

VETALAPANCHAVIMSATI which forms a part of SOMADEVA'S *KATHASARITSA-GARA* is a cycle of most absorbing tales related by a Vampire.

These skilfully woven twenty-five tales are one of the oldest collection of stories in Sanskrit literature and is as popular as the *Panchatantra*.

These tales blend magic and fantasy, imagination and realism, bleak and blissful atmosphere and have stunned the wisest of men—King Trivikramasena. They represent the glorious heights to which the genius of a storyteller can ever hope to achieve.

Late C. H. Tawney's translation has captured the very essence of these invigorating tales. Wherever short stories are read, this Sanskrit classic will be read with genuine interest.

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**JAICO EDITION**





# VETALPANCHAVIMSATI

(TWENTY-FIVE TALES OF A VAMPIRE)

From : SOMADEVA'S KATHASARITSAGARA



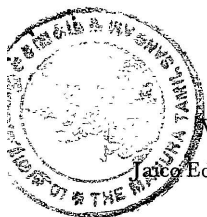
C. H. TAWNEY



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VETALAPANCHAVIMSATI

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## ANOTHER COLOURFUL FEATHER.....

VETALAPANCHAVIMSATI or Twenty-five Tales of a Vampire, is one of the oldest collection of short-stories in Sanskrit and is a delightful contribution to the short-stories of the world.

Centuries before Sanskrit classics have been translated in almost all Indian languages and have amused generations of readers.

With the advent of the British the Sanskrit classics had another domain to conquer. The Western scholars in Sanskrit were almost fascinated by the Sanskrit classics and they translated them for the benefit of the Western readers.

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While we are now heading towards a cultural renaissance, it is evident that the first step will be to resurrect our greatest and most cherished legacy—the classical literature.

PANCHATANTRA, the first Sanskrit classic published in the JAICO Series had a wide appreciation in India and abroad. The publication of VETALAPANCHAVIMSATI, we believe, will be another colourful feather in our plumage, and is just in keeping with our motto of bringing the world-famous classics at a price within the reach of all.

—The Publishers.

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## PROLOGUE



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ON the banks of the Godāvārī there is a place named Pratiśṭhāna. In it there lived of old time a famous king, named Trivikramasena, the son of Vikramasena, equal to Indra in might. Every day, when he was in his hall of audience, a mendicant named Kṣhāntiśīla came to him, to pay him his respects, and presented him with a fruit. And every day the king, as soon as he received the fruit, gave it into the hand of the superintendent of his treasury who was near him. In this way ten years passed. But one day, when the mendicant had left the hall of audience, after giving the fruit to the king, the king gave it to a young pet monkey, that had escaped from the hands of its keepers, and happened to enter there. While the monkey was eating that fruit it burst open, and there came out of it a splendid priceless jewel.

When the king saw that, he took up the jewel, and asked the treasurer the following question: "Where have you put all these fruits which I have been in the habit of handing over to you, after they were given to me by the mendicant?" When the superintendent heard that, he was full of fear, and he said to the king: "I used to throw them into the treasury from the window without opening the door. If your Majesty orders me, I will open it and look for them." When the treasurer said this, the king gave him leave to do so, and he went away, and soon returned, and said to the king: "I see that those fruits have all rotted away in the treasury, and I also see that there is a heap of jewels there resplendent with radiant gleams."

When the king heard it, he was pleased, and gave those jewels to the treasurer ; and the next day he said to the mendicant, who came as before : "Mendicant, why do you court me every day with great expenditure of wealth? I will not take your fruit to-day until you tell me." When the king said this, the mendicant said to him in private : "I have an incantation to perform which requires the aid of a brave man. I request, hero, that you will assist me in it." When the king heard that, he consented, and promised him that he would do so. Then the mendicant was pleased, and he went on to say to that king : "Then I shall be waiting for you at night-fall in the approaching black fortnight, in the great cemetery here, under the shade of a banyan-tree, and you must come to me there." The king said : "Well, I will do so." And the mendicant Kshāntiśīla returned delighted to his own dwelling.

Then the heroic monarch, as soon as he had got into the black fortnight, remembered the request of the mendicant which he had promised to accomplish for him, and as soon as night came, he enveloped his head in a black cloth, and left the palace unperceived, sword in hand, and went fearlessly to the cemetery. It was obscured by a dense and terrible pall of darkness, and its aspect was rendered awful by the ghastly flames from the burning of the funeral pyres, and it produced horror by the bones, skeletons and skulls of men that appeared in it. In it were present formidable Bhūtas and Vetālas, joyfully engaged in their horrible activity, and it was alive with the loud yells of jackals, so that it seemed like a second mysterious tremendous form of Bhairava. And after he had searched about in it, he found that mendicant under a banyan-tree, engaged in making a circle, and he went up to him and said : "Here I am arrived, mendicant ; tell me, what can I do for you ?"

When the mendicant heard that, and saw the king, he was delighted, and said to him : "King, if I have found favour in your eyes, go alone a long way from here towards the south, and you will find a *śimśapā* tree. On

it there is a dead man hanging up ; go and bring him here: assist me in this matter, hero."

As soon as the brave king, who was faithful to his promise, heard this, he said, "I will do so," and went towards the south. And after he had gone some way in that direction, along a path revealed by the light of the flaming pyres, he reached with difficulty in the darkness that *śimsapā* tree. The tree was scorched with the smoke of funeral pyres, and smelt of raw flesh, and looked like a Bhūta, and he saw the corpse hanging on its trunk, as it were on the shoulder of a demon. So he climbed up, and cutting the string which held it, flung it to the ground. And the moment it was flung down it cried out, as if in pain. Then the king, supposing it was alive, came down and rubbed its body out of compassion ; that made the corpse utter a loud demoniac laugh. Then the king knew that it was possessed by a Vetāla, and said, without flinching : "Why do you laugh ? Come, let us go off." And immediately he missed from the ground the corpse possessed by the Vetāla, and perceived that it was once more suspended on that very tree. Then he climbed up again and brought it down, for the heart of heroes is a gem more impenetrable than adamant. Then King Trivikramasena threw the corpse possessed by a Vetāla over his shoulder, and proceeded to go off with it, in silence. And as he was going along, the Vetāla in the corpse that was on his shoulder said to him : "King, I will tell you a story to beguile the way. Listen.

## STORY THE FIRST

---

There is a city named Vārāṇasī, which is the dwelling-place of Śiva, inhabited by holy beings, and thus resembles the plateau of Mount Kailāsa. The River Ganges ever full of water, flows near it, and appears as if it were the necklace ever resting on its neck. In that city there lived of old time a king named Pratāpamukuta, who consumed the families of his enemies with his valour as the fire consumes the forest. He had a son named Vajramukuta, who dashed the God of Love's pride in his beauty, and his enemies' confidence in their valour. And that prince had a friend, named Buddhiśarīra, whom he valued more than his life, the sagacious son of a minister.

Once on a time that prince was amusing himself with that friend, and his excessive devotion to the chase made him travel a long distance. As he was cutting off the long-maned heads of lions with his arrows, as it were the chowries that represented the glory of their valour, he entered a great forest. It seemed like the chosen home of love, with singing cuckoos for bards, fanned by trees with their clusters of blossoms waving like chowries. In it he and the minister's son saw a great lake, looking like a second sea, the birthplace of lotuses of various colours; and in that pool of gods there was seen by him a maiden of heavenly appearance, who had come there with her attendants to bathe. She seemed to fill the splendid tank with the flood of her beauty, and with her glances to create in it a new forest of blue lotuses. With her face, that surpassed the moon in beauty, she seemed to put to shame the white lotuses, and she at once captivated

with it the heart of that prince. The youth too, in the same way, took with a glance such complete possession of her eyes, that she did not regard her own modesty, or even her ornaments.

And as he was looking at her with his attendants, and wondering who she was, she made, under pretence of pastime, a sign to tell him her country and other particulars about her. She took a lotus from her garland of flowers and put it in her ear, and she remained for a long time twisting it into the form of an ornament called *dantapatra*, or tooth-leaf, and then she took another lotus and placed it on her head, and she laid her hand significantly upon her heart. The prince did not at that time understand those signs, but his sagacious friend the minister's son did understand them.

The maiden soon departed, being led away from that place by her attendants, and when she had reached her own house she flung herself down on a sofa, but her heart remained with that prince, to justify the sign she had made.

The prince, for his part, when without her, was like a Vidyādhara who has lost his magic knowledge, and, returning to his own city, he fell into a miserable condition. And one day the minister's son questioned him in private, speaking of that beauty as easy to obtain, whereupon he lost his self-command and exclaimed : "How is she to be obtained, when neither her name, nor her village, nor her origin is known ? So why do you offer me false comfort ?" When the prince said this to the minister's son, he answered : "What ! did you not see what she told you by her signs ? By placing the lotus in her ear she meant to say this : 'I live in the realm of King Karṇotpala.' By making it into the tooth-leaf ornament she meant to say : 'Know that I am the daughter of an ivory-carver there.' By lifting up the lotus she let you know her name was Padmāvati ; and by placing her hand on her heart she told you that it was yours. Now there is a king named Karṇotpala in the country of Kalinga ; he has a favourite courtier, a great ivory-carver named Sangrāmavardhana, and he has a daughter named Padmāvati, the pearl of the three worlds,

whom he values more than his life. All this I knew from the talk of the people, and so I understood her signs, which were meant to tell her country and the other particulars about her."

When that prince had been told all this by the minister's son, he was pleased with that intelligent man, and rejoiced, as he had now got an opportunity of attaining his object ; and, after he had deliberated with him, he set out with him from his palace on the pretence of hunting, but really in search of his beloved, and went again in that direction. And on the way he managed to give his retinue the slip by the speed of his swift horse, and he went to the country of Kalinga accompanied by the minister's son only. There they reached the city of King Kārṇṭpala, and searched for and found the palace of that ivory-carver. And the prince and the minister's son entered the house of an old woman, who lived near there, to lodge.

The minister's son gave the horses water and fodder, and placed them there in concealment, and then said to that old woman in the presence of the prince : "Do you know, mother, an ivory-carver named Sangrāmavardhana?" When the old woman heard that, she said to him courteously : "I know him well ; I was his nurse, and he has now made me attend upon his daughter as a duenna. But I never go there at present, as I have been deprived of my clothes ; for my wicked son, who is a gambler, takes away my clothes as soon as he sees them."

When the minister's son heard this, he was delighted, and he gratified the old woman with the gift of his upper garment and other presents, and went on to say to her : "You are a mother to us, so do what we request you to do in secret. Go to that Padmāvati, the daughter of the ivory-carver, and say to her : 'The prince, whom you saw at the lake, has come here, and out of love he has sent me to tell you.' " When the old woman heard this, she consented, being won over by the presents, and went to Padmāvati, and came back in a moment. And when the prince and the minister's son questioned her, she said to them : "I went and told her secretly that you had come. When she

heard that, she scolded me, and struck me on both cheeks with her two hands smeared with camphor. So I have come back weeping, distressed at the insult. See here, my children, these marks of her fingers on my face."

When she said this the prince was despondent, as he despaired of attaining his object; but the sagacious minister's son said to him in private: "Do not despond, for by keeping her own counsel and scolding the old woman, and striking her on the face with her ten fingers white with camphor, she meant to say: 'Wait for these remaining ten moonlight nights of the white fortnight, for they are unfavourable to an interview.'"

After the minister's son had comforted the prince with these words he went and sold secretly in the market some gold which he had about him, and made that old woman prepare a splendid meal, and then those two ate it with that old woman. After the minister's son had spent ten days in this fashion, he again sent the old woman to Padmāvati, to see how matters stood. And she, being fond of delicious food, liquor and other enjoyments of the kind, went again to the dwelling-house of Padmāvati, to please her guests, and returned and said to them: "I went there to-day and remained silent, but she of her own accord taunted me with that crime of having brought your message, and again struck me here on the breast with three fingers dipped in red dye, so I have returned here thus marked by her." When the minister's son heard this, he said of his own accord, to the prince: "Do not entertain any despondent notions, for by placing the impression of her three fingers marked with red dye on this woman's heart, she meant to say: 'I cannot receive you for three nights.'"

When the minister's son had said this to the prince, he waited till three days had passed, and again sent the old woman to Padmāvati. She went to her palace, and Padmāvati honoured her and gave her food, and lovingly entertained her that day with wine and other enjoyments. And in the evening, when the old woman wished to go back to her house, there arose outside a terrible tumult.

Then the people were heard exclaiming: "Alas! alas! a mad elephant has escaped from the post to which he was tied, and is rushing about, trampling men to death."

Then Padmāvati said to that old woman: "You must not go by the public road, which is rendered unsafe by the elephant, so we will put you on a seat, with a rope fastened to it to support it, and let you down by this broad window here into the garden of the house; there you must get up a tree and cross this wall, and then let yourself down by another tree and go to your own house." After she had said this she had the old woman let down from the window by her maid into the garden, by means of that seat with a rope fastened to it. She went by the way pointed out to her, and related the whole story, exactly as it happened, to the prince and the minister's son. Then the minister's son said to the prince: "Your desire is accomplished, for she has shown you by an artifice the way you should take; so go there this very day, as soon as evening sets in, and by this way enter the palace of your beloved."

When the minister's son said this, the prince went with him into the garden, by the way over the wall pointed out by the old woman. There he saw that rope hanging down with the seat, and at the top of it were some maids, who seemed to be looking out for his arrival. So he got on to the seat, and the moment those female servants saw him they pulled him up with the rope, and he entered the presence of his beloved through the window. When he had entered, the minister's son returned to his lodging. And when the prince entered, he beheld that Padmāvati with a face like a full moon, shedding forth beauty like beams, like the night of the full moon remaining concealed through fear of the black fortnight. As soon as she saw him, she rose up boldly and welcomed him with affectionate embraces and other endearments natural in one who had waited for him so long. Then the prince married that fair one by the *gāndharva* form of marriage, and all his wishes being now fulfilled, remained with her in concealment.

And after he had lived with her some days, he said to her



one night: "My friend the minister's son came with me and is staying here, and he is now left alone in the house of your duenna; I must go and pay him a visit, fair one, and then I will return to you." When the cunning Padmāvati heard that, she said to her lover: "Come now, my husband, I have a question to ask you: did you guess the meaning of those signs which I made, or was it that friend of yours the minister's son?" When she said this, the prince said to her: "I did not guess anything at all, but that friend of mine, the minister's son, who is distinguished for superhuman insight, guessed it all, and told it to me." When the fair one heard this, she reflected, and said to him: "Then you have acted wrongly in not telling me about him before. Since he is your friend, he is my brother, and I must always honour him before all others with gifts of betel and other luxuries."

When she had dismissed him with these words, the prince left the palace at night by the way by which he came, and returned to his friend. And in the course of conversation he told him that he had told his beloved how he guessed the meaning of the signs which she made. But the minister's son did not approve of this proceeding on his part, considering it imprudent. And so the day dawned on them conversing.

Then, as they were again talking together after the termination of the morning prayer, the confidante of Padmāvati came in with betel and cooked food in her hand. She asked after the health of the minister's son, and after giving him the dainties, in order by an artifice to prevent the prince from eating any of them, she said, in the course of conversation, that her mistress was awaiting his arrival to feast and spend the day with her, and immediately she departed unobserved. Then the minister's son said to the prince: "Now observe, Prince, I will show you something wonderful." Thereupon he gave that cooked food to a dog to eat, and the dog, as soon as he had eaten it, fell dead upon the spot. When the prince saw that, he said to the minister's son: "What is the meaning of this marvel?" And he answered him: "The truth is that the

lady has found out that I am intelligent, by the fact that I guessed the meaning of her signs, and so she has sent me this poisoned food in order to kill me, for she is deeply in love with you, and thinks that you, Prince, will never be exclusively devoted to her while I am alive, but, being under my influence, will perhaps leave her, and go to your own city. So give up the idea of being angry with her, persuade the high-spirited woman to leave her relations, and I will invent and tell you an artifice for carrying her off."

When the minister's son had said this, the prince said to him: "You are rightly named Buddhīśārīra, as being an incarnation of wisdom." And at the very moment that he was thus praising him, there was suddenly heard outside a general cry from the sorrowing multitude: "Alas! alas! the king's infant son is dead." The minister's son was much delighted at hearing this, and he said to the prince: "Repair now to Padmāvati's palace at night, and there make her drink so much that she shall be senseless and motionless with intoxication, and apparently dead. And when she is asleep, make a mark on her hip with a red-hot iron spike, and take away all her ornaments, and return by letting yourself down from the window by a rope; and after that I will take steps to make everything turn out prosperously."

When the minister's son had said this, he had a three-pronged spike made, with points like the bristles of a boar, and gave it to the prince. And the prince took in his hand that weapon which resembled the crooked hard hearts of his beloved and of his friend, which were firm as black iron; and saying, "I will do as you direct," went at night to the palace of Padmāvati as before, for princes should never hesitate about following the advice of an excellent minister. There he made his beloved helpless with drink, and marked her on the hip with the spike, and took away her ornaments, and told him what he had done. Then the minister's son considered his design as good as accomplished.

And the next morning the minister's son went to the

cemetery and promptly disguised himself as an ascetic, and he made the prince assume the guise of a disciple. And he said to him: "Go and take the pearl necklace which is part of this set of ornaments and pretend to try to sell it in the market, but put a high price on it, that no one may be willing to buy it, and that everyone may see it being carried about; and if the police here should arrest you, say intrepidly: 'My spiritual preceptor gave it to me to sell' "

When the minister's son had sent off the prince on this errand, he went and wandered about in the market-place, publicly showing the necklace. And while he was thus engaged, he was seen and arrested by the police, who were on the look-out for thieves, as information had been given about the robbery of the ivory-carver's daughter. And they immediately took him to the chief magistrate of the town; and he, seeing that he was dressed as an ascetic, said to him courteously: "Reverend sir, where did you get this necklace of pearls which was lost in this city, for the ornaments of the ivory-carver's daughter were stolen during the night?" When the prince, who was disguised as an ascetic, heard this, he said: "My spiritual preceptor gave it me; come and question him." Then the magistrate of the city came to the minister's son, and bowed, and said to him: "Reverend sir, where did you get this pearl necklace that is in the possession of your pupil?"

When the cunning fellow heard that, he took him aside and said: "I am an ascetic, in the habit of wandering perpetually backwards and forwards in the forests. As chance would have it, I arrived here, and as I was in the cemetery at night, I saw a band of witches collected from different quarters. And one of them brought the prince, with the lotus of his heart laid bare, and offered him to Bhairava. And the witch, who possessed great powers of delusion, being drunk, tried to take away my rosary, while I was reciting my prayers, making horrible contortions with her face. And as she carried the attempt too far, I got angry, and heating with a charm the prongs of my trident, I marked her on the loins. And then I took this necklace from her neck. And now I must sell this

necklace, as it does not suit an ascetic."

When the magistrate heard this, he went and informed the king. When the king heard it, he concluded that that was the pearl necklace which had been lost, and he sent a trustworthy old woman to see if the ivory-carver's daughter was really marked with a trident on the loins. The old woman came back and said that the mark could be clearly seen. Then the king made up his mind that she was a witch, and had really destroyed his child. So he went in person to that minister's son, who was personating an ascetic, and asked him how he ought to punish Padmāvati. And by his advice he ordered her to be banished from the city, though her parents lamented over her. And when she was banished, and was left in the forest, though naked, she did not abandon the body, supposing that it was all an artifice devised by the minister's son. And in the evening the minister's son and the prince, who had abandoned the dress of ascetics, and were mounted on their horses, came upon her lamenting. And they consoled her, and mounted her upon a horse, and took her to their own kingdom. There the prince lived happily with her. But the ivory-carver, supposing that his daughter had been devoured by wild beasts in the forest, died of grief, and his wife followed him.

When the Vetāla had said this, he went on to say to the king: "Now I have a doubt about this story; resolve it for me: Was the minister's son guilty of the death of this married couple, or the prince, or Padmāvati? Tell me, for you are the chief of sages. And if, King, you do not tell me the truth, though you know it, this head of yours shall certainly split in a hundred pieces."

When the Vetāla said this, the king, who discerned the truth, out of fear of being cursed, gave him this answer: "O thou skilled in magic arts, what difficulty is there about it? Why, none of the three was in fault, but the whole of

the guilt attaches to King Karṇotpala." The Vetāla then said: "Why, what did the king do? Those three were instrumental in the matter. Are the crows in fault when the swans eat the rice?" Then the king said: "Indeed no one of the three was in fault, for the minister's son committed no crime, as he was forwarding his master's interests, and Padmāvatī and the prince, being burnt with the fire of the arrows of the God of Love, and being therefore undiscerning and ignorant, were not to blame, as they were intent on their own object. But King Karṇotpala, as being untaught in treatises of policy, and not investigating by means of spies the true state of affairs even among his own subjects, and not comprehending the tricks of rogues, and inexperienced in interpreting gestures and other external indications, is to be considered guilty, on account of the indiscreet step which he took."

When the Vetāla, who was in the corpse, heard this, as the king by giving the correct answer had broken his silence, he immediately left his shoulder and went somewhere unobserved by the force of his magic power, in order to test his persistence; and the intrepid king at once determined to recover him.

## STORY THE SECOND

---

THEN King Trivikramasena again went to the *śimsapā* tree to fetch the Vetāla. And when he arrived there, and looked about in the darkness by the help of the light of the funeral pyres, he saw the corpse lying on the ground groaning. Then the king took the corpse, with the Vetāla in it, on his shoulder, and set out quickly and in silence to carry it to the appointed place. Then the Vetāla again said to the king from his shoulder: "King, this trouble, into which you have fallen is great and unsuitable to you; so I will tell you a tale to amuse you. Listen.

There is, on the banks of the River Yamunā, a district assigned to Brāhmans, named Brahmasthala. In it there lived a Brāhman, named Agnisvāmin, who had completely mastered the Vedas. To him there was born a very beautiful daughter named Mandāravatī. Indeed, when providence had created this maiden of novel and priceless beauty, he was disgusted with the nymphs of heaven, his own precious handiwork. And when she grew up, there came from Kānyakubja three young Brāhmans, equally matched in all accomplishments. And each one of these demanded the maiden from her father for himself, and would sooner sacrifice his life than allow her to be given to another. But her father would not give her to any one of them, being afraid that, if he did so, he would cause the death of the others; so the damsel remained unmarried.

And those three remained there day and night, with their eyes exclusively fixed on the moon of her countenance, as if they had taken upon themselves a vow to imitate the partridge.

Then the maiden Mandāravatī suddenly contracted a burning fever, which ended in her death. Whereupon the young Brāhmans, distracted with grief, carried her when dead, after she had been duly adorned, to the cemetery, and burnt her. And one of them built a hut there and made her ashes his bed, and remained there, living on the alms he could get by begging. And the second took her bones and went with them to the Ganges; and the third became an ascetic, and went travelling through foreign lands.

As the ascetic was roaming about, he reached a village named Vajraloka. And there he entered as a guest the house of a certain Brāhman. And the Brāhman received him courteously. So he sat down to eat; and in the meanwhile a child there began to cry. When, in spite of all efforts to quiet it, it would not stop, the mistress of the house fell into a passion, and taking it up in her arms threw it into the blazing fire. The moment the child was thrown in, as its body was soft, it was reduced to ashes. When the ascetic, who was a guest, saw this, his hair stood on end, and he exclaimed: "Alas! alas! I have entered the house of a Brāhman-demon. So I will not eat food here now, for such food would be sin in a visible material shape." When he said this, the householder said to him: "See the power of raising the dead to life inherent in a charm of mine, which is effectual as soon as recited." When he had said this, he took the book containing the charm and read it, and threw on to the ashes some dust, over which the charm had been recited. That made the boy rise up alive, exactly as he was before.

Then the mind of the Brāhman ascetic was quieted, and he was able to take his meal there. And the master of the house put the book up on a bracket, and, after taking food, went to bed at night, and so did the ascetic. But when the master of the house was asleep, the ascetic got up timidly

and took the book, with the desire of restoring his beloved to life.

And he left the house with the book, and travelling day and night at last reached the cemetery where that beloved had been burnt. And at that moment he saw the second Brāhman arrive there, who had gone to throw her bones into the River Ganges. And having also found the one who remained in the cemetery sleeping on her ashes, having built a hut over them, he said to the two: "Remove this hut, in order that by the power of a certain charm I may raise up my beloved alive from her ashes." Having earnestly solicited them to do this, and having overturned that hut, the Brāhman ascetic opened the book and read the charm. And after thus charming some dust, he threw it on the ashes, and that made Mandāravatī rise up alive. And as she had entered the fire, she possessed, when resuscitated, a body that had come out of it more splendid than before, as if made of gold.

When the three Brāhmans saw her resuscitated in this form, they immediately became love-sick, and quarrelled with one another, each desiring her for himself. And the first said: "She is my wife, for she was won by the power of my charm." And the second said: "She belongs to me, for she was produced by the efficacy of sacred bathing-places." And the third said: "She is mine, for I preserved her ashes, and resuscitated her by asceticism."

"Now, King give judgment to decide their dispute. Whose wife ought the maiden to be? If you know and do not say it, your head shall fly in pieces."

When the king heard this from the Vetāla, he said to him: "The one who restored her to life by a charm, though he endured hardship, must be considered her father, because he performed that office for her, and not her husband; and he who carried her bones to the Ganges is considered her son; but he who out of love lay on her ashes,



and so remained in the cemetery embracing her and practising asceticism, he is to be called her husband, for he acted like one in his deep affection."

When the Vetâla heard this from King Trivikramasena, who had broken silence by uttering it, he left his shoulder and went back invisible to his own place. But the king, who was bent on forwarding the object of the mendicant, made up his mind to fetch him again ; for men of firm resolution do not desist from accomplishing a task they have promised to perform, even though they lose their lives in the attempt.

## STORY THE THIRD

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THEN the heroic King Trivikramasena again went to the *śimśapā* tree, to fetch the Vetāla. And he found him there in the corpse, and again took him up on his shoulder, and began to return with him in silence. And as he was going along, the Vetāla, who was on his back, said to him: "It is wonderful, King, that you are not cowed with this going backwards and forwards at night. So I will tell you another story to solace you. Listen.

There is on the earth a famous city named Pāṭaliputra. In it there lived of old time a king named Vikramakeśarin, whom providence made a storehouse of virtues as well as of jewels. And he possessed a parrot of godlike intellect, knowing all the *śāstras*, that had been born in that condition owing to a curse, and its name was Vidagdhachūḍāmaṇi. And the prince married as a wife, by the advice of the parrot, a princess of equal birth, of the royal family of Magadha, named Chandraprabhā. That princess also possessed a similar hen-*maina*, of the name of Somikā, remarkable for knowledge and discernment. And the two, the parrot and the *maina*, remained there in the same cage, assisting with their discernment their master and mistress.

One day the parrot became enamoured of the *maina*, and said to her: "Marry me, fair one, as we sleep, perch and feed in the same cage." But the *maina* answered

him: "I do not desire intimate union with a male, for all males are wicked and ungrateful." The parrot retorted: "It is not true that males are wicked, but females are wicked and cruel-hearted." And so a dispute arose between them. The two birds then made a bargain that if the parrot won, he should have the *maina* for wife, and if the *maina* won, the parrot should be her slave; and they came before the prince to get a true judgment. The prince, who was in his father's judgment-hall, heard the point at issue between them, and then said to the *maina*: "Tell me, how are males ungrateful?" Then the *maina* said: "Listen"; and, in order to establish her contention, proceeded to relate this story illustrating the faults of males.

There is on the earth a famous city of the name of Kā-mandakī. In it there was a rich merchant of the name of Arthadatta. And he had a son born to him of the name of Dhanadatta. When his father died, the young man became dissipated. And rogues got round him and plunged him in the love of gambling and other vices. In truth the society of the wicked is the root of the tree of vice. In a short time his wealth was exhausted by dissipation, and being ashamed of his poverty, he left his own country, to wander about in foreign lands.

And in the course of his travels he reached a place named Chandanapura, and desiring food, he entered the house of a certain merchant. As fate would have it, the merchant, seeing that he was a handsome youth, asked him his descent and other things, and finding out that he was of good birth, entertained him, and adopted him as a *protégé*. And he gave him his daughter Ratnāvalī, with a dower, and thenceforth Dhanadatta lived in his father-in-law's house.

And in the course of some days he forgot in his present happiness his former misery, and having acquired wealth,

and longing for fresh dissipation, he wished to go back to his own land. Then the rascal with difficulty wrung a permission from his unwilling father-in-law, whose daughter was his only child, and taking with him his wife, covered with ornaments, accompanied by an old woman, set out from that place, a party of three in all. And in course of time he reached a distant wood, and on the plea that there was danger of robbers he took those ornaments from his wife and got them into his own possession. Alas! Observe that the heart of ungrateful males, addicted to the hateful vice of dicing and drabbing, is as hard as a sword.

Then the villain, being determined to kill his wife, though she was virtuous, for the sake of her wealth, threw her and the old woman into a ravine. And after he had thrown them there he went away. The old woman was killed, but his wife was caught in a mass of creepers and did not die. And she slowly climbed up out of the chasm, weeping bitterly, supporting herself by clinging to grass and creepers, for the appointed end of her life had not yet come. And asking her way step by step, she arrived, by the road by which she came, at the house of her father, with difficulty, for her limbs were sorely bruised. When she arrived there suddenly in this state, her mother and father questioned her eagerly. And the virtuous lady, weeping, told this tale. "We were robbed on the way by bandits, and my husband was dragged away bound. The old woman died, but I survived, though I fell into a ravine. Then I was dragged out of the ravine by a certain benevolent traveller who came that way, and by the favour of destiny I have arrived here." When the good Ratnāvalī said this, her father and mother comforted her, and she remained there, thinking only of her husband.

And in course of time her husband Dhanadatta, who had gone back to his own country, and wasted that wealth in gambling, said to himself: "I will go and fetch more wealth, begging it from my father-in-law, and I will tell him that I have left his daughter in my house here." Thinking thus in his heart, he set out for that house of his father-in-law, and when he drew near, his wife beheld

him from a distance, and she ran and fell at his feet, though he was a villain. For, though a husband is wicked, a good wife does not alter her feelings towards him. And when he was frightened, she told him all the fictitious story she had previously told her parents about the robbery, her fall, and so on. Then he entered fearlessly with her the house of his father-in-law; and his father-in-law and mother-in-law, when they saw him, welcomed him joyfully. And his father-in-law called his friends together and made a great feast on the occasion, exclaiming: "It is indeed a happy thing that my son-in-law has been let go with life by the robbers."

Then Dhanadatta lived happily with that wife of his, Ratnāvalī, enjoying the wealth of his father-in-law. But, fie! what the cruel man did one night, though it should not be told for shame, must still, for the story's sake, be related. He killed his wife when asleep in his bosom, and took away all her ornaments, and then went away unobserved to his own country. So wicked are males!

When the *maina* had said this, the king said to the parrot: "Now say your say." Then the parrot said: "King, females are of intolerable audacity, immoral and wicked; hear a tale in proof of it.

There is a city of the name of Harshavatī, and in it there was a leading merchant named Dharmadatta, possessed of many *crores*. And that merchant had a daughter named Vasudattā, matchless in beauty, whom he loved more than his life. And she was given to an excellent young merchant named Samudradatta, equal to her in rank, distinguished for wealth and youth, who was an object that the eyes of lovely women loved to feast on, as the partridges

on the rays of the moon, and who dwelt in the city of Tāmraliptī, which is inhabited by honourable men. Once on a time the merchant's daughter, while she was living in her father's house, and her husband was in his own country, saw at a distance a certain young and good-looking man. The fickle woman, deluded by Māra, invited him by means of a confidante, and made him her secret paramour. And from that time forth she spent every night with him, and her affections were fixed upon him only.

But one day the husband of her youth returned from his own land, appearing to her parents like delight in bodily form. And on that day of rejoicing she was adorned. But she would have nothing to say to her husband, in spite of her mother's injunctions; and when he spoke to her she pretended to be asleep, as her heart was fixed on another. And then her husband, being drowsy with wine and tired with his journey, was overpowered with sleep.

In the meanwhile, as all the people of the house, having eaten and drunk, were fast asleep, a thief made a hole in the wall and entered their apartment. At that very moment the merchant's daughter rose up, without seeing the thief, and went out secretly, having made an assignation with her lover. When the thief saw that, his object being frustrated, he said to himself: "She has gone out in the dead of night adorned with those very ornaments which I came here to steal; so I will watch where she goes." When the thief had formed this intention, he went out and followed that merchant's daughter Vasudattā, keeping an eye on her, but himself unobserved.

But she, with flowers and other things of the kind in her hands, went out, accompanied by a single confidante, who was in the secret, and entered a garden at no distance outside the city. And in it she saw her lover, who had come there to meet her, hanging dead on a tree, with a halter round his neck; for the city-guards had caught him there at night and hanged him, on the supposition that he was a thief. Then she was distracted and beside herself, and exclaiming, "I am ruined," she fell on the

ground and lamented with plaintive cries. Then she took down her dead paramour from the tree, and placing him in a sitting position she adorned him with unguents and flowers, and, although he was senseless, embraced him, with mind blinded by passion and grief. And when in her sorrow she raised up his mouth and kissed it, her dead paramour, being animated by a Vetāla, suddenly bit off her nose. Then she left him in confusion and agony; but still the unfortunate woman came back once more, and looked at him to see if he was still alive. And when she saw that the Vetāla had left his body, and that he was dead and motionless, she departed slowly, weeping with fear and humiliation.

In the meanwhile the thief, who was hidden there, saw all, and said to himself: "What is this that this wicked woman has done? Alas! the mind of females is terrible and black like a dark well, unfathomable, exceedingly deep for a fall. So I wonder what she will do now." After these reflections the thief again followed her at a distance, out of curiosity.

She went on and entered her own chamber, where her husband was asleep, and cried out, weeping: "Help! Help! This wicked enemy, calling himself a husband, has cut off my nose, though I have done nothing wrong." Then her husband, and her father, and the servants, hearing her repeated cries, woke up, and arose in a state of excitement. Then her father, seeing that her nose had been recently taken off, was angry, and had her husband bound, as having injured his wife. But even while he was being bound he remained speechless, like a dumb man, and said nothing, for all the listeners, his father-in-law and the others, had all together turned against him.

When the thief had seen all this, he slipped away nimbly, and the night, which was spent in tumult, gradually passed away; and then the merchant's son was taken by his father-in-law to the king, together with his wife who had been deprived of her nose. And the king, after he had been informed by them of the circumstances, ordered the execution of the young merchant, on the ground that

he had maimed his own wife, rejecting with contempt his version of the story. Then, as he was being led to the place of execution, with drums beating, the thief came up to the king's officers and said to them: "You ought not to put this man to death without cause; I know the circumstances. Take me to the king, that I may tell him the whole story."

When the thief said this, they took him to the king, and after he had received a promise of pardon, he told him the whole history of the night from the beginning. And he said: "If your Majesty does not believe my words, look at once at the woman's nose, which is in the mouth of that corpse." When the king heard that, he sent servants to look; and finding that the statement was true, he gave orders that the young merchant should not suffer capital punishment. But he banished his wicked wife from the country, after cutting off her ears also, and punished his father-in-law by confiscating all his wealth; and being pleased with the thief, he made him chief magistrate of the city.

"So you see that females are naturally wicked and treacherous." When the parrot had told this tale, the curse imposed on him by Indra lost its force, and he became once more the Gandharva Chitraratha, and assuming a celestial form, he went to heaven. And at the same moment the *maina's* curse came to an end, and she became the heavenly nymph Tilottamā, and went at once to heaven. And so their dispute remained undecided in the judgment-hall.

When the Vetāla had told this tale, he again said to the king: "So let your Majesty decide which are the worst,



males or females. But if you know and do not say, your head shall split in pieces."

When the king was asked this question by the Vetāla, that was on his shoulder, he said to him: "Chief of magicians, women are the worst. For it is possible that once in a way a man may be so wicked, but females are, as a rule, always such everywhere." When the king said this, the Vetāla disappeared, as before, from his shoulder, and the king once more resumed the task of fetching him.

## STORY THE FOURTH

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THEN King Trivikramasena again went at night to that *śimśapā* tree in the cemetery; and he fearlessly took that Vetāla that was in the corpse, though it uttered a horrible laugh, and placed it on his shoulder, and set out in silence. And as he was going along, the Vetāla, that was on his shoulder, said to him again: "King, why do you take all this trouble for the sake of this wicked mendicant? In truth you show no discrimination in taking all this fruitless labour. So hear from me this story to amuse you on the way.

There is a city on the earth rightly named Śobhāvati. In it there lived a king of great valour, called Śūdraka. The fire of that victorious king's might was perpetually fanned by the wind of the chowries waved by the captured wives of his enemies. I ween that the earth was so glorious during the reign of that king, owing to the uninterrupted practice of righteousness that prevailed, that she forgot all her other sovereigns, even Rāma.

Once on a time a Brāhman of the name of Viravara came from Mālavya to take service under that king who loved heroes. His wife's name was Dharmavati, his son was Sattvavara, and his daughter was Viravati. These three composed his family; and his attendants were another three: at his side a dagger, a sword in one hand, and a splendid shield in the other. Although he had so

small a retinue, he demanded from the king five hundred *dinārs* a day by way of salary. And King Śūdraka, perceiving that his appearance indicated great courage, gave him the salary he desired. But he felt curious to know whether, as his retinue was so small, he employed so many gold coins to feed his vices, or lavished them on some worthy object. So he had him secretly dogged by spies, in order to discover his mode of life. And it turned out that every day Viravara had an interview with the king in the morning, and stood at his palace gate in the middle of the day, sword in hand ; and then he went home and put into the hand of his wife a hundred *dinārs* of his salary for food, and with a hundred he bought clothes, unguents and betel, and after bathing he set apart a hundred for the worship of Viṣṇu and Śiva, and he gave two hundred by way of charity to poor Brahmins. This was the distribution which he made of the five hundred every day. Then he fed the sacrificial fire with clarified butter and performed other ceremonies, and took food, and then he again went and kept guard at the gate of the palace alone at night, sword in hand.

When King Śūdraka heard from his spies that Viravara always followed this righteous custom, he rejoiced in his heart; and he ordered those spies, who had dogged his path, to desist; and he considered him worthy of especial honour as a distinguished hero.

Then in course of time, after Viravara had easily tided through the hot weather, when the rays of the sun were exceedingly powerful, the monsoon came roaring, bearing a brandished sword of lightning, as if out of envy against Viravara, and smiting with raindrops. And though at that time a terrible bank of clouds poured down rain day and night, Viravara remained motionless, as before, at the gate of the palace. And King Śūdraka, having beheld him in the day from the top of his palace, again went up to it at night, to find out whether he was there or not; and he cried out from it: "Who waits there at the palace gate?" When Viravara heard that, he answered: "I am here, your Majesty." Then King Śūdraka thought

to himself: "Ah! Viravara is a man of intrepid courage and devotedly attached to me. So I must certainly promote him to an important post." After the king had said this to himself, he came down from the roof of his palace, and, entering his private apartments, went to bed.

And the next evening, when a cloud was violently raining with a heavy downfall, and black darkness was spread abroad, obscuring the heaven, the king once more ascended the roof of the palace to satisfy his curiosity, and being alone, he cried out in a clear voice: "Who waits there at the palace gate?" Again Viravara said: "I am here." And while the king was lost in admiration at seeing his courage, he suddenly heard a woman weeping in the distance, distracted in despair, uttering only the piteous sound of wailing. When the king heard that, pity arose in his mind, and he said to himself: "There is no oppressed person in my kingdom, no poor or afflicted person; so who is this woman, that is thus weeping alone at night?" Then he gave this order to Viravara, who was alone below: "Listen, Viravara. There is some woman weeping in the distance; go and find out who she is and why she is weeping."

When Viravara heard that, he said, "I will do so," and set out thence with his dagger in his belt, and his sword in his hand. He looked upon the world as a Rākshasa black with fresh clouds, having the lightning flashing from them by way of an eye, raining large drops of rain instead of stones.

And King Śūdraka, seeing him starting alone on such a night, and being penetrated with pity and curiosity, came down from the top of the palace, and taking his sword, set out close behind him, alone and unobserved. And Viravara went on persistently in the direction of the weeping, and reached a tank outside the city, and saw there that woman in the middle of the water uttering this lament: "Hero! Merciful man! Generous man! How can I live without you?" And Viravara, who was followed by the king, said with astonishment: "Who are you, and why do you thus weep?" Then she answered him:

"Dear Viravara, know that I am this Earth, and King Śūdraka is now my righteous lord; but on the third day from this his death will take place, and whence shall I obtain such another lord? So I am grieved, and bewail both him and myself." When Viravara heard this, he said, like one alarmed: "Is there then, goddess, any expedient to prevent the death of this king, who is the protecting amulet of the world?"

When Earth heard this, she answered: "There is one expedient for averting it, and one which you alone can employ." Then Viravara said: "Then, goddess, tell it me at once, in order that I may quickly put it in operation: otherwise what is the use of my life?" When Earth heard this, she said: "Who is as brave as you, and as devoted to his master? So hear this method of bringing about his welfare. If you offer up your child Sattvavara to this glorious goddess Chaṇḍī, famous for her exceeding readiness to manifest herself to her votaries, to whom the king has built a temple, in the immediate vicinity of his palace, the king will not die, but live another hundred years. And if you do it at once, his safety will be ensured; but if not, he will assuredly have ceased to live on the third day from this time."

When the goddess Earth said this to Viravara, he said: "Goddess, I will go and do it this very instant." Then Earth said, "May success attend you!" and disappeared; and the king, who was secretly following Viravara, heard all this.

Then Viravara went quickly in the darkness to his own house, and King Śūdraka, out of curiosity, followed him unobserved. There he woke up his wife Dharmavatī, and told her how the goddess Earth had directed him to offer up his son for the sake of the king. When she heard it, she said: "My lord, we must ensure the prosperity of the king; so wake up this young boy of ours and tell it him yourself." Then Viravara woke up his young son Sattvavara, who was asleep, and told him what had occurred, and said to him: "So, my son, the king will live if you are offered up to the goddess Chaṇḍī; but if

not, he will die on the third day."

When Sattvavara heard it, though he was a mere child, he showed an heroic soul, and justified his name. He said: "I shall have obtained all I desire, if the sacrifice of my life saves that of the king, for so I shall have repaid him for his food which I have eaten. So why should there be any delay? Take me and offer me up immediately before the adorable goddess. Let me be the means of bringing about the happiness of my lord."

When Sattvavara said this, Viravara answered: "Bravo! you are in truth my own son." And the king, who had followed them, and heard all this conversation from outside, said to himself: "Ah! they are all equal in courage."

Then Viravara took his son Sattvavara on his shoulder, and his wife Dharmavatī took their daughter Viravatī, and they both went that very night to the temple of Chāṇḍī, and King Śūdraka followed them unobserved. Then Sattvavara was taken down by his father from his shoulder and placed in front of the idol, and the boy, who was full of courage, bowed before the goddess, and said: "May the sacrifice of my head ensure the life of King Śūdraka! May he rule unopposed, goddess, for another hundred years!" When the boy Sattvavara said this, Viravara exclaimed, "Bravo!" and drew his sword and cut off his son's head, and offered it to the goddess, saying: "May the sacrifice of my son save the king's life!" Immediately a voice was heard from the air: "Bravo! Viravara! What man is as devoted to his sovereign as thou, who, by the sacrifice of thy noble only son, hast bestowed on this King Śūdraka life and a kingdom?" Then that young girl Viravatī, the daughter of Viravara, came up, and embraced the head of her slain brother, and weeping, blinded with excessive grief, she broke her heart and so died. And the king saw and heard all this from his concealment.

Then Viravara's wife Dharmavatī said to him: "We have ensured the prosperity of the king, so now I have something to say to you. Since my daughter, though a

child and knowing nothing, has died out of grief for her brother, and I have lost these two children of mine, what is the use of life to me? Since I have been so foolish as not to offer my own head long ago to the goddess for the welfare of the king, give me leave to enter the fire with my children's bodies." When she urged this request, Viravara said to her: "Do so, and may prosperity attend you; for what pleasure could you find, noble woman, in continuing a life that would for you be full of nothing but grief for your children? But do not be afflicted because you did not sacrifice yourself. Would not I have sacrificed myself, if the object could have been attained by the sacrifice of any victim but our son? So wait until I have made a pyre for you with these pieces of timber, collected to build the fence round the sanctuary of the goddess."

When Viravara had said this, he made a funeral pyre with the timber, and placed on it the bodies of his two children, and lighted it with the flame of a lamp. Then his virtuous wife Dharmavatī fell at his feet, and, after worshipping the goddess Chāṇḍī, she addressed to her this prayer: "May my present husband be my husband also in a future birth! And may the sacrifice of my life procure prosperity for the king his master!" When the virtuous woman had said this, she threw herself into the burning pyre, from which the flames streamed up like hair.

Then the hero Viravara said to himself: "I have done what the king's interests required, as the celestial voice testified, and I have paid my debt to my master for his food which I have eaten: so as I am now left alone, why should I thus cling to life? It does not look well for a man like me to nurse his own life only, after sacrificing all his dear family, which it is his duty to maintain. So why should I not gratify Durgā by sacrificing myself?" Having thus reflected, he first approached the goddess with this hymn of praise:

"Hail to thee, thou slayer of the Asura Mahisha, destroyer of the Dānava Ruru, trident-bearing goddess! Hail to thee, best of mothers, that causest rejoicing among

the gods, and upholdest the three worlds! Hail thou whose feet are worshipped by the whole earth, the refuge of those that are intent on final beatitude! Hail thou that wearest the rays of the sun, and dispellest the accumulated darkness of calamity! Hail to thee, Kālī, skull-bearing goddess, wearer of skeletons! Hail, Śīva! Honour to thee! Be propitious now to King Śūdraka on account of the sacrifice of my head!" After Vīravara had praised the goddess in these words, he cut off his head with a sudden stroke of his sword.

King Śūdraka, who was a witness of all this from his place of concealment, was full of bewilderment, sorrow and astonishment, and said to himself: "This worthy man and his family have performed for my sake a wonderful and difficult exploit never seen or heard of anywhere else. Though the world is wide and various, where could there be found a man so resolute as secretly to sacrifice his life for his master, without proclaiming the fact abroad? And if I do not requite this benefit, what is the use of my sovereignty, and of my protracting my life, which would only be like that of an animal?"

When the heroic king had thus reflected, he drew his sword from the sheath, and approaching the goddess, prayed thus to her: "Be propitious to me now, goddess, on account of this sacrifice of my head, and confer a boon on me, thy constant votary. Let this Brāhman Vīravara, whose acts are in accordance with his name, and who sacrificed his life for my sake, be resuscitated with his family!" After uttering this prayer, King Śūdraka was preparing to cut off his head with his sword, but at that moment a voice was heard from the air: "Do not act rashly; I am pleased with this courage of thine: let the Brāhman Vīravara be restored to life, together with his wife and his children!" Having uttered so much, the voice ceased, and Vīravara rose up alive and unwounded, with his son, his daughter, and his wife. When the king, who quickly concealed himself again, saw that marvel, he was never tired of looking at them with an eye full of tears of joy.



And Vīravara quickly awoke as if from sleep, and beholding his children and wife alive, and also himself, he was confused in mind. And he asked his wife and children, addressing them severally by name: "How have you returned to life after having been reduced to ashes? I too cut off my head. What is the meaning of my being now alive? Is this a delusion, or the manifest favour of the goddess?" When he said this, his wife and children answered him: "Our being alive is due to a merciful interposition of the goddess, of which we were not conscious." Then Vīravara came to the conclusion that it was so, and after worshipping the goddess, he returned home with his wife and children, having accomplished his object.

And after he had left his son, wife and daughter there, he returned that very night to the palace gate of the king, and stood there as before. King Śūdraka, for his part, who had beheld all unobserved, again went up to the roof of his palace. And he cried out from the roof: "Who is in attendance at the palace gate?" Then Vīravara said: "I myself am in waiting here, your Majesty. And in accordance with your orders I went in search of that woman, but she disappeared somewhere as soon as seen, like a Rākshasī."

When the king heard the speech of that Vīravara, he was very much astonished, as he had himself seen what took place, and he said to himself: "Indeed people of noble spirit are deep and self-contained of soul as the sea, for when they have performed an unparalleled exploit, they do not utter any description of it." Thus reflecting, the king silently descended from the roof of the palace and entered his private apartments, and there spent the rest of the night.

And the next morning Vīravara came to present himself at the time of audience, and then the delighted king related to the ministers all that Vīravara had gone through during the night; so that they were all, as it were, thunderstruck with wonder. Then the king gave to Vīravara and his son the sovereignty over the provinces of Lāṭa and

Karṇāṭa, as a token of his regard. Then the two kings, Viravara and Śūdraka, being equal in power, lived happily in the interchange of mutual good offices.

When the Vetāla had told this exceedingly wonderful story, he went on to say to King Trivikramasena: "So tell me, King, who was the bravest of all these; and if you know and do not tell, the curse, which I before mentioned, shall descend upon you."

When the king heard this, he answered the Vetāla: "King Śūdraka was the greatest hero of them all." Then the Vetāla said: "Was not Viravara greater, for his equal is not found on earth? And was not his wife braver, who, though a mother, endured to witness with her own eyes the offering up of her son as a victim? And was not his son Sattvavara braver, who, though a mere child, displayed such pre-eminent courage? So why do you say that King Śūdraka was more heroic than these?"

When the Vetāla said this, the king answered him: "Do not say so! Viravara was a man of high birth, one in whose family it was a tradition that life, son and wife must be sacrificed to protect the sovereign. And his wife also was of good birth, chaste, worshipping her husband only; and her chief duty was to follow the path traced out for her by her husband. And Sattvavara was like them being their son. Assuredly, such as are the threads, such is the web produced from them. But Śūdraka excelled them all, because he was ready to lay down his life for those servants, by the sacrifice of whose lives kings are wont to save their own."

When the Vetāla heard that speech from that king, he at once left his shoulder and returned invisibly to his former place by his supernatural power; but the king resolutely set out on his former path in that cemetery at night to bring him back again.

## STORY THE FIFTH



THEN King Trivikramāsena went back again to that *śimsāpā* tree, and saw the Vetāla in the corpse again hanging on it as before, and took him down, and, after showing much displeasure with him, set out again rapidly towards his goal. And as he was returning along his way, in silence as before, through the great cemetery by night, the Vetāla on his shoulder said to him : “King, you have embarked on a toilsome undertaking, and I liked you from the moment I first saw you; so listen, I will tell you a tale to divert your mind.

În Ujjayinī there lived an excellent Brāhman, the dear dependent and minister of King Puṇyasena, and his name was Harisvāmin. That householder had by his wife, who was his equal in birth, an excellent son like himself, Devasvāmin by name. And he also had born to him a daughter, famed for her matchless beauty, rightly named Somaprabhā. When the time came for that girl to be given away in marriage, as she was proud of her exceeding beauty, she made her mother give the following message to her father and brother: “I am to be given away in marriage to a man possessed of heroism and knowledge, or magic power; you must not give me in marriage to any other, if you value my life.”

When her father Harisvāmin heard this, he was full of anxiety, trying to find for her a husband coming under

one of these three categories. And while so engaged, he was sent as ambassador to King Puṇyasena to negotiate a treaty with a king of the Deccan, who had come to invade him. And when he had accomplished the object for which he was sent, a noble Brāhman, who had heard of the great beauty of his daughter, came and asked him for her hand. Harisvāmin said to the Brāhman suitor: "My daughter will not have any husband who does not possess either valour, knowledge, or magic power; so tell me which of the three you possess." When Harisvāmin said this to the Brāhman suitor, he answered: "I possess magic power." Thereupon Harisvāmin rejoined: "Then show me your magic power." So that possessor of supernatural power immediately prepared by his skill a chariot that would fly through the air. And in a moment he took Harisvāmin up in that magic chariot and showed him heaven and all the worlds. And he brought him back delighted to that very camp of the king of the Deccan, to which he had been sent on business. Then Harisvāmin promised his daughter to that man possessed of magic power, and fixed the marriage for the seventh day from that time.

And in the meanwhile another Brāhman in Ujjaynī came and asked Harisvāmin's son Devāsvāmin for the hand of his sister. Devāsvāmin answered: "She does not wish to have a husband who is not possessed of either knowledge, or magic power, or heroism." Thereupon he declared himself to be a hero. And when the hero displayed his skill in the use of missiles and hand-to-hand weapons, Devāsvāmin promised to give him his sister, who was younger than himself. And by the advice of the astrologers he told him, as his father had told the other suitor, that the marriage should take place on that very same seventh day, and this decision he came to without the knowledge of his mother.

At that very same time a third person came to his mother, the wife of Harisvāmin, and asked her privately for the hand of her daughter. She said to him: "Our daughter requires a husband who possesses either knowledge, or

heroism, or magic power." And he answered: "Mother, I possess knowledge." And she, after questioning him about the past and the future, promised to give the hand of her daughter to that possessor of supernatural knowledge on that same seventh day.

The next day Harisvāmin returned home, and told his wife and his son the agreement he had made to give away his daughter in marriage; and they told him separately the promises that they had made, and that made him feel anxious, as three bridegrooms had been invited.

Then, on the wedding day, three bridegrooms arrived in Harisvāmin's house—the man of knowledge, the man of magic power, and the man of valour. And at that moment a strange thing took place: the intended bride, the maiden Somaprabhā, was found to have disappeared in some inexplicable manner, and, though searched for, was not found. Then Harisvāmin said eagerly to the possessor of knowledge: "Man of knowledge, now tell me quickly where my daughter is gone." When the possessor of knowledge heard that, he said: "The Rākshasa Dhūmraśikha has carried her off to his own habitation in the Vindhya forest." When the man of knowledge said this to Harisvāmin, he was terrified, and said: "Alas! alas! how are we to get her back, and how is she to be married?" When the possessor of magic power heard that, he said: "Be of good cheer! I will take you in a moment to the place where the possessor of knowledge says that she is."

After he had said this, he prepared, as before, a chariot that would fly through the air, provided with all kinds of weapons, and made Harisvāmin, and the man of knowledge, and the brave man get into it, and in a moment he carried them to the habitation of the Rākshasa in the Vindhya forest, which had been described by the man of knowledge. The Rākshasa, when he saw what had happened, rushed out in a passion, and then the hero, who was put forward by Harisvāmin, challenged him to fight. Then a wonderful fight took place between that man and that Rākshasa, who were contending for a woman

with various kinds of weapons, like Rāma and Rāvaṇa. And in a short time the hero cut off the head of that Rākshasa with a crescent-headed arrow, though he was a doughty champion. When the Rākshasa was slain, they carried off Somaprabhā, whom they found in his house, and they all returned in the chariot of the suitor who possessed the magic power.

When they had reached Harisvāmin's house, the marriage did not go forward, though the auspicious moment had arrived, but a great dispute arose between the man of knowledge, the man of magic power, and the man of valour. The man of knowledge said: "If I had not known where this maiden was, how could she have been discovered when concealed? So she ought to be given to me." But the man of magic power said: "If I had not made this chariot that can fly through the air, how could you all have gone and returned in a moment like gods? And how could you, without a chariot, have fought with a Rākshasa, who possessed a chariot? So you ought to give her to me, for I have secured by my skill this auspicious moment." The brave man said: "If I had not slain the Rākshasa in fight, who would have brought this maiden back here in spite of all your exertions? So she must be given to me." While they went on wrangling in this style, Harisvāmin remained for a moment silent, being perplexed in mind.

"So tell me, King, to whom she ought to have been given; and if you know, and do not say, your head shall split asunder." When Trivikramasena heard this from the Vetāla, he abandoned his silence, and said to him: "She ought to be given to the brave man; for he won her by the might of his arms, at the risk of his life, slaying that Rākshasa in combat. But the man of knowledge and the man of magic power were appointed by the Creator to serve as his instruments: are not calculators and artificers

always subordinate assistants to others?"

When the Vetāla heard this answer of the king's, he left his seat on the top of his shoulder and went, as before, to his own place; and the king again set out to find him, without being in the slightest degree discomposed.

## STORY THE SIXTH

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THEN King Trivikramasena again went to the *śim-śapā* tree, and carried off from it that Vetāla on his shoulder, as before, and began to return with him swiftly in silence. And on the way the Vetāla again said to him: "King, you are wise and brave, therefore I love you, so I will tell you an amusing tale, and mark well my question.

There was a king famous on the earth by the name of Yaśaḥketu, and his capital was a city of the name of Śobhāvātī. And in that city there was a splendid temple of Gaurī, and to the south of it there was a lake, called Gauritīrtha. And every year, during a feast on the fourteenth day of the white fortnight of the month Āshāḍha, large crowds came there to bathe from every part of the world.

And once there came there to bathe, on that day, a young washerman of the name of Dhavala, from a village called Brahmasthala. He saw there the virgin daughter of a man named Śuddhapaṭa, a girl called Madanasundarī who had come to bathe in the sacred water. His heart was captivated by that girl who eclipsed the beauty of the moon, and after he had inquired her name and family, he went home love-smitten. There he remained fasting and restless without her; but when his mother asked him the cause, he told her the truth about his desire. She



went and told her husband Vimala, and when he came and saw his son in that state, he said to him: "Why are you so despondent, my son, about an object so easily attained? Śuddhapaṭa will give you his daughter, if I ask him. For we are equal to him in family, wealth and occupation. I know him and he knows me; so this is not a difficult matter for me to arrange."

With these words Vimala comforted his son, and induced him to take food, and other refreshments; and the next day he went with him to the house of Śuddhapaṭa. And there he asked his daughter in marriage for his son Dhavala, and Śuddhapaṭa courteously promised to give her. And so, after ascertaining the auspicious moment, he gave his daughter Madanasundarī, who was of equal birth with Dhavala, in marriage to him the next day. And after Dhavala had been married, he returned a happy man to his father's house, together with his wife, who had fallen in love with him at first sight.

And one day, while he was living there in happiness, his father-in-law's son, the brother of Madanasundarī, came there. All received him courteously, and his sister embraced him and welcomed him, and his connections asked him how he was; and at last, after he had rested, he said to them: "I have been sent here by my father, to invite Madanasundarī and his son-in-law, since we are engaged in a festival in honour of the goddess Durgā." And all his connections and their family approved his speech, and entertained him that day with appropriate meats and drinks.

Early the next day Dhavala set out for his father-in-law's house with Madanasundarī and his brother-in-law. And he reached, with his two companions, the city of Śobhāvatī, and he saw the great temple of Durgā when he arrived near it; and then he said to his wife and brother-in-law, in a fit of pious devotion: "Come and let us visit the shrine of this awful goddess." When the brother-in-law heard this, he said to him, in order to dissuade him: "How can so many of us approach the goddess empty-handed?" Then Dhavala said: "Let me go alone, and you can

wait outside." When he had said this, he went off to pay his respects to the goddess.

When he had entered her temple, and had worshipped and had meditated upon that goddess, who with her eighteen mighty arms had smitten terrible Dānavas, and who had flung under the lotus of her foot and trampled to pieces the Asura Mahisha, a train of pious reflection was produced in his mind by the impulse of Destiny, and he said to himself: "People worship this goddess with various sacrifices of living creatures, so why should not I, to obtain salvation, appease her with the sacrifice of myself?" After he had said this to himself, he took from her inner shrine, which was empty of worshippers, a sword which had been long ago offered to her by some pilgrims, and, after fastening his own head by his hair to the chain of the bell, he cut it off with the sword, and when cut off it fell on the ground.

And his brother-in-law, after waiting a long time, without his having returned, went into that very temple of the goddess to look for him. But when he saw his sister's husband lying there decapitated, he also was bewildered, and he cut off his head in the same way with that very same sword.

And when he too did not return, Madanasundarī was distracted in mind, and then she too entered the temple of the goddess. And when she had gone in, and seen her husband and her brother in such a state, she fell on the ground, exclaiming: "Alas! what is the meaning of this? I am ruined." And soon she rose up and lamented those two that had been so unexpectedly slain, and said to herself: "Of what use is this life of mine to me now?" And being eager to abandon the body, she said to that goddess: "O thou that art the chief divinity presiding over blessedness, chastity and holy rule, though occupying half the body of thy husband Śiva, thou that art the fitting refuge of all women, that takest away grief, why hast thou robbed me at once of my brother and my husband? This is not fitting on thy part towards me, for I have ever been a faithful votary of thine. So hear

one piteous appeal from me who fly to thee for protection. I am now about to abandon this body which is afflicted with calamity, but grant that in all my future births, whatever they may be, these two men may be my husband and brother."

In these words she praised and supplicated the goddess, and bowed before her again; and then she made a noose of a creeper and fastened it to an *aśoka* tree. And while she was stretching out her neck, and putting it into the noose, the following words resounded from the expanse of air: "Do not act rashly, my daughter! I am pleased with the exceeding courage which thou hast displayed, though a mere girl: let this noose be, but join the heads of thy husband and thy brother to their bodies, and by virtue of my favour they shall both rise up alive."

When the girl Madanasundarī heard this, she let the noose drop, and went up to the corpses in great delight; but being confused, and not seeing in her excessive eagerness what she was doing, she stuck, as fate would have it, her husband's head on to her brother's trunk, and her brother's head on to her husband's trunk, and then they both rose up alive, with limbs free from wound, but, from their heads having been exchanged, their bodies had become mixed together.

Then they told one another what had befallen them; and were happy; and after they had worshipped the goddess Durgā, the three continued their journey. But Madanasundarī, as she was going along, saw that she had changed their heads, and she was bewildered and puzzled as to what course to take.

"So tell me, King, which of the two people, thus mixed together, was her husband; and if you know and do not tell, the course previously denounced shall fall on you!" When King Trivikramasena heard this tale and this question from the Vetāla, he answered him as follows: "That

one of the two, on whom her husband's head was fixed, was her husband, for the head is the chief of the limbs, and personal identity depends upon it." When the king had said this, the Vetāla again left his shoulder unperceived, and the king again set out to fetch him.

## STORY THE SEVENTH

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THEN King Trivikramasena went back to the *śimśapā* tree, and again found the *Vetāla* there, and took him on his shoulder. As he was going along with him, the *Vetāla* said to him on the way: "King, listen to me. I will tell you a story to make you forget your fatigue.

There is a city on the shore of the eastern sea, named *Tāmraliptī*. In that city there was a king of the name of *Chañḍasiṃha*; he turned away his face from the wives of others, but not from battle-fields; he carried off the fortune of his foes, but not the wealth of his neighbours.

Once on a time a popular *Rājput* of the Deccan, named *Sattvaśīla*, came to the palace gate of that king. And he announced himself, and then, on account of his poverty, he and some other *Rājputs* tore a ragged garment in the presence of that king. Thus he became a dependent, and remained there for many years perpetually serving the king, but he never received any reward from him. And he said to himself: "If I have been born in a royal race, why am I so poor? And considering my poverty is so great, why did my Creator make my ambition so vast? For though I serve the king so diligently, and my followers are sorely afflicted, and I have long been pining with hunger, he has never, up to the present time, deigned to notice me."

While such were the reflections of the dependent, the

king one day went out to hunt. And he went, surrounded with horses and footmen, to the forest of wild beasts, while his dependent ran in front of him bearing a stick. And after he had hunted for some time, he followed up closely a boar that had escaped, and soon he reached another distant wood. And in that vast jungle, where the path was obscured with leaves and grass, the king lost the boar, and he became exhausted, and was unable to find his way. And the dependent was the only one that kept up with him, running on foot, regardless of his own life, tortured with hunger and thirst, though the king was mounted upon a horse swift as the wind.

And the king, when he saw that dependent had followed him, in spite of his being in such a condition, said to him in a kind voice: "Do you know the way by which we came?" When the dependent heard that, he put his hands together in an attitude of supplication, and said: "I do know it. But let my lord rest here for some time; for the sun, which is the centre-jewel of the girdle of the sky-bride, is now burning fiercely with all its rays flickering forth." When the king heard this, he said to him graciously: "Then see if you can find water anywhere here." The dependent said, "I will," and he climbed up a high tree and saw a river, and then he came down again, and led the king to it. And he took the saddle off his horse and let him roll, and gave him water and mouthfuls of grass, and so refreshed him.

And when the king had bathed, he brought out of a corner of his garment delicious *āmalaka* fruits, and washed them, and gave them to him. And when the king asked where he got them, he said to him, kneeling with the *āmalakas* in his hand: "Ten years have now passed since I, living continually on these fruits, have been performing, in order to propitiate my sovereign, the vow of a hermit that does not dwell in solitude." When the king heard that, he answered him: "It cannot be denied that you are rightly named Sattvaśīla." And being filled with compassion and shame, he said to himself: "A curse on kings who do not see who among their servants is com-

fortable or miserable, and a curse on their courtiers who do not inform them of such matters!" Such were the king's thoughts. But he was at last induced by the opportunity of the dependent to take two *āmalakas* from him. And after eating them and drinking water, he rested for a while in the company of the dependent, having satiated his hunger and thirst on fruits and water.

Then his dependent got his horse ready, and he mounted it, and the dependent went in front of him to show him the way; but however much the king entreated him, he would not get up on the horse behind him, and so the king returned to his own city, meeting his army on the way. There he proclaimed the devotion of the dependent; and he loaded him with wealth and territories, and did not consider even then that he had recompensed him as he deserved. Then Sattvaśīla became a prosperous man, and discarding the life of a dependent, he remained henceforth about the person of King Chaṇḍasiṃha.

And one day the king sent him to the island of *Laṅkā*, to demand for him the hand of the king's daughter. He had to go there by sea; so he worshipped his patron divinity, and went on board a ship, with the Brāhman whom the king appointed to accompany him. And when the ship had gone half-way, there suddenly arose from the sea a banner that excited the wonder of all in the ship. It was so lofty that its top touched the clouds; it was made of gold, and emblazoned like a waving flag of various hues. And at that very moment a bank of clouds suddenly arose and began to pour down rain, and a mighty wind blew. And the ship was forced on to that flag by the rain and the wind, and thus fastened to it, as elephant-drivers force on an elephant and bind him to a post. And then the flag began to sink with the ship in the billowy sea.

And then the Brāhman in the ship, distracted with fear, called on their King Chaṇḍasiṃha, crying out for help. And when Sattvaśīla heard their cries, so great was his devotion to his master that he could not restrain himself, but with his sword in his hand, and his upper garment girded round him, the brave fellow daringly plunged into

the billows, following the flag, in order to counteract the violence of the sea, not suspecting the real cause. And as soon as he had plunged in, that ship was carried to a distance by the wind and waves, and all the people who were in it fell into the mouths of the sea-monsters.

And when Sattvaśīla, who had fallen into the sea, began to look about him, he found that he was in a splendid city, but he could not see the sea anywhere. That city glittered with palaces of gold supported on pillars of jewels, and was adorned with gardens in which were tanks with steps of precious gems, and in it he beheld the temple of Durgā, lofty as Mount Meru, with many walls of costly stones, and with a soaring banner studded with jewels. There he prostrated himself before the goddess, and praised her with a hymn, and sat down wondering whether it was all the effect of enchantment.

And in the meanwhile a heavenly maiden suddenly opened a door, and issued from a bright enclosure in front of the temple of the goddess. Her eyes were like blue lotuses, her face full-blown, her smile like a flower; her body was soft like the taper fibre of a water-lily's root, so that she resembled a moving lotus-lake. And waited on by a thousand ladies, she entered the inner shrine of the goddess and the heart of Sattvaśīla at the same time. And after she had worshipped, she left the inner shrine of the goddess, but nothing would make her leave the heart of Sattvaśīla. And she entered once more into the shining enclosure, and Sattvaśīla entered after her.

And when he had entered, he beheld another splendid city, which seemed like a garden where all the enjoyments of the world had agreed to meet. In it Sattvaśīla saw that maiden sitting on a couch studded with gems, and he went up to her and sat down by her side. And he remained with his eyes fixed on her face, like a man in a painting, expressing his passion by his trembling limbs, the hairs on which stood erect. And when she saw that he was enamoured of her, she looked at the faces of her attendants, and then they, understanding the expression of her face, said to him: "You have arrived here as a guest,



so enjoy the hospitality provided by our mistress. Rise up, bathe, and then take food."

When he heard that, he entertained some hope, and he rose up, though not without a struggle, and he went to a tank in the garden which they showed him. And the moment that he plunged into it he rose up, to his astonishment, in the middle of a tank in the garden of King Chāṇḍasiṃha in Tāmralipti. And seeing himself suddenly arrived there, he said to himself: "Alas! what is the meaning of this? Now I am in this garden, and a moment ago I was in that splendid city; I have exchanged in an instant the nectarous vision of that fair one for the grievous poison of separation from her. But it was not a dream, for I saw it all clearly in a waking state. It is clear that I was beguiled like a fool by those maidens of Pātāla."

Thus reflecting, he wandered about in that garden like a madman, being deprived of that maiden, and wept in the anguish of disappointed passion. And the gardeners, when they beheld him in that state, with body covered with the yellow pollen of flowers wafted by the wind, as if with the fires of separation, went and told King Chāṇḍasiṃha, and he, being bewildered, came himself and saw him; and after calming him, he said to him: "Tell me, my friend, what is the meaning of all this? You set out for one place and reached another; your arrows have not struck the mark at which they were aimed." When Sattvaśīla heard that, he told the king all his adventures, and he, when he heard them, said to himself: "Strange to say, though this man is a hero he has, happily for me, been beguiled by love, and I now have it in my power to discharge my debt of gratitude to him." So the brave king said to him: "Abandon now your needless grief, for I will conduct you by the same course into the presence of that beloved Asura maiden." With these words the king comforted him, and refreshed him with a bath and other restoratives.

The next day the king entrusted the kingdom to his ministers, and, embarking on a ship, set out on the sea with Sattvaśīla, who showed him the way. And when they had

got to that half-way spot, Sattvaśīla saw the wonderful flagstaff rising out of the sea with the banner on it, as before, and he said to the king: "Here is that great flagstaff with such wonderful properties, towering aloft out of the sea: must plunge in here, and then the king must plunge in also and dive down after the flagstaff." After Sattvaśīla had said this, they got near the flagstaff, and it began to sink. And Sattvaśīla first threw himself in after it, and then the king also dived in the same direction, and soon after they had plunged in, they reached that splendid city. And there the king beheld with astonishment and worshipped that goddess Pārvatī, and sat down with Sattvaśīla.

And in the meanwhile there issued from that glittering enclosure a maiden, accompanied by her attendant ladies, looking like the quality of brightness in concrete form. Sattvaśīla said, "This is that fair one," and the king, beholding her, considered that his attachment to her was amply justified. She, for her part, when she beheld that king with all the auspicious bodily marks, said to herself: "Who can this exceedingly distinguished man be?"

And so she went into the temple of Durgā to pray, and the king contemptuously went off to the garden, taking Sattvaśīla with him. And in a short time the Daitya maiden came out from the inner shrine of the goddess, having finished her devotions, and having prayed that she might obtain a good husband; and after she had come out, she said to one of her attendants: "My friend, go and see where that distinguished man is whom I saw, and entreat him to do us the favour of coming and accepting our hospitality, for he is some great hero deserving special honour." When the attendant had received this order, she went and looked for him, and, bending low, delivered to him in the garden the message of her mistress. Then the heroic king answered in a carelessly negligent tone: "This garden is sufficient entertainment for me: what other entertainment do I require?" When that attendant came and reported this answer to the Daitya maiden, she considered that the king was a man of a noble spirit and deserving of the highest regard.

And then the Asura maiden (being, as it were, drawn towards himself with the cord of his self-command by the king, who showed a lofty indifference for hospitality far above mortal desert) went in person to the garden, thinking that he had been sent her by way of a husband, as a fruit of her adoration of Durgā. And the trees seemed to honour her, as she approached, with the songs of various birds, with their creepers bending in the wind like arms, and showers of blossoms. And she approached the king and, bowing courteously before him, entreated him to accept of her hospitality. Then the king pointed to Sattvaśīla, and said to her: "I came here to worship the image of the goddess of which this man told me. I have reached her marvellous temple, guided to it by the banner, and have seen the goddess, and, after that, you; what other hospitality do I require?" When the maiden heard that, she said: "Then come, out of curiosity, to see my second city, which is the wonder of the three worlds." When she said this, the king laughed and said: "Oh! he told me of this also, the place where there is a tank to bathe in." Then the maiden said: "King, do not speak thus; I am not of a deceitful disposition, and who would think of cheating one so worthy of respect? I have been made the slave of you both by your surpassing excellence; so you ought not thus to reject my offer."

When the king heard this, he consented, and taking Sattvaśīla with him, he accompanied the maiden to that glittering enclosure. And the door of it was opened, and she conducted him in, and then he beheld that other splendid city of hers. The trees in it were ever producing flowers and fruits, for all seasons were present there at the same time; and the city was all composed of gold and jewels like the peak of Mount Meru. And the Daitya maiden made the king sit down on a priceless jewelled throne, and offered him the *arghya* in due form, and said to him: "I am the daughter of Kālanemi, the high-souled king of the Asuras, but my father was sent to heaven by Viṣṇu, the discus-armed god. And these two cities, which I inherit from my father, are the work of Viśvakar-

man; they furnish all that heart can wish, and old age and death never invade them. But now I look upon you as a father, and I, with my cities, am at your disposal. When she had in these words placed herself and all that she possessed at the king's disposal, he said to her: "If this be so, then I give you, excellent daughter, to another—to the hero Sattvaśīla, who is my friend and relation." When the king, who seemed to be the favour of the goddess Durgā in bodily form, said this, the maiden, who understood excellence when she saw it, acquiesced submissively.

When Sattvaśīla had attained the wish of his heart by marrying that Asura maiden, and had had the sovereignty of those cities bestowed on him, the king said to him: "Now I have repaid you for one of those *āmalakas* which I ate, but I am still indebted to you for the second, for which I have never recompensed you." When the king had said this to Sattvaśīla, who bowed before him, he said to that Daitya maiden: "Now show me the way to my own city." Then the Daitya maiden gave him a sword named "Invincible," and a fruit to eat, which was a remedy against old age and death, and with these he plunged into the tank which she pointed out, and the next thing that happened to him was that he rose up in his own land with all his wishes gratified. And Sattvaśīla ruled as king over the cities of the Daitya princess.

"Now tell me: which of those two showed most courage in plunging into the water?" When the Vetāla put this question to the king, the latter, fearing to be cursed, thus answered him: "I consider Sattvaśīla the braver man of the two, for he plunged into the sea without knowing the real state of the case and without any hope; but the king knew what the circumstances were when he plunged in, and had something to look forward to, and he did not fall in love with the Asura princess, because he thought no longing would win her." When the Vetāla received this

answer from the king, who thereby broke silence, he left his shoulder, as before, and fled to his place on the *śimśapā* tree. And the king, as before, followed him quickly to bring him back again; for the wise never flag in an enterprise which they have begun until it is finished.

## STORY THE EIGHTH

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THEN King Trivikramasena returned to the *śimśapā* tree and again caught the Vetāla, and put him on his shoulder, and set out with him. And as he was going along, the Vetāla again said to him from his shoulder: "King, in order that you may forget your toil, listen to this question of mine.

There is a great tract of land assigned to Brāhman in the country of Aṅga, called Vṛikshaghāṭa. In it there lived a rich sacrificing Brāhman named Viṣṇusvāmin. And he had a wife equal to himself in birth. And by her he had three sons born to him, who were distinguished for preternatural acuteness. In course of time they grew up to be young men. One day, when he had begun a sacrifice, he sent those three brothers to the sea to fetch a turtle. So off they went, and when they had found a turtle, the eldest said to his two brothers: "Let one of you take the turtle for our father's sacrifice; I cannot take it, as it is all slippery with slime." When the eldest brother said this, the two younger ones answered him: "If you hesitate about taking it, why should not we?" When the eldest heard that, he said: "You two must take the turtle; if you do not, you will have obstructed our father's sacrifice, and then you and he will certainly sink down to hell." When he told the younger ones this they laughed, and said to him: "If you see our duty so clearly, why do you not

see that your own is the same?" Then the eldest said: "What! do you not know how fastidious I am? I am very fastidious about eating, and I cannot be expected to touch what is repulsive." The middle brother, when he heard this speech of his, said to his brother: "Then I am a more fastidious person than you, for I am a most fastidious connoisseur of the fair sex." When the middle one said this, the eldest went on to say: "Then let the younger of you two take the turtle!" Then the youngest brother frowned, and in his turn said to the two elder: "You fools! I am very fastidious about beds, so I am the most fastidious of the lot."

So the three brothers fell to quarrelling with one another, and being completely under the domination of conceit, they left that turtle and went off immediately to the court of the king of that country, whose name was Prasenajit, and who lived in a city named Viṭāṅkapura, in order to have the dispute decided. There they had themselves announced by the warder, and went in, and gave the king a circumstantial account of their case. The king said: "Wait here, and I will put you all in turn to the proof"; so they agreed and remained there.

And at the time that the king took his meal, he had them conducted to a seat of honour and given delicious food fit for a king, possessing all the six flavours. And while all were feasting around him, the Brāhman who was fastidious about eating, alone of all the company, did not eat, but sat there with his face puckered up with disgust. The king himself asked the Brāhman why he did not eat his food, though it was sweet and fragrant, and he slowly answered him: "I perceive in this cooked rice an evil smell of the reek from corpses, so I cannot bring myself to eat it, however delicious it may be."

When he said this before the assembled multitude, they all smelled it by the king's orders, and said: "This food is prepared from white rice, and is good and fragrant." But the Brāhman who was so fastidious about eating would not touch it, but stopped his nose. Then the king reflected, and proceeded to inquire into the matter, and found out

from his officers that the food had been made from rice which had been grown in a field near the burning-*ghāt* of a certain village. Then the king was much astonished and, being pleased, he said to him: "In truth you are very particular as to what you eat, so eat of some other dish."

And after they had finished their dinner, the king dismissed the Brāhman to their apartments and sent for the loveliest lady of his court. And in the evening he sent that fair one, all whose limbs were of faultless beauty, splendidly adorned, to the second Brāhman, who was so squeamish about the fair-sex. And that matchless kindler of Kama's flame, with a face like the full moon of midnight, went, escorted by the king's servants, to the chamber of the Brāhman. But when she entered, lighting up the chamber with her brightness, that gentleman who was so fastidious about the fair sex felt quite faint, and stopping his nose with his left hand, said to the king's servants: "Take her away: if you do not, I am a dead man; a smell comes from her like that of a goat."

When the king's servants heard this, they took the bewildered fair one to their sovereign, and told him what had taken place. And the king immediately had the squeamish gentleman sent for, and said to him: "How can this lovely woman, who has perfumed herself with sandalwood, camphor, black aloes, and other splendid scents, so that she diffuses exquisite fragrance through the whole world, smell like a goat?" But though the king used this argument with the squeamish gentleman, he stuck to his point. And then the king began to have his doubts on the subject, and at last, by artfully framed questions, he elicited from the lady herself that, having been separated in her childhood from her mother and nurse, she had been brought up on goat's milk.

Then the king was much astonished, and praised highly the discernment of the man who was fastidious about the fair sex, and immediately had given to the third Brāhman who was fastidious about beds, in accordance with his taste, a bed composed of seven mattresses placed upon a bedstead. White smooth sheets and coverlets were laid



upon the bed, and the fastidious man slept on it in a splendid room. But before half a watch of the night had passed he rose up from that bed, with his hand pressed to his side, screaming in an agony of pain. And the king's officers, who were there, saw a red crooked mark on his side, as if a hair had been pressed deep into it. And they went and told the king, and the king said to them: "Look and see if there is not something under the mattresses." So they went and examined the bottom of the mattresses one by one, and they found a hair in the middle of the bedstead underneath them all. And they took it and showed it to the king; and they also brought the man who was fastidious about beds, and when the king saw the state of his body he was astonished. And he spent the whole night in wondering how a hair could have made so deep an impression on his skin through seven mattresses.

And the next morning the king gave three hundred thousand gold pieces to these three fastidious men, because they were persons of wonderful discernment and refinement. And they remained in great comfort in the king's court, forgetting all about the turtle; and little did they reckon of the fact that they had incurred sin by obstructing their father's sacrifice.

When the Vetāla, seated on the shoulder of the king, had told him this wonderful tale, he again asked him a question in the following words: "King, remember the curse I previously denounced, and tell me which was the most fastidious of these three, who were respectively fastidious about eating, the fair sex, and beds?" When the wise king heard this, he gave the Vetāla the following answer: "I consider the man who was fastidious about beds, in whose case imposition was out of the question, the most fastidious of the three, for the mark produced by the hair was seen conspicuously manifest on his body, whereas

the other two may have previously acquired their information from someone else." When the king said this, the Vetāla left his shoulder, as before, and the king again went in quest of him, as before, without being at all depressed.

## STORY THE NINTH

SO King Trivikramasena again went to the *śimśapā* tree, and taking the Vetāla down from it, placed him on his shoulder, and set out. Then the Vetāla said to him: "King, this wandering about in a cemetery at night is inconsistent with your kingly rank. Do you not see that this place of the dead is full of Bhūtas, and terrible at night, and full of darkness as of the smoke of funeral pyres? Alas, what tenacity you display in this undertaking you have engaged in, to please that mendicant! So listen to this question from me, which will render your journey more agreeable.

There is in Avanti a city built by gods at the beginning of the world, which is limitless as the body of Śiva, and renowned for enjoyment and prosperity, even as his body is adorned with the snake's hood and ashes. It was called Padmāvati in the Kṛita Yuga, Bhogavati in the Tretā Yuga, Hiranyavati in the Dvāpara Yuga, and Ujjayinī in the Kali Yuga. And in it there lived an excellent king, named Viradeva, and he had a queen named Padmarati. The king went with her to the bank of the Mandākinī, and propitiated Śiva with austerities, in order to obtain a son. And after he had remained a long time engaged in austerities, he performed the ceremonies of bathing and praying, and then he heard this voice from heaven, uttered by Śiva, who was pleased with him: "King, there shall be

born to thee a brave son to be the head of thy family, and a daughter, who with her matchless beauty shall put to shame the nymphs of heaven." When King Viradeva had heard this voice from heaven, he returned to his city with his consort, having gained all he desired.

There he first had a son born to him, named Śūradeva, and after a time Queen Padmarati gave birth to a daughter. And her father gave her the name of Anangarati, on the ground that she was beautiful enough to inspire love in the breast of Kāma. And when she grew up, in his desire to procure for her a suitable husband, he had brought the portraits of all the kings of the earth, painted on canvas. And as no one of them seemed a match for her, he said to his daughter, in his tenderness for her: "I cannot find a suitable match for you, my daughter, so summon all the kings of the earth, and select your own husband." When the princess heard that, she said to her father: "My father, I am too modest to select my own husband, but I must be given in marriage to a good-looking young man, who is a perfect master of one art; I do not want any other better man."

When the king heard this speech of his daughter Anangarati, he proceeded to search for a young man such as she had described, and while he was thus engaged, there came to him from the Deccan four magnificent men, brave and skilful, who had heard from the people what was going on. Those four suitors for the hand of the princess were received with respect by the king, and one after another they told to him in her presence their respective acquirements.

The first said: "I am a Śūdra, Panchaphuṭṭika by name. I make every day five splendid pairs of garments: the first of them I give to my god, and the second to a Brāhman, the third I retain for my own wearing, the fourth I should give to my wife, if this maid here were to become my wife, the fifth I sell, and procure myself meat and drink. As I possess this art, let Anangarati be given to me."

When he had said this, the second man said: "I am a

Vaiśya, Bhāshājna by name. I know the speech of all beasts and birds, so let the princess be given to me."

When the second had said this, the third said: "I am a Kshatriya king, by name Khaḍgadhara, renowned for might of arm: my equal in the art of swordsmanship does not exist upon the earth, so bestow this maiden on me, O King."

When the third had said this, the fourth said: "I am a Brāhman, named Jivadatta, and I possess the following art: I can restore to life dead creatures, and exhibit them alive; so let this maiden obtain for a husband me, who am renowned for daring exploits."

When they had thus spoken, the King Viradeva, with his daughter by his side, seeing that they were like gods in shape and dress, remained lost in doubt.

When the Vetāla had told this story, he said to King Trivikramasena, menacing him with the before-mentioned curse: "So tell me, King, to which of these four ought the maiden Anangarati to be given?"

When the king heard this, he gave the Vetāla the following answer: "You are thus repeatedly making me break silence simply in order to waste time; otherwise, master of magic, how could you possibly ask such an absurd question? How can a woman of Kshatriya caste be given to a Śūdra weaver? Moreover, how can a Kshatriya woman be given to a Vaiśya? And as to the power of understanding the language of beasts and birds, which he possesses, what is the practical use of it? And as for the fourth, the Brāhman, who fancies himself such a hero, of what worth is he, as he is a sorcerer, and degraded by abandoning the duties of his caste? Accordingly the maiden should be given to the third suitor, the Kshatriya Khaḍgadhara, who is of the same caste, and distinguished for his skill and valour."

When the Vetāla heard this, he left the king's shoulder,

as before, and quickly returned by the power of his magic to his own place; and the king again pursued him, as before, to recover him, for despondency never penetrates into a hero's heart, that is cased in armour of fortitude.

## STORY THE TENTH

THEN Trivikramasena went and took the Vetāla from the *śimśapā* tree, and put him on his shoulder once more, and set out; and as he was going along, the Vetāla said from the top of his shoulder: "You are weary, King, so listen to this tale that is capable of dispelling weariness.

There was an excellent king of the name of Vīrabāhu, who imposed his orders on the heads of all kings. He had a splendid city named Anangapura, and in it there lived a rich merchant named Arthadatta; that merchant-prince had for elder child a son named Dhanadatta, and his younger child was a pearl of maidens, named Madanasenā.

One day, as she was playing with her companions in her own garden, a young merchant, named Dharmadatta, a friend of her brother's, saw her. When he saw that maiden, who with the full streams of her beauty, her breasts like pitchers half-revealed, and three wrinkles like waves, resembled a lake for the elephant of youth to plunge in in sport, he was at once robbed of his senses by the arrows of love, that fell upon him in showers. He thought to himself: "Alas, this maiden, illuminated with this excessive beauty, has been framed by Māra, as a keen arrow to cleave asunder my heart." While engaged in such reflections, he watched her long; the day passed away for him as if he were a *chakravāka*. Then Madanasenā entered her house, and grief at no longer beholding her en-

tered the breast of Dharmadatta. And the sun sank red into the western main, as if inflamed with the fire of grief at seeing her no more. And the moon, that was surpassed by the lotus of her countenance, knowing that that fair-faced one had gone in for the night, slowly mounted upward.

In the meanwhile Dharmadatta went home, and thinking upon that fair one, he remained tossing to and fro on his bed, smitten by the rays of the moon. And though his friends and relations eagerly questioned him, he gave them no answer, being bewildered by the demon of love. And in the course of the night he at length fell asleep, though with difficulty, and still he seemed to behold and court that loved one in a dream; to such lengths did his longing carry him. And in the morning he woke up, and went and saw her once more in that very garden, alone and in privacy, waiting for her attendant. So he went up to her, longing to embrace her, and falling at her feet he tried to coax her with words tender from affection. But she said to him with great earnestness: "I am a maiden betrothed to another. I cannot now be yours, for my father has bestowed me on the merchant Samudradatta, and I am to be married in a few days. So depart quietly: let not anyone see you; it might cause mischief." But Dharmadatta said to her: "Happen what may, I cannot live without you!"

When the merchant's daughter heard this, she was afraid that he would use force to her, so she said to him: "Let my marriage first be celebrated here, let my father reap the long-desired fruit of bestowing a daughter in marriage; then I will certainly visit you, for your love has gained my heart."

When he heard this, he said: "I love not a woman who has been embraced by another man: does the bee delight in a lotus on which another bee has settled?" When he said this to her, she replied: "Then I will visit you as soon as I am married, and afterwards I will go to my husband." But though she made this promise, he would not let her go without further assurance, so the merchant's daughter



confirmed the truth of her promise with an oath. Then he let her go, and she entered her house in low spirits.

And when the lucky day had arrived, and the auspicious ceremony of marriage had taken place, she went to her husband's house and spent that day in merriment, and then retired with him. But she repelled her husband's caresses with indifference, and when he began to coax her she burst into tears. He thought to himself, "Of a truth she cares not for me," and said to her, "Fair one, if you do not love me, I do not want you; go to your darling, whoever he may be." When she heard this, she said slowly, with downcast face: "I love you more than my life, but hear what I have to say. Rise up cheerfully, and promise me immunity from punishment; take an oath to that effect, my husband, in order that I may tell you."

When she said this, her husband reluctantly consented, and then she went on to say with shame, despondency and fear: "A young man of the name of Dharmadatta, a friend of my brother's, saw me once alone in our garden, and smitten with love, he detained me; and when he was preparing to use force, I, being anxious to secure for my father the merit giving of a daughter in marriage, and to avoid all scandal, made this agreement with him: 'When I am married, I will pay you a visit before I go to my husband'; so I must now keep my word. Permit me, my husband. I will pay him a visit first, and then return to you, for I cannot transgress the law of truth which I have observed from my childhood."

When Samudradatta had been thus suddenly smitten by this speech of hers, as by a down-lightning thunderbolt, being bound by the necessity of keeping his word, he reflected for a moment as follows: "Alas! she is in love with another man; she must certainly go! Why should I make her break her word? Let her depart! Why should I be so eager to have her for a wife?" After he had gone through this train of thought, he gave her leave to go where she would; and she rose up and left her husband's house.

In the meanwhile the cold-rayed moon ascended the

great eastern mountain, as it were the roof of a palace, and the nymph of the eastern quarter smiled, touched by his finger. Then, though the darkness was still embracing his beloved herbs in the mountain caves, and the bees were settling on another cluster of *kumudas*, a certain thief saw Madanasenā as she was going along alone at night, and rushing upon her, seized her by the hem of her garment. He said to her: "Who are you, and where are you going?" When he said this, she, being afraid, said: "What does that matter to you? Let me go! I have business here." Then the thief said: "How can I, who am a thief, let you go?" Hearing that, she replied: "Take my ornaments." The thief answered her: "What do I care for these gems, fair one? I will not surrender you, the ornament of the world, with your face like the moon-stone, your hair black like jet, your waist like a diamond, your limbs like gold, fascinating beholders with your ruby-coloured feet."

When the thief said this, the helpless merchant's daughter told him her story, and entreated him as follows: "Excuse me for a moment, that I may keep my word, and as soon as I have done that, I will quickly return to you, if you remain here. Believe me, my good man, I will never break this true promise of mine." When the thief heard that, he let her go, believing that she was a woman who would keep her word, and he remained in that very spot, waiting for her return.

She, for her part, went to that merchant Dharmadatta. And when he saw that she had come to that wood, he asked her how it happened, and then, though he had longed for her, he said to her, after reflecting a moment: "I am delighted at your faithfulness to your promise; what have I to do with you, the wife of another? So go back, as you came, before anyone sees you." When he thus let her go, she said, "So be it," and leaving that place, she went to the thief, who was waiting for her in the road. He said to her: "Tell me what befell you when you arrived at the trysting-place." So she told him how the merchant let her go. Then the thief said: "Since

this is so, then I also will let you go, being pleased with your truthfulness: return home with your ornaments!"

So he too let her go, and went with her to guard her. And she returned to the house of her husband, delighted at having preserved her honour. There the chaste woman entered secretly, and went delighted to her husband. And he, when he saw her, questioned her; so she told him the whole story. And Samudradatta, perceiving that his good wife had kept her word without losing her honour, assumed a bright and cheerful expression, and welcomed her as a pure-minded woman, who had not disgraced her family, and lived happily with her ever afterwards.

When the Vetāla had told this story in the cemetery to King Trivikramasena, he went on to say to him: "So tell me, King, which was the really generous man of those three, the two merchants and the thief? And if you know and do not tell, your head shall split into a hundred pieces."

When the Vetāla said this, the king broke silence, and said to him: "Of those three the thief was the only really generous man, and not either of the two merchants. For of course her husband let her go, though she was so lovely and he had married her: how could a gentleman desire to keep a wife that was attached to another? And the other resigned her because his passion was dulled by time, and he was afraid that her husband, knowing the facts, would tell the king the next day. But the thief, a reckless evil-doer, working in the dark, was really generous, to let go a lovely woman, ornaments and all."

When the Vetāla heard that, he left the shoulder of the king and returned to his own place, as before; and the king, with his great perseverance no whit dashed, again set out, as before, to bring him.

## STORY THE ELEVENTH

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THEN King Trivikramasena again went and took that Vetāla from the *śimsapā* tree and put him on his shoulder, and set out with him; and as he was going along, the Vetāla on his shoulder said to him: "Listen, King, I will tell you an interesting story.

There lived of old in Ujjayinī a king of the name of Dharmadhvaja; he had three wives, who were all daughters of kings, and whom he held very dear. The first of them was called Indulekhā, the second Tārāvalī, and the third Mṛigānkavatī; and they were all possessed of extraordinary personal charms. And the successful king, who had conquered all his enemies, lived happily, amusing himself with all those three queens.

Once on a time, when the festival of the spring season had arrived, he went with all those three wives to the garden to amuse himself. There he beheld the creepers weighed down with flowers, looking like Kāma's bows, with rows of bees for strings, strung for him by the spring. And the king, who resembled the mighty Indra, hearing the notes which the cuckoos uttered on the sprays of the garden trees, like the edict of Love, the god of enjoyment, betook himself with his wives to wine, which is the very life of that intoxication by which Kāma lives. And he joyed in drinking the liquor first tasted by them, perfumed with their sighs, red as their *bimba* lips.

Then, as Indulekhā was playfully pulling the hair of the king, a blue lotus leaped from her ear and fell on her lap. Immediately a wound was produced on the front of her thigh by the blow, and the delicate princess exclaimed, "Oh! Oh!" and fainted. When the king and the attendants saw that, they were distracted with grief, but they gradually brought her round with cold water and fanning. Then the king took her to the palace and had a bandage applied to the wound, and treated her with preparations made by the physicians.

And at night, seeing that she was going on well, the king retired with the second, Tārāvalī, to an apartment on the roof of the palace exposed to the rays of the moon. There the rays of the moon, entering through the lattice, fell on the body of the queen, who was sleeping by the king's side, where it was exposed by her garment blowing aside. Immediately she woke up, exclaiming, "Alas, I am burned!" and rose up from the bed rubbing her limbs. The king woke up in a state of alarm, crying out: "What is the meaning of this?" Then he got up and saw that blisters had been produced on the queen's body. And the Queen Tārāvalī said to him when he questioned her: "The moon's rays falling on my exposed body have done this to me." When she said this, and burst into tears, the king, being distressed, summoned her attendants, who ran there in trepidation and alarm. And he had made for her a bed of lotus leaves, sprinkled with water, and sandalwood lotion applied to her body.

In the meanwhile his third wife Mṛigānkavatī heard of it, and left her palace to come to him. And when she had got into the open air, she heard distinctly, as the night was still, the sound of a pestle pounding rice in a distant house. The moment the gazelle-eyed one heard it she said, "Alas, I am killed!" and she sat down on the path, shaking her hands in an agony of pain: Then the girl turned back, and was conducted by her attendants to her own chamber, where she fell on the bed, and groaned. And when her weeping attendants examined her, they saw that her hands were covered with bruises, and looked

like lotuses upon which black bees had settled. So they went and told the king. The King Dharmadhvaja arrived in a state of consternation, and asked his beloved what it all meant. Then the tortured queen showed him her hands, and said to him: "As soon as I heard the sound of the pestle, these became covered with bruises." Then the king, filled with surprise and despondency, had sandal wood unguent and other remedies applied to her hands, in order to allay the pain.

He reflected: "One of my queens has been wounded by the fall of a lotus, the second has had her body burned even by the rays of the moon, and alas! the third has got such terrible bruises produced on her hands by the mere sound of a pestle. By a dispensation of fate the excessive delicacy, which is the distinguishing excellence of my queens, has now become in them all, at one and the same time, a defect." Engaged in such reflections the king wandered round the women's apartments, and the night of three watches passed for him as tediously as if it had consisted of a hundred watches. But the next morning the physicians and surgeons took measures which caused him soon to be comforted by the recovery of his wives.

When the Vetāla had told this very wonderful story, he put this question to King Trivikramasena from his seat on his shoulder: "Tell me, King, which was the most delicate of those queens; and the curse I before mentioned will take effect if you know and do not say."

When the king heard that, he answered: "The most delicate of all was the lady upon whose hands bruises were produced by merely hearing the sound of the pestle, without touching it. But the other two were no match for her, because the wound of the one and the blisters of the other were produced by contact with the lotus and the rays of the moon respectively."

When the king had said this, the Vetāla again left his shoulders and returned to his own place, and the persevering king again set out to fetch him.

## STORY THE TWELFTH

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THEN King Trivikramasena again went to the *śimśapā* tree, and recovered the Vetāla, and placed him on his shoulder, and set out with him again silently, as before. Then the Vetāla again said to him from his seat on his shoulder: "King, I love you much because you are so indomitable; so listen, I will tell you this delightful story to amuse you.

In the land of Anga there was a young king named Yaśaḥketu, like a second and unburnt God of Love come to earth to conceal his body. He conquered by his great valour all his enemies; and as Indra has Bṛihaspati for a minister, he had Dīrghadarśin. Now, in course of time, this king, infatuated with his youth and beauty, entrusted to that minister his realm, from which all enemies had been eradicated, and became devoted to pleasure only. He remained continually in the harem instead of the judgment-hall; he listened to delightful songs in the women's apartments instead of hearkening to the voice of his well-wishers; in his thoughtlessness he was devoted to latticed windows and not to the affairs of his kingdom, though the latter also were full of holes.

But the great minister Dīrghadarśin continued unweariedly upholding the burden of his kingdom's cares, day and night. And a general rumour spread to the following effect: "Dīrghadarśin has plunged in dissipation



the sovereign, who is satisfied with the mere name of king, and so he manages now to enjoy himself all his master's power." Then the minister Dīrghadarśin said of himself to his wife Medhāvati: "My dear, as the king is addicted to pleasure, and I do his work, a calumny has been circulated among the people against me, to the effect that I have devoured the realm. And a general rumour, though false, injures even great men in this world: was not Rāma compelled by a slanderous report to abandon his wife Sītā? So what course must I adopt in this emergency?" When the minister said this, his firm-souled wife Medhāvati, who was rightly named, said to him: "Take leave of the king on the pretext of a pilgrimage to holy bathing-places; it is expedient, great minded sir, that you should go to a foreign land for a certain time. So you will be seen to be free from ambition, and the calumny against you will die out. And while you are absent the king will bear the burden of the kingdom himself, and then this vicious tendency of his will gradually diminish, and when you return you will be able to discharge your office of minister without blame."

When Dīrghadarśin's wife said this to him, he said, "I will do so"; and he went and said to King Yaśaḥketu in the course of conversation: "Give me leave to depart, King, I am going on a pilgrimage for some days, for my heart is set on that religious duty." When the king heard that, he said: "Do not do so! Cannot you, without going on pilgrimages, perform in your house noble religious duties, such as charity and so on, which will procure you heaven?" When the minister heard this, he said: "King, that purity which comes of wealth is sought by charity and so on, but holy bathing-places have an everlasting purity. And a wise man must visit them while he is young, for otherwise how can he be sure of reaching them, as this body cannot be relied on?" While he was saying this, and the king was still trying to dissuade him, a warder entered, and said to the king: "King, the sun is plunging into the middle of the lake of heaven, so rise up, this is the hour appointed for you to bathe in, and it is

rapidly passing away." When the king heard this, he immediately rose up to bathe, and the minister, whose heart was set on pilgrimage, bowed before him, and went home to his own house.

There he left his wife, whom he forbade to follow him, and managed cunningly to set out in secret, without even his servants suspecting his departure. And alone he wandered from country to country with resolute perseverance, and visited holy bathing-places, and at last he reached the land of Pauṇḍra. In a certain city in that country not far from the sea he entered a temple of Śiva, and sat down in a courtyard attached to it. There a merchant named Nidhidatta, who had come to worship the god, saw him exhausted with the heat of the sun's rays, dusty with his long journey. The merchant, being a hospitable man, seeing that the traveller, who was in such a state, wore a Brāhmanical thread, and had auspicious marks, concluded that he was a distinguished Brāhman, and took him home to his own house. There he honoured him with a bath, food and other refreshments in the most luxurious style, and when his fatigue was removed, he said to him: "Who are you, whence do you come, and where are you going?" And the Brāhman gave him this reserved answer: "I am a Brāhman of the name of Dīrghadarśin; I have come here on pilgrimage from the land of Anga." Then the merchant-prince Nidhidatta said to him: "I am about to go on a trading expedition to the Island of Gold, so you must live in my house until I return; and then you will have recovered from the fatigue which you have incurred by roaming to holy places, and you can go home." When Dīrghadarśin heard that, he said: "Why should I remain here? I will go with you, great merchant, if you like." The good man said, "So be it," and then the minister, who had long discarded the use of beds, spent that night in his house.

The next day he went with that merchant to the sea, and embarked on a ship laden with his merchandise. He travelled along in that ship, and beheld the awful and wonderful ocean, and in course of time reached the Isle of

Gold! What had a man holding the office of prime minister to do with sea-voyages? But what will not men of honour do to prevent their fame from being sullied? So he remained some time in that island with that merchant Nidhidatta, who was engaged in buying and selling.

And as he was returning with him on the ship, he suddenly saw a wave rise up, and then a wishing-tree arise out of the sea; it was adorned with boughs glittering with gold, which were embellished with sprays of coral, and bore lovely fruits and flowers of jewels. And he beheld on its trunk a maiden, alluring on account of her wonderful beauty, reclining on a gem-bestudded couch. He reflected for a moment: "Aha! What can this be?" And thereupon the maiden, who had a lyre in her hand, began to sing this song: "Whatever seed of works any man has sown in a former life, of that he, without doubt, eats the fruit; for even fate cannot alter what has been done in a previous state of existence."

When the heavenly maiden had sung this song, she immediately plunged into that sea, with the wishing-tree, and the couch on which she was reclining. Then Dīrghadarśin reflected: "I have to-day seen a wonderful sight; one would never have expected to find in the sea a tree, with a heavenly maiden singing on it, appearing and disappearing as soon as beheld. Or rather, this admirable treasure-house of the sea is ever the same: did not Lakshmi, and the moon, and the Pārijāta tree, and other precious things come out of it?" But the steersman and the rest of the crew, perceiving that Dīrghadarśin was astonished and puzzled, said to him: "This lovely woman always appears here in the same way, and sinks down again at once; but this sight is new to you."

This is what they said to the minister, but he still continued in a state of wonder, and so he reached in course of time on the ship, with that Nidhidatta, the coast for which they were making. There the merchant disembarked his wares, gladdening the hearts of his servants, and the minister went in high spirits with him to his house, which was full of mirth at his arrival. And after he had remained

there a short time, he said to Nidhidatta: "Merchant-prince, I have long reposed comfortably in your house, now I wish to return to my own land; I wish you all happiness." With these words he took leave of the merchant-prince, who was sorely unwilling to let him go, and with his virtue for his only companion he set out thence; and having in course of time accomplished the long journey, he reached his own native land of Anga.

There the spies, who had been placed by King Yaśaḥketu to watch for his return, saw him coming, before he entered the city, and informed the king; and then the king, who had been much afflicted by his absence, went out from the city to meet him, and came up to him and welcomed him with an embrace. Then the king conducted into the palace his minister, who was emaciated and begrimed with his long journey, and said to him: "Why did you leave me, bringing your mind to this cruel heartless step, and your body into this squalid state from its being deprived of unguents? But who knows the way of the mighty god Fate, in that you suddenly fixed your mind on a pilgrimage to holy waters and other sacred places? So tell me, what lands have you wandered through, and what novel sights have you seen?" Then Dīrghadarśin described his journey to the Island of Gold, in all its stages, and so was led to tell the king of that maiden, the jewel of the three worlds, whom he had seen rise out of the sea and sit on the wishing-tree singing. All this he narrated exactly as it took place.

The moment the king heard this, he fell so deeply in love with her that he considered his kingdom and life valueless without her. And taking his minister aside, he said to him: "I must certainly see that maiden, otherwise I cannot live. I will go by the way which you have described, after worshipping Fate. And you must not dissuade, and you must by no means follow me, for I will travel alone *incognito*, and in the meanwhile you must take care of my kingdom. Do not disobey my order, otherwise my death will lie at your door." Thus spake the king, and refused to hear his minister's answer, and then dismissed

him to his own house to see his relations, who had long been wishing for his return. There, in the midst of great rejoicing, Dīrghadarśin remained despondent: how can good ministers be happy when their lord's vices are incurable?

And the next night King Yaśaḥketu set out, disguised as an ascetic, having entrusted his kingdom to the care of that minister. And on the way, as he was going along, he saw a hermit, named Kuśanābha, and he bowed before him. The hermit said to the king who was disguised as an ascetic: "Go on your way boldly: by going to sea in a ship with the merchant Lakshmīdatta you shall obtain that maiden whom you desire." This speech delighted the king exceedingly, and bowing again before the hermit, he continued his journey. And after crossing many countries, rivers and mountains, he reached the sea, which seemed to be full of eagerness to entertain him. Its eddies looked like eyes expanded to gaze at him, eyes of which waves were the curved brows, and which were white with shrill-sounding conchs for pupils. On the shore he met the merchant Lakshmīdatta, spoken of by the hermit, who was on the point of setting out for the Isle of Gold. The merchant prostrated himself before him when he saw the signs of his royal birth, such as the discus-marked footprint and so on; and the king embarked on the ship with him, and set out with him on the sea. And when the ship had reached the middle of the ocean, that maiden arose from the water, seated on the trunk of the wishing-tree, and while the king was gazing at her, as a partridge at the moonlight, she sang a song, which the accompaniment of her lyre made more charming: "Whatever seed of works any man has sown in a former life, of that he, without doubt, eats the fruit; for even fate cannot alter what has been done in a previous state of existence. So a man is helplessly borne along to experience precisely that lot which fate has appointed for him, in that place and in that manner which fate has decreed; of this there can be no doubt."

When the king heard her singing this song, and thus

setting forth the thing that must be, he was smitten with the arrow of love, and remained for some time motionless, gazing at her. Then he began, with bowed head, to praise the sea in the following words: "Hail to thee, store-house of jewels, of unfathomable heart, since by concealing this lovely nymph thou hast cheated Vishṇu out of Lakshmi! So I throw myself on thy protection, thou who canst not be sounded even by gods, the refuge of mountains that retain their wings; grant me to obtain my desire." While he was uttering this, the maiden disappeared in the sea, with the tree, and when the king saw that, he flung himself into the sea after her, as if to cool the flames of love's fire.

When the merchant Lakshmidatta saw that unexpected sight, the good man thought the king had perished, and was so afflicted that he was on the point of committing suicide, but he was consoled by the following utterance, that came from the heavens: "Do not act rashly; he is not in danger though he has plunged into the sea: this king, Yaśaḥketu by name, has come, disguised as an ascetic, to obtain this very maiden, for she was his wife in a former state of existence, and as soon as he has won her he shall return to his realm of Anga." Then the merchant continued his intended voyage, to accomplish his purposes.

But when King Yaśaḥketu plunged into the sea, he suddenly beheld to his astonishment a splendid city. It gleamed with palaces that had bright pillars of precious stones, walls flashing with gold, and latticed windows of pearl. It was adorned with gardens in which were tanks with flights of steps composed of slabs of every kind of gem, and wishing-trees that granted every desire. He entered house after house in that city, which, though opulent, was uninhabited, but he could not find his beloved anywhere. Then, as he was looking about, he beheld a lofty jewelled palace, and going up to it he opened the door and went in. And when he had entered it, he beheld a solitary human form stretched out upon a gem-bestudded couch, with its whole length covered with a shawl. Wondering whether it could be that very lady, he uncovered her face

with eager expectation, and saw his lady-love. Her beautiful moonlike countenance smiled when the black robe fell from it like darkness, and she seemed like a night, illumined with moonlight, gone to visit Pātāla in the day. At sight of her the king was in a state of ecstasy, like that which a man, travelling through a desert in the season of heat, experiences on beholding a river. She, for her part, opened her eyes, and, when she saw that hero of auspicious form and bodily marks thus suddenly arrived, sprang from her couch in a state of excitement. She welcomed him, and with downcast countenance seemed to honour him by flinging on his feet the full-blown lotuses of her wide-expanded eyes; and then she slowly said to him: "Who are you, and why have you come to this inaccessible lower region? And why, though your body is marked with the signs of royalty, have you undertaken the vow of an ascetic? Condescend to tell me this, distinguished sir, if I have found favour in your sight."

When the king had heard this speech of hers, he gave her this answer: "Fair one, I am the King of Anga, by name Yaśaḥketu, and I heard from a friend, on whom I can rely, that you were to be seen here every day in the sea. So I assumed this disguise, and abandoned my kingdom for your sake, and I have come here, and followed you down through the sea. So tell me who you are."

When he said this, she answered him with mixed feelings of shame, affection and joy: "There is a fortunate king of the Vidyādharas named Mṛigāṅkasena; know that I am his daughter, Mṛigāṅkavatī by name. That father of mine, for some reason unknown to me, has left me alone in this city of his, and has gone somewhere or other with his subjects. So I, feeling melancholy in my solitary abode, rise up out of the sea on a movable wishing-tree, and sing of the decrees of fate."

When she had said this, the brave king, remembering the speech of the hermit, courted her so assiduously with speeches tender with love that she was overpowered with affection, and promised to become his wife at once, but

insisted on the following condition: "My husband, for four days in every month, the fourteenth and eighth of the white and black fortnights, I am not my own mistress; and whithersoever I may go on those days, you must not question me on the subject nor forbid me, for there is a reason for it." When the heavenly maiden had stated in these words the only condition on which she would consent to marry the king, he agreed to it, and married her by the *gāndharva* form of marriage.

And one day, while the king was living happily with Mrigānkavatī, she said to him: "You must stop here, while I go somewhere for a certain business, for to-day is the fourteenth day of the black fortnight of which I spoke to you. And while you are waiting here, my husband, you must not enter this crystal pavilion, lest you should fall into a lake there and go to the world of men." When she had said this she took leave of him, and went out of that city, and the king took his sword and followed her secretly, determined to penetrate the mystery.

Then the king saw a terrible Rākshasa approaching, looking like Hell embodied in a human shape, with his cavernous mouth, black as night, opened wide. That Rākshasa uttered an appalling roar, and swooping down on Mrigānkavatī, put her in his mouth and swallowed her. When the mighty king saw that, he was at once, so to speak, on fire with excessive anger, and rushing forward with his great sword, black as a snake that has cast its slough, drawn from the sheath, he cut off with it the head of the charging Rākshasa, the lips of which were firmly pressed together. Then the burning fire of the king's anger was quenched by the stream of blood that poured forth from the trunk of the Rākshasa, but not the fire of his grief at the loss of his beloved. Then the king was blinded with the darkness of bewilderment, and at a loss what to do, when suddenly Mrigānkavatī cleft asunder the body of that Rākshasa, which was dark as a cloud, and emerged alive and uninjured, illuminating all the horizon like a spotless moon. When the king saw his beloved thus delivered from danger, he rushed eagerly



forward and embraced her, exclaiming: "Come! Come!" And he said to her: "My beloved, what does all this mean? Is it a dream or a delusion?" When the king asked the Vidyādhari this question, she remembered the truth, and said: "Listen, my husband! This is no delusion, nor is it a dream; but such was the curse imposed upon me by my father, a king of the Vidyādharas. For my father, who formerly lived in this city, though he had many sons, was so fond of me that he would never take food when I was not present. But I, being devoted to the worship of Śiva, used always to come to this uninhabited place on the fourteenth and eighth days of the two fortnights.

"And one fourteenth day I came here and worshipped Gaurī for a long time; and, as fate would have it, so ardent was my devotion that the day came to an end before my worship was finished. That day my father ate nothing and drank nothing, though he was hungry and thirsty, as he waited for me, but he was very angry with me. And when I returned in the evening with downcast countenance, conscious of my fault, his love for me was so completely overpowered by the force of Destiny that he cursed me in the following words: 'As owing to your arrogance I was devoured to-day by hunger, so on the eighth and fourteenth days of the fortnights of every month, and on those days only, a Rākshasa named Kṛitāntasantrāsa shall swallow you, when you go to that place outside the city to worship Śiva; and on every occasion you shall make your way through his heart and come out alive. But you shall not remember the curse, nor the pain of being swallowed; and you shall remain alone here.' When my father had uttered this curse, I managed gradually to propitiate him, and after thinking a little, he appointed this termination to my curse: 'When a king named Yaśaḥketu, lord of the land of Anga, shall become your husband, and shall see you swallowed by the Rākshasa, and shall slay him, then you shall issue from his heart, and shall be delivered from your curse, and you shall call to mind your curse and the other circumstances, and all your supernatural sciences.'

"When he had appointed this end of my curse, he left me alone here, and went with his retinue to the mountain of Nishadha in the world of men. And I remained here thus engaged, bewildered by the curse. But that curse has now come to an end, and I remember all. So I will immediately go to my father on the Nishadha mountain; the law that governs us celestial beings is, that when our curse is at an end we return to our own place. You are perfectly free to remain here or go to your kingdom, as you like."

When she had said this, the king was sorry, and he made this request to her: "Fair one, do me the favour not to go for seven days. Let us in the meanwhile cheat the pain of parting by amusing ourselves here in the garden. After that you shall go to your father's abode, and I will return to mine." When he made this proposal, the fair one agreed to it. Then the king diverted himself with her for six days in the gardens, and in tanks, the lotus-eyes of which were full of tears, and that seemed to toss aloft their waves like hands, and in the cries of their swans and cranes to utter this plaintive appeal: "Do not leave us!" And on the seventh day he artfully decoyed his darling to that pavilion where was the tank that served as a magic gate conducting to the world of men; and throwing his arms round her neck he plunged into that tank, and rose up with her from a tank in the garden of his own city. When the gardeners saw that he had arrived with his beloved, they were delighted, and they went and told his minister Dīrghadarśin. And the minister came and fell at his feet, and, seeing that he had brought with him the lady of his aspirations, he and the citizens escorted him into the palace. And he thought to himself: "Ah! I wonder how the king has managed to obtain this celestial nymph, of whom I caught a transient glimpse in the ocean, as one sees in the heaven a lightning flash. But the fact is, whatever lot is written for a man by the Disposer, in the inscription on his forehead, infallibly befalls him, however improbable."

Such were the reflections of the prime minister; while

the rest of his subjects were full of joy at the return of the king, and of astonishment at his having won the celestial nymph. But Mṛigānkavatī, seeing that the king had returned to his own kingdom, longed, as the seven days were completed, to return to the home of the Vidyādhara. But the science of flying up into the air did not appear to her, though she called it to mind. Then she felt as one robbed of a treasure, and was in the deepest despondency. And the king said to her: "Why do you suddenly appear despondent? Tell me, my darling?" Then the Vidyādhari answered him: "Because I remained so long, after I had been released from my curse, out of love for you, my science has abandoned me, and I have lost the power of returning to my heavenly home." When King Yaśaḥketu heard this, he said, "Ha! I have now won this Vidyādhari," and so his rejoicing was complete.

When the minister Dīrghadarśin saw this, he went home, and at night, when he was in bed, he suddenly died of a broken heart. And Yaśaḥketu, after he had mourned for him, remained long bearing the burden of empire himself; with Mṛigānkavatī for his consort.

When the Vetāla, seated on the shoulder of King Trivikramasena, had told him this story on the way, he went on to say to him: "So tell me, King, why did the heart of that great minister suddenly break, when his master had thus succeeded so completely? Did his heart break through grief at not having won the nymph himself? Or was it because he longed for the sovereign power, and thus was disappointed at the king's return? And if you know this, King, and do not tell me on the spot, your merit will at once disappear, and your head will fly in pieces." When King Trivikramasena heard that, he said to the Vetāla: "Neither of these two feelings actuated that excellent and virtuous minister. But he said to himself: 'This king neglected his kingdom out of devotion to mere

human females, much more will he do so now that he is attached to a heavenly nymph. So, though I have gone through much suffering, the disease has been aggravated by it, instead of being cured, as I had hoped.' It was under the influence of such reflections that the minister's heart broke."

When the king had said this, that juggling Vetāla returned to his own place, and the resolute king ran swiftly after him, to bring him back again by force.

## STORY THE THIRTEENTH

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THEN the king went back to the *śimśapā* tree, and taking the Vetāla from it, placed him on his shoulder, and brought him along, and as he was going along with him, the Vetāla again said to the king : “Listen, King, I will tell you a short story.

There is a city of the name of *Vārāṇasī*, the abode of Śiva. In it there lived a Brāhman, named *Devasvāmin*, honoured by the king. And that rich Brāhman had a son named *Harisvāmin*; and he had an exceedingly lovely wife, named *Lāvaṇyavatī*. I think the Disposer must have made her after he had acquired skill by making *Tilottamā* and the other nymphs of heaven, for she was of priceless beauty and loveliness.

Now, one night *Harisvāmin* fell asleep, as he was reposing with her in a palace cool with the rays of the moon. At that very moment a *Vidyādhara* prince, by name *Madanavega*, roaming about at will, came that way through the air. He saw that *Lāvaṇyavatī* sleeping by the side of her husband, and her robe, that had slipped aside, revealed her exquisitely moulded limbs. His heart was captivated by her beauty; and blinded by love, he immediately swooped down, and taking her up in his arms asleep, flew off with her through the air.

Immediately her husband, the young *Harisvāmin*, woke up, and not seeing his beloved, he rose up in a state of

distraction. He said to himself: "What can this mean? Where has she gone? I wonder if she is angry with me? Or has she hidden herself to find out my real feelings, and is making fun of me?" Distracted by many surmises of this kind, he wandered hither and thither that night, looking for her on the roof, and in the turrets of the palace. He even searched in the palace garden, and when he could not find her anywhere, being scorched with the fire of grief, he sobbed and lamented: "Alas! my beloved with face like the moon's orb, fair as the moonlight, did this night grudge your existence, hating your charms that rival hers? That very moon, that, vanquished by your beauty, seemed to be in fear, and comforted me with its rays cool as sandalwood, now that I am bereaved of you, seems to have seen its opportunity, and smites me with them, as if with burning coals, or arrows dipped in poison." While Harisvāmin was uttering these laments the night at last slowly passed away; not so his grief at his bereavement.

The next morning the sun dispelled with his rays the deep darkness that covered the world, but could not dispel the dense darkness of despondency that had settled on him. The sound of his bitter lamentations, that seemed to have been reinforced by wailing power bestowed on him by the *chakravākas*, whose period of separation was at an end with the night, was magnified a hundredfold. The young Brāhman, though his relations tried to comfort him, could not recover his self-command, now that he was bereaved of his beloved, but was all inflamed with the fire of separation. And he went from place to place, exclaiming with tears: "Here she stood, here she bathed, here she adorned herself and here she amused herself."

But his friends and relations said to him: "She is not dead, so why do you kill yourself? If you remain alive, you will certainly recover her somewhere or other. So adopt a resolute tone, and go in search of your beloved; there is nothing in this world that a resolute man, who exerts himself, cannot obtain." When Harisvāmin had been exhorted in these terms by his friends and relations,

he managed at last, after some days, to recover his spirits by the aid of hope. And he said to himself: "I will give away all that I have to the Brāhmans, and visit all the holy waters, and wash away all my sins. For if I wipe out my sin, I may perhaps, in the course of my wanderings, find that beloved of mine."

After going through these reflections, suitable to the occasion, he got up and bathed, and performed all his customary avocations; and the next day he bestowed on the Brāhmans at a solemn sacrifice various meats and drinks, and gave away to them all his wealth without stint.

Then he left his country, with his Brāhman birth as his only fortune, and proceeded to go round to all the holy bathing-places in order to recover his beloved. And as he was roaming about, there came upon him the terrible lion of the hot season, with the blazing sun for mouth, and with a mane composed of his fiery rays. And the winds blew with excessive heat, as if warmed by the breath of sighs fumed forth by travellers grieved at being separated from their wives. And the tanks, with their supply of water diminished by the heat, and their drying white mud, appeared to be showing their broken hearts. And the trees by the roadside seemed to lament on account of the departure of the glory of spring, making their wailing heard in the shrill moaning of their bark with leaves, as it were lips, parched with heat.

At that season Harisvāmin, wearied out with the heat of the sun, with bereavement, hunger and thirst, and continual travelling, disfigured, emaciated and dirty, and pining for food, reached, in the course of his wanderings, a certain village, and found in it the house of a Brāhman called Padmanābha, who was engaged in a sacrifice. And seeing that many Brāhmans were eating in his house, he stood leaning against the doorpost, silent and motionless. And the good wife of that Brāhman named Padmanābha, seeing him in this position, felt pity for him, and reflected: "Alas, mighty is hunger! Whom will it not bring down? For here stands a man at the door who appears to be a householder, desiring food, with

downcast countenance; evidently come from a long journey, and with all his senses impaired by hunger. So is not he a man to whom food ought to be given?"

Having gone through these reflections, the kind woman took up in her hands a vessel full of rice boiled in milk, with ghee and sugar, and brought it, and courteously presented it to him, and said: "Go and eat this somewhere on the bank of the lake, for this place is unfit to eat in, as it is filled with feasting Brāhmans."

He said, "I will do so," and took the vessel of rice, and placed it at no great distance under a banyan-tree on the edge of the lake; and he washed his hands and feet in the lake, and rinsed his mouth, and then came back in high spirits to eat the rice. But while he was thus engaged, a kite, holding a black cobra with its beak and claws, came from some place or other, and sat on that tree. And it so happened that poisonous saliva issued from the mouth of that dead snake, which the bird had captured and was carrying along. The saliva fell into the dish or rice which was placed underneath the tree, and Harisvāmin, without observing it, came and ate up that rice. As soon as in his hunger he had devoured all that food, he began to suffer terrible agonies produced by the poison. He exclaimed: "When fate has turned against a man, everything in this world turns also; accordingly this rice dressed with milk, ghee and sugar has become poison to me."

Thus speaking, Harisvāmin, tortured with the poison, tottered to the house of that Brāhman, who was engaged in the sacrifice, and said to his wife: "The rice, which you gave me, has poisoned me; so fetch me quickly a charmer who can counteract the operation of poison; otherwise you will be guilty of the death of a Brāhman."

When Harisvāmin had said this to the good woman, who was beside herself to think what it could all mean, his eyes closed, and he died.

Accordingly the Brāhman, who was engaged in a sacrifice, drove out of his house his wife, though she was innocent and hospitable, being enraged with her for the



supposed murder of her guest. The good woman, for her part, having incurred groundless blame from her charitable deed, and so become branded with infamy, went to a holy bathing-place to perform penance.

Then there was a discussion before the superintendent of religion, as to which of the four parties, the kite, the snake, or the couple who gave the rice, was guilty of the murder of a Brāhman; but the question was not decided.

“Now you, King Trivikramasena, must tell me which was guilty of the murder of a Brāhman; and if you do not, you will incur the before-mentioned curse.”

When the king heard this from the Vetāla, he was forced by the curse to break silence, and he said: “No one of them could be guilty of the crime; certainly not the serpent, for how could he be guilty of anything, when he was the helpless prey of his enemy, who was devouring him? To come to the kite; what offence did he commit in bringing his natural food, which he had happened to find, and eating it, when he was hungry? And how could either of the couple that gave the food be in fault, since they were both people exclusively devoted to righteousness, not likely to commit a crime? Therefore I think the guilt of slaying a Brāhman would attach to any person who should be so foolish as, for want of sufficient reflection, to attribute it to either of them.”

When the king had said this, the Vetāla again left his shoulder, and went to his own place, and the resolute king again followed him.

## STORY THE FOURTEENTH

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THEN King Trīvikramasena went to the *śimsapā* tree, and again got hold of the Vetāla, and took him on his shoulder ; and when the king had set out, the Vetāla again said to him: “King, you are tired; so listen, I will tell you an interesting tale.

There is a city of the name of Ayodhyā, which was the capital of Viṣṇu, when he was incarnate as Rāma, the destroyer of the Rākshasa race. In it there lived a mighty king, of the name of Vīraketu, who defended this earth, as a rampart defends a city. During the reign of that king there lived in that city a great merchant, named Ratnadatta, who was the head of the mercantile community. And there was born to him, by his wife Nandayanti, a daughter named Ratnavati, who was obtained by propitiating the deities. And that intelligent girl grew up in her father’s house, and as her body grew, her innate qualities of beauty, gracefulness and modesty developed also. And when she attained womanhood, not only great merchants, but even kings, asked her in marriage from her father. But she disliked the male sex so much that she did not desire even Indra for a husband, and would not even hear of marriage, being determined to die sooner than consent to it. That made her father secretly sorrow much, on account of his affection for her, and the report of her conduct spread all over the city of Ayodhyā.

At that time all the citizens were continually being plundered by thieves, so they assembled together, and made this complaint to King Viraketu: "Your Majesty, we are continually being robbed by thieves every night, and we cannot detect them, so let your Highness take the necessary steps." When the king had received this petition from the citizens, he stationed watchmen in plain clothes all round the city, in order to try to discover the thieves.

But they could not find them out, and the city went on being robbed; so one night the king himself went out to watch; and as he was roaming about, armed, he saw in a certain part of the town a single individual going along the rampart. He showed great dexterity in his movements, as he made his footfall perfectly noiseless, and he often looked behind him with eyes anxiously rolling. The king said to himself: "Without doubt, this is the thief, who sallies out by himself and plunders my city." So he went up to him. Then the thief, seeing the king, said to him: "Who are you?" And the king answered him: "I am a thief." Then the thief said: "Bravo! you are my friend, as you belong to the same profession as myself; so come to my house; I will entertain you." When the king heard that, he consented, and went with him to his dwelling, which was in an underground cavern in a forest. It was luxuriously and magnificently furnished, illuminated by blazing lamps, and looked like a second Pātāla, not governed by King Bali.

When the king had entered, and had taken a seat, the robber went into the inner rooms of his cave-dwelling. At that moment a female slave came and said to the king; "Great sir, how came you to enter this mouth of death? This man is a notable thief; no doubt, when he comes out of those rooms, he will do you some injury: I assure you, he is treacherous; so leave this place at once." When the king heard this, he left the place at once, and went to his own palace and got ready his forces that very night.

And when his army was ready for battle, he came and blockaded the entrance of that robber's cave with his

troops who sounded all their martial instruments. Then the brave robber, as his hold was blockaded, knew that his secret had been discovered, and he rushed out to fight, determined to die. And when he came out he displayed superhuman prowess in battle; alone, armed with sword and shield, he cut off the trunks of elephants; he slashed off the legs of horses and lopped off the heads of soldiers. When he had made this havoc among the soldiers, the king himself attacked him. And the king, who was a skilful swordsman, by a dexterous trick of fence forced his sword from his hand, and then the dagger which he drew. And as he was now disarmed, the king threw away his own weapon and, grappling with him, flung him on the earth, and captured him alive. And he brought him back as a prisoner to his own capital, with all his wealth. And he gave orders that he should be put to death by impalement next morning.

Now, when that robber was being conducted with beat of drum to the place of execution, that merchant's daughter, Ratnavatī saw him from her palace. Though he was wounded, and his body was begrimed with dust, she was distracted with love as soon as she saw him. So she went and said to her father, Ratnadatta: "I select as my husband this man here, who is being led off to execution, so ransom him from the king, my father. If you will not, I shall follow him to the other world." When her father heard this he said: "My daughter, what is this that you say? Before you would not accept suitors endowed with all virtues, equal to the God of Love. How comes it that you are now in love with an infamous brigand chief?" Though her father used this argument, and others of the same kind, with her, she remained fixed in her determination. Then the merchant went quickly to the king, and offered him all his wealth, if he would grant the robber his life. But the king would not make over to him, even for hundreds of *crores* of gold pieces, that thief who had robbed on such a gigantic scale, and whom he had captured at the risk of his own life. Then the father returned disappointed, and his daughter made

up her mind to follow the thief to the other world, though her relations tried to dissuade her; so she bathed and got into a palanquin, and went to the spot where his execution was taking place, followed by her father and mother and the people, all weeping.

In the meanwhile the robber had been impaled by the executioners, and as his life was ebbing away on the stake he saw her coming there with her kinsfolk. And when he heard the whole story from the people he wept for a moment, and then he laughed a little, and then died on the stake. Then the merchant's virtuous daughter had the thief's body taken down from the stake, and she ascended the funeral pyre with it.

And at that very moment the holy Śiva who was invisibly present in the cemetery, spake from the air. "Faithful wife, I am pleased with thy devotedness to thy self-chosen husband, so crave a boon of me." When she heard that, she worshipped, and prayed the god of gods to grant her the following boon: "Lord, may my father, who has now no sons, have a hundred, for otherwise, as he has no children but me, he would abandon his life." When the good woman had said this, the god once more spake to her, saying: "Let thy father have a hundred sons! Choose another boon; for such a steadfastly good woman as thou art deserves something more than this."

When she heard this, she said: "If the Lord is pleased with me, then let this husband of mine rise up alive, and be henceforth a well-conducted man!" Thereupon Śiva, invisible in the air, uttered these words: "Be it so; let thy husband rise up alive, and lead henceforth a life of virtue, and let King Viraketu be pleased with him!" And immediately the robber rose up alive with unwounded limbs.

Then the merchant Ratnadatta was delighted, and astonished at the same time; and with his daughter, Ratnavatī, and the bandit his son-in-law, and his delighted relations, he entered his own palace and as he had obtained from the god the promise of sons, he held a feast suitable to his own joy on the occasion.

And when King Viraketu heard what had taken place he was pleased, and he immediately summoned the heroic thief, and made him commander of his army. And thereupon the heroic thief gave up his dishonest life, and married the merchant's daughter, and led a respectable life, honoured by the king.

When the Vetāla, seated on the shoulder of King Trivikramasena, had told him this tale, he asked him the following question, menacing him with the before-mentioned curse: "Tell me, King, why that thief, when impaled, first wept and then laughed, when he saw the merchant's daughter come with her father." Then the king said: "He wept for sorrow that he had not been able to repay the merchant for his gratuitous kindness to him; and he laughed out of astonishment, as he said to himself: 'What! has this maiden, after rejecting kings who asked for her hand, fallen in love with me? In truth a woman's heart is an intricate labyrinth.'"

When the king had said this, the mighty Vetāla, by means of the magic power which he possessed, again left the king's shoulder and returned to his station on the tree, and the king once more went to fetch him.

## STORY THE FIFTEENTH

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THEN King Trivikramasena again went back to the *śimśapā* tree and took the Vetāla from it, and set out with him once more; and as the king was going along the Vetāla, perched on his shoulder, said to him: "Listen, King, I will tell you another story.

There was in the kingdom of Nepāla a city named Śivapura, and in it there lived of old time a king rightly named Yaśaḥketu. He devolved upon his minister, named Prajnā āgara, the burden of his kingdom, and enjoyed himself in the society of his queen, Chandraprabhā. And in course of time that king had born to him, by that queen, a daughter named Śaśiprabhā, bright as the moon, the eye of the world.

Now in course of time she grew up to womanhood, and one day, in the month of spring, she went to a garden, with her attendants, to witness a festive procession. And in a certain part of that garden a Brāhman, of the name of Manaḥsvāmin, the son of a rich man, who had come to see the procession, beheld her engaged in gathering flowers, raising her lithe arm, and displaying her graceful shape; and she looked charming when the grasp of her thumb and forefinger on the stalks of the flowers relaxed. When the young man Manaḥsvāmin saw her, she at once robbed him of his heart, and he was bewildered by love and no longer master of his feelings. He said to himself: "Can

this be Rati come in person to gather the flowers accumulated by spring, in order to make arrows for the God of Love? Or is it the presiding goddess of the wood, come to worship the spring?"

While he was making these surmises, the princess caught sight of him. And as soon as she saw him, looking like a second God of Love created with a body, she forgot her flowers, and her limbs, and her own personal identity.

While those two were thus overpowered by the passion of mutual love at first sight, a loud shout of alarm was raised, and they both looked with uplifted heads to see what it could mean. Then there came that way an elephant, rushing along with its elephant-hook hanging down, that driven furious by perceiving the smell of another elephant had broken its fastenings, and rushed out in a state of frenzy, breaking down the trees in its path, and had thrown its driver. The princess's attendants dispersed in terror, but Manahsvāmin eagerly rushed forward, and took her up alone in his arms, and while she clung timidly to him, bewildered with fear, love and shame, carried her to a distance, out of reach of the elephant. Then her attendants came up and praised that noble Brāhman, and conducted her back to her palace. But as she went she frequently turned round to look at her deliverer. There she remained, thinking regretfully of that man who had saved her life, consumed day and night by the smouldering fire of love.

And Manahsvāmin then left that garden, and seeing that the princess had entered her private apartments, he said to himself, in regretful longing: "I cannot remain without her, nay, I cannot live without her: so my only resource in this difficulty is the cunning Mūladeva, who is a master of magic arts." Having thus reflected, he managed to get through that day, and the next morning he went to visit that master of magic, Mūladeva. And he saw that master, who was ever in the company of his friend Śaśin, full of many marvellous magic ways, like the sky come down to earth in human shape. And he humbly saluted him, and told him his desire; then the



master laughed, and promised to accomplish it for him. Then that matchless deceiver Mūladeva placed a magic pill in his mouth, and transformed himself into an aged Brāhman; and he gave the Brāhman Manaḥsvāmin a second pill to put in his mouth, and so made him assume the appearance of a beautiful maiden.

And that prince of villains took him in this disguise to the judgment-hall of the king, the father of his lady-love, and said to him: "O King, I have only one son, and I asked for a maiden to be given him to wife, and brought here from a long distance; but now he has gone somewhere or other, and I am going to look for him; so keep this maiden safe for me until I bring back my son, for you keep safe under your protection the whole world." When King Yaśaḥketu heard this petition he granted it, fearing a curse if he did not, and summoned his daughter, Śaṣiprabhā, and said to her: "Daughter, keep this maiden in your palace, and let her sleep and take her meals with you." The princess agreed, and took Manaḥsvāmin, transformed into a maiden, to her own private apartments; and then Mūladeva, who had assumed the form of a Brāhman, went where he pleased, and Manaḥsvāmin remained in the form of a maiden with his beloved.

And in a few days the princess became quite fond of and intimate with her new attendant; so, one night, when she was pining at being separated from the object of her affections, and tossing on her couch, Manaḥsvāmin, who was on a bed near her, concealed under a female shape, said secretly to her: "My dear Śaṣiprabhā, why are you pale of hue, and why do you grow thinner every day, and sorrow as one separated from the side of her beloved? Tell me, for why should you distrust loving modest attendants? From this time forth I will take no food until you tell me."

When the princess heard this she sighed, and slowly told the following tale: "Why should I distrust you of all people? Listen, friend, I will tell you the cause. Once on a time I went to a spring garden to see a procession, there I beheld a handsome Brāhman man, who seemed

like the month of spring, having the loveliness of the moon free from dew, kindling love at sight, adorning the grove with play of light. And while my eager eyes, drinking in the nectarous rays of the moon of his countenance, began to emulate the partridge, there came there a mighty elephant broken loose from its bonds, roaring and distilling its ichor like rain, looking like a black rain-cloud appearing out of season. My attendants dispersed terrified at that elephant, but when I was bewildered with fear that young Brāhman caught me up in his arms and carried me to a distance. Then contact with his body made me feel as if I were anointed with sandalwood ointment, and bedewed with ambrosia, and I was in a state which I cannot describe. And in a moment my attendants reassembled, and I was brought back reluctant to this my palace, and seemed to myself to have been cast down to earth from heaven. From that time forth I have often interviews in reveries with my beloved, that rescued me from death, and even when awake I seem to see him at my side. And when I am asleep I see him in dreams, coaxing me and dispelling my reserve with kisses and caresses. • But, ill-fated wretch that I am, I cannot obtain him, for I am baffled by ignorance of his name and other particulars about him. So I am consumed, as you see, by the fire of separation from the lord of my life.”

When Manaḥsvāmin's ears had been filled with the nectar of this speech of the princess's, that Brāhman, who was present there in female form, rejoiced, and considered that his object was attained, and that the time had come for revealing himself, so he took out the pill from his mouth, and displayed himself in his true form, and said: “Rolling-eyed one, I am that very Brāhman whom you bought with a look in the garden, and made your slave in the truest sense of the word. And from the immediate interruption of our acquaintance I derived that sorrow, of which the final result was my taking, as you see, the form of a maiden. Therefore, fair one, grant that the sorrow of separation, which both of us have endured, may not have been borne in vain, for Kāma cannot endure beyond this point.”

When the princess suddenly beheld her beloved in front of her, and heard him utter these words, she was at once filled with love, astonishment and shame. So they eagerly went through the *gāndharva* ceremony of marriage. Then *Manaḥsvāmin* lived happily in the palace, under two shapes; keeping the pill in his mouth during the day, and so wearing a female shape, but at night taking it out, and assuming the form of a man.

Now, as days went, the brother-in-law of King *Yaśaḥketu*, named *Mṛigānkadatta*, gave his own daughter named *Mṛigānkavatī*, in marriage to a young *Brāhman*, the son of the minister *Prajñā āgara*: and with her he bestowed much wealth. And the Princess *Śaśiprabhā* was invited, on the occasion of her cousin's marriage, to her uncle's house, and went there accompanied by her ladies-in-waiting. And among them went the young *Brāhman*, *Manaḥsvāmin*, wearing the attractive form of a young maiden of exquisite beauty.

Then that minister's son beheld him disguised in female form, and was deeply pierced with the shafts of the archer Love. And when he went to his house, accompanied by his bride, it seemed to him to be empty; for he was robbed of his heart by that seeming maiden. Then he continued to think of nothing but the beauty of that supposed maiden's face, and, bitten by the great snake of fierce passion, he suddenly became distracted. The people who were there ceased from their rejoicing, and in their bewilderment asked what it meant, and his father, *Prajñā āgara*, hearing of it, came to him in haste. And when his father tried to comfort him, he woke up from his stupor, and uttered what was in his mind, babbling deliriously. And that father of his was very much troubled as he thought that the matter was one altogether beyond his power. Then the king heard of it, and came there in person. And at once he saw that the minister's son had been in a moment reduced by strong passion to the seventh stage of love-sickness; so he said to his ministers: "How can I give him a maiden whom a *Brāhman* left in my care? And yet, if he does not obtain her, he will

without doubt reach the last stage. If he dies, his father, who is my minister, will perish; and if he perishes, my kingdom is ruined, so tell me what I am to do in this matter."

When the king said this, all those ministers said: "They say that the special virtue of a king is the protection of the virtue of his subjects. Now the root of this protection is counsel, and counsel resides in counsellors. If the counsellor perishes, protection perishes in its root, and virtue is certain to be impaired. Moreover, guilt would be incurred by causing the death of this Brāhman minister and his son, so you must avoid doing that, otherwise there is a great chance of your infringing the law of virtue. Accordingly you must certainly give to the minister's son the maiden committed to your care by the first Brāhman, and if he returns after the lapse of some time, and is angry, steps can be taken to put matters right."

When the ministers said this to the king, he agreed to give that man, who was palming himself off as a maiden, to the minister's son. And after fixing an auspicious moment, he brought Manahsvāmin, in female form, from the palace of the princess; and he said to the king: "If, King, you are determined to give me, whom another committed to your care, to a person other than him for whom I was intended, I must, I suppose, acquiesce; you are a king, and justice and injustice are matters familiar to you. But I consent to the marriage on this condition only that I am not to be considered as a wife until my husband has spent six months in visiting holy bathing-places, and returns home; if this condition is not agreed to, know that I will bite my own tongue in two, and so commit suicide."

When the young man, disguised in female form, had prescribed this condition, the king informed the minister's son of it, and he was consoled, and accepted the terms; and he quickly went through the ceremony of marriage, and placed in one house Mṛigānkavatī, his first wife, and his second supposed wife, carefully guarded, and, like a fool, went on a pilgrimage to holy bathing-

places, to please the object of his affections.

And Manaḥsvāmin, in female form, dwelt in the same house with Mṛigāṅkavatī, as the partner of her bed and board. And one night, while he was living there in this way, Mṛigāṅkavatī said to him secretly in the bedchamber, while their attendants were sleeping outside: "My friend, I cannot sleep; tell me some tale." When the young man disguised in female form heard this he told her the story, how in old time a royal sage, named Iḍa, of the race of the sun, assumed, in consequence of the curse of Gaurī, a female form that fascinated the whole world, and how he and Buddha fell in love with one another at first sight, meeting one another in a shrubbery in the grounds of a temple, and were there united, and how Purūravas was the fruit of that union. When the artful creature had told this story, he went on to say: "So by the fiat of a deity, or by charms and drugs, a man may sometimes become a woman, and *vice versa*, and in this way even great ones do sometimes unite impelled by love."

When the tender fair one, who regretted her husband, who had left her as soon as the marriage had taken place, heard this, she said to her supposed rival, in whom she had come to confide by living with her: "This story makes my body tremble, and my heart as it were sink; so tell me, friend, what is the meaning of this?" When the Brāhman disguised in female form heard this he went on to say: "My friend, these are violent symptoms of love; I have felt them myself, I will not conceal it from you." When he said this, Mṛigāṅkavatī went on slowly to say: "Friend, I love you as my life, so why should I not say what I think it is time to reveal? Could anyone by any artifice be introduced into this palace?" When the pupil of that master-rogue heard this, he took her meaning, and said to her: "If this is the state of affairs, then I have something to tell you. I have a boon from Viṣṇu, by which I can at pleasure become a man during the night, so I will now become one for your sake." So he took the pill out of his mouth, and displayed himself

to her as a handsome man in the prime of youth. And so the Brāhman lived with the wife of the minister's son, becoming a woman in the day, and resuming his male form at night. But hearing in a few days that the son of the minister was on the point of returning, he took the precaution of eloping with her from that house during the night.

At this point in the story, it happened that his teacher, Mūladeva, heard all the circumstances; so he again assumed the form of an old Brāhman, and accompanied by his friend Śaśin, who had assumed the form of a young Brāhman, he went and respectfully said to King Yaśaḥketu: "I have brought back my son; so give me my daughter-in-law." Then the king, who was afraid of being cursed, deliberated and said to him: "Brāhman, I do not know where your daughter-in-law has gone, so forgive me; as I am in fault, I will give you my own daughter for your son." When the king had said this to that prince of rogues, disguised in the form of an old Brāhman, who asserted his false claim with the sternness of assumed anger, he gave his daughter with all due ceremonies to his friend Śaśin, who pretended to be the supposed Brāhman's son. Then Mūladeva took the bride and bridegroom, who had been thus united, off to his own home, without showing any desire for the king's wealth.

And there Manaḥsvāmin met them, and a fierce dispute took place between him and Śaśin in the presence of that Mūladeva. Manaḥsvāmin said: "This Śaśiprabhā should be given to me, for long ago, when she was a maiden, I married her by the favour of the master." Śaśin said: "You fool, what have you to do with her? She is my wife, for her father bestowed her on me in the presence of the fire." So they went on wrangling about the princess, whom they had got hold of by means of magic, and their dispute was never decided.

“So tell me, King, to which of the two does that wife belong? Resolve my doubt. The conditions of non-compliance are those which I mentioned before.”

When King Trivikramasena was thus addressed by the Vetāla on his shoulder, he gave him this answer: “I consider that the princess is the lawful wife of Śaśin, since she was openly given to him by her father in the lawful way. But Manaḥsvāmin married her in an underhand way, like a thief, by the *gāndharva* rite; and a thief has no lawful title to the possessions of another.”

When the Vetāla heard this answer of the king's, he quickly left his shoulder, and went back to his own place, and the king hurried after him.

## STORY THE SIXTEENTH

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THEN King Trivikramasena went back to the *śimśapā* tree, and again took the Vetāla from it, and set out with him on his shoulder; and as he was returning from the tree, the Vetāla once more said to him : "Listen, King, I will tell you a noble story.

There is in this earth a great mountain named Himavat, where all jewels are found, which is the origin of both Gaurī and Gangā, the two goddesses dear to Śiva. Even heroes cannot reach its top; it towers proudly above all other mountains; and as such its praises are sung in strains of sooth in the three worlds. On the ridge of that Himavat there is that city rightly named the Golden City, which gleams like a mass of the sun's rays deposited by him on earth.

Of old there lived in that splendid city a fortunate lord of the Vidyādhara, named Jīmūtaketu, who dwelt there like Indra on Meru. In his palace garden there was a wishing-tree, which was an heirloom in his family, which was well known as the Granter of Desires, and not named so without reason. The king supplicated that divine tree, and obtained by its favour a son, who remembered his former birth, and was the incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva. He was a hero in munificence, of great courage, compassionate to all creatures, attentive to the instructions of his spiritual adviser, and his name was



Jīmūtavāhana. And when he grew up to manhood, his father, the king, made him crown prince, being impelled thereto by his excellent qualities, and the advice of the ministers.

And when Jīmūtavāhana was made crown prince, the ministers of his father, desiring his welfare, came to him and said: "Prince, you must continually worship this wishing-tree invincible by all creatures, which grants all our desires. For, as long as we have this, not even Indra could injure us, much less any other enemy."

When Jīmūtavāhana heard this, he inly reflected: "Alas! our predecessors, though they possessed such a divine tree, never obtained from it any fruit worthy of it; some of them asked it for wealth and did nothing more; so the mean creatures made themselves and this noble tree contemptible. Well, I will make it inserve a design which I have in my mind."

After the noble prince had formed this resolution he went to his father, and gained his good will by paying him all kinds of attentions, and said to him in private, as he was sitting at ease: "Father, you know that in this sea of mundane existence, all that we behold is unsubstantial, fleeting as the twinkling of the wave. Especially are the twilight, the dawn, and fortune shortlived, disappearing as soon as revealed; where and when have they been seen to abide? Charity to one's neighbour is the only thing that is permanent in this cycle of change; it produces holiness and fame that bear witness for hundreds of Yugas. So with what object, father, do we keep for ourselves such an unfailing wishing-tree, as all these phenomenal conditions are but momentary? Where, I ask, are those, our predecessors, who kept it so strenuously, exclaiming: 'It is mine, it is mine'? Where is it now to them? For which of them does it exist, and which of them exists for it? So, if you permit, father, I will employ this wishing-tree, that grants all desires, for attaining the matchless fruit of charity to one's neighbour."

His father gave him leave, saying: "So be it!" And Jīmūtavāhana went and said to the wishing-tree: "O

god, thou didst fulfil all the cherished wishes of our predecessors, so fulfil this one solitary wish of mine! Enable me to behold this whole earth free from poverty; depart, and good luck attend thee; thou art bestowed by me on the world that desires wealth." When Jīmūtavāhana had said this, with joined hands, a voice came forth from the tree: "Since thou hast relinquished me, I depart." And in a moment the wishing-tree flew up to heaven, and rained wealth on the earth, so plenteously that there was not one poor man left on it. Then the glory of that Jīmūtavāhana spread through the three worlds, on account of that ardent compassion of his for all creatures.

That made all his relations impatient with envy; and thinking that he and his father would be easy to conquer, as they were deprived of the calamity-averting tree which they had bestowed on the world, they put their heads together and formed a design, and then girded on their harness for war, to deprive Jīmūtavāhana and his father of their realm.

When Jīmūtavāhana saw that, he said to his father: "Father, what other has might, when thou hast taken up arms? But what generous man desires to possess a realm, if he must do so by slaying his relations for the sake of this wicked perishable body? So of what use is sovereignty to us? We will depart to some other place, and practise virtue that brings happiness in both worlds. Let these miserable relations that covet our kingdom, joy their fill!"

When Jīmūtavāhana said this, his father, Jīmūtakeṭu, answered him: "My son, I desire a realm for your sake only; if you, being penetrated with compassion, give it up, of what value is it to me, who am old?" When Jīmūtavāhana's father agreed to his proposal, he went with him and his mother to the Malaya mountain, abandoning his kingdom. There he made him a retreat in the valley of a brook, the stream of which was hidden by sandalwood-trees, and spent his time in waiting on his parents. And there he made a friend of the name of Mitrāvasu, the son of Viśvāvasu, the King of the Siddhas, who dwelt on that mountain.

Now, one day, as Jīmūtavāhana was roaming about, he went into a temple of the goddess Gaurī, that was situated in a garden, in order to worship in the presence of the image. And there he saw a beautiful maiden, accompanied by her attendants, playing on the lyre, intent on pleasing the daughter of the mountain. And the deer were listening to the sweet sound of the lyre in the musical performance standing motionless, as if abashed at beholding the beauty of her eyes. She had a black pupil in her white eye, and it seemed as if it strove to penetrate to the root of her ear. She was thin and elegant in her waist, which appeared as if the Creator had compressed it in his grasp when making her, and deeply impressed on it the marks of his fingers in the form of wrinkles. The moment Jīmūtavāhana saw that beauty, it seemed as if she entered by his eyes and stole away his heart. And when the maiden saw him, adorning the garden, producing longing and disturbance of soul, looking as if he were the God of Spring retired to the forest through disgust at the burning up of the body of the God of Love, she was overpowered with affection, and so bewildered that her lyre, as if it had been a friend, became distracted and mute.

Then Jīmūtavāhana said to an attendant of hers : "What is your friend's auspicious name, and what family does she adorn?" When the attendant heard that, she said: "She is the sister of Mitrāvasu, and the daughter of Viśvāvasu, the King of the Siddhas, and her name is Malayavatī." When she had said this to Jīmūtavāhana, the discreet woman asked the son of the hermit, who had come with him, his name and descent, and then she made this brief remark to Malayavatī, smiling as she spoke: "My friend, why do you not welcome this prince of the Vidyādharas who has come here? For he is a guest worthy of being honoured by the whole world." When she said this, that daughter of the King of the Siddhas was silent, and her face was cast down through shame. Then her attendant said to Jīmūtavāhana: "The princess is bashful, permit me to show you the proper courtesy in her place." So she alone gave him a garland with

the *arghya*. Jīmūtavāhana, as soon as the garland was given to him, being full of love, took it, and threw it round the neck of Malayavatī. And she, looking at him with loving, sidelong looks, placed, as it were, a garland of blue lotuses on him.

Thus they went through a sort of silent ceremony of mutual election, and then a maid came and said to that Siddha maiden: "Princess, your mother desires your presence; come at once." When the princess heard that, she withdrew regretfully and reluctantly from the face of her beloved her gaze, that seemed to be fastened to it with the arrows of love, and managed, not without a struggle, to return to her house. And Jīmūtavāhana, with his mind fixed on her, returned to his hermitage.

And when Malayavatī had seen her mother, she went at once and flung herself down on her bed, sick of separation from her beloved. Then her eyes were clouded, as it were, by the smoke of the fire of love that burnt in her bosom, she shed floods of tears, and her body was tortured with heat; and though her attendants anointed her with sandalwood unguent, and fanned her with the leaves of lotuses, she could not obtain any relief on the bed, in the lap of her attendant or on the ground. Then the day retired somewhere with the glowing evening, and the moon ascending kissed the laughing forehead of the east, and though urged on by love she was too bashful to send a female messenger to her chosen one, or to adopt any of the measures that lovers usually take; but she seemed loth to live. And she was contracted in her heart, and she passed that night, which the moon made disagreeable to her, like a lotus which closes at night, and bewilderment hung round her, like a cloud of bees.

And in the meanwhile Jīmūtavāhana, who was tortured at parting with her, though lying on his bed, spent the night as one who had fallen into the hands of Kāma; though his glow of love was of recent birth, a pallid hue began to show itself in him; and though shame made him dumb, he uttered the pain which love produced.

Next morning he returned with excessive longing to

that temple of Gaurī where he had seen the daughter of the King of the Siddhas. And while distracted with the fire of passion he was being consoled by the hermit's son, who had followed him there. Malayavatī also came there; for, as she could not bear separation, she had secretly gone out alone into a solitary place to abandon the body. And the girl, not seeing her lover, who was separated from her by a tree, thus prayed, with eyes full of tears, to the goddess Gaurī: "Goddess, though my devotion to thee has not made Jīmūtavāhana my husband in this life, let him be so in my next life!" As soon as she had said this, she made a noose with her upper garment, and fastened it to the branch of the *āsoka* tree in front of the temple of Gaurī. And she said: "Prince Jīmūtavāhana, lord renowned over the whole world, how is it that, though thou art compassionate, thou hast not delivered me?" When she had said this, she was proceeding to fasten the noose round her throat, but at that very moment a voice spoken by the goddess came from the air: "Daughter, do not act recklessly, for the Vidyādhara prince, Jīmūtavāhana, the future emperor, shall be thy husband."

When the goddess said this, Jīmūtavāhana also heard it, and seeing his beloved he went up to her, and his friend accompanied him. And his friend, the hermit's son, said to the young lady: "See, here is that very bridegroom whom the goddess has in reality bestowed upon you." And Jīmūtavāhana, uttering many tender loving speeches, removed with his own hand the noose from her neck. Then they seemed to have experienced, as it were, a sudden shower of nectar, and Malayavatī remained with bashful eye, drawing lines upon the ground. And at that moment, one of her companions, who was looking for her, suddenly came up to her, and said in joyful accents: "Friend, you are lucky, and you are blessed with good fortune in that you have obtained the very thing which you desired. For, this very day, Prince Mitrāvasu said to the great king your father, in my hearing: 'Father, that Vidyādhara prince, Jīmūtavāhana, the object of the

world's reverence, the bestower of the wishing-tree, who has come here, should be complimented by us, as he is our guest; and we cannot find any other match as good as him; so let us pay him a compliment by bestowing on him this pearl of maidens, Malayavatī.' The king approved saying, 'So be it,' and your brother, Mitrāvasu, has now gone to the hermitage of the illustrious prince on this very errand. And I know that your marriage will take place at once, so come back to your palace, and let this illustrious prince also return to his dwelling." When the princess's companion said this to her, she departed slowly from that place, rejoicing and regretful, frequently turning her head.

And Jīmūtavāhana also returned quickly to his hermitage, and heard from Mitrāvasu, who came there, his commission, which fulfilled all his wishes, and welcomed it with joy. And as he remembered his former births, he gave him an account of one in which Mitrāvasu was his friend, and Mitrāvasu's sister his wife. Then Mitrāvasu was pleased, and informed the parents of Jīmūtavāhana, who were also delighted, and returned, to the joy of his own parents, having executed his mission successfully. And that very day he took Jīmūtavāhana to his own house, and he made preparations for the marriage festival with a magnificence worthy of his magic power, and on that very same auspicious day he celebrated the marriage of his sister to that Vidyādhara prince; and then Jīmūtavāhana, having obtained the desire of his heart, lived with his newly married wife, Malayavatī. And once on a time, as he was roaming about out of curiosity with Mitrāvasu on that Malaya mountain, he reached a wood on the shore of the sea. There he saw a great many heaps of bones, and he said to Mitrāvasu: "What creatures are these whose bones are piled up here?" Then his brother-in-law, Mitrāvasu, said to that compassionate man: "Listen, I will tell you the story of this in a few words. Long, long ago, Kadrū, the mother of the snakes, conquered Vinatā, the mother of Garuḍa, in a treacherous wager, and made her a slave. Through enmity caused

thereby, the mighty Garuḍa, though he had delivered his mother, began to eat the snakes of the sons of Kadrū. He was thenceforth continually in the habit of entering Pātāla, and some he smote, some he trampled, and some died of fright.

"When Vāsuki, the king of the snakes, saw that, he feared that his race would be annihilated at one fell swoop, so he supplicated Garuḍa, and made a compact with him, saying: 'King of birds, I will send you one snake every day to this southern sea for your meal. But you must by no means enter Pātāla, for what advantage will you gain by destroying the snakes at one blow?' When the king of the snakes said this, the mighty Garuḍa saw that the proposal was to his advantage, and agreed to it. And from that time forth the king of birds eats every day, on the shore of the sea, a snake sent by Vāsuki. So these are heaps of bones of snakes devoured by Garuḍa, that have gradually accumulated in course of time, and come to look like the peak of a mountain."

When Jimūtavāhana, that treasure-house of courage and compassion, had heard, inly grieving, this story from the mouth of Mitrāvasu, he thus answered him: "One cannot help grieving for King Vāsuki, who, like a coward, offers up every day his subjects to their enemy with his own hand. As he has a thousand faces and a thousand mouths, why could he not say with one mouth to Garuḍa: 'Eat me first'? And how could he be so cowardly as to ask Garuḍa to destroy his race, and so heartless as to be able to listen continually, unmoved, to the lamentation of the Nāga women? And to think that Garuḍa, though the son of Kaśyapa and a hero, and though sanctified by being the bearer of Kṛishṇa, should do such an evil deed! Alas the depths of delusion!" When the noble-hearted one had said this, he formed this wish in his heart: "May I obtain the one essential object in this world by the sacrifice of the unsubstantial body! May I be so fortunate as to save the life of one friendless terrified Nāga by offering myself to Garuḍa!"

While Jimūtavāhana was going through these reflec-

tions, a doorkeeper came from Mitrāvasu's father to summon them, and Jīmūtavāhana sent Mitrāvasu home, saying to him: "Go you on first, I will follow." And after he had gone, the compassionate man roamed about alone, intent on effecting the object he had in view; and he heard afar off a piteous sound of weeping. And he went on, and saw near a lofty rocky slab a young man of handsome appearance plunged in grief: an officer of some monarch seemed to have just brought him and left him there, and the young man was trying to induce by loving persuasions an old woman, who was weeping there, to return.

And while Jīmūtavāhana was listening there in secret, melted with pity, eager to know who he could be, the old woman, overwhelmed with the weight of grief, began to look again and again at the young man, and to lament his hard lot in the following words: "Alas, Śankhachūḍa, you that were obtained by me by means of a hundred pangs! Alas, virtuous one! Alas, son, the only scion of our family, where shall I behold you again? Darling, when this moon of your face is withdrawn, your father will fall into the darkness of grief; and how will he live to old age? How will your body, that would suffer even from the touch of the sun's rays, be able to endure the agony of being devoured by Garuḍa? How comes it that providence and the king of the snakes were able to find out you, the only son of illstarred me, though the world of snakes is wide?" When she thus lamented, the young man, her son, said to her: "I am afflicted enough, as it is, mother; why do you afflict me more? Return home; this is my last reverence to you, for I know it will soon be time for Garuḍa to arrive here." When the old woman heard that, she cast her sorrowful eyes all round the horizon, and cried aloud: "I am undone; who will deliver my son?"

In the meanwhile Jīmūtavāhana, that portion of a Bodhisattva, having heard and seen that, said to himself, being profoundly touched with pity: "I see this is an unhappy snake, of the name of Śankhachūḍa, who has now



been sent by King Vāsuki, to serve as food for Garuḍa. And this is his aged mother, whose only son he is, and who had followed him here out of love, and is lamenting piteously from grief. So, if I cannot save this wretched Nāga by offering up this exceedingly perishable body, alas! my birth will have been void of fruit."

When Jīmūtavāhana had gone through these reflections he went joyfully up to the old woman, and said to her: "Mother, I will deliver your son." When the old woman heard that, she was alarmed and terrified, thinking that Garuḍa had come, and she cried out: "Eat me, Garuḍa; eat me!" Then Śankhachūḍa said: "Mother, do not be afraid. This is not Garuḍa. There is a great difference between this being, who cheers one like the moon, and the terrible Garuḍa." When Śankhachūḍa said this, Jīmūtavāhana said: "Mother, I am a Vidyādhara, come to deliver your son; for I will give my body, disguised in clothes, to the hungry Garuḍa; and do you return home, taking your son with you."

When the old woman heard that, she said: "By no means, for you are my son in a still higher sense, because you have shown such compassion for us at such a time." When Jīmūtavāhana heard that, he replied: "You two ought not to disappoint my wish in this matter." And when he persistently urged this, Śankhachūḍa said to him: "Of a truth, noble-hearted man, you have displayed your compassionate nature, but I cannot consent to save my body at the cost of yours; for who ought to save a common stone by the sacrifice of a gem? The world is full of people like myself, who feel pity only for themselves, but people like you, who are inclined to feel pity for the whole world, are few in number; besides, excellent man, I shall never find it in my heart to defile the pure race of Śāṅkhapāla, as a spot defiles the disk of the moon."

When Śankhachūḍa had in these words attempted to dissuade him, he said to his mother: "Mother, go back, and leave this terrible wilderness. Do you not see here this rock of execution, smeared with the clotted gore of snakes, awful as the luxurious couch of death! But I will

go to the shore of the sea, and worship the lord Gokarṇa, and quickly return, before Garuḍa comes here." When Śankhachūḍa had said this, he took a respectful leave of his sadly wailing mother, and went to pay his devotions to Gokarṇa.

And Jīmūtavāhana made up his mind that, if Garuḍa arrived in the meantime, he would certainly be able to carry out his proposed self-sacrifice for the sake of another. And while he was thus reflecting, he saw the trees swaying with the wind of the wings of the approaching king of birds, and seeming, as it were, to utter a cry of dissuasion. So he came to the conclusion that the moment of Garuḍa's arrival was at hand; and, determined to offer up his life for another, he ascended the rock of sacrifice. And the sea, churned by the wind, seemed with the eyes of its bright-flashing jewels to be gazing in astonishment at his extraordinary courage. Then Garuḍa came along, obscuring the heaven, and swooping down, struck the great-hearted hero with his beak, and carried him off from that slab of rock. And he quickly went off with him to a peak of the Malaya mountain, to eat him there; and Jīmūtavāhana's crest-jewel was torn from his head, and drops of blood fell from him, as he was carried through the air. And while Garuḍa was eating that moon of the Vidyādhara race, he said to himself: "May my body thus be offered in every birth for the benefit of others, and let me not enjoy heaven or liberation, if they are dissociated from the opportunity of benefiting my neighbour." And while he was saying this to himself, a rain of flowers fell from heaven.

In the meanwhile his crest-jewel, dripping with his blood, had fallen in front of his wife Malayavatī. When she saw it, she recognised it with much trepidation as her husband's crest-jewel, and as she was in the presence of her father-in-law and mother-in-law she showed it them with tears. And they, when they saw their son's crest-jewel, were at once beside themselves to think what it could mean. Then King Jīmūtakeṭu and Queen Kana-kavatī found out by their supernatural powers of medita-

tion the real state of the case, and proceeded to go quickly with their daughter-in-law to the place where Garuḍa and Jīmūtavāhana were. In the meanwhile Śankhachūḍa returned from worshipping Gokarna and saw, to his dismay, that that stone of sacrifice was wet with blood. Then the worthy fellow exclaimed with tears: "Alas, I am undone, guilty creature that I am! Undoubtedly that great-hearted one, in the fullness of his compassion, has given himself to Garuḍa in my stead. So I will find out to what place the enemy has carried him off in this moment. If I find him alive, I shall escape sinking in the mire of dishonour." While he said this, he went following up the track of the drops of blood, that he saw lying close to one another on the ground.

In the meanwhile Garuḍa, who was engaged in devouring Jīmūtavāhana, saw that he was pleased; so he immediately stopped, and said to himself: "Strange! This must be some matchless hero; for the great-hearted one rejoices even while I am devouring him, but does not lose his life. And on so much of his body as is not lacerated he has all the hairs erect, as it were a coat of mail; and his look is lovingly fixed on me, as if I were his benefactor. So he cannot be a snake; he must be some saint; I will cease from devouring him, and question him." While Garuḍa was thus musing, Jīmūtavāhana said to him: "King of birds, why do you desist? There is flesh and blood in my body, and you are not satisfied as yet, so go on eating it." When the king of birds heard this, he asked him with much astonishment: "Great-souled one, you are not a snake, so tell me who you are." But Jīmūtavāhana answered Garuḍa: "In truth I am a Nāga; what is the meaning of this question of yours? Do according to your kind, for who that is not foolish would act contrary to the purpose he had undertaken?"

While he was giving this answer to Garuḍa, Śankhachūḍa came near, and called out to Garuḍa from a distance: "Do not do a rash and criminal deed, son of Vinatā. What delusion is this that possesses you? He is not a snake; lo! I am the snake designed for you." When

Śankhachūḍa had said this he came up quickly, and standing between those two, and seeing Garuḍa bewildered, he went on to say: "Why are you perplexed; do you not see that I have hoods and two tongues; and do you not observe the charming appearance of this Vidyādhara?" While Śankhachūḍa was saying this, the wife and parents of Jīmūtavāhana came there with speed. And his parents, seeing him mangled, immediately cried out: "Alas, son! Alas, Jīmūtavāhana! Alas, compassionate one, who have given your life for others! How could you, son of Vinatā, do this thoughtless deed?"

When Garuḍa heard this, he was grieved, and he said: "What! Have I in my delusion eaten an incarnation of a Bodhisattva? This is that very Jīmūtavāhana who sacrifices his life for others, the renown of whose glory pervades all these three worlds. So, now that he is dead, the time has arrived for my wicked self to enter the fire. Does the fruit of the poison-tree of unrighteousness ever ripen sweet?" While Garuḍa was distracted with these reflections, Jīmūtavāhana, having beheld his family, fell down in the agony of his wounds, and died.

Then his parents, tortured with sorrow, lamented, and Śankhachūḍa again and again blamed his own negligence. But Jīmūtavāhana's wife, Malayavatī, looked towards the heavens, and in accents choked with tears thus reproached the goddess Ambikā, who before was pleased with her, and granted her a boon: "At that time, O goddess Gaurī, thou didst promise me that I should have for husband one destined to be paramount sovereign over all the kings of the Vidyādharas, so how comes it that thou hast falsified thy promise to me?" When she said this, Gaurī became visible, and saying, "Daughter, my speech was not false," she quickly sprinkled Jīmūtavāhana with nectar from her pitcher. That made the successful hero Jīmūtavāhana at once rise up more splendid than before, with all his limbs free from wounds.

He rose up, and prostrated himself before the goddess, and then all prostrated themselves, and the goddess said to him: "My son, I am pleased with this sacrifice of thy

body, so I now anoint thee with this hand of mine emperor over the Vidyādhara, and thou shalt hold the office for a *kalpa*." With these words Gaurī sprinkled Jīmūtavāhana with water from her pitcher and, after she had been worshipped, disappeared. And thereupon a heavenly rain of flowers fell on that spot, and the drums of the gods sounded joyously in the sky.

Then Garuḍa, bending low, said to Jīmūtavāhana: "Emperor, I am pleased with thee, as thou art an unparalleled hero, since thou, of soul matchlessly generous, hast done this wonderful deed, that excites the astonishment of the three worlds, and is inscribed on the walls of the egg of Brahmā. So give me an order, and receive from me whatever boon thou dost desire." When Garuḍa said this, the great-hearted hero said to him: "Thou must repent, and never again devour the snakes; and let these snakes, whom thou didst devour before, whose bones only remain, return to life." Thereupon Garuḍa said: "So be it; from this day forth I will never eat the snakes again; heaven forfend! As for those that I ate on former occasions, let them return to life."

Then all the snakes that he had eaten before, whose bones alone remained, rose up unwounded, restored to life by the nectar of his boon. Then the gods, the snakes and the hermit bands assembled there full of joy, and so the Malaya mountain earned the title of the three worlds. And then all the kings of the Vidyādhara heard by the favour of Gaurī the strange story of Jīmūtavāhana; and they immediately came and bowed at his feet, and after he had dismissed Garuḍa, they took him to the Himālayas, accompanied by his rejoicing relations and friends, a noble emperor, whose great inauguration ceremony had been performed by Gaurī with her own hands. There Jīmūtavāhana, in the society of his mother and father, and of Mitrāvasu and Malayavatī, and of Śankhachūḍa, who had gone to his own house, and returned again, long enjoyed the dignity of emperor of the Vidyādhara, rich in jewels, which had been gained by his marvellous and extraordinarily heroic action.

Having told this noble and interesting tale, the Vetāla proceeded to put another question to King Trivikramasena: "So tell me, which of those two was superior in fortitude, Śankhachūḍa or Jimūtavāhana? And the conditions are those which I mentioned before." When King Trivikramasena heard this question of the Vetāla's he broke his silence, through fear of a curse, and said, with calm composure: "This behaviour was nowise astonishing in Jimūtavāhana, as he had acquired this virtue in many births, but Śankhachūḍa really deserves praise, for that, after he had escaped death, he ran after his enemy Garuḍa, who had found another self-offered victim and had gone a long distance with him, and importunately offered him his body."

When that excellent Vetāla had heard this speech of that king's he left his shoulder and again went to his own place, and the king again pursued him as before.

## STORY THE SEVENTEENTH

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THEN the brave King Trivikramasena went back once more to the *śimsapā* tree, and taking the Vetāla from it, carried him off on his shoulder. And when he had set out, the Vetāla said to him, from his perch on his shoulder: "Listen, King, to cheer your toil, I will tell you the following tale.

There was a city of the name of Kanakapura situated on the bank of the Ganges, in which the bounds of virtue were never transgressed, and which was inaccessible to the demon Kali. In it there was a king rightly named Yaśodhana, who, like a rocky coast, protected the earth against the sea of calamity. When Destiny framed him, she seemed to blend together the moon and the sun, for although he delighted the world, the heat of his valour was scorching, and the circle of his territory never waned. This king was unskilled in slandering his neighbour, but skilled in the meaning of the Śāstras, he showed poverty in crime, not in treasure and military force. His subjects sang of him as one afraid only of sin, covetous only of glory, averse to the wives of others, all compact of valour, generosity and love.

In that capital of that sovereign there was a great merchant, and he had an unmarried daughter, named Unmādinī. Whoever there beheld her was at once driven mad by the wealth of her beauty, which was enough to be

wilder even the God of Love himself. And when she attained womanhood, her politic father, the merchant, went to King Yaśodhana, and said to him: "King, I have a daughter to give in marriage, who is the pearl of the three worlds; I dare not give her away to anyone else, without informing your Majesty. For to your Majesty belong all the jewels on the whole earth, so do me the favour of accepting or rejecting her."

When the king heard this report from the merchant, he sent off, with due politeness, his own Brāhmans, to see whether she had auspicious marks or not. The Brāhmans went and saw that matchless beauty of the three worlds, and were at once troubled and amazed; but when they had recovered their self-control they reflected: "If the king gets hold of this maiden the kingdom will be ruined, for his mind will be thrown off its balance by her, and he will not regard his kingdom; so we must not tell the king that she possesses auspicious marks." When they had deliberated to this effect, they went to the king, and said falsely to him: "She has inauspicious marks." Accordingly the king declined to take that merchant's daughter as his wife.

Then, by the king's orders, the merchant, the father of the maiden Unmādinī, gave her in marriage to the commander of the king's forces, named Baladhara. And she lived happily with her husband in his house, but she thought that she had been dishonoured by the king's abandoning her on account of her supposed inauspicious marks.

And as time went on, the lion of spring came to that place, slaying the elephant of winter, that, with flowering jasmine creepers for tusks, had ravaged the thick-clustering lotuses. And it sported in the wood, with luxuriant clusters of flowers for mane, and with mango buds for claws. At that season King Yaśodhana, mounted on an elephant, went out to see the high festival of spring in that city of his. And then a warning drum was beaten, to give notice to all matrons to retire, as it was apprehended that the sight of his beauty might prove their ruin.



When Unmādinī heard that drum, she showed herself to the king on the roof of her palace, to revenge the insult he had offered her by refusing her. And when the king saw her, looking like a flame shooting up from the fire of love, when fanned by spring and the winds from the Malaya mountain, he was sorely troubled. And gazing on her beauty, that pierced deep into his heart, like a victorious dart of Kāma, he immediately swooned. His servants managed to bring him round, and when he had entered his palace he found out from them, by questioning them, that this was the very beauty who had been formerly offered to him, and whom he had rejected. Then the king banished from his realm those who reported that she had inauspicious marks, and thought on her with longing, night after night, saying to himself: "Ah! how dull of soul and shameless is the moon, that he continues to rise, while her spotless face is there, a feast to the eyes of the world!" Thinking thus in his heart, the king, being slowly wasted by the smouldering fire of love, pined away day by day. But through shame he concealed the cause of his grief, and with difficulty was he induced to tell it to his confidential servants, who were led by external signs to question him. Then they said: "Why fret yourself? Why do you not take her to yourself, as she is at your command?" But the righteous sovereign would not consent to follow their advice.

Then Baladhara, the commander-in-chief, heard the tidings, and, being truly devoted to him, he came and flung himself at the feet of his sovereign, and made the following petition to him: "King, you should look upon this female slave as your slave girl, not as the wife of another; and I bestow her freely upon you, so deign to accept my wife. Or I will abandon her in the temple here; then, King, there will be no sin in your taking her to yourself, as there might be if she were a matron." When the commander-in-chief persistently entreated the king to this effect, the king answered him, with inward wrath: "How could I, being a king, do such an unrighteous deed? If I desert the path of right, who will remain loyal to his duty?

And how can you, though devoted to me, urge me to commit a crime, which will bring momentary pleasure, but cause great misery in the next world? And if you desert your lawful wife I shall not allow your crime to go unpunished, for who in my position could tolerate such an outrage on morality? So death is for me the best course." With these words the king vetoed the proposal of the commander-in-chief, for men of noble character lose their lives sooner than abandon the path of virtue. And in the same way the resolute-minded monarch rejected the petition of his citizens, and of the country people, who assembled, and entreated him to the same effect.

Accordingly, the king's body was gradually consumed by the fire of the grievous fever of love, and only his name and fame remained. But the commander-in-chief could not bear the thought that the king's death had been brought about in this way, so he entered the fire; for the actions of devoted followers are inexplicable.

When the Vetāla, sitting on the shoulder of King Trivikramasena, had told this wonderful tale, he again said to him: "So tell me, King, which of these two was superior in loyalty, the general or the king; and remember, the previous condition still holds." When the Vetāla said this, the king broke silence, and answered him: "Of these two the king was superior in loyalty." When the Vetāla heard this, he said to him reproachfully: "Tell me, King, how can you make out that the general was not his superior? For, though he knew the charm of his wife's society by long familiarity, he offered such a fascinating woman to the king out of love for him; and when the king was dead he burnt himself; but the king refused the offer of his wife without knowing anything about her."

When the Vetāla said this to the king, the latter laughed, and said: "Admitting the truth of this, what is there astonishing in the fact that the commander-in-chief, a man

of good family, acted thus for his master's sake, out of regard for him? For servants are bound to preserve their masters even by the sacrifice of their lives. But kings are inflated with arrogance, uncontrollable as elephants, and when bent on enjoyment they snap as under the chain of the moral law. For their minds are overweening, and all discernment is washed out of them when the waters of inauguration are poured over them, and is, as it were, swept away by the flood. And the breeze of the waving chowries fans away the atoms of the sense of scripture taught them by old men, as it fans away flies and mosquitoes. And the royal umbrella keeps off from them the rays of truth, as well as the rays of the sun; and their eyes, smitten by the gale of prosperity, do not see the right path. And so even kings that have conquered the world, like Nahusha and others, have had their minds bewildered by Māra, and have been brought into calamity. But this king, though his umbrella was paramount in the earth, was not fascinated by Unmādinī, fickle as the Goddess of Fortune; indeed, sooner than set his foot on the wrong path, he renounced his life altogether; therefore him I consider the more self-controlled of the two."

When the Vetāla heard this speech of the king's, he again rapidly quitted his shoulder by the might of his delusive power, and returned to his own place; and the king followed him swiftly, as before, to recover him: for how can great men leave off in the middle of an enterprise which they have begun, even though it be very difficult?

## STORY THE EIGHTEENTH

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**T**HEN in that cemetery, full of flames of funeral pyres, as of demons, flesh-devouring, with lolling tongues of fire, the undaunted King Trivikramasena went back that same night to the *śimsāpā* tree.

And there he unexpectedly saw many corpses of similar appearance hanging upon the tree, and they all seemed to be possessed by Vetālas. The king said to himself: "Ah! what is the meaning of this? Is this deluding Vetāla doing this now in order to waste time? For I do not know which of these many corpses here I ought to take. If this night shall pass away without my accomplishing my object I will enter the fire, I will not put up with disgrace." But the Vetāla discovered the king's intention, and pleased with his courage he withdrew that delusion. Then the king beheld only one Vetāla on the tree in the corpse of a man, and he took it down, and put it on his shoulder, and once more started off with it. And as he trudged along, the Vetāla again said to him: "King, your fortitude is wonderful; so listen to this my tale.

There is a city called Ujjayinī, inferior only to Bhogavati and Amarāvati, which Śiva, who was won by the toilsome asceticism of Gaurī, being in love with the matchless pre-eminence of its excellence, himself selected as his habitation. It is full of various enjoyments, to be attained only by distinguished well-doing; in that city stiffness and

hardness is seen only in the bosoms of the ladies, curvature only in their eyebrows, and fickleness only in their rolling eyes; darkness only in the nights; crookedness only in the ambiguous phrases of poets; madness only in elephants; and coldness only in périls, sandalwood juice and the moon.

In that city there was a learned Brāhman, named Devasvāmin, who had offered many sacrifices, and possessed great wealth, and who was highly honoured by the king, whose name was Chandraprabha. In time there was born to that Brāhman a son, named Chandrasvāmin, and he, though he had studied the sciences, was, when he grew up, exclusively devoted to the vice of gambling. Now once on a time that Brāhman's son, Chandrasvāmin, entered a great gambling-hall to gamble. Calamities seemed to be continually watching that hall with tumbling dice for rolling eyes, like the black antelope in colour, and saying to themselves: "Whom shall we seize on here?" And the hall, full of the noise of the altercations of gamblers, seemed to utter this cry: "Who is there whose wealth I could not take away? I could impoverish even Kuvera, the lord of Alakā." Then he entered the hall, and playing dice with gamblers, he lost his clothes and all, and then he lost borrowed money in addition. And when he was called upon to pay that impossible sum, he could not do it, so the keeper of the gambling-hall seized him and beat him with sticks. And that Brāhman's son, when beaten with sticks all over his body, made himself motionless as a stone, and to all appearance dead, and remained in that state.

When he had remained there in that condition for two or three days, the proprietor of the gambling establishment got angry, and said, in the gambling-hall, to the gamblers who frequented it: "This fellow has begun to try on the petrification dodge, so take the spiritless wretch and throw him into some blind well; but I will give you the money."

When the proprietor said this to the gamblers they took up Chandrasvāmin, and carried him to a distant wood, to look for a well. There an old gambler said to the others:

"This fellow is all but dead; so what is the good of throwing him into a well now? So let us leave him here, and say that we left him in a well." All approved his speech, and agreed to do as he recommended.

Then the gamblers left Chandrasvāmin there and went their ways, and he rose up and entered an empty temple of Śiva that stood near. There he recovered his strength a little, and reflected in his grief: "Alas! being overconfiding, I have been robbed by these gamblers by downright cheating, so where can I go in this condition, naked, cudgelled and begrimed with dust? What would my father, my relations or my friends say of me, if they saw me? So I will remain here for the present, and at night I will go out, and see how I can make shift to get food, to satisfy my hunger." While he was going through these reflections, in hunger and nakedness, the sun abated his heat, and abandoned his garment the sky, and went to the mountain of setting.

Thereupon there came there a Pāśupata ascetic, with his body smeared with ashes, with matted hair and a trident, looking like a second Śiva. When he saw Chandrasvāmin he said to him: "Who are you?" Thereupon Chandrasvāmin told him his story, and bowed before him, and the hermit, when he heard it, said to him: "You have arrived at my hermitage, as an unexpected guest, exhausted with hunger; so rise up, bathe and take a portion of the food I have obtained by begging." When the hermit said this to Chandrasvāmin he answered: "Reverend sir, I am a Brāhman; how can I eat a part of your alms?"

When the hospitable hermit, who possessed magic powers, heard that, he entered his hut, and called to mind the science which produced whatever one desires, and the science appeared to him when he called it to mind, and said: "What shall I do for you?" And he gave it this order: "Provide entertainment for this guest." The science answered: "I will." And then Chandrasvāmin beheld a golden city rise up, with a garden attached to it, and full of female attendants. And

those females came out of that city, and approached the astonished Chandrasvāmin, and said to him: "Rise up, good sir; come, eat and forget your fatigue." Then they took him inside, and made him bathe, and anointed him; and they put splendid garments on him, and took him to another magnificent dwelling. And there the young man beheld a young woman who seemed their chief, who was beautiful in all her limbs, and appeared to have been made by the Creator out of curiosity to see what he could do. She rose up eager to welcome him, and made him sit beside her on her throne; and he partook with her of heavenly food, and ate with much delight betel-nut, flavoured with five fruits.

And next morning he woke up, and saw only that temple of Śiva there, and neither that city, nor that heavenly lady, nor her attendants. Then the hermit came out of the hut, smiling, and asked him how he had enjoyed himself in the night, and the discreet Chandrasvāmin, in his despondency, said to the hermit: "By your favour, reverend sir, I spent the night happily enough; but now, without that heavenly lady, my life will depart." When the hermit heard that, being kind-hearted, he laughed and said to him: "Remain here; you shall have exactly the same experiences this night also." When the hermit said this, Chandrasvāmin consented to stay, and by the favour of the hermit he was provided, by the same means, with the same enjoyments every night.

And at last he understood that this was all produced by magic science, so, one day, impelled by destiny, he coaxed that mighty hermit and said to him: "If, reverend sir, you really take pity on me, who have fled to you for protection, bestow on me that science, whose power is so great." When he urged this request persistently, the hermit said to him: "You cannot attain this science; for it is attained under the water, and while the aspirant is muttering spells under the water, the science creates delusions to bewilder him, so that he does not attain success. For there he sees himself born again, and a boy, and then a youth, and then a young man, and married, and then he supposes that he has a son.

And he is falsely deluded, supposing that one person is his friend and another his enemy, and he does not remember this birth, nor that he is engaged in a magic rite for acquiring science. But whoever, when he seems to have reached twenty-four years, is recalled to consciousness by the science of his instructor, and, being firm of soul, remembers his real life, and knows that all he supposes himself to experience is the effect of illusion, and though he is under the influence of it enters the fire, attains the science, and rising from the water sees the real truth. But if the science is not attained by the pupil on whom it is bestowed, it is lost to the teacher also, on account of its having been communicated to an unfit person. You can attain all the results you desire by my possession of the science; why do you show this persistence? Take care that my power is not lost, and that your enjoyment is not lost also."

Though the hermit said this, Chandrasvāmin persisted in saying to him: "I shall be able to do all that is required; do not be anxious about that." Then the hermit consented to give him the science. What will not good men do for the sake of those that implore their aid? Then the Pāśupata ascetic went to the bank of the river, and said to him: "My son, when, in repeating this charm you behold that illusion, I will recall you to consciousness by my magic power, and you must enter the fire which you will see in your illusion. For I shall remain here all the time on the bank of the river to help you." When that prince of ascetics had said this, being himself pure, he duly communicated that charm to Chandrasvāmin, who was purified and had rinsed his mouth with water.

Then Chandrasvāmin bowed low before his teacher, and plunged boldly into the river, while he remained on the bank. And while he was repeating over that charm in the water, he was at once bewildered by its deluding power, and cheated into forgetting the whole of that birth. And he imagined himself to be born in his own person in another town, as the son of a certain Brāhman, and he slowly grew up. And in his fancy he was invested with the Brāhmanical thread, and studied the prescribed sciences,



and married a wife, and was absorbed in the joys and sorrows of married life, and in course of time had a son born to him, and he remained in that town engaged in various pursuits, enslaved by love for his son, devoted to his wife, with his parents and relations.

While he was thus living through in his fancy a life other than his real one, the hermit, his teacher, employed the charm whose office it was to rouse him at the proper season. He was suddenly awakened from his reverie by the employment of that charm, and recollected himself and that hermit, and became aware that all that he was apparently going through was magic illusion, and he became eager to enter the fire, in order to gain the fruit which was to be attained by the charm; but he was surrounded by his elders, friends, superiors and relations, who all tried to prevent him. Still, though they used all kinds of arguments to dissuade him, being desirous of heavenly enjoyment, he went with his relations to the bank of the river, on which a pyre was prepared. There he saw his aged parents and his wife ready to die with grief, and his young children crying; and in his bewilderment he said to himself: "Alas! my relations will all die if I enter the fire, and I do not know if that promise of my teacher's is true or not. So shall I enter the fire? Or shall I not enter it? After all, how can that promise of my teacher's be false, as it is so precisely in accordance with all that has taken place? So, I will gladly enter the fire." When the Brāhman Chandrasvāmin had gone through these reflections, he entered the fire.

And to his astonishment the fire felt as cool to him as snow. Then he rose up from the water of the river, the delusion having come to an end, and went to the bank. There he saw his teacher on the bank, and he prostrated himself at his feet, and when his teacher questioned him, he told him all his experiences, ending with the cool feel of the fire. Then his teacher said to him: "My son, I am afraid you have made some mistake in this incantation, otherwise how can the fire have become cool to you? This pheno-

menon in the process of acquiring this science is unprecedented."

When Chandrasvāmin heard this remark of the teacher's he answered: "Reverend sir, I am sure that I made no mistake."

Then the teacher, in order to know for certain, called to mind that science, and it did not present itself to him or his pupil. So, as both of them had lost the science, they left that place despondent.

When the Vetāla had told this story, he once more put a question to King Trivikramasena, after mentioning the same condition as before: "King, resolve this doubt of mine; tell me, why was the science lost to both of them though the incantation was performed in the prescribed way?" When the brave king heard this speech of the Vetāla's he gave him this answer: "I know, lord of magic, you are bent on wasting my time here; still I will answer. A man cannot obtain success, even by performing correctly a difficult ceremony, unless his mind is firm, and abides in spotless courage, unhesitating and pure from wavering. But in that business the mind of that spiritless young Brāhman wavered, even when roused by his teacher, so his charm did not attain success, and his teacher lost his mastery over the charm, because he had bestowed it on an undeserving aspirant."

When the king had said this, the mighty Vetāla again left his shoulder and went back invisible to his own place, and the king went back to fetch him as before.

## STORY THE NINETEENTH

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THEN King Trivikramasena again went and took the Vetāla from the *śimśapā* tree, and putting him on his shoulder set out with him; and as he was returning from the tree, the Vetāla once more said to him: "Listen, King. I will tell you a delightful tale.

There is a city named Vakrolaka, equal to the city of the gods; in it there dwelt a king named Sūryaprabha, equal to Indra. He, like Viṣṇu, rescued this earth, and bore it a long time on his arm, gladdening all men by his frame ever ready to bear their burdens. In the realm of that king tears were produced only by contact with smoke; there was no talk of death except in the case of the living death of starved lovers, and the only fines were the fine gold sticks in the hands of his warders. He was rich in all manner of wealth, and he had only one source of grief—namely, that, though he had many wives, no son was born to him.

Now, at this point of the story, there was a merchant of the name of Dhanapāla, in the great city of Tāmraliptī, the wealthiest of the wealthy. And he had born to him one daughter only, and her name was Dhanavatī, who was shown by her beauty to be a Vidyādhari fallen by a curse. When she grew up to womanhood, the merchant died; and his relations seized his property, as the king did not interfere to protect it.

Then the wife of that merchant, who was named Hiraṇyavatī, took her own jewels and ornaments, which she had carefully concealed, and left her house secretly at the beginning of the night, with her daughter Dhanavatī, and fled, to escape from her husband's relations. And with difficulty did she get outside the town, leaning upon the hand of her daughter, for without her was the darkness of night, and within her the darkness of grief. And as she went along in the thick darkness outside the town, it chanced, so fate would have it, that she ran her shoulder against a thief impaled on a stake, whom she did not see. He was still alive, and his pain being aggravated by the blow he received from her shoulder, he said: "Alas! who has rubbed salt into my wounds?" The merchant's wife then and there said to him: "Who are you?" He answered her: "I am a detected thief impaled here, and though I am impaled, my breath has not yet left my body, wicked man that I am. So tell me, lady, who you are and whither you are going in this manner." When the merchant's wife heard this, she told him her story, and at that moment the eastern quarter adorned her face with the outshining moon, as with a beauty-patch.

Then, all the horizon being lighted up, the thief saw the merchant's daughter, the maiden Dhanavatī, and said to her mother: "Listen to one request of mine: I will give you a thousand pieces of gold; come, give me this maiden daughter of yours to wife." She laughed, and said: "What do you want with her?" Then the thief replied: "I am now as good as dead, and I have no son; and you know, a sonless man does not inherit the worlds of bliss. But, if you agree to my proposal, whatever son she may give birth to by my appointment, whoever may be his father, will be the issue raised up to me. This is the reason why I ask for her, but do you accomplish that desire of mine." When the merchant's widow heard this, she consented to it out of avarice. And she brought water from somewhere or other, and poured it on the hand of that thief, and said: "I give you this my maiden daughter in marriage."

He then gave to her daughter the command aforesaid, and then said to the merchant's widow: "Go and dig at the foot of this banyan-tree, and take the gold you find there; and when I am dead, have my body burned with the usual ceremonies, and throw my bones into some sacred water, and go with your daughter to the city of Vakrolaka. There the people are made happy by good government under King Sūryaprabha, and you will be able to live as you like, free from anxiety, as you will not be persecuted." When the thief had said this, being thirsty he drank some water which she brought; and his life came to an end, spent with the torture of impalement.

Then the merchant's widow went and took the gold from the foot of the banyan-tree, and went secretly with her daughter to the house of a friend of her husband's; and while she was there, she managed to get that thief's body duly burned, and had his bones thrown into sacred water, and all the other rites performed. And the next day she took that concealed wealth and went off with her daughter, and travelling along reached in course of time that city Vakrolaka. There she bought a house from a great merchant named Vasudatta, and lived in it with her daughter, Dhanavati.

Now at that time there lived in that city a teacher of the name of Vishṇusvāmin. And he had a pupil, a very handsome Brāhman, of the name of Maṇḥṣvāmin. And he, though he was of high birth, and well educated, was so enslaved by the passions of youth that he fell in love with a courtesan of the name of Haṁṣāvalī. But she demanded a fee of five hundred gold *dīnārs*, and he did not possess this sum, so he was in a state of perpetual despondency.

And one day that merchant's daughter, Dhanavati, saw him from the top of her palace, such as I have described, with attenuated but handsome frame. Her heart was captivated by his beauty; so she called to mind the injunction of that thief her husband, and artfully said to her mother, who was near her: "Mother, behold the beauty and youth of this young Brāhman, how charming they are, raining nectar into the eyes of the whole

world." When that merchant's widow heard this, she saw that her daughter was in love with the young Brāhman, and she thought thus in her mind: "My daughter is bound by the orders of her husband to choose some man, in order to raise up issue to her husband, so why should she not invite this one?" When she had gone through these reflections, she entrusted her wish to a confidential maid, and sent her to bring the Brāhman for her daughter.

The maid went and took that Brāhman aside, and communicated her mistress's wish to him, and that young and dissolute Brāhman said to her: "If they will give me five hundred gold *dīnārs* for Hamsāvalī, I will go there for one night." When he said this to the maid, she went and communicated it to the merchant's widow, and she sent the money to him by her hand. When Maṇaḥsvāmin had received the money, he went with the maid to the private apartments of the widow's daughter, Dhanavatī, who had been made over to him. Then he saw that expectant fair one, the ornament of the earth, as the partridge beholds the moonlight, and rejoiced; and after passing the night there, he went away secretly next morning.

And Dhanavatī, the merchant's daughter, became pregnant by him, and in due time she brought forth a son, whose auspicious marks foreshadowed his lofty destiny. She and her mother were much pleased at the birth of a son; and then Śiva manifested himself to them in a dream by night, and said to them: "Take this boy, as he lies in his cradle, and leave him, with a thousand gold pieces, early in the morning, at the door of King Sūryaprabha. In this way all will turn out well." The merchant's widow and the merchant's daughter, having received this command from Śiva, woke up, and told one another their dream. And relying upon the god, they took the boy and the gold, and laid them together at the gate of King Sūryaprabha's palace.

In the meanwhile Śiva thus commanded in a dream King Sūryaprabha, who was tormented with anxiety to obtain a son: "Rise up, King, somebody has placed at the gate of your palace a handsome child and some gold,

take him as he lies in his cradle." When Śiva had said this to the king, he woke up in the morning, and at that moment the warders came in and told him the same, and so he went out himself, and seeing at the gate of the palace that boy with a heap of gold, and observing that he was of auspicious appearance, having his hands and feet marked with the line, the umbrella, the banner and other marks, he said, "Śiva has given me a suitable child," and he himself took him up in his arms, and went into the palace with him. And he made a feast, and gave away an incalculable amount of wealth, so that only the word "poor" was without its proper wealth of signification. And King Sūryaprabha spent twelve days in music, and dancing, and other amusements, and then he gave that son the name of Chandraprabha.

And gradually Prince Chandraprabha increased in stature as well as in excellent character, delighting his dependents by both. And in course of time he grew up, and became capable of bearing the weight of the earth, winning over the subjects by his courage, his generosity, his learning and other accomplishments. And his father King Sūryaprabha, seeing that he possessed these qualities, appointed him his successor in the kingdom, and being an old man, and having accomplished all his ends in life, he went to Vārāṇasī. And while that son of his, distinguished for policy, was ruling the earth, he abandoned his body at Vārāṇasī, in the performance of severe asceticism.

And that pious King Chandraprabha, hearing of the death of his father, lamented for him, and performed the usual ceremonies, and then said to his ministers: "How can I ever pay my debt to my father? However I will make one recompense to him with my own hand. I will take his bones and duly fling them into the Ganges, and I will go to Gayā, and offer an obsequial cake to all the ancestors, and I will diligently perform a pilgrimage to all sacred waters, as far as the eastern sea." When the king said this, his ministers said to him: "Your Majesty, kings ought never to do these things, for sovereignty has

many weak points, and cannot subsist a moment without being upheld. So you must pay this debt to your father by the instrumentality of another. What visiting of holy waters, other than the doing of your duty, is incumbent upon you? Kings, who are ever carefully guarded, have nothing to do with pilgrimage, which is exposed to many dangers." When King Chandraprabha heard this speech of his ministers he answered them: "Away with doubts and hesitations! I must certainly go for my father's sake; and I must visit the sacred waters while I am young and strong enough. Who knows what will take place hereafter, for the body perishes in a moment? And you must guard my kingdom until I return." When the ministers heard this resolve of the king's they remained silent. So the king got ready all the requisites for the journey.

Then, on an auspicious day, the king bathed, made offerings to the fire, gave complimentary presents to Brāhmans, and ascended a chariot to which the horses were yoked, subdued in spirit and wearing the dress of an ascetic, and started on his pilgrimage. With difficulty did he induce the feudal chiefs, the Rājapūts, the citizens and the country people, who followed him as far as the frontier, to return, much against their will; and so, throwing the burden of his realm upon his ministers, King Chandraprabha set out in the company of his private chaplain, attended by Brāhmans in chariots. He was diverted by beholding various garbs, and hearing various languages, and by the other distractions of travel; and so, seeing on his way all kinds of countries, in course of time, he reached the Ganges. And he gazed upon that river which seemed with the ridges of its waves to be making a ladder for mortals to ascend into heaven by; and which might be said to imitate Ambikā, since it sprang from the mountain Himavat, and playfully pulled in its course the hair of Śiva, and was worshipped by the divine Rishis and the Gaṇas. So he descended from his chariot, and bathed in that river, and threw into it, in accordance with pious customs, the bones of King Sūryaprabha.



And after he had given gifts, and performed the *śrāddha*, he ascended the chariot, and set out, and in course of time reached Prayāga, celebrated by Rishis, where the meeting streams of the Ganges and Yamunā gleam for the welfare of men, like the line of flame and the line of smoke of the sacrificial butter blending together. There King Chandrabha fasted, and performed, with various pious actions, such as bathing, distribution of wealth, and so on, the solemn ceremony of the *śrāddha*, and then he went on to Vārāṇasī, which seemed by the silken banners of its temples, tossed up and down by gusts of wind, to cry out from afar: "Come and attain salvation."

In that city he fasted for three days, and then worshipped Śiva with various meat-offerings, as became his own rank and then set out for Gayā. As he travelled through the woods, the trees, which were bent down by the weight of their fruit and in which the birds were sweetly singing, seemed at every step to be bowing before him and praising him at the same time; and the winds, throwing about the woodland flowers, seemed to honour him with posies. And so he crossed the forest districts and reached the sacred hill of Gayā. And there he duly performed a *śrāddha*, in which he bestowed many gifts on Brāhmans, and then he entered the Holy Wood. And while he was offering the sacrificial cake to his father in the well of Gayā there rose out of it three human hands to take the cake. When the king saw this, he was bewildered, and said to his own Brāhmans: "What does this mean? Into which hand am I to put the cake?" They said to him: "King, this hand, in which an iron spike is seen, is certainly the hand of a thief; and this second hand, which holds a colander, is the hand of a Brāhman; and this third hand, which has a ring and the auspicious marks, is the hand of a king. So we do not know into which hand the sacrificial cake is to be put, or what it all means." When the Brāhmans said this to the king, he was unable to arrive at any certain decision.

When the Vetāla, on the shoulder of the king, had told this wonderful tale, he said to King Trivikramasena: "Now into whose hand should the cake have been put? Let your Highness tell me that; and remember the previous condition is still binding on you."

When King Trivikramasena, who was well versed in law, heard this from the Vetāla, he broke silence, and answered him: "The sacrificial cake should have been placed in the hand of the thief, for King Chandraprabha was his son, raised up to him by his appointment, and he was not the son of either of the other two. For though the Brāhman begot him, he cannot be considered his father, as he sold himself for money for that one night. However, he might have been considered the son of King Sūryaprabha, because he had the sacraments performed for him, and brought him up, if the king had not received his wealth for this purpose. For the gold which was placed at the head of the child in the cradle was the price paid to King Sūryaprabha for bringing him up, and other services. Accordingly King Chandraprabha was the son, begotten, by another man, of that thief, who received his mother with the pouring of water over the hands, who gave the order for his being begotten, and to whom all that wealth belonged; and he ought to have placed the sacrificial cake in the thief's hand; this is my opinion."

When the king said this, the Vetāla left his shoulder, and went to his own place, and King Trivikramasena again went after him to bring him back.

## STORY THE TWENTIETH

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THEN King Trivikramasena went and took down that Vetāla from the *śimśapā* tree, and, putting him on his shoulder, started off with him again. And when he had set out in silence, the Vetāla spake to him from his shoulder: "King, what is the meaning of this persistency of yours? Go, enjoy the good of the night; it is not fitting that you should carry me to that wicked mendicant. However, if you are obstinately bent on it, so be it; but listen to this one story.

There is a city called Chitrakūṭa, rightly so named, where the established divisions of the castes never step across the strict line of demarcation. In it there lived a king, named Chandrāvaloka, the crest-jewel of kings, who rained showers of nectar into the eyes of those devoted to him. Wise men praised him as the binding-post of the elephant of valour, the fountain-head of generosity and the pleasure-pavilion of beauty. There was one supreme sorrow in the heart of that young prince, that, though he enjoyed all kinds of prosperity, he could not obtain a suitable wife.

Now, one day, the king, accompanied by mounted attendants, went out to a great forest to hunt, in order to dispel that sorrow. There he cleft with continual shafts the herds of wild swine, as the sun, shining in the dun sky, disperses the darkness with his rays. Surpassing

Arjuna in strength, he made the lions, impetuous in fight, and terrible with their yellow manes, repose upon beds of arrows. Like Indra in might, he stripped of their wings the mountain-like Śarabhas, and laid them low with the blows of his darts hard as the thunderbolt. In the ardour of the chase he felt a longing to penetrate into the centre of the wood alone, so he urged on his horse with a smart blow of his heel. The horse, being exceedingly excited by that blow of his heel, and by a stroke of the whip, cared neither for rough nor smooth, but darting on with a speed exceeding that of the wind, in a moment traversed ten *yojanas*, and carried the king, the functions of whose senses were quite paralysed, to another forest.

There the horse stopped, and the king, having lost his bearings, roamed about wearied, until he saw near him a broad lake, which seemed to make signs to him to approach with its lotuses, that, bent down towards him and then raised again by the wind, seemed like beckoning hands. So he went up to it, and relieved his horse by taking off its saddle and letting it roll, and bathed and watered it, and then tied it up in the shade of a tree, and gave it a heap of grass. Then he bathed himself, and drank water, and so he dispelled his fatigue, and then he let his eye wander hither and thither in the delightful environs of the lake. And in one part he saw, at the foot of an *āsoka* tree, a wonderfully beautiful hermit's daughter, accompanied by her friend. She wore garlands of flowers, and a dress of bark, which became her well. And she looked exceedingly charming on account of the elegant way in which her hair was plaited together after the hermit fashion. And the king, who had now fallen within the range of the arrows of love, said to himself: "Who can this be? Can it be Sāvitrī come to bathe in the lake? Or can it be Gaurī, who has slipped away from the arms of Śiva, and again betaken herself to asceticism? Or can it be the beauty of the moon that has taken upon herself a vow, as the moon has set, now that it is day? So I had better approach her quietly and find out." Having thus reflected, the king approached that maiden.

But when she saw him coming, her eyes were bewildered by his beauty, and her hand relaxed its grasp on the garland of flowers, which she had before begun to weave, and she said to herself: "Who is this that has found his way into such a wood as this? Is he a Siddha or a Vi-dyādhara? In truth his beauty might satisfy the eyes of the whole world." When these thoughts had passed through her mind she rose up, and modestly looking askance at him she proceeded to go away, though her legs seemed to want all power of movement.

Then the polite and dexterous monarch approached her and said: "Fair one, I do not ask you to welcome and entertain a person seen for the first time, who has come from a distance, and desires no fruit other than that of beholding you; but how is your running away from him to be reconciled with the obligations of hermit life?" When the king said this, the lady's attendant, who was equally dexterous, sat down there, and entertained the king.

Then the eager king said to her, with an affectionate manner: "Worthy lady, what auspicious family is adorned by this friend of yours? What are the ear-nectar-distilling syllables of her name? And why does she torture in this wilderness, with the discipline appropriate to ascetics, her body, which is soft as a flower?" When her friend heard this speech of the king's she answered: "This is the maiden daughter of the great hermit Kaṇva, borne to him by Menakā; she has been brought up in the hermitage, and her name is Indivaraprabhā. She has come here to bathe in this lake by permission of her father, and her father's hermitage is at no great distance from this place."

When she said this to the king he was delighted, and he mounted his horse, and set out for the hermitage of the hermit Kaṇva, with the intention of asking him for that daughter of his. He left his horse outside the hermitage and then he entered with modest humility its enclosure, which was full of hermits with matted hair, and coats of bark, thus resembling in appearance its trees. And in the middle of it he saw the hermit Kaṇva surrounded

with hermits, delighting the eye with his brightness, like the moon surrounded with planets. So he went up to him, and worshipped him, embracing his feet. The wise hermit entertained him and dispelled his fatigue, and then lost no time in saying to him: "My son Chandrāvaloka, listen to the good advice which I am about to give you. You know how all living creatures in the world fear death: so why do you slay without cause these poor deer? The Disposer appointed the weapon of the warrior for the protection of the terrified. So rule your subjects righteously, root up your enemies, and secure fleeting Fortune and her gifts by the warlike training of horse, and elephant, and so on. Enjoy the delights of rule, give gifts, diffuse your fame through the world; but abandon the vice of hunting, the cruel sport of death. What is the profit of that mischievous hunting, in which slayer, victim and horse are all equally beside themselves? Have you not heard what happened to Pāṇḍu?"

The intelligent King Chandrāvaloka heard and accepted cheerfully this advice of the hermit Kaṇva, and then answered him: "Reverend sir, I have been instructed by you; you have done me a great favour; I renounce hunting, let living creatures be henceforth free from alarm." When the hermit heard that, he said: "I am pleased with you for thus granting security to living creatures; so choose whatever boon you desire." When the hermit said this, the king who knew his time, said to him: "If you are satisfied with me, then give your daughter Indīvaraprabhā." When the king made this request, the hermit bestowed on him his daughter, who had just returned from bathing, born from an Apsaras, a wife meet for him. Then the wives of the hermits adorned her, and the marriage was solemnised, and King Chandrāvaloka mounted his horse and set out thence quickly, taking with him his wife, whom the ascetics followed as far as the limits of the hermitage with gushing tears. And as he went along, the sun, seeing that the action of that day had been prolonged, sat down, as if wearied, on the peak of the mountain of setting. And

in course of time appeared the gazelle-eyed nymph of night, overflowing with love, veiling her shape in a violet robe of darkness.

Just at that moment the king found on the road an *āśvattha* tree, on the bank of a lake, the water of which was transparent as a good man's heart. And seeing that that spot was overshadowed with dense boughs and leaves, and was shady and grassy, he made up his mind that he would pass the night there. Then he dismounted from his horse, and gave it grass and water, and rested on the sandy bank of the lake, and drank water, and cooled himself in the breeze; and then he lay down with that hermit's daughter, under that tree on a bed of flowers. And at that time the moon arose, and removing the mantle of darkness, seized and kissed the glowing face of the East. And all the quarters of the heaven were free from darkness, and gleamed, embraced and illuminated by the rays of the moon, so that there was no room for pride. And so the beams of the moon entered the interstices in the bower of creepers, and lit up the space round the foot of the tree like jewel-lamps.

And the next morning the king left his bed, and, after the morning prayer, he made ready to set out with his wife to rejoin his army. And then the moon, that had in the night robbed the cheeks of the lotuses of their beauty, lost its brightness, and slunk as if in fear, to the hollows of the western mountain; for the sun, fiery red with anger, as if desirous to slay it, lifted his curved sword in his outstretched fingers. At that moment there suddenly came there a Brāhman demon, black as soot, with hair yellow as the lightning, looking like a thunder-cloud. He had made himself a wreath of entrails; he wore a sacrificial cord of hair; he was gnawing the flesh of a man's head, and drinking blood out of a skull. The monster, terrible with projecting tusks, uttered a horrible loud laugh, and vomiting fire with rage, menaced the king in the following words: "Villain! know that I am a Brāhman demon, Jvālāmukha by name, and this *āśvattha* tree my dwelling is not trespassed upon even by gods, but thou hast presumed

to occupy and enjoy it with thy wife. So receive from me, returned from my nightly wanderings, the fruit of thy presumption. I, even I, O wicked one, will tear out and devour the heart of thee, whose mind love has overpowered, aye, and I will drink thy blood."

When the king heard this dreadful threat, and saw that his wife was terrified, knowing that the monster was invulnerable, he humbly said to him in his terror: "Pardon the sin which I have ignorantly committed against you, for I am a guest come to this your hermitage, imploring your protection. And I will give you what you desire, by bringing a human victim, whose flesh will glut your appetite; so be appeased, and dismiss your anger." When the Brāhman demon heard this speech of the king's he was pacified, and said to himself: "So be it! That will do." Then he said to the king: "I will overlook the insult you have offered me on the following conditions. You must find a Brāhman boy, who, though seven years old and intelligent, is of so noble a character that he is ready to offer himself for your sake. And his mother and father must place him on the earth, and hold him firmly by the hands and feet, while he is being sacrificed. And when you have found such a human victim you must yourself slay him with a sword-stroke, and so offer him up to me, on the seventh day from this. If you comply with these conditions, well and good; but if not, King, I will in a moment destroy you and all your court." When the king heard this, in his terror he agreed at once to the conditions proposed, and the Brāhman demon immediately disappeared.

Then King Chandrāvaloka mounted his horse, and set out with Indīvaraprabhā in quest of his army, in a state of the utmost despondency. He said to himself: "Alas, I, bewildered by hunting and love, have suddenly incurred destruction like Pāṇdu; fool that I am! For whence can I obtain for this Rākshasa a victim such as he has described? So I will go in the meantime to my own town, and see what will happen." While thus reflecting, he met his own army, that had come in search of him,



and with that and his wife he entered his city of Chitrakūṭa. Then the whole kingdom rejoiced, when they saw that he had obtained a suitable wife, but the king passed the rest of the day in suppressed sorrow.

The next day he communicated to his ministers in secret all that had taken place, and a discreet minister among them said to him: "Do not be downcast, King, for I will search for and bring you such a victim, for the earth contains many marvels."

When the minister had consoled the king in these words, he had made with the utmost rapidity a golden image of a seven-year-old child, and he adorned its ears with jewels, and placed it on a chariot, and had it carried about in the towns, villages and stations of herdsmen. And while that image of a child was being carried about, the minister had the following proclamation continually made in front of it, with beat of drum: "If a Brāhman boy of seven years old will willingly offer himself to a Brāhman demon for the good of the community, and if his mother and father will permit the brave boy to offer himself, and will hold his hands and feet while he is being slain, the king will give to that boy, who is so eager to benefit his parents as to comply with these conditions, this image of gold and gems, together with a hundred villages."

Now it happened that a certain seven-years-old Brāhman boy, living on a royal grant to Brāhmins, who was of great courage and admirable character, heard this proclamation. Even in his childhood this boy had always taken pleasure in benefiting his fellow-men, as he had practised that virtue in a former life; in fact, he seemed like the ripe result of the merits of the king's subjects incarnate in bodily form. So he came and said to the men who were making this proclamation: "I will offer myself up for your good; but first, I will go and inform my parents; then I will return to you." When he said this to them they were delighted, and they let him go. So he went home, and folding his hands in an attitude of supplication, he said to his parents: "I wish to offer for the good of the community this perishable body of mine; so permit

me to do so, and put an end to your poverty. For if I do so, the king will give me this image of myself, made of gold and gems, together with a hundred villages, and on receiving them I will make them over to you. In this way I shall pay my debt to you, and at the same time benefit my fellow-men; and your poverty will be at an end and you will have many sons to replace me."

As soon as he had said this, his parents answered him: "What is this that you say, son? Are you distracted with wind? Or are you planet-struck? Unless you are one of these, how could you talk in this wild way? Who would cause his son's death for the sake of wealth? What child would sacrifice its body?" When the boy heard this speech of his parents he rejoined: "I do not speak from a disordered intellect; hear my speech, which is full of sense. This body, which is full of indescribable impurities, which is loathsome by its very birth, and the abode of pain, will soon perish anyhow. So wise men say that the only solid and permanent thing in a fleeting universe is that merit which is acquired by means of this very frail and perishable body. And what greater merit can there be than the benefiting of all creatures? So, if I do not show devotion to my parents, what fruit shall I reap from my body?" By this speech, and others of the same kind, the resolute boy induced his weeping parents to consent to his wish. And he went to the king's servants, and obtained from them that golden image, together with a grant of a hundred villages, and gave them to his parents. Then he made the king's servants precede him, and went quickly, accompanied by his parents, to the king in Chitrakūṭa.

Then King Chandrāvaloka, beholding arrived the boy, whose courage was so perfect, and who thus resembled a bright protecting talisman, was exceedingly delighted. So he had him adorned with garlands, and anointed with unguents, and, putting him on the back of an elephant, he took him with his parents to the abode of the Brāhmademon.

Then the chaplain drew a circle near the *aśvattha* tree, and performed the requisite rites, and made an oblation to

the fire. And then the Brāhman demon, Jvālāmukha, appeared, uttering a loud laugh, and reciting the Vedas. His appearance was very terrible; he was drunk with a full draught of blood, yawning, and panting frequently; his eyes blazed, and he darkened the whole horizon with the shadow of his body. Then King Chandrāvaloka, beholding him, bent before him, and said: "Adorable one, I have brought you this human sacrifice, and it is now the seventh day, gentle sir, since I promised it you; so be propitious, receive this sacrifice, as is due." When the king made this request, the Brāhman demon looked at the Brāhman boy, licking the corners of his mouth with his tongue.

At that moment the noble boy, in his joy, said to himself: "Let not the merit which I acquire by this sacrifice of my body gain for me heaven, or even a salvation which involves no benefits to others, but may I be privileged to offer up my body for the benefit of others in birth after birth!" While he was forming this aspiration, the heaven was suddenly filled with the chariots of the heavenly host, who rained flowers.

Then the boy was placed in front of the Brāhman demon, and his mother took hold of his hands and his father of his feet. Then the king drew his sword, and prepared to slay him; but at that moment the child laughed so loudly that all there, the Brāhman demon included, abandoned the occupation in which they were engaged, and in their astonishment put their palms together and, bowing, looked at his face.

When the Vetāla had told this entertaining and romantic tale, he once more put a question to King Trivikramasena: "So tell me, King, what was the reason that the boy laughed in such an awful moment as that of his own death? I feel great curiosity to know it; so, if you know, and do not tell me, your head shall split into a hundred pieces."

When the king heard this from the Vetāla, he answered him: "Hear what was the meaning of that child's laugh. It is well known that a weak creature, when danger comes upon it, calls upon its father or mother to save its life. And if its father and mother be gone, it invokes the protection of the king, who is appointed to succour the afflicted, and if it cannot obtain the aid of the king, it calls upon the deity under whose special protection it is. Now, in the case of that child, all those were present, and all behaved in exactly the opposite manner to what might have been expected of them. The child's parents held its hands and feet out of greed of gain, and the king was eager to slay it to save his own life, and the Brāhman demon, its protecting deity, was ready to devour it. The child said to itself: 'To think that these should be thus deluded, being led so much astray for the sake of the body, which is perishable, loathsome within, and full of pain and disease! Why should they have such a strange longing for the continuance of the body, in a world in which Brahmā, Indra, Viṣṇu, Śiva, and the other gods, must certainly perish.' Accordingly the Brāhman boy laughed out of joy and wonder, joy at feeling that he had accomplished his object, and wonder at beholding the marvellous strangeness of their delusion."

When the king had said this he ceased, and the Vetāla immediately left his shoulder and went back to his own place, disappearing by his magic power. But the king, without hesitating a moment, rapidly pursued him: the hearts of great men, as of great seas, are firm and unshaken.

## STORY THE TWENTY-FIRST

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THEN King Trivikramasena again went and took the Vetāla from the *śimśapā* tree, and carried him along on his shoulder. And as he was going along, the Vetāla again said to the king: "Listen, King, I will tell you a story of violent attachment.

There is a city called Viśālā, which is like a second city of Indra, made by the Creator on earth, for the sake of virtuous people who have fallen from heaven. In it there lived a fortunate king, named Padmanābha, who was a source to good men, and excelled King Bali. In the reign of that king there lived in that city a great merchant, named Arthadatta, who surpassed in opulence the God of Wealth. And to him there was born a daughter named Anangamanjarī, who was exhibited on earth by the Creator as a likeness of a heavenly nymph. And that merchant gave her to the son of a distinguished merchant dwelling in Tāmraliptī, and named Maṇivarman. But as he was very fond of his daughter Anangamanjarī, because she was his only child, he would not let her leave his house, but kept her there with her husband. But Anangamanjarī's husband Maṇivarman was as distasteful to her as a biting bitter medicine to a sick man. But that lovely one was dearer than life to her husband, as wealth hardly won and long hoarded is to a miser.

Now once on a time that Maṇivarman, longing to see

his parents, went to his home in Tāmraliptī to visit them. After some days had passed, the hot season descended upon the land, impeding the journey of men absent from home with the sharp shafts of the sun's rays. The winds blew laden with the fragrance of the jasmine and trumpet-flower, and seemed like the hot sighs of the cardinal points on account of the departure of spring. Lines of dust raised by the wind flew up to heaven, like messengers sent by the heated earth to hasten the approach of the clouds. The days passed slowly, like travellers exhausted by the severe heat, and longing for the shade of the trees. The nights, pale-gleaming with moonbeams, became exceedingly reduced owing to the loss of the spring with all its happy meetings.

One day in that season, that merchant's daughter Anangamanjarī was sitting with her intimate friend in a lofty window of her house, white with sandalwood ointment, and elegantly dressed in a thin garment of silk. While there, she saw a young Brāhman, named Kamalākara, the son of the king's chaplain, passing by, and he looked like the God of Love, risen from his ashes, going to find Rati. And when Kamalākara saw that lovely one overhead, like the orb of the moon, he was full of joy and became like a cluster of *kumuda* flowers. The sight of those two young persons became to one another, by the mighty command of Kāma, a priceless fascination of the mind. And the two were overcome by passion, which rooted up their modesty, and carried away by a storm of love-frenzy, which flung their minds to a distance. And Kamalākara's companion, as soon as he saw that his friend was love-smitten, dragged him off, though with difficulty, to his own house.

As for Anangamanjarī, she inquired what his name was, and, having no will of her own, slowly entered the house with that confidante of hers. There she was grievously afflicted with the fever of love, and thinking on her beloved, she rolled on the bed, and neither saw nor heard anything. After two or three days had passed, being ashamed and afraid, unable to bear the misery of separa-

tion, thin and pale, and despairing of union with her beloved, which seemed a thing impossible, she determined on suicide. So one night, when her attendants were asleep, she went out, drawn, as it were, by the moon, which sent its rays through the window like fingers, and made for a tank at the foot of a tree in her own garden. There she approached an image of the goddess Chāṇḍī, her family deity, that had been set up with much magnificence by her father, and she bowed before the goddess, and praised her, and said: "Though I have not obtained Kamalākara for a husband in this life, let him be my husband in a future birth!" When the impassioned woman had uttered these words in front of the goddess, she made a noose with her upper garment, and fastened it to an *aśoka* tree.

In the meanwhile it happened that her confidante, who was sleeping in the same room, woke up, and not seeing her there, went to the garden to look for her. And seeing her there engaged in fastening a noose round her neck, she cried out, "Stop! stop!" and running up, she cut that noose which she had made. Anangamanjarī, when she saw that her confidante had come and cut the noose, fell on the ground in a state of great affliction. Her confidante comforted her, and asked her the cause of her grief, and she at once told her, and went on to say to her: "So you see, friend Mālatikā, as I am under the authority of my parents and so on, and have little chance of being united to my beloved, death is my highest happiness." While Anangamanjarī was saying these words she was exceedingly tortured with the fire of Love's arrows, and being overpowered with despair, she fainted away.

Her friend Mālatika exclaimed: "Alas, the command of Kāma is hard to resist, since it has reduced to this state this friend of mine, who was always laughing at other misguided women who showed a want of self-restraint." Lamenting in these words, she slowly brought Anangamanjarī round with cold water, fanning, and so on; and, in order to allay her heat, she made her a bed of lotus leaves, and placed on her heart a necklace cool as snow. Then

Anangamanjarī, with her eyes gushing with tears, said to her friend: "Friend, the necklace and the other applications do not allay my internal heat. But do you by your cleverness accomplish something which will really allay it. Unite me to my beloved, if you wish to preserve my life." When she said this, Mālatikā lovingly answered her: "My friend, the night is now almost at an end, but to-morrow I will make an arrangement with your beloved, and bring him to this very place. So in the meanwhile control yourself, and enter your house." When she said this, Anangamanjarī was pleased, and drawing the necklace from her neck, she gave it to her as a present. And she said to her: "Now go to your house, and early to-morrow go thence to the house of my beloved; and may you prosper!" Having dismissed her confidante in these words, she entered her own apartments.

And early next morning her friend Mālatikā went, without being seen by anyone, to the house of Kamalākara, and searching about in the garden, she saw him at the foot of a tree. He was rolling about, burning with the fire of love, on a bed of lotus leaves moistened with sandalwood juice, and a confidential friend of his was trying to give him relief by fanning him with a plantain leaf. She said to herself: "Is it possible that he has been reduced to this stage of love's malady by separation from her?" So she remained there in concealment, to find out the truth about it.

In the meanwhile that friend of Kamalākara's said to him: "Cast your eye, my friend, for a moment round this delightful garden, and cheer up your heart. Do not give way to despondency." When the young Brāhman heard this, he answered his friend: "My friend, my heart has been taken from me by Anangamanjarī, the merchant's daughter, and my breast left empty; so how can I cheer up my heart? Moreover, Love, finding me robbed of my heart, has made me a quiver for his arrows; so enable me to get hold of that girl, who stole it."

When the young Brāhman said that, Mālatikā's doubts were removed, and she was delighted, and showed herself,



and went up to him, and said: "Happy man, Anangamanjarī has sent me to you, and I hereby give you her message, the meaning of which is clear: 'What sort of conduct is this for a virtuous man, to enter a fair one's bosom by force, and after stealing away her heart, to go off without showing himself?' It is strange too that though you have stolen the lady's heart, she now wishes to surrender to you herself and her life. For day and night she furnaces forth hot sighs, which appear like smoke rising from the fire of love in her burning heart. And her teardrops, black as collyrium, fall frequently, looking like bees attracted by the fragrance of her lotus-like face. So if you like, I will say what will be for the good of both of you."

When Mālatikā said this, Kamalākara answered her: "My good lady, this speech of yours, though it comforts me by showing that my beloved loves me, terrifies me, as it tells that the fair one is in a state of unhappiness. So you are our only refuge in this matter; do as you think best." When Kamalākara said this, Mālatikā answered: "I will to-night bring Anangamanjarī secretly into the garden belonging to her house, and you must take care to be outside. Then I will manage by some device of mine to let you in, and so you will be able to see one another in accordance with your wishes." When Mālatikā had by these words delighted the young Brāhman, she went away, having accomplished her object and delighted Anangamanjarī also.

Then the sun, in love with the twilight, departed somewhere or other, together with the day, and the heaven adorned itself, placing the moon on its western quarter like a patch on the forehead. And the pure white *kumuda* cluster laughed joyously with the cheerful faces of its opened flowers, as if to say: "Fortune has left the lotus cluster and come to me." Thereupon the lover Kamalākara also adorned himself, and, full of impatience, slowly approached the outside of the door that led into the garden of Anangamanjarī's house. Then, Mālatikā managed to bring into that garden Anangamanjarī, who had with difficulty got through the day. And she made her sit in

the middle of it, in a bower of mango-trees, and went out and brought in Kamalākara also. And when he entered he beheld Anangamanjarī in the midst of dense-foliaged trees, as gladly as the traveller beholds the shade,

While he was advancing towards her she saw him, and as the violence of her passion robbed her of shame, she eagerly ran forward and threw her arms round his neck. She faltered out, "Where are you going? I have caught you," and immediately her breath was stopped by the weight of excessive joy, and she died. And she fell on the ground, like a creeper broken by the wind. Alas! strange is the course of love, that is terrible in its consequences. When Kamalākara beheld that misfortune, which was terrible as a thunderstroke, he said, "Alas! what is this?" and fell senseless on the ground. In a moment he recovered consciousness; and then he took his beloved up in his arms and embraced and kissed her, and lamented much. And then he was so violently oppressed by excessive weight of sorrow that his heart burst asunder at once, with a crack. And when Mālatikā was lamenting over their corpses, the night, seeing that both these lovers had met their end, came to an end, as if out of grief. And the next day the relations of both, hearing from the gardeners what had happened, came there distracted with shame, wonder, grief and bewilderment. And they remained for a long time doubtful what to do, with faces downcast from distress: bad women are a grievous affliction, and a source of calamity to their family.

At this moment Maṇivarman, the husband of Anangamanjarī, came, full of longing to see her, from his father's house in Tāmraliptī. When he reached his father-in-law's house, and heard what had taken place, he came running to that garden, his eyes blinded with tears. There, beholding his wife lying dead beside another man, the passionate man at once yielded up his breath, that was heated with the fire of grief. Then the people there began to cry out, and to make an uproar, and all the citizens heard what had taken place, and came there in a state of

astonishment.

Then the goddess Chaṇḍī, who was close at hand, having been called down into that garden long ago by the father of Anangamanjarī, was thus supplicated by her Gaṇas: "Goddess, this merchant Arthadatta, who has established an image of thee in his garden, has always been devoted to thee, so have mercy upon him in this his affliction." When the beloved of Siva, the refuge of the distressed, heard this prayer of her Gaṇas, she gave command that the three should return to life, free from passion. So they all, by her favour, immediately arose, as if awaking from sleep, free from the passion of love. Then all the people were full of joy, beholding that marvel; and Kamalākara went home, with his face downcast from shame; and Arthadatta, having recovered his daughter Anangamanjarī, who looked thoroughly ashamed of herself, together with her husband, returned to his house in high spirits.

When the Vetāla had told this story that night on the way, he again put a question to King Trivikramasena. He said: "King tell me, which of those three, who were blinded by passion, was the most infatuated? And remember, the curse before-mentioned will take effect if you know and do not say."

When the king heard this question of the Vetāla's he answered him: "It seems to me that Maṇivarman was the most infatuated with passion of the three. For one can understand those two dying, as they were desperately in love with one another, and their amorous condition had been fully developed by lapse of time. But Maṇivarman was terribly infatuated, for when he saw his wife dead of love for another man, and the occasion called for indignation, he was so far from being angry that, in his great love, he died of grief."

When the king had said this, the mighty Vetāla again left his shoulder, and departed to his own place, and the king again went in pursuit of him.

## STORY THE TWENTY-SECOND

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THEN King Trivikramasena again fetched the Vetāla from the top of the *śimśapā* tree, and put him on his shoulder, and as he was going along, the Vetāla said to him on the way: "King, you are good and brave, so hear this matchless tale.

There lived once on the earth a king, named Dharaṇi-varāha, who was lord of the town of Pāṭaliputra. In his realm, which abounded in Brāhmans, there was a royal grant to Brāhmans named Brahmasthala ; and on it there lived a Brāhman of the name of Viṣṇusvāmin. He had a wife that was as well suited to him as the oblation to the fire. And in course of time he had four sons by her. And when they had learned the Vedas, and passed their childhood, Viṣṇusvāmin went to heaven, and his wife followed him.

Then all his sons there, being in a miserable state, as they had no protectors, and having had all their property taken from them by their relations, deliberated together and said: "We have no means of support here, so why should we not go hence to the house of our maternal grandfather in the village named Yajnasthala?" Having determined on this, they set out, living on alms, and after many days they reached the house of their maternal grandfather. Their grandfather was dead, but their mother's brothers gave them shelter and food, and they

lived in their house, engaged in reading the Vedas. But after a time, as they were paupers, their uncles came to despise them, and neglected to supply them with food, clothes and other necessities.

Then their hearts were wounded by the manifest contempt shown for them by their relations, and they brooded over it in secret, and then the eldest brother said to the rest: "Well! brothers, what are we to do? Destiny performs everything; no man can do anything in this world at any place or time. For to-day, as I was wandering about in a state of distraction, I reached a cemetery; and in it I saw a man lying dead on the ground, with all his limbs relaxed. And when I saw him I envied his state, and I said to myself: 'Fortunate is this man, who is thus at rest, having got rid of his burden of grief.' Such was the reflection that then occurred to me. So I determined to die, and I tried to hang myself by means of a rope fastened to the branch of a tree. I became unconscious, but my breath did not leave my body; and while I was in this state the rope broke, and I fell to the earth. And as soon as I recovered consciousness I saw that some compassionate man was fanning me with his garment. He said to me: 'Friend, say, why do you allow yourself to be thus afflicted, though you are wise? For joy springs from good deeds, and pain from evil deeds; these are their only sources. If your agitation is due to pain, then perform good deeds. How can you be so foolish as to desire to incur the pains of hell by suicide?' With these words that man consoled me, and then departed somewhere or other; but I have come here, having abandoned my design of committing suicide. So you see that, if Destiny is adverse, it is not even possible to die. Now I intend to go to some holy water, and there consume my body with austerities, in order that I may never again endure the misery of poverty."

When the eldest brother said this, his younger brothers said to him: "Sir, why are you, though wise, afflicted with pain merely because you are poor? Do you not know that riches pass away like an autumn cloud. Who can

ever count on retaining fortune or a fickle woman, though he carry them off and guard them carefully, for both are insincere in their affection and secretly hostile to their possessor? So a wise man must acquire by vigorous exertion some eminent accomplishment, which will enable him frequently to bind and lead home by force riches, which are like bounding deer." When the eldest brother was addressed in this language by this brothers, he at once recovered his self-control, and said: "What accomplishment of this kind should we acquire?" Then they all considered and said to one another: "We will search through the earth and acquire some magic power." So having adopted this resolution, and fixed upon a trysting-place at which to meet, the four separated, going east, west, north and south.

And in course of time they met again at the appointed spot, and asked one another what each had learned. Then one of them said: "I have learned this magic secret: if I find a bit of a bone of any animal, I can immediately produce on it the flesh of that animal." When the second heard this speech of his brother's, he said: "When the flesh of any animal has been superinduced upon a piece of bone, I know how to produce the skin and hair appropriate to that animal." Then the third said: "And when the hair and flesh and skin have been produced, I am able to create the limbs of the animal to which the bone belonged." And the fourth said: "When the animal has its limbs properly developed, I know how to endow it with life."

When they had said this to one another, the four brothers went into the forest to find a piece of bone on which to display their skill. There it happened that they found a piece of a lion's bone, and they took it up without knowing to what animal it belonged. Then the first covered it with the appropriate flesh, and the second in the same way produced on it all the requisite skin and hair, and the third completed the animal by giving it all its appropriate limbs and it became a lion, and then the fourth endowed it with life. Then it rose up a very terrible lion, furnished

with a dense shaggy mane, having a mouth formidable with teeth, and with hooked claws at the end of its paws. And charging the four authors of its being, it slew them on the spot, and then retired gluttoned to the forest. So those Brāhmans perished by making the fatal mistake of creating a lion; for who can give joy to his own soul by raising up a noisome beast?

So, if Fate be not propitious, an accomplishment, though painfully acquired, not only does not bring prosperity, but actually brings destruction. For the tree of valour only bears fruit, as a general rule, when the root, being uninjured, is watered with the water of wisdom, and when it is surrounded with the trench of policy.

When the Vetāla, sitting on the shoulder of the king, had told this tale on the way, that night, to King Trivikramasena, he went on to say to him: "King, which of these four was guilty in respect of the production of the lion, that slew them all? Tell me quickly, and remember that the old condition is still binding on you."

When the king heard the Vetāla say this, he said to himself: "This demon wishes me to break silence, and so to escape from me. Never mind, I will go and fetch him again." Having formed this resolution in his heart, he answered that Vetāla: "That one among them who gave life to the lion is the guilty one. For they produced the flesh, the skin, the hair and the limbs by magic power, without knowing what kind of animal they were making; and therefore no guilt attaches to them on account of their ignorance. But the man who, when he saw that the animal had a lion's shape, gave life to it, in order to display his skill, was guilty of the death of those Brāhmans."

When the mighty Vetāla heard this speech of the king's, he again left his shoulder by magic power and went back to his own place, and the king again went in pursuit of him.



## STORY THE TWENTY-THIRD

THEN the noble King Trivikramasena went back, and again took down that Vetāla from the *śimsapā* tree, and though the Vetāla transformed himself in all possible ways, he put him on his shoulder and started off with him in silence, and then the Vetāla said to him: "King, though the business in which you are engaged is not becoming to you, you exhibit in it undaunted perseverance; so listen, I will tell you a tale to dispel your fatigue.

There is in the land of Kalinga a city named Śobhāvati, like the city of Indra in heaven, the abode of those that act aright. It was ruled by a king named Pradyumna, whose sway was mighty, and who, like the god Pradyumna, was celebrated for his exceeding power and valour. The only detraction heard in his realm was that of the string from the bow, the only pressure that of the fingers on the cymbal; vice was only known in the name of the age, and keenness only in the pursuit of knowledge.

In a certain part of that town there was a grant named Yajñasthala, given by that king, on which many Brāhmins were settled. There lived on it a very wealthy Brāhmin who had mastered the Vedas, whose name was Yajñasoma. He maintained a sacrificial fire, and honoured guests and the gods. After his youth was past, there was born to him by his wife, who was in every way a suitable match for him, an only son, the child of a hundred wishes. And

that promising boy grew up in his father's house, and the Brāhmans duly called him Devasoma. And when he had attained the age of sixteen years, that boy, who captivated all by his knowledge, modesty and other good qualities, suddenly died of a fever. Then Yajnasoma, together with his wife, remained lovingly embracing that dead boy, and lamenting over him, and refused for a long time to let him be taken away to be burnt.

Then the old men assembled and reproved that Brāhman in the following words: "Brāhman, are you not aware, though you know what is near and far, that the condition of this *Fata Morgana* of a world is frail as a bubble on water? Look at those kings who filled the earth with their armies, and enjoyed themselves in this world, deeming themselves immortal, lying on jewelled couches on the delightful summits of palaces, that resounded with the warbling of music, having their bodies anointed with sandalwood ointment and other fragrant unguents, and begirt with beautiful women. Even these no one could save from being consumed by flesh-devouring flames, lying alone on the funeral pyre in the cemetery, whither the dead are followed by weeping friends, and when their extremities had been shrivelled, from being at last devoured by the jackals: much less can any others escape this fate. So tell us, wise man, what mean you by embracing that corpse?" Many other speeches of this kind did they address to him.

At last, with difficulty, his relations got him to stop clinging to his dead son; and then, after the body had been laid out, they put it on a bier, and with loud lamentations carried it to the burning-place, accompanied by many people, who shed tears on account of the calamity.

Now at that time there was dwelling in that cemetery an old Pāśupata ascetic possessing supernatural power, who lived in a hut. His name was Vāmaśiva. His body was emaciated with age and excessive asceticism, and bound round with veins, as if with fear that it would break. He was covered all over with hair white with ashes, his matted locks were yellow as lightning, and he looked like a second Śiva. When that hermit heard in the distance

the lamentation of those people outside his hut, he said to the pupil that lived with him: "Rise up! go and find out the meaning of this confused noise outside in the cemetery, such as I never heard before, and come back quickly and tell me."

Now this pupil was one who had taken a vow of living on the products of begging; he was a fool, and a rogue, and an egoist, puffed up with contemplation, magical powers and other things of the kind, and at this time he was annoyed because his teacher had rebuked him. So, when his teacher gave him this order, he answered him: "I will not go! Go yourself, for my time for begging is fast slipping away." When the teacher heard that, he said: "Out on you, fool, devoted to your belly! Only half one watch of the day has passed; how can it be your time for begging now?" When the wicked pupil heard that he was angry, and said to his teacher: "Out on you, you decrepit old creature! I am no longer your pupil, and you are no longer my teacher. I will go elsewhere: carry this vessel yourself." When he had said this, he put down in front of him his stick and water-vessel, and got up and went away.

Then the hermit left his hut, laughing as he went, and came to the place where the young Brāhman had been brought to be buried. And when the hermit saw him with the people lamenting for the flower of his youth, being afflicted with old age, and possessed of magical powers, he determined to enter his body. So he quickly went aside, and first wept aloud, and immediately afterwards he danced with appropriate gesticulations. Then the ascetic, longing to be young again, abandoned his own body, and at once entered by magic power that young Brāhman's body. And immediately the young Brāhman on the pyre, which was ready prepared, returned to life, and rose up with a yawn. When his relations and all the people saw that, they raised a loud shout of "Hurrah! he is alive! he is alive! "

Then that ascetic, who was a mighty sorcerer, and had thus entered the young Brāhman's body, not intending to

abandon his vow, told them all the following falsehood: "Just now, when I went to the other world, Śiva himself restored my life to me, telling me that I must take upon me the vow of a Pāśupata ascetic. And I must this moment go into a solitary place and support this vow, otherwise I cannot live; so depart you, and I also will depart." Saying this to all those present, the resolute votary, bewildered with mixed feelings of joy and grief, dismissed them to their own homes. And he himself went and threw that former body of his into a ravine; and so that great magician, who had taken the vow, having become young, went away to another place.

When the Vetāla had told this story that night on the way, he again said to King Trivikramasena: "Tell me, King, why did that mighty magician, when entering another body, first weep, and then dance? I have a great desire to know this."

When that king, who was a chief of sages, heard this question of the Vetāla's, fearing the curse, he broke silence, and gave him this answer: "Hear what the feelings of that ascetic were. He was grieved because he thought that he was just going to abandon that body, which had grown up with him through many years, by living in which he had acquired magic power, and which his parents had fondled when he was a child, so he wept violently, for affection for one's body is a deeply rooted feeling. But he danced for joy because he thought that he was about to enter a new body and that by means of that he would acquire greater magic power; for to whom is not youth pleasing?"

When the Vetāla, who was inside that corpse, heard this speech of the king's, he left his shoulder and went back to that *śimsapā* tree; but that exceedingly undaunted monarch again ran after him to recover him, for the resolution of determined men surpasses in firmness the mighty mountains, and remains unshaken even at the end of a *kalpa*.

## STORY THE TWENTY-FOURTH

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THEN the brave King Trivikramasena, disregarding the awful night, which in that terrible cemetery assumed the appearance of a Rākshasī, being black with darkness, and having the flames of the funeral pyres for fiery eyes, again went to the *śimsapā* tree, and took from it the Vetāla, and put him on his shoulder.

And while he was going along with him, as before, the Vetāla again said to that king : “O King, I am tired out with going backwards and forwards, though you are not ; so I will put to you one difficult question, and mind you listen to me.

There was in the Deccan a king of a small province, who was named Dharma ; he was the chief of virtuous men, but he had many relations who aspired to supplant him. He had a wife named Chandravatī, who came from the land of Mālava ; she was of high lineage, and the most virtuous of women. And that king had born to him by that wife one daughter, who was not without cause named Lāvāṇyavatī.

And when that daughter had attained a marriageable age, King Dharma was ejected from his throne by his relations, who banded together and divided his realm. Then he fled from his kingdom at night with his wife and that daughter, taking with him a large number of valuable jewels, and he deliberately set out for Malava, the dwelling-place of his father-in-law. And in the course of that same

night he reached the Vindhya forest with his wife and daughter. And when he entered it, the night, that had escorted him thus far, took leave of him with drops of dew by way of tears. And the sun ascended the eastern mountain, stretching forth its first rays, like a warning hand, to dissuade him from entering that brigand-haunted wood. Then he travelled through it with his wife and daughter having his feet wounded with sharp points of *kusa* grass, and he reached a village of the Bhillas. It was full of men who robbed their neighbours of life and property, and shunned by the virtuous, like the strong city of Death.

Then beholding the king from a distance with his dress and ornaments, many Śavaras, armed with various weapons, ran to plunder him. When King Dharma saw that, he said to his daughter and wife : "The barbarians will seize on you first, so enter the wood in this direction." When the king said this to them, Queen Chandravatī and her daughter Lāvanyavatī, in their terror, plunged into the middle of the wood. And the brave king, armed with sword and shield, killed many of the Śavaras, who came towards him, raining arrows. Then the chief summoned the whole village, and falling on the king, who stood there alone, they slashed his shield to pieces and killed him ; and then the host of bandits departed with his ornaments. And Queen Chandravatī, concealed in a thicket of the wood, saw from a distance her husband slain ; so in her bewilderment she fled with her daughter, and they entered another dense forest a long distance off. There they found that the shadows of the trees, afflicted by the heat of midday, had laid themselves at their cool roots, imitating travellers. So, tired and sad, the queen sat down weeping with her daughter, in a spot on the bank of a lotus-lake, under the shade of an *aśoka* tree.

In the meanwhile a chief, who lived near, came to that forest on horseback, with his son, to hunt. He was named Chandaśimha, and when he saw their footsteps imprinted in the dust, he said to his son Sinhaparākrama : "We will follow up these lovely and auspicious tracks, and if we find the ladies to whom they belong, you shall choose

whichever you please of them." When Chandaśimha said this, his son Sinhaparākrama said to him : "I should like to have for a wife the one that has these small feet, for I know that she will be young and suited to me. But this one with large feet, being older than the other, will just suit you." When Chandaśimha heard this speech of his son's, he said to him : "What is this that you say? Your mother has only recently gone to heaven, and now that I have lost so good a wife, how can I desire another?" When Chandaśimha's son heard that, he said to him : "Father, do not say so, for the home of a householder is empty without a wife. Moreover, have you not heard the stanza composed by Mūladeva? 'Who that is not a fool enters that house in which there is no shapely love eagerly awaiting his return, which, though called a house, is really a prison without chains.' So, father, my death will lie at your door if you do not take as your wife that companion of the lady whom I have chosen."

When Chandaśimha heard this speech of his son's, he approved it, and went on slowly with him, tracking up their footsteps. And he reached that spot near the lake, and saw that dark Queen Chandravatī, adorned with many strings of pearls, sitting in the shade of a tree. She looked like the midnight sky in the middle of the day, and her daughter, Lāvanyavatī, like the pure white moonlight, seemed to illumine her. And he and his son eagerly approached her, and she, when she saw him, rose up terrified, thinking that he was a bandit.

But the queen's daughter said to her : "Mother, do not be afraid ; these are not bandits ; these two gentle-looking, well-dressed persons are certainly some nobles come here to hunt." However, the queen still continued to hesitate ; and then Chandaśimha got down from his horse and said to the two ladies : "Do not be alarmed : we have come here to see you out of love ; so take confidence and tell us fearlessly who you are, since you seem like Rati and Prīti fled to this wood in sorrow at Kāma's having been consumed by the flames of Śiva's fiery eye. And how did you two come to enter this unpeopled wood? For these

forms of yours are fitted to dwell in a gem-adorned palace. And our minds are tortured to think how your feet, that deserve to be supported by the lap of beautiful women, can have traversed this ground full of thorns. And, strange to say, the dust raised by the wind, falling on your faces, makes our faces lose their brightness from despondency. And the furious heat of the beams of the fierce-rayed sun, as it plays on your flower-soft bodies, burns us. So tell us your story ; for our hearts are afflicted : we cannot bear to see you thus abiding in a forest full of wild beasts."

When Chāṇḍasiṃha said this, the queen sighed, and, full of shame and grief, slowly told him her story. Then Chāṇḍasiṃha, seeing that she had no protector, comforted her and her daughter, and coaxed them with kind words into becoming members of his family. And he and his son put the queen and her daughter on their horses, and conducted them to their rich palace in Vittapapurī. And the queen, being helpless, submitted to his will, as if she had been born again in a second life. What is an unprotected woman, fallen into calamity in a foreign land, to do ? Then Sinhaparākrama, the son of Chāṇḍasiṃha, made Chandravatī his wife, on account of the smallness of her feet. And Chāṇḍasiṃha made her daughter, the Princess Lāvaṇyavatī, his wife, on account of the largeness of her feet. For they made this agreement originally, when they saw the two tracks of the small footsteps ; and who ever swerves from his plighted word ?

So, from the mistake about the feet, the daughter became the wife of the father, and the mother the wife of the son ; and so the daughter became the mother-in-law of her own mother, and the mother became the daughter-in-law of her own daughter. And in course of time both of them had by those husbands sons and daughters, and they also had sons and daughters in due course of time. So Chāṇḍasiṃha and Sinhaparākrama lived in their city, having obtained as wives Lāvaṇyavatī and Chandravatī."



When the Vetāla had told this story on the way at night, he again put a question to King Trivikramasena : "Now, King, about the children who were in course of time born to the mother and daughter by the son and the father in those two lines—what relationship did they bear to one another? Tell me if you know. And the curse before threatened will descend on you if you know and do not tell."

When the king heard this question of the Vetāla's, he turned the matter over and over again in his mind, but he could not find out, so he went on his way in silence. Then the Vetāla in the dead man's body, perched on the top of his shoulder, laughed to himself, and reflected : "Ha ! ha ! the king does not know how to answer this puzzling question, so he is glad, and silently goes on his way with very nimble feet. Now I cannot manage to deceive this treasure-house of valour any further, and this is not enough to make that mendicant stop playing tricks with me, so I will now deceive that villain, and by an artifice bestow the success, which he has earned, upon this king, whom a glorious future awaits."

When the Vetāla had gone through these reflections, he said to the king : "King, though you have been worried with so many journeys to and fro in this cemetery terrible with black night, you seem quite happy, and you do not show the least irresolution. I am pleased with this wonderful courage that you show. So now carry off this body, for I am going out of it ; and listen to this advice which I give you for your welfare, and act on it. That wicked mendicant, for whom you have fetched this human corpse, will immediately summon me into it, and honour me. And wishing to offer you up as a victim, the rascal will say to you : 'King, prostrate yourself on the ground in such a way that eight limbs will touch it.' Then, great King, you must say to that ascetic : 'Show me first how to do it, and then I will do exactly as you do.' Then he will fling himself on the ground, and show you how to perform the prostration, and that moment you must cut off his head with the sword. Then you will obtain that prize which he desires, the sovereignty of the Vidyādharas.

Enjoy this earth by sacrificing him ! But otherwise that mendicant will offer you up as a victim. It was to prevent this that I threw obstacles in your way for such a long time here. So depart ; may you prosper !” When the Vetāla had said this, he went out of that human corpse that was on the king’s shoulder.

Then the king was led by the speech of the Vetāla, who was pleased with him, to look upon the ascetic Kshāntiśīla as his enemy, but he went to him in high spirits, where he sat under the banyan-tree, and took with him that human corpse.

## EPILOGUE

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THEN King Trivikramasena came up to that mendicant Kshāntiśīla, carrying that corpse on his shoulder. And he saw that ascetic, alone at the foot of a tree, in the cemetery that was terrible with a night of the black fortnight, eagerly awaiting his arrival. He was in a circle made with the yellow powder of bones, the ground within which was smeared with blood, and which had pitchers full of blood placed in the direction of the cardinal points. It was richly illuminated with candles of human fat, and near it was a fire fed with oblations ; it was full of all the necessary preparations for a sacrifice, and in it the ascetic was engaged in worshipping his favourite deity.

So the king went up to him, and the mendicant, seeing that he had brought the corpse, rose up delighted, and said, praising him : "Great King, you have conferred on me a favour difficult to accomplish. To think that one like you should undertake this enterprise in such a place and at such a time ! Indeed they say with truth that you are the best of all noble kings, being a man of unbending courage, since you forward the interests of another with such utter disregard of self. And wise men say that the greatness of great ones consists in this very thing, that they swerve not from what they have engaged to do, even though their lives are in danger."

With these words the mendicant, thinking he had gained his end, took the corpse down from the shoulder of that king. And he bathed it, and anointed it, and threw a garland round it, and placed it within that circle. And he smeared his limbs with ashes, and put on a sacrificial

thread of hair, and clothed himself in the garments of the dead, and thus equipped he continued for a time in meditation. Then the mendicant summoned that mighty Vetāla by the power of spells, and made him enter the corpse, and proceeded to worship him. He offered to him an *argha* of white human teeth in a skull by way of an *argha* vessel ; and he presented to him flowers and fragrant unguents ; and he gratified him with the savoury reek of human eyes, and made an offering to him of human flesh. And when he had finished his worship, he said to the king, who was at his side : “King, fall on the ground, and do obeisance with all your eight limbs to this high sovereign of spells who has appeared here, in order that this bestower of boons may grant you the accomplishment of your heart’s desire.”

When the king heard that, he called to mind the words of the Vetāla, and said to the mendicant : “I do not know how to do it, reverend sir ; do you show me first, and then I will do exactly as you.” Then the mendicant threw himself on the ground, to show the king what he was to do, and then the king cut off his head with a stroke of his sword. And he tore and dragged the lotus of his heart out of his inside, and offered his heart and head as two lotuses to that Vetāla.

Then the delighted hosts of goblins uttered shouts of applause on every side, and the Vetāla said to the king from inside the corpse : “King, the sovereignty of the Vidyādhara, which this mendicant was aiming at, shall fall to your lot after you have finished the enjoyment of your earthly sway. Since I have given you much annoyance, choose whatever boon you desire.” When the Vetāla said this, the king said to him : “Since you are pleased with me, every boon that I could desire is obtained ; nevertheless, as your words cannot be uttered in vain, I crave this boon of you : may these first twenty-four questions and answers, charming with their various tales, and this conclusion, the twenty-fifth of the series, be all famous and honoured on the earth !” When the king made this request to the Vetāla, the latter replied : “So be it ! And

now listen, King : I am going to mention a peculiar excellence which it shall possess. This string of tales, consisting of the twenty-four first, and this final concluding tale, shall become, under the title of 'The Twenty-five Tales of a Vampire,' famous and honoured on the earth, as conducing to prosperity ! Whosoever shall read respectfully even a *śloka* of it, or whosoever shall hear it read, even they two shall immediately be freed from their curse. And Yakshas, and Vetālas, and Kushmāṇḍas, and witches, and Rākshasas, and other creatures of the kind shall have no power where this shall be recited." When the Vetāla had said this, he left that human corpse, and went by his supernatural deluding power to the habitation he desired.

Then Śiva, being pleased, appeared, accompanied by all the gods, to that king, visibly manifest, and said to him as he bowed before him : "Bravo, my son, for that thou hast to-day slain this hypocritical ascetic, who was so ardently in love with the imperial sovereignty over the Vidyādhara ! I originally created thee out of a portion of myself, as Vikramāditya, in order that thou mightest destroy the Asuras, that had become incarnate in the form of Mlechchhas. And now thou hast again been created by me as an heroic king of the name of Trivikramasena, in order that thou mightest overcome an audacious evildoer. So thou shalt bring under thy sway the earth with the islands and the realms below, and shalt soon become supreme ruler over the Vidyādhara. And after thou hast long enjoyed heavenly pleasures, thou shalt become melancholy, and shalt of thy own will abandon them, and shall at last without fail be united with me. Now receive from me this sword named Invincible, by means of which thou shalt duly obtain all this." When the god Śiva had said this to the king, he gave him that splendid sword, and disappeared after he had been worshipped by him with devout speeches and flowers.

Then King Trivikramasena, seeing that the whole business was finished, and as the night had come to an end, entered his own city Pratishṭhāna. There he was honoured

by his rejoicing subjects, who in course of time came to hear of his exploits during the night, and he spent the whole of that day in bathing, giving gifts, in worshipping Śiva, in dancing, singing, music and other enjoyments of the kind. And in a few days that king, by the power of the sword of Śiva, came to enjoy the earth, that was cleared of all enemies, together with the islands and the lower regions; and then by the appointment of Śiva he obtained the high imperial sovereignty over the Vidyādhara, and after enjoying it long, at last became united with the blessed one, so attaining all his ends.



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