quarters, how you went with Mātāṅga, and the reason why we were searching for you. Then, leaving them both in the hermitage of a sage, I prosecuted my search for you. Knowing full well that money was the chief means for all undertakings, I procured a group of disciples very skilful in aiding me in the magic-power that I had obtained through your favour, and came to the (ruined) sites of old cities in the Vindhya forest. Knowing, by means of the collyrium of magical virtue, that there lay vessels full of riches under trees which indicated various treasures underneath, I dug them out with spades, while the guards kept watch all round, and formed a heap of countless Dināras. Thence, going to a caravan of traders that had just arrived and had encamped not far off, I bought stout oxen and bags. I loaded the bags with that gold, giving out that it was some other substance, and got them slowly conveyed to the camp by those (bullocks). I formed friendship with Chandrapāla, a merchant’s son, the leader of that caravan, and came to Ujjain in his company.

I also brought my parents thither, and being introduced to the king of Mālwa by Bandhupāla, Chandrapāla’s father and a very accomplished man, I lived under disguise with the assent of the king. Then, as I was ready to go in search of you in forest-lands, Bandhupāla, my great friend, coming to know that, asked me to sit quiet with an easy mind, it being impossible for me to search you over the whole boundless earth, and said that he would impart to me favourable signs indicating a meeting with you, our leader. My heart being comforted by his nectar-like words, I waited upon him daily, and there I saw, one day, Bālachandrikā, the loveliest of all the royal maidens, with a face (charming) like the moon, all her limbs in fresh (blooming) youth, and the very moon-light to the eyes, as if she were the glory incarnate of her father’s family; and the constancy of my mind being shaken by her beauty, I became an easy mark of the arrows of Cupid. She also, with her eyes unsteady like those of a startled young fawn, often looked at me with sidelong glances which served as the arrows of Cupid, and trembled like a creeper waved by a gentle breeze. She silently (lit. mentally) conveyed the desire of her mind by means of her meaning glances directed to me, which were contracted, in which the pupils were driven to the corners, and which stood midway between love and
bashfulness. Having clearly perceived her love for me from her clever but covert gestures, I began to think of some remedy that would bring about an easy union with her. On one occasion, Bandhapāla, wishing to know by means of omens what had become of you, went, accompanied by me, to a pleasure-garden in the suburbs of Ujjain and stood under a tree, listening to the language of the birds. While he was thus engaged, I, seeking to dispel the uneasiness of my mind, wandered through the woods, and, coming to the bank of a pool, beheld Bālachandrikā, who had become the sole object of my desires, looking sad, and with her mind labouring under some anxiety. I enjoyed for a time the pleasure of observing her amorous actions, rendered charming by the sudden rise of love, bashfulness and curiosity; and noticing dejection, arising from the pain of love-torment, on the lotus-like face of that maid with beautiful teeth, I, out of a desire to know its cause, approached the fair-faced one amorous, and said—

"Tell me, O sweet-faced one, the cause of the sad look on your lotus-like face."

Encouraged by the privacy of the place, she banished her coyness and diffidence, and thus slowly addressed me—"Noble youth, Mānasāra, the lord of Mālwā, being far advanced in years, crowned his son, Darpasāra, as the sovereign of Ujjayinī. That prince, in the hope of ruling over the whole earth bounded by the seven seas, has gone to the mountain Kailāsa to practise religious austerities, having appointed the sons of his paternal aunt, Chaḍavarmā and Dāruvarmā, of dreadful deeds, to govern the earth. Chaḍavarmā is managing the kingdom with a firm hand (lit. so as to leave no enemy), while Dāruvarmā, disregarding the admonitions of his elder brother and uncle, commits all sorts of atrocious acts, such as seizing the wives and wealth of his people. He once saw me, who have fixed my mind on you having a beauty like that of Cupid; and, regardless of the crime of polluting a virgin, he is seeking to appropriate my person by violence. In constant alarm of his attempts I live wretched." I learnt her wishes as well as her intense love for me, and having heard what the obstacle was in the way of the accomplishment of my desires, I comforted her whose eyes were filled with tears; and having thought over a plan to bring about the death of Dāruvarmā, I said to my beloved—"Youthful damsel, I have just hit upon a clever
plan to put to death this wicked man who has a wishful eye on you. Your relations, whose veracity is undoubted, should repeatedly circulate among the citizens a report that a Yaksha dwells in Bālachandrikā, having taken possession of her person, and that a Seer has pronounced that, that man of enterprise fit to be united with her, who, having his heart chained with the hope of (enjoying) her superb charms, will overcome the Yaksha in the sleeping apartment and come out safely after enjoying the pleasure of the sweet words of the fawn-eyed one, accompanied by one female friend, can alone take the hand of the beauteous maiden (lit. she whose breasts resemble in shape a pair of chakraśāka birds). If Dāruvārma, hearing speeches of this sort often and often, would sit quiet through fear, it would be well and good; but if, out of his wicked nature, he would offer to have a union with you, your friends should say to him that it would not be proper for the minister of Darpaśāra, the king of the world, to embark upon an adventure in their mansion; and that if he should take you with lotus-like eyes to his own dwelling in the presence of the people, and sport with you without danger to his life, he should marry you and enjoy the fruit of his desires. He, too, will consent to this. You should go to his place accompanied by me dressed in a woman's garb as your female attendant. In the privacy of the place, I shall forcibly kill him with the strokes of my fists, knees and feet; and then, still in the capacity of an attendant, I shall follow you fearlessly out. Thus, having recourse to (or, accepting) this plan, you being free from fear and bashfulness should apprise your parunts and brothers of our very deep mutual love, and persuade them to bring about our marriage. They will surely give you in marriage to me, a young man of noble birth and richly endowed with beauty and wealth. Impart to them the means I have devised for killing Dāruvārma, and let me know their answer.” She, too, the lotus of her face blooming a little, said—“Noble one, it is you alone who can kill the wicked Dāruvārma. After his death all your desires will be completely fulfilled. Let the plan be carried out. I shall do everything exactly as you have said.” This said, she, repeatedly turning her face and looking at me, wended her way
home with gentle steps. I, too, on returning to Bandhupāla,
learnt from him, who was an expert in interpreting omens,
that I should see you after thirty days. After that he
went home accompanied by me, and then dismissed me to
my place. Bālachandrikā, being invited for enjoyment in
his pleasure-apartment by Dāruvarmā, who was caught in
the nooses of the snares of my deceitful plan, prepared to
go to his place, and dispatched a female messenger to me.
I, too, skilfully put in their respective places the various
articles of decoration proper for a young damsel, such as
the jewelled anklets, the girdle, the bracelets, the armlets,
the ear-ornaments, the pearl necklace, silk-garments and
the collyrium, and thus putting on a charming disguise,
goes with my beloved to the door of his house. Our arrival
being reported to him by the door-keeper, he received us
with respect, dismissed all his attendants near the door,
and took Bālachandrikā with me to the house previously
settled upon. The citizens, wishing to test the wide-spread
report of a Yaksha being in possession of Bālachandrikā, flocked
to the courtyard of Dāruvarman's house with great curiosity.
That indiscriminate fool, in the height of passion, took the
young lady to a bed of the downy feathers of geese spread on a
golden bedstead inlaid with jewels, gave her and to me—who
had put on a charming woman's dress and whom he could not
recognize as a male in the darkness of night,—gold ornaments
set with jewels, very fine garments of diverse colours, sandal-
paste mixed with musk, Tāmbūla (a roll of betel-leaves) with
amphor, fragrant flowers, and similar other things, and
remained talking with us with jocular words for a period of
two manoharas. Then, blind with passion, he thought of
embracing that beautiful girl. Inflamed with anger, I fear-
lessly hurled him from the bedstead and struck him with
fists, knees and feet. I set right my ornaments that had
snapped off in the heat of the scuffle, comforted Bālachaudrikā
who was trembling, and coming out into the courtyard, cried
out, as if trembling from fear, in loud tones—"Ah! Dāruvar-
man is being killed by the frightful Yaksha who had seized
Bālachandrikā! Come at once and see him!" The people
gathered there on hearing it, had tears gushing forth, and
defended the quarters with the cries of 'Alas! Alas!' and
entered, saying to one another—"In spite of his hearing the
report of a mighty Yaksha having possessed Bālaḥandrikā, Dāruvaramā courted her, being simply blind with passion. So he has been killed by his own deed; what is the use of mourning for him?" In that bustle I quickly withdrew with great dexterity with her of unsteady eyes, and returned to my place. When some days had passed, I, in the presence of the citizens, married the moon-faced maiden according to those instructions of the Seer, and enjoyed in her company many pleasures, previously wished for. On this day, as announced by Bandhupāla's omen, I came forth from the town and am fortunate enough to enjoy the pleasure of the sight of Your Highness."

Thus having heard the account of his friend, Rājavāhana with a joyful heart narrated to him his own adventures and those of Somadatta, and having directed Somadatta to follow him after his worship of Śiva was over, and after he had conveyed his wife with her retinue to his camp, he, attended by Pushpodbhava, entered the town of Avanti, which looked like a heaven on earth. Pushpodbhava introduced the prince, as the son of his lord, to Bandhupāla and his other relatives, and, causing great honour to be shown to him, arranged about his bath, meals, etc. every day at his own place, making it known in the whole town that he was an eminent Brāhmaṇa, proficient in all the arts.

UCHOHVĀṢA V.

The season of Spring now arrived—kindling the fire of love, in the hearts of persons separated from their beloveds, by means of the southern breeze, the leader of Kama's forces, moving slowly as if under the burden of the fragrance of the sandal-trees, and grown very thin as if it were a remnant of itself after it was eaten up by the serpents, the perpetual residents of the trees on the Malaya Mountain; making the circle of the quarters resound with the sweet tunes of the bees and of the cuckoos with their throats rendered melodious by the feast of the honey of the mango-blossoms; creating longings in the hearts of proud women, causing buds to appear on the Mākandas. Sinduvāras, the red Aṣokas, the Kimśukas and the Tilas, and exhilarating the minds of amorous persons for Love's festival. In that exceedingly delightful season, Avantisundarl, the daughter
of Mānasāra, attended by her dear friend Bālachandrikā and a train of town-ladies, went for enjoying herself to the delightful garden on the border of the city, and diverted herself by worshipping Kāma with a multitude of fragrant materials such as sandal-paste, flowers, turmeric, Akshatās, and fine silk-garments, in a shady place full of sand at the foot of a young mango-tree. Desirous of beholding the Princess, who was the very image of Rati, Rājavāhana, accompanied by Pushpodbhava, as if Kāma in company of Vasanta, entered the garden, listened again and again, in various spots, to the sweet cooings of flocks of cuckoos, the notes of rows of parrots, and the hummings of the bees on the mango-trees, bright with fruit, blossoms and tender foliage grown in thick clusters from the branches gently agitated by the Malaya breeze; and after repeatedly enjoying the sight of charming pools having pure and cool water and resounding with the sweet notes of the swarms of swans, cranes, ducks and Ohakravākas, sporting in the beds of the indīvara, the kahlāra, the kairava and the rājīva lotuses, a little opened, gently and gracefully came to where the princess stood. Beckoned by Bālachandrikā to come without any fear, Rājavāhana, who surpassed Indra in lustre, approached the beautiful Avantisundarī, who shone as if created by the God of love, who, wishing, on account of the eager desire of Rati, to make a sportive image for her, framed an excellent figure of a woman, and formed its feet out of the beauty of autumnal lotuses growing in his pleasure-lake, and its slow and sportive gait out of the mode of the movement of the intoxicated swans in the garden-ponds; he fashioned its shanks with the beauty of his quiver, and its pair of beautiful thighs with the softness and grace of the (two) plantain-trees, at the door of his pleasure-house; its massive hips he made with the beauty of the wheels of his victorious chariot; he formed her navel, deep like an eddy of the Ganges, in imitation of the hollow of the bud of a lotus just opening, and the three folds in the manner of a flight of steps leading to a terrace, and the thick line of hair out of the beauty of the dark row of bees which forms his bow-string. He fashioned the two breasts with the beauty of the two full golden pots, the arms with the tenderness of his bower of creepers, the neck with the beauty of the victorious conch, its lips, which caused the bimba fruit to be compared with them, with the lovely tinge of the
sprouts of the mango-tree, placed on the ear as an ornament, the pure smile out of the beauty of the flowers which form his arrows, its tuneful words with the sweetness of the attractive warblings of the cuckoo, his first messenger, and the wind of its breath out of the fragrance of the Malaya breeze, the leader of all his hosts. He fashioned the two eyes with the grace of the proud fish, his triumphant banner; the eye-brows with the beauty of his bow; its face with the lustre—without its inherent spots—of the moon, his best friend; its thick tresses he formed with the graceful arrangement of the eyes in the peacock's feathers; and its complexion was formed by rubbing it with camphor after being washed with sandal-paste mixed with flower-juice of every kind and musk. That daughter of the king of Mālāwā, who was like Lakshmī incarnate, thought him to be Kāma, the object of her worship, appearing in a visible form to grant the boon sought for, and trembled under the influence of love, like a creeper waving in the gentle breeze. And then desisting from her free sports, she, through modesty, manifested several indescribable emotions. "Indeed, she must have been created quite accidentally by the Creator when creating women; or else, if he be clever at creating such extraordinary female forms, why is it that he creates no other damsel resembling her in beauty?"—thus observed the Prince in wonder and great admiration, and stood looking at her; when, feeling abashed to stand before him, she hid herself among her friends and stood looking with sidelong glances, with eyebrows a little contracted and knit, cast in the direction of Ra'java hana, whose beauty captivated her as the net captivates the deer. The mind of the prince also became the target of the arrows of Cupid, who had as it were got power on account of the full help he received from the various amorous feelings produced in her at that time. She thought thus to herself—"To the eyes of the fortunate young damsels of what town is a feast provided (with his sight) by this prince of uncommon beauty? What among matronly ladies, having sons, is given the first rank by this most eminent of sons being born of her? Who is his queen? What brings him here? Cupid, by tormenting me beyond measure, as if in envy, as I am looking at him who laughs scornfully at his beauty, is really giving significance to his name (viz., 'tormentor of mind'). What am I to do? How
can I get information about him?" Then Bālachandrika, knowing the state of their minds by the judicious observance of their feelings, but thinking it improper to relate the true history of the prince in the presence of an assembly of ladies, addressed her in words that had a common import—

"Princess, this is a young Brāhmaṇa, well-versed in all the arts, who can make a goddess reveal herself before him (when necessary), who is skilled in warfare, who knows the use of jewels, spells and herbs, and is entitled to your reverence. Let him be honoured by you." Hearing this, the princess, much pleased at heart with Bālachandrika who had recounted what passed in her own mind, and agitated by love like a line of waves ruffled by a gentle breeze, gave a proper seat to the prince who far surpassed Kāma, and offered him the customary worship through her friend, with the best materials such as sandal-paste, flowers. Akṣhatās. camphor, a roll of betel-leaves and various other things. Rājavāhana also thought to himself—"Certainly, this must be my wife Yajñavatī in my former birth; else such a love for her could not have arisen in my mind; and to both of us equally belongs the power, conferred upon us by the ascetic to remember (the incidents of) our previous life when the curse (pronounced by him) is to cease. Still, I shall arouse knowledge in her by means of sentences suggestive of particular circumstances and given rise to by the occasion."

Just then a charming swan arrived near her with a desire to sport. Seeing that Bālachandrika was deputed by the eager princess to catch the swan, and considering it a fit opportunity to speak, the prince, who was very clever at conversation, gracefully said—"Friend, formerly a certain king, named Śamba, went with his beloved to a lake full of lotuses for diversion; there, beside a bed of red lotuses, he gently caught a swan whose mind was overpowered by sleep, bound its legs with lotus-fibres, and looking lovingly at the face of his beloved, with one of his round cheeks blooming with a gentle smile, addressed her—"Moon-faced lady, this swan, held captive by me, stands quiet like a sage; let him go as he wills." The swan, on its part, cursed Śamba, saying—"King, since you, proud of your kingship, have without any cause insulted me, while I, a lifelong religious student, being lost in contem-
plation, was in the enjoyment of supreme felicity in this lotus-bed, you shall suffer the pangs of separation from your beloved, as a penalty for this sinful act.” Šāmba, with his face dejected, and unable to bear separation from the mistress of his life, bowed to him, falling on the ground stick-like, and humbly said—“Noble sage, kindly forgive me what I did through ignorance.” The hermit, his heart touched with pity, said—“King, my curse will not operate upon you in this life; but, on account of the infallibility of my words, in your next life you will be, through affection, the lover of this lotus-eyed one, who will have another form; but being put in chains for two months, as a penalty for your crime of holding me a captive for two muhârtas, you will suffer the anguish of separation from your beloved, and will afterwards enjoy the pleasures of a kingdom with your beloved for a long time.” After this, he favoured them also with the power to remember the incidents of their previous lives. Hence you must not take this swan a captive.” The princess, on hearing his words, recollected the incidents of her previous life, and decided in her mind that he was her lord. With her mind affected by love, she said with a gentle smile—“Gentle Sir, formerly Šāmba captured the swan in that manner only to please Yajñavatī by doing her bidding. For in this world, out of over-courtesy, even learned persons commit improper acts.” The prince and the princess, having thus mentioned for mutual information their respective names in the previous birth, known to them, so as to carry conviction, had their minds replete with love.

Just at the time the queen of Mānasāra, attended by her retinue, came to the place to see her daughter’s sport. Bālachandrikā saw her from afar, and fearing that the secret might be disclosed, hastily gave a signal with her hand to Rājavāhana and his companion Pushpodbhava, her husband, who both hid themselves among the trees. The queen saw, for a short time, the various graceful sports of her daughter with her companions, and then became intent on going home with her daughter. Avantisundari, starting to go with her mother, addressed the prince, apparently meaning a swan, saying—“O you, the ornament of the family of Rājahamsa (also, swana) here I leave you, all of a sudden, come to the pleasure-garden with the desire to sport (with me), and
go with my mother, as is but proper for me to do. May the
desire of your mind be not otherwise (i.e. be fulfilled) by this
my act (also, may your love undergo no change)!” Uttering
these words suited to the occasion, and again and again casting
back a sad look and gazing upon his face, she returned home.
There, in the course of conversation with regard to her lover,
she, coming to know his family and name from Bálachandrikā,
was overpowered with intense love (lit. with the fall of
Cupid’s arrows), and began to grow emaciated day by day,
like the crescent of the moon in the dark half of the month,
from the pangs of separation. She gave up taking food
and her other daily pursuits, and in her secret chamber
restlessly rolled her creeper-like (i.e. slender) frame on a bed
formed of (tender) leaves and flowers wetted with sandal-juice.
Her female friends, seeing the delicate princess in that state
withering with the fire of love, and feeling very sad, tried
to cool her body, with materials for relief from the torment,
such as water prepared for her bath, mixed with sandal,
usāra and camphor and kept in gold vessels, garments made
of lotus-fibres, and fans of lotus-leaves. Even that application
of cooling remedies caused simply (flames of) fire to
appear on all sides (i.e. spread through) in her body like
water dropped in heated oil. Looking at Bálachandrikā, who
was sad at heart, and did not know what to do with a glance
from the corner of her eye bedimmed with drops of tears and a
little opened, the beautiful princess, whose lower lip was parched
by sighs that were hot with the fire of separation, spoke
to her plaintively and slowly in a choked voice—“Dear
friend, it is indeed falsely said that Kāma is flower-weaponed
and has only five arrows; for here I am struck by him with
numberless arrows with points of steel. Friend, I think the
moon is more distressing than the submarine fire, since the
ocean is drained as soon as it enters it, while the selfsame
ocean is augmented when it leaves it. How can I describe
the evil actions of this moon (the mine of faults)?—for it is
he who destroys the day-lotus, the very home of his sister
Lakshmi. The Malaya breeze, being heated by coming in
touch with my heart burning with the fire of separation, is
surely rarified; this bed, formed with tender shoots, adds to
the heat of the body as if it were the concentrated flames of
the fire of love: even the sandal (-paste) heats the body, as
if it were infected with the virulent poison smeared to the parent trunk by the fangs of serpents formerly entwining it. So, enough, enough of troubling yourself with the application of cooling remedies: only the prince, who surpasses even Cupid in beauty, can successfully cure this heat of the fever of love. But he is beyond my reach; what am I to do? 's Bálachandriká, seeing that she (the princess) of delicate limbs was affected by the highest stage of the feverish condition of love, had her mind subdued by the beauty of Rājaváhana, and had no other protector, thought to herself—“I must quickly bring the prince (here), or else Cupid will surely reduce her to the state of being only remembered (i.e. she will die). Cupid discharged his arrows equally at both these in the garden when both the prince and the princess were looking at each other; hence it will be easy for me to bring the prince here.” Then, leaving some female friends, who were skilled in the timely use of remedies, to guard the princess, she went to the house of the prince. Rājaváhana, whose mind had become the quiver of the arrows of Cupid, and who lay on a bed of leaves withered on account of their contact with his body heated by love-torment, saw, as he was talking with Pushpodbhava with regard to his beloved, her dear friend come near him; and being pleased at heart to find that Bálachandriká had arrived like a potent herb to be sought, he asked her, whose folded hands, graceful like the bud of a lotus, decked her spacious forehead, and who had sat on a proper seat pointed out to her with the words—“Sit there,” the news about his beloved, as she respectfully offered the camphor-mixed Tāmbúla to him, given by Avantisundari. She with modesty replied—“Lord, ever since the time she saw you in the pleasure-garden, she is being tortured by Cupid; and finding no relief from beds of flowers and such other things, she, like a dwarf trying to get at the fruit of a tall tree, is desirous of obtaining, on account of being blinded by love, the inaccessible pleasure of a close embrace of your bosom; and having herself written this epistle she has asked me to hand it over to you with the words—give this to my lover.” The prince took the letter and read as follows:

“O blessed prince, having seen your form, delicate like a flower and perfect (lit. flawless) in beauty in the whole world, my mind desires that you should make your heart as tender
(as your form is graceful) [or, my heart entertains love (for you); so please make your heart etc.]"

Having read it he said to her respectfully—"Friend, you, the wife of Pushpodbhava who follows me like my shadow, are yourself like the external life of that fawn-eyed lady. Your shrewdness has served as a basin to the creeper of this whole affair; so I will do everything. The beautiful princess refers in her letter (indirectly) to the hardness of my heart. The very moment when that fawn-eyed damsel came within the range of my sight in the pleasure-grove, she robbed me of my heart and (with it) went to her place; so she herself best knows whether it is tender or hard. It is very difficult to get access to the chamber of the princess. I shall devise some remedy favourable to our object, and shall approach that beautiful damsel to-morrow or the day after. Tell her everything about me as you have seen it, and make use of remedies in such a way that she, who is as tender as a Sirisha flower, will not suffer any bodily torment." Bálachandrikā on her part was satisfied on hearing his words that implied love, and returned to the princess' chamber. Rájáváhana also went with Pushpodbhava, to dispel the pangs of separation, to the pleasure-park where he had (first) obtained the pleasure of the sight of his heart's beloved. There, unable to rest (lit. stop) in any place, being affected by love, he reviewed the many trees, the clusters of leaves and flowers of which had been collected by the chakora-eyed princess, the place where the damsel with a face like the autumnal moon had worshipped the image of the God of love, the cool sandy surface, marked by the rows of the foot-prints of the lovely lady, and the leafy bed under the bower of the Mādhavī creeper that she, having pearly teeth, had left after resting on it for a time. And he wandered about, remembering again and again the several events that occurred at the time he saw that ornament of the womankind; seeing again and again the fresh leaves of the mango-trees shaken by the gentle breezes, tremblingly, as if they were the flames of the fire of love, and repeatedly hearing the notes of cuckoos, parrots and the bees, which were as it were the spies of Love whispering in his ears.

Just then a Brāhmaṇa, clad in thin and variegated raiment, decked with bright ear-rings, and attractive with his sumptuous apparel, came there unexpectedly, accompanied by persons with their heads clean-shaved, and with a blessing
duly pronounced, saw Rájaváhana glowing with a halo of light all round. The Prince respectfully asked him who he was and what art he was versed in. He replied that he was an expert in the art of magic, named Vidyeśvara, and that he came that day to Ujjain in the course of his visits to many countries for the amusement of the princes. Again he looked at Rájaváhana closely, and with a significant smile asked him what was the reason of his pallor in that land of pleasure. Pushpodbhava, on his part, thinking that he would be of use to them in the accomplishment of their object, respectfully addressed him:

“Since the friendship of the good arises out of a conversation, you have become our dear friend in such a short time owing to your sweet talk with us just now; and what is there that can be withheld from a friend? There arose an intense mutual love, at an unexpected meeting in this pleasure-grove, between the daughter of the king of Málwá, when she came here for the celebration of the great Spring-festival, and this prince. It is on account of the absence of some means of attaining constant enjoyment that he is in this miserable plight.” Vidyeśvara looked at the face of the prince, charmingly blushing, and said with a gentle smile—“What object of yours, my lord, can be beyond accomplishment, when I, your servant, am ready to serve you? By means of my art of magic I shall beguile the king of Málwá, and, bringing about the marriage of his daughter with you in the presence of the citizens, cause your entrance into the apartment of the princess; but let the princess be informed of this beforehand through her friend.” The prince, highly pleased at this, greatly honoured and then took leave of that Vidyeśvara, his disinterested friend who had declared his skill in magic (or, in bringing about results by artificial means) and who knew deception, counterfeit love and natural affection.

Rájaváhana now looked upon his desires as almost fulfilled on account of Vidyeśvara’s skill in magic, and, returning home with Pushpodbhava, took care to inform the princess, through Bálachandriká, of the means of union that were going to be used by the Bráhmaṇa, and with his mind full of curiosity remained thinking as to how to pass the night. Next morning Vidyeśvara, well-versed in the mode and progress of the sentiments and feelings, went to the gate of the palace, accompanied by his numerous attendants, and declared his profession to the door-keeper, who thereupon hastened to announce the approach

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of the magician to the king. Called in by the king of Málwá, full of curiosity, in company with the equally curious ladies of the harem, Vidyeśvara entered the inner court, humbly uttered benedictions upon the king, and, permitted by the king, began his performance. Then, as the roll of drums beaten by the servants welled and the songs of singing girls, sweet like the tune of intoxicated cuckoos, flowed in sweet succession, and the minds of all present were overpowered with great curiosity, he stood for a moment with his eyes half-closed, making his attendants move round him, as he whirled his magic bundle of peacock's feathers. After this, serpents, decked with hoods copiously emitting virulent poison and illuminating the expanse of the palace with the array of the gems in their hoods, moved about, causing fright; and many vultures taking up those big snakes in their beaks whisked about in the sky.

Then the Brahmāṇa, after having exhibited the tearing of Hiranyakaśipa, the monarch of the demons, by Nyśinhu, said to the greatly astonished king—‘O king, now at the close of my performance it is but proper that you should see something auspicious; hence, to assure the attainment of a number of blessings, I shall perform the marriage of a prince endowed with all the auspicious signs, with a princess, having a form exactly like that of your daughter.’ The king, out of curiosity to see it, assented; and Vidyeśvara, with his face brightened at the prospect of his desired object being accomplished, put in his eyes a collyrium which had the virtue of stupefying all, and looked around. Then, as all were looking at the spectacle in astonishment as a feat of magic, he united, in the presence of the sacred fire, on account of his proficiency in the religious rites and other performances attendant on a marriage, Avantisundari, who had come there decorated with numerous ornaments as previously arranged, with Rājavāhana, with his heart swelling with love. At the close of the performance, the magician loudly ordered all the magical persons to disappear, when all persons conjured up by magic disappeared one by one. Rājavāhana also, skilfully carrying out the secret plan as previously arranged, entered the chamber of the princess like a man conjured up by magic. The king of Málwá also thought it a miracle, rewarded that Brahmāṇa with a large sum of money, and having asked Vidyeśvara to depart, himself went into the inner apartment. Then Avantisundari, attended by her dear companions, went to her beautiful mansion with her husband. Then Rājavāhana,
who had his desires thus fulfilled with the help of fate and man, gently removed the feeling of bashfulness of that fawn-eyed damsel with his sweet and loving acts of endearment, infused in her a desire for amorous sport, engendered confidence in her on account of the privacy, and, eager to drink the nectar of her conversation, related to her the diversified and heart-ravishing tales (from the Mahábhárata &c.) of the fourteen worlds.

END OF THE PÚRKAVÁTHIKA.

DAŚAKUMĀRACHARITA.

UCHCHHIŚVÁSA I.

Having heard the description of the universe from the prince, that beautiful princess, with her eyes dilated through wonder, said with a smile—"Dearest, to-day my ears have been blessed (lit. the function of my ears has had its mission fulfilled) through your favour; to-day you have set in my mind the lamp of knowledge that dispels all darkness of ignorance; to-day is ripened the fruit of the service of your lotus-like feet. What service shall I do unto you so as to make a return for this your favour? There is nothing mine that is not yours. Or why, this person too does possess power in some matter; impossible it is to cause this lower lip of yours, that has already been used by Sarasvati, when she seized your mouth, to be kissed by me without my desire;—or to cause this bosom of yours, that has been enjoyed by the plump breasts of Lakshmi, to be embraced by me without my permission." With these words, resting her rounded breasts on the bosom of her dear husband like the monsoon spreading in the sky the train of big clouds, expanding her eye sparkling with deep love, like a full-developed Kandali-bud of deep red, and graceful (lit. marked) with her ample tresses that imitated the plumage of a peacock, being variegated with flowers that looked like eyes in a peacock's tail and hanging about disorderly like a row of bees, she impatiently kissed his ruby-like lower lip magnified by the stream of its spreading reddish lustre and hence resembling the bud of a Kadamba flower rugged with its filaments like the throbbing rays of the morning sun. At this the feeling of passion being excited, there proceeded an uninterrupted course of enjoyments highly pleasing on account of the various modes of enjoyment. As they were in sound sleep brought on by the fatigue of enjoyment, they saw
in a dream an old swan with its legs bound with a string of lotus-fibres, and both awoke at the vision. On waking, the prince found his feet bound by a silver-chain, as if they were embraced by a series of the rays of the moon mistaking them (his feet) for lotuses. Perceiving it, and not knowing what to make of it, the princess, beside herself with great fright, screamed aloud. Thereupon the whole of the apartment of the princess was thrown into commotion, all the inmates trembling, as if it were set on fire, as though some evil spirit had taken possession of it, not knowing how to act then or after, quite regardless of the necessity to keep the secret intact, dashing their limbs against the floor, screaming at the top of their voice, and having their cheeks covered with the stream of tears. At this time of confusion, the guards of the female apartments, their entrance not being barred, rushed in all at once to see what the matter was, and they discovered the prince in that state; their desire to arrest him, however, being curbed by his majestic appearance, they at once communicated the incident to Chaṇḍavarmā. He came, foaming with fury, as if burning him with his eyes that contained fire; and, looking at the prince, he recognized him and said—'How now! This, indeed, is the same mischievous fellow, bearing the designation of a Brāhmaṇa, the friend of Pushpoddhava—that foreign merchant, inflated with the pride of his riches and the husband of that wicked Bālachandrikā who was the cause of my younger brother's death—who, intoxicated with the pride of beauty and vain of his knowledge of the arts, has, by means of skill in the various arts of deception, imposed upon the silly citizens, who falsely attribute impossible divine (superhuman) powers to him, and who, wearing the cloak of religious hypocrisy, practises evil secretly. How possibly was this wicked Avantisundarī, treating valorous persons like us with disdain, attached to him? Let the wicked girl, the defiler of her family, to-day see her lord exalted to the dignity of the gibbet!' Thus he reviled Avantisundarī, and with his forehead fierce on account of the terrible knitting of the eye-brows and looking like Kāla, he dragged the prince with his hand rigid like an iron rod, seizing him by his lotus-like hand marked with the linear marks of a lotus and a wheel. Rājavāhana, bold by nature, and possessing prowess of every kind to the highest degree, knew for certain that it was a calamity brought on by destiny, and that it could only be met with by means of
submission; so he gave himself up to the enemy, comforting his dearly-loved wife, who was thinking of putting an end to her life, with the words—"Call to your mind, O you with a swan’s gait, that incident about the swan! Bear yourself up for two months, O fair one!"

When the King and Queen of Málwá heard the story, they were distressed, and, being attracted by his handsome form, saved their son-in-law who was about to be put to death by his foe, threatening else to put an end to their own lives; but they could not, owing to their powerlessness (i.e. they not being the sovereigns), deliver him from his calamity. That Chaṇḍavarmá, known for his fierce disposition, sent a courier to inform Darpasára, who was practising religious austerities on the Káliśa mountain, of the whole of this affair, and at once seized Pushpodbhava with all his family, threw him into prison and confiscated all his effects. He then secured Rájaváhana, like the cub of a lordly lion, in a wooden cage, and being distrustful of all, took him, who felt no pain due to hunger, thirst and the like by virtue of the magical jewel concealed in his hair, with him as he proceeded on an expedition against the Áṅga country in order to uproot the king of the Áṅgas who had contumaciously treated his request for the hand of his daughter. He besieged Champá, making it shake under the weight of his army. The king of Champá, Simhavarmá, whose prowess was as irresistible as that of a lion, having caused a passage to be made in the rampart, issued forth with a mighty force, appearing like pride incarnate, impatient of aggression and not caring to wait for the arrival, which was quite imminent, of the princes, who were called by the multitude of messengers sent by himself and who were coming very fast to help him, and opposed the rival army. In the great battle that ensued, however, Simhavarmá, with all his forces destroyed and having his own armour battered by hundreds of blows from mighty weapons, was captured by Chaṇḍavarmá who had superhuman vital strength, by jumping upon his elephant from his own elephant. Chaṇḍavarmá, through the great love he bore to his daughter Ambáliká, also named Abalá-Ratna (lit. ‘a jewel among women’) did not, however, put him to death. But he whose intentions were not to be divined, kept him in custody, after having taken out all the arrow-darts from his body. He resolved, in conformity with the calculations of the astrologers, to espouse the princess the next morning.
Just as the ceremony of fastening the auspicious marriage-string was performed, the courier named Aiṇajaṅgha arrived from the Kailāsa mountain with the reply of Darpaśāra who was the king in authority, which ran thus—"Fool! Is there room for showing pity to the defiler of the princess’ apartment? Does it behove even you to abide by whatever nonsense the old king utters, whose mind is deprived of all sense of honour and dishonour owing to his age, and who is only partial to his ill-behaved daughter? You should create joy for (i.e. gladden) my ears by at once sending me the news about the love-crazed miscreant being put to death with tortures; the wicked girl also with her younger brother Kirtiśāra should be thrown into prison with her feet in irons." On hearing this message Chandāvarma ordered his attendants, fixing on them a look of command, thus—"Let the villain, the violator of the chastity of the princess’ apartment, be brought before the palace-gates tomorrow morning, and let also the lordly elephant, named Chandapota, decked with the usual decorations, be brought there. After completing the marriage-rites, I shall get up and myself make that the fellow of depraved character a plaything of the elephant (i.e. so as to be smashed to pieces), and then riding the same elephant I will march forth and capture the multitude of kings that are approaching to help the foe, together with their treasures and conveyances." The next day, as the dawn was just breaking, Rājavīhāra was led forth by the guards to the palace-yard, and the elephant Chandapota, with ichor flowing from his temples, was also brought there. At that very instant the silver chain fell off from the prince’s ankles, and, assuming the form of an Apsaras, beautiful like the digit of the moon, went round him keeping him to the rājaṭ, and with folded hands addressed him—"Prince, please listen to me with a mind softened with kindliness. I am an Apsaras, named Suratamaṇḍjari, born of the rays of the moon; in the sky a foolish swan mistook my face for a lotus and pursued it, when in the confusion of keeping it off, my necklace snapped, and dropping off happened to fall on the head of the great sage Mārkaṇḍeya who had just emerged after having bathed in a lake of the Himalayas, called Maudodaka, and made it doubly hoary by means of the rays of its jewels. Incensed by the affront, he denounced upon me an unjust curse (thus):—"O wicked girl, assume thou a metallic form, wherein your consciousness will be suspended." Then, being propitiated by me, he arranged that the calamity would end after I had served
as fetters for your lotus-like feet for two months only, and further that my senses would not lose their powers (all the while). I, who was transformed into a silver-chain as a penalty for my great sin, was found in that state on the Kailása mountain by a demigod, named Víraśekhara, the son of Mánasavega, and the grandson of Vegavat, a prince of the family of Ikshváku; and I remained in his possession. Now when the hostilities commenced by his father (Mánasavega) were still proceeding, Víraśekhara, hostilely disposed towards Naraváhanadatta, the extender of Vatsa’s race and the reigning emperor of the Vidyádharaś, entered into an alliance with Darpasāra, who was practising penance, and whom he thought capable of punishing his foe. Darpasara agreed to give him his sister Avantisundari in marriage. Once, as the moon shone brightly in the sky, Víraśekhara, desiring of seeing the beloved of his heart, Avantisundari, and unable to curb his passion, descended into the princess’ chamber, beautiful like the palace of Indra. Himself invisible by virtue of the charm of concealment, he beheld the princess, who, with her limbs drooping, through the fatigue of sexual sport, lay reclined on your lap, and in whom the tide of passion was caused to swell by means of tales, sweet like nectar, of the creation, maintenance and destruction of the three worlds. Though enraged at the sight, he was frustrated in his mental resolve to seize you by your prowess; but finding both of you sleeping soundly in each other’s arms, he, urged by favourable fate, passed me in the form of a silver chain round your lotus-like feet and hastily departed in great anger. To-day my curse expires; and your imprisonment also extended over the same two months; be pleased to tell me what I can do for you.” The prince, saying—“Go and cheer up my heart’s beloved with the news of my liberation,” dismissed the nymph as she was bowing before him.

Just at that time a sudden cry arose that Chañḍavarmaná was killed with the stroke of a scimitar by a single thief of extraordinary prowess, being violently pulled down by being forcibly seized by the arm stretched forth through ardent desire to seize the hand of Ambálíká, the daughter of Simhavarmá, and that covering the precincts of the palace with hundreds of dead bodies he (the thief) was moving about freely, unimpeded in his course. On hearing this, Rájaváhana, having knocked off the driver, leaped upon the same furious elephant and drove it to the palace with utmost speed. The way was cleared for him by
the foot-soldiers who fell off as the elephant advanced with speed, and he entered the palace-yard, and in a tone deep like the thunder of a train of clouds said—"Where is that hero who performed this great feat impossible for a human being to achieve? Let him come and sit here beside me on this infuriated elephant, so that by my side he can be safe (lit. will have no fear) even when fighting with the gods and demons." On hearing this, the valiant youth was greatly delighted, and came with folded hands and dexterously mounted the elephant that contracted its body at a signal. Rājavāhana saw him closely just as he was mounting (the elephant), and exclaimed with his eyes dilated through joy—"Oh, this is none but my dear friend Apahāravarmā!" And, catching the foreparts of both his arms that were thrust into his arm-pits as he was sitting behind, caused himself to be embraced by him, and himself also embraced him by throwing his arms backwards. Having disengaged himself from the embrace the very instant, Apahāravarmā hurled to the ground the opposing warriors who, puffed up with the pride of their strength, were fighting in various ways closing round him, making use of various weapons such as bows, the disc, iron clubs, harpoons, darts, double-edged swords, javelins and maces. In a moment he saw even that hostile army besieged by another army rapidly advancing in the front from an opposite direction.

Just after that, a man, of a complexion yellowish-white like the Karnikāra flower, with his curly hair blue like the sapphire, his hands and feet tender like the lotus, with his blue-glossy, milk-white and attractive eyes stretching as far as the ears, having a poniard, with its hilt set with jewels, deposited in his waist-band, wearing a silk-garment, of a slender waist but a broad chest, pouring a shower of arrows upon the hostile army as he was well-practised in the use of weapons, urging his swift elephant by rubbing hard the roots of its ears with the toes of his feet, advanced, and recognizing Rājavāhana from his knowledge of the description formerly given, bowed down to him with folded hands, and fixing his eyes on Apahāravarmā said—"Here has arrived the force of the allies for rendering assistance to the king of the Aṅgas and led by me hither by the way pointed out by you. The army of the enemy is now thoroughly routed and broken, and is reduced to such a helpless condition that its weapons can be easily snatched away even by
women and children; what further am I to do for you?" Apāhāravarmā was highly pleased and said—"Lord, favour this servant with a gracious look; Your Highness should consider him as my own self, only concealed under this form and under the designation of Dhanamitra. If Your Highness does not find fault with it, let him (go and) liberate the king of the Aūgas, and get together (the spoil i.e.) the treasures and the conveyances and then attend upon Your Highness sitting at ease in a quiet place, accompanied by these princes who are siding with us." The prince assented, and riding out of the town with him by the way he pointed out, alighted from the elephant on the ground under a large Rohiṇa tree, cool with the breezes from the waves of the Ganges that blew there, and having a bed of sand white like a silk-garment. Rājavāhana sat at ease, as on an elephant, on the sandy Gangetic plain, the surface whereof was quickly smoothed with his own hands by Apahāravarmā having alighted first. While he was thus seated, Dhanamitra came with Upahāravarmā, Arthapāla, Pramati, Mitragupta, Mautragupta and Viśruta, and with Prahāravarmā the king of Mithilā, Kāmapāla the king of Kāśi, and Śimhavarmā the king of Champā, and bowed before Rājavāhana. The prince also, transported with joy, rose (to receive them), wondering at the singular turn of good fortune in that all his friends had come together at the same time, and after receiving them with proper civilities closely embraced them. He looked upon (i.e., treated) the Kings of Kāśi, Mithilā and Aūga, who were introduced to him by his friend, with the respect due to his father. They, with their white hair bristling through joy, embraced him in great haste and he also felt greatly delighted.

Then, as affectionate talks went on between them, he, being requested by his friends, narrated to them his own adventures and those of Somadatta and Pushpodbhava; and thus, having made a beginning, he asked his friends, with a desire to hear their narratives, to recount to him the incidents that severally befell them. Of these Apahāravarmā began (his own narrative) first:

UCHCHHVĀSĀ II.

"Lord, when the group of friends dispersed in search of Your Highness, who had then entered the nether regions for assisting that Brāhmaṇa in his object, I, too, wandered over the earth.
Having heard somewhere from a conclave of people talking among themselves that there resided on the bank of the Ganges, outside the city of Champa, a great sage, named Marichi, who was possessed of divine sight got by the power of his austerities, I, desirous of knowing your whereabouts from him, directed my steps to that region. And in that hermitage I beheld, under the shade of a young mango-tree, an ascetic who was looking like one dejected. Received as a guest by him I took rest for a short time, and asked him, saying—"Where is the great seer Marichi? I wish to know from him the fate of a dear friend gone away for some reason; for, the sage is known over the earth as possessed of a wonderful power of knowledge." He, thereupon, heaved a long sigh and said—"In this hermitage there was such a sage formerly. A courtesan named Kamañjari, who was the ornament of the Ałga-capital, once approached him full of dejection and with breasts bespangled with large tear-drops, and bowed to him, sweeping the ground with her long dishevelled tresses. Just then the multitude of her relatives, led by her mother, who ran after her with piteous cries arrived there close upon her heels. The merciful sage, as the story goes, comforted them with sweet words and asked the harlot the cause of her distress. She, appearing to be full now of bashfulness, now of sorrow and now of respect, replied—"Revered Sir, this person, not destined to enjoy the pleasures of this world, has approached, for protection, the root of your feet, renowned for their being the asylum of the afflicted, for obtaining the felicity of the other world." But her mother, having raised her folded hands and after rising up from the ground having touched it (in the act of bowing) with the knot of her hair interspersed with the grey of age, said—"Revered sage, here your slave begs to submit her offence with respect to her; my fault lies simply in making her perform the duties of her proper profession (or, duties as required by my office). This is the special office (duty) of the mother of a courtesan—viz., to cultivate the beauty of the person of her daughter from the very birth; to nurture the body of her daughter by means of congenial (lit. measured) diet, that will help the development of lustre, strength, complexion and intelligence and will keep the humours, the gastric fire and the vital fluids in harmony; from her fifth year (of age) not to expose her very much to the view even of her father; on her birth-day and on other auspicious days, to perform the auspicious rites marked with great festivities; to train her in the erotic science.
In all its branches, to carefully initiate her in the arts of dancing, singing, playing on musical instruments, acting, painting, as well as in the confectionary (culinary art), in the art of preparing perfumes, wreathing flowers and also in reading writing and expressing herself with elegance and wit; to teach her the simple outlines of grammar, logic and astrology. She (the mother) has to make her adept in the art of gaining a livelihood, in sportive graces, and in games of chance and strife; (the daughter) also receives practical instruction with great pains, at the hands of confidential persons, in the secrets of the sexual science; she has to appear, carefully decorated and attended with a large retinue, at public festivals; she has to attain perfection in the art of singing as would suit particular occasions, at the hands of experts previously engaged; she has to be advertised through experts in various arts in different places; she must be proclaimed through palmists and astrologers as being endowed with all the auspicious marks; with the help of parasites, gay companions, jesters and the Buddhistic nuns (female mendicants), she has to get her beauty, behaviour, accomplishments, charms and amiability discussed in the circles of the townspeople. When she becomes the constant object of the desires of young men, then to set a very high price on her hand (or, to bestow her on a youth at a very great price); or to give her away to one who is independent (i.e. master of his own affairs) and of his own accord is either very powerfully affected by (lit. is blinded by) love for her or whose passion is furiously excited at the sight of her coquettish actions, and who is endowed with high birth, beauty, youth, power to give riches, honesty, munificence, skill, politeness, (knowledge of) the arts, good disposition and affability; or to deliver her over to one who is not independent but possesses superior qualities and is extremely intelligent, even for a small sum, giving out in public that much was received; and (sometimes) to extort money from the elders of such by bringing about a connexion with him by the Gândharva marriage,\textsuperscript{*} and if no money comes in, to gain the object in the local court by winning over by friendship the king (or, the chief authority). When one is attached to her, to make the daughter observe the vow of chastity towards him. (It is also her duty) to appropriate by various artifices what remains of the wealth of

\textsuperscript{*} Or, according to some, 'under the pretence that a Gândharva marriage was contracted.'
lovers after it has been expended by daily, occasional and love gifts; to reject one who, though almost seduced, does not give anything, by picking a quarrel with him; to stimulate the liberality of one, who, being attracted, is deep in love, by inciting him through a deputy (or, neighbour;—or, the lover of a neighbouring courtesan, Com.) to get rid of one who is without money by means of sarcastic remarks, by reviling him in public, by keeping her daughter off from him, and thus inspiring him with shame or by accepting another lover for her, and by insults; and often to unite her with rich persons, capable of giving much money, who are able to remove all difficulties, and who are unobjectionable, after duly considering all doubts about the advantages and disadvantages (from the connexion). A mere attendance upon a lover, and not real attachment to him, is the duty of a courtesan; and even when she really loves him, she must not disobey her mother or grandmother. Such being the settled practice, this damsels, having transgressed the duties prescribed by the god Brahmā, passed exactly a month indulging her passion at her own expense in company of a Brāhmaṇa youth, who is altogether a stranger and whose only wealth is his handsome form. A large number of admirers, capable of giving much wealth, she offended by rejecting them, and thus ruined her family; and when I dissuaded her, saying—'This is foolish and not a wise thought,' she, in a rage, set out to take up her abode in the woods. Now if she, who has thus acted, proves unshaken in her resolve, all these persons, who have no other means of subsistence, will starve themselves to death, just here.' With these words she burst into tears.

Upon this the sage, full of mercy, addressed the damsels—

"Good girl, this forest-life is surely a life of suffering. Its object is either final beatitude or the attainment of paradise; the first of these, being attainable by the perfection of spiritual knowledge, is generally difficult to accomplish; the second is within the reach of every one who discharges the duties of his family. It were well, therefore, that you should desist from an impossible attempt and abide by the advice of your mother." Thus addressed she, saying—'If the root of the feet of Your Reverence be not my refuge, helpless that I am, let the God of fire be!' became agitated (uneasy) at heart. The sage then thought to himself, and said to her mother—'Go home for the present; wait for a few days till she, of a tender body and accustomed to the enjoyment of pleasures, grows weary of the hardships of a forest.
life, and being constantly awakened to her duties by me, comes to her senses.” When the relatives of the young courtesan returned home, saying ‘Very well,’ the damsel, full of of deep devotion, wearing a couple of freshly-washed garments and not much attentive to personal decoration, won the sage’s heart in a few days by such actions as filling the basins of the young plants with water, taking pains to pluck and collect the flowers for the worship of the deities, preparing offerings of various sorts, keeping ready the sandal-paste, flowers, frankincense, lamp-light, dancing, singing and playing on musical instruments, for (the propitiation of) Śiva, and by engaging herself in a secluded place in conversations with him touching the three objects of worldly existence and suitable discussions concerning the nature of the Self.

Once, when in private, finding that he was affected by passion, she observed with some astonishment—“Foolish, indeed, are the worldly people that place Artha (wealth) and Káma (pleasure) on an equal footing with Dharma (virtue, religion). Urged by the Marichi, saying—“Tell me, child, in what degree you would have Dharma transcend Artha and Káma,” she began slowly to speak through modesty—“Your Reverence should, indeed, seek to learn of the superiority or inferiority of the three objects of worldly existence from a person like myself! Or, even this may be a new way of showing favour to your slave! Very well; may Your Reverence attend;—To be sure, Artha and Káma cannot come into being without Dharma; but even without regard to them, Dharma alone is the creative cause of final beatitude, and is attainable only by the concentration of the mind. It does not (like Artha and Káma) much depend on external means. Supported (i.e. held up) by the knowledge of the reality, it is not affected by Artha and Káma, howsoever pursued; and, even if affected, it is set right by a little exertion; and, eradicating that defect also, it conduces to the highest (lit. not a little) bliss. Hence the passion of the Grand sire (Brahmá) for Tilottamá; the pollution of thousands of the wives of the ascetics by Śiva; Krishná’s amorous sporting with sixteen thousand wives in his harem; Brahmá’s passionate inclination towards his own daughter; the seduction of Ahalyá by Indra; the Moon’s violation of the bed of his preceptor (Bṛhaspati); the Sun’s unnatural connexion with a mare; the union of Váyu with Aś雁ántá; Bṛhaspati’s illicit intercourse with the wife of (his elder brother) Utathya; Parásara’s despoiling of the daughter.

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of a fisherman; his son’s (Vyása’s) connexion with the wives of his brother (Vichitravírśa); and Atri’s union with a doe. Also, the various artifices employed by gods towards the demons (or, deeds worthy of the demons alone) to gain their various objects do not affect Dharma, by the power of knowledge. And, when the mind is purified by piety, passion (Rajas) does not at all defile (lit. stick to) it, as dust does not the sky. I therefore hold that Artha and Káma do not come up even to a hundredth part of Dharma."

On hearing this the sage with his passion enkindled (or, augmented) said—"Graceful damsel, you have taken a proper view (of matters), in that you say that the Dharma of him who has known the Truth is not obstructed (or, interfered with) by worldly enjoyment. But we, from our birth, are quite ignorant of matters relating to Artha and Káma. It is necessary to know what their natures are, their attendant circumstances and their results." She replied—"Artha is of the form of (i.e., consists in) its acquisition, increase and conservation; its concomitants are agriculture, rearing up of cattle, trade, peace, war and the like; and its fruit (i.e., final object) is its bestowal on deserving persons. Káma is a peculiar kind of touch (contact) yielding the highest pleasure to persons whose hearts are deeply attached to sensual objects; its concomitants are all that are lovely and bright in this world; its fruit is the highest gratification, which gives the highest delight, which springs up from mutual, close contact, which is sweet to remember, in which all self-conceit disappears, which is supreme, which is bliss directly enjoyed, and which is to be felt by one’s own self only. It is for the sake of this pleasure only that men practise in particular (holy) places severe penance, give liberal gifts, fight terrible battles, and undertake dangerous enterprises, such as voyages.

Hearing this, the Rishi—it may be owing to the power of destiny, or to her eloquence, or to infirmity of his own mind—became attached to her, disregarding his devotions. She took him, who was too far gone in forgetting himself (i.e. his proper duty), in a car to the town, and led him to her own house by the magnificent high road. And (as they passed), the festival of Káma was proclaimed as taking place on the morrow. Next day, when the ascetic had bathed and applied perfumes to his body, and put on beautiful garlands, she led him, who had begun to act like a votary of the God of love, and who had no longer any desire to keep up his former character, and who felt uneasy if he
was without her even for an instant, by the splendid royal road
to where people were celebrating the festival, and approached the
King who was sitting, surrounded by hundreds of damsels, in
one part of the garden The King, with a smiling face, said—
"Fair damsel, sit down with the sage." Thereupon she made
a graceful bow and smilingly sat down; which done, a certain
beauteous woman with folded hands rose up, saying—"Sire,
I am vanquished by her and own myself the damsel's slave,"
and bowed to the king. A general uproar due to wonder and joy
rose up from the people. The damsel, dismissed by the delighted
King after being rewarded with jewelled ornaments of great value
and a large retinue, and also applauded by the different groups of
courtesans and the principal citizens, said to the sage even without
going home—"Revered Sir, here I fold my hands to you; this
your servant has been long favoured; now return to your pious
duties." But he, as if struck by the thunderbolt and greatly
agitated by his passion, said to her—"Dear damsel, what does this
mean? Whence is this indifference? Where has gone that
uncommon affection you showed for me?" Thereupon she smiled
and said—"Sir, the damsel, who in the assembly acknowledged
herself defeated, formerly in some conflict with me rebuked me,
saying—'You are boasting as if you have won over Marichi;'
so I proceeded in this affair, it being agreed (between us) that
the vanquished one should become the slave of the other, and
by your favour I have won the wager." The silly ascetic, thus
repulsed by her, greatly repeated, and like one vacant-minded,
returned to his dwelling.—And know me, O noble youth, to be the
same who was so gullied by that girl. And that same whore,
having uprooted the passion instilled in me by her power of
fascination, has now infused (i.e. created) in me a great disgust
for worldly pleasures. Before long I shall render my soul capable
of achieving your object. In the meanwhile do you abide in
this very Champá, the capital of Añga."

At this time the sun set, as if in fear of the touch of the
darkness (of ignorance) that fell off from the sage's mind;
the Rága (passion, redness), cast off by him, glimmered in the shape
of the twilight; and the beds of lotuses faded away, as if they had
colourlessness imparted to them (—as if filled with disgust) by his
narration. In conformity with the sage's directions I performed
the evening devotions with him, sleeping after him, and passed
the night talking on various topics suited to the occasion. At
day-break, while the red-rayed (morning) sun, that looked almost like a wild conflagration on the peak of the rising mountain, and that despised (i.e. far surpassed the lustre of) the tender sprouts of the desire-fulfilling trees, was peeping up, I bowed to him and proceeded to the city. On my way, outside a convent of Jain mendicants, I saw, seated in a lonely clump of red Aśoka trees, a certain Jain mendicant, of a miserable look, who had not yet taken to asceticism (or, who had not begun to practise Samādhi—abstract meditation), who was reduced by mental anxiety, and who was the foremost among the ugly. I also noticed drops of tears falling on his chest from his face, the accumulation of dust whereon was loosened. I sat down by him, and asked him—"Penance and this shedding of tears, how to reconcile the two! If not a secret, please let me know the cause of your sorrow."

He answered—"Gentle youth, listen. I am Vasupālīta by name, the eldest son of a merchant named Nidhipālīta, an inhabitant of this very Champā. On account of my ugliness I came to be distinguished by the name Virūpaka. There was here another (youth) called Sundaraka, a name quite significant in his case, who, rich in virtues and (skilled) in arts, was not much favoured (lit. fattened) by wealth An ill-feeling was created between him and me, based on our form and wealth, by the designing town-sharers who live by creating discord. Once, at a festival, they themselves put down an altercation in reproachful language between us, due to mutual insult and given rise to by themselves, and settled the matter, saying—"Neither form nor wealth is the test of manliness; but he alone is a man whose youth would be sought by the most eminent harlot. Let him, therefore, whom Kālamañjari, the ornament of young women, would love, have the banner of grace." We agreed to it and sent messengers to her. I alone (as it appeared) became the inflamer of her passion; for, as we were seated, she, approaching me alone, invested me with a string (i.e. succession) of side-glances as if of blue lotuses, and thus made my rival hang down his face through shame. I, who considered myself blessed, made her the mistress of my wealth, my house, my retinue, my body and even of my very life. And she reduced me to utter poverty (lit. made me one to whom a rag was left). I, who was deprived of everything and turned out by her, became an object of ridicule to the world; and being unable to bear the contempt (lit. the utterings of 'fie') of the aged citizens, I came here to this Jain convent, where the path to
final beatitude being shown to me by a Muni, I, thinking that my present garb should be easy to those who had left the house of a harlot, and being filled with disgust, threw off that strip of cloth also. Then again, with my body covered with a thick layer of dirt, smarting under the great pain caused by the plucking off of the hair, tormented with severe thirst and hunger, and troubled by severe restraints, like a newly-caught elephant, in matters such as dwelling, sitting, sleeping and taking food, I thus thought over my state—"I am a Brāhmaṇa, and in following the path of the heretics I deviate from my proper faith. My ancestors followed the path (principles) laid down by the Vedas and the Smṛitis alone. But I, an unlucky creature, had to follow this unrighteous path of this nature as if it were that of righteousness, where the dress (to be worn) is condemnable, which is the abode of excessive suffering, the fruit whereof is hell even after death owing to one’s having constantly to listen to the blasphemy against the gods Viṣṇu, Śiva, Brahmā and others, which is rewarded with no (real) fruit, and which is almost a deception.”

Thus, with a full realization of my improper course of action, I freely give vent to my tears, having come to this solitary clump of Aśoka trees.”

Moved to pity on hearing his account, I said to him—"Friend, be patient and wait for a time here. I shall so manage it that that harlot herself will restore your wealth to you; there are means of that sort.” Having thus cheered him up, I rose after he had done so. Just as I entered the city I came to know from the general talk that that city abounded in rogues (or, covetous) and wealthy people; and wishing to restore them to their primitive natures by proving to them the transitoriness of wealth, I resolved to take to the path laid down by Karṇīṣṭha (i.e., to thieving). I then entered the gambling house and joined the company of the gamblers. As I observed their skill in all the twenty-five sorts of arts connected with gambling; their tricks, exceedingly difficult to notice, in cogging a die on the dice-board or shifting a piece, and the consequent abusive words uttered with vanity, and their desperate acts regardless of life; the transactions begun with the knowledge of their president, consisting chiefly in the employment of argument, force and valour, and capable of enforcing payment; their power to wheedle the resolute and bully the timid; their dexterity in making partisans; the various proffering of tempting advantages; the
descriptions of different ways of betting; their generosity in the
distribution of the money gained; their clamours at intervals,
mostly consisting of indecent talk, and such other things;—I derived
no satisfaction; and I happened to laugh at a gamester who made a
blunder in moving a piece. His rival, burning as it were with his
eyes inflamed with anger, looked at me and said—"Ah! Dare you
teach us the way to play, under the pretense of laughter? Let the
poor fellow alone; he is but a novice. With you, then, who are
such an expert in the art, I will gamble." With these words he
joined with me in play with the consent of the president, and I won
from him 16,000 Dināras; half of this I gave to the president and
the assembly, and with the other half I rose to go. And there
rose up expressions of my praise, full of joy, from the people
assembled there. Acceding to the request of the president I went
to his house and had a sumptuous meal there. He, Vimardaka by
name, on whose account I descended into (the field of) gambling,
became my most trustworthy second heart (as it were).

By his means I came to know everything about the towns-
men as regards their wealth, dealings and their behaviour; and on
a night extremely dark like the throat of Śiva, putting on a black
veil (or, cloak), with a sharp sword fastened (to my person)
equipped with such implements as a scoop, a whistle, tongs,
a sham head, magic powder, a magic wick, a measuring thread,
a wrench, a rope, a lamp-case, and a beetle in a box, I went to the
house of a celebrated usurer (lit. miser). Making a breach in his
house after finding out the state of things inside through the small
hole (or, a hole of the size) of a lattice-window, I entered
it without any fear, as if it were my own house, took his purse,
valuable on account of its costly contents, and departed. On (i.e.,
as I passed along) the main road, covered with dense darkness
thick like a mass of dark clouds, I saw for a moment a flash of
light like the fall of lightning; and just then there stood before
me a young damsel, with glittering ornaments, as though she
were the presiding goddess of the city coming to encounter me
at a time when the streets were devoid of crowds, angered at
the theft committed in the city. "Damsel, who are you and
where are you going?"—thus compassionately asked by me, she
replied in words faltering through fear—"Respected Sir, an
eminent merchant lives in this city, named Kuberadatta. I am
his daughter. My father betrothed me as soon as I was born to
Dhanamitra, the son of a wealthy man of this very city; but now
he has grown poor, having purchased, as it were, with his wealth, upon the death of his parents, owing to extreme liberality, the condition of a pauper from his suppliant. Now, although he has thus gained from the gratified world the laudable epithet of 'Udâraka' (munificent), and has offered to marry me now grown up, my father refuses to give me in marriage to him as being now destitute, and wishes to marry me to another merchant-leader, named Arthapati, who, true to his name, is a man of great opulence. Knowing that that inauspicious event (i.e. my marriage) is sure to come off to-day at dawn, I, agreeably to an appointment already made with my beloved, have started, having eluded my relations and am going, under the guidance of Cupid, to my lover's abode by this path familiar to me from my childhood. So please let me pass; take this treasure of ornaments." So saying she took them off and made them over to me. But, pitying her, I said—

"Come, O virtuous maiden! I will lead you to the dwelling of your lover," and proceeded a few steps, when there came a large force of the city-watch who dispelled the mass of darkness by means of the light of the torches, and who had sticks and swords in hand. I said to the maiden who trembled (with fear) at their very sight—"Fear not, gentle damsel; here is my arm armed with a sword (to protect you). But for your sake I have thought of this clever (lit. gentle) plan. I will lie down, affecting to be overcome by the pangs of poison; do you address these people thus:—

We entered the city this night; this my husband was bitten by a snake in a corner of that public stall. If any one among you knows the charm (that removes poison) and feels compassion for me, he should kindly give life to a helpless woman by restoring him to life." That maiden, having no alternative, with her voice faltering through fear, and her eyes overflooded with tears, tremblingly somehow went up to them and did as I desired. I also lay down, showing as if I was affected by the virulence of the poison. One of them, who prided himself on his being a poison-doctor, carefully surveyed me, and after treating me with a talisman, mystical formulas, charms and mental efforts, without success, declared—"Gone indeed, is he, bitten by the Destroyer (the deadly serpent); for his body is stiff and dark-blue, his eye-sight is steadied, and his warm breath stopped. Enough of grieving, O maiden! We shall consign the body to fire to-morrow. Who can transgress fate?" So saying, he departed with his comrades.
I rose up, and having taken her to Udāraka addressed him—
"I am a certain thief; encountering on my way this maiden
coming to you with no other companion than her heart set on
you, I have attended her through compassion hither; here are her
ornaments." So saying, I also handed over to him those ornaments,
which pierced the mass of darkness by their numerous rays.
Udāraka, too, took them up, and with shame, joy and excitement
said—"Honoured Sir, you have given me my beloved this night,
but again have deprived me of speech. For I do not know what
to say (how to thank you): If I were to say (धनिक) that this your
act, viz. your escorting this damsels to me and restoring the orna-
ments) is wonderful, (it would be objected that) your
character, indeed, appears to be something marvellous. If I were
to say that this has never been done by any other (thief) before,
(then it might be urged against me) that the power of things is
fixed in each individually: for avarice and such other qualities
which are found in others are absent in you. (If I were to say),
that to-day you have clearly displayed what saintly character is, it
would not agree with your previous virtuous acts mostly of such
nature; also (if I were to say) that to-day is seen what the real
nature of nobility of mind is, it will not be reasonable to arrive
at such a decision without having consulted your opinion (your
estimate of it). To say that you have bought this slave by this good
act, would be an insult to your high mental faculties (or, judgement),
as it would amount to saying that you bought a worthless thing for
an extremely valuable one. If I were to say that I offer my body
to you as a return-gift for your gift of my beloved to me, (it
would not also be reasonable, for) my body is (virtually) a gift
from you, as it would have perished had I not obtained my
beloved. Or this much will be proper for me to say on this
occasion—"From to-day, this your slave, should be supported by
you." So saying he fell at my feet. I raised him, embraced
him and asked him what course of conduct he meant to adopt.
He replied—"I shall not be able to reside in the city with safety
upon marrying the damsel without the consent of her parents.
I, therefore, propose to leave the city this very night." "Or
rather," he added, "who I am I to decide? I will follow your
advice." Then I said—"It is as you say; (staying in) one's
own country or change of country is no consideration with a
man of talent. But this maiden is tender in no small degree;
the paths through a wilderness are very difficult, and abound in
obstacles; and (again), such an abandonment of the native place bespeaks something like want of talent and spirit on one's part. You should, therefore, just live here happily with her. Come, let us conduct her to her own house." He readily assenting (lit. without giving thought to it), we at once took her to her house; and with her serving as our guide, we stole everything (in the house) except the earthen pots. Going forth from that place we placed our booty somewhere, and then proceeding, as we encountered a party of city-guards we mounted a powerful (lit. intoxicated) elephant lying down by the road-side after having pulled down the rider. Just as he was being urged to rise by me with my feet thrust into the chain round his neck, he, striking a blow slantingly with his tusk on the broad chest of the driver that was thrown down, and with his tusk encircled by his entrails, destroyed the city-guards. And by means of that very beast we destroyed the house of Arthapati Driving him on we alighted in an old grove by catching hold of the branches of a tree (and holding fast to them till the animal passed on); then going to our house we took a bath and lay down on bed.

Just then rose up from the ocean the orb of the Sun, looking almost like a ruby peak of the rising mountain, and red like a wreath of the golden sprouts of the desire-fulfilling trees. We got up, washed our faces, and after performing the customary rites of the morning, walked about the town, astir on account of our deeds, when in the houses of the bride and the bridegroom, we heard a great clamour. Arthapati comforted Kuberadatta with a gift of riches, and arranged to have the marriage of Kulapáliká put off for a month. I then (thus) instructed Dhanamitra in secret—"Friend, wait upon the king of the Añgas with special reference to this jewel of a leather-bag just in private, and say—"Your Majesty knows that I am Dhanamitra, the only son of Vasumitra, whose wealth consisted of many crores. Having lost all my paternal wealth on account of a number of suppliants, I came to be despised by men. Now, as owing to the fault of my poverty Kuberadatta wished to give to Arthapati his daughter Kulapáliká, who was brought up for my sake only, I, in grief (or, through despondency) entered an old grove situated near the city, wishing to give up my life; but when about to place the scimitar on my throat, I was prevented by an ascetic and thus asked—'What is the reason of this desperate act?' I replied—'Poverty, the sister of contempt.' Then he, the compassionate one, thus favoured
me—"Young man, you are under a delusion; no sin is more heinous than suicide. The good raise themselves (i.e. improve their position) by personal efforts, without destroying themselves. There are many ways of recovering lost wealth, but none to regain life that would depend on the re-joining of a throat that is cut off. But why go on thus? I am perfect in the power of spells; this leather-bag is endowed with magical power so as to grant a lac of coins. I lived for a long time in Kāmarāpa, fulfilling the desires of the people there through its favour. Being exposed to jealousy in my old age, I came to this place wishing to enter a heaven on earth (as it were). So take this bag of that virtue. Excepting me, it yields treasures only to merchants or the best of courtesans; such is the experience about it. But one must first restore to a person whatever one might have dishonestly got from him, and must also give away to Brāhmaṇas and gods whatever is gained by just means. After this, being worshipped daily after being placed like an idol in a pure place, it will be found to be filled with gold every morning. This is the prescribed mode for making it work (i.e. yield the treasure)." With this he gave it to me who had folded my hands before him, and himself entered a cave. Thinking that this leather-bag, which is a precious gem, should not be used without informing Your Majesty about it, I have brought it to you; so Your Majesty should decide what is proper in this case." The king will surely say—"Good man, I am pleased. Go; use it just as you like." Then say to him again—"May I be so favoured that none can steal it away from me." This also he will undoubtedly undertake to do. After this, go home and according to your statement give away everything you have. Afterwards fill the bag, which will be emptied by daily demands, at night with money obtained by theft, and show it in the morning to the people. Then Kuberadatta, who is ever covetous of money, will esteem Arthropati as insignificant as grass, and will himself wait upon you with his daughter. Then Arthropati, being enraged, will, through the pride of riches, try to seek redress by legal means. Him, also, we will again reduce to a rag by various means. By this means our own theft also will be quite concealed." Dhanamitra, being delighted, did exactly as he was told. That very day Vimardaka, who had taken service under Arthropati, at my direction excited his enmity against Udāraka (Dhanamitra). The avaricious Kuberadatta, giving up Arthropati, earnestly
wished to give his daughter in marriage to Dhanamitra alone. And Arthapati came in his way (lit. opposed him).

Just at this time (lit. in these days), as Rāgamañjarī, the younger sister of Kāmamañjarī, was to give a musical concert at the public hall, the citizens, full of eager curiosity, were collected there. I, with such precedents, was present there with my friend Dhanamitra. When she had commenced dancing, my mind became (as it were) a second stage-ground (for her to dance, i.e. she made a deep impression on my mind). Cupid, taking refuge in the excellent bow in the form of the lotus-bed of her amorous glances, and gaining strength as it were on account of the display of feelings and sentiments in their entirety, tormented me exceedingly. Thereupon she bound me with the chains of a series of her sporting side-glances, dark-blue like the petals of blue lotuses, as if she were the presiding deity of the town, incensed at my thefts in the town. As she rose after dancing, appearing more graceful by the flush of success, she repeatedly looked at me, I know not whether through coquetry, or through desire for me, or merely by chance, with a glance from the corner of her eye, unnoticed even by her friends, and in a manner in which the creeper-like eyebrows were gracefully contracted; and smiling under some pretext, so as to display the moonlight of her teeth a little, she set out (for her house) followed by the eyes and minds of the people.

I, thus conditioned, went home; but on account of an irresistible longing, I had no desire, whatsoever, to take food; and under pretence of a headache I lay on my solitary bed, with drooping limbs. Dhanamitra, who was an adept in love-affairs, came to me and privately said to me—"Friend, blessed is that courtesan girl alone, since your mind is so deeply attached to her; I closely marked the affected state of her mind, too. Cupid will make her also lie on a bed of his arrows in no time. And the union of you two, who have each fixed your affection on the worthy person, can be brought about without any efforts. But that courtesan girl, as the report goes, with a noble and generous thought (mind) that goes contrary to the proper duties of courtesans, is said to have declared—"I am to be won by merit, and not by money; and my youth will not be enjoyed by another except by marriage." Her sister, Kāmamañjarī, and her mother Mādhavasena, remonstrated with her against that; and not succeeding in their object, they, with tears choking their throats, applied to the King, saying—"Sire, we had a very great hope that your slave,
Rāgamañjari, as perfect in character and in accomplishments as in form, would fulfil our desires; but that (hope) to-day is nipped in the bud; for she, setting aside the duties of her family, and quite regardless of wealth, wishes to sell her youth for merits only, and desires to follow only the unfailling course of life of a woman-of-family. It will be a nice thing, if even at the words of Your Majesty she comes to her senses.” When she refused to listen, even though advised accordingly by the King out of regard to them, her sister and mother with persistent tears said to the King earnestly—“if any lover would mislead and seduce her without our wish (consent), he should be put to death as a thief.” Such being the case, her relations will not give their consent without wealth, while she will not approach (i.e. accept) one who will give money. So here we have to think of a remedy.” I said to him—“What is there to be thought over? We shall win her over by our virtues, while (at the same time) we shall secretly gratify her relatives with riches.”

Then I won over Dharmarakshita, a Buddhist female mendicant, the chief agent of Kāmamañjari, with gifts of old garments, food and the like, and through her medium I made an agreement with that harlot that I should steal Dhanamitra’s wonderful bag and give it to her if she would give me in return Rāgamañjari. I, then, when she accepted my proposal, accomplished the business in that way (i.e. stole the bag for her) and took the sprout-like (tender) hand of Rāgamañjari, who was fascinated (lit. intoxicated) with my qualities. In the beginning of the night on which the wonderful bag was to be given out as stolen, while the prominent townsmen, called under the pretext of some other business, were listening, Vimardaka, my secret agent, having insulted Dhanamitra, spoke many an angry word, showing himself as a partisan of Arthapati. Dhanamitra said—“What is your gain that you revile me for the sake of another? I do not remember to have done even a small injury to you.” As if in a threatening tone, Vimardaka said again—“This is what is known as the pride of wealth, that you seek to make your own another’s bride, bought off with the bride’s-money, by alluring her parents again by means of wealth; and again you ask me, ‘What wrong I have done to you.’ Why, it is well known that Vimardaka is the external life (i.e. second self) (as it were) of Arthapati, the leader of merchants. Such being the case, I will even give up my life for him, and will not shrink even from
the murder of a Brāhmaṇa. It needs only one night's awakening on my part to chase away this your fever of pride of the wonderful bag." As he was saying so, the principal citizens angrily interrupted him and drove him away. First mentioning the loss of the wonderful bag, Dhanamitra, feigning uneasiness, communicated this news to the king, who sent for Arthapati and asked him in private—"Sir, have you some one connected with you, named Vimardaka?" The silly-minded Arthapati said—"Yes, Sire; he is my great friend; what is to be done with him?"

When this was said the King asked him if he could call him to his presence. Arthapati, saying that he could, by all means, went home and carefully looked for him in his own house, in the streets, through the residence of courtesans, in the gaming houses, and in the market-place, but did not find him. And how could the poor fellow find him out? For verily that Vimardaka, fully instructed by me as to the marks for recognizing Your Highness, had started for Ujjain, that very day, at my command. Arthapati, on his part, not seeing him (Vimardaka), thought that the crime committed by him would be connected with himself, and denied the charge, either through delusion or through fear; but again, when the matter was brought home to him by Dhanamitra, he was seized by the enraged King and put in chains.

Just in these days Kāmamaṇḍari, desirous of making the wonderful bag yield treasures according to the prescribed procedure for its use, went in secret to Virūpaka whom she had previously milked (deprived) of everything and who had become a Jain mendicant, and having greatly pacified him restored to him with courtesy all the property appropriated from him, and returned home. He, too, somehow freeing himself from the clutches of the Jains and being advised by me with the greatest gladness, resumed his former religion. Within a few days, Kāmamaṇḍari also reduced her large fortune to the residue of a hearth, with the hope of milking the wonderful bag. Dhanamitra, instructed by me, humbly requested the King in private, saying—"Sire, the courtesan Kāmamaṇḍari, who by her inordinate greed had become the object of the censure of the people by being nicknamed Lobha-maṇḍari, is to-day indifferently giving away, in charity, even the pestle and mortar in her house. So I think it must be due to her acquisition of my magical bag; for such is the proscribed mode
for its use; and it has been known about it that it yields treasures only to merchants and the best among the courtesans, and not to anyone else. Hence it is that I suspect her.” She was immediately summoned with her mother by the King. With apparent concern, I said to her in private—“Lady, surely you must have been suspected of having the wonderful bag, on account of your very widely-known abandonment of everything in charity. You are summoned by the King to be questioned about it. When pressed again and again, you will certainly point me out as the source of its acquisition; and then I shall be put to a torture-death; and when I am dead, your sister will not certainly live. As for you, you have not a pie with you, while the wonderful bag will again go into the possession of Dhanamitra. Thus this calamity will on all sides carry in its train a series of misfortunes. So, what should be done?” Her mother and she, both in tears, said—“It is surely on account of our folly that this secret has almost leaked out; though we may hide it for a day or two (lit. two, three or four times), still, being pressed hard by the King, we shall have to give out your name as the source of the thing stolen. viz. the wonderful bag, and you being thus pointed out, our family will certainly be ruined. That infamy has (already) settled itself on Arthapati; and that niggardly fellow’s close connexion with us is quite well-known in the town of Aṅga. So we had better save ourselves by declaring that it was he who gave it to us.” Having thus communicated their intention to me, they both went to the palace. Being questioned by the King, they first prevaricated by saying again and again that it would not be just for harlots to expose their patrons, adding that it was not always the case that people came to them with money honestly acquired; but being threatened with the punishment of having their noses and ears cut off, those wretched harlots saddled the theft on that poor fellow, Arthapati. The King, in rage, sentenced him to death; when Dhanamitra with folded hands interposed, saying—“Sire, the merchants have a special privilege from Maurya, viz. immunity from death in such offences. If Your Majesty is angry, let this villain have his whole property confiscated and be banished.” On account of this (noble act of saving Arthapati) the name of Dhanamitra spread far and wide; the King also was highly pleased (with him). Arthapati, who was vain of his wealth ere now, was banished in rags before the very eyes of the citizens. The wretched Kāmanāñjarī, who had given away
everything through the mirage of the wonderful bag, was, at the instance of Dhanamitra, compassionately favoured by the King with a portion of his (Arthapati's) treasures. Dhanamitra married Kulapālikā on an auspicious day. Thus, having succeeded in all my plans, I filled the house of Rāgamañjari with gold and jewels.

The wealthy misers of the city were so robbed of their wealth that, with broken platters in their hands, they wandered all over, begging for alms at the houses of the suppliants whom I had enriched with their wealth. Man, though extremely ingenious, cannot transgress the line drawn by fate. For, one day, in order to pacify the love-anger of Rāgamañjari, I coaxed her to drink; and with the mouthfuls of wine that she affectionately passed into my mouth I became intoxicated. It is but the nature of drunkenness and over-excitement, to follow even by taking a wrong course their wonted practices; and so, in the height of my intoxication, promised to her that I would fill her house, having despoiled the city of its wealth in a single night; and, disregarding hundreds of oaths (protestations) and bows with folded hands of my beloved who was very much (distressed at it), like a mad elephant that has forcibly snapped its chains, I, without properly equipping myself set off at the greatest speed, armed only with my sword and followed by a certain nurse, named Srigālikā. I fought with the city-guards fearlessly although advancing towards me; and without being much enraged though struck by them, being taken for a thief, as if in sport, slow two or three of them with the sword that fell from my hand enfeebled through intoxication, and fell down with my reddened eyes rolling. Then Srigālikā, uttering cries of distress, came up to me and I was bound (at the same time). Roused to my senses at once by the misfortune that dissipated my drunkenness, I pondered with the help of the ready wit that came to me at that instant, (thus)—"Oh, this great calamity has befallen me on account of my drunken state; my friendship with Dhanamitra, as also my acceptance of Rāgamañjari in marriage, are but too well-known in this town; both of them, being involved in consequence of this my offence, will be arrested to-morrow; so this is the course to be adopted at this juncture, which being followed at my direction they will surely be saved, and will perchance save me from this distress." Thus reflecting and having definitely settled some
plan within myself, I said to Śrīgālikā—"Away with you, old wench; undone (disappointed in your wishes) are you who brought about a union between that wretched harlot, Rāgamaśīrī, who is covetous of wealth, and Dhanamitra, who is drunk with (the pride) of the wonderful bag and who is my enemy wearing the garb of a friend; but having stolen that wonderful bag of that villain and carried off the precious ornaments of your daughter, I shall now relinquish life with an easy heart (lit. free from its dart)." She (Śrīgālikā), an exceedingly clever woman, took the hint, folded her hands, and approaching with tears and sobs, bowed low to the guards and said in a conciliatory tone—"Good sirs, please wait for some time so that I shall know from him about the whole of our property that has been stolen." They assenting with the words 'Very well,' she came up to me and said—"Gentle sir, kindly forgive this one offence of your slave; let that Dhanamitra be the object of your hatred if you like, since he violated your wife; but remembering the long and faithful service she did to you, it is proper for you to be kind to Rāgamaśīrī. Courtesans entirely depend (for their livelihood) upon decorations (dress and ornaments); so kindly tell me where you have deposited her ornaments." With these words she fell at my feet. I appearing to take pity on her said—"All right; what am I to gain by my persistence in my enmity with her, now that I am in the clutches of death?" And as if I were going to say that (i.e. everything about the ornaments) to her, I whispered into her ear what was to be done. She as if having understood me, blessed me, saying—"May you live long; may the gods be pleased with you; may the King of Aūgas, pleased by your meekness, release you; may these good people also be kind to you!"—and withdrew in an instant. And I, too, was taken to the prison by the order of the chief constable.

The next day, Kantaka, the chief of the city-police who had lately succeeded to his father's post, who was exceedingly arrogant, who considered himself highly fortunate and beautiful, and who was inexperienced owing to the pride of youth, came to me, and threatening me a little, said—"If you will not return Dhanamitra's wonderful purse, and their stolen property to the citizens, you will see the end of the eighteen tortures and finally the jaws of death." I laughed at him and said—"Gentle sir, though I may give up all the wealth I have stolen from my birth, I will never gratify the desire for the wonderful purse of my enemy, Dhanamitra, the ravisher of the wife of Arthapati, who only out-
wardly passes for my friend. I will suffer even a myriad of tortures, but not give it back; this is my firm resolve." While there went on in the same manner all kinds of questionings in which there were conciliations and threats held out, I, getting wholesome food and drink, had all my wounds healed within a few days and was restored to health.

After this once, as the day drew to its close with its light yellow like the garment of Vishnú, Śrīgālikā, with a smiling countenance and handsomely dressed, approached me, her follower standing at a distance, and said—"Sir, you are fortunate: your wisely devised plans have borne fruit (i.e., become successful); I went to Dhanamitra as directed by you and said—"Your friend who is thus in distress has sent this message to you: "I am today made a prisoner on account of the vice of drinking so easy to contract by being in the company of courtesans. But you on your part should without any fear address the King just today saying—"Sire, through the favour of Your Majesty alone, the wonderful bag was recovered on a former occasion from Arthapati, who had stolen it. Thereafter the husband of Rāgamañjari, a certain expert gambler, came in contact with me (became my friend) owing to his extreme proficiency in arts, poetry and in popular parlance; on account of his friendship I used to please his wife every day by sending her garments and ornaments and by such other means. That base-hearted sharper grew suspicious about it; and he being enraged took away that wonderful bag and also her casket of ornaments. But he, roaming over the town again to steal, was arrested by the city-guards. Now being in distress, he, having regard for his former love (for Rāgamañjari), told the place where he had deposited the casket to the nurse of Rāgamañjari, who had followed him in tears; so if he, being won over by (proper) remedies, will give back my purse, I solicit Your Majesty to show me such a favour." Thus informed, the King will not deprive me of my life, but will try by conciliatory means alone to induce me to restore your property to you. And this will be advantageous to us." Just as he heard it, he, as he had confidence in your prowess, without being much alarmed did all that exactly in that manner. Now I also, getting whatever things I desired from Rāgamañjari whose confidence I gained by means of the token of recognition from you, pleased in the way pointed out by you Mañgalikā, the nurse of the princess Ambālikā. Through her medium I developed a fast friendship between Rāgamañjari and Ambālikā. Bringing to her ever-new
presents every day and telling her wonderful tales, attractive to the mind, I became a great object of favour with her. One day, as she (Ambáliká) was sitting on the terrace of her mansion, I, while putting right the lotus, her ear-ornament, pretending that it had slipped down though it was in its proper place, let it fall as if through carelessness, and then picking it up again from the ground and laughing out under the pretext of frightening away the pair of pigeons that were engaged in amorous sport, I struck with it Kántaka who had entered for some reason the court-yard of the palace adjacent to the apartment of the princess. As he, too, owing to that, considered himself blessed and looked up with a smile, I also, with a gesture, acted in an indescribably clever way so as to make him think the almost amorous-looking features of the princess, who was induced to burst into laughter by my act, due to her strong partiality for him. Wounded by the Mind-born One (Cupid), who had fully drawn his bow, with a shaft the dart of which was venomed, he being quite beside himself thereby, went away with difficulty. In the evening, I made a certain girl take a cane-box sealed with the princess' signet-ring and containing in it perfumed tāmbúla (or, perfumes and tāmbúla) silk-garments and a few ornaments; and taking it as meant for Rāgamañjari, went with her to the house of Kántaka. He who was plunged in the unfathomable passion's ocean, felt greatly rejoiced on getting me as a boat. The silly (or, wicked) man's passion was raised to a very high pitch by me by describing in detail the extremely tormenting states of the princess' love-afflicted condition. At his instance, I brought him, the next day, as presents from his beloved, a garland worn the previous day by me, a tāmbúla (betal-roll) from my own mouth, an unguent used by me, and an unclean garment. The things that he gave I took as for the princess, but they were carried away in secret elsewhere.

He himself, whose fire of love was thus kindled, was addressed by me in private—"Sir, the auspicious marks themselves (of elevation) that you bear are not to falsify themselves (i.e. will prove true). For a neighbour of mine, an astrologer, told me—'This kingdom shall fall into Kántaka's hands; he bears such marks.'" And just in accordance with that the princess has fallen in love with you; and the King, whose only child the princess is, though incensed on knowing about your union with her, will not, through fear of his daughter's death, execute you, but on the contrary will certainly crown you heir-apparent.
Thus this good fortune is to be followed by another one. Why don't you then, dear one, try to secure it? If you cannot think of some means to get an entrance into the princess' apartment, then, I say, the distance between the prison-wall and the rampart of the pleasure-garden is only three Vyāmos. If by some skillful robber you get a subterranean passage made of that length, then, once in, your protection will rest with us; for her attendants are deeply attached to her and will never divulge the secret."

He replied—"Well suggested, friend! There is a thief who is as it were one (equal to any) of the sons of Sagāra in the act of digging; if he is secured, he will accomplish the work in a moment." When I said—"Who can he be, and why can he not be procured?" he pointed you out, saying—"It is the man who stole Dhunumitra's magic purse?" I said—"If it be so, come on. Make an agreement with him with an oath; that you will liberate him by various ways if he achieved the task; and that being done, fetter him again, and representing to the King that though prevailed upon in every way that thief, who is the very abode of intrepidity and whose enmity is inveterate, would not show the magic purse, you will put him to death by submitting him to peculiar tortures. This being accomplished you will gain your object and the secret will not leak out." When I said this he was highly pleased and having accepted (my counsel), appointed my own self to persuade you to it, and is himself standing outside. [So far the plans have been successfully carried out. Now think of what is proper to do next." I was very much pleased and said—"What I said was but nothing; your own policy has greatly contributed to this. Very well, bring him in." When brought in he took an oath to set me free and I never to divulge his secret. My chains were removed, and I had a bath and food given to me along with unguents. Beginning in an ever dark corner of the prison-wall I excavated a subterranean passage with a snake-headed tool. Then I thought to myself—"This man has taken an oath to liberate me; simply with a mind (desire) to murder me; so I shall not incur (let be touched with) the sin of proving false to my promise, even if I kill him." As I was going out, he extended his hand to fetter me, when I kicked him on the breast; and as he fell down I cut off his head with my knife. Then I said to Śrigālikā—"Tell me, friend, how the apartment of the princess is situated; (let me know it) so that (all) this great labour would not go in vain: there I shall steal something and return."
I entered the princess' apartment whose different parts were shown to me by her (Śrīgālikā), and in the midst of her attendants that were asleep owing to the exhaustion caused by sports not of one kind, I beheld the princess gone to sleep in full confidence while jewelled-lamps were burning brightly, and looking, on account of her one side being almost buried in the exceedingly white bed-sheet, (charmingly slender and bright) like lightning lying steady, as it were, on account of the exhaustion caused by its flashing for a long time on the lap of an autumnal cloud; (she lay), on the surface of a couch the ivory feet of which had the shape of a recumbent lion and were set with big and precious jewels, which appeared splendid with the bed and pillows stuffed with downy feathers, and had its borders decked (or, engraved) with petals of flowers; in a manner in which the upper fore-part of her left foot was entwined with the inner side of her right heel, her beautiful ankle-joints were a little turned to the side, the stout and long calves of her legs were in close contact with each other; her tender knees were a little bent and her thighs a little curled; (in which) she looked attractive on account of the extremity of one of her slender (lit. creeper-like) arms loosely thrown over the hips, while the sprout-like hand, with its palm outstretched, of the other creeper-like arm, was contracted and thrown under the crown of the head; (in which) her round hips were a little curved, the fine under-garment of China-silk lay closely adhering to her person, and her extremely slender belly was not much bent; her bud-like and fully-developed breasts were heaving as she was breathing perceptibly, while the neck-ornament made of rubies and interwoven in (the middle of) her necklace of burnished gold, was to be seen lying near the region of her lovely neck resting slantingly; her ear-ornament lying motionless under her beautiful ear turned down was half-visible; and her somewhat loosened braid of hair lying unevenly was tinged red with the cluster of rays from the jewelled ornament of the ear that was turned up, while the space between the red upper and lower lips was difficult to be discovered owing to the mass of their own lustre; (in which) the purpose of the ear-pendant was served by her sprout-like hand passed under the broad cheek; while the act of drawing the ornamental painting on her cheek was done by the different leaves in the embroidered canopy mirrored into her transparent cheek that was turned upwards; (in which) her lotus-like eyes were closed and the banner-like eyebrows still; (in which) the sandal tilaka had been moistened and mixed with
the drops of perspiration that were rising up and her long and curly hair hung about (lit faced) the moon of her face. With my passion kindled at her very sight, awe struck, without the least desire to steal, but robbed, instead, of my heart, I stood for a moment quite at a loss to know what to do. I then thought to myself—"Love will not suffer me to live, if I do not secure this maiden with beauteous eyes. If I touch her without previous intimation (or, appointment), this extremely young girl (quite inexperienced in love-matters) will evidently destroy my desire by her cry of distress, and then I shall have struck at myself (i.e. destroyed my prospects); so this is the way to be followed in the present case."—Thus reflecting I took a board dyed with the paste of a kind of gum, which was hanging from a peg, picked up a painting brush from a jewelled drawing-box, and sketched her sleeping in that manner, and myself kneeling at her feet with hands folded, and wrote this Ayā (verse):

"This your slave here, with folded hands, implores of you this object that is so well known, viz.—sleep with me, exhausted in sport alone, and not in this manner."

Then taking from the golden betel-box a spiced roll of betel-nut leaves, a bit of camphor, and scented catechu, and chewing these I spat (i.e. spat in such a way as to give rise to) a pair of Chakravākas on the white wall, with its juice reddish like the alakṭaka dye. After this, exchanging rings (hers and mine) I somehow (with great reluctance) departed. Returning to the prison-house through that subterranean passage, I coun-

elled a leading citizen, Simbāghosha by name, who was imprisoned there and who was treated by me in those days as a friend, saying—"Thus I have killed the poor Kāntaka; you should disclose the secrets (intrigue of Kāntaka) and procure your freedom thereby," and I then set off with Śrīgālikā. Come to the royal road, I encountered the men of the guard. I thought—"I am able to run away untouched by these; but this poor old woman will be seized (arrested); so this is the best thing to be done at this time." So I quickly ran up to them, and placing my elbows on my back and standing with my face turned away from them, I said—"If I am a thief, do you seize me; for it is your duty and not of this old hag." She, on her part, having guessed my intention from that much (those my words), came to them and bowing said—"My good friends, this is my son: being affected by hysteria (or, lunacy), he was under treatment for a
The other day he was almost cured and restored to the natural condition of his health. Filled with hope (that he was cured), I procured his release from the prison, made him take a bath, apply unguents to his body, wear a pair of unbleached (new) garments and take excellent food; and he was allowed to-day freedom of action as regards sitting and sleeping. But at midnight, being seized by his malady again, he ran off with great speed to the public road, exclaiming that he would put Kántaka to death and sport with the princess. Finding my son in this condition, I am running after him at this hour of the night; so please have mercy on me and catch hold of him, and give him over to me." As she thus cried out I exclaimed—“Away, you wench! Who has ever bound the god Wind? Can these crows (presume to) restrain (or, catch) me, a hawk? Tush!”—and away I ran. Reproved by them with the words—"You yourself were mad who set him free, thinking him to be sane when he was not so; who can catch him now?"—she ran after me, just weeping. I went to the house of Rágamañjari, and having in many ways cheered her up who was distressed with the sorrow of long separation, passed the remaining part of the night. In the morning I joined the company of Udáraka.

I then went to the revered Marichi, who had regained his divine ken by the power of the penance practised by him after having got out of the calamity of the harlot, and by him I was told that I should thus obtain your sight. Simhaghosha, who was installed in Kántaka's place by the King who was much pleased with him after publicly announcing his (Kántaka's) misconduct, again effected my entrance into the apartment of the princess by that very subterranean passage from the prison-house, and I was united with the princess, who grew attached to me on hearing the account coming from the lips of Śrigalikā. Just about this time Chandavarnā, highly incensed at his request for the hand of his daughter being refused by Simhavarnā, attacked and besieged the city. The king of Añga, Simhavarnā, impatient (of the outrage), himself made a breach into the rampart just as the enemy was thinking of commencing operations (in connexion with the siege), and without waiting for his allies although arrived very near, came out of the city; but having his armour shattered to pieces by his mighty foe with superior numbers in a great battle, was forcibly taken captive. The princess Ambalikā was also powerfully seized and carried to his own
camp by Chaṇḍavarman, for being married to himself forcibly; and it was said that he (even) tied the auspicious marriage-string, as the marriage was to take place at the close of the night. I also, having fastened the auspicious marriage-string to my wrist at Dhanamitra’s house, in order to marry the very same princess, said to him—‘Friend, the allies advancing for helping the king of the Aṅgas are close at hand; conspiring with the grown-up men of the city with the greatest secrecy, bring them near; when you return, you will surely find the enemy with his head cut off.’ When he agreed to it, saying ‘Very well,’ I, with my weapon concealed, entered, along with the Brāhmaṇas (having to repeat the auspicious verses), the palace of him (my foe), doomed to die, which was full of the bustle attendant on the festival, and wherein the materials for the ceremony were being collected and the people were busy going in and out. And as Chaṇḍavarman was about to take the tender hand of Ambalikā that was offered by the domestic priest with the holy fire standing as witness, I dragged his long arm and stabbed him in the chest with my dagger. I also despatched to Yama’s abode (killed) some others that strove to seize me. Moving from one room to another of the house wherein some were destroyed and others were routed, I saw the long-eyed one, with her lovely limbs trembling through fear, and taking her with me entered an inner apartment with the desire to enjoy the pleasure of her embrace. At that very moment I had the good fortune to hear your voice, deep like the sound of fresh clouds”

Rājavahana, having heard this narrative, smiled, and remarking—‘How now! You have surpassed by desperate deeds (lit. hardihood) even Karpiṣṭa,’ turned his eyes to Upāhara, varna and desired him to narrate his adventures as it was his turn. He, too, having bowed (to him) with a smile, began to narrate (thus).

UṢIṢIṢIṢIṢA III.

I once went (started in search of you), in the course of my peregrinations, to Videha; even without entering Mithilā, I repaired for rest to a certain convent outside the city. There having water-for-my feet, given me by a certain old female devotee, I sat at the threshold for a short time. At my very sight tears flowed forth (from her eyes) forming into a stream. for some
reason or another. Asked by me—"Mother, what is this, tell me the reason," she replied in a pitiful tone—"O you of long life, surely it is well known that Praharavarma was the king of this city of Mithilā; Rājahamsa, the king of Magadhā, was, indeed, his fast friend. Their queens, Vasumatī and Priyānvadā, like those of the demons Bala and Śambala, formed an uncommon friendship between themselves. Priyānvadā went with her lord to Pushapura to see her dear friend, Vasumatī, on the festive occasion of her first pregnancy. Just at that time a war broke out between the king of Magadhā and the king of Mālwā, in which the king of Magadhā met with a fate that could not to be ascertained in the least. Praharavarma, who was spared by the efforts of the king of Mālwā, returned to his country; but hearing that his kingdom was occupied by the sons of his elder brother Śamhārvarma, Vikatavarma and others, he, wishing to take for his assistance a portion of the army of his sister's son, the king of Suhma, entered a forest (on his way) and there was plundered of everything by forest bandits. I fled with the younger of his sons in my arms from fear of the shower of arrows of the foresters, and plunged into a wood. There as I fell, being struck by the paw of a tiger, the child, fallen from my hands, hid himself under the bosom of the dead body of a brown cow. An arrow discharged from a bow deprived in an instant the tiger, who was dragging that carcass, of his life; and the child was carried off by the boys of the foresters. A certain cowherd conveyed me who lay senseless in that manner to his hut and placed me in it. There through his kindness I had my wounds dressed and healed; and then as I, wishing to repair to my master's presence after recovery, felt distressed owing to my helplessness, my own daughter, accompanied by a youth, arrived at the very place. She wept very much. When she had done weeping, she related her account: How the caravan-troops being defeated, the prince that was in her hands fell into the hands of the leader of the mountaineers; how she had her wounds healed by a forester, and how after her recovery she had to do the harshness of a refusal, owing to her disgust for the connexion with a low tribe, on his proposing to marry her; how he, not brooking that, attempted to cut off her head in the lonely forest, and (lastly) how the youth (in her company), who was accidentally seen, put the ruffian to death and espoused her. He, being asked, turned out to be a servant of the king of Mithilā who had stayed behind on some business, and was now proceeding by the same way.
We, in his company, approached our master, and burnt with the news of (the loss of) their sons, his ears and also those of the queen Priyamvadá.

Praháravarmá fought long with the sons of his elder brothers, and again finding his position unbearable fought desperately for a very long time, and through the adverseness of fate was made a prisoner; and the queen, too, was made a captive. Then I, an unfortunate wretch, unable to give up my wretched life even in this old age, turned out a recluse; while my daughter, out of love for her accursed life, took service with Kalpasundarí, the queen of Vikatāvarman. Had the two princes grown up without injury (to their life), by this time they would have been of your age; and they being present, the relatives of the king could not have laid violent hands upon him.” At this her grief being increased she wept violently. On hearing the words of the nun, I also burst into tears, and very secretly said to her—“If it be so, mother, be comforted. You remember there was a sage to whom under the circumstances you applied for finding out the boy? He was found and brought up by him; it is a very long tale; what is to be done with that? I am that boy. It is in my power to approach that Vikatāvarman somehow and to kill him; but again, he has many brothers; and the people will make common cause even with them. Besides, no one here knows me as being such and such (i.e. my parentage and rank); even my parents do not know me, much less any other persons. So I shall achieve my object by means of some stratagem.” Thus I spoke to her. That old woman embraced me weeping, smalled me on my head and with her breasts dropping milk said to me—“Son, may you be long lived! May good luck attend you! Revered fate seems to be favourable now; even to-day the country of Videha has come to be under the rule of Praháravarmá, since here you, of long and massive arms, stand ready to ferry us all over the ocean of misery! Oh! very fortunate, indeed, is Queen Priyamvadá”—and then she, full of excessive joy, ministered to my comfort by giving me bath, food and everything else. I lay on a mat in a part of the convent, and thought to myself—“This object cannot be achieved without a stratagem, and women alone are the source of stratagems. So I should formulate a plan by procuring information about the harem through the old nurse.” As I was thus meditating, the night passed off as if blown away by the force of the breath of the horses of the Sun.
emerged from the ocean. The sun rose shining with a faint light, as if rendered sluggish by his stay in the depth of the ocean.

I got up, finished all the rites proper for the morning, and then said to my foster-mother—"Mother, do you know anything of the harem of that rogue, Vikāṭavarman?" I had scarcely spoken, when a young female appeared. That my nurse, as soon as she saw her, exclaimed, her throat choked with tears of joy—"Daughter Pushkarikā, see our master's son! I relentlessly left him in the forest and now he comes to us in this manner." She, too, overcame with excess of joy, wept (with joy) for a long time. When the excitement subsided, she was desired by her mother to tell the state of affairs in the harem. She said—"Prince Kalpasundari, the daughter of Kalindavarman, the lord of Kāmārūpa, excels the Apsarasas in beauty as well as in the knowledge of arts, and has not much regard for her husband. Vikāṭavarmā is excessively attached to her alone, though he has many other ladies in his harem." On hearing this, I said to her—"Kindly approach the queen with perfumes and garlands prepared by me; create hatred in her for her lord, by such things as finding fault with the connexion of two unequal persons; make her repent by citing to her the example of Vāsavadattā and other distinguished females, who obtained lord, quite worthy of themselves; and heighten her jealous anger by bringing to her knowledge the diversions of the king with other females in the palace, after diligently finding them out though very secret." Then to my old nurse I said—"Similarly, you also, leaving every other business, should attend upon the queen and you yourself should every day report to me whatever should happen there; again, this your daughter should, as advised by me, always attend upon Kalpasundari like her own shadow, with a view to accomplish this our object which will have an agreeable end." Both of them performed their missions exactly as I desired.

When a few days had elapsed, my nurse told me that the queen had been so worked up that she considered herself as ill-matched as the lovely Mādhavī creeper with the bitter Nimb tree, and then asked me what further was to be done. I then drew a likeness of myself, and said to her—"Take this to the queen; when presented, she would surely, on looking at it, ask if there was a man possessing a form like that. Then ask the queen, in
return, "What, if there be one?"—and then communicate to me her answer to this question. She, saying that she would do so, repaired to the palace, and after returning said to me in private—

"Son, I showed that picture-canvas to that lovely beauty, when, full of astonishment, she said—"Indeed, this earth is blessed since even in the divine Cupid such exquisite beauty of form is not present. The picture itself is still more wonderful; to my knowledge no resident of this place is able to delineate one like this. Who is it that painted it?"—thus she asked in great earnestness. I smiled and said—"Queen, what you say is but proper. It is impossible to think that even Cupid is so beautiful; but again, this sea-begirt earth is wide enough, and therefore such a form due to the power of fate can be found somewhere. Now, if a youth endowed with such a form and born in a high family were to be here with talents, graces, lores and knowledge to correspond (to his beauty), what may he expect?" Kalpasundarî replied—"Mother, what should I say: for, my body, heart, and life itself—all these are insignificant and unworthy of him; so he would get nothing. If this be not a fiction, so favour me that these my eyes will have their purpose fulfilled by obtaining the sight of such a person."

Again, in order to confirm her in her longing, I said—"There is such a youth, the son of a king, who is living incognito. You, like Rati incarnate, came within the range of his eyes by chance, at the Spring-festival, while diverting yourself in the gardens of the city with your friends; and being penetrated by (litr. being the one mark of) the arrows of Kâma, he offered to be guided by me in the matter. I (thus approached), impelled by the excellent virtues and extraordinary forms, belitting each other, of you both, served you for a long time with bouquets and garlands of flowers, unguents and other things, all prepared by him. It was also he who painted his own likeness and sent it to you to show how deep his devotion was to you. If this matter be determined upon, nothing can come in his way who possesses extraordinary valour and talents. I shall even show him to you this very day; you have simply to make an appointment." The queen, too, reflected a little as it were, and then replied—"Mother, now I need not at all conceal this from you, and therefore I shall tell you. My father was a great friend of Praharavarman, and my mother Mánvatâ was equally devoted to the queen Priyamvâdâ. These two, before they had children, agreed between themselves that she who would have a son, should marry him to the daughter of the other. As the sons of Priyamvâdâ were lost, my father,
as luck would have it, gave me in marriage to Vikaṭavarman, who solicited me. This my husband is a cruel man, a treacherous son, of a mis-shapen body, wanting in skill in amorous sports, not much attached to arts, poetry or dramas, of reckless valour, a vain boaster, a liar and a man bestowing his favours on unworthy objects. I don’t like him, and not especially in these days, since even disregarding Pushkarikā, my confidential maid standing by his side, he, with flowers plucked by himself from the Champaka creeper that I had planted and reared as if it had been my child, decorated Ramayantikā, a dancing girl in his service who does not know her own interest, and has entertained against me the jealousy of a rival wife; and he even amused himself in her company on the jewelled couch lying on the dais in the cave of the pleasure-mountain, when it was left by me after being enjoyed. The man is unworthy of me and has now commenced insulting me. Then why should regard be shown to him? The fear of the next world is obscured by the sufferings in this, and the misery of being compelled to associate with a man they hate can ill be borne by women whose minds have become the quiver (i.e. the constant target) of the arrows of Cupid. Do you therefore unite me with this man to-day in the Mādhavī bower in the garden; for, my mind has been very deeply attached to him on my merely hearing the information about him. I have this treasure in my possession; by its means I will establish him in his (Vikaṭavarman’s) place and pass my life entirely in his service (lit. in attending on him).” Having accepted her proposal I have returned; now what to do further rests with the Prince (yourself).”

Then having learnt just from her the situation of the inner apartments, the places of the men keeping guard over these, and even the sites of the pleasure-garden as regards their distinct position, when the orb of the Sun was reddened as if the blood was thrown up to its surface in consequence of its fall on the summit of the setting mountain, when the sky was filled with the darkness spreading about, as if it were the mass of smoke arising out of the burning charcoal in the form of the Sun extinguished by his fall in the waters of the western ocean; when the moon, the chief of the planets, the admirer (covetor) of the wife of Bṛihaspati, rose as if to instruct me, disposed to violate another’s wife; and when Cupid was getting ready with a desire for the conquest of the world, his valour being accel-
erated by the smiling disc of the moon, as if it were the lotus-like face of Kalpasundari, that first showed itself with an eager desire to see me, I reclined on my bed as usual and reflected—"This object of mine is almost achieved. But, on account of the violation of another's wife, Dharma (righteousness) may be obstructed. But it is quite allowed by the writers of sacred books, if thereby wealth and love can both be secured. Again, I am going to incur the sin, having in view the liberation of my parents; this (my motive) will extenuate the sin and will endow me with some religious merit at least. But then, on hearing this, how would the prince and my friends judge of my conduct?" While lost in such thoughts I was overpowered by sleep. The god with an elephant's mouth (Gajānana) appeared in my dream and said—"Gentle Upahārarvarman, don't you have any misgivings since you are a portion of me, and that beautiful lady (Kalpasundari) is the heavenly river (Ganges), deemed worthy of being fondled (by being borne) on the mass of the matted hair by Śiva; once she, not liking my wading through her (stream), denounced a curse upon me that I should be born a mortal, when in return I also cursed her that she should also be a mortal and that, a—here, she should be an object of common enjoyment. She then addressed a request to me, saying—"Being the wife of one man first, I should sport throughout my life with you, ministering to your comfort." So this is a matter destined to happen, and you should have no scruples about it at all." I awoke, and quite pleased at heart passed that day also in thinking about everything with reference to the appointment of my beloved.

Kāma, unoccupied the next day elsewhere, poured a shower of arrows upon me; the lake of the brilliant lustre of the Sun became dry, and there spread about the mud of darkness. Clothed in dusky raiment, with my loins tightly girded, grasping my sword, and furnishing myself with all the implements necessary for my purpose, I repaired to the ditch round the palace, filled with water, all the while bearing in mind the directions given by my foster-mother. When I reached the ditch I took up the bamboo-pole that was previously placed there near the door of my foster-mother's house by Pushkarika, and by laying it first crosswise and then erect I first got over the ditch and then the rampart. Then I reached the ground by means of a flight of steps made of baked bricks, that rose up •
to the tower attached to the gate of the palace. When got
down I passed beyond the row of the Bakula trees, and going
a little further by the Champa tree avenue, I heard away in the
north the piteous cries of the Chakravaka pairs. I then turned to
the north, nearly a bow-shot distance, by the row of Patali trees,
where the bulging wall of the spacious palace could be felt,
then due east by the gravel path, both the sides of which were
decked with thickets of red Ashokas and Jasmines, and then
walking a little further north, I entered the mango-groove to
the south. Then, with the help of the meagre light shooting
from a covered lanturn slightly open, in one place I observed
a very dense Madhavi bower having in its centre a raised floor
formed of gems. Entering from one part of it, I entered an
inner bower surrounded on all sides with walls of the thick
rows of young Kurabakas with full-blown flowers, by opening
a door formed of the branches of red Ashoka plants that
touched the earth, marked with bristling hair in the form of
fresh buds and looking red with the mass of tender foliages.
In it there were a well-spread couch of flowers, caskets of lotus-
leaves filled with materials for amorous enjoyment, an ivory
fan, and a vase filled with fragrant water. There having rested
after sitting awhile, I inhaled the extremely pleasant odours about
me; and I heard the gentle sound of footsteps (approaching).
Just as I heard it, I left the chamber of assignation, and hid
myself behind a part of the trunk of a red Ashoka tree. That
beautiful-eyebrowed lady, full of intense passion, slowly arrived,
and not finding me there, felt considerably uneasy, and then,
like an intoxicated female swan, broke into faltering accents
charming and unpassioned. "It is quite plain that I am
deceived; I see no means of bearing my life. O my heart,
having undertaken as possible what was impossible, why do you
pine now, having failed to gain your object? Revered God of
Love, what offence did I give you that you, instead of reducing
me to ashes, thus burn me (slowly by causing despair &c.)?"
I then appeared before her, and uncovering the lantern (so that
it might give full light), said—"Charming damsels, truly have you
greatly offended Cupid, since you have put to shame Rati who
is his very life with your form; his bow, with your creeper-like
eye-brows; his bow-string, formed of a row of bees, with your
beautiful dark-blue tresses; his missiles, with your unceasing (lit.
showers of) side-long glances; the safflower-coloured cloth of his
banner, by the net-work of rays from your beautiful lips; his chief
friend the Malaya breeze, by the excessively fragrant air of your
breath; the cooings of the cuckoos, by your sweet words; his
flowerly banner, by your long and slender arms; the two bulging
pots filled with water as an auspicious mark at the beginning
of his conquest of the quarters, by your stout breasts; his pleasure-
pond, by your round and deep mavel; his chariot fully equipped
for battle, by your round hips; the two postal columns set with
jewels before his mansion, by your thighs; and the tender sprout
sportively hung on his ears, by the lustre of the soles of your
feet. Hence it is but just that Cupid is tormenting you. But
to me who am quite innocent, he is the more distressing; so
this is his real fault. Be pleased, therefore, O fair one, and with
your side long glances, as with herbs tending to bring back life,
receive me who am bitten by the serpent in the form of Cupid.”
So saying, I closely embraced her and sported with her, whose
large eyes looked beautiful on account of the passion of love.
And I found that she being gratified her eyes were a little red
and rolling, and her cheeks thickly covered with the rise of slight
lines of perspiration; that she talked unrestrained but sweet
murmurs, bore the reddish marks of nails and teeth, had her
limbs extremity relaxed and looked as if exhausted. I there-
fore, slackening the unity of mind and body, put myself also
in a like condition. Then at once separating and again sitting
together, * * * we, for a short time, remained putting implicit
confidence in each other, as if we had known each other long since.
Again I heaved a long and heavy sigh, and with a somewhat sad
look, I feebly embraced her, with arms tremblingly stretched
out, and gave her a faint kiss. She, in tears, with folded
hands, said—“Lord, if you go, be sure that my life too will
separate; so take me also with you: if not, this thy slave will
feel life to be without purpose.” I replied to her—“Charming
damsel, who that! has feelings will not joyfully hail a woman
herself loving him? If you are firm in your resolve to favour
me do what I tell you without giving thought to it (i.e., unhesita-
tingly). In private, show the canvas with my portrait to
the king, and ask him if the figure has reached the highest
perfection of male beauty or not. He will surely say—‘Yes,
indeed it has.’” Then do you say to him again—“If it be so,
there is an old female ascetic who has acquired great skill
by travelling through different countries, and who has been a
mother to me. Placing this painting before me she said—‘There
is a charm possessing that virtue whereby, under fast, on the
night of the new moon, if you, being alone, offer in a lonely place, to the holy fire after the priest has worshipped it with offerings and retired, a hundred samidhs of the sandal tree, a hundred of aloes-wood, a handful of camphor, and many rich garments, you will surely obtain this very form. Then you are to sound a bell, when being summoned by the sound of the bell, if your husband will tell you all his secrets (i.e., purposes and plans) and with his eyes closed embrace you, this form will be transferred from you to him, while you will have your own form as before. If you and your husband approve of this, you should not fail to carry out my instructions." If you like this form very much, then you should take counsel with your friends, counsellors, younger brothers and the people of the city and the country, and with their approval proceed in this business (to achieve this object). He will undoubtedly agree to this. Again, in this part of the female garden where four roads meet, when the fire will be fed with the sacrifice of beasts killed (for the purpose) according to the rites prescribed by the Atharvaveda and left (by the priest), I shall enter and hide myself in this bower at the disappearance of the smoke. When the night will be far advanced, you with a humorous smile on your lips, shall whisper into Vikatavarman's ear—"Indeed, you are cunning and ungrateful; you will divert yourself with my rivals though only through my favour you will have gained a beautiful form, serving as a high festival to the eyes of the people. So I will not raise a goblin for my own destruction." You shall then come to me alone, and tell me what he will say on hearing these words of yours. I alone shall know what to do next. Have the marks of my foot-steps in the garden effaced by Pashkarikā." She, saying—'So it shall be done,' respected my words as though they were the injunctions of the scriptures, and retired reluctantly, with her passion not fully gratified, to the inner apartments. I also departed by the same way that I had come in, and went to my own dwelling.

In a short time, the fair lady did everything as I desired and that silly fellow acted up to her advice; and a wonderful rumour ran through the city that the king Vikatavarman was to obtain, by the magic skill of the queen, a form worthy of gods, that it could not be a deception but a fortunate occurrence, that no mischief was possible since the object was to be achieved by the queen herself in the garden attached to the inner apartments, and further that it was allowed by the ministers, as talented as
Bṛhaspati himself, after full thought; and, if it turns out a fact, nothing could be more wonderful than that; for incomprehensible is the power of gems, charms and herbs. While such rumours were afloat, as the new-moon day came on, in the dense darkness of its night, when well advanced, there issued from the garden near the inner apartments a mass of smoke, dark like the throat of Śiva; and the smell of the offerings, such as milk, ghee, curds, sesamum, white mustard, fat flesh and blood, following (wafted by) the wind, spread in all the quarters. When the smoke had suddenly disappeared, I entered the garden, and that beautiful woman (lit. she with an elephant's gait) also came into the garden attached to the palace. She embraced me and smilingly said—"Dear one, your desires have been accomplished; the beastly fellow is doomed. In order to deceive him, I said to him according to your instructions—"Cunning sir, I will not endow you with beauty; for, handsome to such an extent you will be sought even by the Apsarasas; much more by women: Like a bee, fickle by nature, a treacherous (or, cruel) person like you becomes attached to any one without discretion." He, however, fell at my feet, and said—"Fair damsel, excuse me for my evil actions; henceforth, I will not even so much as think of any other woman; so kindly hasten to accomplish the object in hand." So I have now come to you, clad in a bridal dress. I have been already given to you, in the presence of the fire of love, by Cupid, officiating as my father; and I am now once more given over to you by my heart before this holy fire standing as witness to our union." So saying, she placed her tip-toe on my feet, and raising the heels of her feet entwined her creeper-like arms, with the beautiful fingers intertwined, round my neck; and having gracefully bent down my face a little, she raised up her own lotus-like face and kissed me repeatedly, her broad eyes all the while turning about sportively.

Then I left her, saying to her—"Stay here in the thicket of the Kuraṇṭaka shrubs till I go out and successfully accomplish everything." Then I went to the place where the sacrificial fire was burning and shook the bell that was hanging from a branch of an Āśoka tree, and, summoning the king to that place, it sounded as if like a messenger from Death. I began to throw into the fire sticks of alca and
sandal-wood, and the king also came to the place as was settled before. I said to him, as he stood there full of wonder pondering and hesitating as it were through fear—"'Declare again, taking this holy fire to witness, that you will never, when you assume this form, divert yourself with my rivals; and then I shall transfer this figure to you.'" Then he became quite sure that it was the queen, and no imposition; his confidence returned to him and he proceeded to take an oath. I then smiled, and said—"'What need is there of an oath? What woman on earth will dare offend (or, insult) me? If you will come to be united with the Apsarasas, do as you desire. Now, then, tell me your secrets, and those being related your natural form will disappear (lit., your body will fall).'" He replied—"'I have in confinement Praharavarman, the younger brother of my father. I have plotted with my ministers to put him to death by means of poisoned food, intending to give out that he died of indigestion. I have purposed to give over a portion of my army to my brother Visalavarman that he should invade the country of Pundra. Panchalika, an aged citizen, and Paritrita, a merchant-chief, have told me that they would get from the Yavana, named Khunati, a jewel of inestimable value for a very small price. Tataha, the sheriff, and governor of the town, who is my confidant, has already gone, at my instigation, to send away the generals (on some mission), that he might destroy Anantasira, a wicked and proud landlord who is a habitual liar, by exciting the people of the district against him. These are the secret designs lately planned.'" Having heard this, I said—"'The lease of your life expires here; now meet a fate merited by your actions.'" With these words, I cut him in two with my sword; and as soon as he was cut I offered him as an oblation to the fire into which a great quantity of ghee was poured, and soon he was reduced to ashes. Then, cheered by my beloved, who with the timidity of her sex was agitated a little, I caught her by her tender hand and went with her to the palace, where summoning, with her permission, all the inmates of the harem, I received their homage. Amusing myself for a time in the midst of the bevy of the astonished damsels, I dismissed them, and embracing my beloved with stout thighs so as to press her firmly with my thighs and arms, passed in her company the night which appeared to be very short. From her lips I learnt the customary practices of the royal house.
Early in the morning I took my bath; and, having performed the usual auspicious rites, I joined my ministers and addressed them thus—"Respectable ministers, with my figure my nature, too, has undergone a change; my uncle, who is to me as my father, and whom I was thinking of putting to death by means of poisoned food, should be liberated and be reinstated on the throne. I will be devoted to his service as to that of my father; there is no other sin more atrocious than that of murdering one's father." I then sent for my brother Viśālavaraṇa and said to him—"Dear brother, the people of the Pundras are not in a prosperous condition at present. So, being overpowered with distress and despair, they might desperately attack our prosperous kingdom. You should, therefore, march against them when there will be time to spoil their seed-corn or ripe harvest; your invasion at the present time, therefore, is not advisable." I also addressed the two old citizens—"I do not wish to get a highly precious jewel for a very small price, that there should be no transgression of righteousness or justice on my part. Let it be bought at the proper price." I sent for the sheriff Śatakali and said—"Why should that Aunantasa, who, as a partisan of Prahadvaraṇa, was desired to be destroyed, be destroyed now, when my uncle has been restored to his dignity? So you, too, should not proceed actively against him." The ministers, (thus) getting from me all the secrets convincing them (of my identity), came to the conclusion (felt sure) that I was the same (Viśālavaraṇa), and full of wonder highly praised me and the queen, loudly proclaimed the unfailing virtue of charms, and getting my parents out of the prison, restored to them their sovereignty. I, through that nurse, made known to them, in secret, all my doings, and then repaired to the feet of them who had reached the highest point of ecstatic joy. I was at once installed the crown prince at the command of my parents. With my mind gratified, I enjoyed pleasures, insipid on account of the grief due to separation from the feet of Your Highness. Coming to know from the letter of Simhavaraṇa, a friend of my father, of the attack on Champa by Chandavaṇa, I marched with my large army, swift of foot, thinking that it was my duty to protect the friend as well as to kill the foe, and found myself an object of the treasure of joy of the festival of seeing with my own eyes the glorious feet of Your Highness."
Having heard this, Rājavāhana observed with a smile—"See how even adultery helped by fraud has secured to a considerable extent Dharma and Artha, inasmuch as it served as a means of liberating parents from the calamity of imprisonment, as it was a remedy to put to death an inveterate foe and as it was essential for regaining a kingdom. What is there that does not become commendable when (employed) by the talented?" Then, fixing an affectionate and prolonged glance on Ārthapāla's face, he desired him to narrate his adventures. When, with folded hands, he began:

UCHCHHIIVĀSA IV.

"Lord, I too having, along with these friends, the same mission to perform, wandered over this sea-girt earth and once arrived at Kāśipurī, Vārānasī. Having bathed in the waters of the Maṇiakarnikā, pure like a cut gem, I bowed before Avimukteśvara, the destroyer of Andhaka, and in course of walking round the temple keeping it to the right, I saw a very tall man, girding up his loins with his arms massive like a long iron bar, and with his eyes reddish and swollen with incessant weeping. I reflected to myself—"This man is hard; (but) his eyes with their pupils faded (dull) seem to pour as it were misery, and the act he is about is indicative of rashness (or, desperation). Surely he, reckless of life, means to do an act of daring (e.g. suicide), in consequence of a mishap to some dearly loved person. So I shall ask him if there be any way for me to give help." Then I approached and addressed him—"Brother, this your preparation (lit. equipment) betokens some desperate purpose; if it be not a secret, I should like to know the cause of your grief." He looked at me awhile with great respect (for me), and saying—"What harm is there? Hear it," sat down with me under a Karavira tree and thus related his tale—"Sir, I am the son of the headman of a town, Pāṇabhadra by name, an inhabitant of the Eastern Ishukāma (name of a country; or, given to wandering at will among the eastern districts). Though brought up with care by my father, in obedience to the will of destiny I took to the profession of a thief. Now one day I was caught red-handed, when I had committed a theft in the house of some leading merchant in this city, and was confined in a prison. When I was to be put to
death, a furious elephant, that delighted in killing, Mrityuvijaya by name, let loose upon me by the order of Kāmapāla, the chief minister, who was looking from the terrace of the principal gate of the town, rushed on amidst the clamour of the multitude that doubled the sound of the bells about his neck, curling his trunk (to seize me). I fearlessly encountered the animal, and as he was bending down to strike with the tusk, I violently struck him at the space between the tusks with my arms which were passed through the holes of a log of wood, when he retreated as if in fright. His driver, being exasperated, drove him once more to the encounter, with a profuse use of abuse, heels and goad. Being rebuked and struck by me with my fury doubled, he turned tail and fled. I then approached the driver and censured him violently, when he, full of rage, addressing the elephant in the words—"Woe to you, you are condemned, wretched elephant," struck the animal frequently in the outer corner of the eye with his sharp goad, and somehow pitched him against me. I said—"Let this vermin of an elephant move away, and let some other lordly elephant be brought in, so that I shall sport with him for a time and then meet my doom." As soon as the elephant saw me, shouting through rage, he ran off, disregarding the peremptory order of his driver. The minister then called for me and said, "This elephant, Mrityuvijaya, that delights in killing, is but Death himself; i.e., too, has been thus discomfited by you. Can you, therefore, desist from this unworthy profession, and make up your mind to follow some honourable course of life by accepting service under me?" I respectfully replied that I would do as I was desired; and he behaved towards me as a friend.

Once, being requested by me, in private, he, feeling confidence in me, narrated to me his own story as follows—"In Kusumapura there was one, Dharmapāla by name, the minister of the King (Rājahāṃsa) the subduer of his foes, who was well-known for his talent and adept in the Vedas. His son named Sumitra was equal to his father in all the qualities of mind. I am his younger brother born of his step-mother. He (Sumitra) who liked virtue tried to check me who was given to sporting in the company of harlots. As my dissoluteness was incapable of being checked, I left home, and while wandering in the regions of the quarter I chanced to come to this Vārāṇasi, where I fell in love with Kāntimati, the daughter of Chaṇḍasimha, the King.
of Kāśī, as she was playing at ball with her companions in the pleasure-garden, where she had come to worship God Śiva, and somehow got united with her. My secret enjoyment of sport in her apartments resulted in her pregnancy, and she was delivered of a son. Her attendants, apprehensive of the secret being divulged, cast him on the pleasure-hill, giving out to her that he was still-born, whereafter a female mountaineer took him to the cemetery. As she returned along the king’s road at night, she was seized by the city-watch, and being threatened, through fear of the severity of the punishment, she disclosed nearly the whole of our secret. She pointed me out as I was sleeping at ease in the grotto in the pleasure-mountain, and by the king’s command I was bound fast at midnight with ropes that were available then and there, and was led to the cemetery where I was intended to be killed with the stroke of a sword by a Mātāṅga. But, owing to the force of good fortune, I had the cords that bound me cut off, and snatching the sword (raised to strike me) I dispatched the executioner and others, and made my escape. As I was wandering in the forest without shelter, I was waited upon by some damsel of celestial beauty, having her face suffused with tears, and with materials for worship in her hand. She bowed down before me with her head decked with her sprout-like hands, while her curly hair waved about her face; and she sat with me under the cool shade of a large wild Vaṭa tree. Being longingly asked by me who she was, whence she came and why she was thus conferring favour upon one like me (a helpless man), she replied in (lit. showered upon me) a stream of honied words—Respectable Sir, I am Tārāvalī, the daughter of Maṇḍibhadra, the lord of the Yakshas. As I was once returning from the Mahaya mountain, after paying my respects to the venerable Lopāmudra, the wife of Agastya, I saw an infant weeping in the charnel-ground at Benares. I felt a great affection for him and taking him up conveyed him to my parents. My father carried him into the royal court of Kubera, the lord of Alakā. He, the friend of Śiva, called me to him and asked me—“Daughter, what is the disposition of your mind towards this child?” I replied—“I feel affection for him as though he were born of me.” Thus told, he said—“The poor girl speaks the truth,” and related to us a long narrative in connexion with it. I gathered this much from it—that you were Śaunaka, Sūdraka and Kāmapāla
(being) the same (in different lives); Bandhumati, Vinayavati, and Kantimati are not different, so Vedimati, A'ryadas, and Somadevi are but the same; Hamsavati. Surasena and Sulochana are but the same individuals. Nandini, Raungapataka and Indrasena are not different from one another. I am born at present as Tera'vali, the same A'ryadas, whom, as a milkmaid, you, in your birth as Saunaka, married in the presence of the sacred fire. We in our previous births as A'ryadas and Sa'draka respectively, had a son who was affectionately brought up by Vinayavati, and who was again born of her now in her birth as Kantimati. Fortunately I found him who was dropped many a time from the jaws of death, and at the command of Kubera delivered him over to Vasumati, the queen of Raja'hansa who is prosecuting penance in a forest, that he may serve her son, Raja'vhana, who is to be the Emperor in future; and by the permission of my elders, I have come to serve the feet of you, escaped from the mouth of Death by the interference of Destiny.''

Having heard her account, I again and again embraced her who had been my beloved in several lives, and shedding tears of joy I repeatedly consoled her and enjoyed pleasures, difficult to be obtained on earth, in a grand mansion created by her superhuman power. After having passed two or three days, I said to that beauteous lady—"I wish to enjoy the pleasure of retaliation by doing injury in return to Chandrasimha, who had aimed at my life." She smilingly replied—"Come on, my dear lord, I shall take you to see Kantimati.'" Accordingly, I was transported at midnight to the palace of the King of Ka'si. Then I took up the sword lying near his head, and woke him from his sleep and addressed him, as he was trembling—"Behold your son-in-law, the espouse of your daughter without your consent! Now I have come to wipe away my fault by an act of service (or, by means of an equally desperate act)." Extremely frightened, he bowed down to me and said—"I myself, who did not know my duty, am the offender, since I like one possessed by some evil star, transgressing the bounds of propriety (or, justice), pronounced capital punishment on you who did me the favour of accepting my daughter's hand. So, why talk of Kantimati? My kingdom and my life are henceforth at your service.'" The next day he called together his ministers and had the ceremony of our marriage
duly performed. Tārāvalī communicated to Kāntimati the news about her son, and the account of their former lives to Somadevi, Sulochana and Indrasenā. Thus under the guise of the ministerial post I enjoy the dignity of a Yuvarāja and sport in the company of amorous damsels."

Kāmapāla, the one friend of all, continued to show the same favour to me, an ordinary being as I was; and when his father-in-law had gone to heaven owing to consumption (or, dropsy) he installed on the throne the youngest son of the late king, Sīṁhaghoṣha, a child five years of age, his elder brother Chaṇḍaghoṣha having been already reduced to premature decay by consumption brought on by his debaucheries; and the good man brought him up with due attention. The boy, now intoxicated with youth, has some evil counsellors, the insinuators of something wicked, who are his confidants. By them he was persuaded into this belief—"Your sister was obtained by this gallant by force alone; then again he raised a sword to strike the King, when he was asleep, owing to which he, who immediately woke up, won him over (through fear) by giving him his daughter. He put to death Chaṇḍaghoṣha, the elder brother of Your Majesty, by means of poison, and has as yet spared you as being young and therefore unable to do harm, to gain the confidence of his subjects. He, an ungrateful wretch, will before long destroy Your Majesty also. So try to dispatch him to the capital of Yama." The prince, though prejudiced, could do no harm to him (Kāmapāla) through fear of the Yakshiṇī. In those days, as the report goes, the chief queen Sulakṣhapā, observing a change in the form of Kāntimati, politely asked her—"Queen, I should not be imposed upon (by you) by telling a lie. Tell me the truth. On what account is there such a marked change now-a-days on this lotus-like face of yours?" She replied—"Friend, do you remember me ever to have told a lie? My friend and fellow-wife Tārāvalī, who was offended for some reason or other, being addressed in private by my name by our lord, disregarded his entreaties, and being far advanced in jealousy, went away in spite of our supplications. Our lord is pining away on her account, and hence my mental affliction." Sulakṣhapā fully reported this to her husband when in private. He (the King), being now free from all
fear, had him seized to-day by men already engaged for the purpose and thrown into prison, as he was (all the while) exhibiting his bereavement by means of words not very much pleasing, being parched up as it were by his warm sighs, by his eyes disturbed on account of the flow of tears being restrained with firmness of mind, and by his limbs pale owing to the separation from his beloved, and was somehow getting the affairs of state managed in the palace (by the respective officers). The charges against him are to be publicly proclaimed and his eyes are to be put out in such a manner that death will surely ensue.” For this reason I gave full vent to my tears in this solitary place, and am now preparing (lit. girding up my loins) to give up my life before the good man (meet. his doom),”

Having heard from him the peril in which my father stood, I shedding tears, said to him—“Gentle sir, why should I hide it from you? I am that son of him whom the Yakshi had entrusted to the care of Vasumati for serving the feet of His Highness, Prince Rājāvāhana. I can effect the release of my father even in the teeth of (lit. by putting to death) thousands of warriors with uplifted weapons. But, if some one in the crowd were to let fall his weapon upon him (i.e. kill him), all my efforts would be as useless as offering an oblation into ashes.” I had hardly finished, when a huge snake raised his head out of a hole in the rampart I secured him by the power of charms and herbs, and said to Pārṇabhādra—“Good man, now, indeed, our object is gained! I, unseen in the crowd, shall cause my father to be bitten by this (snake) as if it had fallen on him accidentally and will retrain the venom from acting in such away that he (my father) will be treated with indifference (i.e. neglected), being considered as dead. You giving up all fear should then tell my mother—‘That son of yours whom the Yakshi had handed over to Vasumati in the forest, has arrived; he, having known from me the situation in which his father is, will act thus by the power of his talent. You, dismissing all fear, should send word to the king in this way—‘It is, indeed, the duty of a Kshatriya to suppress without any consideration one maliciously disposed may he be his kinsmen or otherwise. But it is also a woman’s duty to share the fate (lit. to follow the
course) of her husband, may he be good or wicked. I will, therefore, mount the funeral pyre along with him (my husband); this last rite should be permitted (by you) so as to be worthy of a young woman.” The King, thus informed, will surely assent. You should then take the body (of your husband) to your own house, and cause it to be placed on a bed of darbhas in a retired place enclosed with canvas-screens; and putting on the ornaments proper for (a woman) dying after her husband, you yourself should be present there. I who shall have come to the court-yard, should be given admittance by you; then I will revive my father; and thereafter we will all act in a way that will be approved of by him.” He, very much pleased at heart, saying that he would act accordingly, immediately set off.

I, climbing a tamarind-tree having abundant thick-grown branches, at the place of proclamation, remained there with my body concealed. The people also mounted high places as they were available, and talks on diverse subjects began. Presently the executioner brought on my father, with his hands bound behind him like a thief, followed by a tumultuous mob, and having stationed him just below me, thrice proclaimed—“Here this minister Kamapâla is now being taken to have his eyes put out according to the sentence of the judge who deemed it but just that a Brâhmaṇa, greedy of regal power, should be condemned to a perpetual loss of sight, inasmuch as his secret was exposed, out of loyalty, by Sûpa and Aûgâravarsha whom he had secretly instructed for the murder of the King after calling the minister Sivanâga in a retired place to take him into confidence, as he meant evil to the person of the king, Simhaghosha—now that he had attained majority (full youth)—, when he had already out of a wicked passion for power procured the death of his master Chandâsîmha as well as of the heir-apparent Chandâghosha, by means of poisoned food. Should any one be (thus) treacherously disposed (towards the king), he would meet with merited punishment at the hands of the King.” Vociferous was the crowd on hearing this, when I let fall the serpent, with its glowing hood, on the body of my father; I also jumped down, pretending to be seized with terror, and mingling with the crowd just there, ensured the preservation of the life of my father bitten by the angry snake by immediately arresting the operation of the poison. My father dropped down dead to all appearances. I uttered loudly—
Indeed, it is true that divine punishment is meted out to one, traitor to the king, since he has been deprived of his life by Fate, while he was but meant to be deprived of his eyes by the King." Some concurred with me, while others reproached me. The serpent bit the executioner, too, and ran off, the way being quickly cleared for him by the multitude of people that were seized with fright.

Now my mother, apprised of the matter (i.e., the real state of things) by Purṇabhadra, not much distressed even under such a calamity, courageously hastened to the spot on foot, followed by her attendants, and taking my father's head on her lap, she sat there and sent word to the king—"Whether this my husband offended against you or not, heaven alone knows; I am to gain nothing by thinking about that. But if I do not take to the path (course) of him who had taken my hand (at the sacred marriage-rite). I shall be disgracing your family. You will, therefore, kindly give me permission to ascend the funeral pile along with my husband," The king was pleased to hear this, and issued an order—"Let the rites proper for a (noble) family be performed; and let my brother-in-law have his obsequial rites performed, distinguished by festivities." The King, in order to manifest (or, proclaim) the greatness of his mind, further permitted the body of Kāmapāla to be taken to his house, thinking that he too was dead. As the executioner had lost his life, the efforts of the snake-bite-curers being rendered inoperative by me. My father, who was taken home, was placed on a bed of darbhas in a retired place. Thereafter my mother, having put on the decorations suited to death (by mounting the funeral pyre), took leave of her friends in piteous terms, bowed again and again before the family-gods, and having prevented with efforts her attendants from weeping, entered, all alone, the place where my father lay. There she saw her lord restored to animation (lit. cured of the poison) by me who had become for the nonce the very Garuda and who had been previously admitted by Purṇabhadra as agreed upon. Exceedingly delighted, she fell repeatedly at her husband's feet with tears of joy, embraced me again and again with oozing breasts, and addressed me, her throat being choked with tears of joy and sobs,—"Son why are you so kind to me who had been exceedingly cruel to you, since by me, a wicked woman, you were cast away the moment you were born? Or rather, this your father was in no way an offender, and hence well did he deserve to be snatched away from the jaws of death. Very wicked is
Taravali, indeed, since, after having learnt from Kulera who you really were, instead of giving you over to me she handed you over to queen Vasumati. Or why, she did but what was quite proper; for, a person poor in merit like myself cannot be worthy of drinking in the nectar of your sweet words, except a treasure of good fortune like her. Vasumati. Come on, my son, embrace me." So saying, she again and again smelt me on the head, placed me on her lap, censured Taravali, embraced me shedding a shower of joyful tears on me, and with a trembling frame looked for a moment quite changed. My father, too, thus raised to prosperity (or, good fortune) of that kind, from that sort of (overwhelming) calamity, as if to heaven from hell, and fully informed of everything as it had happened by Purnabhadra, considered himself more fortunate than even the divine Indra. Having slightly indicated my part in the matter to my parents who were overjoyed and astonished (at it,) I asked them to tell me what course we should have to adopt that day. My father then said—"My son, this our house itself is protected by a mighty rampart and has an inexhaustible armoury, while the defence is impregnable. There are many subordinate princes whom I have laid under obligation; and many of the subjects do not like to see the calamity I am in. Besides there are thousands of warriors who are devoted to me with their parents and relatives. We shall therefore pass some days here and forestall disturbances (or, disaffection) outside and inside (the kingdom.) We shall then secure (take over to our side) the disaffected. Encourage the King's neighbouring foes, incite his natural enemies, and then uproot this King who is difficult to subdue." Let this plan be followed; what harm is there?"—with these words I approved of my father's opinion.

Whilst we, having taken defensive measures, were re-joicing our opportunity, the King, who was informed of the whole matter, was vexed, and employed hostile stratagems against us (as against people besieged); but they were every day counteracted by us. During this interval, having learnt from Purnabhadra the place (situation) of the chamber where the King slept, I made a subterranean passage to it with a hood-shaped instrument, beginning at the angle of the wall of our house. The excavation (or, the passage) reached a certain spot which looked almost like a paradise on earth, wherein there were not a small number of
beautiful damsels. At my very site the multitude got agitated. 
There a certain maiden, whose bodily complexion was as bright 
as an image of burnished gold ; —who was entirely dispelling the 
darkness of the subterranean spot with her bodily lustre like the 
digit of the moon ; who looked as if she were the earth incarnate, or the goddess: Durgá (lit. the wife of Síva) descended into 
the nether regions for the conquest of the demons, or (Rati) the 
wife of Cupid (lit. the flower-armed god), come down to the Pátála, 
or the goddess of royalty that had entered the cavern in order to 
avoid the sight of iniquitous monarchs, trembled at the sight 
of me, like a branch of the sandal-tree shaken by the Malaya 
breeze. In that assembly of damsels thus disturbed, there was 
an old woman, looking with her white hair like a Kása tree in 
blossom, who fell at my feet, and through fear humbly said to 
me—“Sir, give the gift of safety to these damsels who have none 
else to protect them! May it be that you are a young god desi 
rous of entering this nether world with a thirst for fighting with 
the demons? Tell us who you are, and what object you 
have come to this place.” I replied to her—“Fair maids, re 
quish all your fears; I am Arthapála, the son of Kántimati and 
Kámapala, the best of Bráhmaṇas; I saw you here on my way 
as I was going from my house to the King’s palace through this 
subterranean passage, as I had an object to accomplish (there). 
Tell me who you are, and why you dwell here.” With folded 
hands raised to her forehead, she replied—“Son of our lord, 
fortunate, indeed, are we that we see you all safe, with our own 
eyes. Be pleased to listen—That Chandásimha, who was your 
grandfather (on your mother’s side), had by his queen Lilávati 
two children, Kántimati and the prince Chandágosha. Prince 
Chandágosha, the hair-apparent, departed to heaven through con 
sumption brought on by his excessive addiction to women, leaving 
his wife A’chárávatī pregnant. She gave birth to this daughter, 
Manikarnikā, by name. Thereafter A’chárávatī died of the 
throes of labour. Upon this king Chandásimha called me and 
said to me in private—‘Riddhimatī, this girl possesses auspici 
sous signs. I wish to rear her up properly and then give her in 
marrige to Darpaśātra, the son of the King of Málwā. But, 
since the occurrence of the events in connexion with Kántimati, I 
fear to keep girls exposed to public sight. So let her be brought 
up, attended upon by a train of retinue, in the spacious under 
ground mansion constructed as an asylum for protection against 
calamity from an enemy, which is furnished with a number of
arbours and drawing-rooms carved out in the interior of an artificial hill. It is provided with stores which will not be exhausted even in a hundred years." Having said so, he raised a stone-covering, as large as a square hand (a trap-door), about two inches deep in the wall of his chamber, and by that door introduced us into this place. It is for the last twelve years that we have been dwelling here. This princess has now become young, but the King does not yet remember us. Granted that she was meant to be given in marriage to Darpasâra by her grandfather, but by her mother she was meant as a wife for you, being won as a pledge (by your mother Kântimati) in gambling (with her mother), even when she was in the womb. So in this case the prince (i.e. you) should decide what is best to be done." I said to her—"I will do what is proper to be done for you when I come back from the palace, having accomplished some business there." I went through that very subterranean passage shown to me by means of a lamp at midnight, opened the trap-door, and having entered the King's chamber, caught alive Simhaghosha who had slept in full confidence. Having pulled him who was struggling, as an eagle does a snake, I dragged him off to the multitude of damsels through the underground passage. I then took him to my house, and with his feet bound with iron fetters presented him, whose gloomy face was hung down and wherein the eyes were red owing to an excessive flow of tears, before my parents in private. I told them also the story about the subterranean passage. My parents, who were exceedingly pleased, saw that mean-hearted wretch, detained him in confinement, and married that beautiful damsel to me with due rites. The kingdom, now without a master, fell into our hands. Simhaghosha, though my mother wished it much, was not set at liberty for fear of a revolt. We, thus situated, hastened to the assistance of Simhavarmâ the king of Aûga, who was attacked by the enemy, as he was loyal and had rendered service to Your Majesty. And thus I became the object of favour of the pollen of the lotuses of your feet. Let the unworthy Simhaghosha perform the penance of falling at your feet that will wipe away (the infamy of) all of his wicked acts." So said Arthapâla, and bowed before the prince with folded hands. Prince Râjavâhana said that he (Arthapâla) had performed great exploits, that he had used his intellect to the utmost, and desired that his father-in-law (Simhaghosha) should present himself before him (the Prince Râjavâhana) being set free from confinement; and then, looking at Pramati himself, asked him with a loving smile to narrate his adventures.
UCHCHHVASA V.

Bowing low before the Prince, he began—"Lord, after having wandered some time in search of Your Highness, I, being unable to proceed, formed my bed with tender leaves on the ground, under a tree, that grew on the slope of the Vindhya mountain, and that seemed to touch the sky (or, pierce the clouds); after having washed my face in the water of a pond and performed Sāndhyā-adorations, at the time when the face of the lady in the form of the western quarter was decked with the crimson sprouts of the setting rays of the sun, and the irregularities (lit. the ups and downs) of the road were levelled by the gloom; and when about to sleep, I raised my folded hands to my forehead, and praying—"May the very deity that resides in (i.e. is the presiding soul of) this tree be the protector of me, when gone to sleep all alone in this great forest, which is terrible on account of the number of ferocious animals stalking about and wherein the caverns are filled with the flood of nocturnal darkness which is pitchy dark like the throat of Śiva!"—I slept, using my left hand as a pillow. Then in an instant my limbs were inexpressibly gratified by a touch difficult to be obtained on the surface of the earth; my senses thrilled with delight; my soul felt quite cheered up; and more particularly my hair bristled with joy, and my right arm throbbed. Wondering how this could be, I very slowly opened my eyes, and beheld a canopy of white cloth looking like a portion of moonlight cut off. As I turned my eyes to the left, I saw, near the wall of a mansion, a number of damsels lying asleep in great confidence on beds with variegated bed-sheets. Then I directed my gaze to the right, where I beheld a lovely maiden, as graceful as a jewelled branch of (or, a creeper clinging to) a Kalpavriksha (the wish-granting tree) in Indra's garden rent from it by Airāvata in the pride of youthful vigour, with her lovely face bowed in sleep wherein the lilies of her eyes were closed and which therefore looked like a lotus with a bee slept within it; as she lay on a couch which was white like the mass of nectar-foam with her breast garment a little displaced, she looked like the earth reclining, in faint, on the bright task of the Primeval Boar (A'divarāha), whilst the fine upper-garment in the form of the milky ocean receded from her shoulders; by the breezes of her breath wafting the fragrance of the lotus of her face and causing to dance the tender sprouts in the form of the
beaming offshoots of her red lips, she seemed to kindle to life Cupid, remaining as a spark after he was burnt by the fire from the eye of S’iva. I then thought—“Where is that vast forest gone and what building is this with the image of Kārttikeya situated on the ground floor and a trident forming its spire which touches (lit. rubs against) the (inner surface of the) sky! Where is that leafy bed spread on the forest ground and whence comes this silken bed stuffed with downy feathers (instead), bright like a multitude of moon-beams? Who again can these maidens be who are lying asleep at ease, like a bower of nymphs in faint, being tossed down from the swing formed of the ropes of moon-beams, and who is this damsel lying on a bed covered with a silk mantle pure (white) like the orb of the autumnaal moon, like the Goddess Lakshmi, that has a lotus in her hand? Certainly, she cannot be a heavenly damsel; for she has closed her eyes in sleep like the lotus when acted upon by the rays of the moon; her expansive cheek, bearing lines of the drops of perspiration appearing upon it, appears like a mango-fruit yellowish-white by being ripe and spotted with drops of sap dropping from the broken stem; the unguent assumes a palish hue on her expansive breasts exceedingly hot on account of the fire of budding youth; and her raiments disclose a dustiness according as they have been used. So she is undoubtedly a mortal. Fortunately, she is unmarried (lit. her youth is unenjoyed by anyone else), since her limbs that have attained loveliness are well-turned and firm; her complexion, though exceedingly charming, is tinged with pallor; her face, being yet unused to the pleasing pain of teeth-bites, does not betray a glowing red; her ruby-like lower lip possesses the lustre of coral; her blooming cheeks are like the petals of a Champaka bud, a little reddish at the root and not yet fully developed;—since also she is lying asleep in sweetened ease free from the fear of being assailed by the arrows of Cupid, and her bosom has its twin breasts such as have not their nipples flattened by being hard pressed. My mind, which has never as yet entertained a thought unworthy of an honourable man (or, contrary to propriety), seems to be full of love for her. But, if I embrace her, acting in accordance with the inspiration of love, surely she will wake up with a loud cry of alarm; and yet I cannot sleep without embracing her. Never mind; let things have their due course. I shall put to test my
luck." So saying, I slightly touched her and lay there as if asleep, in a manner in which love and fear were mingled. She, too, with her left side experiencing a peculiarly pleasing and thrilling sensation causing the hair to stand on end, in her pleasing dullness began gently to yawn, and slightly opened her pair of eyes, with the tips of their eyelids trembling, their pupils languid through dullness, and their highly beautiful corners reddened on account of broken sleep. Made to pass by Cupid, of wonderful power, through strange conditions intermixed with the feelings of alarm, wonder, joy, passion, fear and graceful and sportive gestures, and influenced by modesty, she with difficulty restrained her speech about to break out into a call to her attendants, her heart which was swayed by vehement love, and her limbs, too, full of perspiration due to alarm; and surveying carefully my limbs with eager eyes charmingly contracted at the corners (or, in the third part) and very slowly directed, she, although far removing the upper part of her body, lay startled, in the same bed. I, too, though my mind was upset by passion, was somehow mysteriously overpowered by sleep, and again awoke, disturbed by some disagreeable touch, and found myself again in the same forest under the same tree and on the same leafy bed. Night, too, drew to a close; and I thought in my mind—"Is this a dream, or some illusion, or some conjuration, divine or demoniacal? Come what may; I will not leave my earthy bed without knowing what this really is. I will lie down here as long as life exists, before the Goddess of this spot, without food, till death (to gain my object)."

Upon this (i.e. when I had formed this determination), a certain woman appeared (before me). Her frame was languid like a garland of lotuses scorched by the rays of the sun; her lower and upper garments were worn out; by her lip that was dry and pale-red owing to the want of red lac, and the lustre of which was destroyed by the heat of her breathings, she seemed to emit the fire of separation dusky with its tawny fumes; both her eyes were extremely red as if blood only was left in them on account of their having shed ceaseless streams of tears; with her beautiful tresses reduced to a single braid of hair, that had the grace of a noose holding her fast to the virtuous conduct of her family she, wearing a blue garment and a bodice, looked like the moving banner of chaste ladies; and though she was greatly emaciated,
her bright (lit. spreading) complexion had not much faded, owing to her superhuman power. She raised me up with her creeper-like arms trembling in the height of joy as I bowed before her, embraced me like a son, smelt me on my head, and with her affection for me appearing to ooze out in the form of milk from her breasts and her throat choked with cold tears, she said—"My dear child, if Vasumatī, the queen of the king of the Magadhas, (at all) informed you that the daughter of Manibhadra having entrusted the infant Arthapāla to her care disappeared after having communicated to her the tale as disclosed by Kubera regarding her lord, sons and friends, behold in me that person, your mother! My mind being clouded by ceaseless anger against your father, Kāmapāla, the son of Dharmapāla and the younger brother of Sumitra, I quitted him; and while I was afflicted by remorse I was cursed in a dream by some one coming to me in the form of a Rakshasa, saying—"I take up my abode in you, O violent woman, for a year, that you may experience the pangs of separation." I awoke, possessed by the evil spirit just as he spoke this. That year, as long as a thousand years, has expired. Last night just as I started, purposing to attend, in the city of Śrāvastī, the assembly gathered at the festival of lord Tryambaka, after seeing my kinsmen thronged there from different places to repair to the side of my lord, now that I was free from the curse, you came here and saying—"I solicit the protection of the dryad of the place," slept here. As my mind was entirely overpowered by the pain caused by the curse, I did not properly recognize you; but then, thinking that it was not proper to abandon you who had sought my protection in the great forest beset with many terrors, I transported you, too, while just in sleep, with me. As we neared the temple I thought it improper to attend the meeting with you; and, as I found by chance the princess Navamālikā, the daughter of Dharmavardhana, the King of Śrāvastī, bearing a name true to its syllables, lying fast asleep on a splendid couch on the lofty terrace of her mansion, so pleasant in summer, I said to myself—"Thank God! The princess is asleep; her servants also are buried in sleep. Let this young Brāhmaṇa sleep here for a time, till I return after gratifying myself with the sight of the festival." Having thus reflected I placed you there and directed my steps to the place of the festival. Having witnessed the glorious festival and enjoyed
the pleasure of the sight of my kinsmen, I bowed to the lord of the three worlds and was bent in reverence, with my mind rapt in devotion, dreading all the while lest she should divine my crime, before Ambikā, when that goddess, the daughter of Himālaya, said to me with a smile—"O dear girl, give up your fear; go to your husband’s presence; your curse is over." Thus favoured, I at once regained my superhuman power; and, returning, at your very sight I know you properly." "How now," I said, he is my son (so to speak) Pramati, the dear friend of my dear son Arthapāla! I, wicked that I was, acted indifferently towards him through ignorance! Moreover, his mind it attached to the princess and she also loves this young man; but the two, who are feigning sleep, do not open their hearts (feelings) to each other owing to fear and modesty; and I have to go. The damsel, though overpowered by love, has not spoken about it to her friends or attendants in order to keep her secret. Let me take away the young man; he will accomplish his purpose by suitable means when he will come to know of it." Thinking thus, I brought you again to this leafy bed in a sleepy condition induced by my superhuman power. This is how all this happened. Here I go to the feet of your father." With these words she again and again embraced me who had folded my hands, smelt me on my head, kissed me on my cheeks, and departed, deeply moved with affection for me.

I, entirely subdued by love, directed my steps to Śrāvastī; on the road in a great market-place the merchants were in a very great uproar over a cock-fight. I approached the place and smiled a little. An old wily Brāhmaṇa seated near me gently asked me the reason of my smile. I said to him—"How comes this, that a cock of the Western country and of the Balākā breed is thus thoughtlessly matched by the people against one belonging to the eastern country and of the cocoanut tribe, its superior in strength and size!" He, too, an adept in the matter, said—"What is the use of enlightening these ignorant folks on this subject? So better be silent." And having offered me betel with camphor from his betel-case, he remained for a short while telling me diverse tales. The two birds fought, furiously excited, as the shouts of encouragement were uttered by their partisans after each stroke. The cock of the Western country was beaten.
and the clever Brāhmaṇa, highly delighted at the victory of
the cock belonging to his province, made friends with me,
contrary to our ages, and made me take my bath and meals
at his place that day. The next day, as I set out for
Śrāvastī, he followed me, and asking me not to forget him
if there was need, dismissed me like a friend and went
back.

I reached Śrāvastī, and being fatigued by the journey lay
asleep in a bower of creepers in an outer garden. Roused by
the tinklings of anklets, I rose up and beheld a young
woman coming to me with feet resounding with the jinglings
of anklets. She came, and alternately looking intently at
me and at the form of a male resembling me painted on
a canvas in her hand, stood there for a moment full of
wonder, surmises and joy. I, seeing my own likeness on the
canvas, thought that the motions of her eyes could
not have been accidental (i.e. were based on some motive), and
said to her—"Oh, surely this charming site of the holy grove
is common to all! Why do you suffer the trouble of stand-
ing for a long time? Please sit down." Thus addressed she
smiled, and saying that it was a favour, sat down. Then
we had some conversation regarding the affairs of the country.
While engaged in conversation she remarked—"Ah! You
are a guest coming from the country; and your limbs
look as if wearied by the journey. If there be no objection,
you should oblige me by resting at my house." I replied—
"Charming lady, this is no cause for dissatisfaction, but a
favour," and I followed her home, where I was treated with
such princely comforts as a bath, food and the like. While
sitting at ease, she asked me—"Noble one, was there
anything marvellous that you came across in your travels
in the different lands?" I thought to myself—"Here is
great scope for my hope. This is, indeed, the friend of the
princess, who was well seen in the midst of the crowd of
all her attendants. On this picture-board also there is the
terrace overhung with a white canopy; also the spacious
couch lying therein, yellowish-white like the multitude of
autumnal clouds; and this likeness lying on it with eyes
sealed in sleep, is also of me alone. Surely, then, the princess
must have been brought by Cupid to that stage, wherein,
being tormented and rendered delirious by the unbearable
fever of love, she must have given an adequate reply, by skilfully drawing this form alone, to her friends when insistently asked by them the cause of her affliction. I am asked by her, being in suspicion on account of the agreement (resemblance) of forms; I will, therefore, dispel her doubts, stating my experience." Thus resolved I asked for the picture-board, and she handed it over to me. I took it; and having painted the beloved of my heart, overpowered by the passion of love rising in her and lying in a feigned sleep just in the same place, I said—"As I slept once in a large forest I saw a certain damsel of this form lying by the side of a youth like this (picture). May it be a dream?" She was extremely delighted, and begged me to explain the whole; and I did so. She then related to me the various sufferings of her friend on my account. On hearing that I persuaded her, saying—"If your friend's mind is really disposed to favour me, let some days pass. I will arrange some plan, which will enable me to remain freely in the palace of the princess, and approach you;" and then, going to the same village, I joined the company of the old Brāhmaṇa.

With a hasty (i.e. warm) reception he asked me to take rest, gave me food and drink as before, and then asked me in private,—"Noble one, what is the reason of your coming back so soon?" I said to him in reply—"It is but proper that I have been thus questioned by your honour. Listen: There is a town named Śrāvasti. Its ruler is a king named Dharmavardhana, who is like another son of Dharma (Dharmarāja). He has a daughter, who is as if a repeller of even the Goddess of Beauty, and the very life of Cupid, Navamālikā by name, who by her tenderness resembles the Navamālikā creeper. I accidentally saw her, and she directed her glances like so many arrows of love at the vital parts of my body. And since there is no other physician than you, like Dhanvantari, able to take out those darts, I have come to you. Be kind, therefore, and find out some remedy. Here I shall put on female apparel and profess to be your daughter. I shall follow you, and you should go to Dharmavardhana, when sitting in the judgement-hall, and say to him—"This is my only daughter. Her mother died as soon as she was born, and I myself, acting as father and mother to her, have brought her up. A certain Brāhmaṇa youth, born in a
family fit for marriage-connexion with us, has gone to Ujjayinī, the capital of Avanti, to acquire wealth in the form of learning for securing her hand. She being betrothed to him, it is not proper to give her away to anyone else. She has now attained youth, and he is delaying. I shall, therefore, bring him and marry her to him, and after having placed the burden (of family) on him, I will turn a recluse. Since it is difficult to guard daughters that have passed the stage of girlhood, and more particularly those that have no mother, I have come to Your Majesty here, standing in the place of mother and father to the subjects and the protector of the distressed. If Your Majesty, whose career is as noble and exalted as that of Manu, be pleased to favour me, a helpless Brāhmaṇa coming to you of his own will (i.e. as a guest), may this (my daughter) here be allowed to repose, in the shadow of your arms, with her character unblemished, until I should return with the bridegroom.” The king, thus addressed, will surely approve of it and will make me stay with his daughter (as a companion). Then you should depart, and in the ensuing month of Phālgāṇa at the time of the festival of holy pilgrimage—on the day of the Uttarāphalgunī—of the inmates of the female apartment, await me, with a pair of white garments in your hand, in the temple of Kārttikeya, which you will find in the midst of a clump of cane-plants after going over a distance covered by the bellowing of a bull to the east of the bathing-place. I shall, indeed, on my part divert myself freely during that interval with the princess, and again sporting in the waters of the Ganges during the festival, will dive, while the multitude of the damsels will be engaged deeply in sport, and swim over up to you; and wearing the garments brought by you, I shall come with you as your intended son-in-law. The princess, on her part, will search for me here and there, and not finding me will remain in the palace, weeping, saying that she would not take food without me. In the midst of a scene of uproar consequent on this, the attendants crying out, her female friends lamenting my loss, and the citizens expressing their sorrow, and the king and his ministers at a loss to know what to do, you should take me to the royal assembly, and placing me before the king, should say—“Sire, here is my son-in-law, who is fit to serve your royal arms. He has studied the four
Vedas, has mastered the six Aṅgas, has a thorough knowledge of logic, and is an expert in the manipulation of the sixty-four arts; he is a specialist in the art of managing elephants, chariots and horses; he is a matchless expert in archery and mace-fight; he knows the Purāṇas and Itihāsas and is a composer of poems, dramas and tales. He knows both the Mīmāṁsās, is an impartial appreciator of merits, a reliable friend, has a sweet address, is munificent, learned, and free from pride. I see not even the slightest fault in him; nor do I see an virtue which he does not possess. Such a relative is, in fact, inaccessible to me, merely a Brāhmaṇa in name. Having given over my daughter to him, I shall take to the last stage of life, fit for old age, if it so pleases Your Majesty.”

Having heard this, the king, his face overcast by paleness, and entirely perplexed, will try, in the company of the ministers, to console you by dwelling upon the transitoriness of worldly things. You should turn a deaf ear to all that they will say, and after lamenting long with sobs till your throat is parched, collect fagots, and kindling a fire before the palace-gate prepare for ascending the funeral pile. He will just then fall at your feet, and having gratified you with an unstinted gift of wealth, will give his daughter to me, and being fully satisfied with my abilities will place the whole administration into my hands. This plan is to be adopted, if you approve of it.” That clever Pāñchālāśārmā, too, the prince of cunning accomplices, who had more than once practised all kinds of deceit, skilfully achieved everything according to my instructions, and yet more; and all my desires were fulfilled in a short time. I enjoyed the company of Navamālikā, as a bee does a juicy flower. At this time, thinking that I should be serving the double purpose of giving assistance to Siṃhavarmā and of reaching the place of meeting of my friends, I advanced with the whole mass of the army to Champa, and now enjoy through good luck the pleasure of the sight of Your Majesty.”

Having heard this account of Pramati, Rājavāhana, with the lotus of his face beaming with a smile, said—“Exploits full of graceful sports, and actions tempered down by gentleness —this, indeed, will appeal to the taste of the learned. You may now enter (the course of narration)” Saying so, the prince fixed his eyes on Mitragupta.
UCHCHIIVĀSA VI.

Mitragupta, on his part, said—"Lord, whilst wandering with the same object as my companions, I came to a city in Suhma, called Dāmalīpta, where in the suburbau grove I observed a crowd collected in observance of some festival. There I also saw, in a bower of Atimukta creepers, a young man full of longing (or, anxious thoughts) diverting himself by playing on a lute. I asked him—"Good man, what festival is this, what is the occasion for it, and why are you sitting here in a solitary place like one affected by longing, with nothing but your lute with you, disregarding the festival?" He replied—"Gentle sir, Tuńga-dhanavā, the king of Suhma, who had no progeny, solicited, it is said, by prayers, from Vindhyavāśini (the goddess Durgā), living in this very temple having forgotten her passion for a residence on Vindhya, two children. The goddess said to him in a dream as he slept before her without food—"You will get one son and one daughter; the former will be dependent on the husband of the latter. Let the girl, from the age of seven until her marriage, worship me every month on the Kṛittikā day by playing at ball in public, that she might obtain a suitable husband; also, let her be given over to whomsoever she chooses, and let the festival be called Kandukotsava." Then, after a short time, Mēṇi, the beloved queen of the king, gave birth to a son; and after him, a daughter, too, was born. That princess, named Kandukāvatā, will come out to-day to propitiate the goddess Somā-piśā with her play at ball. Her foster-sister and friend, Chandrasenā, was my beloved. But she has been wooed against her will (or, forcibly detained) in these days by the prince Bhīmadhanavā. Being therefore uneasy and afflicted in mind owing to the pain caused by the points of Cupid's arrows, I resort to this solitude, comforting myself to some extent by means of the sweet tunes of this Viṇā."

Just at that moment the tinkling of anklets was suddenly heard, and there entered a female. Just as the youth beheld her, he rose up with his eyes expanded in joy, embraced her, and lightly clasped by her (in return), he sat down just there. He then addressed me thus—"Here is she whom I regard as my life, and whose separation burns me like fire. In carrying away this very life of me, the prince has, like Death, deprived me of the warmth of life; nor can I do him any harm, as he is the king's son. So, having made her take a full view