm down and ultimately closed its eyes entranced as it was by the sweet music. Within a moment the prince girded up his loins and mounted the elephant, which came to itself and began to run. The prince asked for the elephant-driver's hook, but before they could fetch him one, the elephant was on the run and soon went out of sight of the pursuing companions.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL SEARCH OF HARIVĀHANA BY HIS
COMPANIONS (pp. 187-192):-

The captains, with their troops, rushed in haste to trace the elephant. Samaraketu also roamed in the forest for the whole day. At sunset, having failed in his mission, he returned to the camp and passed the restless night in anxiety as to what might have befallen the prince. Next morning, came the soldiers with the sad news that though they had found out the elephant the prince, however, could not be traced. Everybody was weeping and Samaraketu was unconsolable. Desiring to make an end to his life on a funeral pyre, he called a meeting of the accompanying princes and asked them to return, under the

aegis of Kamalagupta, to King Meghavāhana, to whom, said he, he would not, then, be able to show his face. Then he started for the bank of the river near the mountain with a resolve to enter the funeral pyre, when an attendant, Harsa, entered with a messenger named Pritoṣa, with a letter from the commandant Kamalagupta, who had conveyed the welfare of Prince Harivāhana. Having read out the message aloud to all the companions, Samaraketu asked Paritoṣa as to where he found the message.

THE MESSAGE CARRIED BY A PARROT(pp.192-196):-

Paritoṣa said: ~~that~~ "Yesterday, at ~~the~~ midday, when the soldiers were roaming here and there and everybody was in search of the prince and the dejected commandant Kamalagupta was sitting among his chief subordinates, who were trying to dissuade him from committing suicide, he saw all of a sudden ~~this~~ letter lying in front of him. Having recognized the handwriting of the prince, he read aloud to all. After this he enquired of all the accompanying princes as to who found it and where. When nobody could enlighten him in ~~the~~ matter he composed a reply to the letter, placed it on a gem-studded stool on the door-step, which was recently purified with cow-dung plaster, and standing near it with his hands

folded on his head, he spoke aloud respectfully : 'O Divine Ones ! moving as you might be in this mortal world, please do me a favour of listening to my request. He -- a god, demon, Vidyādhara or some one else favourable to the line of the Bharatas -- who has brought ~~in~~ this letter from Prince Harivāhana, may he, please, carry this reply of mine to him at whatever place he might be at the moment.' He uttered this twice. When he had half-uttered it the third time a beautiful parrot flew down unexpectedly from the bushy branches of a Mango tree and quickly picked up the reply-letter and flew away in the northern direction. Conjecturing in many ways as to the real identity of the parrot he requested me to come to you, with this letter without delay so that something untoward might not befall you."

SAMARAKETU SETS OUT IN PURSUIT OF HARIVĀHANA

AND ARRIVES AT THE ADRṢṬAPĀRA LAKE(pp.196-205):-

Having discharged Paritoṣa, Samaraketu read the letter again and again and inferred that it must have been dispatched from some celestial location which was not mentioned, perhaps, to dissuade him from pursuing and save him from untold inevitable hardships. "But", thought Samaraketu, "Harivāhana is a fool in not knowing that I

would move heaven and earth in search of him. What is use of waiting here anymore? How can I show my face to King Meghavāhana, or console him? Again it is not possible to cross over to the Vaitādhya mountain with the whole army. I should, therefore, go alone, unknown by the companions leaving an ~~xxxxxx~~ instruction to wait for me here." Having decided thus, he got up early in the morning the next day, worshipped the deities, put an auspicious mark on the forehead and secretly started in the northern direction. Good omens greeted, and encouraged, him at every step. Having crossed many hills and vales, he rested on the slopes of a mountain where he worshipped the deities, ate some fruits and slept in a cave. In the early morning he got up by the cries of wild beasts and started again ~~sh~~ on the journey treading his ~~were~~ weary way through terrible forests, passing on his way the villages of the Sabara tribes. In the evening, Mitradhara, the younger brother of the king of Prāgjyotiṣa country happened to see him and inquired of him about the welfare of Prince Harivāhana. Having told him all about that, and having received a formal send-off from Mitradhara, he set out again on his quest. Six months elapsed in this manner. At last, to the west of, and not very

far from, the Vaitāḍhya mountain he came to Mount Ekaśrīṅga on the top of which he saw a lake known as Adrṣṭāpāra.

SAMARAKETU MEETS HIS FRIEND HARIVĀHANA, WHO
IS TO BE CROWNED PRESENTLY AS THE EMPEROR OF THE
VIDYĀDHARAS(pp.205-230):-

He was highly delighted by the natural beauty of the lake and bathed in its waters and rested for a while on its shore. ~~When~~ Within a moment he fell into a slumber wherefrom, on seeing in a dream a Pārijāta tree, he woke up and felt sure about meeting his beloved friend. Trying as he was to know more about the significance of the dream, he heard the neighing of horses. He followed it up in the northern direction and found, not far away, a garden wherein he saw a multitude of Kalpataru trees, in the midst of which stood a unique temple constructed wholly from ruby slabs and known by the name 'Sudarsana'. He went up the moonstone steps, entered the emerald gate and saw in front of him a highly artistic and huge image of the First Tīrthāṅkara Ṛṣabhanātha, carved out from a red arsenic slab. He offered his salutations to the Lord with utmost devotion and in all humility, sang a prayer, composed in dignified metres and choicest words, to his

heart's content. Then he looked around and took his seat on a sapphire bench in the balcony. As he rested on the back of the bench, his eyes fell upon the crystal wall to the west whereon he saw a panegyric carved out and inlaid with emerald. Overpowered with wonder and anxiety, his mind fell into a spell of reflection at this unexpected and unimaginable sequence of events. Then slowly and stealthily a sweet musical voice entered his ears. He listened to it attentively and was restless when he heard the word 'Harivāhana' in the course of the wordings of the prayer sung by somebody. Out of curiosity he pursued the music for about a hundred paces and came to a newly built hermitage. On entering it, to his surprise, he saw the very same Gandharvaka singing in a dignified strain, a Dvipadikā addressed to Harivāhana. Feeling much relieved, he met him at the end of the prayer and asked him in detail about the message which he had been asked to carry to Gandharvadattā and why he could not return to Prince Harivāhana as was promised to him. Gandharvaka replied that it was a long sad story which, however, must wait as Samaraketu should like to attend the coronation ceremony of Prince Harivāhana on the throne of the Vidyādhara Empire. Both of them, then, came out of the hermitage and followed Gandharvaka. Having saluted to the image of Ajita

and other Jinas, he sat out to the north of the garden and saw a group of horses. Soon he heard a sweet melody accompanied by the strokes on the jute. He went in the direction of the music and came across a plantain bower, wherein was seated the silk-clad prince, Harivāhana, in company of a highly beautiful young princess and attended on both sides by chowri-bearing maids of honour.

HARIVĀHANA'S CEREMONIAL ENTRANCE INTO THE
VIDYĀDHARA CITY CALLED GAGANAVALLABHA (pp.230-241):-

Samaraketu approached the prince, saluted him and, having been duly greeted, he took his seat near him. Presently a female attendant brought the news to the prince that a chamberlain was waiting for her with a message from Patralekha, who had heard about her decision to commit suicide. The princess immediately left and they heard the following Arya verse being repeatedly sung by somebody : "O Royal Swan, delighted as are at the sight of the ^{royal} female swan, you , you have indeed forgotten about entering the lotus garden. Hence your delay even though the time is running out !" Prince Harivāhana explained to Samaraketu that, as he was going shortly to be coronated as the emperor of the Vidyādharas, the bard was reminding him of the approaching auspicious moment

and bidding him to make haste. Both of them, then, ~~mount~~ mounted a female elephant and, preceded by a procession of the Vidyādhara princes mounted on horses, they set out in the northern direction and came to the Vidyādhara city called Gaganavallabha, where, being greeted cheerfully by the citizens, they ~~w~~ went to the royal palace, entered the royal mess and took their lunch in the company of the Vidyādhara princes, who were sitting in their respective seats. After the lunch, they passed their day in the drawing room and offered their evening prayers. In the evening they enjoyed a wonderful conversation with the Vidyādhara chieftains for sometime and retired ~~x~~ to the sleeping chamber, where Prince Harivāhana enquired of Samaraketu about his journey. The latter related all about it and both slept soundly. The next morning they went to the outskirts of the city and visited ^{all} the gardens, lakes, temples and returned. At midday they ascended on the top of the Vaitāḍhya mountain. From there they were enjoying the sight of the heaven, the middle and the lower worlds with all their continents, rivers, forests and inhabitants, when a panegyric sung out a verse drawing the attention to the fact that it was Prince Harivāhana himself who was the most worthy of all the kings

(bhūbhṛtaḥ) and hence the most worth sight to see rather than the natural environment of the mountains (bhūbhṛtaḥ). The idea appealed to Samaraketu who immediately asked Harivāhana how all that had come about. Prince Harivāhana, then, began to narrate his story.

THE FLYING ELEPHANT CARRIED HARIVĀHANA TO THE
VIDYĀDHARA REGION (pp.241-244):-

(Refer the incidents on pages 183-187 of the TM.)

It is a long and wonderful story. At that time in your very presence, when I mounted that elephant and the elephant-drivers could not fetch me a hook, the beast ran to the forest, crossed the valley of the mountain and travelled some distance so long as he was followed by the soldiers and other pursuants. When they were left far behind due to the intervening dense forest, he, being slowed down and interrupted in his speed by the rough stony path, at once flew into the sky and gathered great speed. Very much surprised at this, and enjoying the sight of the mountains, the rivers and the lakes, and sometimes being almost burnt by the heat of the Sun-rays, sometimes being protected by the shadows of the clouds, and sometimes being cooled by the winds, when I reached near the region on the top of Mount Ekaśṛṅga and saw nearby, before me, the Vaitādhya range, I thought that this ele-

phant seems to be possessed by some demon or goblin who wishes to carry me away under duress and overpower me in order to avenge some offence which I might have committed to him in my previous birth. It has come a long way, and before it carries me too far, I must restrain him. As I took out my dagger, the elephant roared terribly and fell headlong along with me into the waters of the Adṛṣṭapāra lake. I, for myself, swam out of the waters and cleansed my body, and garments, of the mud sprinkled by the elephant, whom I did not see again.

HARIVĀHANA METTĀ WITH A GIRL (TILAKAMAÑJARĪ)

WHO DID NOT GIVE HIM ANY RESPONSE (pp.244-253) : -

Looking at the strange surroundings, I began to reflect on the transitoriness of the ~~happiness~~ happiness and misery in the world. I wondered why people could not, yet, wean their minds away from such worldly things. Having lost all hopes of returning home, I set out in one direction to find out if there was some village nearby. Having gone some distance, I found a row of foot-prints, leading in all directions, on the sandy shore of the lake. Among them I marked a pair of most delicate ones marked with auspicious marks. I began to trace it and followed them upto a bower of Cardamom creepers.

AS I reached its door, I marked a sort of golden splendour inside it. On trying to find out the source of it, I spotted there a lovely lonely girl gathering flowers. Having observed her for a long time, I turned to her with a wish to ask her something. She, on her part, began to tremble out of bashfulness on seeing me standing in the doorway. With calm and unperturbed face I asked her as to who she was, and assured her that she need not have any apprehensions with regard to me and introduced myself to her. She looked happy at that and stood there with her eyes fixed to the ground. After a while she started towards me and, having reached near me, directed her sidelong glances at me. I understood that she wanted me to let her go and retraced a step to the side of the door. She gathered her skirts and passed through the door and went away. I wondered why she did not show the courtesy of speaking even a word with me. After she was gone, I remembered that she was the same girl who was portrayed in the picture brought to me by Gandharvaka in my palace at Ayodhyā, and inferred that she must be the same Tilakamañjarī and the lake must be the same one called Adṛṣṭapāra. But how was it that she was alone here, while in the portrait she was surrounded by numerous attendants ? But, then, everything

is possible in this shoreless world-ocean where everything is transitory and being are bound by the laws of their actions. I determined to find her out and went in search of her. But I could not trace ^{her} anywhere even after roaming through bushes, trees, bowers, sandy shores, caves and such other places of scenic beauty. At last I returned to the same Cardamom bower, which, now looked quite desolate in her absence. I rested there for the night.

HARIVĀHANA CAME TO MEET MALAYASUNDARĪ (pp.253-259):-

Next morning I resumed the search ~~and~~ and began to trace the place where the row of footprints led. When I had trodden some distance I saw in the sky a flock of aquatic birds from which I inferred the existence of some watery place. I took to that very direction and happened to see the same palatial building -- the ruby-temple -- where you saw me while coming out of the hermitage ~~with~~ with Gandharvaka. Having duly saluted to the deities, as I sat down on a pearl-seat near the door-slabs, I saw a hermit~~girl~~ girl. After finishing her worship, she approached and greeted me for my arrival there, requested me to follow~~me~~ her and led me to her residence in the same three-storeyed nunery. She, then, went out with me for the

midday worships, after which, having served me some fruits and roots and having partook some of them with me, she asked me how I could reach there. I told all about me and asked her, in turn, for her introduction, at which, however, she began to shed tears. When I consoled her, she began her sorrowful story.

THE MISERABLE LIFE OF MALAYASUNDARĪ (NARRATED BY
HARIVĀHANA TO SAMARAKETU) (pp.259-345):-

There is in the far South a prosperous city named Kāñcī where rules a king named Kusumasekhara. He has a big harem in which the chief one is Queen Gandharvadattā. She is my mother. When I was just-born, Vasurāta, a great āstologer, predicted that he who marries me will be entrusted with the administration of the whole world by an emperor. The whole city went agay on the occasion. Ten days after my birth I was christened 'Malayasundarī'. I was looked after by all with utmost love and care. As I grew up I got instruction in music, dancing and other fine arts as would befit a princess. Youthful age gradually dawned upon me.

MALAYASUNDARĪ IS KIDNAPPED BY THE VIDYĀDHARAS
FOR DANCING AT THE HOLY BATH CEREMONY
OF LORD JINA MAHĀVĪRA (pp.264 ff.)

Once, I went to sleep in my bedchamber on the

terrace of my palace. In the midst of my sleep I was suddenly awakened by a melodious music of tabors, cymbals and drums. And, lo ! I saw myself sitting in a corner of a ruby-temple of Jina and surrounded by a number of girls hailing from royal families. I was taken aback and wondered whether I was dreaming. Swiftly did I get up and went near the door and asked a nearby old lady as to where I was. She informed me that the place was situated on an island called Pañcaśaila in the midst of the southern ocean, and that it was ruled by the Vidyādhara Emperor Vicitravīrya, who was sitting there in front of us. Shortly an attendant approached the emperor and reported to him that the following princesses were brought there for the occasion. They were: Kusumāvali, the daughter of King Pratāpaśīla of Kusasthala; Malayasundarī, the daughter of King Kusuśekhara of Kāñcī; Sakuntalā, the daughter of Sūraketu, the lord of Magadhā; Bandhumatī, the daughter of Mahābala, the chieftain of ^{the} Saurāṣṭra province; Indulekhā, Līlavatī, Mālatikā and Madanalekhā, the daughters respectively of the kings of Kalinga, Vaṅga, Aṅga, Kośala and Kulūta countries. The emperor, with a smile, directed his glance over all of us and asked an elderly courtesan Citralekhā to beautify and decorate all of us so as to enable us to

join the festival that very night on the occasion of the Holy Bath-Ceremony of Lord Jina. Citralekhā carried out our attire and make-up. Then started the ceremony of bathing the image of Lord Mahāvīra Jina. The waters of all the holy rivers and oceans began to pour from the golden pitchers held high over the idol, to the accompaniment of the auspicious tunes played by the celestial trumpets. At the end of the ceremony, the worship, the auspicious prayers and dance items of various princesses, I appeared on the stage presented my item of a dance.

GANDHARVADATTĀ'S IDENTITY CONFIRMED

(pp. 270 ff.):-

The Vidyādhara emperor was so much impressed by my dance that he seated me by his side on his throne and asked me where I learned my dancing. I told him that it was from my mother. When he pressed the question as to where my mother got it from, I replied that it was somewhere in the Vidyādhara region. He, then, asked me about the name of my mother, which, I told, was Gandharvadattā. The minister Vīryadatta tried to assure the emperor that she was possibly not identical with his daughter bearing the same name. The emperor, however, went on asking me as to the existence and general appearance of my mother, all of which tallied, and the minister's assurance was a

bit shaken. When asked about her father, I told him he was some saint whom I had never seen but had only heard about from heresay. When asked further as to what did my mother say about that saint, I told him that she would simply shed tears at the question. When crossed as to how I knew that my mother learnt dancing somewhere in the Vidyādhara region, I related to him thus: "Once upon a time there came to Kāñcī a great saint named Mahāyaśas who could foretell everything about the past, present and future. My mother approached and asked him as to when she would meet her kith and kin again. The saint replied that it would be at the time when this daughter of yours&c." The clever minister could get at the significance of purposefully incomplete sentence and inferred that the time referred to my marriage. The emperor further enquired of me about the rest of my mother's talk with the saint and got it from me that she was separated from her parents and near relations during her very young age when the city was stormed by the enemies. AS the emperor was not fully convinced, the minister requested him to order Pavanagati to fetch my mother there. But the emperor declined the advice on the ground that it was improper to look at a woman who might turn out to be somebody's married wife and that it would be proper to

get the information confirmed through Citralekhā. It was morning by that time, hence the Vidyādhara emperor ordered Tapanavega, one of his confidants, to guide us to the interesting ~~sights~~ sites on the island, and then in my very presence, went up a flying in the sky with his retinue and disappeared^a.

*

MALAYASUNDARI FELL IN LOVE AT THE SIGHT OF PRINCE

{SAMARAKETU} SAILING IN A BOAT (pp.275 ff.):-

After the departure of the Vidyādhara emperor Vicitravīrya, I entered the temple and bowed down before the image of Lord Mahāvīra Jina. I felt as if the temple was built by me in my former birth. After paying homage to the Lord, we went to the terrace rampart, from where I looked at the waves of the ocean, wherein my eyes fell upon a young man roving in a boat along with three or ~~four~~ four sailors. At the sight of the youth, I fell in love with him. The same was the condition with the young man also. I tried to conceal my love from the sight of my companions. Then, one of the sailors, requested by the youth, began to introduce his master to me as Samaraketu, the son of King Candraketu of Siṃhala country and asked us about the entrance to the temple which, like the very heart of mine (said he), was very difficult to enter. I

urged an attendant courtesan, Vasantasenā, to inform him of my condition. She said: "It is difficult for this girl to fulfill your wishes, as she has been brought here by someone from somewhere. All these girls are strangers here and nobody knows where and when they will go and who will take them there! At this the sailor said: "We have had enough of this sight-seeing. Let us now return to our people! Samaraketu, however, excused that he would be unable to oblige as his body was burning with love-fever." But the sailor advised him otherwise and began to move the boat away. I, therefore, entreated Vasantasenā to do something so that the youth may not go unrewarded. Vasantasena shouted towards the sailor: "Why have you started in spite of the requests of the prince to tarry? As if not at all wishing to go away, your boat swings sideways. If you care to think of the welfare of your master, return him here. Here is your family-deity whom you must worship. Wait a while for an auspicious moment. After receiving her favour you are free to go back."

THE SAILOR'S DOUBLE-MEANING INVOKATION TO THE BOAT

BUT INTENDED FOR MALAYASUNDARĪ (pp. 282-286):-

Having caught the significance of the situation and the seriousness of the love-lorn condition of Samaraketu,

the sailor addressed the paronomasiatic sermon apparently applying to the boat, but really intended for me. In that invocation he entreated me to favour the prince with my love, advised me not to disappoint or discard him and bring myself to an incurably miserable state, eulogized the high family tradition ~~of~~ and uncommon qualities of the prince and finally urged me not to miss this golden chance of uniting with such a gem of a brave youth and enjoy life to the brim.

SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF MALAYASUNDARĪ AND THE
SAD CONSEQUENCES OF THE UNFULFILLED LOVE

(pp.286-292)

At the end of this invocation he made him bow down to me. The prince looked at me and significantly embraced the sailor. Realizing that the whole sermon to the boat was in fact addressed to me as a love-message, I decided to reciprocate his love by some secret contrivance. At this juncture came Tapanavega, followed by a son of the temple-priest, and asked me to accept, as a grace of Lord Jina, the wholly sandal paste and a divine garland from the boy. I took the garland in my hand. The boy, then, joyfully showed a ruby and repeatedly asked me to take it, saying that it had fallen out from

my girdle during the dance. Having turned my face at the boy, But looking at the prince down below in the sea-waters, I spoke : "Gentleman ! dō I not hear Why do you repeat again and again ? I have caught your point, and I have accepted the ruby (nāyaka = hero also) Let it (also him) wait while I am here. When I reach my place, I will set (also accept) it (also him) in the girdle (also the city of Kāñcī)." At this the boy became quite. I, then, went to the castle-wall, and, under the pretext of offering my worship to the ocean, threw the garland straight into the neck of the prince. After that the attendant applied the sandal paste on my forehead and of all the other princesses, while I stood gazing at the prince. The prince, on the other hand, complained about my sudden disappearance along with all my companions, and out of ~~great~~ grief, he asked the sailor, Tāraka, to return without him, for he had, on his part, decided to commit suicide. Saying so he suddenly jumped into the waters, inspite of being prevented by Tāraka. I also made up my mind to follow suit and threw myself headlong from the castle-wall into the ocean.

THE PLIGHT OF PINING MALAYASUNDARĪ AFTER
SHE WAKES UP IN HER BEDROOM OF THE ROYAL PALACE
AT KĀNCĪ (pp.292ff.)

In a moment as my eyes opened I saw neither Mount Ratnakūṭa nor the temple nor the ocean. Instead, I found myself lying in the bed in my sleeping-chamber. I was embarrassed and in order to verify whether all that had happened was true or just a hallucination, I felt for the sandal paste on my forehead. It was really there and fortified me as to the veracity of my experience of the last night which brought the prince into my life. I lost myself in his thoughts. Meanwhile entered my friend Bandhusundarī into my chamber and wondered at the change of my clothes and toilet which were quite different from what she saw me in when she bade me good-night the last night. Her wonder was enhanced by the fact that she did not see me in my bed when she came to see me before a while and now that all of a sudden I was seen. I assured her about my moral bonafides and related to her my experience of the previous night after I went asleep. Then only did I realize the wonderful power of the holy sandal-paste. I was love-lorn. Bandhusundarī reminded me of the prediction by the reverend

Vasurāta and assured me that it will come true in due course and that the prince will come to Kāñcī taking a clue from my parting words. This prevented me from committing suicide. Thence onwards I lived a very desolate life abstaining from all luxuries and comforts, and thinking only of the princely beloved.

Once, during the Spring season, when Bandhusundarī^{tain} was entering me with wonderful love-stories, a maid, Kātyāyanīkā, brought the sad news that the city was beseized by the forces of the king of Ayodhyā and that my father was intending to give me away in marriage to Vajrāyudha, the Commander-in-Chief of the Ayodhyā forces, in order to make peace with him. It was an unbearable bolt from the blue for me and I swooned. On being brought to consciousness, I wept and wept for a long time and did not find a way out of the predicament. Thinking it useless to expect any help from my father, I decided to bring an end to my life and sent a word to my mother that I need some time before joining the ceremonies of the ~~festival~~ festival of the Love-god, and dismissed the maid-se^rvant. Bandhusundarī also advised me to submit to my parents' wish ! I took bath, offered my salutations to god Pradyumna and

proceeded to meet my father. I, then, saw my mother with whom I took my last lunch eating from her own plate. Then I went to the palace garden, where I bade adieu to my dear trees, creepers and tame animals. In the evening I joined for a while the singing and dancing at the Caitra festival at the behest of my mother and at last retired to my sleeping chamber, where after a short while I asked Bandhusundarī to return home and take rest. She had many misgivings about my behaviour of to-day. But after all she withdrew from my chamber.

MALAYASUNDARĪ'S ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE WHERE*

FROM SHE IS SAVED BY SAMARAKETU (pp.302 ff.)

Soon I opened the door, stealthily passed through various chambers of the palace, slipped unnoticed by anybody into the Kusumākara garden, and taking to a ~~an~~ lonely lane, I reached the temple of the Love-god, to whom I offered my last worship from outside so that none might see me there. After that I approached the Asoka tree, whereon I fastened a noose on a branch. Having, then, fixed my clothes properly and prayed to all the gods to get me the same prince as my husband in the next birth, I put my neck into the noose and jumped from the alter which surrounded the trunk of the tree.

W Within a moment, as the noose began to fasten gradually round my neck, the pain became unbearable as my respiration choked horribly. Presently I saw Bandhusundarī struggling helplessly to help me out of the doom. With a wave of my ~~h~~ palm I conveyed to her not to come in the way. She, on the other hand, ran hither and thither for some sharp instrument to cut the noose. But, having failed to get at anything, she dashed in the direction of the temple of the Love-god. This much I know. For, then, I lost my consciousness. When I was brought to myself again, I felt as if I was ~~br~~ was lying in something like a bed and somebody was caressing my limbs affectionately, and Bandhusundarī was narrating, with sobs interrupting the narration, about my whereabouts right from the pedigree and birth. Gradually I realized that I was lying in the lap of the very prince (Samaraketu) to whom Bandhusundarī was relating my sad story. I enjoyed the situation for a while and when at last, the passion became irrepressible I opened my eyes and slowly sat up. Bandhusundarī could not repress her sobs and wept aloud for a long time. At last she brought water, washed my face and, having introduced the prince, she made me offer him my salutations.

He also disowned any acknowledgement of gratitude from me and humbly claimed to have done only a small duty. Bandhusundarī, on the other hand, egged me on to reciprocate the gratitude and taking a clue from my bashfulness, put my hand into that of the prince there and then and urged him to take care of me. The prince readily promised it and thanked Bandhusundarī. In response to my inquiry he narrated to us how he was wonderfully saved by somebody from the sea, how he was urged by Taraka to come to Kāncī taking up the clue from parting words, how he came to Kāncī to help my father, how he searched for me for the last few days, how he lost all hopes of finding me out, how he decided to pass his lonely night in the temple of the Love-god and end his life and how he was approached by Bandhusundarī for help.

MALAYASUNDARĪ DEPORTED TO PRAŚĀNTAVAIRĀŚRAMA
WHEREFROM ACCIDENTLY SHE IS AGAIN CARRIED TO THE
ADRSTAPĀRA LAKE (325 ff.)

Bandhusundarī, then, advised the prince to leave that country immediately with me in view of my proposed marriage with Vajrāyudha. But he did not think it proper to betray my father in such a way, when he had come there with the express purpose of helping him in his

distrss. He asked me to return home with an assurance that he will find out an agreeable solution of the problem. I returned to my bed-chamber in the palace where Bandhusundarī told my mother everything that had happened during the last night. My mother in her turn informed my father about my distress. He decided to manage the situation in some way or the other, while I should immediately leave the country for some time. She asked my father to take me to the Vaikhānasa Āśrama called Prasāntavaira, where she had seen him for the first time. It was agreed upon, and, in company of Taraṅgalekhā a friend of my mother, I left the city at midnight and reached the Āśrama where I passed some time in company of nuns listening to paurānic stories being related by them.

Once, in the early morning I heard a Brahmin, who had come from Kāñcī, telling the news that the prince had mounted a night-attack the vey night during which I had left Kāñcī, and that his army was routed and nobody knew what happened to that prince. Instantly the sad news hit my heart very hard and I swooned for a long time. On awakening I lost all hopes, thought of drowning myself into the ocean and started for the

waters. But, as Taraṅgalekhā was speedily following me, I could not do my wish and fell helplessly on a slab under a tree. Taraṅgalekhā caught hold of me and scooped me to her heart's content, which again made me swoon.

As I was regaining consciousness and was praying to Taraṅgalekhā not to add insult to my injuries, I opened my eyes, and lo ! I found myself lying in a divine aeroplane, made from sandal wood, and stationed on an island in the middle of the Aḍṛṣṭapāra lake. Neither Taraṅgalekhā nor the Vaiḅhānasa Āśrama was to be found there !

MALAYASUNDARĪ INTRODUCED TO PARALEKHĀ, THE
MOTHER OF TILAKAMAÑJARĪ (pp. 338 ff.)

Arranging my clothes properly and fearing what unforeseen calamities might follow suit, I immediately decided upon ending my life there and then. Suddenly my eyes fell upon a letter written very neatly on a palm leaf. It was from Prince Samaraketu at Kāñcī and conveyed his well-being while urging Bandhusundarī to take care of his beloved Malayasundarī so that nothing untoward might happen to her. I could not know who brought it there. But it assured me about the welfare of my beloved and I landed down from the floating

wooden aeroplane and set under a tree, where I met Citralekhā who greeted me very heartily. Meanwhile there arrived Patrālekhā, the crowned queen of the Vidyādhara King Cakrasena. She asked Citralekhā as to the owner of the aeroplane, for fetching which Gandharvaka was commissioned to the Suvela mountain, that nothing was known as to what happened to Gandharvaka. She, then, introduced me to the queen as the daughter of her (i.e. Citralekhā's) younger sister Gandharvadattā. The queen embraced me heartily and brought me here to this temple of Lord Jina. I declined to live among the kith and kin in such a situation and decided to lead a life of an ascetic. Since then I have been staying in this temple in the hope of meeting the prince sometime. (Here ends the tale of Malayasundarī as narrated by Harivāhana to Samaraketu.)

IRRESPONSIVE, THOUGH LOVE-LORN, TILAKAMAÑJARĪ
INVITES HARIVĀHANA TO HER PALACE AT THE VIDYĀDHARA
CITY OF RATHANŪPURACAKRAVĀLA (pp.345-386)

(Harivāhana continues his narrative to Samaraketu.)

I (i.e. Harivāhana) consoled her (i.e. Malayasundarī) saying that I knew everything about what had happened to prince Samaraketu since the night-attack. She wished

~~shakshk~~

that she could have sent some message to you (i.e. Samaraketu), if there had been even a bird to convey it. And lo ! there came flying a bird that asked in human voice that he was a Vidyādhara in the form of a bird and would gladly carry her message. I wrote a message, and the bird carried it away in the direction of the Trikūṭa mountain. Both of us were wondersruck at this strange incident. In the evening, after finishing my evening worship, when I went to the nunery and set beside Malayasundarī, there came Caturikā and announced the arrival of Cārāyana, the chamberlain, who brought a message from Tilakamañjarī, who was not well and wanted to see Malayasundarī. On enquiry from the latter, Caturikā informed : "Tilakamañjarī had gone to the forest to gather flowers the previous evening. There she saw an elephant, along with a rider, falling into the waters of the Adṛṣṭapāra lake. Everybody was afraid and ran away. The princess took refuge in some creeper-bower and on coming back, began to roam here and there and see in all directions as if she was searching for somebody. Thereafter she has become suddenly indisposed." Malayasundarī conveyed to Tilakamañjarī that she was busy receiving a distinguished guest like Harivāhana, the son

of King Meghavāhana of Ayodhyā and regretted her inability to see her immediately. The chamberlain went back. Malayasundarī, then, related to me the whole of her life history and went to bed. I, however, was restless on hearing the condition of Tilakamañjarī and passed my sleepless night with great uneasiness.

Next morning, awakened by the voice of the singing bards, I offered my morning ablutions on the shore of the Aṅṅṅapāra lake, went to the temple and set with Malayasundarī. Caturikā arrived with the information about the impending arrival of Tilakamañjarī, who, she told, was getting interested in me. Soon, there arrived Tilakamañjarī who now and then cast her sidelong glances at me. Malayasundarī touched her shoulders affectionately and inquired about the cause of her indisposition. And she introduced me to her as the son of Meghavāhana, the Emperor of the (northern) half of the Bhāṅṅṅatavarṣa. Tilakamañjarī, though overcome with bashfulness, herself offered me a camphor-scented Tāmbūla. Malayasundarī introduced Tilakamañjarī adding that she was adept in various arts like painting, music, dance, dramatics, musicology, orthography, ornamental aromatic designs of costume and toilet, and many more, and that I was free

to question her on any of these topics. I, on the other hand, said: "I do not expect to be talked to by such a lady like her, who would naturally have no affection for a human being like me. But if she ever chooses to come to Ayodhyā sometime and feels inclined to talk with me I might think about it then. For the present I have nothing to talk about". At this she suddenly got up and went to the terrace and, looking at me, began to sing loveful songs, drew the outlines of the couples of the Vidyādharas, birds and deers on the walls, danced and thus passed some time. Again she came back to Malayasundarī and set by her side. At last at the behest of her ministers she left for her palace. Having accompanied her for a few paces her chief chambermaid Mandurā returned and conveyed to Malayasundarī a message from Tilakamañjarī that she was invited, with the prince, to her palace. Malayasundarī, however, replied that for herself it would not be proper to go there due to her vow of abstinence, but that the prince would come. But soon there arrived Mrgaṅkalekhā and informed that Tilakamañjarī was waiting outside for them. Malayasundarī had to submit and we went to the palace of Tilakamañjarī, who had left her ~~own~~ aeroplane and the retinue to fetch me to Rathanūpura-cakravāla, the capital of the Vidyādharas. I was lodged

in a palace to the left of that of Tilakamañjarī, who went to her bed-chamber on the terrace of her palace in order to have a look at me from a window and lingered there for a long time. When she went away from there, I went to the harem-garden. After some time when Tilakamañjarī sent a word that the lunch was getting late, I took bath, worshipped Lord First Jina, went to her palace which was full of bustling maid-servants, and partook the great feast.

GANDHARVAKA IS FREED FROM A CURSE BY THE POWER
OF A MAGIC MANTLE (pp. 366-374ff.)

I had rested for some time when Mandurā brought the news about the arrival of a parrot speaking in human tongue. The bird was ushered in and I put it on my lap. Meanwhile came Kuntalā who, by the order of Tilakamañjarī, brought to me a divine cloak, which would enable one to be invisible to all, and requested me to put it on and enjoy sight-seeing in the Vidyadhara city. No sooner did I put the magic cloak on, than there suddenly arose from my lap a young human figure. Mrgāñkalekhā and others, though afraid and wonderstruck for a moment, recognized him as Gandharvaka and ran away to inform about it to Tilakamañjarī, who arrived there with Malayasundarī.

Tilakamañjarī wondered whether I had seen Gandharvaka anytime before that. Malayasundarī told her that I had seen him, and through him I had seen her too, for a long time. When I asked Gandharvaka how he happened to appear there so suddenly, Gandharvaka began his sad story:

GANDHARVAKA NARRATES ABOUT HIS SAD ACCIDENT

WHILE RETURNING FROM HIS MISSION TO THE SUVELA MOUNT*
TAIN (pp.378 ff.)

"After taking your leave from Ayodhyā I (i.e. Gandharvaka) reached the capital city of the Vidyādhara on Mount Trikūta and met the Vidyādhara Emperor Vicitravīrya, to whom I delivered the message of queen Patralekhā and in accordance with her request, I got from her father the sandal-wood aeroplane and set out for Kāñcī to meet Gandharvadattā. The letter of Samaraketu was with me. I crossed over the Lavaṇa Sea and proceeded northward. On reaching near the Praśāntavaira Āśrama on the outskirts of the Malaya mountain, I heard a wailing voice. I pursued it and found an unconscious young girl surrounded by ascetic women, with whom I enquired of the cause of their distress. One of them - Taraṅgalekhā - pointed

out to the girl adding that she was Malayasundarī, the daughter of King Kusumasekhara and queen Gandharvadattā of Kāñcī and that she had swooned out of the unbearable pangs of separation from her parents. I examined the girl and found that she had taken some ~~poisoned~~ poisonous herb. I went to the shore of a nearby lake, collected some lotus stalks and prepared a comfortable bed for her, and having entrusted Citramāya with her care and having instructed him to take ^{the prince} ~~her~~ to Rathanūpuracakravāla in case I might be delayed due to some unforeseen accident, I set out, with her, in the aeroplane to fetch some medicinal herbs. Soon I reached the southern boundary of the Bhāratavarṣa, where while crossing Mount Ekasṛṅga my aeroplane suddenly became motionless in the air. Below I saw a man, picking some leaves of the banyan tree and looking angrily at me. At first I requested him, and later on scolded, him for obstructing my way when I was on an urgent mercy mission. He told me angrily that he was Mahodara, the Lord of the Yakṣas and it was he who had saved Samaraketu and Malayasundarī from the ocean. Having further fired me for my carelessness and audacity of crossing over the holy Mount adorned with numerous temples and gods, he cursed me to lose my Vidyā-dharahood and become a bird. And he thundered in such a

way that the aeroplane, along with me and Malayasundarī, was somehow thrown into the waters of the Adṛṣṭapāra lake. When I rose to the surface of the water, alas ! I was a parrot ! I somehow passed my painful days. It was I who carried your letter. I have brought the reply from Kamalagupta. I do not know what happened to Malayasundarī and how I ^{re-}gained my present Vidyādhara form." (Gandharvaka's story, as told by Harivāhana to Samaraketu, ends here.)

HARIVĀHANA'S RETURN TO AYODHYĀ

AND BACK TO LAUHITYA IN SEARCH FOR SAMARAKETU

(pp. 384 ff.)

(Harivāhana ~~continues~~ continues to narrate his story to Samaraketu.) Everybody, including Tilakamañjarī and Malayasundarī, was astonished at such a turn of events. I read the message from Kamalagupta which informed me that Samaraketu was inconsolable on my being carried away by the elephant and everybody was much worried about him. When Malayasundarī saw that I (i.e. Harivāhana) wished to return to Ayodhyā and meet Samaraketu, she informed Tilakamañjarī who gave me her aeroplane and asked Citramāya to accompany, and return with, me as soon as possible. When we reached the forest ~~from~~ from where I was carried away by the elephant, we saw

the same elephant grazing there. But Citramāya pointed out that an elephant could never fly in the sky so the one which kidnapped me must have been some Vidyādhra, and that the one before me was really my own elephant. We rode on that elephant and reached my palace. But I did not find Samaraketu, who, according to one of the princes, had left the place alone at midnight and was last known to have been seen by the brother of the king of the Prāgjyotisa region. At this I set out to the North.

Citramaya urged me to return to Rathanūpuracakraṅṅāla. But I expressed my inability to leave Ayodhyā before I met Samaraketu, and bade him to return and console Tilakamañjarī, while I set out in search of you (i.e. Samaraketu).

Once, on my way, I happened to meet Gandharvaka who told me: "After my departure from Rathanūpuracakraṅṅāla city, Tilakamañjarī grew sad and Malayasundarī wished to go to Mount Ekasṛṅga. Tilakamañjarī, however, would not allow her to go. She passed her time in playing on the lute, dancing, painting and so on. To-day in the morning when she was looking in the southern direction for my arrival, she saw from the terrace of her palace Citramaya approaching her. He looked dejected and reported to her that Prince Samaraketu, the son of King

Candraketu of Siṃhala country, had set out in search of Prince Harivāhana who had been kidnapped by some demon in the form of an elephant. Prince Harivāhana had, after reaching Ayodhyā, started in pursuit of Samaraketu, but nowhere could he find his friend. At this sad news Malayasundarī wept and swooned in pain. When she regained consciousness, Tilakamanjarī ordered me (i.e. Gandharvaka) to proceed forthwith to the same forest and bring Prince Harivāhana back to the garden near the Aṛṣṭapāra lake and be at his beck and call with a thousand newly obtained Vidyādhara soldiers detailed under me in order to assist you in your search of Prince Samaraketu. I have, therefore, come to fetch you there."

I (i.e. Harivāhana) thereupon boarded the aeroplane sent by Tilakamanjarī and came to the divine hermitage near the Aṛṣṭapāra lake where Malayasundarī was residing. Therefrom I carried on my search operation with the help of the Vidyādhara soldiers who brought to me daily reports from the Lauhitya headquarter of mine. Thus some days passed. ~~दरम्यान मलाकडे~~

THE EFFECT OF THE DIVINE NECKLACE AND THE RING
ON THE HEROINES AND HARIVAHANA'S ATTAINMENT OF SUPER-
HUMAN POWERS (pp.395 ff.)

One day, when I was resting after my lunch, the

treasurer Saṅkhaṇi came to report that he had preser-
 so far with him the divine Candrātapa necklace ^{with the ring} sent to
 me by my father King Meghavāhana to ward off evil and
 that it was time for me to keep them ornament on my
 person. Saying this he handed over the necklace and the
 ring to me. I asked Gandharvaka to give the necklace to
 Tilakamañjarī and the ring to Malayasundarī as a gift
 from me. The next day, came Caturikā with a message
 from Tilakamañjarī who was strangely disenchanted.
 The message, addressed to me, read -

"Having embraced my neck, this pearl-necklace has,
 as if through indignation, debarred me from ever
 having a chance of embracing your heart."

This was unexpectedly shocking. Having, therefore, made
 up my mind to throw myself down from a Wish-fulfilling
 Precipice, I ascended to the top of the Vaitādhyā moun-
 tain and started towards the precipice. There I saw a
 princely youth being followed, and obstructed, by a
 beautiful young princess of about fifteen who had caught
 him by his skirts. I asked the prince about the reason
 of it all. He said: "Here is a precipice called Saṁ-
 hāra on the top of this holy mountain peak known as
 Candagahvara. It is famous for attainment of success in

mystic sciences. I am a Vidyādhara named Anaṅgarati. Being harassed by my hostile relatives who have usurped my kingdom, I want to end my life. But this newly married wife of mine obstructs me in the attempt."

I took pity on the couple and offered him my own kingdom and asked him to give up the idea of committing suicide. He, on the other hand, asked me to attain the mystic powers on his behalf and get him back his own kingdom. I accepted his request and started the penance for attaining superhuman powers by means of the mystic formula which he imparted to me. The penance lasted for six months during which various goblins tried to foil my penance by all possible means. But I stood the test and at the end of six months, a beautifully shining goddess appeared before me, praying to me that the mystic powers were at my command. I asked them to serve Anaṅgarati. But they declined it and added that they could serve only him who masters the mystic sciences with undaunted courage. She further confided to me that Anaṅgarati had only played a trick with me in that he wanted me to master the mystic sciences on the express advice of Śākyabuddhi, the Prime Minister of the Vidyādhara King Vikramabāhu of the Gaganavallabha city, as the king had become detached to worldly

pleasures. So, she advised, I should not mind my promise to Anāgaratī. And she disappeared. At this moment there arose the loud music of jubilant Vidyādhara who took me to their city and crowned me their king.

THE REVELATION OF THE PAST BIRTHS OF
THE HEROES AND THE HEROINES BY THE MAHARSI (pp. 03ff.)

When I asked the nearby Vidyādhara about some news about the family of the Vidyādhara King Cakrasena, there came a doorkeeper to announce the arrival of a youth. It was Gandharvaka, who, in a choking voice, gave the following report:-

" I gave, by your order, the ring and the necklace to Malayasundarī and Tilakamañjarī respectively. Tilakamañjarī put the necklace on in her neck, she recognized it and asked where I got it from. I told her about the incident of King Meghavāhana to whom it was gifted by a Vaimānika named Jvalanaprabha. ^{AS} I uttered this latter name her face suddenly withered away. Next morning she went to a great saint who had recently attained to omniscience. There, in answer to a question from a Vidyādhara King Virasena as to the reason of a sudden change in Tilakamañjarī's behaviour, he revealed the story thus:

" Here in this transitory existence the soul roams from one form of birth to another one, in accordance with his past deeds. There is nothing strange here. Even a god is born as a worm in his next birth, while a bird of one birth passes to the birth of a human being. A king now, becomes a servant next. An unhappy one is transformed as a happy one. Providence Almighty makes and breaks everything in the fashion of an expert potter. As to Tilakamañjarī I would tell you a strange story:

" There was a god named Jvalanaprabha residing in the Līlāvataṁsa Vimāna in the heaven. Marking that the end of his long tenure of crores of years in the heaven was fast approaching, he left the heaven, unnoticed by anybody, in order to earn some merit for future births. His celestial consort Priyaṅgusundarī was woebegone and came to Jambu-dvīpa to know his whereabouts. There she met her friend Priyaṁvadā who also was deserted by her lover Sumali - a celestial friend of Jvalanaprabha - and who had also come there in search of her lover. Both of them went to the Puṣkarāvati Vijaya, to the east of Meru mountain, in order to see the omniscient sage named Jayantasvāmin. The sage forecast that they would meet their lovers respectively on Mount Ekaśṛṅga

and Ratnakūṭa ~~respectively~~ in the Bhāratavarṣa situated in the Jambudvīpa, and that the divine ornaments will be instrumental in their union. At this Priyaṅgusundarī went to Mount Ekaśrīṅga to the south of the Vijayārdha mountain. There she reared a garden called Manorama, wherein she built a pearl-temple of Lord Ṛṣabha Jina. Everyday she would look in all the directions awaiting the arrival of her lover.

"One day, Priyaṅgusundarī was looking towards the Aṛṣṭapāra lake, when she saw the Goddess-of-Prosperity - Śrī - approaching. Revealing the cause of her arrival there, she said that on that very day in the early morning she had met her dear friend Priyaṃvadā who had conveyed the following message : "Due to my demerits even the forecast of a sage has not come true and my husband has not yet returned. My life is now fast ending. Do not forget me and look after the temple built by me." Hearing this message, Priyaṅgusundarī sobbed heavily and replied that she had no longer the servants to take care of the temples. The Goddess-of-Prosperity, thereupon, ordered her attendant Mahodara to oblige in the matter and she went away. In due course Priyaṅgusundarī died. She is born here in the Vijayardha region as the daughter, Tilakamañjarī, of the Vidyadhara King Cakrasena.

She enjoys royal pelf and power consequent to her abundant merit. Due to a strong attachment for her husband of the former birth she does not entertain affection for any other man. Recently on seeing her divine necklace, the former memories have dawned on her that it was the same necklace which her husband took with him when he departed under the pretext of proceeding on a pilgrimage. The saint ended his story. But the audience requested him to tell him about the fate of Jvalanaprabha. So he added:

"On his way to Nandiśvaradvīpa Jvalanaprabha came to Bhābatavaṛṣa, where, in the city of Sāketa, he met with King Meghavāhana to whom he gifted the necklace Candrātapa. On reaching Nandiśvaradvīpa, he met his friend Sumālī whom he instructed into the Jain philosophy of life, the transient nature of sense-enjoyments and the recourse to the holy feet of Lord Jina as the only hope for crossing over this endless ocean of transmigration. Then he worshipped one hundred and seventy images of the Jinas on the principal mountains like Haimavata, Harivarṣa, and in the countries like Saumanasa and Vidyutprabha. Having earned profuse merit consequent to which - as is to see the divine necklace of his beloved Priyaṅgusundarī - he is born as Harivāhana, the

son of King Meghavāhana of Sāketa to whom I myself imparted the Aparājitā Vidyā.

"Having listened to this account from the saint, Tilakamañjarī urged Malayasundarī to ask him about Sumāli. Seeing that Malayasundarī was afraid to ask, the sage added that on receiving the instruction in the true religion, that lover of her former birth is also born as Samaraketu, the son of King Candraketu of Simhala country. This information relieved Malayasundarī of her anxiety.

"Both Tilakamañjarī and Malayasundarī were at a loss as to what to do further, when there entered Citramāya to report that in spite of his search at the Ekaśṛṅga, he could not find Prince Harivāhana. Tilakamañjarī was hopelessly dejected, but, being urged by Malayasundarī, she took an aeroplane and herself set out in search of the prince. After a close, though futile, search in various places, she was thoroughly tired and returned to the hermitage of Malayasundarī. On enquiring the attendants about the outcome of their scrutiny, a Vidyādhara youth, named Sandīpana, reported that he had seen Prince Harivāhana ascending the precipice peak of the Vijayārdha mountain and that nothing further was known. This caused Tilakamañjarī to swoon. On regaining

consciousness she ordered a special worship of Lord R̥sabha to whom she sang her last prayer and started for the Adr̥ṣṭap̥āra lake with a resolve to drown herself therein.

"But a messenger, Prakarsa, from the Vidyādhara King Cakrasena interrupted her at this stage with the message that he had detailed his Vidyādhara soldiers in search of Prince Harivāhana, who was supposed to be safe, that the soldiers were despatched with a stipulation of six months, and that Tilakamañjarī must tarry that long. This checked her and she postponed the resolve of ending her life. She, then, somehow passed the period of six months, short of one day. On the last day, when I (i.e. Gandharvaka) heard the painful lament of her friends, I decided to throw myself down from the precipice. No sooner did I ascend the precipice-~~rock~~ -rock, than the Vidyādhara guards arrested, and brought, me in your presence." (Here ends Gandharvaka's report.)

THE HAPPY UNION OF THE LOVERS AND THE FINIS

(pp. 418-428)

(Harivahana continues his narration to Samaraketu.)

When Gandharvaka concluded this account of Tilakamañjarī

right from the acquisition of the necklace, I remembered my happy days of godhood and swooned. Then, I got up from the throne and went to Mount Ekaśrīṅga, arrived at the Jina temple built by Priyaṅgusundarī, read the fine prayers engraved therein, talked to Malayasundarī and saw highly emaciated Tilakamañjarī being nursed by her attendants. When my arrival was announced, she rose up, but I discouraged her from getting up and sat on a pearl-slab nearby. After some time, your arrival was announced. (Here ends the narration of Harivāhana.)

Everybody was happy to listen to this story. But Samaraketu was quite motionless - almost unconscious - with pain. ~~Harivāhana~~ Harivāhana consoled, and reminded, him that he must go and meet Malayasundarī, who was but his beloved of two ~~past~~ births. But he was penitent in view of the pain he caused to her since the time when she was Priyamvadā and had no courage to show her his face. Meanwhile there entered an attendant with ^{information about} a message to be delivered in secret. The messenger, Kalyānaka, brought the good news from the Vidyādhara King Vicitravīrya who had fixed up the marriage ceremony of Samaraketu and Malayasundarī and asked Harivāhana to send the prince to Mount Trikūṭa immediately. On being asked as

to how the king came to know about Samaraketu who had arrived only recently, he added that Mrgāṅkalekhā, the chief maid of Tilakamañjarī, informed about it to Patralekhā, who, in her turn, sent a word to Vicitravīrya. Harivāhana, then, sent Samaraketu to Mount Trikūta on the Suvela range.

Then came the ministers of king Cakrasena to put to him the offer for Tilakamañjarī's hand. He accepted the offer and in due course both were married happily together.

After some time Harivāhana invited Samaraketu and Malayasundarī to the Vijayārdha region and crowned him as the king of the region to the north of the Vijayārdha mountain.

In due ~~EEEE~~ course King Meghavāhana invited Harivāhana with Samaraketu, Kamalagupta and others and crowned him on his throne. King Candraketu also passed over his kingdom to Samaraketu. And their happiness knew no bounds thereafter.