

The Mahabharata
of
Krishna-Dwaipayana Vyasa

SALYA PARVA

translated by

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Salya Parva

Section I

Om! Having bowed down unto Narayana and Nara, the most exalted of male beings, and the goddess Saraswati, must the word Jaya be uttered.

Janamejaya said, “After Karna had thus been slain in battle by Savyasachin, what did the small (unslaughtered) remnant of the Kauravas do, O regenerate one? Beholding the army of the Pandavas swelling with might and energy, what behaviour did the Kuru prince Suyodhana adopt towards the Pandavas, thinking it suitable to the hour? I desire to hear all this. Tell me, O foremost of regenerate ones, I am never satiated with listening to the grand feats of my ancestors.”

Vaisampayana said, “After the fall of Karna, O king, Dhritarashtra’s son Suyodhana was plunged deep into an ocean of grief and saw despair on every side. Indulging in incessant lamentations, saying, ‘Alas, oh Karna! Alas, oh Karna!’ he proceeded with great difficulty to his camp, accompanied by the unslaughtered remnant of the kings on his side. Thinking of the slaughter of the Suta’s son, he could not obtain peace of mind, though comforted by those kings with excellent reasons inculcated by the scriptures. Regarding destiny and necessity to be all-powerful, the Kuru king firmly resolved on battle. Having duly made Salya the generalissimo of his forces, that bull among kings, O monarch, proceeded for battle, accompanied by that unslaughtered remnant of his forces. Then, O chief of Bharata’s race, a terrible battle took place between the troops of the Kurus and those of the Pandavas, resembling that between the gods and the Asuras. Then Salya, O monarch, having made a great carnage in battle at last lost a large number of his troops and was slain by Yudhishtira at midday. Then king Duryodhana, having lost all his friends and kinsmen, fled away from the field of battle and penetrated into the depths of a terrible lake from fear of his enemies. On the afternoon of that day, Bhimasena, causing the lake to be encompassed by many mighty car-warriors, summoned Duryodhana and having obliged him to come out, slew him speedily, putting forth his strength. After Duryodhana’s slaughter, the three car-warriors (of the Kuru side) that were still unslain (Aswatthaman and Kripa and Kritavarman), filled with rage, O monarch, slaughtered the Panchala troops in the night. On the next morning Sanjaya, having set out from the camp, entered the city (the Kuru capital), cheerless and filled with grief and sorrow. Having entered the city, the Suta Sanjaya, raising his arms in grief, and with limbs trembling, entered the palace of the king. Filled with grief, O tiger among men, he wept aloud, saying, ‘Alas, O king! Alas, all of us are ruined by the slaughter of that high-souled monarch. Alas, Time is all-powerful, and crooked in his course, since all our allies, endued with might equal to that of Sakra himself, have been slain by the Pandavas.’ Seeing Sanjaya come back to the city, O king, in that distressful plight, all the people, O best of kings, filled with great anxiety, wept loudly, saying, ‘Alas, O king! The whole city, O tiger among men, including the very children, hearing of Duryodhana’s death, sent forth notes of lamentation from every side. We then beheld all the men and women running about, deeply afflicted with grief, their senses gone, and resembling people that are demented.’ The Suta Sanjaya then, deeply agitated, entered the abode of the king and beheld that foremost of monarchs, that lord of men, having wisdom for his eyes. Beholding the sinless monarch, that chief of Bharata’s race, seated, surrounded by his daughters-in-law and Gandhari and Vidura and

by other friends and kinsmen that were always his well-wishers, and engaged in thinking on that very subject—the death of Karna—the Suta Sanjaya, with heart filled with grief, O Janamejaya, weepingly and in a voice choked with tears, said unto him, ‘I am Sanjaya, O tiger among men. I bow to thee, O bull of Bharata’s race. The ruler of the Madras, Salya, hath been slain. Similarly, Suvala’s son Sakuni, and Uluka, O tiger among men, that valiant son of the gamester (Sakuni), have been slain. All the Samsaptakas, the Kamvojas together with the Sakas, the Mlechchhas, the Mountaineers, and the Yavanas, have also been slain. The Easterners have been slain, O monarch, and all the Southerners. The Northerners have all been slain, as also the Westerners, O ruler of men. All the kings and all the princes have been slain, O monarch. King Duryodhana also has been slain by the son of Pandu after the manner he had vowed. With his thighs broken, O monarch, he lieth now on the dust, covered with blood. Dhrishtadyumna also hath been slain, O king, as also the vanquished Sikhandin. Uttamauja and Yudhamanyu, O king, and the Prabhadrakas, and those tiger among men, the Panchalas, and the Chedis, have been destroyed. The sons have all been slain as also the (five) sons of Draupadi, O Bharata. The heroic and mighty son of Karna, Vrishasena, hath been slain. All the men that had been assembled have been slain. All the elephants have been destroyed. All the car-warriors, O tiger among men, and all the steeds, have fallen in battle. Very few are alive on thy side, O lord. In consequence of the Pandavas and the Kauravas having encountered each other, the world, stupefied by Time, now consists of only women. On the side of the Pandavas seven are alive, they are the five Pandava brothers, and Vasudeva, and Satyaki and amongst the Dhartarashtras three are so, Kripa, and Kritavarman, and Drona’s son, that foremost of victors. These three car-warriors, O monarch, are all that survive, O best of kings, of all the Akshauhinis mustered on thy side, O ruler of men. These are the survivors, O monarch, the rest have perished. Making Duryodhana and his hostility (towards the Pandavas) the cause, the world, it seems, hath been destroyed, O bull of Bharata’s race, by Time.’”

Vaisampayana continued, “Hearing these cruel words, Dhritarashtra, that ruler of men, fell down, O monarch, on the earth, deprived of his senses. As soon as the king fell down, Vidura also, of great fame, O monarch, afflicted with sorrow on account of the king’s distress, fell down on the earth. Gandhari also, O best of kings, and all the Kuru ladies, suddenly fell down on the ground, hearing those cruel words. That entire conclave of royal persons remained lying on the ground, deprived of their senses and raving deliriously, like figures painted on a large piece of canvas. Then king Dhritarashtra, that lord of earth, afflicted with the calamity represented by the death of his sons, slowly and with difficulty regained his life-breaths. Having recovered his senses, the king, with trembling limbs and sorrowful heart, turned his face on every side, and said these words unto Kshatri (Vidura). ‘O learned Kshatri, O thou of great wisdom, thou, O bull of Bharata’s race, art now my refuge. I am lordless and destitute of all my sons.’ Having said this, he once more fell down, deprived of his senses. Beholding him fallen, all his kinsmen that were present there sprinkled cold water over him and fanned him with fans. Comforted after a long while, that lord of earth, afflicted with sorrow on account of the death of his sons, remained silent, sighing heavily, O monarch, like a snake put into a jar. Sanjaya also wept aloud, beholding the king so afflicted. All the ladies too, with Gandhari of great celebrity, did the same. After a long while, O best of men, Dhritarashtra, having repeatedly swooned, addressed Vidura, saying, ‘Let all the ladies retire, as also Gandhari of great fame, and all these friends. My mind hath become greatly unsettled.’ Thus addressed, Vidura, repeatedly trembling, slowly dismissed

the ladies, O bull of Bharata's race. All those ladies retired, O chief of the Bharatas, as also all those friends, beholding the king deeply afflicted. Then Sanjaya cheerlessly looked at the king, O scorcher of foes, who, having recovered his senses, was weeping in great affliction. With joined hands, Vidura then, in sweet words, comforted that ruler of men who was sighing incessantly.”

Section II

Vaisampayana said, “After the ladies had been dismissed, Dhritarashtra, the son of Amvika, plunged into grief greater than that which had afflicted him before, began, O monarch, to indulge in lamentations, exhaling breaths that resembled smoke, and repeatedly waving his arms, and reflecting a little, O monarch, he said these words.

“Dhritarashtra said, ‘Alas, O Suta, the intelligence is fraught with great grief that I hear from thee, that the Pandavas are all safe and have suffered no loss in battle. Without doubt, my hard heart is made of the essence of thunder, since it breaketh not upon hearing of the fall of my sons. Thinking of their ages, O Sanjaya, and of their sports in childhood, and learning today that all of them have perished, my heart seems to break into pieces. Although in consequence of my blindness I never saw their forms, still I cherished a great love for them in consequence of the affection one feels for his children. Hearing that they had passed out of childhood and entered the period of youth and then of early manhood, I became exceedingly glad, O sinless one. Hearing today that have been slain and divested of prosperity and energy, I fail to obtain peace of mind, being overwhelmed with grief on account of the distress that has overtaken them. Come, come, O king of kings (Duryodhana) to me that am without a protector now! Deprived of thee, O mighty armed one, what will be my plight? Why, O sire, abandoning all the assembled kings dost thou lie on the bare ground, deprived of life, like an ordinary and wretched king? Having been, O monarch, the refuge of kinsmen and friends, where dost thou go now, O hero, abandoning me that am blind and old? Where now, O king, is that compassion of thine, that love, and that respectfulness? Invincible as thou wert in battle, how, alas, hast thou been slain by the Parthas? Who will now, after I will have waked from sleep at the proper hour, repeatedly address me in such endearing and respectful words as, “O father, O father,” “O great king,” “O Lord of the world” and affectionately clasping my neck with moistened eyes, will seek my orders, saying, “Command me, O thou of Kuru's race.” Address me, O son, in that sweet language once more. O dear child, I heard even these words from thy lips, “This wide earth is as much ours as it is of Pritha's son. Bhagadatta and Kripa and Salya and the two princes of Avanti and Jayadratha and Bhurisravas and Sala and Somadatta and Vahluka and Aswatthaman and the chief of the Bhojas and the mighty prince of Magadha and Vrihadvala and the ruler of the Kasi and Sakuni the son of Suvala and many thousands of Mlechchhas and Sakas and Yavanas, and Sudakshina the ruler of the Kamvojas and the king of the Trigartas and the grandsire Bhishma and Bharadwaja's son and Gotama's son (Kripa) and Srutayush and Ayutayush and Satayush of great energy, and Jalasandha and Rishyasringa's son and the Rakshasa Alayudha, and the mighty armed Alamvusha and the great car-warrior Suvala—these and numerous other kings, O best of monarchs, have taken up arms for my sake, prepared to cast away their very lives in great battle, stationed on the field amidst these, and surrounded by my brothers, I will fight against all the Parthas and the Panchalas and the Chedis, O tiger among kings, and the sons of Draupadi and Satyaki and Kunti-Bhoja and the Rakshasa Ghatotkacha. Even one amongst these, O king,

excited with rage, is able to resist in battle the Pandavas rushing towards him. What need I say then of all these heroes, every one of whom has wrong to avenge on the Pandavas, when united together? All these, O monarch, will fight with the followers of the Pandavas and will slay them in battle. Karna alone, with myself, will stay the Pandavas. All the heroic kings will then live under my sway. He, who is their leader, the mighty Vasudeva, will not, he has told me, put on mail for them, O king.” Even in this way, O Suta, did Duryodhana often use to speak to me. Hearing what he said, I believed that the Pandavas would be slain in battle. When, however, my sons stationed in the midst of those heroes and exerting themselves vigorously in battle have all been slain, what can it be but destiny? When that lord of the world, the valiant Bhishma, having encountered Sikhandin, met with his death like a lion meeting with his at the hands of a jackal, what can it be but destiny? When the Brahmana Drona, that master of all weapons offensive and defensive, has been slain by the Pandavas in battle, what can it be but destiny? When Bhurisravas has been slain in battle, as also Somadatta and king Vahluka, what can it be but destiny? When Bhagadatta, skilled in fight from the backs of elephants, has been slain, and when Jayadratha hath been slain, what can it be but destiny? When Sudakshina has been slain, and Jalasandha of Puru’s race, as also Srutayush, and Ayutayush, what can it be but destiny? When the mighty Pandya, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, has been slain in battle by the Pandavas, what can it be but destiny? When Vrihadvala has been slain and the mighty king of the Magadhas, and the valiant Ugrayudha, that type of all bowmen; when the two princes of Avanti (Vinda and Anuvinda) have been slain, and the ruler also of the Trigartas, as also numerous Samsaptakas, what can it be but destiny? When king Alamvusha, and the Rakshasas Alayudha, and Rishyasringa’s son, have been slain, what can it be but destiny? When the Narayanas have been slain, as also the Gopalas, those troops that were invincible in battle, and many thousands of Mlechchhas, what can it be but destiny? When Sakuni, the son of Suvala, and the mighty Uluka, called the gamester’s son, that hero at the head of his forces, have been slain, what can it be but destiny? When innumerable high-souled heroes, accomplished in all kinds of weapons offensive and defensive and endued with prowess equal to that of Sakra himself, have been slain, O Suta, when Kshatriyas hailing from diverse realms, O Sanjaya, have all been slain in battle, what can it be but destiny? Endued with great might, my sons and grandsons have been slain, as also my friends and brethren, what can it be but destiny? Without doubt, man takes his birth, subject to destiny. That man who is possessed of good fortune meets with good. I am bereft of good fortune, and, therefore, am deprived of my children, O Sanjaya. Old as I am, how shall I now submit to the sway of enemies? I do not think anything other than exile into the woods to be good for me, O lord. Deprived of relatives and kinsmen as I am, I will go into the woods. Nothing other than an exile into the woods can be better for me who am fallen into this plight and who am shorn of my wings, O Sanjaya. When Duryodhana had been slain, when Salya has been slain, when Dussasana and Vivingsati and the mighty Vikarna have been slain, how shall I be able to bear the roars of that Bhimasena who hath alone slain a hundred sons of mine in battle? He will frequently speak of the slaughter of Duryodhana in my hearing. Burning with grief and sorrow, I shall not be able to bear his cruel words.”

Vaisampayana continued, “Even thus that king, burning with grief and deprived of relatives and kinsmen, repeatedly swooned, overwhelmed with sorrow on account of the death of his sons. Having wept for a long while, Dhritarashtra, the son of Amvika, breathed heavy and hot sighs at the thought of his defeat. Overwhelmed with sorrow, and burning with grief, that bull of

Bharata's race once more enquired of his charioteer Sanjaya, the son of Gavalgana, the details of what had happened.

“Dhritarashtra said, ‘After Bhishma and Drona had been slain, and the Suta's son also overthrown, whom did my warriors make their generalissimo? The Pandavas are slaying without any delay everyone whom my warriors are making their generalissimo in battle. Bhishma was slain at the van of battle by the diadem-decked Arjuna in the very sight of all of you. Even thus was Drona slain in the sight of all of you. Even thus was the Suta's son, that valiant Karna, slain by Arjuna in the sight of all the kings. Long before, the high-souled Vidura had told me that through the fault of Duryodhana the population of the Earth would be exterminated. There are some fools that do not see things even though they cast their eyes on them. Those words of Vidura have been even so unto my foolish self. What Vidura of righteous soul, conversant with attributes of everything, then said, hath turned out exactly, for the words he uttered were nothing but the truth. Afflicted by fate, I did not then act according to those words. The fruits of that evil course have now manifested themselves. Describe them to me, O son of Gavalgana, once more! Who became the head of our army after Karna's fall? Who was that car-warrior who proceeded against Arjuna and Vasudeva? Who were they that protected the right wheel of the ruler of the Madras in battle? Who protected the left wheel of that hero when he went to battle? Who also guarded his rear? How, when all of you were together, could the mighty king of the Madras, as also my son, be slain, O Sanjaya, by the Pandavas? Tell me the details of the great destruction of the Bharatas. Tell me how my son Duryodhana fell in battle. Tell me how all the Panchalas with their followers, and Dhrishtadyumna and Sikhandin and the five sons of Draupadi, fell. Tell me how the (five) Pandavas and the two Satwatas (Krishna and Satyaki), and Kripa and Kritavarman and Drona's son, have escaped with life. I desire to hear everything about the manner in which the battle occurred and the kind of battle it was. Thou art skilled, O Sanjaya, in narration. Tell me everything.’”

Section III

“Sanjaya said, ‘Hear, O king, with attention, how that great carnage of the Kurus and the Pandavas occurred when they encountered each other. After the Suta's son had been slain by the illustrious son of Pandu, and after thy troops had been repeatedly rallied and had repeatedly fled away, and after a terrible carnage had taken place, O foremost of men, of human beings in battle subsequent to Karna's death, Partha began to utter leonine roars. At that time a great fear entered the hearts of thy sons. Indeed, after Karna's death, there was no warrior in thy army who could set his heart upon rallying the troops or displaying his prowess. They then looked like shipwrecked merchants on the fathomless ocean without a raft to save themselves. When their protector was slain by the diadem-decked Arjuna, they were like persons on the wide sea desirous of reaching some shore of safety. Indeed, O king, after the slaughter of the Suta's son, thy troops, struck with panic and mangled with arrows, were like unprotected men desirous of a protector or like a herd of deer afflicted by a lion. Vanquished by Savyasachin, they retired in the evening like bulls with broken horns or snakes shorn of their fangs. Their foremost of heroes slain, themselves thrown into confusion and mangled with keen arrows, thy sons, O king, upon the slaughter of the Suta's son, fled away in fear. Deprived of weapons and coats of mail, all of them lost their senses and knew not in which direction to fly. Casting their eyes on all sides in

fear, many of them began to slaughter one another. Many fell down or became pale, thinking, “It is me whom Vibhatsu is pursuing!” “It is me whom Vrikodara is pursuing!” Some riding on fleet steeds, some on fleet cars, and some on fleet elephants, many great car-warriors fled away from fear, abandoning the foot-soldiers. Cars were broken by elephants, horsemen were crushed by great car-warriors, and bands of foot-soldiers were smashed and slain by bodies of horses as these fled away from the field. After the fall of the Suta’s son, thy troops became like stragglers from a caravan in a forest abounding with robbers and beasts of prey. Some elephants whose riders had been slain, and others whose trunks had been cut off, afflicted with fear, beheld the whole world to be full of Partha. Beholding his troops flying away afflicted with the fear of Bhimasena Duryodhana then, with cries of “Oh!” and “Alas!” addressed his driver, saying, “If I take up my post at the rear of the army, armed with my bow, Partha then will never be able to transgress me. Urge the steeds, therefore, with speed. When I will put forth my valour in battle, Dhananjaya the son of Kunti will not venture to transgress me like the ocean never venturing to transgress its continents. Today, slaying Arjuna with Govinda, and the proud Vrikodara, and the rest of my foes, I will free myself from the debt I owe to Karna.” Hearing these words of the Kuru king, so becoming a hero and an honourable man, his driver slowly urged those steeds adorned with trappings of gold. At that time many brave warriors deprived of elephants and steeds and cars, and five and twenty thousand foot-soldiers, O sire, proceeded slowly (for battle). Then Bhimasena, filled with wrath, and Dhrishtadyumna the son of Prishata, encompassing those troops with the assistance of four kinds of forces, destroyed them with shafts. All of them fought vigorously with Bhima and Prishata’s son. Many amongst them challenged the two Pandava heroes, mentioning their names. Surrounded by them in battle, Bhima became enraged with them. Quickly descending from his car, he began to fight, armed with his mace. Relying on the might of his own arms, Vrikodara the son of Kunti, who was on his car, observant of the rules of fair fight, did not fight with those foes who were on the ground. Armed then with that heavy mace of his that was made entirely of iron and adorned with gold and equipped with a sling, and that resembled the Destroyer himself as he becomes at the end of Yuga, Bhima slew them all like Yama slaughtering creatures with his club. Those foot-soldiers, excited with great rage, having lost their friends and kinsmen, were prepared to throw away their lives, and rushed in that battle towards Bhima like insects towards a blazing fire. Indeed, those warriors, filled with rage and invincible in battle, approaching Bhimasena, suddenly perished like living creatures at the glance of the Destroyer. Armed with sword and mace, Bhima careered like a hawk and slaughtered those five and twenty thousand warriors of thine. Having slain that brave division, the mighty Bhima, of prowess incapable of being baffled, once more stood, with Dhrishtadyumna before him. Meanwhile, Dhananjaya of great energy proceeded towards the car-division (of the Kurus). The twin sons of Madri and the mighty car-warrior Satyaki, all endued with great strength, cheerfully rushed against Sakuni with great speed from desire of slaying him. Having slain with keen shafts the numerous cavalry of Sakuni, those Pandava heroes quickly rushed against Sakuni himself, whereupon a fierce battle was fought there. Then Dhananjaya, O king, penetrated into the midst of the car-division of the Kauravas, stretching his bow Gandiva celebrated over the three worlds. Beholding that car having white steeds yoked unto it and owning Krishna for its driver coming towards them, with Arjuna as the warrior on it, thy troops fled away in fear. Deprived of cars and steeds and pierced with shafts from every side, five and twenty thousand foot-soldiers proceeded towards Partha and surrounded him. Then that mighty car-warrior

amongst the Panchalas (Dhrishtadyumna) with Bhimasena at his head, speedily slew that brave division and stood triumphant. The son of the Panchala king, the celebrated Dhrishtadyumna, was a mighty Bowman possessed of great beauty and a crusher of large bands of foes. At sight of Dhrishtadyumna unto whose car were yoked steeds white as pigeons and whose standard was made of a lofty Kovidara, the troops fled away in fear. The celebrated sons of Madri, with Satyaki among them, engaged in the pursuit of the Gandhara king who was quick in the use of weapons, speedily appeared to our view. Chekitana and the (five) sons of Draupadi, O sire, having slain a large number of thy troops, blew their conchs. Beholding all the troops flying away with their faces from the field, those (Pandava) heroes pursued and smote them like bulls pursuing vanquished bulls. Then the mighty Savyasachin, the son of Pandu, beholding a remnant of thy army still keeping their ground, became filled with rage, O king. Suddenly, O monarch, he shrouded that remnant of thy forces with arrows. The dust, however, that was then raised enveloped the scene, in consequence of which we could not see anything. Darkness also spread over the scene, and the field of battle was covered with arrows. Thy troops, O monarch, then fled away in fear on all sides. When his army was thus broken, the Kuru king, O monarch, rushed against both friends and foes. Then Duryodhana challenged all the Pandavas to battle, O chief of Bharata's race, like the Asura Vali in days of yore challenging all the celestials. The Pandavas then, uniting together and filled with rage, upbraiding him repeatedly and shooting diverse weapons, rushed against the roaring Duryodhana. The latter, however, fearlessly smote his foes with shafts. The prowess that we then saw of thy son was exceedingly wonderful, since all the Pandavas together were unable to transgress him. At this time Duryodhana beheld, staying at a little distance from him, his troops, exceedingly mangled with shafts, and prepared to fly away. Rallying them then, O monarch, thy son, resolved on battle and desirous of gladdening them, addressed those warriors, saying, "I do not see that spot on plain or mountain whither, if you fly, the Pandavas will not slay you. What is the use then in flight? The Pandava army hath now been reduced to a small remnant. The two Krishnas have been exceedingly mangled. If all of us make a stand here, we are certain to have victory. If, however, you fly away, breaking your array, the Pandavas, pursuing your sinful selves, will slay all of you. Death in battle, therefore, is for our good. Death in the field of battle while engaged in fight according to Kshatriya practices is pleasant. Such death produces no kind of grief. By encountering such a death, a person enjoys eternal happiness in the other world. Let all the Kshatriyas assembled here listen to me. It were better that they should even submit to the power of the angry Bhimasena than that they should abandon the duties practised by them from the days of their ancestors. There is no act more sinful for a Kshatriya than flight from battle. You Kauravas, there is not a better path to heaven than the duty of battle. The warrior acquires in a day regions of bliss (in the other world) that take many long years for others to acquire." Fulfilling those words of the king, the great Kshatriya warriors once more rushed against the Pandavas, unable to endure their defeat and firmly resolved to put forth their prowess. Then commenced a battle once more, that was exceedingly fierce, between thy troops and the enemy, and that resembled the one between the gods and the Asuras. Thy son Duryodhana then, O monarch, with all his troops, rushed against the Pandavas headed by Yudhishtira."

Section IV

“Sanjaya said, ‘Beholding the fallen boxes of cars, as also the cars of high-souled warriors, and the elephants and foot-soldiers, O sire, slain in battle, seeing the field of battle assume an aspect as awful as that of the sporting ground of Rudra, observing the inglorious end obtained by hundreds and thousands of kings, witnessing also the prowess of Partha after the retreat of thy son with grief-stricken heart and when thy troops, filled with anxiety and fallen into great distress, O Bharata, were deliberating as to what they should next do, hearing also the loud wails of the Kaurava warriors that were being crushed, and marking the displayed and disordered tokens of great kings, the Kuru leader Kripa of great energy, possessed of years and good conduct and filled with compassion, and endued with eloquence, approached king Duryodhana, and angrily said these words unto him, “O Duryodhana, listen, O Bharata, to these words that I will say unto thee. Having heard them, O monarch, do thou act according to them, O sinless one, if it pleases thee. There is no path, O monarch, that is better than the duty of battle. Having recourse to that path, Kshatriyas, O bull of the Kshatriya order, engage in battle. He who lives in the observance of Kshatriya practices fights with son, sire, brother, sister’s son, and maternal uncle, and relatives, and kinsmen. If he is slaughtered in battle, there is great merit in it. Similarly, there is great sin in it if he flies from the field. It is for this that the life of a person desirous of living by the adoption of Kshatriya duties is exceedingly terrible. Unto thee, as regards this, I will say a few beneficial words. After the fall of Bhishma and Drona and the mighty car-warrior Karna, after the slaughter of Jayadratha and thy brothers, O sinless one, and thy son Lakshmana, what is there now for us to do? They upon whom we had rested all burdens of sovereignty we had been enjoying, have all gone to regions of blessedness attainable by persons conversant with Brahma, casting off their bodies. As regards ourselves, deprived of those great car-warriors possessed of numerous accomplishments, we shall have to pass our time in grief, having caused numerous kings to perish. When all those heroes were alive, even then Vibhatsu could not be vanquished. Having Krishna, for his eyes, that mighty-armed hero is incapable of being defeated by the very gods. The vast (Kaurava) host, approaching his Ape-bearing standard that is lofty as an Indra’s pole (set up in the season of spring) and that is effulgent as Indra’s bow, hath always trembled in fear. At the leonine roars of Bhimasena and the blare of Panchajanya and the twang of Gandiva, our heart will die away within us. Moving like flashes of lightning, and blinding our eyes, Arjuna’s Gandiva is seen to resemble a circle of fire. Decked with pure gold, that formidable bow as it is shaken, looks lightning’s flash moving about on every side. Steeds white in hue and possessed of great speed and endued with the splendour of the Moon or the Kasa grass, and that run devouring the skies, are yoked unto his car. Urged on by Krishna, like the masses of clouds driven by the wind, and their limbs decked with gold, they bear Arjuna to battle. That foremost of all persons conversant with arms, Arjuna, burned that great force of thine like a swelling conflagration consuming dry grass in the forest in the season of winter. Possessed of the splendour of Indra himself, while penetrating into our ranks, we have seen Dhananjaya to look like an elephant with four tusks. While agitating thy army and inspiring the kings with fear, we have seen Dhananjaya to resemble an elephant agitating a lake overgrown with lotuses. While terrifying all the warriors with the twang of his bow, we have again seen the son of Pandu to resemble a lion inspiring smaller animals with dread. Those two foremost of bowmen in all the worlds, those two bulls among all persons armed with the bow, the two

Krishnas, clad in mail, are looking exceedingly beautiful. Today is the seventeenth day of this awful battle, O Bharata, of those that are being slaughtered in the midst of this fight. The diverse divisions of thy army are broken and dispersed like autumnal clouds dispersed by the wind. Savyasachin, O monarch, caused thy army to tremble and reel like a tempest-tossed boat exposed on the bosom of the ocean. Where was the Suta's son, where was Drona with all his followers, where was I, where wert thou, where was Hridika's son, where thy brother Dussasana accompanied by his brothers (when Jayadratha was slain)? Upon beholding Jayadratha and finding him within the range of his arrows, Arjuna, putting forth his process upon all thy kinsmen and brothers and allies and maternal uncles, and placing his feet upon their heads, slew king Jayadratha in the very sight of all. What then is there for us to do now? Who is there among thy troops now that would vanquish the son of Pandu? That high-souled warrior possesses diverse kinds of celestial weapons. The twang, again, of Gandiva robbeth us of our energies. This army of thine that is now without a leader is like a night without the Moon, or like a river that is dried up with all the trees on its banks broken by elephants. The mighty-armed Arjuna of white steeds will, at his pleasure, career amid this thy masterless host, like a blazing conflagration amid a heap of grass. The impetuosity of those two, Satyaki and Bhimasena, would split all the mountains or dry up all the oceans. The words that Bhima spoke in the midst of the assembly have all been nearly accomplished by him, O monarch. That which remains unaccomplished will again be accomplished by him. While Karna was battling before it, the army of the Pandavas, difficult to be defeated, was vigorously protected by the wielder of Gandiva. You have done many foul wrongs, without any cause, unto the righteous Pandavas. The fruits of those acts have now come. For the sake of thy own objects thou hadst, with great care, mustered together a large force. That vast force, as also thyself, O bull of Bharata's race, have fallen into great danger. Preserve thy own self now, for self is the refuge of everything. If the refuge is broken, O sire, everything inhering thereto is scattered on every side. He that is being weakened should seek peace by conciliation. He that is growing should make war. This is the policy taught by Vrihaspati. We are now inferior to the sons of Pandu as regards the strength of our army. Therefore, O lord, I think, peace with the Pandavas is for our good. He that does not know what is for his good, or (knowing) disregards what is for his good, is soon divested of his kingdom and never obtains any good. If, by bowing unto king Yudhishtira sovereignty may still remain to us, even that would be for our good, and not, O king, to sustain through folly defeat (at the hands of the Pandavas). Yudhishtira is compassionate. At the request of Vichitravirya's son and of Govinda, he will allow you to continue as king. Whatever Hrishikesa will say unto the victorious king Yudhishtira and Arjuna and Bhimasena, all of them will, without doubt, obey. Krishna will not, I think, be able to transgress the words of Dhritarashtra of Kuru's race, nor will the son of Pandu be able to transgress those of Krishna. A cessation of hostilities with the sons of Pritha is what I consider to be for thy good. I do not say this unto thee from any mean motives nor for protecting my life. I say, O king, that which I regard to be beneficial. Thou wilt recollect these words when thou wilt be on the point of death (if thou neglectest them now).” Advanced in years, Kripa the son of Saradwat said these words weepingly. Breathing long and hot breaths, he then gave way to sorrow and almost lost his senses.”

Section V

“Sanjaya said, ‘Thus addressed by the celebrated grandson of Gotama, the king (Duryodhana), breathing long and hot breaths, remained silent, O monarch. Having reflected for a little while, the high-souled son of Dhritarashtra, that scorcher of foes, then said these words unto Saradwat’s son Kripa, “Whatever a friend should say, thou hast said unto me. Thou hast also, whilst battling, done everything for me, without caring for thy very life. The world has seen thee penetrate into the midst of the Pandava divisions and fight with the mighty car-warriors of the Pandavas endued with great energy. That which should be said by a friend hast been said by thee. Thy words, however, do not please me, like medicine that ill pleases the person that is on the point of death. These beneficial and excellent words, fraught with reason, that thou, O mighty armed one, hast said do not seem acceptable to me, O foremost of Brahmanas. Deprived by us of his kingdom (on a former occasion), why will the son of Pandu repose his trust on us? That mighty king was once defeated by us at dice. Why will he again believe my words? So also, Krishna, ever engaged in the good of the Parthas, when he came to us as an envoy, was deceived by us. That act of ours was exceedingly ill-judged. Why then, O regenerate one, will Hrishikesa trust my words? The princess Krishnâ, while standing in the midst of the assembly, wept piteously. Krishna will never forget that act of ours, nor that act, the deprivation of Yudhishtira by us of his kingdom. Formerly, it was heard by us that the two Krishnas have the same heart between them and are firmly united with each other. Today, O lord, we have seen it with our eyes. Having heard of the slaughter of his sister’s son, Kesava passeth his nights in sorrow. We have offended him highly. Why will he forgive us then? Arjuna also, in consequence of Abhimanyu’s death, hath become very miserable. Even if solicited, why will he strike for my good? The second son of Pandu, the mighty Bhimasena, is exceedingly fierce. He has made a terrible vow. He will break but not bend. The heroic twins, breathing animosity against us, when clad in mail and armed with their swords, resemble a pair of Yamas. Dhrishtadyumna and Sikhandin have drawn their swords against me. Why will those two, O best of Brahmanas, strive for my good? While clad in a single raiment and in her season, the princess Krishnâ was treated cruelly by Dussasana in the midst of the assembly and before the eyes of all. Those scorchers of foes, the Pandavas, who still remember the naked Draupadi plunged into distress, can never be dissuaded from battle.

“““Then again, Krishnâ, the daughter of Drupada, is in sorrow, undergoing the austere of penances for my destruction and the success of the objects cherished by her husbands, and sleepeth every day on the bare ground, intending to do so till the end of the hostilities is attained. Abandoning honour and pride, the uterine sister of Vasudeva (Subhadra) is always serving Draupadi as veritable waiting woman. Everything, therefore, hath flamed up. That fire can never be quenched. Peace with them hath become impossible in consequence of the slaughter of Abhimanyu. Having also enjoyed the sovereignty of this earth bounded by the ocean, how shall I be able to enjoy, under favour of the Pandavas, a kingdom in peace? Having shone like the Sun upon the heads of all the kings, how shall I walk behind Yudhishtira like a slave? Having enjoyed all enjoyable articles and shown great compassion, how shall I lead a miserable life now, with miserable men as my companions? I do not hate those mild and beneficial words that thou hast spoken. I, however, do not think that this is the time for peace. To fight righteously is, O scorcher of foes, what I regard to be good policy. This is not the time for acting like a eunuch.

On the other hand, that is time for the battle. I have performed many sacrifices. I have given away Dakshinas to Brahmanas, I have obtained the attainment of all my wishes. I have listened to Vedic recitations. I have walked upon the heads of my foes. My servants have all been well-cherished by me. I have relieved people in distress. I dare not, O foremost of regenerate ones, address such humble words to the Pandavas. I have conquered foreign kingdoms. I have properly governed my own kingdom. I have enjoyed diverse kinds of enjoyable articles. Religion and profit and pleasure I have pursued. I have paid off my debt to the Pitris and to Kshatriya duty. Certainly, there is no happiness here. What becomes of kingdom, and what of good name? Fame is all that one should acquire here. That fame can be obtained by battle, and by no other means. The death that a Kshatriya meets with at home is censurable. Death on one's bed at home is highly sinful. The man who casts away his body in the woods or in battle after having performed sacrifices, obtains great glory. He is no man who dies miserably weeping in pain, afflicted by disease and decay, in the midst of crying kinsmen. Abandoning diverse objects of enjoyment, I shall now, by righteous battle, proceed to the regions of Sakra, obtaining the companionship of those that have attained to the highest end. Without doubt, the habitation of heroes of righteous behaviour, who never retreat from battle, who are gifted with intelligence and devoted to truth, who are performers of sacrifices, and who have been sanctified in the sacrifice of weapons, is in heaven. The diverse tribes of Apsaras, without doubt, joyfully gaze at such heroes when engaged in battle. Without doubt, the Pitris behold them worshipped in the assembly of the gods and rejoicing in heaven, in the company of Apsaras. We will now ascend the path that is trod by the celestials and by heroes unreturning from battle, that path which has been taken by our venerable grandsire, by the preceptor endued with great intelligence, by Jayadratha, by Karna, and by Dussasana. Many brave kings, who had exerted themselves vigorously for my sake in this battle, have been slain. Mangled with arrows and their limbs bathed in blood, they lie now on the bare Earth. Possessed of great courage and conversant with excellent weapons, those kings, who had, again, performed sacrifices as ordained in the scriptures, having cast off their life breaths in the discharge of their duties, have now become the denizens of Indra's abode. They have paved the way (to that blessed region). That road will once more be difficult in consequence of the crowds of heroes that will hurry along it for reaching that blessed goal. Remembering with gratitude the feats of those heroes that have died for me, I desire to pay off the debt I owe them, instead of fixing my heart upon kingdom. If, having caused my friends and brothers and grandsires to be slain, I save my own life, the world will without doubt, censure me. What kind of sovereignty will that be which I will enjoy, destitute of kinsmen and friends and well-wishers, and bowing down unto the son of Pandu? I, who have lorded it over the universe in that way, will now acquire heaven by fair fight. It will not be otherwise." Thus addressed by Duryodhana, all the Kshatriyas there applauded that speech and cheered the king, saying, "Excellent, Excellent." Without at all grieving for their defeat, and firmly resolved upon displaying their prowess, all of them, being determined to fight, became filled with enthusiasm. Having groomed their animals, the Kauravas, delighting at the prospect of battle, took up their quarters (for the night) at a spot a little less than two Yojanas distant from the field. Having reached the Saraswati of red waters on the sacred and beautiful table-land at the foot of Himavat, they bathed in that water and quenched their thirst with it. Their spirits raised by thy son, they continued to wait (on their resting ground). Once more rallying their own selves as well as one another, all those Kshatriyas, O king, urged by fate, waited (in their encampment)."

Section VI

“Sanjaya said, ‘On that table land at the foot of Himavat, those warriors, O monarch, delighting at the prospect of battle and assembled together, passed the night. Indeed, Salya and Chitrasena and the mighty car-warrior Sakuni and Aswatthaman and Kripa and Kritavarman of the Satwata race, and Sushena and Arishtasena and Dhritasena of great energy and Jayatsena and all these kings passed the night there. After the heroic Karna had been slain in battle, thy sons, inspired with fright by the Pandavas desirous of victory, failed to obtain peace anywhere else than on the mountains of Himavat. All of them then, O king, who were resolved on battle, duly worshipped the king and said unto him, in the presence of Salya, these words, “It behoveth thee to fight with the enemy, after having made some one the generalissimo of thy army, protected by whom in battle we will vanquish our foes.” Then Duryodhana, without alighting from his car (proceeded towards) that foremost of car-warriors, that hero conversant with all the rules of battle (Aswatthaman), who resembled the Destroyer himself in battle. Possessed of beautiful limbs, of head well covered, of a neck adorned with three lines like those in a conch shell, of sweet speech, of eyes resembling the petals of a full blown lotus, and of a face like that of the dignity of Meru, resembling the bull of Mahadeva as regards neck, eyes, tread, and voice, endued with arms that were large, massive, and well-joined, having a chest that was broad and well-formed, equal unto Garuda or the wind in speed and might, gifted with a splendour like that of the rays of the Sun, rivalling Usanas himself in intelligence and the Moon in beauty and form and charms of face, with a body that seemed to be made of a number of golden lotuses, with well-made joints, of well-formed thighs and waist and hips, of beautiful fingers, and beautiful nails, he seemed to have been made by the Creator with care after collecting one after another all the beautiful and good attributes of creation. Possessed of every auspicious mark, and clever in every act, he was an ocean of learning. Ever vanquishing his foes with great speed, he was incapable of being forcibly vanquished by foes. He knew, in all its details, the science of weapons consisting of four padas and ten Angas. He knew also the four Vedas with all their branches, and the Akhyanas as the fifth. Possessed of great ascetic merit, Drona, himself not born of woman, having worshipped the Three-eyed deity with great attention and austere vows, begat him upon a wife not born of woman. Approaching that personage of unrivalled feats, that one who is unrivalled in beauty on Earth, that one who has mastered all branches of learning, that ocean of accomplishments, that faultless Aswatthaman, thy son told him these words, “Thou, O preceptor’s son, art today our highest refuge. Tell us, therefore, who is to be the generalissimo of my forces now, placing whom at our head, all of us, united together, may vanquish the Pandavas?”

“(Thus addressed), the son of Drona answered, “Let Salya become the leader of our army. In descent, in prowess, in energy, in fame, in beauty of person, and in every other accomplishment, he is superior. Mindful of the services rendered to him, he has taken up our side, having abandoned the sons of his own sister. Owning a large force of his own, that mighty-armed one is like a second (Kartikeya, the) celestial generalissimo. Making that king the commander of our forces, O best of monarchs, we will be able to gain victory, like the gods, after making the unvanquished Skanda their commander.” After Drona’s son had said these words, all the kings stood, surrounding Salya, and cried victory to him. Having made up their minds for

battle, they felt great joy. Then Duryodhana, alighting from his car, joined his hands and addressing Salya, that rival of Drona and Bhishma in battle, who was on his car, said these words, “O thou that art devoted to friends, that time has now come for thy friends when intelligent men examine persons in the guise of friends as to whether they are true friends or otherwise. Brave as thou art, be thou our generalissimo at the van of our army. When thou wilt proceed to battle, the Pandavas, with their friends, will become cheerless, and the Panchalas will be depressed.”

“Salya answered, “I will, O king of the Kurus, accomplish that which thou askest me to accomplish. Everything I have—my life breath, my kingdom, my wealth—is at thy service.”

“Duryodhana said, “I solicit thee with offer of the leadership of my army, O maternal uncle. O foremost of warriors, protect us incomparably, even as Skanda protected the gods in battle. O foremost of kings, thyself cause thy own self to be installed in the command as Pavaka’s son Kartikeya in the command of (the forces of) the celestials. O hero, slay our foes in battle like Indra slaying the Danavas.””

Section VII

“Sanjaya said, ‘Hearing these words of the (Kuru) king, the valiant monarch (Salya), O king, said these words unto Duryodhana in reply, “O mighty-armed Duryodhana, listen to me, O foremost of eloquent men. Thou regardest the two Krishnas, when on their car, to be the foremost of car-warriors. They are not, however, together equal to me in might of arms. What need I say of the Pandavas? When angry, I can fight, at the van of battle, with the whole world consisting of gods, Asuras, and men, risen up in arms. I will vanquish the assembled Parthas and the Somakas in battle. Without doubt, I will become the leader of thy troops. I will form such an array that our enemies will not be able to overmaster it. I say this to thee, O Duryodhana. There is no doubt in this.” Thus addressed (by Salya), king Duryodhana cheerfully poured sanctified water, without losing any time, O best of the Bharatas, on the ruler of the Madras, in the midst of his troops, according to the rites ordained in the scriptures, O monarch. After Salya had been invested with the command, loud leonine roars arose among thy troops and diverse musical instruments also, O Bharata, were beat and blown. The Kaurava warriors became very cheerful, as also the mighty car-warriors among the Madrakas. And all of them praised the royal Salya, that ornament of battle, saying, “Victory to thee, O king. Long life to thee! Slay all the assembled foes! Having obtained the might of thy arms, let the Dhartarashtras endued with great strength, rule the wide Earth without a foe. Thou art capable of vanquishing in battle the three worlds consisting of the gods, the Asuras, what need be said of the Somakas and the Srinjayas that are mortal?” Thus praised, the mighty king of the Madrakas obtained great joy that is unattainable by persons of unrefined souls.

“Salya said, “Today, O king, I will either slay all the Panchalas with the Pandavas in battle, or, slain by them, proceed to heaven. Let the world behold me today careering (on the field of battle) fearlessly. Today let all the sons of Pandu, and Vasudeva, and Satyaki, and the sons of Draupadi, and Dhrishtadyumna, and Sikhandin, and all the Prabhadrakas, behold my prowess and the great might of my bow, and my quickness, and the energy of my weapons, and the strength of my arms, in battle. Let the Parthas, and all the Siddhas, with the Charanas behold today the strength that is in my arms and the wealth of weapons I possess. Beholding my

prohess today, let the mighty car-warriors of the Pandavas, desirous of counteracting it, adopt diverse courses of action. Today I will rout the troops of the Pandavas on all sides. Surpassing Drona and Bhishma and the Suta's son, O lord, in battle, I will career on the field, O Kauravas, for doing what is agreeable to thee.”

“Sanjaya continued, ‘After Salya had been invested with the command, O giver of honours, no one among thy troops, O bull of Bharata's race, any longer felt any grief on account of Karna. Indeed, the troops became cheerful and glad. They regarded the Parthas as already slain and brought under the power of the ruler of the Madras. Having obtained great joy, thy troops, O bull of Bharata's race, slept that night happily and became very cheerful. Hearing those shouts of thy army, king Yudhishtira, addressing him of Vrishni's race, said these words, in the hearing of all the Kshatriyas, “The ruler of the Madras, Salya, that great bowman who is highly regarded by all the warriors hath, O Madhava, been made the leader of his forces by Dhritarashtra's son. Knowing this that has happened, do, O Madhava, that which is beneficial. Thou art our leader and protector. Do that which should next be done.” Then Vasudeva, O monarch, said unto that king, “I know Artayani, O Bharata, truly. Endued with prowess and great energy, he is highly illustrious. He is accomplished, conversant with all the modes of warfare, and possessed of great lightness of hand. I think that the ruler of the Madras is in battle equal to Bhishma or Drona or Karna, or perhaps, superior to them. I do not, O ruler of men, even upon reflection, find the warrior who may be a match for Salya while engaged in fight. In battle, he is superior in might to Sikhandin and Arjuna and Bhima and Satyaki and Dhrishtadyumna, O Bharata. The king of the Madras, O monarch, endued with the prowess of a lion or an elephant, will career fearlessly in battle like the Destroyer himself in wrath amongst creatures at the time of the universal destruction. I do not behold a match for him in battle save thee, O tiger among men, that art possessed of prowess equal to that of a tiger. Save thee there is no other person in either heaven or the whole of this world, who, O son of Kuru's race, would be able to slay the ruler of the Madras while excited with wrath in battle. Day after day engaged in fight, he agitates thy troops. For this, slay Salya in battle, like Maghavat slaying Samvara. Treated with honour by Dhritarashtra's son, that hero is invincible in battle. Upon the fall of the ruler of the Madras in battle, thou art certain to have victory. Upon his slaughter, the vast Dhritarashtra host will be slain. Hearing, O monarch, these words of mine now, proceed, O Partha, against that mighty car-warrior, the ruler of the Madras. Slay that warrior, O thou of mighty arms, like Vasava slaying the Asura Namuchi. There is no need of showing any compassion here, thinking that this one is thy maternal uncle. Keeping the duties of a Kshatriya before thee, slay the ruler of the Madras. Having crossed the fathomless oceans represented by Bhishma and Drona and Karna, do not sink, with thy followers, in the print of a cow's hoof represented by Salya. Display in battle the whole of thy ascetic power and thy Kshatriya energy. Slay that car-warrior.” Having said these words, Kesava, that slayer of hostile heroes, proceeded to his tent in the evening, worshipped by the Pandavas. After Kesava had gone, king Yudhishtira the just, dismissing all his brothers and the Somakas, happily slept that night, like an elephant from whose body the darts have been plucked out. All those great bowmen of the Panchalas and Pandavas, delighted in consequence of the fall of Karna, slept that night happily. Its fever dispelled, the army of the Pandavas, abounding with great bowmen and mighty car-warriors having reached the shore as it were, became very happy that night, in consequence of the victory, O sire, it had won by the slaughter of Karna.”

Section VIII

“Sanjaya said, ‘After that night had passed away, king Duryodhana then, addressing all thy soldiers, said, “Arm, you mighty car-warriors!” Hearing the command of the king, the warriors began to put on their armour. Some began to yoke their steeds to their cars quickly, others ran hither and thither. The elephants began to be equipped. The foot-soldiers began to arm. Others, numbering thousands, began to spread carpets on the terraces of cars. The noise of musical instruments, O monarch, arose there, for enhancing the martial enthusiasm of the soldiers. Then all the troops, placed in their proper posts, were seen, O Bharata, to stand, clad in mail and resolved to make death their goal. Having made the ruler of the Madras their leader, the great car-warriors of the Kauravas, distributing their troops, stood in divisions. Then all thy warriors, with Kripa and Kritavarman and Drona’s son and Salya and Suvala’s son and the other kings that were yet alive, met thy son, and arrived at this understanding, that none of them would individually and alone fight with the Pandavas. And they said, “He amongst us that will fight, alone and unsupported, with the Pandavas, or he that will abandon a comrade engaged in fight, will be stained with the five grave sins and all the minor sins.” And they said, “All of us, united together, will fight with the foe.” Those great car-warriors, having made such an understanding with one another placed the ruler of the Madras at their head and quickly proceeded against their foes. Similarly, all the Pandavas, having arrayed their troops in great battle, proceeded against the Kauravas, O king, for fighting with them on every side. Soon, O chief of the Bharatas, that host, whose noise resembled that of the agitated ocean, and which seemed to be wonderful in consequence of its cars and elephants, presented the aspect of the vast deep swelling with its surges.’

“Dhritarashtra said, ‘I have heard of the fall of Drona, of Bhishma and of the son of Radha. Tell me now of the fall of Salya and of my son. How, indeed, O Sanjaya, was Salya slain by king Yudhishtira the just? And how was my son Duryodhana slain by Bhimasena of great might?’

“Sanjaya said, ‘Hear, O king, with patience, of the destruction of human bodies and the loss of elephants and steeds, as I describe (to thee) the battle. The hope became strong, O king, in the breasts of thy sons that, after Drona and Bhishma and the Suta’s son had been overthrown, Salya, O sire, would slay all the Parthas in battle. Cherishing that hope in his heart, and drawing comfort from it, O Bharata, thy son Duryodhana, relying in battle upon that mighty car-warrior, the ruler of the Madras, regarded himself as possessed of a protector. When after Karna’s fall the Parthas had uttered leonine roars, a great fear, O king, had possessed the hearts of the Dhartarashtras. Assuring him duly, the valiant king of the Madras, having formed, O monarch, a grand array whose arrangements were auspicious in every respect, proceeded against the Parthas in battle. And the valiant king of the Madras proceeded, shaking his beautiful and exceedingly strong bow capable of imparting a great velocity to the shafts sped from it. And that mighty car-warrior was mounted upon the foremost of vehicles, having horses of the Sindhu breed yoked unto it. Riding upon his car, his driver made the vehicle look resplendent. Protected by that car, that hero, that brave crusher of foes (Salya), stood, O monarch, dispelling the fears of thy sons. The king of the Madras, clad in mail, proceeded at the head of the array, accompanied by the brave Madrakas and the invincible sons of Karna. On the left was Kritavarman, surrounded by

the Trigartas. On the right was Gautama (Kripa) with the Sakas and the Yavanas. In the rear was Aswatthaman surrounded by the Kamvojas. In the centre was Duryodhana, protected by the foremost of the Kuru warriors. Surrounded by a large force of cavalry and other troops, Suvala's son Sakuni, as also the mighty car-warrior Uluka, proceeded with the others. The mighty bowmen amongst the Pandavas, those chastisers of foes, dividing themselves, O monarch, into three bodies, rushed against thy troops. Dhrishtadyumna and Sikhandin and the mighty car-warrior Satyaki proceeded with great speed against the army of Salya. Then king Yudhishtira, accompanied by his troops, rushed against Salya alone, from desire of slaughtering him, O bull of Bharata's race. Arjuna, that slayer of large bands of foes, rushed with great speed against that great Bowman Kritavarman and the Samsaptakas. Bhimasena and the great car-warriors among the Somakas rushed, O monarch, against Kripa, desirous of slaughtering their foes in battle. The two sons of Madri, accompanied by their troops, proceeded against Sakuni and the great car-warrior Uluka at the head of their forces. Similarly, thousands upon thousands of warriors of thy army, armed with diverse weapons and filled with rage, proceeded against the Pandavas in that battle.'

“Dhritarashtra said, ‘After the fall of the mighty bowmen Bhishma and Drona and the great car-warrior Karna, and after both the Kurus and the Pandavas had been reduced in numbers, and when, indeed, the Parthas, possessed of great prowess, became once more angry in battle, what, O Sanjaya, was the strength of each of the armies?’

“Sanjaya said, ‘Hear, O king, how we and the enemy both stood for battle on that occasion and what was then the strength of the two armies. Eleven thousand cars, O bull of Bharata's race, ten thousand and seven hundred elephants, and full two hundred thousand horses, and three millions of foot, composed the strength of thy army. Six thousand cars, six thousand elephants, ten thousand horses, and one million of foot, O Bharata, were all that composed the remnant of the Pandava force in the battle. These, O bull of Bharata's race, encountered each other for battle. Having distributed their forces in this way, O monarch, ourselves, excited with wrath and inspired with desire of victory, proceeded against the Pandavas, having placed ourselves under the command of the ruler of the Madras. Similar, the brave Pandavas, those tigers among men, desirous of victory, and the Panchalas possessed of great fame, came to battle. Even thus, O monarch, all those tigers among men, desirous of slaughtering their foes, encountered one another at dawn of day, O lord. Then commenced a fierce and terrible battle between thy troops and the enemy, the combatants being all engaged in striking and slaughtering one another.’”

Section IX

“Sanjaya said, ‘Then commenced the battle between the Kurus and the Srinjayas, O monarch, that was as fierce and awful as the battle between the gods and the Asuras. Men and crowds of cars and elephants, and elephant-warriors and horsemen by thousands, and steeds, all possessed of great prowess, encountered one another. The loud noise of rushing elephants of fearful forms was then heard there resembling the roars of the clouds in the welkin, in the season of rains. Some car-warriors, struck by elephants, were deprived of their cars. Routed by those infuriate animals other brave combatants ran on the field. Well-trained car-warriors, O Bharata, with their shafts, despatched large bodies of cavalry and the footmen that urged and protected the

elephants, to the other world. Well-trained horsemen, O king, surrounding great car-warriors, careered on the field, striking and slaying the latter with spears and darts and swords. Some combatants armed with bows, encompassing great car-warriors, despatched them to Yama's abode, the many unitedly battling against individual ones. Other great car-warriors, encompassing elephants and foremost warriors of their own class, slew some mighty one amongst that fought on the field, careering all around. Similarly, O king, elephants, encompassing individual car-warriors excited with wrath and scattering showers of shafts, despatched them to the other world. Elephant-warrior rushing against elephant-warrior and car-warrior against car-warrior in that battle slew each other with darts and lances and cloth-yard shafts, O Bharata. Cars and elephants and horses, crushing foot-soldiers in the midst of battle, were seen to make confusion worse confounded. Adorned with yak-tails, steeds rushed on all sides, looking like the swans found on the plains at the foot of Himavat. They rushed with such speed that they seemed ready to devour the very Earth. The field, O monarch, indented with the hoofs of those steeds, looked beautiful like a beautiful woman bearing the marks of (her lover's) nails on her person. With the noise made by the tread of heroes, the wheels of cars, the shouts of foot-soldiers, the grunts of elephants, the peal of drums and other musical instruments, and the blare of conchs, the Earth began to resound as if with deafening peals of thunder. In consequence of twanging bows and flashing sabres and the glaring armour of the combatants, all became so confused there, that nothing could be distinctly marked. Invulnerable arms, lopped off from human bodies, and looking like the tusks of elephants, jumped up and writhed and moved furiously about. The sound made, O monarch, by heads falling on the field of battle, resembled that made by the falling fruits of palmyra trees. Strewn with those fallen heads that were crimson with blood, the Earth looked resplendent as if adorned with gold-coloured lotuses in their season. Indeed, with those lifeless heads with upturned eyes, that were exceedingly mangled (with shafts and other weapons), the field of battle, O king, looked resplendent as if strewn with full blown lotuses. With the fallen arms of the combatants, smeared with sandal and adorned with costly Keyuras, the earth looked bright as if strewn with the gorgeous poles set up in Indra's honour. The field of battle became covered with the thighs of kings, cut off in that battle and looking like the tapering trunks of elephants. Teeming with hundreds of headless trunk and strewn with umbrellas and yak-tails, that vast army looked beautiful like a flowering forest. Then, on the field of battle, O monarch, warriors careered fearlessly, their limbs bathed in blood and therefore looking like flowering Kinsukas. Elephants also, afflicted with arrows and lances, fell down here and there like broken clouds dropped from the skies. Elephant divisions, O monarch, slaughtered by high-souled warriors, dispersed in all directions like wind-tossed clouds. Those elephants, looking like clouds, fell down on the Earth, like mountains riven with thunder, O lord, on the occasion of the dissolution of the world at the end of the Yuga. Heaps upon heaps, looking like mountains, were seen, lying on the ground, of fallen steeds with their riders. A river appeared on the field of battle, flowing towards the other world. Blood formed its waters and cars its eddies. Standards formed its trees, and bones its pebbles. The arms (of combatants) were its alligators, bows its current, elephants its large rocks, and steeds its smaller ones. Fat and marrow formed its mire, umbrellas its swans, and maces its rafts. Abounding with armour and head-gears, banners constituted its beautiful trees. Teeming with wheels that formed its swarms of Chakravakas, it was covered with Trivenus and Dandas. Inspiring the brave with delight and enhancing the fears of the timid, that fierce river set in, whose shores abounded with Kurus and Srinjayas. Those

brave warriors, with arms resembling spiked bludgeons, by the aid of their vehicles and animals serving the purposes of rafts and boats, crossed that awful river which ran towards the region of the dead. During the progress of that battle, O monarch, in which no consideration was shown by anybody for anyone, and which, fraught with awful destruction of the four kinds of forces, therefore, resembled the battle between the gods and the Asuras in days of old, some among the combatants, O scorcher of foes, loudly called upon their kinsmen and friends. Some, called upon by crying kinsmen, returned, afflicted with fear. During the progress of that fierce and awful battle, Arjuna and Bhimasena stupefied their foes. That vast host of thine, O ruler of men, thus slaughtered, swooned away on the field, like a woman under the influence of liquor. Having stupefied that army, Bhimasena and Dhananjaya blew their conchs and uttered leonine roars. As soon as they heard that loud peal, Dhrishtadyumna and Sikhandin, placing king Yudhishtira at their head, rushed against the ruler of the Madras. Exceedingly wonderful and terrible, O monarch, was the manner in which those heroes, unitedly and as separate bodies, then fought with Salya. The two sons of Madri, endued with great activity, accomplished in weapons, and invincible in battle, proceeded with great speed against thy host, inspired with desire of victory. Then thy army, O bull of Bharata's race, mangled in diverse ways with shafts by the Pandavas eager for victory, began to fly away from the field. That host, thus struck and broken by firm bowmen, O monarch, fled away on all sides in the very sight of thy sons. Loud cries of "Oh!" and "Alas!" O Bharata, arose from among thy warriors, while some illustrious Kshatriyas among the routed combatants, desirous of victory, cried out saying, "Stop, stop!" For all that, those troops of thine, broken by the Pandavas, fled away, deserting on the field their dear sons and brothers and maternal, uncles and sister's sons and relatives by marriage and other kinsmen. Urging their steeds and elephants to greater speed, thousand of warriors fled away, O bull of Bharata's race, bent only upon their own safety.'"

Section X

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding the army broken, the valiant king of the Madras, addressed his driver, saying, "Quickly urge these steeds endued with the fleetness of thought. Yonder stays king Yudhishtira, the son of Pandu, looking resplendent with the umbrella held over his head. Take me thither with speed, O driver, and witness my might. The Parthas are unable to stand before me in battle." Thus addressed, the driver of the Madra king proceeded to that spot where stood king Yudhishtira the just of true aim. Salya fell suddenly upon the mighty host of the Pandavas. Alone, he checked it like the continent checking the surging sea. Indeed, the large force of the Pandavas, coming against Salya, O sire, stood still in that battle, like the rushing sea upon encountering a mountain. Beholding the ruler of the Madras standing for battle on the field, the Kauravas returned, making death their goal. After they had returned, O king, and separately taken up their positions in well-formed array, an awful battle set in, in which blood flowed freely like water.

"The invincible Nakula encountered Chitrasena. These two heroes, both of whom were excellent bowmen, approaching, drenched each other with showers of arrows in that battle, like two pouring clouds risen in the welkin on the south and the north. I could not mark any difference between the son of Pandu and his antagonist. Both of them were accomplished in weapons, both endued with might, and both conversant with the practices of car-warriors. Each

bent upon slaying the other, they carefully looked for each other's lapses. Then Chitrasena, O monarch, with a broad-headed shaft, well-tempered and sharp, cut off Nakula's bow at the handle. Fearlessly then the son of Karna struck the bowless Nakula at the forehead with three shafts equipped with wings of gold and whetted on stone. With a few other keen arrows he then despatched Nakula's steeds to Yama's abode. Next, he felled both the standard and the driver of his antagonist, each with three arrows. With those three arrows sped from the arms of his foe sticking to his forehead, Nakula, O king, looked beautiful like a mountain with three crests. Deprived of his bow and his cars, the brave Nakula, taking up a sword, jumped down from his vehicle like a lion from a mountain-summit. As, however, he rushed on foot, his antagonist poured a shower of arrows upon him. Possessed of active prowess, Nakula received that arrowy shower on his shield. Getting at the car then of Chitrasena, the mighty-armed hero, the son of Pandu, conversant with all modes of warfare and incapable of being tired with exertion, ascended it in the very sight of all the troops. The son of Pandu then cut off from Chitrasena's trunk his diadem-decked head adorned with ear-rings, and graced with a beautiful nose and a pair of large eyes. At this, Chitrasena, endued with the splendour of the sun, fell down on the terrace of his car. Beholding Chitrasena slain, all the great car-warriors there uttered loud cries of praise and many leonine roars. Meanwhile, the two sons of Karna, Sushena and Satyasena, both of whom were great car-warriors, beholding their brother slain, shot showers of keen shafts. Those foremost of car-warriors rushed with speed against the son of Pandu like a couple of tigers, O king, in the deep forest rushing against an elephant from desire of slaying him. Both of them poured their keen shafts upon the mighty car-warrior Nakula. Indeed, as they poured those shafts, they resembled two masses of clouds pouring rain in torrents. Though pierced with arrows all over, the valiant and heroic son of Pandu cheerfully took up another bow after ascending on another car, and stood in battle like the Destroyer himself in rage. Then those two brothers, O monarch, with their straight shafts, cut off Nakula's car into fragments. Then Nakula, laughing, smote the four steeds of Satyasena with four whetted and keen shafts in that encounter. Aiming a long shaft equipped with wings of gold, the son of Pandu then cut off, O monarch, the bow of Satyasena. At this, the latter, mounting on another car and taking up another bow, as also his brother Sushena, rushed against the son of Pandu. The valiant son of Madri fearlessly pierced each of them, O monarch, with couple of shafts at the van of battle. Then the mighty car-warrior Sushena, filled with wrath, cut off in that battle, laughing the while, the formidable bow of Pandu's son with a razor-headed arrow. Then Nakula, insensate with rage, took up another bow and pierced Sushena with five arrows and struck his standard with one. Without losing a moment, he then cut off the bow and the leathern fence of Satyasena also, O sire, at which all the troops there uttered a loud shout. Satyasena, taking up another foe-slaying bow that was capable of bearing a great strain, shrouded the son of Pandu with arrows from every side. Baffling those arrows, Nakula, that slayer of hostile heroes, pierced each of his antagonists with a couple of shafts. Each of the latter separately pierced the son of Pandu in return with many straight-coursing shaft. Next they pierced Nakula's driver also with many keen shafts. The valiant Satyasena then, endued with great lightness of hand, cut off without his brother's help the shafts of Nakula's car and his bow with a couple of arrows. The Atiratha Nakula, however, staying on his car, took up a dart equipped with a golden handle and a very keen point, and steeped in oil and exceedingly bright. It resembled, O lord, a she-snake of virulent poison, frequently darting out her tongue. Raising that weapon he hurled it at Satyasena in that encounter. That dart, O

king, pierced the heart of Satyasena in that battle and reduced it into a hundred fragments. Deprived of his senses and life, he fell down upon the Earth from his car. Beholding his brother slain, Sushena, insensate with rage, suddenly made Nakula careless in that battle. Without losing a moment, he poured his arrows over the son of Pandu fighting on foot. Seeing Nakula careless, the mighty car-warrior Sutasoma, the son of Draupadi, rushed to that spot for rescuing his sire in battle. Mounting then upon the car of Sutasoma, Nakula, that hero of Bharata's race, looked beautiful like a lion upon a mountain. Then taking up another bow, he fought with Sushena. Those two great car-warriors, approaching each other, and shooting showers of arrows, endeavoured to encompass each other's destruction. Then Sushena, filled with rage, struck the son of Pandu with three shafts and Sutasoma with twenty in the arms and the chest. At this, the impetuous Nakula, O monarch, that slayer of hostile heroes, covered all the points of the compass with arrows. Then taking up a sharp shaft endued with great energy and equipped with a semi-circular head, Nakula sped it with great force at Karna's son in that battle. With that arrow, O best of kings, the son of Pandu cut off from Sushena's trunk the latter's head in the very sight of all the troops. That feat seemed exceedingly wonderful. Thus slain by the illustrious Nakula, Karna's son fell down like a lofty tree on the bank of a river thrown down by the current of the stream. Beholding the slaughter of Karna's sons and the prowess of Nakula, thy army, O bull of Bharata's race, fled away in fear. Their commander, however, the brave and valiant ruler of the Madras, that chastiser of foes, then protected, O monarch, those troops in that battle. Rallying his host, O king, Salva stood fearlessly in battle, uttering loud leonine roars and causing his bow to twang fiercely. Then thy troops, O king, protected in battle by that firm Bowman, cheerfully proceeded against the foe once more from every side. Those high-souled warriors, surrounding that great Bowman, the ruler of the Madras, stood, O king, desirous of battling on every side. Then Satyaki, and Bhimasena, and those two Pandavas, the twin sons of Madri, placing that chastiser of foes and abode of modesty, Yudhishtira, at their head, and surrounding him on all sides in that battle, uttered leonine roars. And those heroes also caused a loud whizz with the arrows they shot and frequently indulged in diverse kinds of shouts. Smilingly, all thy warriors, filled with rage, speedily encompassed the ruler of the Madras and stood from desire of battle. Then commenced a battle, inspiring the timid with fear, between thy soldiers and the enemy, both of whom made death their goal. That battle between fearless combatants, enhancing the population of Yama's kingdom, resembled, O monarch, that between the gods and the Asuras in days of yore. Then the ape-bannered son of Pandu, O king, having slaughtered the Samsaptakas in battle, rushed against that portion of the Kaurava army. Smiling, all the Pandavas, headed by Dhrishtadyumna, rushed against the same division, shooting showers of keen arrows. Overwhelmed by the Pandavas, the Kaurava host became stupefied. Indeed, those divisions then could not discern the cardinal point from the subsidiary points of the compass. Covered with keen arrows sped by the Pandavas, the Kaurava army, deprived of its foremost warriors, wavered and broke on all sides. Indeed, O Kaurava, that host of thine began to be slaughtered by the mighty car-warriors of the Pandavas. Similarly, the Pandava host, O king, began to be slaughtered in hundreds and thousands in that battle by thy sons on every side with their arrows. While the two armies, exceedingly excited, were thus slaughtering each other, they became much agitated like two streams in the season of rains. During the progress of that dreadful battle, O monarch, a great fear entered the hearts of thy warriors as also those of the Pandavas.”

Section XI

“Sanjaya said, ‘When the troops, slaughtered by one another, were thus agitated, when many of the warriors fled away and the elephants began to utter loud cries, when the foot-soldiers in that dreadful battle began to shout and wail aloud, when the steeds, O king, ran in diverse directions, when the carnage became awful, when a terrible destruction set in of all embodied creatures, when weapons of various kinds fell or clashed with one another, when cars and elephants began to be mangled together, when heroes felt great delight and cowards felt their fears enhanced, when combatants encountered one another from desire of slaughter, on that awful occasion of the destruction of life, during the progress of that dreadful sport, that is, of that awful battle that enhanced the population of Yama’s kingdom, the Pandavas slaughtered thy troops with keen shafts, and, after the same manner, thy troops slew those of the Pandavas. During that battle inspiring the timid with terror, indeed, during the progress of the battle as it was fought on that morning about the hour of sunrise, the Pandava heroes of good aim, protected by the high-souled Yudhishtira, fought with thy forces, making death itself their goal. The Kuru army, O thou of the race of Kuru, encountering the proud Pandavas endued with great strength, skilled in smiting, and possessed of sureness of aim, became weakened and agitated like a herd of does frightened at a forest conflagration. Beholding that army weakened and helpless like a cow sunk in mire, Salya, desirous of rescuing it, proceeded against the Pandava army. Filled with rage, the ruler of the Madras, taking up an excellent bow, rushed for battle against the Pandava foes. The Pandavas also, O monarch, in that encounter, inspired with desire of victory, proceeded against the ruler of the Madras and pierced him with keen shafts. Then the ruler of the Madras, possessed of great strength, afflicted that host with showers of keen arrows in the very sight of king Yudhishtira the just. At that time diverse portents appeared to the view. The Earth herself, with her mountains, trembled, making a loud noise. Meteors, with keen points bright as those of lances equipped with handles, piercing the air, fell upon the Earth from the firmament. Deer and buffaloes and birds, O monarch, in large numbers, placed thy army to their right, O king. The planets Venus and Mars, in conjunction with Mercury, appeared at the rear of the Pandavas and to the front of all the (Kaurava) lords of Earth. Blazing flames seemed to issue from the points of weapons, dazzling the eyes (of the warriors). Crows and owls in large numbers perched upon the heads of the combatants and on the tops of their standards. Then a fierce battle took place between the Kaurava and the Pandava combatants, assembled together in large bodies. Then, O king, the Kauravas, mustering all their divisions, rushed against the Pandava army. Of soul incapable of being depressed, Salya then poured dense showers of arrows on Yudhishtira, the son of Kunti like the thousand-eyed Indra pouring rain in torrents. Possessed of great strength, he pierced Bhimasena, and the five sons of Draupadi and Dhristadyumna, the two sons of Madri by Pandu, and the grandson of Sini, and Sikhandin also, each with ten arrows equipped with wings of gold and whetted on stone. Indeed, he began to pour his arrows like Maghavat (Indra) pouring rain at the close of the summer season. Then the Prabhadrakas, O king, and the Somakas, were seen felled or falling by thousands, in consequence of Salya’s arrows. Multitudinous as swarms of bees or flights of locusts, the shafts of Salya were seen to fall like thunderbolts from the clouds. Elephants and steeds and foot-soldiers and car-warriors, afflicted with Salya’s arrows, fell down or wandered or uttered loud wails. Infuriate with rage and prowess, the ruler of the

Madras shrouded his foes in that battle like Destroyer at the end of the Yuga. The mighty ruler of the Madras began to roar aloud like the clouds. The Pandava army, thus slaughtered by Salya, ran towards Yudhishtira, the son of Kunti (for protection). Possessed of great lightness of hand, Salya, having in that battle crushed them with whetted arrows, began to afflict Yudhishtira with a dense shower of shafts. Beholding Salya impetuously rushing towards him with horsemen and foot-soldiers, king Yudhishtira, filled with wrath, checked him with keen shafts, even as an infuriate elephant is checked with iron-hooks. Then Salya sped a terrible arrow at Yudhishtira that resembled a snake of virulent poison. Piercing through the high-souled son of Kunti, that arrow quickly fell down upon the Earth. Then Vrikodara, filled with wrath, pierced Salya with seven arrows, and Sahadeva pierced him with five, and Nakula with ten. The (five) sons of Draupadi poured upon that foe-slaying hero, the impetuous Artayani (Salya), showers of arrows like a mass of clouds pouring rain upon a mountain. Beholding Salya struck by the Parthas on every side, both Kritavarman and Kripa rushed in wrath towards that spot. Uluka also of mighty energy, and Sakuni the son of Suvala, and the mighty car-warrior Aswatthaman with smiles on his lips, and all thy sons protected Salya by every means in that battle. Piercing Bhimasena with three arrows, Kritavarman, shooting a dense shower of shafts, checked that warrior who then seemed to be the embodiment of wrath. Excited with rage, Kripa struck Dhrishtadyumna with many arrows. Sakuni proceeded against the sons of Draupadi, and Aswatthaman against the twins. That foremost of warriors, Duryodhana, possessed of fierce energy, proceeded, in that battle, against Kesava and Arjuna, and endued with might, he struck them both with many arrows. Thus hundreds of combats, O monarch, that were fierce and beautiful, took place between thy men and the enemy, on diverse parts of the field. The chief of the Bhojas then slew the brown steeds of Bhimasena's car in that encounter. The steedless son of Pandu, alighting from his car, began to fight with his mace, like the Destroyer himself with his uplifted bludgeon. The ruler of the Madras then slew the steeds of Sahadeva before his eyes. Then Sahadeva slew Salya's son with his sword. The preceptor Gautama (Kripa) once more fearlessly fought with Dhrishtadyumna, both exerting themselves with great care. The preceptor's son Aswatthaman, without much wrath and as if smiling in that battle, pierced each of the five heroic sons of Draupadi with ten arrows. Once more the steeds of Bhimasena were slain in that battle. The steedless son of Pandu, quickly alighting from his car, took up his mace like the Destroyer taking his bludgeon. Excited with wrath, that mighty hero crushed the steeds and the car of Kritavarman. Jumping down from his vehicle, Kritavarman then fled away. Salya also, excited with rage, O king, slaughtered many Somakas and Pandavas, and once more afflicted Yudhishtira with many keen shafts. Then the valiant Bhima, biting his nether lip, and infuriate with rage, took up his mace in that battle, and aimed it at Salya for the latter's destruction. Resembling the very bludgeon of Yama, impending (upon the head of the foe) like kala-ratri (Death Night), exceedingly destructive of the lives of elephants and steeds and human beings, twined round with cloth of gold, looking like a blazing meteor, equipped with a sling, fierce as a she-snake, hard as thunder, and made wholly of iron, smeared with sandal-paste and other unguents like a desirable lady, smutted with marrow and fat and blood, resembling the very tongue of Yama, producing shrill sounds in consequence of the bells attached to it, like unto the thunder of Indra, resembling in shape a snake of virulent poison just freed from its slough, drenched with the juicy secretions of elephants, inspiring hostile troops with terror and friendly troops with joy, celebrated in the world of men, and capable of riving mountain summits, that

mace, with which the mighty son of Kunti had in Kailasa challenged the enraged Lord of Alaka, the friend of Maheswara, that weapon with which Bhima, though resisted by many, had in wrath slain a large number of proud Guhyakas endued with powers of illusion on the breasts of Gandhamadana for the sake of procuring Mandara flowers for doing what was agreeable to Draupadi, uplifting that mace which was rich with diamonds and jewels and gems and possessed of eight sides and celebrated as Indra's thunder, the mighty-armed son of Pandu now rushed against Salya. With that mace of awful sound, Bhima, skilled in battle, crushed the four steeds of Salya that were possessed of great fleetness. Then the heroic Salya, excited with wrath in that battle, hurled a lance at the broad chest of Bhima and uttered a loud shout. That lance, piercing through the armour of Pandu's son, presented into his body. Vrikodara, however, fearlessly plucking out the weapon, pierced therewith the driver of Salya in the chest. His vitals pierced, the driver, vomiting blood, fell down with agitated heart. At this, the ruler of the Madras came down from his car and cheerlessly gazed at Bhima. Beholding his own feat thus counteracted, Salya became filled with wonder. Of tranquil soul, the ruler of the Madras took up his mace and began to cast his glances upon his foe. Beholding that terrible feat of his in battle, the Parthas, with cheerful hearts, worshipped Bhima who was incapable of being tired with exertion.”

Section XII

“Sanjaya said, ‘Seeing his driver fallen, Salya, O king, quickly took up his mace made wholly of iron and stood immovable as a bull. Bhima, however, armed with his mighty mace, rushed impetuously towards Salya who then looked like the blazing Yuga-fire, or the Destroyer armed with the noose, or the Kailasa mountain with its formidable crest, or Vasava with his thunder, or Mahadeva with his trident, or an infuriate elephant in the forest. At that time the blare of thousands of conchs and trumpets and loud leonine roars arose there, enhancing the delight of heroes. The combatants of both armies, looking at those two foremost of warriors from every side, applauded them both, saying, “Excellent, Excellent! Save the ruler of the Madras, or Rama, that delighter of the Yadus, there is none else that can venture to endure the impetuosity of Bhima in battle. Similarly, save Bhima, there is no other warrior that can venture to endure the force of the mace of the illustrious king of the Madras in battle.” Those two combatants then, Vrikodara and the ruler of the Madras, roaring like bulls, careered in circles, frequently jumping up in the air. In that encounter between those two lions among men, no difference could be noticed between them either in respect of their careering in circles or of their wielding the mace. The mace of Salya, wrapped round with a resplendent cloth of gold that looked like a sheet of fire, inspired the spectators with dread. Similarly, the mace of the high-souled Bhima, as the latter careered in circles, looked like lightning in the midst of the clouds. Struck by the ruler of the Madras with his mace, the mace of Bhima, O king, produced sparks of fire in the welkin which thereupon seemed to be ablaze. Similarly, struck by Bhima with his mace, the mace of Salya produced a shower of blazing coals which seemed exceedingly wonderful. Like two gigantic elephants striking each other with their tusks, or two huge bulls striking each other with their horns, those two heroes began to strike each other with their foremost of maces, like a couple of combatants striking each other with iron bound clubs. Their limbs being struck with each other's mace, they soon became bathed in blood and looked handsomer in consequence like two flowering Kinsukas. Struck by the ruler of the Madras on both his left and right, the mighty-

armed Bhimasena stood immovable like a mountain. Similarly, though struck repeatedly with the force of Bhima's mace, Salya, O king, moved not, like a mountain assailed by an elephant with his tusks. The noise made by the blows of the maces of those two lions among men was heard on all sides like successive peals of thunder. Having ceased for a moment, those two warriors of great energy once more began, with uplifted maces, to career in closer circles. Once more the clash took place between those two warriors of superhuman feats, each having advanced towards the other by eight steps, and each assailing the other with his uplifted iron club. Then, wishing to get at each other, they once more careered in circles. Both accomplished (in the use of the mace) they began to display their superiority of skill. Uplifting their terrible weapons, they then again struck each other like mountains striking each other with their crests at the time of an earthquake. Exceedingly crushed with each other's mace in consequence of each other's strength, both those heroes fell down at the same time like a couple of poles set up for Indra's worship. The brave combatants then of both armies, at that sight, uttered cries of "Oh!" and "Alas!" Struck with great force in their vital limbs, both of them had become exceedingly agitated. Then the mighty Kripa, taking up Salya, that bull among the Madras, on his own car, quickly bore him away from the field of battle. Within, however, the twinkling of an eye, Bhimasena, rising up, and still reeling as if drunk, challenged, with uplifted mace, the ruler of the Madras. Then the heroic warriors of thy army, armed with diverse weapons, fought with the Pandavas, causing diverse musical instruments to be blown and beat. With uplifted arms and weapons and making a loud noise, O monarch, thy warriors headed by Duryodhana rushed against the Pandavas. Beholding the Kaurava host, the sons of Pandu, with leonine roars, rushed against those warriors headed by Duryodhana. Then thy son, O bull of Bharata's race, singling out Chekitana amongst those rushing heroes, pierced him deeply with a lance in the chest. Thus assailed by thy son, Chekitana fell down on the terrace of his car, covered with blood, and overcome with a deep swoon. Beholding Chekitana slain, the great car-warriors among the Pandavas incessantly poured their arrowy showers (upon the Kauravas). Indeed, the Pandavas, inspired with desire of victory, O monarch, careered beautifully on all sides amongst thy divisions. Kripa, and Kritavarman, and the mighty son of Suvala, placing the ruler of the Madras before them, fought with king Yudhishtira the just. Duryodhana, O monarch, fought with Dhrishtadyumna, the slayer of Bharadwaja's son, that hero endued with abundant energy and prowess. Three thousand cars, O king, despatched by thy son and headed by Drona's son, battled with Vijaya (Arjuna). All those combatants, O king, had firmly resolved to win victory and had cast off fear with life itself. Indeed, O king, thy warriors penetrated into the midst of the Pandava army like swans into a large lake. A fierce battle then took place between the Kurus and the Pandavas, the combatants being actuated with the desire of slaughtering one another and deriving great pleasure from giving and receiving blows. During the progress, O king, of that battle which was destructive of great heroes, an earthly dust, terrible to behold, was raised by the wind. From only the names we heard (of the Pandava warriors) that were uttered in course of that battle and from those (of the Kuru warriors) that were uttered by the Pandavas, we knew the combatants that fought with one another fearlessly. That dust, however, O tiger among men, was soon dispelled by the blood that was shed, and all the points of the compass became once more clear when that dusty darkness was driven away. Indeed, during the progress of that terrible and awful battle, no one among either thy warriors or those of the foe, turned his back. Desirous of attaining to the regions of Brahman and longing for victory by fair fight, the combatants displayed their prowess, inspired

with the hope of heaven. For paying off the debt they owed to their masters on account of the sustenance granted by the latter, or firmly resolved to accomplish the objects of their friends and allies, the warriors, with hearts fixed on heaven, fought with one another on that occasion. Shooting and hurling weapons of diverse kinds, great car-warriors roared at or smote one another. “Slay, pierce, seize, strike, cut off!” These were the words that were heard in that battle, uttered by the warriors and those of the foe. Then Salya, O monarch, desirous of slaying him, pierced king Yudhishtira the just, that mighty car-warrior with many sharp arrows. Conversant with what are the vital limbs of the body, the son of Pritha, however, O monarch, with the greatest ease, struck the ruler of the Madras with four and ten cloth-yard shafts, aiming at the latter’s vital limbs. Resisting the son of Pandu with his shafts, Salya of great fame, filled with rage and desirous of slaying his adversary, pierced him in that battle with innumerable arrows equipped with Kanka feathers. Once more, O monarch, he struck Yudhishtira with a straight shaft in the very sight of all the troops. King Yudhishtira the just, possessed of great fame and filled with rage, pierced the ruler of the Madras with many keen arrows equipped with feathers of Kankas and peacocks. The mighty car-warrior then pierced Chandrasena with seventy arrows and Salya’s driver with nine, and Drumasena with four and sixty. When the two protectors of his car-wheels were (thus) slain by the high-souled son of Pandu, Salya, O king, slew five and twenty warriors among the Chedis. And he pierced Satyaki with five and twenty keen arrows, and Bhimasena with seven, and the two sons of Madri with a hundred, in that battle. While Salya was thus careering in that battle, that best of kings, the son of Pritha, sped at him many shafts that resembled snakes of virulent poison. With a broad-headed arrow, Yudhishtira the son of Kunti then cut off from his car the standard top of his adversary as the latter stood in his front. We saw the standard of Salya, which was thus cut off by the son of Pandu in that great battle, fall down like a riven mountain summit. Seeing his standard fallen and observing the son of Pandu standing before him, the ruler of the Madras became filled with rage and shot showers of shafts. That bull amongst Kshatriyas, Salya of immeasurable soul, poured over the Kshatriyas in that battle dense showers of arrows like the deity of the clouds pouring torrents of rain. Piercing Satyaki and Bhimasena and the twin sons of Madri by Pandu, each with five arrows, he afflicted Yudhishtira greatly. We then, O monarch, beheld a net of arrows spread before the chest of Pandu’s son like a mass of risen clouds. The mighty car-warrior Salya, in that battle, filled with rage, shrouded Yudhishtira with straight shafts. At this, king Yudhishtira afflicted with those showers of shafts, felt himself deprived of his prowess, even as the Asura Jambha had become before the slayer of Vritra.”

Section XIII

“Sanjaya said, ‘When king Yudhishtira the just was thus afflicted by the ruler of Madras, Satyaki and Bhimasena and the two sons of Madri by Pandu, encompassing Salya with their cars, began to afflict him in that battle. Beholding the unsupported Salya thus afflicted by those great car-warriors (and seeing him successfully repel those attacks), loud sounds of applause were heard, and the Siddhas (who witnessed the encounter) became filled with delight. The ascetics, assembled together (for witnessing the battle), declared it to be wonderful. Then Bhimasena in that encounter, having pierced Salya who had become (as his name implied) an irresistible dart in prowess, with one arrow, next pierced him with seven. Satyaki, desirous of

rescuing the son of Dharma, pierced Salya with a hundred arrows and uttered a loud leonine roar. Nakula pierced him with five arrows, and Sahadeva with seven; the latter then once more pierced him with as many. The heroic ruler of the Madras, struggling carefully in that battle, thus afflicted by those mighty car-warriors, drew a formidable bow capable of bearing a great strain and of imparting great force to the shafts sped from it, and pierced Satyaki, O sire, with five and twenty shafts and Bhima with three and seventy and Nakula with seven. Then cutting off with a broad-headed arrow the bow, with shaft fixed on the string of Sahadeva, he pierced Sahadeva himself, in that battle, with three and seventy shafts. Sahadeva then, stringing another bow, pierced his maternal uncle of great splendour with five shafts that resembled snakes of virulent poison or blazing fire. Filled with great rage, he then struck his adversary's driver with a straight shaft in that battle and then Salya himself once more with three. Then Bhimasena pierced the ruler of the Madras with seventy arrows, and Satyaki pierced him with nine, and king Yudhishtira with sixty. Thus pierced, O monarch, by those mighty car-warriors, blood began to flow from Salya's body, like crimson streams, running down the breast of a mountain of red chalk. Salya, however, quickly pierced in return each of those great bowmen with five arrows, O king, which feat seemed exceedingly wonderful. With another broad-headed arrow, that mighty car-warrior then, O sire, cut off the stringed bow of Dharma's son in that encounter. Taking up another bow, that great car-warrior, the son of Dharma, covered Salya, his steeds, and driver, and standard, and car, with many arrows. Thus shrouded in that battle by the son of Dharma with his shafts, Salya struck the former with ten keen arrows. Then Satyaki, filled with rage upon beholding the son of Dharma thus afflicted with shafts, checked the heroic ruler of the Madras with clouds of arrows. At this, Salya cut off with a razor-faced arrow the formidable bow of Satyaki, and pierced each of the other Pandava warriors with three arrows. Filled with rage, O monarch, Satyaki of unbaffled prowess then hurled at Salya a lance equipped with a golden staff and decked with many jewels and gems. Bhimasena sped at him a cloth-yard shaft that looked like a blazing snake; Nakula hurled at him a dart, Sahadeva an excellent mace, and the son of Dharma a Sataghni impelled by the desire of despatching him. The ruler of the Madras, however, quickly baffled in that battle all those weapons, hurled from the arms of those five warriors at him, as these coursed towards his car. With a number of broad-headed arrows Salya cut off the lance hurled by Satyaki. Possessed of valour and great lightness of hand, he cut off into two fragments the gold-decked shaft sped at him by Bhima. He then resisted with clouds of shafts the terrible dart, equipped with a golden handle, that Nakula had sped at him and the mace also that Sahadeva had thrown. With a couple of other arrows, O Bharata, he cut off the Sataghni sped at him by the king, in the very sight of the sons of Pandu, and uttered a loud leonine roar. The grandson of Sini, however, could not endure the defeat of his weapon in that battle. Insensate with rage, Satyaki took up another bow and pierced the ruler of the Madras with two shafts and his driver with three. At this, Salya, O monarch, excited with rage, deeply pierced all of them with ten arrows, like persons piercing mighty elephants with sharp-pointed lances. Thus checked in that battle by the ruler of the Madras, O Bharata, those slayers of foes became unable to stay in front of Salya. King Duryodhana, beholding the prowess of Salya, regarded the Pandavas, the Panchalas, and the Srinjayas as already slain. Then, O king, the mighty-armed Bhimasena, possessed of great prowess and mentally resolved to cast off his life-breaths, encountered the ruler of the Madras. Nakula and Sahadeva and Satyaki of great might, encompassing Salya, shot their arrows at him from every side. Though encompassed by those four great bowmen and

mighty car-warriors among the Pandavas, the valiant ruler of the Madras still fought with them. Then, O king, the royal son of Dharma, in that dreadful battle, quickly cut off with a razor-headed arrow one of the protectors of Salya's car wheels. When that brave and mighty car-warrior, that protector of Salya's car-wheel, was thus slain, Salya of great strength covered the Pandava troops with showers of arrows. Beholding his troops shrouded with arrows, O monarch, in that battle, king Yudhishtira the just began to reflect in this strain, "Verily, how shall those grave words of Madhava become true? I hope, the rider of the Madras, excited with rage, will not annihilate my army in battle.' Then the Pandavas, O elder brother of Pandu (Dhritarashtra), with cars and elephants and steeds, approached the ruler of the Madras and began to afflict him from every side. Like the wind dispersing mighty masses of clouds, the king of the Madras, in that battle, dispersed that risen shower of arrows and diverse other kinds of weapons in profusion. We then beheld the downpour of gold-winged arrows shot by Salya coursing through the welkin like a flight of locusts. Indeed, those arrows shot by the ruler of the Madras from the van of battle were seen to fall like swarms of birds. With the gold-decked shafts that issued from the bow of the Madra king, the welkin, O monarch, became so filled that there was not an inch of empty space. When a thick gloom appeared, caused by the arrows shot by the mighty ruler of the Madras owing to his extreme lightness of hands in that dreadful battle, and when they beheld the vast host of the Pandavas thus agitated by that hero, the gods and the Gandharvas became filled with great wonder. Afflicting with vigour all the Pandava warriors with his shafts from every side, O sire, Salya shrouded king Yudhishtira the just and roared repeatedly like a lion. The mighty car-warriors of the Pandavas, thus shrouded by Salya in that battle, became unable to proceed against that great hero for fighting with him. Those, however, amongst the Pandavas, that had Bhimasena at their head and that were led by king Yudhishtira the just, did not fly away from that ornament of battle, the brave Salya."

Section XIV

"Sanjaya said, 'Meanwhile Arjuna, in that battle, pierced with many arrows by the son of Drona as also by the latter's followers, the heroic and mighty car-warriors among the Trigartas, pierced Drona's son in return with three shafts, and each of the other warriors with two. Once again, the mighty-armed Dhananjaya covered his enemies with showers of shafts. Though struck with keen arrows and though they looked like porcupines in consequence of those arrows sticking to their limbs, still thy troops, O bull of Bharata's race, fled not from Partha in that battle. With Drona's son at their head, they encompassed that mighty car-warrior and fought with him, shooting showers of shafts. The gold-decked arrows, O king, shot by them, speedily filled the terrace of Arjuna's car. Beholding those two great bowmen, those two foremost of all warriors, the two Krishnas, covered with arrows, those invincible (Kaurava) combatants became filled with delight. Indeed, at that time, the Kuvara, the wheels, the shaft, the traces, the yoke, and the Anukarsha, O lord, of Arjuna's car, became entirely enveloped with arrows. The like of what thy warriors then did unto Partha had never before, O king, been either seen or heard. That car looked resplendent with those keen arrows of beautiful wings like a celestial vehicle blazing with hundreds of torches dropped on the Earth. Then Arjuna, O monarch, covered that hostile division with showers of straight shafts like a cloud pouring torrents of rain on a mountain. Struck in that battle with arrows inscribed with Partha's name, those warriors, beholding that

state of things, regarded the field of battle to be full of Parthas. Then the Partha-fire, having for its wonderful flames and the loud twang of Gandiva for the wind that fanned it, began to consume the fuel constituted by thy troops. Then, O Bharata, heaps of fallen wheels and yokes, of quivers, of banners and standards, with the vehicles themselves that bore them, of shafts and Anukarshas and Trivenus, of axles and traces and goads, of heads of warriors decked with earrings and headgears, of arms, O monarch, and thighs in thousands of umbrellas along with fans, and of diadems and crowns, were seen along the tracks of Partha's car. Indeed, along the track of the angry Partha's car, O monarch, the ground, miry with blood, became impassable, O chief of the Bharatas, like the sporting ground of Rudra. The scene inspired the timid with fear and the brave with delight. Having destroyed two thousand cars with their fences, that scorcher of foes, Partha, looked like a smokeless fire with blazing flames. Indeed, even as the illustrious Agni when he blazes forth (at the end of the Yuga) for destroying the mobile and the immobile universe, even so looked, O king, the mighty car-warrior Partha. Beholding the prowess of Pandu's son in that battle, the son of Drona, on his car equipped with many banners, endeavoured to check him. Those two tigers among men, both having white steeds yoked unto their vehicles and both regarded as the foremost of car-warriors, quickly encountered each other, each desirous of slaying the other. The arrowy showers shot by both became exceedingly terrible and were as dense, O bull of Bharata's race, as the torrents of rain poured by two masses of clouds at the close of summer. Each challenging the other, those two warriors mangled each other with straight shafts in that battle, like a couple of bulls tearing each other with their horns. The battle between them, O king, was fought equally for a long while. The clash of weapons became terrific. The son of Drona then, O Bharata, pierced Arjuna with a dozen gold-winged arrows of great energy and Vasudeva with ten. Having shown for a short while some regard for the preceptor's son in that great battle, Vibhatsu then, smiling the while, stretched his bow Gandiva with force. Soon, however, the mighty car-warrior Savyasachin (Arjuna) made his adversary steedless and driverless and carless, and without putting forth much strength pierced him with three arrows. Staying on that steedless car, Drona's son, smiling the while, hurled at the son of Pandu a heavy mallet that looked like a dreadful mace with iron-spikes. Beholding that weapon, which was decked with cloth of gold, coursing towards him, the heroic Partha, that slayer of foes, cut it off into seven fragments. Seeing his mallet cut off, Drona's son of great wrath took up a terrible mace equipped with iron spikes and looking like a mountain summit. Accomplished in battle, the son of Drona hurled it then at Partha. Beholding that spiked mace coursing towards him like the Destroyer himself in rage, Pandu's son Arjuna quickly cut it off with five excellent shafts. Cut off with Partha's shafts in that great battle, that weapon fell down on the Earth, riving the hearts, as it were, O Bharata, of the (hostile) kings. The son of Pandu then pierced Drona's son with three other shafts. Though deeply pierced by the mighty Partha, Drona's son, however, of great might, relying upon his own manliness, showed no sign of fear or agitation. That great car-warrior, the son of Drona, then, O king, shrouded Suratha (the Panchala) with showers of shafts before the eyes of all the Kshatriyas. At this, Suratha, that great car-warrior among the Panchalas, in that battle, riding upon his car whose rattle was as deep as the roar of the clouds rushed against the son of Drona. Drawing his foremost of bows, firm and capable of bearing a great strain, the Panchala hero covered Aswatthaman with arrows that resembled flames of fire or snakes of virulent poison. Seeing the great car-warrior Suratha rushing towards him in wrath, the son of Drona became filled with rage like a snake struck with

a stick. Furrowing his brow into three lines, and licking the corners of his mouth with his tongue, he looked at Suratha in rage and then rubbed his bow-string and sped a keen cloth-yard shaft that resembled the fatal rod of Death. Endued with great speed, that shaft pierced the heart of Suratha and passing out entered the Earth, riving her through, like the thunderbolt of Sakra hurled from the sky. Struck with that shaft, Suratha fell down on the Earth like a mountain summit riven with thunder. After the fall of that hero, the valiant son of Drona, that foremost of car-warriors speedily mounted upon the vehicle of his slain foe. Then, O monarch, that warrior, invincible in battle, the son of Drona, well-equipped with armour and weapons, and supported by the Samsaptakas, fought with Arjuna. That battle, at the hour of noon, between one and the many, enhancing the population of Yama's domains, became exceedingly fierce. Wonderful was the sight that we then beheld, for, noticing the prowess of all those combatants, Arjuna, alone and unsupported, fought with his foes at the same time. The encounter was exceedingly fierce that thus took place between Arjuna and his enemies, resembling that between Indra, in days of yore, and the vast host of the Asuras.”

Section XV

“Sanjaya said, ‘Duryodhana, O king, and Dhrishtadyumna, the son of Prishata, fought a fierce battle, using arrows and darts in profusion. Both of them, O monarch, shot showers of arrows like showers of rain poured by the clouds in the rainy season. The (Kuru) king, having pierced with five arrows the slayer of Drona, Prishata's son of fierce shafts, once more pierced him with seven arrows. Endued with great might and steady prowess, Dhrishtadyumna, in that battle, afflicted Duryodhana with seventy arrows. Beholding the king thus afflicted, O bull of Bharata's race, his uterine brothers, accompanied by a large force, encompassed the son of Prishata. Surrounded by those Atirathas on every side, the Panchala hero, O king, careered in that battle, displaying his quickness in the use of weapons. Sikhandin, supported by the Prabhadrakas, fought with two Kuru bowmen, Kritavarman and the great car-warrior Kripa. Then also, O monarch, that battle became fierce and awful since the warriors were all resolved to lay down their lives and since all of them fought, making life the stake. Salya, shooting showers of shafts on all sides, afflicted the Pandavas with Satyaki and Vrikodara amongst them. With patience and great strength, O monarch, the king of the Madras at the same time fought with the twins (Nakula and Sahadeva), each of whom resembled the Destroyer himself in prowess. The great car-warriors among the Pandavas who were mangled in that great battle with the shafts of Salya, failed to find a protector. Then the heroic Nakula, the son of Madri, seeing king Yudhishtira the just greatly afflicted, rushed with speed against his maternal uncle. Shrouding Salya in that battle (with many arrows), Nakula, that slayer of hostile heroes, smiling the while, pierced him in the centre of the chest with ten arrows, made entirely of iron, polished by the hands of the smith, equipped with wings of gold, whetted on stone, and propelled from his bow with great force. Afflicted by his illustrious nephew, Salya afflicted his nephew in return with many straight arrows. Then king Yudhishtira, and Bhimasena, and Satyaki, and Sahadeva, the son of Madri, all rushed against the ruler of the Madras. The vanquisher of foes, the generalissimo of the Kuru army, received in that battle all those heroes that rushed towards him quickly, filling the cardinal and the subsidiary points of the compass with the rattle of their cars and causing the Earth to tremble therewith. Piercing Yudhishtira with three arrows and Bhima

with seven, Salya pierced Satyaki with a hundred arrows in that battle and Sahadeva with three. Then the ruler of the Madras, O sire, cut off, with a razor-headed arrow, the bow with arrow fixed on it of the high-souled Nakula. Struck with Salya's shafts, that bow broke into pieces. Taking up another bow, Madri's son, that great car-warrior quickly covered the ruler of the Madras with winged arrows. Then Yudhishtira and Sahadeva, O sire, each pierced the ruler of the Madras with ten arrows in the chest. Bhimasena and Satyaki, rushing at the ruler of the Madras, both struck him with arrows winged with Kanka feathers, the former with sixty, and the latter with nine. Filled with rage at this, the ruler of the Madras pierced Satyaki with nine arrows and once again with seventy straight shafts. Then, O sire, he cut off at the handle the bow, with arrow fixed on it, of Satyaki and then despatched the four steeds of the latter to Yama's abode. Having made Satyaki careless, that mighty car-warrior, the ruler of the Madras, struck him with a hundred arrows from every side. He next pierced two angry sons of Madri, and Bhimasena the son of Pandu, and Yudhishtira, O thou of Kuru's race, with ten arrows each. The prowess that we then beheld of the ruler of the Madras was exceedingly wonderful, since the Parthas, even unitedly, could not approach him in that battle. Riding then upon another car, the mighty Satyaki, of prowess incapable of being baffled, beholding the Pandavas afflicted and succumbing to the ruler of the Madras, rushed with speed against him. That ornament of assemblies, Salya, on his car, rushed against the car of Satyaki, like one infuriate elephant against another. The collision that then took place between Satyaki and the heroic ruler of the Madras, became fierce and wonderful to behold, even like that which had taken place in days of yore between the Asura Samvara and the chief of the celestials. Beholding the ruler of the Madras staying before him in that battle, Satyaki pierced him with ten arrows and said, "Wait, Wait!" Deeply pierced by that high-souled warrior, the ruler of the Madras pierced Satyaki in return with sharp shafts equipped with beautiful feathers. Those great bowmen then, the Parthas, beholding the king of the Madras assailed by Satyaki, quickly rushed towards him from desire of slaying that maternal uncle of theirs. The encounter then that took place between those struggling heroes, marked by a great flow of blood, became exceedingly awful, like that which takes place between a number of roaring lions. The struggle, O monarch, that took between them resembled that which takes place between a number of roaring lions fighting with each other for meat. With the dense showers of shafts shot by them, the Earth became entirely enveloped, and the welkin also suddenly became one mass of arrows. All around the field a darkness was caused by those arrows. Indeed, with the shafts shot by those illustrious warriors, a shadow as that of the clouds was caused there. Then, O king, with those blazing shafts sped by the warriors, that were equipped with wings of gold and that looked like snakes just freed from their sloughs, the points of the compass seemed to be ablaze. That slayer of foes, Salya, then achieved the most wonderful feat, since that hero alone, and unsupported, contended with many heroes in that battle. The Earth became shrouded with the fierce shafts, equipped with feathers of Kankas and peacocks, that fell, sped from the arms of the ruler of the Madras. Then, O king, we beheld the car of Salya careering in that dreadful battle like the car of Sakra in days of yore on the occasion of the destruction of the Asuras."

Section XVI

"Sanjaya said, 'Then, O lord, thy troops, with Salya at their head, once more rushed against the Parthas in that battle with great impetuosity. Although afflicted, still these troops of

thine, who were fierce in battle, rushing against the Parthas, very soon agitated them in consequence of their superior numbers. Struck by the Kurus, the Pandava troops, in the very sight of the two Krishnas, stayed not on the field, though sought to be checked by Bhimasena. Filled with rage at this, Dhananjaya covered Kripa and his followers, as also Kritavarman, with showers of shafts. Sahadeva checked Sakuni with all his forces. Nakula cast his glances on the ruler of the Madras from one of his flanks. The (five) sons of Draupadi checked numerous kings (of the Kuru army). The Panchala prince Sikhandin resisted the son of Drona. Armed with his mace, Bhimasena held the king in check, and Kunti's son Yudhishtira resisted Salya at the head of his forces. The battle then commenced once more between those pairs as they stood, among thy warriors and those of the enemy, none of whom had ever retreated from fight. We then beheld the highly wonderful feat that Salya achieved, since, alone, he fought with the whole Pandava army. Salya then, as he stayed in the vicinity of Yudhishtira in that battle, looked like the planet Saturn in the vicinity of the Moon. Afflicting the king with shafts that resembled snakes of virulent poison, Salya rushed against Bhima, covering him with showers of arrows. Beholding that lightness of hand and that mastery over weapons displayed by Salya the troops of both the armies applauded him highly. Afflicted by Salya the Pandavas, exceedingly mangled, fled away, leaving the battle, and disregarding the cries of Yudhishtira commanding them to stop. While his troops were thus being slaughtered by the ruler of the Madras, Pandu's son, king Yudhishtira the just, became filled with rage. Relying upon his prowess, that mighty car-warrior began to afflict the ruler of the Madras, resolved to either win the battle or meet with death. Summoning all his brothers and also Krishna of Madhu's race, he said unto them, "Bhishma, and Drona, and Karna, and the other kings, that put forth their prowess for the sake of the Kauravas, have all perished in battle. You all have exerted your valour according to your courage and in respect of the shares allotted to you. Only one share—mine—that is constituted by the mighty car-warrior Salya, remains. I desire to vanquish that ruler of the Madras today in battle. Whatever wishes I have regarding the accomplishment of that task I will now tell you. These two heroes, the two sons of Madravati, will become the protectors of my wheels. They are counted as heroes incapable of being vanquished by Vasava himself. Keeping the duties of a Kshatriya before them, these two that are deserving of every honour and are firm in their vows, will fight with their maternal uncle. Either Salya will slay me in battle or I will slay him. Blessed be ye. Listen to these true words, you foremost of heroes in the world. Observant of Kshatriya duties, I will fight with my maternal uncle, you lords of Earth, firmly resolved to either obtain victory or be slain. Let them that furnish cars quickly supply my vehicle, according to the rules of science, with weapons and all kinds of implements in a larger measure than Salya's. The grandson of Sini will protect my right wheel, and Dhrishtadyumna my left. Let Pritha's son Dhananjaya guard my rear today. And let Bhima, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, fight in my front. I shall thus be superior to Salya in the great battle that will occur." Thus addressed by the king, all his well-wishers did as they were requested. Then the Pandava troops once more became filled with joy, especially the Panchalas, the Somakas and the Matsyas. Having made that vow, the king proceeded against the ruler of the Madras. The Panchalas then blew and beat innumerable conchs and drums and uttered leonine roars. Endued with great activity and filled with rage, they rushed, with loud shouts of joy, against the ruler of the Madras, that bull among the Kurus. And they caused the Earth to resound with the noise of the elephants' bells, and the loud blare of conchs and trumpets. Then thy son and the valiant ruler of the Madras, like the Udaya and the Asta hills,

received those assailants. Boasting of his prowess in battle, Salya poured a shower of arrows on that chastiser of foes, king Yudhishtira the just, like Maghavat pouring rain. The high-souled king of the Kurus also having taken up his beautiful bow displayed those diverse kinds of lessons that Drona had taught him. And he poured successive showers of arrows beautifully, quickly, and with great skill. As he careered in battle, none could mark any lapses in him. Salya and Yudhishtira, both endued with great prowess in battle, mangled each other, like a couple of tigers fighting for a piece of meat. Bhima was engaged with thy son, that delighter in battle. The Panchala prince (Dhrishtadyumna), and Satyaki, and the two sons of Madri by Pandu, received Sakuni and the other Kuru heroes around. In consequence of thy evil policy, O king, there again occurred in that spot an awful battle between thy warriors and those of the foe, all of whom were inspired with the desire of victory. Duryodhana then, with a straight shaft, aiming at the gold-decked standard of Bhima, cut off in that battle. The beautiful standard of Bhimasena, adorned with many bells, fell down, O giver of honours. Once more the king, with a sharp razor-faced arrow, cut off the beautiful bow of Bhima that looked like the trunk of an elephant. Endued with great energy, the bowless Bhima then, putting forth his prowess pierced the chest of thy son with a dart. At this, thy son sat down on the terrace of his car. When Duryodhana swooned away, Vrikodara once more, with razor-faced shaft, cut off the head of his driver from his trunk. The steeds of Duryodhana's car, deprived of their driver, ran wildly on all sides, O Bharata, dragging the car after them, at which loud wails arose (in the Kuru army). Then the mighty car-warrior Aswatthaman, and Kripa and Kritavarman, followed that car, desirous of rescuing thy son. The (Kaurava) troops (at sight of this) became exceedingly agitated. The followers of Duryodhana became terrified. At that time, the wielder of Gandiva, drawing his bow, began to slay them with his arrows. Then Yudhishtira, excited with rage, rushed against the ruler of the Madras, himself urging his steeds white as ivory and fleet as thought. We then saw something that was wonderful in Yudhishtira, the son of Kunti, for though very mild and soft, he then became exceedingly fierce. With eyes opened wide and body trembling in rage, the son of Kunti cut off hostile warriors in hundreds and thousands by means of his sharp shafts. Those amongst the soldiers against whom the eldest Pandava proceeded, were overthrown by him, O king, like mountain summits riven with thunder. Felling cars with steeds and drivers and standards and throwing down car-warriors in large numbers, Yudhishtira, without any assistance, began to sport there like a mighty wind destroying masses of clouds. Filled with rage, he destroyed steeds with riders and steeds without riders and foot-soldiers by thousands in that battle, like Rudra destroying living creatures (at the time of the universal dissolution). Having made the field empty by shooting his shafts on all sides, Yudhishtira rushed against the ruler of the Madras and said, "Wait, Wait!" Beholding the feats then of that hero of terrible deeds, all thy warriors became inspired with fear. Salya, however, proceeded against him. Both of them filled with rage, blew their conchs. Returning and challenging each other, each then encountered the other. Then Salya covered Yudhishtira with showers of arrows. Similarly, the son of Kunti covered the ruler of the Madras with showers of arrows. Then those two heroes, the ruler of the Madras and Yudhishtira, mangled in that battle with each other's arrows and bathed in blood, looked like a Salmali and a Kinsuka tree decked with flowers. Both possessed of splendour and both invincible in battle, those two illustrious warriors uttered loud roars. Beholding them both, the soldiers could not conclude which of them would be victorious. Whether the son of Pritha would enjoy the Earth, having slain Salya, or whether Salya having slain the son of Pandu would

bestow the Earth on Duryodhana, could not be ascertained, O Bharata, by the warriors present there. King Yudhishtira, in course of that battle, placed his foes to his right. Then Salya shot a hundred foremost of arrows at Yudhishtira. With another arrow of great sharpness, he cut off the latter's bow. Taking up another bow, Yudhishtira pierced Salya with three hundred shafts and cut off the latter's bow with a razor-faced arrow. The son of Pandu then slew the four steeds of his antagonist with some straight arrows. With two other very sharp shafts, he then cut off the two Parshni drivers of Salya. Then with another blazing, well-tempered and sharp shaft, he cut off the standard of Salya staying in his front. Then, O chastiser of foes, the army of Duryodhana broke. The son of Drona, at this time, speedily proceeded towards the ruler of the Madras who had been reduced to that plight, and quickly taking him up on his own car, fled away quickly. After the two had proceeded for a moment, they heard Yudhishtira roar aloud. Stopping, the ruler of the Madras then ascended another car that had been equipped duly. That best of cars had a rattle deep as the roar of the clouds. Well furnished with weapons and instruments and all kinds of utensils, that vehicle made the hair of foes stand on end.”

Section XVII

“Sanjaya said, ‘Taking up another bow that was very strong and much tougher, the ruler of the Madras pierced Yudhishtira and roared like a lion. Then that bull amongst Kshatriyas, of immeasurable soul, poured upon all the Kshatriyas showers of arrows, even like the deity of the clouds pouring rain in torrents. Piercing Satyaki with ten arrows and Bhima with three and Sahadeva with as many, he afflicted Yudhishtira greatly. And he afflicted all the other great bowmen with their steeds and cars and elephants with many shafts like hunters afflicting elephants with blazing brands. Indeed, that foremost of car-warriors destroyed elephants and elephant-riders, horses and horsemen and cars and car-warriors. And he cut off the arms of combatants with weapons in grasp and the standards of vehicles, and caused the Earth to be strewn with (slain) warriors like the sacrificial altar with blades of Kusa grass. Then the Pandus, the Panchalas, and the Somakas, filled with rage, encompassed that hero who was thus slaughtering their troops like all-destroying Death. Bhimasena, and the grandson of Sini, and those two foremost of men, the two sons of Madri, encompassed that warrior while he was fighting with the (Pandava) king of terrible might. And all of them challenged him to battle. Then those heroes, O king, having obtained the ruler of the Madras, that foremost of warriors, in battle, checked that first of men in that encounter and began to strike him with winged arrows of fierce energy. Protected by Bhimasena, and by the two sons of Madri, and by him of Madhu's race, the royal son of Dharma struck the ruler of the Madras in the centre of the chest with winged arrows of fierce energy. Then the car-warriors and other combatants of thy army, clad in mail and equipped with weapons, beholding the ruler of the Madras exceedingly afflicted with arrows in that battle, surrounded him on all sides, at the command of Duryodhana. The ruler of the Madras at this time quickly pierced Yudhishtira with seven arrows in that battle. The high-souled son of Pritha, O king, in return, pierced his foe with nine arrows in that dreadful encounter. Those two great car-warriors, the ruler of the Madras and Yudhishtira, began to cover each other with arrows, washed in oil and shot from their bowstrings stretched to their ears. Those two best of kings, both endued with great strength, both incapable of being defeated by foes, and both foremost of car-warriors, watchful of each other's lapses, quickly and deeply

pierced each other with each other's shafts. The loud noise of their bows, bowstrings, and palms resembled that of Indra's thunder as those high-souled warriors, the brave ruler of the Madras and the heroic Pandava, showered upon each other their numberless arrows. They careered on the field of battle like two young tigers in the deep forest fighting for a piece of meat. Swelling with pride of prowess, they mangled each other like a couple of infuriate elephants equipped with powerful tusks. Then the illustrious ruler of the Madras, endued with fierce impetuosity, putting forth his vigour, pierced the heroic Yudhishtira of terrible might in the chest with shaft possessed of the splendour of fire or the sun. Deeply pierced, O king, that bull of Kuru's race, the illustrious Yudhishtira, then struck the ruler of the Madras with a well-shot shaft and became filled with joy. Recovering his senses within a trice, that foremost of kings (Salya), possessed of prowess equal to that of him of a thousand eyes, with eyes red in wrath, quickly struck the son of Pritha with a hundred arrows. At this, the illustrious son of Dharma filled with rage, quickly pierced Salya's chest and then, without losing a moment, struck his golden mail with six shafts. Filled with joy, the ruler of the Madras then, drawing his bow and having shot many arrows, at last cut off, with a pair of razor-faced shafts, the bow of his royal foe, that bull of Kuru's race. The illustrious Yudhishtira then, taking a new and more formidable bow in that battle, pierced Salya with many arrows of keen points from every side like Indra piercing the Asura Namuchi. The illustrious Salya then, cutting off the golden coats of mail of both Bhima and king Yudhishtira with nine arrows, pierced the arms of both of them. With another razor-faced arrow endued with the splendour of fire or the sun, he then cut off the bow of Yudhishtira. At this time Kripa, with six arrows, slew the king's driver who thereupon fell down in front of the car. The ruler of the Madras then slew with four shafts the four steeds of Yudhishtira. Having slain the steeds of the king, the high-souled Salya then began to slay the troops of the royal son of Dharma. When the (Pandava) king had been brought to that plight, the illustrious Bhimasena, quickly cutting off the bow of the Madra king with an arrow of great impetuosity, deeply pierced the king himself with a couple of arrows. With another arrow he severed the head of Salya's driver from his trunk, the middle of which was encased in mail. Exceedingly excited with rage, Bhimasena next slew, without a moment's delay, the four steeds also of his foe. That foremost of all bowmen, Bhima, then covered with a hundred arrows that hero (Salya), who, endued with great impetuosity, was careering alone in that battle. Sahadeva, the son of Madri, also did the same. Beholding Salya stupefied with those arrows, Bhima cut off his armour with other shafts. His armour having been cut off by Bhimasena, the high-souled ruler of the Madras, taking up a sword and a shield decked with a thousand stars, jumped down from his car and rushed towards the son of Kunti. Cutting off the shaft of Nakula's car, Salya of terrible strength rushed towards Yudhishtira. Beholding Salya rushing impetuously towards the king, even like the Destroyer himself rushing in rage, Dhristadyumna and Sikhandin and the (five) sons of Draupadi and the grandson of Sini suddenly advanced towards him. Then the illustrious Bhima cut off with ten arrows the unrivalled shield of the advancing hero. With another broad-headed arrow he cut off the sword also of that warrior at the hilt. Filled with joy at this, he roared aloud in the midst of the troops. Beholding that feat of Bhima, all the foremost car-warriors among the Pandavas became filled with joy. Laughing aloud, they uttered fierce roars and blew their conchs white as the moon. At that terrible noise the army protected by thy heroes became cheerless, covered with sweat, bathed in blood, exceedingly melancholy and almost lifeless. The ruler of the Madras assailed by those foremost of Pandava warriors headed by Bhimasena, proceeded (regardless of

them) towards Yudhishtira, like a lion proceeding for seizing a deer. King Yudhishtira the just, steedless and driverless, looked like a blazing fire in consequence of the wrath with which he was then excited. Beholding the ruler of the Madras before him, he rushed towards that foe with great impetuosity. Recollecting the words of Govinda, he quickly set his heart on the destruction of Salya. Indeed, king Yudhishtira the just, staying on his steedless and driverless car, desired to take up a dart. Beholding that feat of Salya and reflecting upon the fact that the hero who had been allotted to him as his share still remained unslain, the son of Pandu firmly set his heart upon accomplishing that which Indra's younger brother had counselled him to achieve. King Yudhishtira the just, took up a dart whose handle was adorned with gold and gems and whose effulgence was as bright as that of gold. Rolling his eyes that were wide open, he cast his glances on the ruler of the Madras, his heart filled with rage. Thus looked at, O god among men, by that king of cleansed soul and sins all washed away, the ruler of the Madras was not reduced to ashes. This appeared to us to be exceedingly wonderful, O monarch. The illustrious chief of the Kurus then hurled with great force at the king of the Madras that blazing dart of beautiful and fierce handle and effulgent with gems and corals. All the Kauravas beheld that blazing dart emitting sparks of fire as it coursed through the welkin after having been hurled with great force, even like a large meteor falling from the skies at the end of the Yuga. King Yudhishtira the just, in that battle, carefully hurled that dart which resembled kala-ratri (the Death Night) armed with the fatal noose or the foster-mother of fearful aspect of Yama himself, and which like the Brahmana's curse, was incapable of being baffled. Carefully the sons of Pandu had always worshipped that weapon with perfumes and garlands and foremost of seats and the best kinds of viands and drinks. That weapon seemed to blaze like Samvartaka-fire and was as fierce as a rite performed according to the Atharvan of Agnirasa. Created by Tvashtri (the celestial artificer) for the use of Isana, it was a consumer of the life-breaths and the bodies of all foes. It was capable of destroying by its force the Earth and the welkin and all the receptacles of water and creatures of every kind. Adorned with bells and banners and gems and diamonds and decked with stones of lapis lazuli and equipped with a golden handle, Tvashtri himself had forged it with great care after having observed many vows. Unerringly fatal, it was destructive of all haters of Brahma. Having carefully inspired it with many fierce mantras, and endued it with terrible velocity by the exercise of great might and great care, king Yudhishtira hurled it along the best of tracks for the destruction of the ruler of the Madras. Saying in a loud voice the words, "Thou art slain, O wretch!" the king hurled it, even as Rudra had, in days of yore, shot his shaft for the destruction of the Asura Andhaka, stretching forth his strong (right) arm graced with a beautiful hand, and apparently dancing in wrath. Salya, however, roared aloud and endeavoured to catch that excellent dart of irresistible energy hurled by Yudhishtira with all his might, even as a fire leaps forth for catching a jet of clarified butter poured over it. Piercing through his very vitals and his fair and broad chest, that dart entered the Earth as easily as it would enter any water without the slightest resistance and bearing away (with it) the world-wide fame of the king (of the Madras). Covered with the blood that issued from his nostrils and eyes and ears and mouth, and that which flowed from his wound, he then looked like the Krauncha mountain of gigantic size when it was pierced by Skanda. His armour having been cut off by that descendant of Kuru's race, the illustrious Salya, strong as Indra's elephant, stretching his arms, fell down on the Earth, like a mountain summit riven by thunder. Stretching his arms, the ruler of the Madras fell down on the Earth, with face directed towards king Yudhishtira the just, like a tall banner erected to the

honour of Indra falling down on the ground. Like a dear wife advancing to receive her dear lord about to fall on her breast, the Earth then seemed, from affection, to rise a little for receiving that bull among men as he fell down with mangled limbs bathed in blood. The puissant Salya, having long enjoyed the Earth like a dear wife, now seemed to sleep on the Earth's breast, embracing her with all his limbs. Slain by Dharma's son of righteous soul in fair fight, Salya seemed to assume the aspect of a goodly fire lying extinguished on the sacrificial platform. Though deprived of weapons and standard, and though his heart had been pierced, beauty did not yet seem to abandon the lifeless ruler of the Madras. Then Yudhishtira, taking up his bow whose splendour resembled that of Indra's bow, began to destroy his foes in that battle like the prince of birds destroying snakes. With the greatest speed he began to cut off the bodies of his enemies with his keen shafts. With the showers of shafts that the son of Pritha then shot, thy troops became entirely shrouded. Overcome with fear and with eyes shut, they began to strike one another (so stupefied were they then). With blood issuing from their bodies, they became deprived of their weapons of attack and defence and divested of their life-breaths. Upon the fall of Salya, the youthful younger brother of the king of the Madras, who was equal to his (deceased) brother in every accomplishment, and who was regarded as a mighty car-warrior, proceeded against Yudhishtira. Invincible in battle desirous of paying the last dues of his brother, that foremost of men quickly pierced the Pandava with very many shafts. With great speed king Yudhishtira the just pierced him with six arrows. With a couple of razor-faced arrows, he then cut off the bow and the standard of his antagonist. Then with a blazing and keen arrow of great force and broad head, he struck off the head of his foe staying before him. I saw that head adorned with earrings fall down from the car like a denizen of heaven falling down on the exhaustion of his merits. Beholding his headless trunk, bathed all over with blood, fallen down from the car, the Kaurava troops broke. Indeed, upon the slaughter of the younger brother of the Madras clad in beautiful armour, the Kurus, uttering cries of "Oh!" and "Alas!" fled away with speed. Beholding Salya's younger brother slain, thy troops, hopeless of their lives, were inspired with the fear of the Pandavas and fled, covered with dust. The grandson of Sini then, Satyaki, O bull of Bharata's race, shooting his shafts, proceeded against the frightened Kauravas while the latter were flying away. Then Hridika's son, O king, quickly and fearlessly received that invincible warrior, that irresistible and mighty bowman, as he advanced (against the beaten army). Those two illustrious and invincible heroes of Vrishni's race, Hridika's son and Satyaki, encountered each other like two furious lions. Both resembling the sun in effulgence, they covered each other with arrows of blazing splendour that resembled the rays of the sun. The arrows of those two lions of Vrishni's race, shot forcibly from their bows, we saw, looked like swiftly coursing insects in the welkin. Piercing Satyaki with ten arrows and his steeds with three, the son of Hridika cut off his bow with a straight shaft. Laying aside his best of bows which was thus cut off, that bull of Sini's race, quickly took up another that was tougher than the first. Having taken up that foremost of bows, that first of bowmen pierced the son of Hridika with ten arrows in the centre of the chest. Then cutting off his car and the shaft also of that car with many well-shot arrows, Satyaki quickly slew the steeds of his antagonist as also his two Parshni drivers. The valiant Kripa then, the son of Saradwat, O lord, beholding Hridika's son made carless, quickly bore him away, taking him up on his car. Upon the slaughter of the king of the Madras and upon Kritavarman having been made carless, the entire army of Duryodhana once more turned its face from the battle. At this time the army was shrouded with a dusty cloud. We

could not see anything. The greater portion, however, of thy army fell. They who remained alive had turned away their faces from battle. Soon it was seen that that cloud of earthy dust which had arisen became allayed, O bull among men, in consequence of the diverse streams of blood that drenched it on every side. Then Duryodhana, seeing from a near point his army broken, alone resisted all the Parthas advancing furiously. Beholding the Pandavas on their cars as also Dhrishtadyumna the son of Prishata and the invincible chief of the Anartas (Satyaki), the Kuru king covered all of them with sharp arrows. The enemy (at that time) approached him not, like mortal creatures fearing to approach the Destroyer standing before them. Meanwhile the son of Hridika, riding upon another car, advanced to that spot. The mighty car-warrior Yudhishtira then quickly slew the four steeds of Kritavarman with four shafts, and pierced the son of Gotama with six broad-headed arrows of great force. Then Aswatthaman, taking up on his car the son of Hridika who had been made steedless and carless by the (Pandava) king, bore him away from Yudhishtira's presence. The son of Saradwat pierced Yudhishtira in return with eight arrows and his steeds also with eight keen shafts. Thus, O monarch, the embers of that battle began to glow here and there, in consequence, O king, of the evil policy of thyself and thy son, O Bharata. After the slaughter of that foremost of bowmen on the field of battle by that bull of Kuru's race, the Parthas, beholding Salya slain, united together, and filled with great joy, blew their conchs. And all of them applauded Yudhishtira in that battle, even as the celestials in days of yore, had applauded Indra after the slaughter of Vritra. And they beat and blew diverse kinds of musical instruments, making the Earth resound on every side with that noise.”

Section XVIII

“Sanjaya said, ‘After the slaughter of Salya, O king, the followers of the Madra king, numbering seventeen hundred heroic car-warriors, proceeded for battle with great energy. Duryodhana riding upon an elephant gigantic as a hill, with an umbrella held over his head, and fanned the while with yak-tails, forbade the Madraka warriors, saying, “Do not proceed, Do not proceed!” Though repeatedly forbidden by Duryodhana, those heroes, desirous of slaying Yudhishtira, penetrated into the Pandava host. Those brave combatants, O monarch, loyal to Duryodhana, twanging their bows loudly, fought with the Pandavas. Meanwhile, hearing that Salya had been slain and that Yudhishtira was afflicted by the mighty car-warriors of the Madrakas devoted to the welfare of the Madraka king, the great car-warrior Partha came there, stretching his bow Gandiva, and filling the Earth with the rattle of his car. Then Arjuna, and Bhima, and the two sons of Madri by Pandu, and that tiger among men, Satyaki, and the (five) sons of Draupadi, and Dhrishtadyumna, and Sikhandin, and the Panchalas and the Somakas, desirous of rescuing Yudhishtira, surrounded him on all sides. Having taken their places around the king, the Pandavas, those bulls among men, began to agitate the hostile force like Makaras agitating the ocean. Indeed, they caused thy army to tremble like a mighty tempest shaking the trees. Like the great river Ganges agitated by a hostile wind, the Pandava host, O king, once more became exceedingly agitated. Causing that mighty host to tremble, the illustrious and mighty car-warriors (the Madrakas), all shouted loudly, saying, “Where is that king Yudhishtira? Why are not his brave brothers, the Pandavas, to be seen here? What has become of the Panchalas of great energy as also of the mighty car-warrior Sikhandin? Where are Dhrishtadyumna and the grandson of Sini and those great car-warriors, the (five) sons of

Draupadi?” At this, those mighty warriors, the sons of Draupadi, began to slaughter the followers of the Madra king who were uttering those words and battling vigorously. In that battle, some amongst thy troops were seen slain by means of their lofty standards. Beholding, however, the heroic Pandavas, the brave warriors of thy army, O Bharata, though forbidden by thy son, still rushed against them. Duryodhana, speaking softly, sought to prevent those warriors from fighting with the foe. No great car-warrior, however, amongst them obeyed his behest. Then Sakuni, the son of the Gandhara king, possessed of eloquence, O monarch, said unto Duryodhana these words, “How is this that we are standing here, while the Madraka host is being slaughtered before our eyes? When thou, O Bharata, art here, this does not look well! The understanding made was that all of us should fight unitedly! Why then, O king, dost thou tolerate our foes when they are thus slaying our troops?”

“Duryodhana said, “Though forbidden by me before, they did not obey my behest. Unitedly have these men penetrated in the Pandava host!”

“Sakuni said, “Brave warriors, when excited with rage in battle, do not obey the command of their leaders. It does not behove thee to be angry with those men. This is not the time to stand indifferently. We shall, therefore, all of us, united together with our cars and horses and elephants, proceed, for rescuing those great bowmen, the followers of the Madra king! With great care, O king, we shall protect one another.” Thinking after the manner of Sakuni, all the Kauravas then proceeded to that place where the Madras were. Duryodhana also, thus addressed (by his maternal uncle) proceeded, encompassed by a large force, against the foe, uttering leonine shouts and causing the Earth to resound with that noise. “Slay, pierce, seize, strike, cut off!” These were the loud sounds that were heard then, O Bharata, among those troops. Meanwhile the Pandavas, beholding in that battle the followers of the Madra king assailing them unitedly, proceeded against them, arraying themselves in the form called Madhyama. Fighting hand to hand, O monarch, for a short while those heroic warriors, the followers of the Madra king, were seen to perish. Then, whilst we were proceeding, the Pandavas, united together and endued with great activity, completed the slaughter of the Madrakas, and, filled with delight, uttered joyous shouts. Then headless forms were seen to arise all around. Large meteors seemed to fall down from the sun’s disc. The Earth became covered with cars and broken yokes and axles and slain car-warriors and lifeless steeds. Steeds fleet as the wind, still attached to yokes of cars (but without drivers to guide them) were seen to drag car-warriors, O monarch, hither and thither on the field of battle. Some horses were seen to drag cars with broken wheels, while some ran on all sides, bearing after them portions of broken cars. Here and there also were seen steeds that were hampered in their motions by their traces. Car-warriors, while falling down from their cars, were seen to drop down like denizens of heaven on the exhaustion of their merits. When the brave followers of the Madra king were slain, the mighty car-warriors of the Parthas, those great smiters, beholding a body of horse advancing towards them, rushed towards it with speed from desire of victory. Causing their arrows to whiz loudly and making diverse other kinds of noise mingled with the blare of their conchs, those effectual smiters possessed of sureness of aim, shaking their bows, uttered leonine roars. Beholding then that large force of the Madra king exterminated and seeing also their heroic king slain in battle, the entire army of Duryodhana once more turned away from the field. Struck, O monarch, by those firm bowmen, the Pandavas, the Kuru army fled away on all sides, inspired with fear.”

Section XIX

“Sanjaya said, ‘Upon the fall of that great king and mighty car-warrior, that invincible hero (Salya) in battle, thy troops as also thy sons almost all turned away from the fight. Indeed, upon the slaughter of that hero by the illustrious Yudhishtira, thy troops were like ship-wrecked merchants on the vast deep without a raft to cross it. After the fall of the Madra king, O monarch, thy troops, struck with fear and mangled with arrows, were like masterless men desirous of a protector or a herd of deer afflicted by a lion. Like bulls deprived of their horns or elephants whose tusks have been broken, thy troops, defeated by Ajatasatru, fled away at midday. After the fall of Salya, O king, none amongst thy troops set his heart on either rallying the army or displaying his prowess. That fear, O king, and that grief, which had been ours upon the fall of Bhishma, of Drona, and of the Suta’s son, O Bharata, now became ours once more, O monarch. Despairing of success upon the fall of the mighty car-warrior Salya, the Kuru army, with its heroes slain and exceedingly confused, began to be cut down with keen shafts. Upon the slaughter of the Madra king, O monarch, thy warriors all fled away in fear. Some on horseback, some on elephants, some on cars, great car-warriors with great speed, and foot-soldiers also fled away in fear. Two thousand elephants, looking like hills, and accomplished in smiting fled away, after Salya’s fall, urged on with hooks and toes. Indeed, O chief of the Bharatas, thy soldiers fled on all sides. Afflicted with arrows, they were seen to run, breathing hard. Beholding them defeated and broken and flying away in dejection, the Panchalas and the Pandavas, inspired with desire of victory, pursued then hotly. The whiz of arrows and other noises, the loud leonine roars, and the blare of conchs of heroic warriors, became tremendous. Beholding the Kaurava host agitated with fear and flying away, the Panchalas and the Pandavas addressed one another, saying, “Today king Yudhishtira, firm in truth, hath vanquished his enemies. Today Duryodhana hath been divested of his splendour and kingly prosperity. Today, hearing of his sons’ death, let Dhritarashtra, that king of men, stupefied and prostrate on the Earth, feel the most poignant anguish. Let him know today that the son of Kunti is possessed of great might among all bowmen. Today that sinful and wicked-hearted king will censure his own self. Let him recollect today the time and beneficial words of Vidura. Let him from this day wait upon the Parthas as their slave. Let that king today experience the grief that had been felt by the sons of Pandu. Let that king know today the greatness of Krishna. Let him hear today the terrible twang of Arjuna’s bow in battle, as also the strength of all his weapons, and the might of his arms in fight. Today he will know the awful might of the high-souled Bhima when Duryodhana will be slain in battle even as the Asura Vali was slain by Indra. Save Bhima of mighty strength, there is none else in this world that can achieve that which was achieved by Bhima himself at the slaughter of Dussasana. Hearing of the slaughter of the ruler of the Madras who was incapable of defeat by the very gods, that king will know the prowess of the eldest son of Pandu. After the slaughter of the heroic son of Suvala and all the Gandharas he will know the strength, in battle, of the two sons of Madri by Pandu. Why will not victory be theirs that have Dhananjaya for their warrior, as also Satyaki, and Bhimasena, and Dhrishtadyumna the son of Prishata, and the five sons of Draupadi, and the two sons of Madri, and the mighty Bowman Sikhandin, and king Yudhishtira? Why will not victory be theirs that have for their protector Krishna, otherwise called Janardana, that protector of the universe? Why will not victory be theirs that have righteousness for their refuge? Who else than Yudhishtira the son of Pritha, who hath

Hrishikesa, the refuge of righteousness and fame, for his protector, is competent to vanquish in battle Bhishma and Drona and Karna and the ruler of the Madras and the other kings by hundreds and thousands?” Saying these words and filled with joy, the Srinjayas pursued thy troops in that battle who had been exceedingly mangled with shafts. Then Dhananjaya of great valour proceeded against the car-division of the foe. The two sons of Madri and the mighty car-warrior Satyaki proceeded against Sakuni. Beholding them all flying with speed in fear of Bhimasena, Duryodhana as if smiling the while, addressed his driver, saying, “Partha, stationed there with his bow, is transgressing me. Take my steeds to the rear of the whole army. Like the ocean that cannot transgress its continents, Kunti’s son Dhananjaya will never venture to transgress me, if I take up my stand in the rear. Behold, O driver, this vast host that is pursued by the Pandavas. Behold this cloud of dust that has arisen on all sides in consequence of the motion of the troops. Hear those diverse leonine roars that are so awful and loud! Therefore, O driver, proceed slowly and take up thy position in the rear. If I stay in battle and fight the Pandavas, my army, O driver, will rally and come back with vigour to battle.” Hearing these words of thy son that were just those of a hero and man of honour, the driver slowly urged those steeds in trappings of gold. One and twenty thousand foot-soldiers, deprived of elephants and steeds and car-warriors, and who were ready to lay down their lives, still stood for battle. Born in diverse countries and hailing from diverse towns, those warriors maintained their ground, desirous of winning great fame. The clash of those rushing warriors filled with joy became loud and exceedingly terrible. Then Bhimasena, O king, and Dhrishtadyumna the son of Prishata resisted them with four kinds of forces. Other foot-soldiers proceeded against Bhima, uttering loud shouts and slapping their armpits, all actuated by the desire of going to heaven. Those Dhartarashtra combatants, filled with rage and invincible in battle, having approached Bhimasena, uttered furious shouts. They then spoke not to one another. Encompassing Bhima in that battle, they began to strike him from all sides. Surrounded by that large body of warriors on foot and struck by them in that battle, Bhima did not stir from where he stood fixed like Mainaka mountain. His assailants, meanwhile, filled with rage, O monarch, endeavoured to afflict that mighty car-warrior of the Pandavas and checked other combatants (that tried to rescue him). Encountered by those warriors, Bhima became filled with fury. Quickly alighting from his car, he proceeded on foot against them. Taking up his massive mace adorned with gold, he began to slay thy troops like the Destroyer himself armed with his club. The mighty Bhima, with his mace, crushed those one and twenty thousand foot-soldiers who were without cars and steeds and elephants. Having slain that strong division, Bhima, of prowess incapable of being baffled, showed himself with Dhrishtadyumna in his front. The Dhartarashtra foot-soldiers, thus slain, lay down on the ground, bathed in blood, like Karnikaras with their flowery burthens laid low by a tempest. Adorned with garlands made of diverse kinds of flowers, and decked with diverse kinds of earrings, those combatants of diverse races, who had hailed from diverse realms, lay down on the field, deprived of life. Covered with banners and standards, that large host of foot-soldiers, thus cut down, looked fierce and terrible and awful as they lay down on the field. The mighty car-warriors, with their followers, that fought under Yudhishtira’s lead, all pursued thy illustrious son Duryodhana. Those great bowmen, beholding thy troops turn away from the battle, proceeded against Duryodhana, but they could not transgress him even as the ocean cannot transgress its continents. The prowess that we then beheld of thy son was exceedingly wonderful, since all the Parthas, united together, could not transgress his single self. Then

Duryodhana, addressing his own army which had not fled far but which, mangled with arrows, had set its heart on flight, said these words, “I do not see the spot on plain or mountain, whither, if ye fly, the Pandavas will not pursue and slay ye! What is the use then of flight? The army of the Pandavas hath been reduced in numbers. The two Krishnas are exceedingly mangled. If all of us make a stand, victory will be certainly ours! If you fly away, losing all order, the sinful Pandavas, pursuing you will slay you all! If, on the other hand, we make a stand, good will result to us! Listen, all you Kshatriyas that are assailed here! When the Destroyer always slays heroes and cowards, what man is there so stupid that, calling himself a Kshatriya, will not fight? Good will result to us if we stay in the front of the angry Bhimasena! Death in battle, while struggling according to Kshatriya practices, is fraught with happiness! Winning victory, one obtains happiness here. If slain, one obtains great fruits in the other world! You Kauravas, there is no better path to heaven than that offered by battle! Slain in battle, you may, without delay, obtain all those regions of blessedness.” Hearing these words of his, and applauding them highly, the (Kuru) kings once more rushed against the Pandavas for battling with them. Seeing them advancing with speed, the Parthas, arrayed in order of battle, skilled in smiting, excited with rage, and inspired with desire of victory, rushed against them. The valiant Dhananjaya, stretching his bow Gandiva celebrated over the three worlds, proceeded on his car against the foe. The two sons of Madri, and Satyaki, rushed against Sakuni, and the other (Pandava) heroes, smiling, rushed impetuously against thy forces.”

Section XX

“Sanjaya said, ‘After the (Kuru) army had been rallied, Salwa, the ruler of the Mlechchhas, filled with rage, rushed against the large force of the Pandavas, riding on a gigantic elephant, with secretions issuing from the usual limbs, looking like a hill, swelling with pride, resembling Airavata himself, and capable of crushing large bands of foes. Salwa’s animal sprung from a high and noble breed. It was always worshipped by Dhritarashtra’s son. It was properly equipped and properly trained for battle, O king, by persons well-conversant with elephant-lore. Riding on that elephant, that foremost of kings looked like the morning sun at the close of summer. Mounting on that foremost of elephants, O monarch, he proceeded against the Pandavas and began to pierce them on all sides with keen and terrible shafts that resembled Indra’s thunder in force. While he shot his arrows in that battle and despatched hostile warriors to Yama’s abode, neither the Kauravas nor the Pandavas could notice any lapses in him, even as the Daityas, O king, could not notice any in Vasava, the wielder of the thunder, in days of yore, while the latter was employed in crushing their divisions. The Pandavas, the Somakas, and the Srinjayas, beheld that elephant looking like a thousand elephants careering around them, even as the foes of the gods had in days of yore beheld the elephant of Indra in battle. Agitated (by that animal), the hostile army looked on every side as if deprived of life. Unable to stand in battle, they then fled away in great fear, crushing one another as they ran. Then the vast host of the Pandavas, broken by king Salwa, suddenly fled on all sides, unable to endure the impetuosity of that elephant. Beholding the Pandava host broken and flying away in speed, all the foremost of warriors of thy army worshipped king Salwa and blew their conchs white as the moon. Hearing the shouts of the Kauravas uttered in joy and the blare of their conchs, the commander of the Pandava and the Srinjaya forces, the Panchala prince (Dhrishtadyumna) could not, from wrath, endure it. The

illustrious Dhrishtadyumna then, with great speed, proceeded for vanquishing the elephant, even as the Asura Jambha had proceeded against Airavata, the prince of elephants that Indra rode in the course of his encounter with Indra. Beholding the ruler of the Pandavas impetuously rushing against him, Salwa, that lion among kings, quickly urged his elephants, O king, for the destruction of Drupada's son. The latter, seeing the animal approaching with precipitancy, pierced it with three foremost of shafts, polished by the hands of the smith, keen, blazing, endued with fierce energy, and resembling fire itself in splendour and force. Then that illustrious hero struck the animal at the frontal globes with five other whetted and foremost of shafts. Pierced therewith, that prince of elephants, turning away from the battle, ran with great speed. Salwa, however, suddenly checking that foremost of elephants which had been exceedingly mangled and forced to retreat, caused it to turn back, and with hooks and keen lances urged it forward against the car of the Panchala king, pointing it out to the infuriate animal. Beholding the animal rushing impetuously at him, the heroic Dhrishtadyumna, taking up a mace, quickly jumped down on the Earth from his car, his limbs stupefied with fear. That gigantic elephant, meanwhile, suddenly crushing that gold-decked car with its steeds and driver, raised it up in the air with his trunk and then dashed it down on the Earth. Beholding the driver of the Panchala king thus crushed by that foremost of elephants, Bhima and Sikhandin and the grandson of Sini rushed with great speed against that animal. With their shafts they speedily checked the impetuosity of the advancing beast. Thus received by those car-warriors and checked by them in battle, the elephant began to waver. Meanwhile, king Salwa began to shoot his shafts like the sun shedding his rays on all sides. Struck with those shafts, the (Pandava) car-warriors began to fly away. Beholding that feat of Salwa, the Panchalas, the Srinjayas, and the Matsyas, O king, uttered loud cries of "Oh!" and "Alas!" in that battle. all those foremost of men, however, encompassed the animal on all sides. The brave Panchala king then, taking up his mace which resembled the lofty crest of a mountain, appeared there. Fearlessly, O king, that hero, that smiter of foes, rushed with speed against the elephant. Endued with great activity, the prince of the Panchalas approached and began to strike with his mace that animal which was huge as a hill and which shed its secretions like a mighty mass of pouring clouds. Its frontal globes suddenly split open, and it uttered a loud cry; and vomiting a profuse quantity of blood, the animal, huge as a hill, suddenly fell down, even as a mountain falling down during an earthquake. While that prince of elephants was falling down, and while the troops of thy son were uttering wails of woe at the sight, that foremost of warriors among the Sinis cut off the head of king Salwa with a sharp and broad-headed arrow. His head having been cut off by the Satwata hero, Salwa fell down on the Earth along with his prince of elephants, even like a mountain summit suddenly riven by the thunderbolt hurled by the chief of the celestials."

Section XXI

"Sanjaya said, 'After the heroic Salwa, that ornament of assemblies, had been slain, thy army speedily broke like a mighty tree broken by the force of the tempest. Beholding the army broken, the mighty car-warrior Kritavarman, possessed by heroism and great strength, resisted the hostile force in that battle. Seeing the Satwata hero, O king, standing in battle like a hill pierced with arrows (by the foes), the Kuru heroes, who had fled away, rallied and came back. Then, O monarch, a battle took place between the Pandavas and the returned Kurus who made

death itself their goal. Wonderful was that fierce encounter which occurred between the Satwata hero and his foes, since he resisted the invincible army of the Pandavas. When friends were seen to accomplish the most difficult feats, friends, filled with delight, uttered leonine shouts that seemed to reach the very heavens. At those sounds the Panchalas, O bull of Bharata's race, became inspired with fear. Then Satyaki, the grandson of Sini, approached that spot. Approaching king Kshemakirti of great strength, Satyaki despatched him to Yama's abode, with seven keen shafts. Then the son of Hridika, of great intelligence, rushed with speed against that bull of Sini's race, that mighty armed warrior, as the latter came, shooting his whetted shafts. Those two bowmen, those two foremost of car-warriors, roared like lions and encountered each other with great force, both being armed with foremost of weapons. The Pandavas, the Panchalas, and the other warriors, became spectators of that terrible encounter between the two heroes. Those two heroes of the Vrishni-Andhaka race, like two elephants filled with delight, struck each other with long arrows and shafts equipped with calf-toothed heads. Careering in diverse kinds of tracks, the son of Hridika and that bull of Sini's race soon afflicted each other with showers of arrows. The shafts sped with great force from the bows of the two Vrishni lions were seen by us in the welkin to resemble flights of swiftly coursing insects. Then the son of Hridika, approaching Satyaki of true prowess, pierced the four steeds of the latter with four keen shafts. The long-armed Satyaki, enraged at this, like an elephant struck with a lance, pierced Kritavarman with eight foremost of arrows. Then Kritavarman pierced Satyaki with three arrows whetted on stone and sped from his bow drawn to its fullest and then cut off his bow with another arrow. Laying aside his broken bow, that bull of Sini's race quickly took up another with arrow fixed on it. Having taken up that foremost of bows and stringed it, that foremost of all bowmen, that Atiratha of mighty energy and great intelligence and great strength, unable to endure the cutting of his bow by Kritavarman, and filled with fury, quickly rushed against the latter. With ten keen shafts that bull of Sini's race then struck the driver, the steeds, and the standard of Kritavarman. At this, O king, the great bowman and mighty car-warrior Kritavarman, beholding his gold-decked car made driverless and steedless, became filled with rage. Uplifting a pointed lance, O sire, he hurled it with all the force of his arm at that bull of Sini's race, desirous of slaying him. Satyaki, however, of the Satwata race, striking that lance with many keen arrows, cut it off into fragments and caused it to fall down, stupefying Kritavarman of Madhu's race (with his activity and prowess). With another broad-headed arrow he then struck Kritavarman in the chest. Made steedless and driverless in that battle by Yuyudhana, skilled in weapons, Kritavarman came down on the Earth. The heroic Kritavarman having been deprived of his car by Satyaki in that single combat, all the (Kaurava) troops became filled with great fear. A great sorrow afflicted the heart of thy sons, when Kritavarman was thus made steedless and driverless and careless. Beholding that chastiser of foes made steedless and driverless, Kripa, O king, rushed at that bull of Sini's race, desirous of despatching him to Yama's abode. Taking Kritavarman upon his car in the very sight of all the bowmen, the mighty-armed Kripa bore him away from the press of battle. After Kritavarman had been made careless and the grandson of Sini had become powerful on the field, the whole army of Duryodhana once more turned away from the fight. The enemy, however, did not see it, for the (Kuru) army was then shrouded with a dusty cloud. All thy warriors fled, O monarch, except king Duryodhana. The latter, beholding from a near point that his own army was routed, quickly rushing, assailed the victorious enemy, alone resisting them all. Fearlessly that invincible warrior, filled with rage, assailed with keen arrows

all the Pandus, and Dhrishtadyumna the son of Prishtha, and Sikhandin, and the sons of Draupadi, and the large bands of the Panchalas, and the Kaikeyas, O sire, and the Somakas! With firm determination thy mighty son stood in battle, even as a blazing and mighty fire on the sacrificial platform, sanctified with mantras. Even thus, king Duryodhana careered all over the field, in that battle. His foes could not approach him then, like living creatures unable to approach the Destroyer. Then the son of Hridika came there, riding on another car.”

Section XXII

“Sanjaya said, ‘That foremost of car-warriors, O monarch, thy son, riding on his car and filled with the courage of despair, looked resplendent in that battle like Rudra himself of great valour. With the thousands of shafts shot by him, the Earth became completely covered. Indeed, he drenched his enemies with showers of arrows like the clouds pouring rain on mountain-breasts. There was then not a man amongst the Pandavas in that great battle, or a steed, or an elephant, or a car, that was not struck with Duryodhana’s arrows. Upon whomsoever amongst the warriors I then cast my eyes, O monarch, I beheld that every one, O Bharata, was struck by thy son with his arrows. The Pandava army was then covered with the shafts of that illustrious warrior, even as a host is covered with the dust it raises while marching or rushing to battle. The Earth then, O lord of Earth, seemed to me to be made one entire expanse of arrows by thy son Duryodhana, that Bowman possessed of great lightness of hands. Amongst those thousands upon thousands of warriors on the field, belonging to thy side or that of the enemy, it seemed to me that Duryodhana was then the only man. The prowess that we then beheld of thy son seemed to be exceedingly wonderful, since the Parthas, even uniting together, could not approach his single self. He pierced Yudhishtira, O bull of Bharata’s race, with a hundred arrows, and Bhimasena with seventy, and Sahadeva with seven. And he pierced Nakula with four and sixty, and Dhrishtadyumna with five, and the sons of Draupadi with seven, and Satyaki with three arrows. With a broad-headed arrow, he then, O sire, cut off the bow of Sahadeva. Laying aside that broken bow, the valiant son of Madri, took up another formidable bow, and rushing against king Duryodhana, pierced him with ten shafts in that battle. The great Bowman Nakula, possessed of courage, then pierced the king with nine terrible arrows and uttered a loud roar. Satyaki struck the king with a single straight shaft; the sons of Draupadi struck him with three and seventy and king Yudhishtira struck him with five. And Bhimasena afflicted the king with eighty shafts. Though pierced thus from every side with numerous arrows by these illustrious warriors, Duryodhana still, O monarch, did not waver, in the presence of all the troops who stood there as spectators. The quickness, the skill, and the prowess of that illustrious warrior seemed to all the men there to exceed those of every creature. Meanwhile the Dhartarashtras, O monarch, who had not fled far from that spot, beholding the king, rallied and returned there, clad in mail. The noise made by them when they came back became exceedingly awful, like the roar of the surging ocean in the season of rains. Approaching their unvanquished king in that battle, those great bowmen proceeded against the Pandavas for fight. The son of Drona resisted in that battle the angry Bhimasena. With the arrows, O monarch, that were shot in that battle, all the points of the compass became completely shrouded, so that the brave combatants could not distinguish the cardinal from the subsidiary points of the compass. As regards Aswatthaman and Bhimasena, O Bharata, both of them were achievers of cruel feats. Both of them were irresistible in battle. The

arms of both contained many cicatrices in consequence of both having repeatedly drawn the bow-string. Counteracting each other's feats, they continued to fight with each other, frightening the whole Universe. The heroic Sakuni assailed Yudhishtira in that battle. The mighty son of Suvala, having slain the four steeds of the king, uttered a loud roar, causing all the troops to tremble with fear. Meanwhile, the valiant Sahadeva bore away the heroic and vanquished king on his car from that battle. Then king Yudhishtira the just, riding upon another car (came back to battle), and having pierced Sakuni at first with nine arrows, once more pierced him with five. And that foremost of all bowmen then uttered a loud roar. That battle, O sire, awful as it was, became wonderful to behold. It filled the spectators with delight and was applauded by the Siddhas and the Charanas. Uluka of immeasurable soul rushed against the mighty Bowman Nakula, in that battle, shooting showers of arrows from every side. The heroic Nakula, however, in that battle, resisted the son of Sakuni with a thick shower of arrows from every side. Both those heroes were well-born and both were mighty car-warriors. They were seen to fight with each other, each highly enraged with the other. Similarly Kritavarman, O king, fighting with the grandson of Sini, that scorcher of foes, looked resplendent, like Sakra battling with the Asura Vala. Duryodhana, having cut off Dhrishtadyumna's bow in that battle, pierced his bowless antagonist with keen shafts. Dhrishtadyumna then, in that encounter, having taken up a formidable bow, fought with the king in the sight of all the bowmen. The battle between those two heroes became exceedingly fierce, O bull of Bharata's race, like the encounter between two wild and infuriate elephants with juicy secretions trickling down their limbs. The heroic Gautama, excited with rage in that battle, pierced the mighty sons of Draupadi with many straight shafts. The battle that took place between him and those five, resembled that which takes place between an embodied being and his (five) senses. It was awful and exceedingly fierce, and neither side showed any consideration for the other. The (five) sons of Draupadi afflicted Kripa like the (five) senses afflicting a foolish man. He, on the other hand, fighting with them, controlled them with vigour. Even such and so wonderful, O Bharata, was that battle between him and them. It resembled the repeated combats, O lord, between embodied creatures and their senses. Men fought with men, elephants with elephants, steeds with steeds and car-warriors with car-warriors. Once more, O monarch, that battle became general and awful. Here an encounter was beautiful, there another was awful, and there another was exceedingly fierce, O lord! Many and awful, O monarch, were the encounters that took place in course of that battle. Those chastisers of foes (belonging to both armies), encountering one another, pierced and slew one another in that dreadful engagement. A dense cloud of dust was then seen there, raised by the vehicles and the animals of the warriors. Thick also, O king, was the dust raised by the running steeds, a dust that was carried from one place to another by the wind. Raised by the wheels of cars and the breaths of the elephants, the dust, thick as an evening cloud, rose into the welkin. That dust having been raised and the sun himself having been dimmed therewith, the Earth became shrouded, and the heroic and mighty car-warriors could not be seen. Anon that disappeared and everything became clear when the Earth, O best of the Bharatas, became drenched with the blood of heroes. Indeed, that dense and awful cloud of dust was allayed. Then, O Bharata, I could once more see the diverse single combats that the combatants fought at noon of day, each according to his strength and his rank, all of which were exceedingly fierce. The blazing splendour of those feats, O monarch, appeared full in view. Loud became the noise of

falling shafts in that battle, resembling that made by a vast forest of bamboo while burning on every side.”

Section XXIII

“Sanjaya said, ‘During the progress of that terrible and awful battle, the army of thy son was broken by the Pandavas. Rallying their great car-warriors, however, with vigorous efforts, thy sons continued to fight with the Pandava army. The (Kuru) warriors, desirous of thy son’s welfare, suddenly returned. Upon their return, the battle once more became exceedingly fierce between thy warriors and those of the foe, resembling that between the gods and the Asuras in days of old. Neither amongst the enemies nor amongst thine was there a single combatant that turned away from that battle. The warriors fought, aided by guess and by the names they uttered. Great was the destruction that occurred as they thus fought with one another. Then king Yudhishtira, filled with great wrath and becoming desirous of vanquishing the Dhartarashtras and their king in that battle, pierced the son of Saradwat with three arrows winged with gold and whetted on stone, and next slew with four others the four steeds of Kritavarman. Then Aswatthaman bore away the celebrated son of Hridika. Saradwat’s son pierced Yudhishtira in return with eight arrows. Then king Duryodhana despatched seven hundred cars to the spot where king Yudhishtira was battling. Those cars ridden by excellent warriors and endued with speed of the wind or thought, rushed in that battle against the car of Kunti’s son. Encompassing Yudhishtira on every side, they made him invisible with their shafts like clouds hiding the sun from the view. Then the Pandava heroes headed by Sikhandin, beholding king Yudhishtira the just assailed in that way by the Kauravas, became filled with rage and were unable to put up with it. Desirous of rescuing Yudhishtira, the son of Kunti, they came to that spot upon their cars possessed of great speed and adorned with rows of bells. Then commenced an awful battle, in which blood flowed as water, between the Pandavas and the Kurus, that increased the population of Yama’s domains. Slaying those seven hundred hostile car-warriors of the Kuru army, the Pandavas and the Panchalas once more resisted (the whole Kuru army). There a fierce battle was fought between thy son and the Pandavas. We had never before seen or heard of its like. During the progress of that battle in which no consideration was showed by anybody for anybody, and while the warriors of thy army and those of the foe were falling fast, and the combatants were all shouting and blowing their conchs, and the bowmen were roaring and uttering loud noises of diverse kinds, while, indeed, the battle was raging fiercely and the very vitals of the combatants were being struck, and the troops, O sire, desirous of victory, were rushing with speed, while, verily, everything on Earth seemed to be undergoing a woeful destruction, during that time when innumerable ladies of birth and beauty were being made widows, during, indeed, the progress of that fierce engagement in which the warriors behaved without any consideration for friends and foes, awful portents appeared, presaging the destruction of everything. The Earth, with her mountains and forests, trembled, making a loud noise. Meteors like blazing brands equipped with handles dropped from the sky, O king, on every side on the Earth as if from the solar disc. A hurricane arose, blowing on all sides, and bearing away hard pebbles along its lower course. The elephants shed copious tears and trembled exceedingly. Disregarding all these fierce and awful portents, the Kshatriyas, taking counsel with one another, cheerfully stood on the field for battle again, on the beautiful and sacred field called after Kuru, desirous of obtaining heaven. Then

Sakuni, the son of the Gandhara king, said, "Fight all of ye in front! I, however, will slay the Pandavas from behind." Then the Madraka warriors, endued with great activity, amongst those on our side that were advancing, became filled with joy and uttered diverse sounds of delight. Others too did the same. The invincible Pandavas, however, possessed of sureness of aim, once more coming against us, shook their bows and covered us with showers of arrows. The forces of the Madrakas then were slain by the foe. Beholding this, the troops of Duryodhana once more turned away from the battle. The mighty king of the Gandharvas, however, once more said these words, "Stop, ye sinful ones! Fight (with the foe)! What use is there of flight?" At that time, O bull of Bharata's race, the king of the Gandharvas had full ten thousand horse-men capable of fighting with bright lances. During the progress of that great carnage, Sakuni, aided by that force, put forth his valour and assailed the Pandava army at the rear, slaughtering it with his keen shafts. The vast force of the Pandus then, O monarch, broke even as a mass of clouds is dispersed on all sides by a mighty wind. Then Yudhishtira, beholding from a near point his own army routed, coolly urged the mighty Sahadeva, saying, "Yonder the son of Suvala, afflicting our rear, stayeth, clad in mail! He slaughtereth our forces! Behold that wicked wight, O son of Pandu! Aided by the son of Draupadi, proceed towards him and slay Sakuni, the son of Suvala! Supported by the Panchalas, O sinless one, I will meanwhile destroy the car force of the enemy! Let all the elephants and all the horse and three thousand foot, proceed with thee! Supported by these, slay Sakuni!" At this, seven hundred elephants ridden by combatants armed with the bow, and five thousand horses, and the valiant Sahadeva, and three thousand foot-soldiers, and the sons of Draupadi all rushed against Sakuni difficult of defeat in battle. Suvala's son, however, of great valour, O king, prevailing over the Pandavas and longing for victory, began to slay their forces from the rear. The horsemen, infuriate with rage, belonging to the Pandavas endued with great activity, penetrated the division of Suvala's son, prevailing over the latter's car-warriors. Those heroic horsemen, staying in the midst of their own elephants, covered the large host of Suvala's son with showers of shafts. In consequence of thy evil counsels, O king, dreadful was the battle that then ensued in which maces and lances were used and in which heroes only took part. The twang of bow-string was no longer heard there, for all the car-warriors stood as spectators of that fight. At that time no difference could be seen between the contending parties. Both the Kurus and the Pandavas, O bull of Bharata's race, beheld the darts hurled from heroic arms course like meteors through the welkin. The entire welkin, O monarch, shrouded with falling swords of great brightness, seemed to become exceedingly beautiful. The aspect presented, O chief of the Bharatas, by the lances hurled all around, became like that of swarms of locusts in the welkin. Steeds, with limbs bathed in blood in consequence of wounds inflicted by horsemen themselves wounded with arrows, dropped down on all sides in hundreds and thousands. Encountering one another and huddled together, many of them were seen to be mangled and many to vomit blood from their mouths. A thick darkness came there when the troops were covered with a dusty cloud. When that darkness shrouded everything, O king, we beheld those brave combatants, steeds and men, move away from that spot. Others were seen to fall down on the Earth, vomiting blood in profusion. Many combatants, entangled with one another by their locks, could not stir. Many, endued with great strength, dragged one another from the backs of their horses, and encountering one another thus, slew one another like combatants in a wrestling match. Many deprived of life, were borne away on the backs of the steeds. Many men, proud of their valour and inspired with desire of victory, were seen to fall

down on the Earth. The Earth became strewn over with hundreds and thousands of combatants bathed in blood, deprived of limbs, and divested of hair. In consequence of the surface of the Earth being covered with elephant-riders and horsemen and slain steeds and combatants with blood-stained armour and others armed with weapons and others who had sought to slay one another with diverse kinds of terrible weapons, all lying closely huddled together in that battle fraught with fearful carnage, no warrior could proceed far on his horse. Having fought for a little while, Sakuni, the son of Suvala, O monarch, went away from that spot with the remnant of his cavalry numbering six thousand. Similarly, the Pandava force, covered with blood, and its animals fatigued, moved away from that spot with its remnant consisting of six thousand horses. The blood-stained horsemen of the Pandava army then, with hearts intent on battle and prepared to lay down their lives, said, "It is no longer possible to fight here on cars; how much more difficult then to fight here on elephants! Let cars proceed against cars, and elephants against elephants! Having retreated, Sakuni is now within his own division. The royal son of Suvala will not again come to battle." Then the sons of Draupadi and those infuriate elephants proceeded to the place where the Panchala prince Dhrishtadyumna, that great car-warrior, was. Sahadeva also, when that dusty cloud arose, proceeded alone to where king Yudhishtira was. After all those had gone away, Sakuni, the son of Suvala, excited with wrath, once more fell upon Dhrishtadyumna's division and began to strike it. Once more a dreadful battle took place, in which the combatants were all regardless of their lives, between thy soldiers and those of the foe, all of whom were desirous of slaying one another. In that encounter of heroes, the combatants first eyed one another steadfastly, and then rushed, O king, and fell upon one another in hundreds and thousands. In that destructive carnage, heads severed with swords fell down with a noise like that of falling palmyra fruits. Loud also became the noise, making the very hair to stand on end, of bodies falling down on the ground, divested of armour and mangled with weapons and of falling weapons also, O king, and of arms and thighs severed from the trunk. Striking brothers and sons and even sires with keen weapons, the combatants were seen to fight like birds, for pieces of meat. Excited with rage, thousands of warriors, falling upon one another, impatiently struck one another in that battle. Hundreds and thousands of combatants, killed by the weight of slain horsemen while falling down from their steeds, fell down on the field. Loud became the noise of neighing steeds of great fleetness, and of shouting men clad in mail, and of the falling darts and swords, O king, of combatants desirous of piercing the vitals of one another in consequence, O monarch, of thy evil policy. At that time, thy soldiers, overcome with toil, spent with rage, their animals fatigued, themselves parched with thirst mangled with keen weapons, began to turn away from the battle. Maddened with the scent of blood, many became so insensate that they slew friends and foes alike, in fact, every one they got at. Large numbers of Kshatriyas, inspired with desire of victory, were struck down with arrows, O king, and fell prostrate on the Earth. Wolves and vultures and jackals began to howl and scream in glee and make a loud noise. In the very sight of thy son, thy army suffered a great loss. The Earth, O monarch, became strewn with the bodies of men and steeds, and covered with streams of blood that inspired the timid with terror. Struck and mangled repeatedly with swords and battle axes and lances, thy warriors, as also the Pandavas, O Bharata, ceased to approach one another. Striking one another according to the measure of their strength, and fighting to the last drop of their blood, the combatants fell down vomiting blood from their wounds. Headless forms were seen, seizing the hair of their heads (with one hand) and with uplifted swords dyed with blood (in the other).

When many headless forms, O king, had thus risen up, when the scent of blood had made the combatants nearly senseless, and when the loud noise had somewhat subsided, Suvala's son (once more) approached the large host of the Pandavas, with the small remnant of his horse. At this, the Pandavas, inspired with desires of victory and endued with foot-soldiers and elephants and cavalry, all with uplifted weapons, desirous of reaching the end of the hostilities, the Pandavas, forming a wall, encompassed Sakuni on all sides, and began to strike him with diverse kinds of weapons. Beholding those troops of thine assailed from every side, the Kauravas, with horsemen, foot-soldiers, elephants, and cars, rushed towards the Pandavas. Some foot-soldiers of great courage, destitute of weapons, attacked their foes in that battle, with feet and fists, and brought them down. Car-warriors fell down from cars, and elephant-men from elephants, like meritorious persons falling down from their celestial vehicles upon the exhaustion of their merits. Thus the combatants, engaged with one another in that great battle, slew sires and friends and sons. Thus occurred that battle, O best of the Bharatas, in which no consideration was shown by anybody for anyone, and in which lances and swords and arrows fell fast, on every side and made the scene exceedingly terrible to behold.”

Section XXIV

“Sanjaya said, ‘When the loud noise of battle had somewhat subsided and the Pandavas had slain large numbers of their foes, Suvala's son (once more) came for fight with the remnant of his horsemen numbering seven hundred. Quickly approaching his own soldiers and urging them to battle, he repeatedly said, “You chastisers of foes, fight cheerfully!” And he asked the Kshatriyas present there, saying, “Where is the king, that great car-warrior?” Hearing these words of Sakuni, O bull of Bharata's race, they answered saying, “Yonder stayeth that great car-warrior, the Kuru king, there where that large umbrella of splendour equal to that of the full moon, is visible—there where those car-warriors, clad in mail, are staying—there where that loud noise, deep as the roar of clouds, is being heard! Proceed quickly thither, O king, and thou wilt then see the Kuru monarch!” Thus addressed by those brave warriors, Suvala's son Sakuni, O king, proceeded to that spot where thy son was staying, surrounded on all sides by unretreating heroes. Beholding Duryodhana stationed in the midst of that car-force, Sakuni, gladdening all those car-warriors of thine, O king cheerfully said these words unto Duryodhana. Indeed, he said the following words in a manner which showed that he regarded all his purposes to have been already achieved. “Slay, O king, the car-divisions (of the Pandavas)! All their horses have been vanquished by me! Yudhishtira is incapable of being conquered in battle unless one is prepared to lay down his life! When that car-force, protected by the son of Pandu, will have been destroyed, we shall then slay all those elephants and foot-soldiers and others!” Hearing these words of his, thy warriors, inspired with desire of victory, cheerfully rushed towards the Pandava army. With quivers on their backs and bows in their hands, all of them shook their bows and uttered leonine roars. Once more, O king, the fierce twang of bows and the slapping of palms and the whiz of arrows shot with force was heard. Beholding those Kuru combatants approach the Pandava army with uplifted bows, Kunti's son Dhananjaya said unto the son of Devaki these words, “Urge the steeds fearlessly and penetrate this sea of troops! With my keen shafts I shall today reach the end of these hostilities! Today is the eighteenth day, O Janardana, of this great battle that is raging between the two sides! The army of those high-souled heroes, which was

literally numberless, hath been nearly destroyed! Behold the course of Destiny! The army of Dhritarashtra's son, O Madhava, which was vast as the ocean, hath, O Achyuta, become, after encountering ourselves, even like the indent caused by a cow's hoof! If peace had been made after Bhishma's fall, O Madhava, everything would have been well! The foolish Duryodhana of weak understanding, however, did not make peace! The words that were uttered by Bhishma, O Madhava, were beneficial and worthy of adoption. Suyodhana, however, who had lost his understanding, did not act according to them. After Bhishma had been struck and thrown down on the Earth, I do not know the reason why the battle proceeded! I regard the Dhartarashtras to be foolish and of weak understanding in every way, since they continued the battle even after the fall of Santanu's son! After that when Drona, that foremost of all utterers of Brahma, fell, as also the son of Radha, and Vikarna, the carnage did not still cease! Alas, when a small remnant only of the (Kaurava) army remained after the fall of that tiger among men, Karna, with his sons, the carnage did not still cease! After the fall of even the heroic Srutayush, of also Jalasandha of Puru's race, and of king Srutayudha, the carnage did not still cease! After the fall of Bhurisravasa, of Salya, O Janardana, and of the Avanti heroes, the carnage did not still cease! After the fall of Jayadratha, of the Rakshasa Alayudha, of Vahlika, and of Somadatta, the carnage did not still cease! After the fall of heroic Bhagadatta, of the Kamvoja chief Sadakshina, and of Dussasana, the carnage did not still cease! Beholding even diverse heroic and mighty kings, each owning extensive territories, slain in battle, the carnage, O Krishna, did not still cease! Beholding even a full Akshauhini of troops slain by Bhimasena in battle, the carnage did not still cease, in consequence of either the folly or the covetousness of the Dhartarashtras! What king born in a noble race, a race especially like that of Kuru, save of course the foolish Duryodhana, would thus fruitlessly wage such fierce hostilities? Who is there, possessed of reason and wisdom and capable of discriminating good from evil, that would thus wage war, knowing his foes to be superior to him in merit, strength, and courage? How could he listen to the counsels of another, when, indeed, he could not make up his mind to make peace with the Pandavas in obedience to the words uttered by thee? What medicine can be acceptable to that person today who disregarded Bhishma the son of Santanu, and Drona, and Vidura, while they urged him to make peace? How can he accept good counsels, who from folly, O Janardana, insolently disregarded his own aged sire as also his own well-meaning mother while speaking beneficial words unto him? It is evident, O Janardana, that Duryodhana took his birth for exterminating his race! His conduct and his policy, it is seen, point to that line, O lord! He will not give us our kingdom yet! This is my opinion, O Achyuta! The high-souled Vidura, O sire, told me many a time that as long as life remained in Dhritarashtra's son, he would never give us our share of the kingdom! Vidura further told me, 'As long also as Dhritarashtra will live, O giver of honours, even that sinful wight will act sinfully towards you! Ye will never succeed in vanquishing Duryodhana without battle!' Even thus, O Madhava, did Vidura of true foresight often speak to me! All the acts of that wicked-souled wight, I now find to be exactly as the high-souled Vidura had said! That person of wicked understanding who, having listened to the beneficial and proper words of Jamadagni's son, disregarded them, should certainly be held as standing in the face of destruction. Many persons crowned with ascetic success said as soon as Duryodhana was born, that the entire Kshatriya order would be exterminated in consequence of that wretch. Those words of the sages, O Janardana, are now being realised, since the Kshatriyas are undergoing almost entire extermination in consequence of Duryodhana's acts! I shall, O Madhava, slay all

the warriors today! After all the Kshatriyas will have been slain and the (Kaurava) camp made empty, Duryodhana will then desire battle with us for his own destruction. That will end these hostilities! Exercising my reason, O Madhava, and reflected in my own mind, O thou of Vrishni's race, thinking of Vidura's words, and taking into account the acts of the wicked-souled Duryodhana himself, I have come to this conclusion! Penetrate the Bharata army, O hero, for I shall slay the wicked-souled Duryodhana and his army today with my keen shafts! Slaying this weak army in the very sight of Dhritarashtra's son, I shall today do what is for Yudhishtira's good!"

"Sanjaya continued, 'Thus addressed by Savyasachin, he of Dasarha's race, reins in hand, fearlessly penetrated that vast hostile force for battle. That was a terrible forest of bows (which the two heroes entered). Darts constituted its prickles. Maces and spiked bludgeons were its paths. Cars and elephants were its mighty trees. Cavalry and infantry were its creepers. And the illustrious Kesava, as he entered that forest on that car decked with many banners and pennons, looked exceedingly resplendent. Those white steeds, O king, bearing Arjuna in battle, were seen careering everywhere, urged by him of Dasarha's race! Then that scorcher of foes, Savyasachin, proceeded on his car, shooting hundreds of keen shafts like a cloud pouring showers of rain. Loud was the noise produced by those straight arrows, as also by those combatants that were covered with them in that battle by Savyasachin. Showers of shafts, piercing through the armour of the combatants, fell down on the Earth. Impelled from Gandiva, arrows, whose touch resembled that of Indra's thunder, striking men and elephants and horses, O king, fell in that battle with a noise like that of winged insects. Everything was shrouded with those shafts shot from Gandiva. In that battle, the points of the compass, cardinal and subsidiary, could not be distinguished. The whole world seemed to be filled with gold-winged shafts, steeped in oil, polished by the hands of the smith, and marked with Partha's name. Struck with those keen shafts, and burnt therewith by Partha even as a herd of elephants is burnt with burning brands, the Kauravas became languid and lost their strength. Armed with bow and arrows, Partha, resembling the blazing sun, burned the hostile combatants in that battle like a blazing fire consuming a heap of dry grass. As a roaring fire of blazing flames and great energy (arising from embers) cast away on the confines of a forest by its denizens, fire consumes those woods abounding with trees and heaps of dry creepers, even so that hero possessed of great activity and fierce energy and endued with prowess of weapons, and having shafts for his flames, quickly burned all the troops of thy son from wrath. His gold-winged arrows, endued with fatal force and shot with care, could not be baffled by any armour. He had not to shoot a second arrow at man, steed, or elephant of gigantic size. Like the thunder-wielding Indra striking down the Daityas, Arjuna, alone, entering that division of mighty car-warriors, destroyed it with shafts of diverse forms."

Section XXV

"Sanjaya said, 'Dhananjaya, with his Gandiva, frustrated the purpose of those unreturning heroes struggling in battle and striking their foes. The shafts shot by Arjuna, irresistible and endued with great force and whose touch was like that of the thunder, were seen to resemble torrents of rain poured by a cloud. That army, O chief of the Bharatas, thus struck by Kiritin, fled away in the very sight of thy son. Some deserted their sires and brothers, others deserted their

comrades. Some car-warriors were deprived of their animals. Others lost their drivers. Some had their poles or yokes or wheels broken, O king! The arrows of some were exhausted. Some were seen afflicted with arrows. Some, though unwounded, fled in a body, afflicted with fear. Some endeavoured to rescue their sons, having lost all their kinsmen and animals. Some loudly called upon their sires, some upon their comrades and followers. Some fled, deserting their kinsmen, O tiger among men, and brothers and other relatives, O monarch! Many mighty car-warriors, struck with Partha's shafts and deeply pierced therewith, were seen to breathe hard, deprived of their senses. Others, taking them upon their own cars, and soothing them for a while, and resting them and dispelling their thirst by offering them drink, once more proceeded to battle. Some, incapable of being easily defeated in battle, deserting the wounded, once more advanced to battle, desirous of obeying the behests of thy son. Some, having slaked their thirst or groomed their animals, and some, wearing (fresh) armour, O chief of the Bharatas, and some, having comforted their brothers and sons and sires, and placed them in camp, once more came to battle. Some, arraying their cars in the order, O king, of superiors and inferiors, advanced against the Pandavas once more for battle. Those heroes (on their cars) covered with rows of bells, looked resplendent like Daityas and Danavas intent on the conquest of the three worlds. Some, advancing with precipitancy on their vehicles decked with gold, fought with Dhrishtadyumna amid the Pandava divisions. The Panchala prince Dhrishtadyumna, and the great car-warrior Sikhandin, and Satanika, the son of Nakula, fought with the car-force of the enemy. The Panchala prince, then, filled with rage and supported by a large army, rushed against thy angry troops from desire of slaying them. Then thy son, O ruler of men, sped many showers of arrows, O Bharata, at the Panchala prince thus rushing at him. Then, O king, Dhrishtadyumna was quickly pierced with many arrows in his arms and chest by thy son fighting with his bow. Deeply pierced therewith like an elephant with pointed lances, that great Bowman then despatched with his shafts the four steeds of Duryodhana to the regions of death. With another broad-headed arrow he next cut off from his trunk the head of his enemy's driver. Then that chastiser of foes, king Duryodhana, having thus lost his car, rode on horse-back and retreated to a spot not remote. Beholding his own army destitute of prowess, thy son, the mighty Duryodhana, O king, proceeded to the place where Suvala's son was. When the Kaurava cars were broken, three thousand gigantic elephants encompassed those car-warriors, the five Pandavas. Encompassed by that elephant force, O Bharata, the five brothers looked beautiful, O tiger among men, like the planets surrounded by the clouds. Then the mighty-armed and white-steeded Arjuna, O king, of sureness of aim and having Krishna for his charioteer, advanced on his car. Surrounded by those elephants huge as hills, he began to destroy those animals with his keen and polished arrows. Each slain with a single arrow, we beheld those huge elephants fallen or falling down, mangled by Savyasachin. The mighty Bhimasena, himself like an infuriated elephant, beholding those elephants, took up his formidable mace and rushed at them, quickly jumping down from his car, like the Destroyer armed with his club. Seeing that great car-warrior of the Pandavas with uplifted mace, thy soldiers became filled with fright and passed urine and excreta. The whole army became agitated upon beholding Bhimasena armed with mace. We then beheld those elephants, huge as hills, running hither and thither, with their frontal globes split open by Bhima with his mace and all their limbs bathed in blood. Struck with Bhima's mace, those elephants, running off from him, fell down with cries of pain, like wingless mountains. Beholding those elephants, many in number, with their frontal globes split open, running hither and thither or

falling down, thy soldiers were inspired with fear. Then Yudhishtira also, filled with wrath, and the two sons of Madri, began to slay those elephant-warriors with arrows equipped with vulturine wings. Dhrishtadyumna, after the defeat of the (Kuru) king in battle, and after the flight of the latter from that spot on horse-back, saw that the Pandavas had all been surrounded by the (Kaurava) elephants. Beholding this, O monarch, Dhrishtadyumna, the son of the Panchala king, proceeded towards those elephants, from desire of slaughtering them. Meanwhile, not seeing Duryodhana in the midst of the car-force. Aswatthaman and Kripa, and Kritavarman of the Satwata race, asked all the Kshatriyas there, saying, "Where has Duryodhana gone?" Not seeing the king in that carnage, those great car-warriors all thought thy son to have been slain. Hence, with sorrowful faces, they enquired after him. Some persons told them that after the fall of his driver, he had gone to Suvala's son. Other Kshatriyas, present there, who had been exceedingly mangled with wounds, said, "What need is there with Duryodhana? See if he is yet alive! Do you all fight unitedly? What will the king do to you?" Other Kshatriyas, who were exceedingly mangled, who had lost many of their kinsmen, and who were still being afflicted with the arrows of the enemy, said these words in indistinct tones, "Let us slay these forces by whom we are encompassed! Behold, the Pandavas are coming hither, after having slain the elephants!" Hearing these words of theirs, the mighty Aswatthaman, piercing through that irresistible force of the Panchala king, proceeded with Kripa and Kritavarman to the spot where Suvala's son was. Indeed, those heroes, those firm bowmen, leaving the car-force, repaired (in search of Duryodhana). After they had gone away, the Pandavas, headed by Dhrishtadyumna, advanced, O king, and began to slay their enemies. Beholding those valiant and heroic and mighty car-warriors cheerfully rushing towards them, thy troops, amongst whom the faces of many had turned pale, became hopeless of their lives. Seeing those soldiers of ours almost deprived of weapons and surrounded (by the foe). I myself, O king, having only two kinds of forces, and becoming reckless of life, joined the five leaders of our army, and fought with the forces of the Panchala prince, posting our men on that spot where Saradwat's son was stationed. We had been afflicted with the shafts of Kiritin. Nevertheless, a fierce battle took place between us and the division of Dhrishtadyumna. At last, vanquished by the latter, all of us retreated from that encounter. I then beheld the mighty car-warrior Satyaki rushing against us. With four hundred cars that hero pursued me in battle. Having escaped with difficulty from Dhrishtadyumna whose steeds had been tired, I fell among the forces of Madhava even as a sinner falleth into hell. There a fierce and terrible battle took place for a short while. The mighty armed Satyaki, having cut off my armour, became desirous of taking me alive. He seized me while I lay down on the ground insensible. Then within a short while that elephant-force was destroyed by Bhimasena with his mace and Arjuna with his arrows. In consequence of those mighty elephants, huge as hills, falling down on every side with crushed limbs, the Pandava warriors found their way almost entirely blocked up. Then the mighty Bhimasena, O monarch, dragging away those huge elephants, made a way for the Pandavas to come out. Meanwhile, Aswatthaman and Kripa and Kritavarman of the Satwata race, not seeing that chastiser of foes, Duryodhana, amid the car division, sought for thy royal son, Abandoning the prince of the Panchalas, they proceeded to the spot where Suvala's son was anxious to have a sight of the king during that terrible carnage."

Section XXVI

“Sanjaya said, ‘After that elephant-division had been destroyed, O Bharata, by the son of Pandu, and while thy army was being thus slaughtered by Bhimasena in battle, beholding the latter, that chastiser of foes, careering like the all-killing Destroyer himself in rage armed with his club, the remnant of thy unslaughtered sons, those uterine brothers, O king, united together at that time when he of Kuru’s race, thy son Duryodhana, could not be seen, and rushed against Bhimasena. They were Durmarshana and Srutanta and Jaitra and Bhurivala and Ravi, and Jayatsena and Sujata and that slayer of foes, Durvishaha, and he called Durvimochana, and Dushpradharsha and the mighty-armed Srutarvan. All of them were accomplished in battle. Those sons of thine, uniting together, rushed against Bhimasena and shut him up on all sides. Then Bhima, O monarch, once more mounting on his own car, began to shoot keen shafts at the vital limbs of thy sons. Those sons of thine, covered with arrows by Bhimasena in that dreadful battle, began to drag that warrior like men dragging an elephant from off a cross-way. Excited with rage, Bhimasena, quickly cutting off the head of Durmarshana with a razor-headed arrow, felled it on the Earth. With another broad-headed arrow capable of penetrating every armour, Bhima next slew that mighty car-warrior, thy son Srutanta. Then with the greatest ease, piercing Jayatsena with a cloth-yard shaft, that chastiser of foes, the son of Pandu, felled that scion of Kuru’s race from his car. The prince, O king, fell down and immediately expired. At this, thy son Srutarvan, excited with rage, pierced Bhima with a hundred straight arrows winged with vulturine feathers. Then Bhima, inflamed with rage, pierced Jaitra and Ravi and Bhurivala, those three, with three shafts resembling poison or fire. Those mighty car-warriors, thus struck, fell down from their cars, like Kinsukas variegated with flowers in the season of spring cut down (by the axe-man). Then that scorcher of foes, with another broad-headed arrow of great keenness, struck Durvimochana and despatched him to Yama’s abode. Thus struck, that foremost of car-warriors fell down on the ground from his car, like a tree growing on the summit of a mountain when broken by the wind. The son of Pandu next struck thy other two sons at the head of their forces, Dushpradharsha and Sujata, each with a couple of arrows in that battle. Those two foremost of car-warriors, pierced with those shafts, fell down. Beholding next another son of thine, Durvishaha, rushing at him, Bhima pierced him with a broad-headed arrow in that battle. That prince fell down from his car in the very sight of all the bowmen. Beholding so many of his brothers slain by the singlehanded Bhima in that battle, Srutarvan, under the influence of rage, rushed at Bhima, stretching his formidable bow decked with gold and shooting a large number of arrows that resembled poison or fire in energy. Cutting off the bow of Pandu’s son in that dreadful battle, the Kuru prince pierced the bowless Bhima with twenty arrows. Then Bhimasena, that mighty car-warrior, taking up another bow, shrouded thy son with arrows and addressing him, said, “Wait, Wait!’ The battle that took place between the two was beautiful and fierce, like that which had occurred in days of yore between Vasava and the Asura Jambha, O lord! With the keen shafts, resembling the fatal rods of Yama, sped by those two warriors, the Earth, the sky, and all the points of the compass, became shrouded. Then Srutarvan, filled with rage, took up his bow and struck Bhimasena in that battle, O king, with many arrows on his arms and chest. Deeply pierced, O monarch, by thy son armed with the bow, Bhima became exceedingly agitated like the ocean at the full or the new moon. Filled with wrath, Bhima then, O sire, despatched with his arrows the driver and the four steeds of thy son to Yama’s abode.

Beholding him carless, Pandu's son of immeasurable soul, displaying the lightness of his hands, covered him with winged arrows. The carless Srutarvan then, O king, took up a sword and shield. As the prince, however, careered with his sword and bright shield decked with a hundred moons, the son of Pandu struck off his head from his trunk with a razor-headed arrow and felled it on the Earth. The trunk of that illustrious warrior, rendered headless by means of that razor-headed arrow, fell down from his car, filling the Earth with a loud noise. Upon the fall of that hero, thy troops, though terrified, rushed in that battle against Bhimasena from desire of fighting with him. The valiant Bhimasena, clad in mail, received those warriors rushing quickly at him from among the unslain remnant of that ocean of troops. Approaching him, those warriors encompassed that hero on all sides. Thus surrounded by those warriors of thine, Bhima began to afflict them all with keen shafts like him of a thousand eyes afflicting the Asuras. Having destroyed five hundred great cars with their fences, he once more slew seven hundred elephants in that battle. Slaying next ten thousand foot soldiers with his mighty shafts, as also eight hundred steeds, the son of Pandu looked resplendent. Indeed, Bhimasena, the son of Kunti, having slain thy sons in battle, regarded his object achieved, O lord, and the purpose of his birth accomplished. Thy troops, at that time, O Bharata, ventured to even gaze at that warrior who was battling in that fashion and slaying thy men in that way. Routing all the Kurus and slaying those followers of theirs, Bhima then slapped his armpits, terrifying the huge elephants with the noise he produced. Then thy army, O monarch, which had lost a very large number of men, and which then consisted of a very few soldiers, became exceedingly cheerless, O king!"

Section XXVII

"Sanjaya said, 'Duryodhana, O king, and thy son Sudarsa, the only two of thy children yet unslain, were at that time in the midst of the (Kaurava) cavalry. Beholding Duryodhana staying in the midst of the cavalry, Devaki's son (Krishna) said unto Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti, "A large number of our foes, kinsmen that had received our protection, have been slain. There, that bull of Sini's race is returning, having taken Sanjaya captive! Both Nakula and Sahadeva, O Bharata, are fatigued, having fought with the wretched Dhartarashtras and their followers! Those three, Kripa and Kritavarman and the mighty car-warrior Aswatthaman, have left Duryodhana's side and taken up their position elsewhere! Having slain Duryodhana's troops, the Panchala prince stayeth yonder, endued with great beauty, in the midst of the Prabhadrakas. There, O Partha, Duryodhana stayeth in the midst of his cavalry, with the umbrella held over his head and himself flinging his glances all around! Having rearranged the (remnant of his) army, he stayeth in the midst of his forces. Slaying this one with thy keen shafts, thou mayst achieve all thy objects! As long as these troops do not fly away beholding thee, in their midst and witnessing also the destruction of their elephant-force, do thou, O chastiser of foes, endeavour to slay Duryodhana! Let somebody go to the Panchala prince and ask him to come hither. The (Kaurava) troops are all tired, O sire! The sinful Duryodhana will never succeed in escaping! Having slain a large number of thy troops in battle, the son of Dhritarashtra wears a proud aspect as if he believes that the Pandavas have been vanquished! Beholding his own troops afflicted and slain by the Pandavas, the Kuru king will certainly come to battle for his own destruction!" Thus addressed by Krishna, Phalguna replied unto him, saying. "Almost all the sons of Dhritarashtra, O giver of honours, have been slain by Bhima! Only these two are yet alive! They, however, O

Krishna, shall also meet with destruction today! Bhishma hath been slain, Drona hath been slain, Karna, otherwise called Vaikartana, hath been slain! Salya, the king of the Madras, hath been slain, and Jayadratha also, O Krishna, hath been slain! Only five hundred horse from the remnant of the troops of Sakuni, the son of Suvala, and of cars, only two hundred still remain, O Janardana! Of elephants there remain only a hundred that are formidable, and of foot only three thousand! There remain also Aswatthaman and Kripa and the ruler of the Trigartas and Uluka and Kritavarman of the Satwata race. These, O Madhava, form the remnant of Duryodhana's force! Truly, there is no escape from death for anybody on Earth! Although such a tremendous carnage hast taken place, behold, Duryodhana is still alive! Today king Yudhishtira, however, will be freed from all his foes! None amongst the enemy will escape me, I ween! Even if they be more than men, O Krishna, I shall yet slay all those warriors today, however, furious in battle, if only they do not fly away from the field! Filled with wrath in today's battle, I shall, by slaying the prince of Gandhara with my keen shafts, dispel that sleeplessness which the king has suffered from for a long time! I shall win back all those valuable possessions which Suvala's son, of wicked conduct, won from us at the gambling match in the assembly! Hearing of the slaughter of their husbands and sons at the hands of the Pandavas in battle, all the ladies of the city called after the elephant will utter loud wails! Today, O Krishna, our task will be ended! Today Duryodhana shall abandon all his blazing prosperity, as also his life-breath. Thou mayest take the foolish son of Dhritarashtra to be dead, O thou of Vrishni's race, if, O Krishna, he does not today fly away from the battle to be waged by me! Those steeds are incapable of enduring the twang of my bow and the slaps of my palms! Proceed thither, O Krishna, for I will slay them!" Thus addressed by Pandu's son of great force of mind, he of Dasarha's race urged his steeds, O king, towards the division of Duryodhana. Beholding that force (within which Duryodhana was), three mighty car-warriors prepared themselves for assailing it, for Bhimasena and Arjuna and Sahadeva, O sire, together proceeded against it with loud Leonine roars from desire of slaying Duryodhana. Beholding those three warriors rushing quickly together with uplifted bows, Suvala's son proceeded towards that spot against those Pandava foes. Thy son Sudarsana rushed against Bhimasena. Susarman and Sakuni encountered Kiritin. Thy son Duryodhana on horse-back proceeded against Sahadeva. Then thy son, O ruler of men, with great speed and care, forcibly struck Sahadeva's head with a lance. Thus assailed by thy son, Sahadeva sat down on the terrace of his car, all his limbs bathed in blood and himself sighing like a snake. Regaining his senses then, O king, Sahadeva, filled with rage, covered Duryodhana with keen arrows. Kunti's son, Dhananjaya, otherwise called Partha, putting forth his prowess, cut off the heads of many brave combatants on horse-back. Indeed, Partha, with many arrows, destroyed that (cavalry) division. Having felled all the steeds, he then proceeded against the cars of the Trigartas. At this, the great car-warriors of the Trigartas, uniting together, covered Arjuna and Vasudeva with showers of shafts. Assailing Satyakarman with a razor-headed arrow, the son of Pandu, possessed of great fame, cut off his adversary's car-shafts. With another razor-headed arrow, O lord, whetted on stone, that celebrated hero, smiling the while, cut off his antagonist's head adorned with bright gold. He next attacked Satyeshu in the sight of all the warriors, like a hungry lion, O king, in the forest, attacking a deer. Having slain him, Partha pierced Susarman with three arrows and then slew all those car-warriors adorned with ornaments of gold. He then proceeded against Susarman the ruler of Prashthala with great speed, vomiting the virulent poison of his wrath cherished for many long years. Covering him first, O bull of Bharata's race,

with a hundred arrows, Arjuna then slew all the steeds of that bowman. Fixing then on his bow-string a mighty arrow that resembled the rod of Yama, Partha, smiling the while, quickly sped it at Susarman, aiming it at him. Sped by that bowman blazing with wrath, that arrow, reaching Susarman, pierced through his heart in that battle. Deprived of life, O monarch, Susarman fell down on the Earth, gladdening all the Pandavas and paining all thy warriors. Having slain Susarman in that battle, Partha then, with his shafts, despatched the five and thirty sons of that king, all of whom were great car-warriors, to Yama's abode. Slaying next all the followers of Susarman with his keen arrows, the mighty car-warrior, Arjuna, proceeded against the remnant of the Bharata host. Bhima, in that battle, filled with rage, O ruler of men, made thy son Sudarsana invisible with his arrows, and smiling the while, cut off from his antagonist's trunk his head with a razor-headed arrow of great sharpness. Deprived of life, the prince fell down on the Earth. Upon the fall of that (Kuru) hero, his followers encompassed Bhima in that battle, shooting showers of whetted arrows at him. Vrikodara, however, with his keen arrows, whose touch resembled that of Indra's thunder, covered that force around him. Within a very short time, Bhima slew them all, O bull of Bharata's race! Whilst they were being thus exterminated, many Kaurava leaders of great might, O Bharata, approached Bhima and began to fight with him. The son of Pandu, O king, covered all of them with his arrows. Similarly, thy warriors, O monarch, covered the great car-warriors of the Pandavas with dense showers of arrows from every side. All the warriors then, of both sides, thus engaged in battle with one another, became exceedingly agitated. Struck by one another, the combatants of both armies, O king, began to fall down, wailing aloud for their (deceased) kinsmen.”

Section XXVIII

“Sanjaya said, ‘During the progress of that battle which was so destructive of men and steeds and elephants, Suvala's son, Sakuni, O king, rushed against Sahadeva. The valiant Sahadeva, as Sakuni rushed quickly towards him, sped showers of swift arrows at that warrior as numerous as a flight of insects. At that time, Uluka also encountered Bhima and pierced him with ten arrows, Sakuni, meanwhile, O monarch, having pierced Bhima with three arrows, covered Sahadeva with ninety. Indeed, those heroes, O king, encountering one another in that battle, pierced one another with many keen arrows equipped with Kanka and peacock feathers, winged with gold, whetted on stone, and sped from bow-strings drawn to their ears. Those showers of arrows sped from their bows and arms, O monarch, shrouded all the points of the compass like a thick shower of rain poured from the clouds. Then Bhima, filled with rage, and Sahadeva of great valour, both endued with great might, careered in that battle, making an immense carnage. That army, O Bharata, was covered with hundreds of arrows by those two warriors. In consequence thereof, the welkin on many parts of the field became shrouded with darkness. In consequence, O monarch, of steeds, covered with arrows, dragging after them, as they ran, a large number of slain combatants, the tracks on many parts of the field became entirely blocked up. Covered with steeds slain with their riders, with broken shields and lances, O monarch, and with swords and darts and spears all around, the Earth looked variegated as if strewn with flowers. The combatants, O king, encountering one another, careered in battle, filled with wrath and taking one another's life. Soon the field became strewn with heads, beautiful as the filaments of the lotus, adorned with earrings and graced with faces set with eyes upturned in

wrath and lips bit in rage. Covered also, O monarch, with the severed arms of warriors that resembled the trunks of huge elephants, that were adorned with Angadas and cased in leathern fences, and that still held swords and lances and battle-axes, and with headless bodies risen on their feet and bleeding and dancing on the field, and swarming with carnivorous creatures of diverse kinds, the Earth, O lord, presented a frightful aspect! After the Bharata army had been reduced to a small remnant, the Pandavas, filled with delight in that dreadful battle began to despatch the Kauravas to Yama's abode. Meanwhile, the heroic and valiant son of Suvala's son very forcibly struck Sahadeva on the head with a lance. Exceedingly agitated, O monarch, in consequence of the blow, Sahadeva sat down on the terrace of his car. Beholding Sahadeva in that plight, the valiant Bhima, filled with rage, O Bharata, held the whole Kuru army in check. With his cloth-yard shaft he pierced hundreds and thousands of hostile warriors, and having pierced them so, that chastier of foes uttered a leonine roar. Frightened at that roar, all the followers of Sakuni, with their steeds and elephants, precipitately fled away in fear. Beholding them broken, king Duryodhana said unto them, "Stop, ye Kshatriyas, unacquainted with morality! Fight! What is the use of flight? That hero, who, without showing his back casteth away his life breath in battle, achieveth fame here and enjoyeth regions of bliss hereafter!" Thus exhorted by the king, the followers of Suvala's son once more advanced against the Pandavas, making death their goal. Awful, O monarch, was the noise made by those rushing warriors, resembling that of the agitated ocean. At this, the field of battle became agitated all around. Beholding those followers of Suvala's son thus advancing in battle, the victorious Pandavas, O monarch, proceeded against them. Comforted a little, the invincible Sahadeva, O monarch, pierced Sakuni with ten arrows and his steeds with three. With the greatest ease he then cut off the bow of Suvala's son with a number of other arrows. Invincible in battle, Sakuni, however, took up another bow and pierced Nakula with sixty arrows and then Bhimasena with seven. Uluka also, O king, desirous of rescuing his sire in that engagement, pierced Bhima with seven arrows and Sahadeva with seventy. Bhimasena in that encounter pierced Uluka with many keen arrows and Sakuni with four and sixty, and each of the other warriors who fought around them, with three arrows. Struck by Bhimasena with shafts steeped in oil, the Kauravas, filled with rage in that battle, covered Sahadeva with showers of arrows like lightning-charged clouds pouring rain on a mountain-breast. The heroic and valiant Sahadeva then, O monarch, cut off, with a broad-headed arrow, the head of Uluka as the latter advanced against him. Slain by Sahadeva, Uluka, gladdening the Pandavas in that battle, fell down on the earth from his car, all his limbs bathed in blood. Beholding his son slain, Sakuni, O Bharata, with voice choked with tears and drawing deep breaths, recollected the words of Vidura. Having reflected for a moment with tearful eyes, Sakuni, breathing heavily, approached Sahadeva and pierced him with three arrows. Baffling those arrows sped by Suvala's son with showers of shafts, the valiant Sahadeva, O monarch, cut off his antagonist's bow in that battle. Seeing his bow cut off, O king, Sakuni, the son of Suvala, took up a formidable scimitar and hurled it at Sahadeva. The latter, however, with the greatest ease, O monarch, cut off in twain that terrible scimitar of Suvala's son as it coursed towards him in that encounter. Beholding his sword cut in twain, Sakuni took up a formidable mace and hurled it at Sahadeva. That mace also, unable to achieve its object, fell down on the Earth. After this, Suvala's son, filled with rage, hurled at the son of Pandu an awful dart that resembled an impending death night. With the greatest ease Sahadeva, in that encounter, cut off, with his gold-decked shafts, into three fragments, that dart as it coursed swiftly towards him. Cut

off into fragments, that dart adorned with gold fell down on the earth like a blazing thunderbolt from the firmament, diverging into many flashes. Beholding that dart baffled and Suvala's son afflicted with fear, all thy troops fled away in fright. Suvala's son himself joined them. The Pandavas then, eager for victory, uttered loud shouts. As regards the Dhartarashtras, almost all of them turned away from the fight. Seeing them so cheerless, the valiant son of Madri, with many thousand shafts, checked them in that battle. Then Sahadeva came upon Suvala's son as the latter, who was still expectant of victory, was flying away, protected by the excellent cavalry of the Gandharas. Recollecting, O king, that Sakuni, who had fallen to his share, was still alive, Sahadeva, on his car adorned with gold, pursued that warrior. Stringing his formidable bow and drawing it with great force, Sahadeva, filled with rage, pursued the son of Suvala and vigorously struck him with many shafts equipped with vulturine feathers and whetted on stone, even like a person striking a mighty elephant with pointed lances. Endued with great energy of mind, Sahadeva, having afflicted his foe thus, addressed him, as if for calling back to mind (his past misdeeds), in these words, 'Adhering to the duties of a Kshatriya, fight (with me) and be a man! Thou hadst, O fool, rejoiced greatly in the midst of the assembly, while gambling with dice! Receive now, O thou of wicked understanding, the fruit of that act! All those wicked-souled ones that had ridiculed us then have perished! Only that wretch of his race, Duryodhana, is still alive, and thyself, his maternal uncle! Today I shall slay thee, striking off thy head with a razor-headed arrow like a person plucking a fruit from a tree with a stick!' Saying these words, O monarch, Sahadeva of great strength, that tiger among men, filled with rage, rushed impetuously against Sakuni. Approaching his enemy, the invincible Sahadeva, that foremost of warriors, forcibly drawing his bow and as if burning his foe with wrath, pierced Sakuni with ten arrows and his steeds with four. Then cutting off his umbrella and standard and bow, he roared like a lion. His standard and bow and umbrella thus cut off by Sahadeva, Suvala's son was pierced with many arrows in all his vital limbs. Once again, O monarch, the valiant Sahadeva sped at Sakuni an irresistible shower of arrows. Filled with rage, the son of Suvala then, single-handed, rushed with speed against Sahadeva in that encounter, desirous of slaying the latter with a lance adorned with gold. The son of Madri, however, with three broad-headed arrows, simultaneously cut off, without losing a moment, that uplifted lance as also the two well-rounded arms of his enemy at the van of battle, and then uttered a loud roar. Endued with great activity, the heroic Sahadeva then, with a broad-headed arrow, made of hard iron, equipped with wings of gold, capable of penetrating every armour, and sped with great force and care, cut off from his trunk his enemy's head. Deprived of his head by the son of Pandu with that gold-decked arrow of great sharpness and splendour like the sun's, Suvala's son fell down on the earth in that battle. Indeed, the son of Pandu, filled with rage, struck off that head which was the root of the evil policy of the Kurus, with that impetuous shaft winged with gold and whetted on stone. Beholding Sakuni lying headless on the ground and all his limbs drenched with gore, thy warriors, rendered powerless with fear, fled away on all sides with weapons in their hands. At that time, thy sons, with cars, elephants, horse and foot entirely broken, heard the twang of Gandiva and fled away with colourless faces, afflicted with fear and deprived of their senses. Having thrown down Sakuni from his car, the Pandavas, O Bharata, became filled with delight. Rejoicing with Kesava among them, they blew their conchs in that battle, gladdening their troops. All of them, with glad hearts, worshipped Sahadeva, and said, "By good luck, O hero, Sakuni of wicked soul, that man of evil course, hath, with his son, been slain by thee!"

Section XXIX

(Hrada-pravesa Parva)

“Sanjaya said, ‘After this, the followers of Suvala’s son, O monarch, became filled with rage. Prepared to lay down their lives in that dreadful battle, they began to resist the Pandavas. Resolved to aid Sahadeva in his victory, Arjuna, as also Bhimasena possessed of great energy and resembling an angry snake of virulent poison in aspect, received those warriors. With his Gandiva, Dhananjaya baffled the purpose of those warriors, who, armed with darts and swords and lances, desired to slay Sahadeva. Vibhatsu, with his broad-headed arrows, cut off the steeds, the heads, and the arms, with weapons in grasp of those rushing combatants. The steeds of those foremost of heroes endued with activity, struck by Savyasachin, fell down on the earth, deprived of their lives. King Duryodhana, beholding that carnage of his own troops, O lord, became filled with rage. Assembling together the remnant of his cars which still numbered many hundreds, as also his elephants and horse and foot, O scorcher of foes, thy son said these words unto those warriors, “Encountering all the Pandavas with their friends and allies, in this battle, and the prince of Panchala also with his own troops, and slaying them quickly, turn back from the fight!” Respectfully accepting that command of his, those warriors, difficult of defeat in battle, proceeded once more against the Parthas in that battle, at the behest of thy son. The Pandavas, however, covered with their arrows resembling snakes of virulent poison, all those warriors, forming the remnant of the Kaurava army, that thus rushed quickly against them in that dreadful battle. That army, O chief of the Bharatas, as it came to battle, was in a moment exterminated by those high-souled warriors, for it failed to obtain a protector. In consequence of the (Kaurava) steeds running hither and thither that were all covered with the dust raised by the army, the cardinal and the subsidiary points of the compass could not be distinguished. Many warriors, issuing out of the Pandava array, O Bharata, slew thy troops in a moment in that battle. Eleven Akshauhinis, O Bharata, of troops had been assembled for thy son! All those, O lord, were slain by the Pandus and the Srinjayas! Amongst those thousands upon thousands of high-souled kings on thy side, only Duryodhana now, O monarch, exceedingly wounded, was seen to be alive, casting his eyes on all sides, and seeing the earth empty, himself destitute of all his troops while the Pandavas, filled with joy in that battle, were roaring aloud in consequence of the accomplishment of all their objects. Duryodhana, O monarch, unable to endure the whiz of the shafts shot by those high-souled heroes, became stupefied! Destitute of troops and animals, he set his heart on retreat from the field.’

“Dhritarashtra said, ‘When my troops were slain and our camp made entirely empty, what was the strength, O Suta, of the troops that still remained to the Pandavas? I desire to know this. Therefore, tell me, O Sanjaya, for thou art skilled (in narration). Tell me also, O Sanjaya, that which was done by my son, the wicked Duryodhana, that lord of the earth, the sole survivor of so many men, when he saw his army exterminated.’

“Sanjaya continued, ‘Two thousand cars, seven hundred elephants, five thousand horse, and ten thousand foot, this was the remnant, O monarch, of the mighty host of the Pandavas. Taking care of this force, Dhrishtadyumna waited in that battle. Meanwhile, O chief of the Bharatas, king Duryodhana, that foremost of car-warriors, saw not in that battle a single warrior

on his side. Beholding his enemies roaring aloud and witnessing the extermination of his own army, that lord of the earth, Duryodhana, without a companion, abandoned his slain steed, and fled from the field with face turned eastwards. That lord of eleven Akshauhinis, thy son Duryodhana, of great energy, taking up his mace, fled on foot towards a lake. Before he had proceeded far on foot, the king recalled the words of the intelligent and virtuous Vidura. Without doubt, this had been foreseen by Vidura of great wisdom, this great carnage of Kshatriyas and of ourselves in battle. Reflecting on this, the king, with heart burning in grief at having witnessed the extermination of his army, desired to penetrate into the depths of that lake. The Pandavas, O monarch, with Dhrishtadyumna at their head, filled with rage, rushed against (the small remnant of) thy army. With his Gandiva, Dhananjaya baffled the purpose of the (Kaurava) troops, who, armed with darts and swords and lances, were uttering loud roars. Having with his sharp shafts slain those troops with their allies and kinsmen, Arjuna, as he stood on his car having white steeds yoked unto it, looked exceedingly beautiful. Upon the fall of Suvala's son along with horse, cars and elephants, thy army looked like a large forest laid low (by the wind). In Duryodhana's army then, O monarch, which had numbered many hundred thousands of warriors, not another great car-warrior was seen to be alive, save the heroic son of Drona, and Kritavarman, and Kripa the son of Gotama, O monarch, and that lord of the earth, thy son! Dhrishtadyumna, seeing me, laughingly addressed Satyaki, saying, 'What is the use of seizing this one? Nothing will be gained by keeping him alive.' Hearing these words of Dhrishtadyumna, the grandson of Sini, that great car-warrior, uplifting his sharp sword, prepared to slay me. Just at that juncture, the Island-born Krishna of great wisdom (Vyasa), coming there, said, "Let Sanjaya be dismissed alive! By no means should he be slain!" Hearing these words of the Island-born, the grandson of Sini, joined his hands, and then, setting me free said unto me, "Peace to thee, O Sanjaya, thou mayest go hence!" Permitted by him, I myself then, putting off my armour and making over my weapons, set out on the evening on the road leading to the city, my limbs bathed in blood. After I had come about two miles, O monarch, I beheld Duryodhana, standing alone, mace in hand, and exceedingly mangled. His eyes were full of tears and therefore he could not see me. I stood cheerlessly before him. He looked accordingly at me without recognising me. Beholding him standing alone on the field and indulging in grief, I also, overwhelmed with sorrow, succeeded not for a little while to speak a single word. Then I said unto him everything about my own capture and my release through the grace of the Island-born. Having reflected for a moment, and regained his senses, he enquired of me about his brothers and his troops. I had seen everything with my eyes and therefore told him everything, that his brothers had all been slain and that all his troops had been exterminated. I told the king that we had at that time only three car-warriors left alive, for the Island-born had said so unto me when I set out (from the place where the Pandavas were). Drawing deep breaths and looking repeatedly at me, thy son touched me with his hand and said, "Except thee, O Sanjaya, there is none else that liveth, amongst those engaged in this battle! I do not see another (on my side), while the Pandavas have their allies living! Say, O Sanjaya, unto that lord, the blind king Dhritarashtra, that his son Duryodhana hath entered the depths of a lake! Destitute of friends such as those (I lately had), deprived of sons and brothers, and seeing his kingdom taken by the Pandavas, who is there like me that would desire to live? Say all this unto the king and tell him further that I have escaped with life from that dreadful battle, and that, alive, though exceedingly wounded, I shall rest within the depths of this lake." Having said these words unto me, O monarch, the king entered

that lake. That ruler of men, by his power of illusion, then charmed the waters of that lake, making a space for him within them. After he had entered that lake, I myself, without anybody on my side, saw those three car-warriors (of our army) coming together to that spot with their tired animals. They were Kripa, the son of Saradwat, and the heroic Aswatthaman, that foremost of car-warriors, and Kritavarman of Bhoja's race. Mangled with shafts, all of them came together to that spot. Beholding me, they all urged their steeds to greater speed and coming up to me, said, "By good luck, O Sanjaya, thou livest yet!" All of them then enquired after thy son, that ruler of men, saying, 'Is our king Duryodhana still alive, O Sanjaya?' I then told them that the king was well in body. I also told them everything that Duryodhana had said unto me. I also pointed out to them the lake that the king had entered. Then Aswatthaman, O king, having heard those words from me, cast his eyes on that extensive lake and began to wail in grief, saying, "Alas, alas, the king knows not that we are still alive! With him amongst us, we are still quite able to fight with our foes!" Those mighty car-warriors, having wept there for a long time, fled away at sight of the sons of Pandu. Those three car-warriors that formed the remnant of our army took me up on the well-adorned car of Kripa, and then proceeded to the Kuru camp. The sun had set a little before. The troops forming the outposts of the camp, learning that all thy sons had been slain, wept aloud. Then, O monarch, the old men that had been appointed to look after the ladies of the royal household proceeded towards the city, taking the princesses after them. Loud were the wails uttered by those weeping ladies when they heard of the destruction of the whole army. The women, O king, crying ceaselessly, caused the earth to resound with their voices like a flight of she-ospreys. They tore their bodies with nails and struck their heads with their hands, and untied their braids, indulging all the while in loud cries. Filling the air with sounds such as "Oh!" and "Alas!" and beating their breasts, they cried aloud and wept and uttered loud shrieks, O monarch! Then the friends of Duryodhana, deeply afflicted and made voiceless by their tears, set out for the city, taking the ladies of the royal household with them. The camp-guards quickly fled towards the city, taking with them many white beds overlaid with costly coverlets. Others, placing their wives on cars drawn by mules, proceeded towards the city. Those ladies, O monarch, who, while in their houses could not be seen by the very sun, were now, as they proceeded towards the city, exposed to the gaze of the common people. Those women, O chief of the Bharata's race, who were very delicate, now proceeded with speed towards the city, having lost their near ones and kinsmen. The very cow-herds and shepherds and common men, filled with panic and afflicted with the fear of Bhimasena, fled towards the city. Even these were filled with a great fear of the Parthas. Looking at one another, all of them fled towards the city. During the progress of that general flight attended with such circumstances of fear, Yuyutsu, deprived of his senses by grief, thought upon what he should do in view of the emergency that had come. "Duryodhana hath been vanquished in battle by the Pandavas of terrible prowess! He had eleven Akshauhinis of troops under him! All his brothers have been slain! All the Kauravas, headed by Bhishma and Drona, have perished! Through the influence of Destiny, only I have been saved! all those that were in the Kuru camp have fled! Alas, they are flying on all sides, deprived of energy and destitute of protectors! Such a sight had never been seen before! Afflicted with sorrow, with eyes anxious in fear, they are flying away on all sides like a herd of deer, looking at one another! Those amongst the counsellors of Duryodhana that are yet alive have fled towards the city, taking with them the ladies of the royal household! I think, O lord, that the time hath come when I also should enter the city with them, after taking the permission

of Yudhishtira and Vasudeva!” For this purpose that mighty-armed prince presented himself before both those heroes. King Yudhishtira, who is always compassionate, became highly pleased with him. The mighty-armed Pandava embraced that child of a Vaisya mother and dismissed him affectionately. Riding upon his own car, he urged his steeds to great speed. He then supervised the removal of the ladies of the royal household to the city. The sun was setting. With those ladies, Yuyutsu entered the city of Hastinapura, with tearful eyes and with voice choked in grief. He then saw Vidura of great wisdom, sitting with tearful eyes. He had come away from Dhritarashtra, his heart having been afflicted with great sorrow. Bowing down unto Vidura, he stood before him. Devoted to truth, Vidura addressed him, saying, “By good luck, O son, thou livest amid this general destruction of the Kurus! Why, however, hast thou come without king Duryodhana in thy company? Tell me in detail the cause of this!” Yuyutsu then said, “After the fall of Sakuni, O sire, with all his kinsmen and friends, king Duryodhana abandoning the steed he rode, fled away, in fear towards the east. After the king had fled away, all the people in the (Kaurava) encampment, agitated with fear, fled towards the city. Then the protectors of the ladies, placing the wives of the king, as also those of his brothers, on vehicles, fled away in fear. Obtaining the permission of king Yudhishtira and Kesava, I set out for Hastinapura, for protecting the people thus flying away!’ Hearing these words spoken by the son of Dhritarashtra’s Vaisya wife, Vidura of immeasurable soul, conversant with every usage and feeling that was proper at that hour, applauded the eloquent Yuyutsu. And he said, ‘Thou hast acted properly, having regard for what has come, in view of this destruction of all the Bharatas of which thou art speaking! Thou hast also, from compassion, maintained the honour of thy race! By good luck, we behold thee come back with life from this terrible battle that is so destructive of heroes, like creatures beholding the sun possessed of blazing glory! Thou, O son, are now in every way the sole staff of the blind monarch, bereft of foresight, afflicted with calamity, struck by Destiny, and who, though repeatedly dissuaded, could not abstain from pursuing his evil policy. Take rest here for this day! Tomorrow thou mayst return to Yudhishtira!’” Having said these words, Vidura, with tearful eyes, took leave of Yuyutsu and entered the abode of the king, which resounded with cries of “Oh!” and “Alas!” uttered by citizens and villagers afflicted with woe. The cheerless mansion seemed to have lost all its beauty; comfort and happiness seemed to have deserted it. It was all empty and pervaded by disorder. Already filled with sorrow, Vidura’s grief increased at that sight. Conversant with every duty, Vidura, with a sorrowful heart, entered the palace, drawing deep breaths. As regards Yuyutsu, he passed that night in his own abode. Afflicted with woe, he failed to obtain any joy at the panegyrics with which he was greeted. He passed the time, thinking of the terrible destruction of the Bharatas at one another’s hands.”

Section XXX

“Dhritarashtra said, ‘After all the Kaurava troops had been slain by the sons of Pandu on the field of battle, what did those survivors of my army, Kritavarman and Kripa and the valiant son of Drona do? What also did the wicked-souled king Duryodhana then do?’

“Sanjaya said, ‘After the flight of the ladies of those high-souled Kshatriyas, and after the (Kaurava) camp had become entirely empty, the three car-warriors (thou hast mentioned) became filled with anxiety. Hearing the shouts of the victorious sons of Pandu, and beholding the camp deserted towards the evening, those three warriors of our side, desirous of rescuing the

king, and unable to stay on the field, proceeded towards the lake. Yudhishtira, of virtuous soul, with his brothers in that battle, felt great joy and wandered over the field from desire of staying Duryodhana. Filled with wrath, the Pandavas, desirous of victory, searched for thy son. Though, however, they looked very carefully for him, they failed to discover the (Kuru) king. Mace in hand, he had fled with great speed from the field of battle and penetrated into that lake, having by the aid of his powers of illusion, solidified its waters. When at last the animals of the Pandavas became very much tired, the latter proceeded to their camp and rested there with their soldiers. After the Parthas had retired to their camp, Kripa and Drona's son and Kritavarman of the Satwata race, slowly proceeded towards that lake. Approaching the lake within which lay the king, they addressed that invincible ruler of men asleep within the water, saying, "Arise, O king, and fight with us against Yudhishtira! Either obtaining victory enjoy the earth, or, slain, proceed to heaven! The forces of the Pandavas also, O Duryodhana, have all been slain by thee! Those amongst them that are yet alive have been exceedingly mangled! They will not be able, O monarch, to bear thy impetuosity, especially when thou shalt be protected by us! Arise, therefore, O Bharata!"

"Duryodhana said, "By good luck, I see you, ye bulls among men, come back with life from this destructive battle between the Pandavas and the Kauravas! After we have rested a while and dispelled our fatigue, we shall encounter the enemy and conquer him! Ye also are tired and I myself am exceedingly mangled! The army of the Pandavas is swelling with might! For these reasons, I do not like to fight now! These exhortations on your part, ye heroes, are not at all wonderful, for your hearts are noble! Your devotion also to me is great! This, however, is not the time for prowess! Resting for this one night, I shall, on the morrow, join you and fight with the foe! In this there is no doubt!"

"Sanjaya continued, 'Thus addressed, the son of Drona replied unto the king, who was invincible in battle, saying, "Arise, O king, blessed be thou, we shall yet vanquish the foe! I swear by all my religious acts, by all the gifts I have made, by truth itself, and my silent meditations, O king, that I shall today slay the Somakas! Let me not obtain the delight resulting from the performance of sacrifices, that delight which is felt by all pious men, if this night passes away without my slaying the Pandavas in battle! Without slaying all the Panchalas, I will not, O lord, put off my armour! I tell thee this truly. Believe me, O ruler of men!" While they were thus conversing, a number of hunters came there. Fatigued with the weight of meat they carried, they came there, not of any set purpose, for slaking their thirst. Those huntsmen, O lord, used every day, to procure, with great regard, a basketful of meat for Bhimasena, O king! As they sat concealed on the banks of that lake, those men heard every word of that conversation between Duryodhana and those warriors. Finding the Kuru king unwilling to fight, those great bowmen, themselves desirous of battle, began to urge him greatly to adopt their counsels. Seeing those car-warriors of the Kaurava army, and understanding that the king, unwilling to fight, was staying within the waters, and hearing that conversation between those heroes and their master staying within the depths of the lake, indeed, O monarch, the huntsmen, clearly perceiving that it was Duryodhana who was staying within the lake, formed a resolution. A little while before, the son of Pandu, while searching for the king, had met those men and asked them about the whereabouts of Duryodhana. Recollecting the words that the son of Pandu had said, those hunters, O king, whisperingly said unto one another, "We will discover Duryodhana (unto the Pandavas). The son of Pandu will then give us wealth! It is evident to us that the celebrated king

Duryodhana is here! Let us then, all of us, proceed to the spot where king Yudhishtira is, for telling him that the vindictive Duryodhana is concealed within the waters of this lake! Let us also, all of us, inform that great bowman, the intelligent Bhimasena, that the son of Dhritarashtra is concealed here within the waters of this lake! Gratified with us, he will give us much wealth! What need of fatiguing ourselves, day after day, with procuring meat and weakening ourselves with such toil?" Having said these words, those huntsmen, filled with joy and longing for wealth, took up their baskets of meat and proceeded towards the (Pandava) camp. Possessed of sure aim and skilled in smiting, the Pandavas, O monarch, not seeing in battle Duryodhana, who was then concealed, (were resting in their camp). Desirous of reaching the end of that sinful wight's evil policy, they had despatched spies in all directions on the field of battle. All the soldiers, however, that had been despatched on that mission returned to the camp together and informed king Yudhishtira the just that no trace could be found of king Duryodhana. Hearing these words of the returned messengers, O bull of Bharata's race, king Yudhishtira became filled with great anxiety and began to breathe heavily. While the Pandavas, O bull of Bharata's race, were staying in such cheerlessness, those huntsmen, O lord, having come with great speed from the banks of that lake, arrived at the camp, filled with joy at having discovered Duryodhana. Though forbidden, they still entered the camp, in the very sight of Bhimasena. Having approached that mighty son of Pandu, Bhimasena, they represented everything unto him about what they had seen and heard. Then Vrikodara, that scorcher of foes, O king, giving them much wealth, represented everything unto king Yudhishtira the just, saying, "Duryodhana, O king, hath been discovered by the huntsmen that supply me with meat! He, O king, for whom thou grievest now lies within a lake whose waters have been solidified by him!' Hearing these agreeable words of Bhimasena, O monarch, Kunti's son, Ajatasatru, became, with all his brothers, filled with joy. Having learnt that the mighty bowman Duryodhana had penetrated into the waters of a lake, the king proceeded thither with great speed, with Janardana at his head. Then a tumultuous noise arose, O monarch, from among the Pandavas and the Panchalas all of whom were filled with joy. The warriors uttered leonine roars, O bull of Bharata's race, and shouted loudly. All the Kshatriyas, O king, proceeded with great speed towards that lake called Dwaipayana. The rejoicing Somakas all around loudly and repeatedly exclaimed, "The sinful son of Dhritarashtra has been found!" The noise made by the cars of those impetuous warriors who proceeded with great speed, became very loud, O monarch, and touched the heavens. Although their animals were tired, all of them still proceeded with speed behind king Yudhishtira who was bent upon finding out Duryodhana. Arjuna, and Bhimasena, and the two sons of Madri by Pandu, and the Panchala prince Dhrishtadyumna, and the unvanquished Sikhandin, and Uttamaujas, and Yudhamanyu, and the mighty car-warrior Satyaki, and the (five) sons of Draupadi, and those amongst the Panchalas, O king, that were yet alive, and all the Pandavas, and all their elephants, and foot-soldiers by hundreds upon hundreds, all proceeded with Yudhishtira. Possessed of great valour, king Yudhishtira the just, O monarch, arrived at the lake known by the name of Dwaipayana within which Duryodhana then was. Wide as the ocean itself, its aspect was agreeable and its waters were cool and transparent. Solidifying the waters by means of his power of illusion, by, indeed, a wonderful method, thy son Duryodhana, O Bharata, happened to be within that lake. Indeed, within those waters lay, O lord, that king, armed with his mace, who, O ruler of men, could not be vanquished by any man! Staying within the waters of that lake, king Duryodhana heard that tumultuous noise (of the Pandava army) which resembled the very roar of

the clouds. Yudhishtira then, O king, with his brothers repaired to that lake from desire of slaying Duryodhana. Raising a thick dust, the son of Pandu caused the earth to tremble with the sound of his car-wheels and the loud blare of his conch. Hearing the noise made by the army of Yudhishtira, those great car-warriors, Kritavarman and Kripa and the son of Drona, said these words unto the Kuru king, “Filled with joy and longing for victory, the Pandavas are coming hither! We will, therefore, leave this place. Let it be known to thee!” Hearing those words of these heroes endued with great activity, he answered them, saying, “So be it,” and remained (as before) within the waters, having, O lord, solidified them by his powers of illusion. Those car-warriors headed by Kripa, filled with grief, took leave of the king, O monarch, and went away to a place far removed from that spot. Having proceeded far, they beheld a banyan, O sire, under whose shade they stopped, greatly tired, and exceedingly anxious about the king and indulging in such thoughts as these, “The mighty son of Dhritarashtra, having solidified the waters of the lake, lay stretched at the bottom. The Pandavas have reached that spot, from desire of battle. How will the battle take place? What will become of the king?” Thinking of these things, O king, those heroes, Kripa and the others, liberated their horses from their cars and prepared to rest there for some time.”

Section XXXI

“Sanjaya said, ‘After those three car-warriors had left that spot, the Pandavas arrived at that lake within which Duryodhana was resting himself. Having reached the banks of the Dwaipayana lake, O chief of Kuru’s race, they beheld that receptacle of waters enchanted by thy son. Then Yudhishtira, addressing Vasudeva, said, “Behold, the son of Dhritarashtra hath applied his power of illusion to these waters! Having enchanted the waters, he lieth within them. He can have now no fear (of injury) from man! Having invoked a celestial illusion, he is now within the waters! By an act of deception, that wight conversant with every deception hath sought this refuge! He shall not, however, escape me with life! Even if the wielder of the thunderbolt himself aid him in battle, people, O Madhava, shall yet behold him slain today!’

“Vasudeva said, “With thy own powers of illusion, O Bharata, destroy this illusion of Duryodhana who is an adept in it! One conversant with illusion should be slain with illusion! This is the truth, O Yudhishtira! With acts and means and applying thy power of illusion to these waters, slay, O chief of the Bharatas, this Suyodhana, who is the very soul of illusion! With acts and means Indra himself slew the Daityas and the Danavas! Vali himself was bound by that high-souled one (Upendra), with the aid of many acts and means! The great Asura Hiranyaksha, as also that other one, Hiranyakasipu, was slain by the aid of many acts and means. Without doubt, O king, Vritra also was slain by the aid of acts! Similarly was the Rakshasa Ravana of Pulastya’s race, with his relatives and followers, slain by Rama! Relying upon acts and contrivances, do thou also display thy powers! Those two ancient Daityas, Taraka and Viprachitti of great energy, were in ancient times, O king, slain by the aid of acts and means! Similarly, Vatapi and Ilwala, and Trisiras, O lord, and the Asuras Sunda and Upasunda, were all slain by the aid of means! Indra himself enjoys heaven by the aid of acts and means! Acts are very efficacious, O king, and nothing else so, O Yudhishtira! Daityas and Danavas and Rakshasas and kings had been slain by the aid of acts and means. Do thou take therefore, the help of act!”

“Sanjaya continued, ‘Thus addressed by Vasudeva, Pandu’s son of rigid vows, smiling the while, addressed, O monarch, thy son of great might, who, O Bharata, was then within the waters of that lake, saying, “Why, O Suyodhana, hast thou entered these waters, after having caused all the Kshatriyas to perish and after having, O king, caused thy own race to be annihilated? Why hast thou entered into this lake today, wishing to save thy own life? Arise, O king, and fight us, O Suyodhana! Where, O foremost of men, hath that pride and that sense of honour which thou hadst now gone, since, O king, thou hast enchanted these waters and art now lying within them? All men speak of thee in assemblies as a hero. All that, however, is entirely untrue, I think, since thou art now concealed within these waters! Arise, O king, and fight, for thou art a Kshatriya born of a noble race! Thou art Kauraveya in particular! Remember thy birth! How canst thou boast of thy birth in Kuru’s race when thou concealest thyself within the depths of this lake, having fled away from battle in fear? This is not the eternal duty of a Kshatriya, staying away from battle! Flight from battle, O king, is not the practice of those that are honourable, nor does it lead to heaven! How is it that without having attained to the end of this war, inspired though thou wert with the desire of victory, thou stayest now within this lake, after having caused and witnessed the slaughter of thy sons and brothers and sires and relatives and friends and maternal uncles and kinsmen? Ever boastful of thy courage, thou art, however, not a hero! Falsely dost thou describe thyself, O Bharata, when thou sayst in the hearing of all men that thou art a hero, O thou of wicked understanding! They that are heroes never fly away at sight of foes! Or, tell us, O hero, about (the nature of) that courage in consequence of which thou hast fled from battle! Arise, O prince, and fight, casting off thy fears! Having caused all thy troops and thy brothers to be slain, O Suyodhana, thou shouldst not, if thou art inspired with righteous motives, think now of saving thy life! One like thee, O Suyodhana, that has adopted Kshatriya duties, should not act in this way! Relying upon Karna, as also upon Sakuni the son of Suvala, thou hadst regarded thyself immortal and hadst, from folly, failed to understand thy own self! Having perpetrated such grievous sin, fight now, O Bharata! How dost that flight from battle recommend itself to one like thee? Surely, thou forgettest thyself! Where is that manliness of thine, O sire, and where, O Suyodhana, is that pride cherished by thee! Where hath that prowess of thine now gone, and where also that swelling and great energy which thou hadst? Where is that accomplishment of thine in weapons? Why dost thou lie within this lake now? Arise, O Bharata, and fight, observing the duties of a Kshatriya! Either rule the wide earth after vanquishing us, or sleep, O Bharata, on the bare ground, slain by us! Even this is thy highest duty, as laid down by the illustrious Creator himself! Act as it has been laid down truly in the scriptures, and be a king, O great car-warrior!”

“Sanjaya continued, ‘Thus addressed, O monarch, by the intelligent son of Dharma, thy son answered him from within the waters in these words.

“Duryodhana said, “It is not at all a matter of surprise, O king, that fear should enter the hearts of living creatures. As regards myself, however, O Bharata, I have not fled from the field of battle actuated by the fear of life! My car was destroyed, my quivers were gone, and my Parshni drivers were killed! I was alone, without a single follower to stand by me in battle! It was for this that I desired a little rest! It was not for the sake of saving my life, it was not from fear, it was not from grief, O king, that I entered these waters! It was only in consequence of fatigue that I did so! Do thou, O son of Kunti, rest a while with those that follow thee! Rising from this lake I will certainly fight all of you in battle!”

“Yudhishtira said, ‘All of us have rested sufficiently. For a long while we were engaged in a search after thee! Rise then, even now, O Suyodhana, and give us battle! Either slaying the Parthas in battle make this kingdom that swelleth with prosperity thy own, or slain by us in battle, proceed to those regions that are reserved for heroes!’”

“Duryodhana said, “They amongst the Kurus, O son of Kurus’ race, for whose sake I desired sovereignty, that is, those brothers of mine, O king, all lie dead on the field! I do not, again, like to enjoy any longer the earth that is now shorn of wealth and reft of superior Kshatriyas, and that hath, therefore, become like a widowed lady! I, however, still hope to vanquish thee, O Yudhishtira, after curbing the pride, O bull of Bharata’s race, of the Panchalas and the Pandus! There is, however, no longer any need for battle when Drona and Karna have been quieted and when our grandsire Bhishma hath been slain! This shorn earth, O king, now exists for thee! What king is there that would like to rule a kingdom divested of friends and allies? Having caused friends such as I had to be slain and even sons and brothers and sires, and seeing my kingdom wrested by you, who is there like myself that would like to live? Clad in deer-skins I would retire into the woods! I have no desire for kingdom, deprived as I am of friends and allies, O Bharata! Reft almost entirely of friends and allies, of heroes and elephants, this earth exists for thee, O king! Do thou enjoy her now cheerfully! As for myself, clad in deer-skins, I shall go to the woods! Friendless as I am, I have no desire, O lord, for even life! Go, O monarch, and rule the earth destitute of lords, without warriors, reft of wealth, and without citadels, as thou choosest!””

“Sanjaya continued, ‘Hearing these words of poignant grief the illustrious Yudhishtira addressed thy son Duryodhana who was still within those waters, saying, “Do not utter such ravings of sorrow, O sire, from within the waters! I do not, like Sakuni, feel any compassion for thee, O king, for such words as these! Thou mayest now, O Suyodhana, be willing to make a gift of the earth to me. I, however, do not wish to rule the earth thus given by thee! I cannot sinfully accept this earth from thee! Acceptance of a gift, O king, is not the duty laid down for a Kshatriya! I do not, therefore, wish to have the wide earth thus given away by thee! I shall, on the other hand, enjoy the earth after vanquishing thee in battle! Thou art now the lord of the earth! Why then dost thou desire to make a gift of that over which thou hast no dominion? Why, O king, didst thou not then give us the earth when we, observant of the rules of righteousness and desirous of the welfare of our race, had begged thee for our portion? Having first refused the request of the mighty Krishna, why dost thou now desire to give away the earth? What is this folly of thine? What king is there, who, assailed by foes, would wish to give away his kingdom? O son of Kuru’s race, today thou art not competent to give away the earth! Why then dost thou wish to make a gift of that over which thou hast no power? Vanquishing me in battle, rule thou this earth! Thou didst not formerly agree to give me even that much of the earth which would be covered by the point of a needle! How then, O monarch, dost thou make me a gift of the whole earth? How is it that thou, who couldst not formerly abandon even that much of land which the point of a needle would cover, now wishest to abandon the whole earth? What fool is there that would, after having obtained such prosperity and ruled the entire earth, think of making a gift of that earth to his enemies? Stupefied by folly, thou seest not the impropriety of this! Although thou desirest to give away the earth, thou shalt not yet escape me with life! Either rule the earth after having vanquished us, or go to regions of blessedness after being slain by us! If both of us, that is, thyself and myself, be alive, then all creatures will remain in doubt about to whom the

victory belongs, Thy life, O thou of limited foresight, now depends upon me! If I like, I can suffer thee to live, but thou art not capable of protecting thy own life! Thou hadst at one time especially endeavoured to burn us to death and to take our lives by means of snakes and other kinds of poison and by drowning us! We were also wronged by thee, O king, by the deprivation of our kingdom, by the cruel words spoken by thee, and by thy maltreatment of Draupadi! For these reasons, O wretch, thy life must be taken! Rise, rise, and fight us! That will benefit thee!”

“Sanjaya continued, ‘In this strain, O king, those heroes, the Pandavas, flushed with victory, repeatedly spoke there (rebuking and mocking Duryodhana).’”

Section XXXII

(Gada-yuddha Parva)

“Dhritarashtra said, ‘Thus admonished (by his foes), how, indeed, did that scorcher of enemies, my heroic and royal son, who was wrathful by nature, then behave? He had never before listened to admonitions such as these! He had, again, been treated by all with the respect due to a king! He, who had formerly grieved to stand in the shade of an umbrella, thinking he had taken another’s shelter, he, who could not endure the very effulgence of the sun in consequence of his sensitive pride, how could he endure these words of his foes? Thou hast, with thy own eyes, O Sanjaya, seen the whole earth, with even her Mlechchhas and nomad tribes, depend upon his grace! Rebuked thus at that spot by the sons of Pandu in particular, while lying concealed in such a solitary place after having been deprived of his followers and attendants, alas, what answer did he make unto the Pandavas upon hearing such bitter and repeated taunts from his victorious enemies? Tell me everything, O Sanjaya, about it!’

“Sanjaya continued, ‘Thus rebuked, O monarch, by Yudhishtira and his brothers, thy royal son, lying within those waters, O king of kings, heard those bitter words and became very miserable. Breathing hot and long sighs repeatedly, the king waved his arms again and again, and setting his heart on battle, thus answered, from within the waters, the royal son of Pandu.

“Duryodhana said, “Ye Parthas, all of you are possessed of friends, of cars, and of animals! I, however, am alone, cheerless, without a car, and without an animal! Being alone and destitute of weapons, how can I venture to fight on foot, against numerous foes all well-armed and possessed of cars? Do you, however, O Yudhishtira, fight me one at a time! It is not proper that one should in battle fight many endued with courage, especially when that one is without armour, fatigued, afflicted with calamity, exceedingly mangled in his limbs, and destitute of both animals and troops! I do not entertain the least fear, O monarch, of either thee, or Vrikodara, the son of Pritha, or Phalgunas, or Vasudeva, or all the Panchalas, or the twins, or Yuyudhana, or all the other troops thou hast! Standing in battle, alone as I am, I shall resist all of you! The fame, O king, of all righteous men hath righteousness for its basis! I say all this to you, observant of both righteousness and fame! Rising (from this lake), I shall fight all of you in battle! Like the year that gradually meets all the seasons, I shall meet all of you in fight! Wait, ye Pandavas! Like the sun destroying by his energy the fight of all stars at dawn, I shall today, though weaponless and carless, destroy all of you possessed of cars and steeds! Today I shall free myself from the debt I owe to the many illustrious Kshatriyas (that have fallen for me), to Vahlika and Drona and Bhishma and the high-souled Karna, to the heroic Jayadratha and Bhagadatta, to Salya the ruler

of the Madras and Bhurisravas, to my sons, O chief of Bharata's race, and Sakuni the son of Suvala, to all my friends and well-wishers and kinsmen! Today I shall free myself from that debt by slaying thee with thy brothers!" With these words, the (Kuru) king ceased speaking.

"Yudhishtira said, "By good luck, O Suyodhana, thou knowest the duties of a Kshatriya! By good luck, O thou of mighty arms, thy heart inclineth to battle! By good luck, thou art a hero, O thou of Kuru's race, and, by good luck, thou art conversant with battle, since, single-handed, thou wishest to meet all of us in battle! Fight any one of us, taking whatever weapon thou likest! All of us will stand as spectators here! I grant thee also, O hero, this (other) wish of thy heart, that if thou slayest any of us, thou shalt then become king! Otherwise, slain by us, go to heaven!"

"Duryodhana said, "A brave man as thou art, if thou grantest me the option of fighting only one of you, this mace that I hold in my hand is the weapon that I select! Let any one amongst you who thinks that he will be my match come forward and fight with me on foot, armed with mace! Many wonderful single combats have occurred on cars! Let this one great and wonderful combat with the mace happen today! Men (while fighting) desire to change weapons. Let the manner of the fight be changed today, with thy permission! O thou of mighty arms, I shall, with my mace, vanquish thee today with all thy younger brothers, as also all the Panchalas and the Srinjayas and all the other troops thou still hast! I do not cherish the least fear, O Yudhishtira, of even Sakra himself!"

"Yudhishtira said, "Rise, rise, O son of Gandhari, and fight me, Suyodhana! Alone as thou art, fight us, encountering one at a time, thou of great might, armed with thy mace! Be a man, O son of Gandhari, and fight with good care! Today thou shalt have to lay down thy life even if Indra becomes thy ally!"

"Sanjaya continued, 'That tiger among men, thy son, could not bear these words of Yudhishtira. He breathed long and heavy sighs from within the water like a mighty snake from within its hole. Struck repeatedly with such wordy goads, he could not endure it at all, like a horse of high breed that cannot endure the whip. Agitating the waters with great force, that valiant warrior rose like a prince of elephants from within the lake, breathing heavily in rage, and armed with his heavy mace that was endued with the strength of adamant and decked with gold. Piercing the solidified waters, thy son rose, shouldering his mace of iron, like the sun himself scorching everything with his rays. Endued with great strength, thy son, possessed of great intelligence, began to handle his heavy mace made of iron and equipped with a sling. Beholding him armed with mace and resembling a crested mountain or the trident-wielding Rudra himself casting angry glances on living creatures, they observed that Bharata chief shedding an effulgence around like the scorching sun himself in the sky. Indeed, all creatures then regarded that mighty-armed chastiser of foes, as he stood shouldering his mace after rising from the waters, looking like the Destroyer himself armed with his bludgeon. Indeed, all the Panchalas then saw thy royal son to look like the thunder-wielding Sakra or the trident-bearing Hara. Seeing him, however, rise from within the waters, all the Panchalas and the Pandavas began to rejoice and seize each other's hands. Thy son Duryodhana regarded that action of the spectators to be an insult directed towards him. Rolling his eyes in wrath, and as if burning the Pandavas with his glances, and contracting his brow into three furrows, and repeatedly biting his nether lip, he addressed the Pandavas with Kesava in their midst, saying, "You Pandavas, you shall have to

bear the fruit of these taunts! Slain by me today, you shall, with the Panchalas, have to repair to the abode of Yama!”

“Sanjaya continued, ‘Rising from the water, thy son Duryodhana stood there, armed with mace, and with limbs bathed in blood. Covered with blood and drenched with water, his body then looked like a mountain shedding water from within. As he stood armed with mace, the Pandavas regarded him to be the angry son of Surya himself armed with the bludgeon called Kinkara. With voice deep as that of the clouds or of a bull roaring in joy, Duryodhana then, of great prowess, armed with his mace, summoned the Parthas to battle.’

“Duryodhana said, “You will have, O Yudhishtira, to encounter me one at a time! It is not proper, that one hero should fight with many at the same time, especially when that single warrior is divested of armour, fatigued with exertion, covered with water, exceedingly mangled in limbs, and without cars, animals and troops! Let the gods in heaven behold me fight single-handed destitute of all equipment and deprived of even armour and weapons! I shall certainly fight all of you! Thou shalt be judge, as thou hast the necessary qualifications, of the propriety and impropriety of everything!”

“Yudhishtira said, “How is it, O Duryodhana, that thou hadst not this knowledge when many great car-warriors, uniting together, slew Abhimanyu in battle? Kshatriya duties are exceedingly cruel, unmindful of all considerations, and without the least compassion! Otherwise, how could you slay Abhimanyu under those circumstances? All of you were acquainted with righteousness! All of you were heroes! All of you were prepared to lay down your lives in battle! The high end declared for those that fight righteously is the attainment of the regions of Sakra! If this be your duty, that one should never be slain by many, why is it then that Abhimanyu was slain by many, acting in accord with thy counsels? All creatures, when in difficulty forget considerations of virtue. They then view the gates of the other world to be closed. Put on armour, O hero, and bind thy locks! Take everything else, O Bharata, of which thou standest in need! This another wish of thine, O hero, I grant thee in addition, that if thou canst slay him amongst the five Pandavas with whom thou wishest an encounter, thou shalt then be king! Otherwise, slain (by him), thou shalt proceed to heaven! Except thy life, O hero, tell us what boon we may grant thee.”

“Sanjaya continued, ‘Then thy son, O king, cased his body with armour made of gold, and put on a beautiful head-gear adorned with pure gold. Clad in bright armour of gold, he put on that head-gear. Indeed, O king, thy son then looked resplendent like a golden cliff. Clad in mail, armed with mace, and accoutred with other equipments, thy son Duryodhana then, O king, standing on the field of battle, addressed all the Pandavas, saying, ‘Amongst you (five) brothers, let any one fight me, armed with mace! As regards myself, I am willing to fight either Sahadeva, or Bhima, or Nakula, or Phalgun, or thee today, O bull of Bharata’s race! Accorded an encounter, I will fight any one amongst you and will certainly gain the victory on the field! Today I will reach the end of these hostilities that is difficult to reach, with the aid, O tiger among men, of my mace wrapped with cloth of gold. I think, there is none to be my match in an encounter with the mace! With my mace I shall slay all of you one after another! Amongst all of you there is no one who is competent to fight fairly with me! It is not proper for me to speak such words of pride with respect to my own self! I shall, however, make these words of mine true in your presence! Within this very hour, these words will become either true or false! Let him amongst you take up the mace that will fight with me!’”

Section XXXIII

“Sanjaya said, ‘Whilst Duryodhana, O king, was repeatedly roaring in this strain, Vasudeva, filled with wrath, said these words unto Yudhishtira, “What rash words hast thou spoken, O king, to the effect, ‘Slaying one amongst us be thou king among the Kurus.’ If, indeed, O Yudhishtira, Duryodhana select thee for battle, or Arjuna, or Nakula, or Sahadeva (what will be the consequence)? From desire of slaying Bhimasena, O king, for these thirteen years hath Duryodhana practised with the mace upon a statue of iron! How then, O bull of Bharata’s race, will our purpose be achieved? From compassion, O best of kings, thou hast acted with great rashness! I do not at this moment behold a match (for Duryodhana) except Pritha’s son Vrikodara! His practice, again, with the mace, is not so great! Thou hast, therefore, once more allowed a wretched game of chance to commence as that one in former days between thyself and Sakuni, O monarch! Bhima is possessed of might and prowess. King Suyodhana, however, is possessed of skill! In a contest between might and skill, he that is possessed of skill, O king, always prevails! Such a foe, O king, thou hast, by thy words, placed in a position of ease and comfort! Thou hast placed thine own self, however, in a position of difficulty. We have, in consequence of this, been placed in great danger! Who is there that would abandon sovereignty within grasp, after having vanquished all his foes and when he hath only one foe to dispose of and that one plunged in difficulties? I do not see that man in the world today, be he a god, who is competent to vanquish the mace-armed Duryodhana in battle! Neither thou nor Bhima, nor Nakula nor Sahadeva, nor Phalguna, is capable of vanquishing Duryodhana in fair fight! King Duryodhana is possessed of great skill! How then, O Bharata, canst thou say unto such a foe words such as these, ‘Fight, selecting the mace as thy weapon, and if thou canst slay one amongst us, thou shalt then be king?’ If Duryodhana encounters Vrikodara amongst us wishing to fight fairly with him, even then our victory would be doubtful. Duryodhana is possessed of great might and great skill. How couldst thou say unto him, ‘Slaying only one amongst us be thou king’? Without a doubt, the offspring of Pandu and Kunti are not destined to enjoy sovereignty! They were born for passing their lives in continued exile in the woods or in mendicancy!”

“Bhimasena said, “O slayer of Madhu, do not, O delighter of the Yadus, give way to sorrow! However, difficult to reach it, I shall today reach the end of these hostilities! Without doubt, I shall slay Suyodhana in battle! It appears, O Krishna, that the victory of Yudhishtira the just is certain! This mace of mine is heavier than Duryodhana’s by one and a half times! Do not, O Madhava, give way to grief! I dare fight him, selecting the mace as the weapon! Let all of you, O Janardana, stand as spectators of the encounter! What do you say of Suyodhana, I would fight with the three worlds including the very gods, even if they be armed with every kind of weapon!”

“Sanjaya continued, ‘After Vrikodara had said these words, Vasudeva, filled with joy, applauded him highly and said unto him, “Relying on thee, O thou of mighty arms, king Yudhishtira the just will, without doubt, get back his own blazing prosperity after the slaughter of all his foes! Thou hast slain all the sons of Dhritarashtra in battle! At thy hands many kings and princes and elephants have met with their fate! The Kalingas, the Magadhas, the Kauravas the Westerners, the Gandharas have all been slain in dreadful battle, O son of Pandu! Slaying

Duryodhana then, O son of Kunti, bestow the earth with her oceans upon Yudhishtira the just, like Vishnu (conferring the sovereignty of three worlds) upon the Lord of Sachi! The wretched son of Dhritarashtra, obtaining thee for a foe in battle, will, without doubt, meet with his fate! Thou wilt certainly accomplish thy vow by breaking his bones! Thou shouldst, however, O son of Pritha, always fight with care with the son of Dhritarashtra! He is possessed of both skill and strength and always takes delight in battle!” Then Satyaki, O king, applauded the son of Pandu. The Panchalas and the Pandavas, also, headed by king Yudhishtira the just, all applauded those words of Bhimasena. Then Bhima of terrible might addressed Yudhishtira, who was staying amid the Srinjayas like the blazing sun himself, saying, “Encountering this one in battle, I venture to fight with him! This wretch among men is not competent to vanquish me in fight! Today I shall vomit that wrath which hath been nursed in my bosom upon Suyodhana, the son of Dhritarashtra, like Arjuna throwing fire on the forest of Khandava! I shall today pluck out the dart, O son of Pandu, that lay so long sticking to thy heart! Be happy, O king, after I shall have laid low this wretch with my mace! Today I shall recover, O sinless one, thy wreath of glory! Today Suyodhana shall abandon his life breath, his prosperity, and his kingdom! Today king Dhritarashtra also, hearing of his son’s slaughter, will remember all those wrongs (that he did unto us) arising from the suggestions of Sakuni!” Having said these words that prince of Bharata’s race, possessed of great energy, stood up for battle, like Sakra summoning Vritra (to an encounter). Unable to endure that summons, thy son, of great energy, proceeded to the encounter, like one infuriated elephant proceeding to assail another. The Pandavas beheld thy son, as he came armed with mace, look like the crested mountain of Kailasa. Indeed, seeing that mighty son of thine standing alone like a prince of elephants separated from the herd, the Pandavas became filled with delight. Standing in battle like a very lion, Duryodhana had no fear, no alarm, no pain, no anxiety. Beholding him stand there with uplifted mace like the crested mountain of Kailasa, Bhimasena, O monarch, addressed him, saying, “Call to thy mind all those wrongs that king Dhritarashtra and thyself have done unto us! Recollect what happened at Varanavata! Recollect how Draupadi, while in her season, was maltreated in the midst of the assembly and how king Yudhishtira was defeated at dice through Sakuni’s suggestion! See now, O thou of wicked soul, the terrible consequence of those acts as also of the other wrongs that thou didst unto the innocent Parthas! It is for thee that that illustrious chief of the Bharatas, the son of Ganga, the grandsire of us all, lieth now on a bed of arrows, struck down (by us)! Drona also hath been slain! Karna hath been slain! Salya of great valour hath been slain! Yonder Sakuni also, the root of these hostilities, hath been slain in battle! Thy heroic brothers, as also thy sons, with all thy troops, have been slain! Other kings also, possessed of heroism, and never retreating from battle, have been slain. These and many other bulls among Kshatriyas, as also the Pratikamin, that wretch who had seized the tresses of Draupadi, have been slain! Thou alone art still alive, thou exterminator of thy race, thou wretch among men! Thee also I shall today slay with my mace! Of this there is no doubt! Today, O king, I shall, in battle, quell all thy pride! I shall destroy also thy hope of sovereignty, O king, and pay off all thy misdeeds unto the sons of Pandu!”

“Duryodhana said, “What use is there of many words? Fight now with me! Today, O Vrikodara, I shall beat out of thee thy desire for battle! Why dost thou not behold me, O wretch, standing here for an encounter with the mace? Am I not armed with a formidable mace that looks like a cliff of Himavat? What foe is there, O wretch, that would venture to vanquish me armed

with this weapon? If it be a fair fight, Purandara himself, amongst the gods, is not competent for that end! For all those wicked deeds of mine to which thou hast referred, thou couldst not (hitherto) do me the slightest injury! By exercising my might, I caused ye to dwell in the woods, to serve in another's dwelling, to conceal yourselves in disguises! Your friends and allies also have been slain. Our loss has been equal! If, then my fall takes place in this battle, that would be highly praiseworthy. Or, perhaps, Time will be the cause! Up to this day I have never been vanquished in fair fight on the field of battle! If you vanquish me by deceit, your infamy will certainly last for ever! That act of yours will, without doubt, be unrighteous and infamous! Do not, O son of Kunti, roar fruitlessly in this way like autumnal clouds uncharged with water! Show all the strength thou hast in battle now!" Hearing these words of his, the Pandavas with the Srinjayas, all inspired with desire of victory, applauded them highly. Like men exciting an infuriated elephant with clapping of hands, all of them then gladdened king Duryodhana (with those praises and cheers). The elephants that were there began to grunt and the steeds to neigh repeatedly. The weapons of the Pandavas, who were inspired with desire of victory blazed forth of their own accord."

Section XXXIV

"Sanjaya said, 'When that fierce battle, O monarch, was about to commence, and when all the high-souled Pandavas had taken their seats, indeed, having heard that battle between those two heroes, both of whom were his disciples, was about to begin, Rama, whose banner bore the device of the palmyra palm, and who owns the plough for his weapon, came to that spot. Beholding him, the Pandavas, with Kesava, filled with joy advanced towards him, and receiving him, worshipped him with due rites. Their worship over, they then, O king, said unto him these words, "Witness, O Rama, the skill, in battle, of thy two disciples!" Rama then casting his eyes on Krishna and the Pandavas, and looking at Duryodhana also of Kuru's race who was standing there armed with mace, said, "Two and forty days have passed since I left home. I had set out under the constellation Pushya and have come back under Sravana. I am desirous, O Madhava, of beholding this encounter with the mace between these two disciples of mine!" At that time the two heroes, Duryodhana and Vrikodara, looked resplendent as they stood on the field, both armed with maces. King Yudhishtira, embracing him owning the plough for his weapon, duly enquired about his welfare and bade him welcome. Those two great bowmen, the two illustrious Krishnas, filled with joy, cheerfully saluted the hero having the plough for his weapon and embraced him. Similarly, the two sons of Madri and the five sons of Draupadi saluted Rohini's son of great strength and stood (at a respectful distance). Bhimasena of great strength and thy son, O monarch, both with uplifted maces (in their arms), worshipped Valadeva. The other kings honoured him by bidding him welcome, and then all of them said unto Rama, "Witness this encounter, O thou of mighty arms!" Even thus those mighty car-warriors said unto the high-souled son of Rohini. Endued with immeasurable energy, Rama, having embraced the Pandavas and the Srinjayas, enquired after the welfare of all the (other) kings. Similarly, all of them, approaching, enquired after his welfare. The hero of the plough, having in return saluted all the high-souled Kshatriyas, and having made courteous enquiries about each according to their years, affectionately embraced Janardana and Satyaki. Smelling their heads, he enquired after their welfare. Those two, in return, O king, duly worshipped him, their superior, joyfully, like

Indra and Upendra worshipping Brahman, the lord of the celestials. Then Dharma's son, O Bharata, said these words unto that chastiser of foes, the son of Rohini, "Behold, O Rama, this formidable encounter between the two brothers!" Thus worshipped by those great car-warriors, the elder brother of Kesava, of mighty arms and great beauty, took his seat amongst them. Clad in blue robes and possessed of a fair complexion, Rama, as he sat amidst those kings, looked resplendent like the moon in the firmament, encompassed by multitudes of stars. Then that dreadful encounter, making the very hair stand on end, took place between those two sons of thine, O king, for terminating the quarrel (that had raged for many years)."

Section XXXV

Janamejaya said, "On the eve of the great battle (between the Kurus and the Pandus), the lord Rama, with Kesava's leave, had gone away (from Dwaraka) accompanied by many of the Vrishnis. He had said unto Kesava, 'I will render aid neither unto the son of Dhritarashtra nor unto the sons of Pandu, but will go whithersoever I like!' Having said these words, Rama, that resister of foes, had gone away. It behoveth thee, O Brahmana, to tell me everything about his return! Tell me in detail how Rama came to that spot, how he witnessed the battle. In my opinion thou art well-skilled in narration!"

Vaisampayana said, "After the high-souled Pandavas had taken up their post at Upaplavya, they despatched the slayer of Madhu to Dhritarashtra's presence, for the object of peace, O mighty-armed one, and for the good of all creatures. Having gone to Hastinapura and met Dhritarashtra, Kesava spoke words of true and especially beneficial import. The king, however, as I have told thee before, listened not to those counsels. Unable to obtain peace, the mighty armed Krishna, that foremost of men, came back, O monarch, to Upaplavya. Dismissed by Dhritarashtra's son, Krishna returned (to the Pandava camp), and upon the failure of his mission, O tiger among kings, said these words unto the Pandavas, 'Urged by Fate, the Kauravas are for disregarding my words! Come, ye sons of Pandu, with me (to the field of battle), setting out under the constellation Pushya!' After this, while the troops (of both sides) were being mustered and arrayed, the high-souled son of Rohini, that foremost of all persons endued with might, addressed his brother Krishna, saying, 'O mighty-armed one, O slayer of Madhu, let us render assistance to the Kurus!' Krishna, however, did not listen to those words of his. With heart filled with rage (at this), that illustrious son of Yadu's race, the wielder of the plough then set out on a pilgrimage to the Saraswati. Accompanied by all the Yadavas, he set out under the conjunction of the asterism called Maitra. The Bhoja chief (Kritavarman), however, adopted the side of Duryodhana. Accompanied by Yuyudhana, Vasudeva adopted that of the Pandavas. After the heroic son of Rohini had set out under the constellation Pushya, the slayer of Madhu, placing the Pandavas in his van, proceeded against the Kurus. While proceeding, Rama ordered his servants on the way, saying, 'Bring all things that are necessary for a pilgrimage, that is, every article of use! Bring the (sacred) fire that is at Dwaraka, and our priests. Bring gold, silver, kine, robes, steeds, elephants, cars, mules, camels, and other draft cattle! Bring all these necessaries for a trip to the sacred waters, and proceed with great speed towards the Saraswati! Bring also some priests to be especially employed, and hundreds of foremost of Brahmanas!' Having given these orders to the servants, the mighty Valadeva set out on a pilgrimage at that time of great calamity to the Kurus. Setting out towards the Saraswati, he visited all the sacred places along

her course, accompanied by priests, friends, and many foremost of Brahmanas, as also with cars and elephants and steeds and servants, O bull of Bharata's race, and with many vehicles drawn by kine and mules and camels. Diverse kinds of necessities of life were given away in large measure and in diverse countries unto the weary and worn, children and the old, in response, O king, to solicitations. Everywhere, O king, Brahmanas were promptly gratified with whatever viands they desired. At the command of Rohini's son, men at different stages of the journey stored food and drink in large quantities. Costly garments and bedsteads and coverlets were given for the gratification of Brahmanas, desirous of ease and comfort. Whatever Brahmana or Kshatriya solicited whatever thing, that O Bharata, it was seen to be ungrudgingly given to him. All who formed the party proceeded with great happiness and lived happily. The people (of Valarama's train) gave away vehicles to persons desirous of making journeys, drinks to them that were thirsty, and savoury viands to them that were hungry, as also robes and ornaments, O bull of Bharata's race, to many! The road, O king, along which the party proceeded, looked resplendent, O hero, and was highly comfortable for all, and resembled heaven itself. There were rejoicings everywhere upon it, and savoury viands were procurable everywhere. There were shops and stalls and diverse objects exposed for sale. The whole way was, besides, crowded with human beings. And it was adorned with various kinds of trees and creatures, and various kinds of gems. The high-souled Valadeva, observant of rigid vows, gave away unto the Brahmanas much wealth and plentiful sacrificial presents, O king, in diverse sacred spots. That chief of Yadu's race also gave away thousands of milch kine covered with excellent cloths and having their horns cased in gold, many steeds belonging to different countries, many vehicles, and many beautiful slaves. Even thus did the high-souled Rama give away wealth in diverse excellent tirthas on the Saraswati. In course of his wanderings, that hero of unrivalled power and magnanimous conduct at last came to Kurukshetra."

Janamejaya said, "Tell me, O foremost of men, the features, the origin, and the merits of the several tirthas on the Saraswati and the ordinances to be observed while sojourning there! Tell me these, in their order, O illustrious one! My curiosity is irrepressible, O foremost of all persons acquainted with Brahma!"

Vaisampayana said, "The subject of the features and origin of all these tirthas, O king, is very large. I shall, however, describe them to thee. Listen to that sacred account in its entirety, O king! Accompanied by his priests and friends, Valadeva first proceeded to the tirtha called Prabhasa. There, the Lord of the constellations (Soma), who had been affected with phthisis, became freed from his curse. Regaining energy there, O king, he now illuminates the universe. And because that foremost of tirthas on earth had formerly contributed to invest Soma with splendour (after he had lost it), it is, therefore, called Prabhasa."

Janamejaya said, "For what reason was the adorable Soma afflicted with phthisis? How also did he bathe in that tirtha? How did he, having bathed in that sacred water, regain his energy? Tell me all this in detail, O great Muni!"

Vaisampayana said, "Daksha had seven and twenty daughters, O king! These he bestowed (in marriage) upon Soma. Connected with the several constellations, those wives, O king, of Soma of auspicious deeds, served to help men in calculating time. Possessed of large eyes, all of them were unrivalled in beauty in the world. In wealth of beauty, however, Rohini was the foremost of them all. The adorable Soma took great delight in her. She became very agreeable to him, and therefore, he enjoyed the pleasures of her company (exclusively). In those

days of yore, O monarch, Soma lived long with Rohini (exclusively). For this, those other wives of his, they that were called the constellations, became displeased with that high-souled one. Repairing speedily to their sire (Daksha), that Lord of creation, they said unto him, 'Soma doth not live with us! He always payeth court to Rohini only! All of us, therefore, O Lord of creatures, shall dwell by thy side, on regulated diet and observant of austere penances!' Hearing these words of theirs, Daksha (saw Soma and) said unto him, 'Behave equally towards all thy wives! Let not a great sin stain thee!' And Daksha then said unto those daughters of his, 'Go, all of you, to the presence of Sasin. At my command, he, (otherwise called) Chandramas, will behave equally towards all of you!' Dismissed by him, they then proceeded to the abode of him having cool rays. Still the adorable Soma, O lord of earth, continued to act as before, for pleased with Rohini alone, he continued to live with her exclusively. His other wives then once more came together to their sire and said unto him, 'Employed in serving thee, we will dwell in thy asylum! Soma does not live with us and is unmindful of thy commands!' Hearing these words of theirs, Daksha once more said unto Soma, 'Behave equally towards all thy wives! Let me not, O Virochana, curse thee!' Disregarding, however, these words of Daksha, the adorable Soma continued to live with Rohini alone. At this, his other wives became once more angry. Repairing to their sire, they bowed unto him by lowering their heads, and said, 'Soma doth not live with us! Give us thy protection! The adorable Chandramas always lives with Rohini exclusively! He sets no importance to thy words, and does not wish to show us any affection! Therefore, save us so that Soma may accept us all!' Hearing these words, the adorable Daksha, O king, became angry and in consequence thereof hurled the curse of phthisis upon Soma. Thus did that disease overtake the Lord of the stars. Afflicted with phthisis, Sasin began to waste away day by day. He made many endeavours for freeing himself from that disease by performing diverse sacrifices, O monarch! The maker of night, however, could not free himself from that curse. On the other hand, he continued to endure waste and emaciation. In consequence, however, of the wasting of Soma, the deciduous herbs failed to grow. Their juices dried up and they became tasteless, and all of them became deprived of their virtues. And, in consequence of this decadence of the deciduous herbs, living creatures also began to decay. Indeed, owing to the wasting of Soma, all creatures began to be emaciated. Then all the celestials, coming to Soma, O king, asked him, saying, 'Why is it that thy form is not so beautiful and resplendent (as before)? Tell us the reason whence hath proceeded this great calamity! Hearing thy answer, we shall do what is needed for dispelling thy fear!' Thus addressed, the god having the hare for his mark, replied unto them and informed them of the cause of the curse and the phthisis with which he was afflicted. The gods then, having heard those words, repaired to Daksha and said, 'Be gratified, O adorable one, with Soma! Let this curse of thine be withdrawn! Chandramas is very emaciated! Only a small portion of him may be seen! In consequence of his wasting, O Lord of the celestials, all creatures also are wasting! Creepers and herbs of diverse kinds are also wasting! In their waste we ourselves also are suffering emaciation! Without us, what will this universe be? Knowing this, O master of the universe, it behoveth thee to be gratified (with Soma)!' Thus addressed (Daksha), that Lord of creatures, said these words unto the celestials, 'It is impossible to make my words become otherwise! By some contrivance, however, ye blessed ones, my words may be withdrawn! Let Sasin always behave equally towards all his wives! Having bathed also in that foremost of tirthas on the Saraswati, the god having the hare for his mark shall, ye gods, grow once more! These words of mine are true! For half the month Soma shall wane every day, and for half the month

(following) he will wax every day! These words of mine are true! Proceeding to the western Ocean at the spot where the Saraswati mingles with the Ocean, that vast receptacle of waters, let him adore that God of gods (Mahadeva) there! He will then regain his form and beauty!’ At this command of the (celestial) Rishi (Daksha), Soma then proceeded to the Saraswati. He arrived at that foremost of tirthas called Prabhasa belonging to the Saraswati. Bathing there on the day of the new moon, that god of great energy and great effulgence got back his cool rays and continued once more to illumine the worlds. All the creatures also, O monarch, having repaired to Prabhasa, returned with Soma amongst them to the place where Daksha was. (Receiving them duly) that Lord of creatures then dismissed them. Pleased with Soma, the adorable Daksha once more addressed him, saying, ‘Do not, O son, disregard women, and never disregard Brahmanas! Go and attentively obey my commands!’ Dismissed by him, Soma came back to his own abode. All creatures, filled with joy, continued to live as before. I have thus told thee everything about how the maker of the night had been cursed, and, how also Prabhasa became the foremost of all tirthas. On every recurring day of the new moon, O monarch, the god having the hare for his mark bathes in the excellent tirtha of Prabhasa and regains his form and beauty. It is for this reason, O lord of earth, that that tirtha is known by the name of Prabhasa, since bathing there, Chandramas regained his great (Prabha) effulgence. After this, the mighty Baladeva of undecaying glory proceeded to Chamasodbheda, that is, to that tirtha which is called by that name. Giving away many costly gifts at that place, the hero having the plough for his weapon passed one night there and performed his ablutions duly. The elder brother of Kesava then proceeded quickly to Udapana. Although the Saraswati seems to be lost there, yet persons crowned with ascetic success, in consequence of their obtaining great merits and great blessedness at that spot, and owing also to the coolness of the herbs and of the land there, know that the river has an invisible current, O monarch, through the bowels of the earth there.”

Section XXXVI

Vaisampayana said, “Baladeva (as already said), proceeded next to the tirtha called Udapana in the Saraswati, that had formerly been the residence, O king, of the illustrious (ascetic) Trita. Having given away much wealth and worshipped the Brahmanas, the hero having the plough for his weapon bathed there and became filled with joy. Devoted to righteousness, the great ascetic Trita had lived there. While in a hole, that high-souled one had drunk the Soma juice. His two brothers, dashing him down into that pit, had returned to their home. That foremost of Brahmanas, Trita, had thereupon cursed them both.”

Janamejaya said, “What is the origin of Udapana? How did the great ascetic (Trita) fall into a pit, there? Why was that foremost of Brahmanas thrown into that pit by his brothers? How did his brothers, after throwing him into that hole, return home? How did Trita perform his sacrifice and how did he drink Soma? Tell me all this, O Brahmana, if thou thinkest that I may listen to it without impropriety!”

Vaisampayana continued, “In a former Yuga, O king, there were three brothers that were ascetics. They were called Ekata, Dwita, and Trita, and all three were endued with effulgence like that of the sun. They were like Lords of the creation and were blessed with children. Utterers of Brahma, they had by their penances, acquired the privilege of attaining to the regions of Brahman (after death). With their penances, vows, and self-restraint, their sire Gautama, who

was ever devoted to virtue, became highly and always pleased with them. Having obtained great joy in consequence of his sons, the adorable Gautama, after passing a long life here, went at last to the region (in the other world) that was fit for him. Those kings, however, O monarch, that had been the Yajamanas of Gautama, continued to worship Gautama's sons after the sire had proceeded to heaven. Amongst them, however, Trita, by his acts and study (of the Vedas), O king, became the foremost, even like his sire Gautama. Then all the highly blessed ascetics, characterised by righteousness, began to worship Trita as they had worshipped his sire Gautama before him. Once upon a time, the two brothers Ekata and Dwita thought of performing a sacrifice and became anxious for wealth. The plan they formed, O scorcher of foes, was to take Trita with them, and calling upon all their Yajamanas and collecting the needful number of animals, they would joyfully drink the Soma juice and acquire the great merits of sacrifice. The three brothers then, O monarch, did as settled. Calling upon all their Yajamanas for (obtaining) animals, and assisting them in their sacrifices and receiving a large number of animals from them, and having duly accepted them in gift in consequence of those priestly services which they rendered, those high-souled and great Rishis came towards the east. Trita, O king, with a cheerful heart was walking before them. Ekata and Dwita were in his rear, bringing up the animals. Beholding that large herd of animals, they began to reflect as to how they two could appropriate that property without giving a share unto Trita. Hear, O king, what those two sinful wretches, Ekata and Dwita, said while conversing with each other! They said, 'Trita is skilled in assisting at sacrifices. Trita is devoted to the Vedas. Trita is capable of earning many other kine. Let us two, therefore, go away, taking the kine with us! Let Trita go whithersoever he chooses, without being in our company!' As they proceeded, night came upon them on the way. They then saw a wolf before them. Not far from that spot was a deep hole on the bank of the Saraswati. Trita, who was in advance of his brothers, seeing the wolf, ran in fright and fell into that hole. That hole was fathomless and terrible and capable of inspiring all creatures with fear. Then Trita, O king, that best of ascetics, from within that hole, began to utter wails of woe. His two brothers heard his cries. Understanding that he had fallen into a pit, his brothers Ekata and Dwita, moved by fear of the wolf as also by temptation, went on, deserting their brother. Thus deserted by his two brothers, who were moved by the temptation of appropriating those animals, the great ascetic Trita, O king, while within that lonely well covered with dust and herbs and creepers, thought himself plunged, O chief of the Bharatas, into hell itself like a sinful wretch. He feared to die inasmuch as he had not earned the merit of drinking Soma juice. Possessed of great wisdom, he began to reflect with the aid of his intelligence as to how he could succeed in drinking Soma even there. While thinking on that subject, the great ascetic, standing in that pit, beheld a creeper hanging down into it in course of its growth. Although the pit was dry, the sage imagined the existence of water and of sacrificial fires there. Constituting himself the Hotri (in imagination), the great ascetic imagined the creeper he saw to be the Soma plant. He then mentally uttered the Richs, the Yayushes and the Samans (that were necessary for the performance of a sacrifice). The pebbles (lying at the bottom of the well) Trita converted into grains of sugar (in imagination). He then, O king, (mentally) performed his ablutions. He conceived the water (he had imagined) to be clarified butter. He allotted to the celestials their respective shares (of those sacrificial offerings). Having next (mentally) drunk Soma, he began to utter a loud noise. Those sounds, O king, first uttered by the sacrificing Rishi, penetrated into heaven, and Trita completed that sacrifice after the manner laid down by utterers of Brahma. During the progress of that

sacrifice of the high-souled Trita, the whole region of the celestials became agitated. None knew, however, the cause. Vrihaspati (the preceptor of the gods) heard that loud noise (made by Trita). The priests of the celestials said unto the latter, 'Trita is performing a sacrifice. We must go there, ye gods! Endued with great ascetic merit, if angry, he is competent to create other gods!' Hearing these words of Vrihaspati, all the gods, united together, repaired to that spot where the sacrifice of Trita was going on. Having proceeded to that spot, the gods beheld the high-souled Trita installed in the performance of his sacrifice. Beholding that high-souled one resplendent with beauty, the gods addressed him, saying, 'We have come hither for our shares (in thy offerings)!' The Rishi said unto them, 'Behold me, ye denizens of heaven, fallen into this terrible well, almost deprived of my senses!' Then, Trita, O monarch, duly gave unto them their shares with proper mantras. The gods took them and became very glad. Having duly obtained their allotted shares, the denizens of heaven, gratified with him, gave him such boons as he desired. The boon, however, that he solicited was that the gods should relieve him from his distressful situation (in the well). He also said, 'Let him that bathes in this well, have the end that is attained by persons that have drunk Soma!' At these words, O king, the Saraswati with her waves appeared within that well. Raised aloft by her, Trita came up and worshipped the denizens of heaven. The gods then said unto him 'Be it as thou wishest!' All of them, then, O king, went to the place whence they had come, and Trita, filled with joy, proceeded to his own abode. Meeting with those two Rishis, his brothers, he became enraged with them. Possessed of great ascetic merit, he said certain harsh words unto them and cursed them, saying, 'Since, moved by covetousness, you ran away, deserting me, therefore, you shall become fierce wolves with sharp teeth and range the forest, cursed by me in consequence of that sinful act of yours! The offspring also that you shall have will consist of leopards, and bears and apes!' After Trita had said these words, O monarch, his two brothers were seen to be very soon transformed into these shapes in consequence of the words of that truthful sage. Of immeasurable prowess, Valadeva touched the waters of Udapana. And he gave away diverse kinds of wealth there and worshipped many Brahmanas. Beholding Udapana and applauding it repeatedly, Valadeva next proceeded to Vinasana which also was on the Saraswati."

Section XXXVII

Vaisampayana said, "Then Valadeva, O king, proceeded to Vinasana where the Saraswati hath become invisible in consequence of her contempt for Sudras and Abhiras. And since the Saraswati, in consequence of such contempt, is lost at that spot, the Rishis, for that reason, O chief of the Bharatas, always name the place as Vinasana. Having bathed in that tirtha of the Saraswati, the mighty Baladeva then proceeded to Subhumika, situated on the excellent bank of the same river. There many fair-complexioned Apsaras, of beautiful faces, are always engaged in sports of a pure character without any intermission. The gods and the Gandharvas, every month, O ruler of men, repair to that sacred tirtha which is the resort of Brahman himself. The Gandharvas and diverse tribes of Apsaras are to be seen there, O king, assembled together and passing the time as happily as they like. There the gods and the Pitris sport in joy, with sacred and auspicious flowers repeatedly rained over them, and all the creepers also were adorned with flowery loads. And because, O king, that spot is the beautiful sporting ground of those Apsaras, therefore is that tirtha on the excellent bank of the Saraswati called Subhumika. Baladeva of

Madhu's race, having bathed in that tirtha and given away much wealth unto the Brahmanas, heard the sound of those celestial songs and musical instruments. He also saw there many shadows of gods, Gandharvas, and Rakshasas. The son of Rohini then proceeded to the tirtha of the Gandharvas. There many Gandharvas headed by Viswvasu and possessed of ascetic merit, pass their time in dance and song of the most charming kind. Giving away diverse kinds of wealth unto the Brahmanas, as also goats and sheep and kine and mules and camels and gold and silver, and feeding many Brahmanas and gratifying them with many costly gifts that were desired by them. Baladeva of Madhu's race proceeded thence, accompanied by many Brahmanas and eulogised by them. Leaving that tirtha resorted to by Gandharvas, that mighty-armed chastiser of foes, having but one earring, then proceeded to the famous tirtha called Gargasrota. There, in that sacred tirtha of the Saraswati, the illustrious Garga of venerable years and soul cleansed by ascetic penances, O Janamejaya, had acquired a knowledge of Time and its course, of the deviations of luminous bodies (in the firmament), and of all auspicious and inauspicious portents. That tirtha, for this reason, came to be called after his name as Gargasrota. There, O king, highly blessed Rishis of excellent vows always waited upon Garga, O lord, for obtaining a knowledge of Time. Smearred with white sandal-paste, O king, Baladeva, repairing to that tirtha, duly gave away wealth unto many ascetics of cleansed souls. Having given also many kinds of costly viands unto the Brahmanas, that illustrious one attired in blue robes then proceeded to the tirtha called Sankha. There, on the bank of the Saraswati, that mighty hero having the palmyra on his banner beheld a gigantic tree, called Mohasankha, tall as Meru, looking like the White-mountain, and resorted to by Rishis. There dwell Yakshas, and Vidyadharas, and Rakshasas of immeasurable energy and Pisachas of immeasurable might, and Siddhas, numbering thousands. All of them, abandoning other kinds of food, observe vows and regulations, and take at due seasons the fruits of that lord of the forest for their sustenance and wander in separate bands, unseen by men, O foremost of human beings! That monarch of the forest, O king, is known for this throughout the world! That tree is the cause of this celebrated and sacred tirtha on the Saraswati. Having given away in that tirtha many milch cows, and vessels of copper and iron, and diverse kinds of other vessels, that tiger of Yadu's race, Baladeva, having the plough for his weapon, worshipped the Brahmanas and was worshipped by them in return. He then, O king, proceeded to the Dwaita lake. Arrived there, Vala saw diverse kinds of ascetics in diverse kinds of attire. Bathing in its waters, he worshipped the Brahmanas. Having given away unto the Brahmanas diverse articles of enjoyment in profusion, Baladeva then, O king, proceeded along the southern bank of the Saraswati. The mighty-armed and illustrious Rama of virtuous soul and unfading glory then proceeded to the tirtha called Nagadhanwana. Swarming with numerous snakes, O monarch, it was the abode of Vasuki of great splendour, the king of the snakes. There four and ten thousand Rishis also had their permanent home. The celestials, having come there (in days of yore), had according to due rites, installed the excellent snake Vasuki as king of all the snakes. There is no fear of snakes in that place, O thou of Kuru's race! Duly giving away many valuables there unto the Brahmanas, Baladeva then set out with face towards the east and reached, one after another, hundreds and thousands of famous tirthas that occurred at every step. Bathing in all those tirthas, and observing fasts and other vows as directed by the Rishis, and giving away wealth in profusion, and saluting all the ascetics who had taken up their residence there, Baladeva once more set out, along the way that those ascetics pointed out to him, for reaching that spot where the Saraswati turns in an eastward direction, like torrents of rain bent by

the action of the wind. The river took that course for beholding the high-souled Rishis dwelling in the forest of Naimisha. Always smeared with white sandalpaste, Vala, having the plough for his weapon, beholding that foremost of rivers change her course, became, O king, filled with wonder.”

Janamejaya said, “Why, O Brahmana, did the Saraswati bend her course there in an easternly direction? O best of Adharyus, it behoveth thee to tell me everything relating to this! For what reason was that daughter of the Yadus filled with wonder? Why, indeed, did that foremost of rivers thus alter her course?”

Vaisampayana said, “Formerly, in the Krita age, O king, the ascetics dwelling in Naimisha were engaged in a grand sacrifice extending for twelve years. Many were the Rishis, O king, that came to that sacrifice. Passing their days, according to due rites, in the performance of that sacrifice, those highly blessed ones, after the completion of that twelve years’ sacrifice at Naimisha, set out in large number for visiting the tirthas. In consequence of the number of the Rishis, O king, the tirthas on the southern banks of the Saraswati all looked like towns and cities. Those foremost of Brahmanas, O tiger among men, in consequence of their eagerness for enjoying the merits of tirthas, took up their abodes on the bank of the river up to the site of Samantapanchaka. The whole region seemed to resound with the loud Vedic recitations of those Rishis of cleansed souls, all employed in pouring libations on sacrificial fires. That foremost of rivers looked exceedingly beautiful with those blazing homa fires all around, over which those high-souled ascetics poured libations of clarified butter. Valkhilyas and Asmakuttas, Dantolakhalinās, Samprakshanas and other ascetics, as also those that subsisted on air, and those that lived on water, and those that lived on dry leaves of trees, and diverse others that were observant of diverse kinds of vows, and those that forswore beds for the bare and hard earth, all came to that spot in the vicinity of the Saraswati. And they made that foremost of rivers exceedingly beautiful, like the celestials beautifying (with their presence) the heavenly stream called Mandakini. Hundreds upon hundreds of Rishis, all given to the observance of sacrifices, came thither. Those practisers of high vows, however, failed to find sufficient room on the banks of the Saraswati. Measuring small plots of land with their sacred threads, they performed their Agnihotras and diverse other rites. The river Saraswati beheld, O monarch, that large body of Rishis penetrated with despair and plunged into anxiety for want of a broad tirtha wherein to perform their rites. For their sake, that foremost of streams came there, having made many abodes for herself in that spot, through kindness for those Rishis of sacred penances, O Janamejaya! Having thus, O monarch, turned her course for their sake, the Saraswati, that foremost of rivers, once more flowed in a westerly direction, as if she said, ‘I must go hence, having prevented the arrival of these Rishis from becoming futile!’ This wonderful feat, O king, was accomplished there by that great river. Even thus those receptacles of water, O king, were formed in Naimisha. There, at Kurukshetra, O foremost of Kuru’s care, do thou perform grand sacrifices and rites! As he beheld those many receptacles of water and seeing that foremost of rivers turn her course, wonder filled the heart of the high-souled Rama. Bathing in those tirthas duly and giving away wealth and diverse articles of enjoyment unto the Brahmanas, that delighter of Yadu’s race also gave away diverse kinds of food and diverse desirable articles unto them. Worshipped by those regenerate ones, Vala, O king, then set out from that foremost of all tirthas on the Saraswati (Sapta-Saraswat). Numerous feathery creatures have their home there. And it abounded with Vadari, Inguda, Ksamaraya, Plaksha, Aswattha, Vibhitaka, Kakkola,

Palasa, Karira, Pilu, and diverse other kinds of trees that grow on the banks of the Saraswati. And it was adorned with forest of Karushakas, Vilwas, and Amratakas, and Atimuktas and Kashandas and Parijatas. Agreeable to the sight and most charming, it abounded with forests of plantains. And it was resorted to by diverse tribes of ascetics, some living on air, some on water, some on fruit, some on leaves, some on raw grain which they husked with the aid only of stones, and some that were called Vaneyas. And it resounded with the chanting of the Vedas, and teemed with diverse kinds of animals. And it was the favourite abode of men without malice and devoted to righteousness. Valadeva, having the plough for his weapon, arrived at that tirtha called Sapta-Saraswat, where the great ascetic Mankanaka had performed his penances and became crowned with success.”

Section XXXVIII

Janamejaya said, “Why was that tirtha called Sapta-Saraswat? Who was the ascetic Mankanaka? How did that adorable one become crowned with success? What were his vows and observances? In whose race was he born? What books did that best of regenerate ones study? I desire to hear all this, O foremost of regenerate ones!”

Vaisampayana said, “O king, the seven Saraswatis cover this universe! Whithersoever the Saraswati was summoned by persons of great energy, thither she made her appearance. These are the seven forms of the Saraswati: Suprava, Kanchanakshi, Visala, Manorama, Oghavati, Surenu, and Vimalodaka. The Supreme Grandsire had at one time performed a great sacrifice. While that sacrifice was in course of performance on the ground selected, many regenerate ones crowned with ascetic success came there. The spot resounded with the recitation of sacred hymns and the chanting of the Vedas. In the matter of those sacrificial rites, the very gods lost their coolness (so grand were the preparations). There, O monarch, while the Grandsire was installed in the sacrifice and was performing the grand ceremony capable of bestowing prosperity and every wish, many notable ones conversant with righteousness and profit were present. As soon as they thought of the articles of which they stood in need, these, O monarch, immediately appeared before the regenerate ones (among the guests) that came there. The Gandharvas sang and the diverse tribes of Apsaras danced. And they played upon many celestial instruments all the time. The wealth of provisions procured in that sacrifice satisfied the very gods. What shall I say then of human beings? The very celestials became filled with wonder! During the continuance of that sacrifice at Pushkara and in the presence of the Grandsire, the Rishis, O king, said, ‘This sacrifice cannot be said to possess high attributes, since that foremost of rivers, Saraswati, is not to be seen here!’ Hearing these words, the divine Brahman cheerfully thought of Saraswati. Summoned at Pushkara by the Grandsire engaged in the performance of a sacrifice, Saraswati, O king, appeared there, under the name of Suprava. Beholding Saraswati quickly pay that regard to the Grandsire, the Munis esteemed that sacrifice highly. Even thus that foremost of rivers, the Saraswati, made her appearance at Pushkara for the sake of the Grandsire and for gratifying the Munis. (At another time), O king, many Munis, mustering together at Naimisha, took up their residence there. Delightful disquisition occurred among them, O king, about the Vedas. There where those Munis, conversant with diverse scriptures, took up their abode, there they thought of the Saraswati. Thus thought of, O monarch, by those Rishis performing a sacrifice, the highly blessed and sacred Saraswati, for rendering assistance, O king, to those high-souled Munis

assembled together, made her appearance at Naimisha and came to be called Kanchanakshi. That foremost of rivers, worshipped by all, thus came there, O Bharata! While (king) Gaya was engaged in the performance of a great sacrifice at Gaya, the foremost of rivers, Saraswati, summoned at Gaya's sacrifice (made her appearance there). The Rishis of rigid vows that were there, named this form of hers at Gaya as Visala. That river of swift current flows from the sides of the Himavat. Auddalaka had also, O Bharata, performed a sacrifice. A large concourse of Munis had been gathered there. It was on that sacred region, the northern part of Kosala, O king, that the sacrifice of high-souled Auddalaka was performed. Before Auddalaka began his sacrifice, he had thought of the Saraswati. That foremost of rivers came to that region for the sake of those Rishis. Worshipped by all those Munis clad in barks and deer-skins she became known by the name of Manorama, as those Rishis mentally called her. While, again, the high-souled Kuru was engaged in a sacrifice at Kurukshetra, that foremost of rivers, the highly blessed Saraswati, made her appearance there. Summoned, O monarch, by the high-souled Vasishtha (who assisted Kuru in his sacrifice), the Saraswati, full of celestial water appeared at Kurukshetra under the name of Oghavati. Daksha at one time performed a sacrifice at the source of Ganga. The Saraswati appeared there under the name of the fast-flowing Surenu. Once again, while Brahman was engaged in a sacrifice on the sacred forest of the Himavat mountains, the adorable Saraswati, summoned (by him), appeared there. All these seven forms then came and joined together in that tirtha where Baladeva came. And because the seven mingled together at that spot, therefore is that tirtha known on Earth by the name of Sapta Saraswati. Thus have I told thee of the seven Saraswatis, according to their names. I have also told thee of the sacred tirtha called Sapta Saraswat. Listen now to a great feat of Mankanaka, who had from his youth led the life of a Brahmacharin. While employed in performing his ablutions in the river, he beheld (one day), O Bharata, a woman of faultless limbs and fair brows, bathing in the river at will, her person uncovered. At this sight, O monarch, the vital seed of the Rishi fell unto the Saraswati. The great ascetic took it up and placed it within his earthen pot. Kept within that vessel, the fluid became divided into seven parts. From those seven portions were born seven Rishis from whom sprang the (nine and forty) Maruts. The seven Rishis were named Vayuvega, Vayuhan, Vayumandala, Vayujata, Vayuretas, and Vayuchakra of great energy. Thus were born these progenitors of the diverse Maruts. Hear now a more wonderful thing, O king, a fact exceedingly marvellous on Earth, about the conduct of the great Rishi, which is well known in the three worlds. In days of yore, after Mankanaka had become crowned with success, O king, his hand, on one occasion, became pierced with a Kusa blade. Thereupon, a vegetable juice came out of the wound (and not red blood). Seeing that vegetable juice, the Rishi became filled with joy and danced about on the spot. Seeing him dance, all mobile and immobile creatures, O hero, stupefied by his energy, began to dance. Then the gods with Brahman at their head, and the Rishis possessed of wealth of asceticism, O king, all went to Mahadeva and informed him of the act of the Rishi (Mankanaka). And they said unto him, 'It behoveth thee, O god, to do that which may prevent the Rishi from dancing!' Then Mahadeva, seeing the Rishi filled with great joy, and moved by the desire of doing good unto the gods, addressed him, saying, 'Why, O Brahmana, dost thou dance in this way, acquainted as thou art with thy duties? What grave cause is there for such joy of thine, O sage, that, an ascetic as thou art, O best of Brahmanas, and walking as thou dost along the path of virtue, thou shouldst act in this way?'

“The Rishi said, ‘Why, seest thou not, O Brahmana, that a vegetable juice is flowing from this wound of mine? Seeing this, O lord, I am dancing in great joy!’ Laughing at the Rishi who was stupefied by passion, the god said, ‘I do not, O Brahmana, at all wonder at this! Behold me!’ Having said this unto that foremost of Rishis, Mahadeva of great intelligence struck his thumb with the end of one of his fingers. Thereupon, O king, ashes, white as snow, came out of that wound. Seeing this, the Rishi became ashamed, O monarch, and fell at the feet of the god. He understood the god to be none else than Mahadeva. Filled with wonder, he said, ‘I do not think that thou art any one else than Rudra, that great and Supreme being! O wielder of the trident, thou art the refuge of this universe consisting of gods and Asuras! The wise say that this universe hath been created by thee! At the universal destruction, everything once more enters thee! Thou art incapable of being known by the gods, how then canst thou be known by me? All forms of being that are in the universe are seen in thee! The gods with Brahman at their head worship thy boon giving self, O sinless one! Thou art everything! Thou art the creator of the gods and it was thou who hadst caused them to be created! Through thy grace, the gods pass their time in joy and perfect fearlessness!’ Having praised Mahadeva in this manner, the Rishi bowed to him, ‘Let not this absence of gravity, ridiculous in the extreme, that I displayed, O god, destroy my ascetic merit! I pray to thee for this!’ The god, with a cheerful heart, once more said unto him ‘Let thy asceticism increase a thousandfold, O Brahmana, through my grace! I shall also always dwell with thee in this asylum! For the man that will worship me in the tirtha Saptasaraswat there will be nothing unattainable here or hereafter. Without doubt, such a one shall go to the region called Saraswat (in heaven) after death!’ Even this is the history of Mankanaka of abundant energy. He was a son begotten by the god of wind upon (the lady) Sukanya.”

Section XXXIX

Vaisampayana said, “Having passed one night more, Rama, having the plough for his weapon, worshipped the dwellers of that tirtha and showed his regard for Mankanaka. Having given wealth unto the Brahmanas, and passed the night there, the hero having the plough for his weapon was worshipped by the Munis. Rising up in the morning, he took leave of all the ascetics, and having touched the sacred water, O Bharata, set out quickly for other tirthas. Baladeva then went to the tirtha known by the name of Usanas. It is also called Kapalamochana. Formerly, Rama (the son of Dasaratha) slew a Rakshasa and hurled his head to a great distance. That head, O king, fell upon the thigh of a great sage named Mahodara and struck to it. Bathing in this tirtha, the great Rishi became freed from the burthen. The high-souled Kavi (Sukra) had performed his ascetic penances there. It was there that the whole science of politics and morals (that goes by Sukra’s name) appeared to him by inward light. While residing there, Sukra meditated upon the war of the Daityas and the Danavas (with the gods). Arrived at that foremost of tirthas, Baladeva, O king, duly made presents unto the high-souled Brahmanas.’

Janamejaya said, “Why is it called Kapalamochana, where the great Muni became freed (from the Rakshasa’s head)? For what reason and how did that head stick unto him?”

Vaisampayana said, “Formerly, O tiger among kings, the high-souled Rama (the son of Dasaratha) lived (for some time) in the forest of Dandaka, from desire of slaying the Rakshasas. At Janasthana he cut off the head of a wicked-souled Rakshasa with a razor-headed shaft of great sharpness. That head fell in the deep forest. That head, coursing at will (through the welkin) fell

upon the thigh of Mahodara while the latter was wandering through the woods. Piercing his thigh, O king, it struck to it and remained there. In consequence of that head thus sticking to his thigh, the Brahmana (Mahodara) of great wisdom could not (with ease) proceed to tirthas and other sacred spots. Afflicted with great pain and with putrid matter flowing from his thigh, he went to all the tirthas of the Earth (one after another), as heard by us. He went to all the rivers and to the ocean also. (Not finding any relief) the great ascetic spoke of his sufferings to many Rishis of cleansed souls about his having bathed in all the tirthas without having found the relief he sought. That foremost of Brahmanas then heard from those sages words of high import about this foremost of tirthas situate on the Saraswati, and known by the name of Usanasa, which was represented as competent to cleanse from every sin and as an excellent spot for attaining to (ascetic) success. That Brahmana, then, repairing to that Usanasa tirtha, bathed in its waters. Upon this, the Rakshasa's head, leaving the thigh, fell into the water. Freed from that (dead) head, the Rishi felt great happiness. As regards the head itself, it was lost in the waters. Mahodara then, O king, freed from the Rakshasa's head, cheerfully returned, with cleansed soul and all his sins washed away, to his asylum after achieving success. The great ascetic thus freed, after returning to his sacred asylum, spoke of what had happened to those Rishis of cleansed souls. The assembled Rishis, having heard his words, bestowed the name of Kapalamochana on the tirtha. The great Rishi Mahodara, repairing once more to that foremost of tirthas, drank its water and attained to great ascetic success. He of Madhu's race, having given away much wealth unto the Brahmanas and worshipped them, then proceeded to the asylum of Rushangu. There, O Bharata, Arshishena had in former days undergone the austerest of penances. There the great Muni Viswamitra (who had before been a Kshatriya) became a Brahmana. That great asylum is capable of granting the fruition of every wish. It is always, O lord, the abode of Munis and Brahmanas. Baladeva of great beauty, surrounded by Brahmanas, then went to that spot, O monarch, where Rushangu had, in former days, cast off his body. Rushangu, O Bharata, was an old Brahmana, who was always devoted to ascetic penances. Resolved to cast off his body, he reflected for a long while. Endued with great ascetic merit, he then summoned all his sons and told them to take him to a spot where water was abundant. Those ascetics, knowing their sire had become very old, took that ascetic to a tirtha on the Saraswati. Brought by his sons to the sacred Saraswati containing hundreds of tirthas and on whose banks dwelt Rishis unconnected with the world, that intelligent ascetic of austere penance bathed in that tirtha according to due rites, and that foremost of Rishis conversant with the merits of tirthas, then cheerfully said, O tiger among men, unto all his sons, who were dutifully waiting upon him, these words, 'He that would cast off his body on the northern bank of the Saraswati containing much water, while employed in mentally reciting sacred mantras, would never again be afflicted with death!' The righteous-souled Baladeva, touching the water of that tirtha and bathing in it, gave considerable wealth unto the Brahmanas, being devoted to them. Possessed of great might and great prowess Baladeva then proceeded to that tirtha where the adorable Grandsire had created the mountains called Lokaloka, where that foremost of Rishis, Arshishena of rigid vows, O thou of Kuru's race, had by austere penances acquired the status of Brahmanhood, where the royal sage Sindhudwipa, and the great ascetic Devapi, and the adorable and illustrious Muni Viswamitra of austere penances and fierce energy, had all acquired a similar status."

Section XL

Janamejaya said, “Why did the adorable Arshtishena undergo the austerest of penances? How also did Sindhudwipa acquire the status of a Brahmana? How also did Devapi, O Brahmana, and how Viswamitra, O best of men, acquire the same status? Tell me all this, O adorable one! Great is my curiosity to listen to all these.”

Vaisampayana said, “Formerly, in the Krita age, O king, there was a foremost of regenerate persons called Arshtishena. Residing in his preceptor’s house, he attended to his lessons every day. Although, O king, he resided long in the abode of his preceptor, he could not still acquire the mastery of any branch of knowledge or of the Vedas. O monarch! In great disappointment, O king, the great ascetic performed very austere penances. By his penances he then acquired the mastery of the Vedas, to which there is nothing superior. Acquiring great learning and a mastery of the Vedas, that foremost of Rishis became crowned with success in that tirtha. He then bestowed three boons on that place. (He said), ‘From this day, a person, by bathing in this tirtha of the great river (Saraswati), shall obtain the great fruit of a horse sacrifice! From this day there will be no fear in this tirtha from snakes and wild beasts! By small exertions, again, one shall attain to great result here!’ Having said these words, that Muni of great energy proceeded to heaven. Even thus the adorable Arshtishena of great energy became crowned with success. In that very tirtha in the Krita age, Sindhudwipa of great energy, and Devapi also, O monarch, had acquired the high status of Brahmanhood. Similarly Kusika’s son, devoted to ascetic penances and with his senses under control, acquired the status of Brahmanhood by practising well-directed austerities. There was a great Kshatriya, celebrated over the world, known by the name of Gadhi. He had a son born to him, of the name of Viswamitra of great prowess. King Kausika became a great ascetic. Possessed of great ascetic merit, he wished to install his son Viswamitra on his throne, himself having resolved to cast off his body. His subjects, bowing unto him, said, ‘Thou shouldst not go away, O thou of great wisdom, but do thou protect us from a great fear!’ Thus addressed, Gadhi replied unto his subjects, saying, ‘My son will become the protector of the wide universe!’ Having said these words, and placed Viswamitra (on the throne), Gadhi, O king, went to heaven, and Viswamitra became king. He could not, however, protect the earth with even his best exertions. The king then heard of the existence of a great fear of Rakshasas (in his kingdom). With his four kinds of forces, he went out of his capital. Having proceeded far on his way, he reached the asylum of Vasishtha. His troops, O king, caused much mischief there. The adorable Brahmana Vasishtha, when he came to his asylum, saw the extensive woods in course of destruction. That best of Rishis, Vasishtha, O king, became angry, O monarch, with Viswamitra. He commanded his own (homa) cow, saying, ‘Create a number of terrible Savaras!’ Thus addressed, the cow created a swarm of men of frightful visages. These encountered the army of Viswamitra and began to cause a great carnage everywhere. Seeing this, his troops fled away. Viswamitra, the son of Gadhi, however, regarding ascetic austerities highly efficacious, set his heart upon them. In this foremost of tirthas of the Saraswati, O king, he began to emaciate his own body by means of vows and fasts with fixed resolve. He made water and air and (the fallen) leaves of trees his food. He slept on the bare ground, and observed other vows (enjoined for ascetics). The gods made repeated attempts for impeding him in the observance of his vows. His heart, however, never swerved from the vows (he had proposed to himself). Then, having practised diverse kinds of austerities with great

devotion, the son of Gadhi became like the Sun himself in effulgence. The boon-giving Grandsire, of great energy, resolved to grant Viswamitra, when he had become endued with ascetic merit, the boon the latter desired. The boon that Viswamitra solicited was that he should be permitted to become a Brahmana. Brahma the Grandsire of all the worlds, said unto him, ‘So be it.’ Having by his austere penances acquired the status of Brahmanhood, the illustrious Viswamitra, after the attainment of his wish, wandered over the whole Earth like a celestial. Giving away diverse kinds of wealth in that foremost of tirthas, Rama also cheerfully gave away milch cows and vehicles and beds, ornaments, and food and drink of the best kinds, O king, unto many foremost of Brahmanas, after having worshipped them duly. Then, O king, Rama proceeded to the asylum of Vaka which was not very distant from where he was, that asylum in which, as heard by us, Dalvya Vaka had practised the austerest of penances.”

Section XLI

Vaisampayana said, “The delighter of the Yadus then proceeded to the asylum (of Vaka) which resounded with the chanting of the Vedas. There the great ascetic, O king, named Dalvyavaka poured the kingdom of Dhritarashtra, the son of Vichitravirya, as a libation (on the sacrificial fire). By practising very austere penances he emaciated his own body. Endued with great energy, the virtuous Rishi, filled with great wrath, (did that act). In former times, the Rishis residing in the Naimisha forest had performed a sacrifice extending for twelve years. In course of that sacrifice, after a particular one called Viswajit had been completed, the Rishis set out for the country of the Panchalas. Arrived there, they solicited the king for giving them one and twenty strong and healthy calves to be given away as Dakshina (in the sacrifice they have completed). Dalvya Vaka, however, (calling those Rishis), said unto them, ‘Do you divide those animals (of mine) among you! Giving away these (unto you), I shall solicit a great king (for some).’ Having said so unto all those Rishis, Vaka of great energy, that best of Brahmanas, then proceeded to the abode of Dhritarashtra. Arrived at the presence of king Dhritarashtra, Dalvya begged some animals of him. That best of kings, however, seeing that some of his kine died without any cause, angrily said unto him. ‘Wretch of a Brahmana, take, if thou likest, these animals that (are dead)!’ Hearing these words, the Rishi, conversant with duties, thought, ‘Alas, cruel are the words that have been addressed to me in the assembly!’ Having reflected in this strain, that best of Brahmanas, filled with wrath, set his heart upon the destruction of king Dhritarashtra. Cutting the flesh from off the dead animals, that best of sages, having ignited a (sacrificial) fire on the tirtha of the Saraswati, poured those pieces as libations for the destruction of king Dhritarashtra’s kingdom. Observant of rigid vows, the great Dalvya Vaka, O monarch, poured Dhritarashtra’s kingdom as a libation on the fire, with the aid of those pieces of meat. Upon the commencement of that fierce sacrifice according to due rites, the kingdom of Dhritarashtra, O monarch, began to waste away. Indeed, O lord, the kingdom of that monarch began to waste away, even as a large forest begins to disappear when men proceed to cut it down with the axe. Overtaken by calamities, the kingdom began to lose its prosperity and life. Seeing his kingdom thus afflicted, the puissant monarch, O king, became very cheerless and thoughtful. Consulting with the Brahmanas, he began to make great endeavours for freeing his territories (from affliction). No good, however, came of his efforts, for the kingdom continued to waste away. The king became very cheerless. The Brahmanas also, O sinless one, became filled with grief. When at last the

king failed to save his kingdom, he asked his counsellors. O Janamejaya, (about the remedy). The counsellors reminded him of the evil he had done in connection with the dead kine. And they said, ‘The sage Vaka is pouring thy kingdom as a libation on the fire with the aid of the flesh (of those animals). Thence is this great waste of thy kingdom! This is the consequence of ascetic rites. Thence is this great calamity! Go, O king, and gratify that Rishi by the side of a receptacle of water on the bank of the Saraswati!’ Repairing to the bank of the Saraswati, the king falling at his feet and touching them with his head, joined his hands and said, O thou of Bharata’s race, these words, ‘I gratify thee, O adorable one, forgive my offence. I am a senseless fool, a wretch inspired with avarice. Thou art my refuge, thou art my protector, it behoveth thee to show me thy grace!’ Beholding him thus overwhelmed with grief and indulging in lamentations like these, Vaka felt compassion for him and freed his kingdom. The Rishi became gratified with him, having dismissed his angry feelings. For freeing his kingdom, the sage again poured libations on the fire. Having freed the kingdom (from calamities) and taken many animals in grief, he became pleased at heart and once more proceeded to the Naimisha woods. The liberal-minded king Dhritarashtra also, of righteous soul, with a cheerful heart, returned to his own capital full of prosperity.

“In that tirtha, Vrihaspati also, of great intelligence, for the destruction of the Asuras and the prosperity of the denizens of heaven, poured libations on the sacrificial fire, with the aid of flesh. Upon this, the Asuras began to waste away and were destroyed by the gods, inspired by desire of victory in battle. Having with due rites given unto the Brahmanas steeds and elephants and vehicles with mules yoked unto them and jewels of great value and much wealth, and much corn, the illustrious and mighty armed Rama then proceeded, O king, to the tirtha called Yayata. There, O monarch, at the sacrifice of the high-souled Yayati, the son of Nahusha, the Saraswati produced milk and clarified butter. That tiger among men, king Yayati, having performed a sacrifice there, went cheerfully to heaven and obtained many regions of blessedness. Once again, O lord, king Yayati performed a sacrifice there. Beholding his great magnanimity of soul and his immutable devotion to herself, the river Saraswati gave unto the Brahmanas (invited to that sacrifice) everything for which each of them cherished only a wish in his heart. That foremost of rivers gave unto each where he was, amongst those that were invited to the sacrifice, houses and beds and food of the six different kinds of taste, and diverse other kinds of things. The Brahmanas regarded those valuable gifts as made to them by the king. Cheerfully they praised the monarch and bestowed their auspicious blessings upon him. The gods and the Gandharvas were all pleased with the profusion of articles in that sacrifice. As regards human beings, they were filled with wonder at sight of that profusion. The illustrious Baladeva, of soul subdued and restrained and cleansed, having the palmyra on his banner, distinguished by great righteousness, and ever giving away the most valuable things, then proceeded to that tirtha of fierce current called Vasishthapavaha.”

Section XLII

Janamejaya said, “Why is the current of (the tirtha known by the name of) Vasishthapavaha so rapid? For what reason did the foremost of rivers bear away Vasishtha? What, O lord, was the cause of the dispute between Vasishtha and Viswamitra? Questioned by me, O thou of great wisdom, tell me all this! I am never satiated with hearing thee!”

Vaisampayana said, “A great enmity arose between Viswamitra and Vasishtha, O Bharata, due to their rivalry in respect of ascetic austerities. The high abode of Vasishtha was in the tirtha called Sthanu on the eastern bank of the Saraswati. On the opposite bank was the asylum of the intelligent Viswamitra. There, in that tirtha, O monarch, Sthanu (Mahadeva) had practised the austere penances. Sages still speak of those fierce feats. Having performed a sacrifice there and worshipped the river Saraswati, Sthanu established that tirtha there. Hence it is known by the name Sthanu-tirtha, O lord. In that tirtha, the celestials had, in days of yore, O king, installed Skanda, that slayer of the enemies of the gods, in the supreme command of their army. Unto that tirtha of the Saraswati, the great Rishi Viswamitra, by the aid of his austere penances, brought Vasishtha. Listen to that history. The two ascetics Viswamitra and Vasishtha, O Bharata, every day challenged each other very earnestly in respect of the superiority of their penances. The great Muni Viswamitra, burning (with jealousy) at sight of the energy of Vasishtha, began to reflect on the matter. Though devoted to the performance of his duties, this, however, is the resolution, O Bharata, that he formed: ‘This Saraswati shall quickly bring, by force of her current, that foremost of ascetics, Vasishtha, to my presence. After he shall have been brought hither, I shall, without doubt, slay that foremost of regenerate ones.’ Having settled this, the illustrious and great Rishi Viswamitra with eyes red in wrath, thought of that foremost of rivers. Thus remembered by the ascetic, she became exceedingly agitated. The fair lady, however, repaired to that Rishi of great energy and great wrath. Pale and trembling, Saraswati, with joined hands appeared before that foremost of sages. Indeed, the lady was much afflicted with grief, even like a woman who has lost her mighty lord. And she said unto that best of sages, ‘Tell me what is there that I shall do for thee.’ Filled with rage, the ascetic said unto her, ‘Bring hither Vasishtha without delay, so that I may slay him.’ Hearing these words the river became agitated. With joined hands the lotus-eyed lady began to tremble exceedingly in fear like a creeper shaken by the wind. Beholding the great river in that plight, the ascetic said unto her, ‘Without any scruple, bring Vasishtha unto my presence!’ Hearing these words of his, and knowing the evil he intended to do, and acquainted also with the prowess of Vasishtha that was unrivalled on earth, she repaired to Vasishtha and informed him of what the intelligent Viswamitra had said unto her. Fearing the curse of both, she trembled repeatedly. Indeed, her heart was on the grievous curse (that either of them might pronounce on her). She stood in terror of both. Seeing her pale and plunged in anxiety, the righteous-souled Vasishtha, that foremost of men, O king, said these words unto her.

“Vasishtha said, ‘O foremost of rivers, save thyself! O thou of rapid current, bear me away, otherwise Viswamitra will curse thee. Do not feel any scruple.’ Hearing these words of that compassionate Rishi, the river began to think, O Kauravya, as to what course would be best for her to follow. Even these were the thoughts that arose in her mind: ‘Vasishtha showeth great compassion for me. It is proper for me that I should serve him.’ Beholding then that best of Rishis, (Vasishtha) engaged in silent recitation (of mantras) on her bank, and seeing Kusika’s son (Viswamitra) also engaged in homa, Saraswati thought, ‘Even this is my opportunity.’ Then that foremost of rivers, by her current, washed away one of her banks. In washing away that bank, she bore Vasishtha away. While being borne away, O king, Vasishtha praised the river in these words: ‘From the Grandsire’s (manasa) lake thou hast taken thy rise, O Saraswati! This whole universe is filled with thy excellent waters! Wending through the firmament, O goddess, thou impartest thy waters to the clouds! All the waters are thee! Through thee we exercise our

thinking faculties! Thou art Pushti and Dyuti, Kirti, and Siddhi and Uma! Thou art Speech, and thou art Swaha! This whole universe is dependent on thee! It is thou that dwellest in all creatures, in four forms!’ Thus praised by that great Rishi, Saraswati, O king, speedily bore that Brahmana towards the asylum of Viswamitra and repeatedly represented unto the latter the arrival of the former. Beholding Vasishtha thus brought before him by Saraswati, Viswamitra, filled with rage, began to look for a weapon wherewith to slay that Brahmana. Seeing him filled with wrath, the river from fear of (witnessing and aiding in) a Brahmana’s slaughter, quickly bore Vasishtha away to her eastern bank once more. She thus obeyed the words of both, although she deceived the son of Gadhi by her act. Seeing that best of Rishis, Vasishtha, borne away, the vindictive Viswamitra, filled with wrath, addressed Saraswati. saying, ‘Since, O foremost of rivers, thou hast gone away, having deceived me, let thy current be changed into blood that is acceptable to Rakshasas.’ Then, cursed by the intelligent Viswamitra, Saraswati flowed for a whole year, bearing blood mixed with water. The gods, the Gandharvas, and the Apsaras, beholding the Saraswati reduced to that plight, became filled with great sorrow. For this reason, O king, the tirtha came to be called Vasishthapravaha on earth. The foremost of rivers, however, once more got back her own proper condition.”

Section XLIII

Vaisampayana said, “Cursed by the intelligent Viswamitra in anger, Saraswati, in that auspicious and best of tirthas, flowed, bearing blood in her current. Then, O king, many Rakshasas came, O Bharata, and lived happily there, drinking the blood that flowed. Exceedingly gratified with that blood, cheerfully and without anxiety of any kind, they danced and laughed there like persons that have (by merit) attained to heaven. After some time had passed away, some Rishis, possessed of wealth of asceticism, came to the Saraswati, O king, on a sojourn to her tirthas. Those foremost of Munis, having bathed in all the tirthas and obtained great happiness, became desirous of acquiring more merit. Those learned persons at last came, O king, to that tirtha where the Saraswati ran a bloody current. Those highly blessed ones, arriving at that frightful tirtha, saw the water of the Saraswati mixed with blood and that innumerable Rakshasas, O monarch, were drinking it. Beholding those Rakshasas, O king, those ascetics of rigid vows made great endeavours for rescuing the Saraswati from that plight. Those blessed ones of high vows, arrived there, invoked that foremost of rivers and said these words unto her, ‘Tell us the reason, O auspicious lady, why this lake in thee hath been afflicted with such distress Hearing it, we shall endeavour (to restore it to its proper condition).’ Thus questioned, Saraswati, trembling as she spoke, informed them of everything that had occurred. Seeing her afflicted with woe, those ascetics said, ‘We have heard the reason. We have heard of thy curse, O sinless lady! All of us shall exert ourselves!’ Having said these words unto that foremost of rivers, they then consulted with one another thus, ‘All of us shall emancipate Saraswati from her curse.’ Then all those Brahmanas, O king, worshipping Mahadeva, that lord of the universe and protector of all creatures, with penance and vows and fasts and diverse kinds of abstinences and painful observances, emancipated that foremost of rivers, the divine Saraswati. Beholding the water of Saraswati purified by those Munis, the Rakshasas (that had taken up their abode there), afflicted with hunger, sought the protection of those Munis themselves. Afflicted with hunger, the Rakshasas, with joined hands, repeatedly said unto those ascetics filled with compassion, these

words, ‘All of us are hungry! We have swerved from eternal virtue! That we are sinful in behaviour is not of our free will! Through the absence of your, grace and through our own evil acts, as also through the sexual sins of our women, our demerits increase and we have become Brahma-Rakshasas! So amongst Vaisyas and Sudras, and Kshatriyas, those that hate and injure Brahmanas became Rakshasas. Ye best of Brahmanas, make arrangements then for our relief! Ye are competent to relieve all the worlds!’ Hearing these words of theirs, those ascetics praised the great river. For the rescue of those Rakshasas, with rapt minds those ascetics said, ‘The food over which one sneezed, that in which there are worms and insects, that which may be mixed with any leavings of dishes, that which is mixed with hair, that which is mixed with tears, that which is trodden upon shall form the portion of these Rakshasas! The learned man, knowing all this, shall carefully avoid these kinds of food. He that shall take such food shall be regarded as eating the food of Rakshasas!’ Having purified the tirtha in this way, those ascetics thus solicited that river for the relief of those Rakshasas. Understanding the views of those great Rishis, that foremost of rivers caused her body, O bull among men, to assume a new shape called Aruna. Bathing in that new river (a branch of the Saraswati) the Rakshasas cast off their bodies and went to heaven. Ascertaining all this, the chief of the celestials, (Indra of a hundred sacrifices), bathed in that foremost of tirthas and became cleansed of a grievous sin.”

Janamejaya said, “For what reason was Indra tainted with the sin of Brahmanicide? How also did he become cleansed by bathing in that tirtha?”

Vaisampayana said, “Listen to that history, O ruler of men! Hear of those occurrences as they happened! Hear how Vasava, in days of yore, broke his treaty with Namuchi! The Asura Namuchi, from fear of Vasava, had entered a ray of the Sun. Indra then made friends with Namuchi and entered into a covenant with him, saying, ‘O foremost of Asuras, I shall not slay thee, O friend, with anything that is wet or with anything that is dry! I shall not slay thee in the night or in the day! I swear this to thee by truth. Having made this covenant, the lord Indra one day beheld a fog. He then, O king, cut off Namuchi’s head, using the foam of water (as his weapon). The severed head of Namuchi thereupon pursued Indra from behind, saying unto him from a near point these words, ‘O slayer of a friend, O wretch!’ Urged on incessantly by that head, Indra repaired to the Grandsire and informed him, in grief, of what had occurred. The Supreme Lord of the universe said unto him, ‘Performing a sacrifice, bathe with due rites, O chief of the celestials, in Aruna, that tirtha which saveth from the fear of sin! The water of that river, O Sakra, hath been made sacred by the Munis! Formerly the presence of that river at its site was concealed. The divine Saraswati repaired to the Aruna, and flooded it with her waters. This confluence of Saraswati and Aruna is highly sacred! Thither, O chief of the celestials, perform a sacrifice! Give away gifts in profusion! Performing thy ablutions there, thou shall be freed from thy sin.’ Thus addressed, Sakra, at these words of Brahma, O Janamejaya, performed in that abode of Saraswati diverse sacrifices. Giving away many gifts and bathing in that tirtha, he of a hundred sacrifices, the piercer of Vala, duly performed certain sacrifices and then plunged in the Aruna. He became freed from the sin arising out of the slaughter of a Brahmana. The lord of heaven then returned to heaven with a joyful heart. The head of Namuchi also fell into that stream, O Bharata, and the Asura obtained many eternal regions, O best of kings, that granted every wish.”

Vaisampayana continued, “The high-souled Baladeva having bathed in that tirtha and given away many kinds of gifts, obtained great merit. Of righteous deeds, he then proceeded to

the great tirtha of Soma. There, in days of yore, Soma himself, O king of kings, had performed the Rajasuya sacrifice. The high-souled Atri, that foremost of Brahmanas, gifted with great intelligence became the Hotri in that grand sacrifice. Upon the conclusion of that sacrifice, a great battle took place between the gods (on the one side) and the Danavas, the Daityas, and the Rakshasas (on the other). That fierce battle is known after the name of (the Asura) Taraka. In that battle Skanda slew Taraka. There, on that occasion, Mahasena (Skanda), that destroyer of Daityas, obtained the command of the celestial forces. In that tirtha is a gigantic Aswattha tree. Under its shade, Kartikeya, otherwise called Kumara, always resides in person.”

Section XLIV

Janamejaya said, “Thou hast described the merits of the Saraswati, O best of Brahmanas! It behoveth thee, O regenerate one, to describe to me the investiture of Kumara (by the gods). Great is the curiosity I feel. Tell me everything, therefore, about the time when and the place where and the manner in which the adorable and puissant lord Skanda was invested (with the command of the celestial forces). Tell me also, O foremost of speakers, who they were that invested him and who performed the actual rites, and how the celestial generalissimo made a great carnage of the Daityas!”

Vaisampayana said, “This curiosity that thou feelest is worthy of thy birth in Kuru’s race. The words that I shall speak, will, O Janamejaya, be conducive to thy pleasure. I shall narrate to thee the story of the investiture of Kumara and the prowess of that high-souled one, since, O ruler of men thou wishest to hear it! In days of yore the vital seed of Maheswara coming out, fell into a blazing fire. The consumer of everything, the adorable Agni, could not burn that indestructible seed. On the other hand, the bearer of sacrificial libations, in consequence of that seed, became possessed of great energy and splendour. He could not bear within himself that, seed of mighty energy. At the command of Brahman, the lord Agni, approaching (the river) Ganga, threw into her that divine seed possessed of the effulgence of the Sun. Ganga also, unable to hold it, cast it on the beautiful breast of Himavat that is worshipped by the celestials. Thereupon Agni’s son began to grow there, overwhelming all the worlds by his energy. Meanwhile (the six) Krittikas beheld that child of fiery splendour. Seeing that puissant lord, that high-souled son of Agni, lying on a clump of heath, all the six Krittikas, who were desirous of a son, cried aloud, saying, “This child is mine, this child is mine!” Understanding the state of mind of those six mothers, the adorable lord Skanda sucked the breasts of all having assumed six mouths. Beholding that puissance of the child, the Krittikas, those goddesses of beautiful forms, became filled with wonder. And since the adorable child had been cast by the river Ganga upon the summit of Himavat, that mountain looked beautiful, having, O delighter of the Kurus, been transformed into gold! With that growing child the whole Earth became beautiful, and it was for this reason that mountains (from that time) came to be producers of gold. Possessed of great energy, the child came to be called by the name of Kartikeya. At first he had been called by the name of Gangeya. He became possessed of high ascetic powers. Endued with self-restraint and asceticism and great energy, the child grew up, O monarch, into a person of highly agreeable features like Soma himself. Possessed of great beauty, the child lay on that excellent and golden clump of heath, adored and praised by Gandharvas and ascetics. Celestial girls, by thousands, conversant with celestial music and dance, and of very beautiful features, praised him and

danced before him. The foremost of all rivers, Ganga, waited upon that god. The Earth also, assuming great beauty, held the child (on her lap). The celestial priest Vrihaspati performed the usual rites after birth, in respect of that child. The Vedas assuming a four-fold form, approached the child with joined hands. The Science of arms, with its four divisions, and all the weapons as also all kinds of arrows, came to him. One day, the child, of great energy, saw that god of gods, the lord of Uma, seated with the daughter of Himavat, amid a swarm of ghostly creatures. Those ghostly creatures, of emaciated bodies, were of wonderful features. They were ugly and of ugly features, and wore awkward ornaments and marks. Their faces were like those of tigers and lions and bears and cats and makaras. Others were of faces like those of scorpions; others of faces like those of elephants and camels and owls. And some had faces like those of vultures and jackals. And some there were that had faces like those of cranes and pigeons and Kurus. And many amongst them had bodies like those of dogs and porcupines and iguanas and goats and sheep and cows. And some resembled mountains and some oceans, and some stood with uplifted discs and maces for their weapons. And some looked like masses of antimony and some like white mountains. The seven Matris also were present there, O monarch, and the Sadhyas, the Viswedevas, the Maruts, the Vasus, the Rudras, the Adityas, the Siddhas, the Danavas, the birds, the self-born and adorable Brahman with his sons, and Vishnu, and Sakra, all went thither for beholding that child of unfading glory. And many of the foremost of celestials and Gandharvas, headed by Narada and many celestial Rishis and Siddhas headed by Vrihaspati, and the fathers of the universe, those foremost ones, they that are regarded as gods of the gods, and the Yamas and the Dharmas, all went there. Endued with great strength, the child possessed of great ascetic power, proceeded to the presence of that Lord of the gods, (Mahadeva), armed with trident and Pinaka. Seeing the child coming, the thought entered the mind of Siva, as it did that of Himavat's daughter and that of Ganga and of Agni, as to whom amongst the four the child would first approach for honouring him or her. Each of them thought, 'He will come to me!' Understanding that this was the expectation cherished by each of those four, he had recourse to his Yoga powers and assumed at the same time four different forms. Indeed the adorable and puissant lord assumed those four forms in an instant. The three forms that stood behind were Sakha and Visakha and Naigameya. The adorable and puissant one, having divided his self into four forms, (proceeded towards the four that sat expecting him). The form called Skanda of wonderful appearance proceeded to the spot where Rudra was sitting. Visakha went to the spot where the divine daughter of Himavat was. The adorable Sakha, which is Kartikeya's Vayu form proceeded towards Agni. Naigameya, that child of fiery splendour, proceeded to the presence of Ganga. All those forms, of similar appearance, were endued with great effulgence. The four forms proceeded calmly to the four gods and goddesses (already mentioned). All this seemed exceedingly wonderful. The gods, the Danavas, and the Rakshasas, made a loud noise at sight of that exceedingly wonderful incident making the very hair to stand on end. Then Rudra and the goddess Uma and Agni, and Ganga, all bowed unto the Grandsire, that Lord of the Universe. Having duly bowed unto him, O bull among kings, they said these words, O monarch, from desire of doing good unto Kartikeya. 'It behoveth thee, O Lord of the gods, to grant to this youth, for the sake of our happiness, some kind of sovereignty that may be suitable to him and that he may desire. At this, the adorable Grandsire of all the worlds, possessed of great intelligence, began to think within his mind as to what he should bestow upon that youth. He had formerly given away unto the formless ones (gods) all kinds of wealth over which the high-souled

celestials, the Gandharvas, the Rakshasas, ghosts, Yakshas, birds, and snakes have dominion. Brahma, therefore, regarded that youth to be fully entitled to that dominion (which had been bestowed upon the gods). Having reflected for a moment, the Grandsire, ever mindful of the welfare of the gods, bestowed upon him the status of a generalissimo among all creatures, O Bharata! And the Grandsire further ordered all those gods that were regarded as the chief of the celestials and other formless beings to wait upon him. Then the gods headed by Brahman, taking that youth with them, together came to Himavat. The spot they selected was the bank of the sacred and divine Saraswati, that foremost of rivers, taking her rise from Himavat, that Saraswati which, at Samanta-panchaka, is celebrated over the three worlds. There, on the sacred bank, possessing every merit, of the Saraswati, the gods and the Gandharvas took their seats with hearts well-pleased in consequence of the gratification of all their desires.”

Section XLV

Vaisampayana said, “Collecting all articles as laid down in the scriptures for the ceremony of investiture, Vrihaspati duly poured libations on the blazing fire. Himavat gave a seat which was adorned with many costly gems. Kartikeya was made to sit on that auspicious and best of seats decked with excellent gems. The gods brought thither all kinds of auspicious articles, with due rites and mantras, that were necessary for a ceremony of the kind. The diverse gods—Indra and Vishnu, both of great energy, and Surya and Chandramas, and Dhatri, and Vidhatri, and Vayu, and Agni, and Pushan, and Bhaga, and Aryaman, and Ansa, and Vivaswat, and Rudra of great intelligence, and Mitra, and the (eleven) Rudras, the (eight) Vasus, the (twelve) Adityas, the (twin) Aswins, the Viswedevas, the Maruts, the Saddhyas, the Pitris, the Gandharvas, the Apsaras, the Yakshas, the Rakshasas, the Pannagas, innumerable celestial Rishis, the Vaikhanasas, the Valakhilyas, those others (among Rishis) that subsist only on air and those that subsist on the rays of the Sun, the descendants of Bhrigu and Angiras, many high-souled Yatis, all the Vidyadharas, all those that were crowned with ascetic success, the Grandsire, Pulastya, Pulaha of great ascetic merits, Angiras, Kasyapa, Atri, Marichi, Bhrigu, Kratu, Hara, Prachetas, Manu, Daksha, the Seasons, the Planets, and all the luminaries; O monarch, all the rivers in their embodied forms, the eternal Vedas, the Seas, the diverse tirthas, the Earth, the Sky, the Cardinal and Subsidiary points of the compass, and all the Trees, O king, Aditi the mother of the gods, Hri, Sri, Swaha, Saraswati, Uma, Sachi, Sinivali, Anumati, Kuhu, the Day of the new moon, the Day of the full Moon, the wives of the denizens of heaven, Himavat, Vindhya, Meru of many summits, Airavat with all his followers, the Divisions of time called Kala, Kashtha, Fortnight, the Seasons, Night, and Day, O king, the prince of steeds, Uchchaisravas, Vasuki the king of the Snakes, Aruna, Garuda, the Trees, the deciduous herbs, and the adorable god Dharma—all came there together. And there came also Kala, Yama, Mrityu, and the followers of Yama. From fear of swelling the list I do not mention the diverse other gods that came there. All of them came to that ceremony for investing Kartikeya with the status of generalissimo. All the denizens of heaven, O king, brought there everything necessary for the ceremony and every auspicious article. Filled with joy, the denizens of heaven made that high-souled youth, that terror of the Asuras, the generalissimo of the celestial forces, after pouring upon his head the sacred and excellent water of the Saraswati from golden jars that contained other sacred articles needed for the purpose. The Grandsire of the worlds, Brahman, and Kasyapa

of great energy, and the others (mentioned and) not mentioned, all poured water upon Skanda even as, O monarch, the gods had poured water on the head of Varuna, the lord of waters, for investing him with dominion. The lord Brahman then, with a gratified heart, gave unto Skanda four companions, possessed of great might, endued with speed like that of the wind, crowned with ascetic success, and gifted with energy which they could increase at will. They were named Nandisena and Lohitaksha and Ghantakarna and Kumudamalin. The lord Sthanu, O monarch, gave unto Skanda a companion possessed of great impetuosity, capable of producing a hundred illusions, and endued with might and energy that he could enhance at will. And he was the great destroyer of Asuras. In the great battle between the gods and the Asuras, this companion that Sthanu gave, filled with wrath, slew, with his hands alone, fourteen millions of Daityas of fierce deeds. The gods then made over to Skanda the celestial host, invincible, abounding with celestial troops, capable of destroying the enemies of the gods, and of forms like that of Vishnu. The gods then, with Vasava at their head, and the Gandharvas, the Yakshas, the Rakshasas, the Munis, and the Pitris, all shouted, 'Victory (to Skanda)!' Then Yama gave him two companions, both of whom resembled Death, Unmatha and Pramatha, possessed of great energy and great splendour. Endued with great prowess, Surya, with a gratified heart, gave unto Kartikeya two of his followers named Subhaja and Bhaswara. Soma also gave him two companions, Mani and Sumani, both of whom looked like summits of the Kailasa mountain and always used white garlands and white unguents. Agni gave unto him two heroic companions, grinders of hostile armies, who were named Jwalajihbha and Jyoti. Ansa gave unto Skanda of great intelligence five companions, Parigha, and Vata, and Bhima of terrible strength, and Dahati and Dahana, both of whom were exceedingly fierce and possessed of great energy. Vasava that slayer of hostile heroes, gave unto Agni's son two companions, Utkrosa and Panchaka, who were armed respectively with thunder-bolt and club. These had in battle slain innumerable enemies of Sakra. The illustrious Vishnu gave unto Skanda three companions, Chakra and Vikrama and Sankrama of great might. The Aswins, O bull of Bharata's race, with gratified hearts, gave unto Skanda two companions Vardhana and Nandana, who had mastered all the sciences. The illustrious Dhatri gave unto that high-souled one five companions, Kunda, Kusuma, Kumuda, Damvara and Adamvara. Tvasutri gave unto Skanda two companions named Chakra and Anuchakra, both of whom were endued with great strength. The lord Mitra gave unto the high-souled Kumara two illustrious companions named Suvrata and Satyasandha, both of whom were endued with great learning and ascetic merit, possessed of agreeable features, capable of granting boons and celebrated over the three worlds. Vidhatri gave unto Kartikeya two companions of great celebrity, the high-souled Suprabha and Subhakarman. Pushan gave him, O Bharata, two companions, Panitraka and Kalika, both endued with great powers of illusion. Vayu gave him, O best of the Bharatas, two companions, Vala and Ativala, endued with great might and very large mouths. Varuna, firmly adhering to truth, gave him Ghasa and Atighasa of great might and possessed of mouths like those of whales. Himavat gave unto Agni's son two companions, O King, Suvarchas and Ativarchas. Meru, O Bharata, gave him two companions named Kanchana and Meghamalin. Manu also gave unto Agni's son two others endued with great strength and prowess, Sthira and Atisthira. Vindhya gave unto Agni's son two companions named Uschrita and Agnisringa both of whom fought with large stones. Ocean gave him two mighty companions named Sangraha and Vighraha, both armed with maces. Parvati of beautiful features gave unto Agni's son Unmada and Pushpadanta and Sankukarna. Vasuki, the king of the snakes, O tiger

among men, gave unto the son of Agni two snakes named Jaya and Mahajaya. Similarly the Saddhyas, the Rudras, the Vasus, the Pitris, the Seas, the Rivers, and the Mountains, all endued with great might, gave commanders of forces, armed with lances and battle-axes and decked with diverse kinds of ornaments. Listen now to the names of those other combatants armed with diverse weapons and clad in diverse kinds of robes and ornaments, that Skanda procured. They were Sankukarna, Nilkumbha, Padmai, Kumud, Ananta, Dwadasabhujja, Krishna, Upakrishnaka, Ghranasravas, Kapiskandha, Kanchanaksha, Jalandhama, Akshasantarjana, Kunadika, Tamobhrakrit, Ekaksha, Dwadasaksha, Ekajata, Sahasravahu, Vikata, Vyaghraksha, Kshitikampana, Punyanaman, Sunaman, Suvaktra, Priyadarsana, Parisruta, Kokonada, Priyamalyanulepana, Ajodara, Gajasiras, Skandhaksha, Satalochana, Jwalajibha, Karala, Sitakesa, Jati, Hari, Krishnakesa, Jatadhara, Chaturdanshra, Ashtajihva, Meghananda, Prithusravas, Vidyutaksha, Dhanurvaktra, Jathara, Marutasana, Udaraksha, Rathaksha, Vajranabha, Vasurprabha, Samudravega, Sailakampin, Vrisha, Meshapravaha, Nanda, Upadanka, Dhumra, Sweta, Kalinga, Siddhartha, Varada, Priyaka, Nanda, Gonanda, Ananda, Pramoda, Swastika, Dhruvaka, Kshemavaha, Suvala, Siddhapatra, Govraja, Kanakapida, Gayana, Hasana, Vana, Khadga, Vaitali, Atitali, Kathaka, Vatika, Hansaja, Pakshadigdhanga, Samudronmadana, Ranotkata, Prashasa, Swetasiddha, Nandaka, Kalakantha, Prabhasa, Kumbhandaka, Kalakaksha, Sita, Bhutalonmathana, Yajnavaha, Pravaha, Devajali, Somapa, Majjala, Kratha Tuhara Chitradeva, Madhura, Suprasada, Kiritin, Vatsala, Madhuvarna, Kalasodara, Dharmada, Manma, Thakara, Suchivaktra, Swetavaktra, Suvaktra, Charuvaktra, Pandura, Dandavahu, Suvahu, Rajas, Kokilaka, Achala, Kanakaksha, Valakarakshaka, Sancharaka, Kokanada, Gridhrapatra, Jamvuka, Lohajvaktra, Javana, Kumbhavaktra, Kumbhaka, Mundagriva, Krishnaujas, Hansavaktra, Chandrabha, Panikurchas, Samvuka, Panchavaktra, Sikshaka, Chasavaktra, Jamvuka, Kharvaktra, and Kunchaka. Besides these, many other high-souled and mighty companions, devoted to ascetic austerities and regardful of Brahmanas, were given unto him by the Grandsire. Some of them were in youth; some were old and some, O Janamejaya, were very young in years. Thousands upon thousands of such came to Kartikeya. They were possessed of diverse kinds of faces. Listen to me, O Janamejaya, as I describe them! Some had faces like those of tortoises, and some like those of cocks. The faces of some were very long, O Bharata. Some, again, had faces like those of dogs, and wolves, and hares, and owls, and asses, and camels, and hogs. Some had human faces and some had faces like those of sheep, and jackals. Some were terrible and had faces like those of makaras and porpoises. Some had faces like those of cats and some like those of biting flies; and the faces of some were very long. Some had faces like those of the mongoose, the owl, and the crow. Some had faces like those of mice and peacocks and fishes and goats and sheep and buffaloes. The faces of some resembled those of bears and tigers and leopards and lions. Some had faces like those of elephants and crocodiles. The faces of some resembled those of Garuda and the rhinoceros and the wolf. Some had faces like those of cows and mules and camels and cats. Possessed of large stomachs and large legs and limbs, some had eyes like stars. The faces of some resembled those of pigeons and bulls. Other had faces like those of kokilas and hawks and tittiras and lizards. Some were clad in white robes. Some had faces like those of snakes. The faces of some resembled those of porcupines. Indeed, some had frightful and some very agreeable faces; some had snakes for their clothes. The faces as also the noses of some resembled those of cows. Some had large limbs protruding stomachs but other limbs very lean; some had large limbs but lean

stomachs. The necks of some were very short and the ears of some were very large. Some had diverse kinds of snakes for their ornaments. Some were clad in skins of large elephants, and some in black deer-skins. The mouths of some were on their shoulders. Some had mouths on their stomachs, some on their backs, some on their cheeks, some on their calves, and some on their flanks, and the mouths of many were placed on other parts of their bodies. The faces of many amongst those leaders of troops were like those of insects and worms. The mouths of many amongst them were like those of diverse beasts of prey. Some had many arms and some many heads. The arms of some resembled trees, and the heads of some were on their loins. The faces of some were tapering like the bodies of snakes. Many amongst them had their abodes on diverse kinds of plants and herbs. Some were clad in rags, some in diverse kinds of bones, some were diversely clad, and some were adorned in diverse kinds of garlands and diverse kinds of unguents. Dressed diversely, some had skins for their robes. Some had head-gears; the brows of some were furrowed into lines; the necks of some bore marks like those on conchshells, some were possessed of great effulgence. Some had diadems, some had five tufts of hair on their heads, and the hair of some was very hard. Some had two tufts, some three, and some seven. Some had feathers on their heads, some had crowns, some had heads that were perfectly bald, and some had matted locks. Some were adorned with beautiful garlands, and the faces of some were very hairy. Battle was the one thing in which they took great delight, and all of them were invincible by even the foremost ones amongst the gods. Many amongst them were clad in diverse kinds of celestial robes. All were fond of battle. Some were of dark complexion, and the faces of some had no flesh on them. Some had very long backs, and some had no stomachs. The backs of some were very large while those of some were very short. Some had long stomachs and the limbs of some were long. The arms of some were long while those of some were short. Some were dwarfs of short limbs. Some were hunch-backed. Some had short hips. The cars and heads of some were like those of elephants. Some had noses like those of tortoises, some like those of wolves. Some had long lips, some had long hips, and some were frightful, having their faces downwards. Some had very large teeth, some had very short teeth, and some had only four teeth. Thousands among them, O king, were exceedingly terrible, looking like infuriated elephants of gigantic size. Some were of symmetrical limbs, possessed of great splendour, and adorned with ornaments. Some had yellow eyes, some had ears like arrows, some had noses like gavials. O Bharata! Some had broad teeth, some had broad lips, and some had green hair. Possessed of diverse kinds of feet and lips and teeth, they had diverse kinds of arms and heads. Clad in diverse kinds of skins, they spoke diverse kinds of languages, O Bharata! Skilled in all provincial dialects, those puissant ones conversed with one another. Those mighty companions, filled with joy, gambolled there, cutting capers (around Kartikeya). Some were long-necked, some long-nailed, some long-legged. Some amongst them were large-headed and some large-armed. The eyes of some were yellow. The throats of some were blue, and the ears of some were long, O Bharata. The stomachs of some were like masses of antimony. The eyes of some were white, the necks of some were red, and some had eyes of a tawny hue. Many were dark in colour and many, O king, were of diverse colours, O Bharata. Many had ornaments on their persons that looked like yak tails. Some bore white streaks on their bodies, and some bore red streaks. Some were of diversified colours and some had golden complexions, and some were endued with splendours like those of the peacock. I shall describe to thee the weapons that were taken by those that came last to Kartikeya. Listen to me. Some had noses on their uplifted arms. Their faces were like

those of tigers and asses. Their eyes were on their backs, their throats were blue, and their arms resembled spiked clubs. Some were armed with Sataghnis and discs, and some had heavy and short clubs. Some had swords and mallets and some were armed with bludgeons, O Bharata. Some, possessed of gigantic sizes and great strength, were armed with lances and scimitars. Some were armed with maces and Bhusundis and some had spears on their hands. Possessed of high souls and great strength and endued with great speed and great impetuosity, those mighty companions had diverse kinds of terrible weapons in their arms. Beholding the installation of Kartikeya, those beings of mighty energy, delighting in battle and wearing on their persons rows of tinkling bells, danced around him in joy. These and many other mighty companions, O king, came to the high-souled and illustrious Kartikeya. Some belonged to the celestial regions, some to the aerial, and some to the regions of the Earth. All of them were endued with speed like that of the wind. Commanded by the gods, those brave and mighty ones became the companions of Kartikeya. Thousands upon thousands, millions upon millions, of such beings came there at the installation of the high-souled Kartikeya and stood surrounding him.”

Section XLVI

Vaisampayana said, “Listen now to the large bands of the mothers, those slayers of foes, O hero, that became the companions of Kumara, as I mention their names. Listen, O Bharata, to the names of those illustrious mothers. The mobile and immobile universe is pervaded by those auspicious ones. They are Prabhavati, Visalakshi, Palita, Gonasi, Srimati, Vahula, Vahuputrika, Apsujata, Gopali, Vrihadamvalika, Jayavati, Malatika, Dhruvaratna, Bhayankari, Vasudama, Sudama, Visoka, Nandini, Ekachuda, Mahachuda, Chakranemi, Uttejana, Jayatsena, Kamalakshi, Sobhana, Satrunjaya, Salabhi, Khari, Magadhi, Subhavaktra, Tirthaseni Gitipriya, Kalyani, Kodruroma, Amitasaria, Meghaswana, Bhogavati, Subhru, Kanakavati, Alatakshi, Viryavavati, Vidyujjihva, Padmavati, Sunakshatra, Kandara, Vahuyojana, Santanika, Kamala, Mahavala, Sudama, Vahudama, Suprabha, Jasadwini, Nrityapriya, Satolukhalamekhala, Saraghanta, Satananda, Bhagananda, Bhavini, Vapusmati, Chandrasita, Bhadrakali, Jhankarika, Nishkuntika, Vama, Shatwaravasini, Sumangala, Swastimati, Vriddhikama, Jayapriya, Ghananda, Suprasada, Bhavada, Janeswari, Edi, Bhedi, Samedi, Vetalojanani, Kanduti, Kalika, Devamitra, Tamvusi, Ketaki, Chitrasena, Achala, Kukkutika, Sankhalrka, Sakunika, Kunddria, Kokilika, Kumbhika, Satodari, Utkrthini, Jalela, Mahavegi, Kankana, Manojava, Kantakini, Pradhasa, Putana, Khesaya, Antarghati, Vama, Krosana, Taditprabha, Mandori, Tuhundi, Kotara, Meghavahini, Subhaga, Lamvini, Lamva, Vasuchuda, Vikathini, Urddhuvanidhara, Pingakshi, Lohamekhala, Prithuvaktra, Madhulika, Madhukumbha, Yakshalika, Matsunika, Jarayu, Jarjaranana, Khyata, Dahadaha, Khagdaknanda, Pushana, Manikuttika, Amogha, Lamvayodhara, Venuvinadhara, Pingakshi, Lohamekshela, Casolukamukhi, Krishna, Kharajangha, Mahajeva, Cikumaramuhi, Sweta, Lohitakshi, Vibhishana, Jatalika, Kamachari, Dirghajjihva, Valotkata, Kalehika, Vamanika, Mukuta, Lohitakshi, Mahakaya, Haripinda, Ekatawacha, Sukusuma, Krishnakarni, Kshurakarni, Chatushkarni, Karnapravarana, Chatushpathanikeat, Gokarni, Mahishanana, Kharakarni, Mahakarni, Bheriswanahaswana, Chankshakshakumbhasrava, Bhagada, Gana, Sugana, Bhini, Kamada, Chatuspatharata, Bhutirtha, Anyagochara, Pasuda, Vittada, Sukhada, Mahaysa, Payada, Gamahishada, Suvisala, Pratishtha, Supratishtha, Rochamana, Surochana, Naukarni, Mukhakarni, Vasira, Manthini, Ekavaktra, Megharava,

Meghamala, and Virochana. These and many other mothers, O bull of Bharata's race, numbering by thousands, of diverse forms, became the followers of Kartikeya. Their nails were long, their teeth were large and their lips also, O Bharata, were protruding. Of straight forms and sweet features, all of them, endowed with youth, were decked with ornaments. Possessed of ascetic merit, they were capable of assuming any form at will. Having not much flesh on their limbs, they were of fair complexions and endued with splendour like that of gold. Some amongst them were dark and looked like clouds in hue and some were of the colour of smoke, O bull of Bharata's race. And some were endued with the splendour of the morning sun and were highly blessed. Possessed of long tresses, they were clad in robes of white. The braids of some were tied upwards, and the eyes of some were tawny, and some had girdles that were very long. Some had long stomachs, some had long ears, and some had long breasts. Some had coppery eyes and coppery complexion, and the eyes of some were green. Capable of granting boons and of travelling at will, they were always cheerful. Possessed of great strength, some amongst them partook of the nature of Yama, some of Rudra, some of Soma, some of Kuvera, some of Varuna, some of Indra, and some of Agni, O scorcher of foes. And some partook of the nature of Vayu, some of Kumara, some of Brahman, O bull of Bharata's race, and some of Vishnu and some of Surya, and some of Varaha. Of charming and delightful features, they were beautiful like the Asuras. In voice they resembled the kokila and in prosperity they resembled the Lord of Treasures. In battle, their energy resembled that of Sakra. In splendour they resembled fire. In battle they always inspired their foes with terror. Capable of assuming any form at will, in fleetness they resembled the very wind. Of inconceivable might and energy, their prowess also was inconceivable. They have their abodes on trees and open spots and crossings of four roads. They live also in caves and crematoriums, mountains and springs. Adorned with diverse kinds of ornaments, they wear diverse kinds of attire, and speak diverse languages. These and many other tribes (of the mothers), all capable of inspiring foes with dread, followed the high-souled Kartikeya at the command of the chief of the celestials. The adorable chastiser of Paka, O tiger among kings, gave unto Guha (Kartikeya) a dart for the destruction of the enemies of the gods. That dart produces a loud whiz and is adorned with many large bells. Possessed of great splendour, it seemed to blaze with light. And Indra also gave him a banner effulgent as the morning sun. Siva gave him a large army, exceedingly fierce and armed with diverse kinds of weapons, and endued with great energy begotten of ascetic penances. Invincible and possessing all the qualities of a good army, that force was known by the name of Dhananjaya. It was protected by thirty thousand warriors each of whom was possessed of might equal to that of Rudra himself. That force knew not how to fly from battle. Vishnu gave him a triumphal garland that enhances the might of the wearer. Uma gave him two pieces of cloth of effulgence like that of the Sun. With great pleasure Ganga gave unto Kumara a celestial water-pot, begotten of amrita, and Vrihaspati gave him a sacred stick. Garuda gave him his favourite son, a peacock of beautiful feathers. Aruna gave him a cock of sharp talons. The royal Varuna gave him a snake of great energy and might. The lord Brahman gave unto that god devoted to Brahma a black deer-skin. And the Creator of all the worlds also gave him victory in all battles. Having obtained the command of the celestial forces, Skanda looked resplendent like a blazing fire of bright flames. Accompanied by those companions and the mothers, he proceeded for the destruction of the Daityas, gladdening all the foremost of the gods. The terrible host of celestials, furnished with standards adorned with bells, and equipped with drums and conchs and cymbals, and armed with

weapons, and decked with many banners, looked beautiful like the autumnal firmament bespangled with planets and stars. Then that vast assemblage of celestials and diverse kinds of creatures began cheerfully to beat their drums and blow their conchs numbering thousands. And they also played on their Patahas and Jharjharas and Krikachas and cow-horns and Adamvaras and Gomukhas and Dindimas of loud sound. All the gods, with Vasava at their head, praised Kumara. The celestials and the Gandharvas sang and the Apsaras danced. Well pleased (with these attentions) Skanda granted a boon unto all the gods, saying, 'I shall slay all your foes,' then, that is, that desire to slay you. Having obtained this boon from that best of gods, the illustrious celestials regarded their foes to be already slain. After Skanda had granted that boon, a loud sound arose from all those creatures inspired with joy, filling the three worlds. Accompanied by that vast host, Skanda then set out for the destruction of the Daityas and the protection of the denizens of heaven. Exertion, and Victory, and Righteousness, and Success, and Prosperity, and Courage, and the Scriptures (in their embodied forms) proceeded in the van of Kartikeya's army, O king! With that terrible force, which was armed with lances and mallets and blazing brands and maces and heavy clubs and arrows and darts and spears, and which was decked with beautiful ornaments and armour, and which uttered roars like those of a proud lion, the divine Guha set out. Beholding him, all the Daityas and Rakshasas and Danavas, anxious with fear, fled away on all sides. Armed with diverse weapons, the celestials pursued them. Seeing (the foe flying away), Skanda, endued with energy and might, became inflamed with wrath. He repeatedly hurled his terrible weapon, the dart (he had received from Agni). The energy that he then displayed resembled a fire fed with libations of clarified butter. While the dart was repeatedly hurled by Skanda of immeasurable energy, meteoric flashes, O king, fell upon the Earth. Thunderbolts also, with tremendous noise, fell upon the earth. Everything became as frightful O king, as it becomes on the day of universal destruction. When that terrible dart was once hurled by the son of Agni, millions of darts issued from it, O bull of Bharata's race. The puissant and adorable Skanda, filled with joy, at last slew Taraka, the chief of the Daityas, endued with great might and prowess, and surrounded (in that battle) by a hundred thousand heroic and mighty Daityas. He then, in that battle, slew Mahisha who was surrounded by eight Padmas of Daityas. He next slew Tripada who was surrounded by a thousand Ajutas of Daityas. The puissant Skanda then slew Hradodara, who was surrounded by ten Nikharvas of Daityas, with all his followers armed with diverse weapons. Filling the ten points of the compass, the followers of Kumara, O king, made a loud noise while those Daityas were being slain, and danced and jumped and laughed in joy. Thousands of Daityas, O king, were burnt with the flames that issued from Skanda's dart, while others breathed their last, terrified by the roars of Skanda. The three worlds were frightened at the yawns of Skanda's soldiers. The foes were consumed with flames produced by Skanda. Many were slain by his roars alone. Some amongst the foes of the gods, struck with banners, were slain. Some, frightened by the sounds of bells, fell down on the surface of the Earth. Some, mangled with weapons, fell down, deprived of life. In this way the heroic and mighty Kartikeya slew innumerable foes of the gods possessed of great strength that came to fight with him. Then Vali's son Vana of great might, getting upon the Krauncha mountain, battled with the celestial host. Possessed of great intelligence, the great generalissimo Skanda rushed against that foe of the gods. From fear of Kartikeya, he took shelter within the Krauncha mountain. Inflamed with rage, the adorable Kartikeya then pierced that mountain with that dart given him by Agni. The mountain was called Krauncha (crane) because

of the sound it always produced resembled the cry of a crane. That mountain was variegated with Sala trees. The apes and elephants on it were affrighted. The birds that had their abode on it rose up and wheeled around in the welkin. The snakes began to dart down its sides. It resounded also with the cries of leopards and bears in large numbers that ran hither and thither in fear. Other forests on it rang with the cries of hundreds upon hundreds of animals. Sarabhas and lions suddenly ran out. In consequence of all this that mountain, though it was reduced to a very pitiable plight, still assumed a very beautiful aspect. The Vidyadharas dwelling on its summits soared into the air. The Kinnaras also became very anxious, distracted by the fear caused by the fall of Skanda's dart. The Daityas then, by hundreds and thousands, came out of that blazing mountain, all clad in beautiful ornaments and garlands. The followers of Kumara, prevailing over them in battle, slew them all. The adorable Skanda, inflamed with rage, quickly slew the sort of Daitya chief (Vali) along with his younger brother, even as Indra had slain Vritra (in days before). The slayer of hostile heroes, Agni's son, pierced with his dart the Krauncha mountain, dividing his own self sometimes into many and sometimes uniting all his portions into one. Repeatedly hurled from his hand, the dart repeatedly came back to him. Even such was the might and glory of the adorable son of Agni. With redoubled heroism, and energy and fame and success, the god pierced the mountain and slew hundreds of Daityas. The adorable god, having thus slain the enemies of the celestials, was worshipped and honoured by the latter and obtained great joy. After the Krauncha mountain had been pierced and after the son of Chanda had been slain, drums were beaten, O king, and conchs were blown. The celestial ladies rained floral showers in succession upon that divine lord of Yogins. Auspicious breezes began to blow, bearing celestial perfumes. The Gandharvas hymned his praises, as also great Rishis always engaged in the performance of sacrifices. Some speak of him as the puissant son of the Grandsire, Sanatkumara, the eldest of all the sons of Brahman. Some speak of him as the son of Maheswara, and some as that of Agni. Some again describe him as the son of Uma or of the Kritikas or of Ganga. Hundreds and thousands of people speak of that Lord of Yogins of blazing form and great might, as the son of one of those, or of either of two of those, or of any one of four of those.

“I have thus told thee, O king, everything about the installation of Kartikeya. Listen now to the history of the sacredness of that foremost of tirthas on the Saraswati. That foremost of tirthas, O monarch, after the enemies of the gods had been slain, became a second heaven. The puissant son of Agni gave unto each of the foremost ones among the celestials diverse kinds of dominion and affluence and at last the sovereignty of the three worlds. Even thus, O monarch, was that adorable exterminator of the Daityas installed by the gods as their generalissimo. That other tirtha, O bull of Bharata's race, where in days of yore Varuna the lord of waters had been installed by the celestials, is known by the name of Taijasa. Having bathed in that tirtha and adored Skanda, Rama gave unto the Brahmanas gold and clothes and ornaments and other things. Passing one night there, that slayer of hostile heroes, Madhava, praising that foremost of tirthas and touching its water, became cheerful and happy. I have now told thee everything about which thou hadst enquired, how the divine Skanda was installed by the assembled gods!”

Section XLVII

Janamejaya said, “This history, O regenerate one, that I have heard from thee is exceedingly wonderful, this narration, in detail, of the installation, according to due rites, of Skanda. O thou possessed of wealth of asceticism, I deem myself cleansed by having listened to this account. My hair stands on end and my mind hath become cheerful. Having heard the history of the installation of Kumara and the destruction of the Daityas, great hath been my joy. I feel a curiosity, however, in respect of another matter. How was the Lord of the waters installed by the celestials in that tirtha in days of yore? O best of men, tell me that, for thou art possessed of great wisdom and art skilled in narration!”

Vaisampayana said, “Listen, O king, to this wonderful history of what transpired truly in a former Kalpa! In days of yore, in the Krita age, O king, all celestials, duly approaching Varuna, said unto him these words, ‘As Sakra, the Lord of the celestials, always protects us from every fear, similarly be thou the Lord of all the rivers! Thou always residest, O god, in the Ocean, that home of makaras! This Ocean, the lord of rivers, will then be under thy dominion! Thou shalt then wax and wane with Soma!’ (Thus addressed) Varuna answered them, saying, ‘Let it be so!’ All the celestials then, assembling together, made Varuna having his abode in the ocean the Lord of all the waters, according to the rites laid down in the scriptures. Having installed Varuna as the Lord of all aquatic creatures and worshipping him duly, the celestials returned to their respective abodes. Installed by the celestials, the illustrious Varuna began to duly protect seas and lakes and rivers and other reservoirs of water as Sakra protects the gods. Bathing in that tirtha also and giving away diverse kinds of gifts, Baladeva, the slayer of Pralamva, possessed of great wisdom, then proceeded to Agnitirtha, that spot where the eater of clarified butter, disappearing from the view, became concealed within the entrails of the Sami wood. When the light of all the worlds thus disappeared, O sinless one, the gods then repaired to the Grandsire of the universe. And they said, ‘The adorable Agni has disappeared. We do not know the reason. Let not all creatures be destroyed. Create fire, O puissant Lord!’”

Janamejaya said, “For what reason did Agni, the Creator of all the worlds, disappear? How also was he discovered by the gods? Tell me all this in detail.”

Vaisampayana said, “Agni of great energy became very much frightened at the curse of Bhrigu. Concealing himself within the entrails of the Sami wood, that adorable god disappeared from the view. Upon the disappearance of Agni, all the gods, with Vasava at their head, in great affliction, searched for the missing god. Finding Agni then, they saw that god lying within the entrails of the Sami wood. The celestials, O tiger among king, with Vrihaspati at their head, having succeeded in finding out the god, became very glad with Vasava amongst them. They then returned to the places they had come from. Agni also, from Bhrigu’s curse, became an eater of everything, as Bhrigu, that utterer of Brahma, had said. The intelligent Balarama, having bathed there, then proceeded to Brahmayoni where the adorable Grandsire of all the worlds had exercised his functions of creations. In days of yore, the Lord Brahman, along with all the gods, bathed in that tirtha, according to due rites for the celestials. Bathing there and giving away diverse kinds of gifts, Valadeva then proceeded to the tirtha called Kauvera where the puissant Ailavila, having practised severe austerities, obtained, O king, the Lordship over all treasures. While he dwelt there (engaged in austerities), all kinds of wealth, and all the precious gems came to him of their own accord. Baladeva having repaired to that tirtha and bathed in its waters duly

gave much wealth unto the Brahamanas. Rama beheld at that spot the excellent woods of Kuvera. In days of yore, the high-souled Kuvera, the chief of the Yakshas, having practised the severest austerities there, obtained many boons. There were the lordship of all treasures, the friendship of Rudra possessed of immeasurable energy, the status of a god, the regency over a particular point of the compass (the north), and a son named Nakakuvera. These the chief of the Yakshas speedily obtained there, O thou of mighty arms! The Maruts, coming there, installed him duly (in his sovereignty). He also obtained for a vehicle a well-equipped and celestial car, fleet as thought, as also all the affluence of a god. Bathing in that tirtha and giving away much wealth, Vala using white unguents thence proceeded quickly to another tirtha. Populous with all kinds of creatures, that tirtha is known by the name Vadarapachana. There the fruits of every season are always to be found and flowers and fruits of every kind are always abundant.”

Section XLVIII

Vaisampayana said, “Rama (as already said) then proceeded to the tirtha called Vadarapachana where dwelt many ascetics and Siddhas. There the daughter of Bharadwaja, unrivalled on earth for beauty, named Sruvavati, practised severe austerities. She was a maiden who led the life of a Brahmacharini. That beautiful damsel, observing diverse kinds of vows, practised the austerest of penances, moved by the desire of obtaining the Lord of the celestials for her husband. Many years passed away, O perpetuator of Kuru’s race, during which that damsel continually observed those diverse vows exceedingly difficult of being practised by women. The adorable chastiser of Paka at last became gratified with her in consequence of that conduct and those penances of hers and that high regard she showed for him. The puissant Lord of the celestials then came to that hermitage, having assumed the form of the high-souled and regenerate Rishi Vasishtha. Beholding that foremost of ascetics, Vasishtha, of the austerest penances, she worshipped him, O Bharata according to the rites observed by ascetics. Conversant with vows, the auspicious and sweet-speeched damsel addressed him, saying, ‘O adorable one, O tiger among ascetics, tell me thy commands, O lord! O thou of excellent vows, I shall serve thee according to the measure of my might! I will not, however, give thee my hand, in consequence of my regard for Sakra! I am seeking to please Sakra, the lord of the three worlds, with vows and rigid observances and ascetic penances!’ Thus addressed by her, the illustrious god, smiling as he cast his eyes on her, and knowing her observances, addressed her sweetly, O Bharata, saying, ‘Thou practisest penances of the austerest kind! This is known to me, O thou of excellent vows! That object also, cherished in thy heart, for the attainment of which thou strivest, O auspicious one, shall, O thou of beautiful face, be accomplished for thee! Everything is attainable by penances. Everything rests on penances. All those regions of blessedness, O thou of beautiful face, that belong to the gods can be obtained by penances. Penances are the root of great happiness. Those men that cast off their bodies after having practised austere penances, obtain the status of gods, O auspicious one! Bear in mind these words of mine! Do thou now, O blessed damsel, boil these five jujubes, O thou of excellent vows!’ Having said these words, the adorable slayer of Vala went away, taking leave, to mentally recite certain mantras at an excellent tirtha not far from that hermitage. That tirtha came to be known in the three worlds after the name of Indra, O giver of honours! Indeed, it was for the purpose of testing the damsel’s devotion that the Lord of the celestials acted in that way for obstructing the boiling of the jujubes. The damsel, O

king, having cleansed herself, began her task; restraining speech and with attention fixed on it, she sat to her task without feeling any fatigue. Even thus that damsel of high vows, O tiger among kings, began to boil those jujubes. As she sat employed in her task, O bull among men, day was about to wane, but yet those jujubes showed no signs of having been softened. The fuel she had there was all consumed. Seeing the fire about to die away owing to want of fuel, she began to burn her own limbs. The beautiful maiden first thrust her feet into the fire. The sinless damsel sat still while her feet began to be consumed. The faultless girl did not at all mind her burning feet. Difficult of accomplishment, she did it from desire of doing good to the Rishi (that had been her guest). Her face did not at all change under that painful process, nor did she feel any cheerlessness on that account. Having thrust her limbs into the fire, she felt as much joy as if she had dipped them into cool water. The words of the Rishi, 'Cook these jujubes well' were borne in her mind, O Bharata! The auspicious damsel, bearing those words of the great Rishi in her mind, began to cook those jujubes although the latter, O king, showed no signs of softening. The adorable Agni himself consumed her feet. For this, however, the maiden did not feel the slightest pain. Beholding this act of hers, the Lord of the three worlds became highly satisfied. He then showed himself in his own proper form to the damsel. The chief of the celestials then addressed that maiden of very austere vows saying, 'I am pleased at thy devotion, thy penances, and thy vows! The wish, therefore, O auspicious one, that thou cherishest shall be accomplished! Casting off thy body, O blessed one, thou shalt in heaven live with me! This hermitage, again, shall become the foremost of tirthas in the world, capable of cleansing from every sin, O thou of fair eyebrows, and shall be known by the name of Vadarapachana. It shall be celebrated in the three worlds and shall be praised by great Rishis. In this very tirtha, O auspicious, sinless, and highly blessed one, the seven Rishis had, on one occasion, left Arundhati, (the wife of one of them), when they went to Himavat. Those highly blessed ones of very rigid vows, had gone there for gathering fruits and roots for their sustenance. While they thus lived in a forest of Himavat for procuring their sustenance, a drought occurred extending for twelve years. Those ascetics, having made an asylum for themselves, continued to live there. Meanwhile Arundhati devoted herself to ascetic penances (at the spot where she had been left). Beholding Arundhati devoted to the austerest of vows, the boon-giving and three-eyed deity (Mahadeva) highly pleased, came there. The great Mahadeva, assuming the form of a Brahmana, came to her and said, 'I desire alms, O auspicious one!' The beautiful Arundhati said unto him, 'Our store of food hath been exhausted, O Brahmana! Do thou eat jujubes!' Mahadeva replied, 'Cook these jujubes, O thou of excellent vows!' After these words, she began to cook those jujubes for doing what was agreeable to that Brahmana. Placing those jujubes on the fire, the celebrated Arundhati listened to diverse excellent and charming and sacred discourses (from the lips of Mahadeva). That twelve years' drought then passed away (as if it were a single day). Without food, and employed in cooking and listening to those auspicious discourses, that terrible period passed away, as if it were a single day to her. Then the seven Rishis, having procured fruits from the mountain, returned to that spot. The adorable Mahadeva, highly pleased with Arundhati, said unto her, 'Approach, as formerly, these Rishis, O righteous one! I have been gratified with thy penances and vows!' The adorable Hara then stood confessed in his own form. Gratified, he spoke unto them about the noble conduct of Arundhati (in these words) 'The ascetic merit, ye regenerate ones, that this lady hath earned, is, I think, much greater than what ye have earned on the breast of Himavat! The penances practised by this lady have been exceedingly austere, for she passed

twelve years in cooking, herself fasting all the while!’ The divine Mahadeva then, addressing Arundhati, said unto her, ‘Solicit thou the boon, O auspicious dame, which is in thy heart!’ Then that lady of large eyes that were of a reddish hue addressed that god in the midst of the seven Rishis, saying, ‘If, O divine one thou art gratified with me, then let this spot be an excellent tirtha! Let it be known by the name of Vadarapachana and let it be the favourite resort of Siddhas and celestial Rishis. So also, O god of gods, let him who observes a fast here and resides for three nights after having cleansed himself, obtain the fruit of a twelve years’ fast!’ The god answered her, saying, ‘Let it be so!’ Praised by the seven Rishis, the god then repaired to heaven. Indeed the Rishis had been filled with wonder at the sight of the god and upon beholding the chaste Arundhati herself unspent and still possessed of the hue of health and so capable of bearing hunger and thirst. Even thus the pure-souled Arundhati, in days of old, obtained the highest success, like thee, O highly blessed lady, for my sake, O damsel of rigid vows! Thou, however, O amiable maiden, hast practised severer penances! Gratified with thy vows, I shall also grant thee this special boon, O auspicious one, a boon that is superior to what was granted to Arundhati. Through the power of the high-souled god who had granted that boon to Arundhati and through the energy of thyself, O amiable one, I shall duly grant thee another boon now, that the person who will reside in this tirtha for only one night and bathe here with soul fixed (on meditation), will, after casting off his body obtain many regions of blessedness that are difficult of acquisition (by other means)! Having said these words unto the cleansed Sruvavati, the thousand-eyed Sakra of great energy then went back to heaven. After the wielder of the thunderbolt, O king, had departed, a shower of celestial flowers of sweet fragrance fell there, O chief of Bharata’s race! Celestial kettle-drums also, of loud sound, were beaten there. Auspicious and perfumed breezes also blew there, O monarch! The auspicious Sruvavati then, casting off her body, became the spouse of Indra. Obtaining the status through austere penances, she began to pass her time, sporting with him for ever and ever.”

Janamejaya said, “Who was the mother of Sruvavati, and how was that fair damsel reared? I desire to hear this, O Brahmana, for the curiosity I feel is great.”

Vaisampayana said, “The vital seed of the regenerate and high-souled Rishi Bharadwaja fell, upon beholding the large-eyed Apsara Ghrithachi as the latter was passing at one time. That foremost of ascetics thereupon held it in his hand. It was then kept in a cup made of the leaves of a tree. In that cup was born the girl Sruvavati. Having performed the usual post-genital rites, the great ascetic Bharadwaja, endued with wealth of penances, gave her a name. The name the righteous-souled Rishi gave her in the presence of the gods and Rishis was Sruvavati. Keeping the girl in his hermitage, Bharadwaja repaired to the forests of Himavat. That foremost one among the Yadus, Baladeva of great dignity, having bathed in that tirtha and given away much wealth unto many foremost of Brahmanas, then proceeded, with soul well-fixed on meditation, to the tirtha of Sakta.”

Section XLIX

Vaisampayana said, “The mighty chief of the Yadus, having proceeded to Indra’s tirtha, bathed there according to due rites and gave away wealth and gems unto the Brahmanas. There the chief of the celestials had performed a hundred horse sacrifices and given away enormous wealth unto Vrihaspati. Indeed, through the assistance of Brahmanas conversant with the Vedas,

Sakra performed all those sacrifices there, according to rites ordained (in the scriptures). Those sacrifices were such that everything in them was unstinted. Steeds of all kinds were brought there. The gifts to Brahmanas were profuse. Having duly completed those hundred sacrifices, O chief of the Bharatas, Sakra of great splendour came to be called by the name of Satakratu. That auspicious and sacred tirtha, capable of cleansing from every sin, thereupon came to be called after his name as Indra-tirtha. Having duly bathed there, Baladeva worshipped the Brahmanas with presents of excellent food and robes. He then proceeded to that auspicious and foremost of tirthas called after the name of Rama. The highly blessed Rama of Bhrigu's race, endued with great ascetic merit, repeatedly subjugated the Earth and slew all the foremost of Kshatriyas. (After achieving such feats) Rama performed in that tirtha a Vajapeya sacrifice and a hundred horse sacrifices through the assistance of his preceptor Kasyapa, that best of Munis. There, as sacrificial fee, Rama gave unto his preceptor the whole earth with her oceans. The great Rama, having duly bathed there, made presents unto the Brahmanas, O Janamejaya, and worshipped them thus. Having made diverse present consisting of diverse kinds of gems as also kine and elephants and female slaves and sheep and goats, he then retired into the woods. Having bathed in that sacred and foremost of tirthas that was the resort of gods and regenerate Rishis, Baladeva duly worshipped the ascetics there, and then proceeded to the tirtha called Yamuna. Endued with great effulgence, Varuna, the highly blessed son of Aditi, had in days of yore performed in that tirtha the Rajasuya sacrifice, O lord of Earth! Having in battle subjugated both men and celestials and Gandharvas and Rakshasas, Varuna, O king, that slayer of hostile heroes, performed his grand sacrifice in that tirtha. Upon the commencement of that foremost of sacrifices, a battle ensued between the gods and the Danavas inspiring the three worlds with terror. After the completion of that foremost of sacrifices, the Rajasuya (of Varuna), a terrible battle, O Janamejaya, ensued amongst the Kshatriyas. The ever-liberal and puissant Baladeva having worshipped the Rishis there, made many presents unto those that desired them. Filled with joy and praised by the great Rishis, Baladeva, that hero ever decked with garlands of wild flowers and possessed of eyes like lotus leaves, then proceeded to the tirtha called Aditya. There, O best of kings, the adorable Surya of great splendour, having performed a sacrifice, obtained the sovereignty of all luminous bodies (in the universe) and acquired also his great energy. There, in that tirtha situated on the bank of that river, all the gods with Vasava at their head, the Viswedevas, the Maruts, the Gandharvas, the Apsaras, the Island-born (Vyasa), Suka, Krishna the slayer of Madhu, the Yakshas, the Rakshasas, and the Pisachas, O king, and diverse others, numbering by thousands, all crowned with ascetic success, always reside. Indeed in that auspicious and sacred tirtha of the Saraswati, Vishnu himself, having in days of yore slain the Asuras, Madhu and Kaitabha, had, O chief of the Bharatas, performed his ablutions. The island-born (Vyasa) also, of virtuous soul, O Bharata, having bathed in that tirtha, obtained great Yoga powers and attained to high success. Endued with great ascetic merit, the Rishi Asita-Devala also, having bathed in that very tirtha with soul rapt in high Yoga meditation, obtained great Yoga powers.”

Section L

Vaisampayana said, “In that tirtha lived in days of yore a Rishi of virtuous soul, named Asita-Devala, observant of the duties of Domesticity. Devoted to virtue, he led a life of purity

and self-restraint. Possessed of great ascetic merit, he was compassionate unto all creatures and never injured anyone. In word, deed, and thought, he maintained an equal behaviour towards all creatures. Without wrath, O monarch, censure and praise were equal to him. Of equal attitude towards the agreeable and the disagreeable, he was, like Yama himself, thoroughly impartial. The great ascetic looked with an equal eye upon gold and a heap of pebbles. He daily worshipped the gods and guests, and Brahmanas (that came to him). Ever devoted to righteousness, he always practised the vow of Brahmacharya. Once upon a time, an intelligent ascetic, O monarch, of the name of Jaigishavya, devoted to Yoga and rapt in meditation and leading the life of a mendicant, came to Devala's asylum. Possessed of great splendour, that great ascetic, ever devoted to Yoga, O monarch, while residing in Devala's asylum, became crowned with ascetic success. Indeed, while the great Muni Jaigishavya resided there, Devala kept his eyes on him, never neglecting him at any time. Thus, O monarch, a long time was passed by the two in days of yore. On one occasion, Devala lost sight of Jaigishavya, that foremost of ascetics. At the hour, however, of dinner, O Janamejaya, the intelligent and righteous ascetic, leading a life of mendicancy, approached Devala for soliciting alms. Beholding that great ascetic re-appear in the guise of a mendicant, Devala showed him great honour and expressed much gratification. And Devala worshipped his guest, O Bharata, according to the measure of his abilities, after the rites laid down by the Rishis and with great attention for many years. One day, however, O king, in the sight of that great Muni, a deep anxiety perturbed the heart of the high-souled Devala. The latter thought within himself, 'Many years have I passed in worshipping this ascetic. This idle mendicant, however, hath not yet spoken to me a single word!' Having thought of this, the blessed Devala proceeded to the shores of the ocean, journeying through the welkin and bearing his earthen jug with him. Arrived at the coast of the Ocean, that lord of rivers, O Bharata, the righteous-souled Devala saw Jaigishavya arrived there before him. The lord Asita, at this sight, became filled with wonder and thought within himself, 'How could the mendicant come to the ocean and perform his ablutions even before my arrival?' Thus thought the great Rishi Asita. Duly performing his ablutions there and purifying himself thereby, he then began to silently recite the sacred mantras. Having finished his ablutions and silent prayers, the blessed Devala returned to his asylum, O Janamejaya, bearing with him his earthen vessel filled with water. As the ascetic, however, entered his own asylum, he saw Jaigishavya seated there. The great ascetic Jaigishavya never spoke a word to Devala, but lived in the latter's asylum as if he were a piece of wood. Having beheld that ascetic, who was an ocean of austerities, plunged in the waters of the sea (before his own arrival there), Asita now saw him returned to his hermitage before his own return. Witnessing this power, derived through Yoga, of Jaigishavya's penances, Asita Devala, O king, endued with great intelligence, began to reflect upon the matter. Indeed that best of ascetics, O monarch, wondered much, saying, 'How could this one be seen in the ocean and again in my hermitage?' While absorbed in such thoughts, the ascetic Devala, conversant with mantras, then soared aloft, O monarch, from his hermitage into the sky, for ascertaining who Jaigishavya, wedded to a life of mendicancy, really was. Devala saw crowds of sky-ranging Siddhas rapt in meditation, and he saw Jaigishavya reverentially worshipped by those Siddhas. Firm in the observance of his vows and persevering (in his efforts), Devala became filled with wrath at the sight. He then saw Jaigishavya set out for heaven. He next beheld him proceed to the region of the Pitris. Devala saw him then proceed to the region of Yama. From Yama's region the great ascetic Jaigishavya was then seen to soar aloft and proceed to the

abode of Soma. He was then seen to proceed to the blessed regions (one after another) of the performers of certain rigid sacrifices. Thence he proceeded to the regions of the Agnihotris and thence to the region of those ascetics that perform the Darsa and the Purnamasa sacrifices. The intelligent Devala then saw him proceed from those regions of persons performing sacrifices by killing animals to that pure region which is worshipped by the very gods. Devala next saw the mendicant proceed to the place of those ascetics that perform the sacrifice called Chaturmasya and diverse others of the same kind. Thence he proceeded to the region belonging to the performers of the Agnishtoma sacrifice. Devala then saw his guest repair to the place of those ascetics that perform the sacrifice called Agnishutta. Indeed, Devala next saw him in the regions of those highly wise men that perform the foremost of sacrifices, Vajapeya, and that other sacrifice in which a profusion of gold is necessary. Then he saw Jaigishavya in the region of those that perform the Rajasuya and the Pundarika. He then saw him in the regions of those foremost of men that perform the horse-sacrifice and the sacrifice in which human beings are slaughtered. Indeed, Devala saw Jaigishavya in the regions also of those that perform the sacrifice called Sautramani and that other in which the flesh, so difficult to procure, of all living animals, is required. Jaigishavya was then seen in the regions of those that perform the sacrifice called Dadasaha and diverse others of similar character. Asita next saw his guest sojourning in the region of Mitravaruna and then in that of the Adityas. Asita then saw his guest pass through the regions of the Rudras, the Vasus and Vrihaspati. Having soared next into the blessed region called Goloka, Jaigishavya was next seen to pass into these of the Brahmasatris. Having by his energy passed through three other regions, he was seen to proceed to those regions that are reserved for women that are chaste and devoted to their husbands. Asita, however, at this point, O chastiser of foes, lost sight of Jaigishavya, that foremost of ascetics, who, rapt in yoga, vanished from his sight. The highly blessed Devala then reflected upon the power of Jaigishavya and the excellence of his vows as also upon the unrivalled success of his yoga. Then the self-restrained Asita, with joined hands and in a reverential spirit, enquired of those foremost of Siddhas in the regions of the Brahmasatris, saying, ‘I do not see Jaigishavya! Tell me where that ascetic of great energy is. I desire to hear this, for great is my curiosity.’

“The Siddhis said, ‘Listen, O Devala of rigid vows, as we speak to thee the truth. Jaigishavya hath gone to the eternal region of Brahman.’”

Vaisampayana continued, “Hearing these words of those Siddhas residing in the regions of the Brahmasatris, Asita endeavoured to soar aloft but he soon fell down. The Siddhas then, once more addressing Devala, said unto him, ‘Thou, O Devala, art not competent to proceed thither, to the abode of Brahman, whither Jaigishavya hath gone!’”

Vaisampayana continued, “Hearing those words of the Siddhas, Devala came down, descending from one region to another in due order. Indeed, he repaired to his own sacred asylum very quickly, like a winged insect. As soon as he entered his abode he beheld Jaigishavya seated there. Then Devala, beholding the power derived through Yoga of Jaigishavya’s penances, reflected upon it with his righteous understanding and approaching that great ascetic, O king, with humility, addressed the high-souled Jaigishavya, saying, ‘I desire, O adorable one, to adopt the religion of Moksha (Emancipation)! Hearing these words of his, Jaigishavya gave him lessons. And he also taught him the ordinances of Yoga and the supreme and eternal duties and their reverse. The great ascetic, seeing him firmly resolved, performed all the acts (for his admission into that religion) according to the rites ordained for that end. Then all creatures, with

the Pitris, beholding Devala resolved to adopt the religion of Moksha, began to weep, saying, ‘Alas, who will henceforth give us food!’ Hearing these lamentations of all creatures that resounded through the ten points, Devala set his heart upon renouncing the religion of Moksha. Then all kinds of sacred fruits and roots, O Bharata, and flowers and deciduous herbs, in thousands, began to weep, saying, ‘The wicked-hearted and mean Devala will, without doubt, once more pluck and cut us! Alas, having once assured all creatures of his perfect harmlessness, he sees not the wrong that he meditates to do!’ At this, that best of ascetics began to reflect with the aid of his understanding, saying, ‘Which amongst these two, the religion of Moksha or that of Domesticity, will be the better for me? Reflecting upon this, Devala, O best of kings, abandoned the religion of Domesticity and adopted that of Moksha. Having indulged in those reflections, Devala, in consequence of that resolve obtained the highest success, O Bharata, and the highest Yoga. The celestials then, headed by Vrihaspati, applauded Jaigishavya and the penances of that ascetic. Then that foremost of ascetics, Narada, addressing the gods, said, ‘There is no ascetic penance in Jaigishavya since he filled Asita with wonder!’ The denizens of heaven then, addressing Narada who said such frightful words, said, ‘Do not say so about the great ascetic Jaigishavya! There is no one superior or even equal to this high-souled one in force of energy and penance and Yoga!’ Even such was the power of Jaigishavya as also of Asita. This is the place of those two, and this the tirtha of those two high-souled persons. Bathing there and giving away wealth unto the Brahmanas, the high-souled wielder of the plough, of noble deeds, earned great merit and then proceeded to the tirtha of Soma.”

Section LI

Vaisampayana said, “There, in that tirtha, O Bharata, where the Lord of stars had in former days performed the Rajasuya sacrifice, a great battle was fought in which Taraka was the root of the evil. Bathing in that tirtha and making many presents, the virtuous Vala of cleansed soul proceeded to the tirtha of the Muni named Saraswat. There, during a drought extending for twelve years, the sage Saraswat, in former days, taught the Vedas unto many foremost of Brahmanas.”

Janamejaya said, “Why did the sage Saraswat, O thou of ascetic merit, teach the Vedas unto the Rishis during a twelve years’ drought?”

Vaisampayana continued, “In days of yore, O monarch, there was an intelligent sage of great ascetic merit. He was celebrated by the name of Dadhicha. Possessing a complete control over his senses, he led the life of a Brahmacharin. In consequence of his excessive ascetic austerities Sakra was afflicted with a great fear. The sage could not be turned (away from his penance) by the offer of even diverse kinds of rewards. At last the chastiser of Paka, for tempting the sage, despatched unto him the exceedingly beautiful and celestial Apsara, by name Alamvusha. Thither where on the banks of the Saraswati the high-souled sage was engaged in the act of gratifying the gods, the celestial damsel named above, O monarch, made her appearance. Beholding that damsel of beautiful limbs, the vital seed of that ascetic of cleansed soul came out. It fell into the Saraswati, and the latter held it with care. Indeed, O bull among men, the River, beholding that seed, held it in her womb. In time the seed developed into a foetus and the great river held it so that it might be inspired with life as a child. When the time came, the foremost of rivers brought forth that child and then went, O lord, taking it with her, to that

Rishi. Beholding that best of Rishis in a conclave, Saraswati, O monarch, while making over the child, said these words, ‘O regenerate Rishi, this is thy son whom I held through devotion for thee! That seed of thine which fell at sight of the Apsara Alamvusha, had been held by me in my womb, O regenerate Rishi, through devotion for thee, well knowing that that energy of thine would never suffer destruction! Given by me, accept this faultless child of thy own!’ Thus addressed by her, the Rishi accepted the child and felt great joy. Through affection, that foremost of Brahmanas then smelt the head of his son and held him in a close embrace, O foremost one of Bharata’s race, for some time. Gratified with the River, the great ascetic Dadhicha then gave a boon to her, saying, ‘The Viswedevas, the Rishis, and all the tribes of the Gandharvas and the Apsaras, will henceforth, O blessed one, derive great happiness when oblations of thy water are presented unto them!’ Having said so unto that great river, the sage, gratified and filled with joy, then praised her in these words. Listen to them duly, O king! ‘Thou hast taken thy rise, O highly blessed one, from the lake of Brahman in days of old. All ascetics of rigid vows know thee, O foremost of rivers! Always of agreeable features, thou hast done me great good! This thy great child, O thou of the fairest complexion, will be known by the name of Saraswat! This thy son, capable of creating new worlds, will become known after thy name! Indeed, that great ascetic will be known by the name of Saraswat! During a drought extending for twelve years, this Saraswat, O blessed one, will teach the Vedas unto many foremost of Brahmanas! O blessed Saraswati, through my grace, thou shalt, O beautiful one, always become the foremost of all sacred rivers!’ Even thus was the great River praised by the sage after the latter had granted her boons. The River then, in great joy, went away, O bull of Bharata’s race, taking with her that child. Meanwhile, on the occasion of a war between the gods and the Danavas, Sakra wandered through the three worlds in search of weapons. The great god, however, failed to find such weapons as were fit to slay the foes of the celestials. Sakra then said unto the gods. ‘The great Asuras are incapable of being dealt with by me! Indeed, without the bones of Dadhicha, our foes could not be slain! Ye best of celestials, repair, therefore, to that foremost of Rishis and solicit him, saying, “Grant us, O Dadhicha, thy bones! With them we will slay our foes!” Besought by them for his bones, that foremost of Rishis, O chief of Kuru’s race, unhesitatingly gave up his life. Having done what was agreeable to the gods, the sage obtained many regions of inexhaustible merit. With his bones, meanwhile, Sakra joyfully caused to be made many kinds of weapons, such as thunderbolts, discs, heavy maces, and many kinds of clubs and bludgeons. Equal unto the Creator himself, Dadhicha, had been begotten by the great Rishi Bhrigu, the son of the Lord of all creatures, with the aid of his austere penances. Of stout limbs and possessed of great energy, Dadhicha had been made the strongest of creatures in the world. The puissant Dadhicha, celebrated for his glory, became tall like the king of mountains. The chastiser of Paka had always been anxious on account of his energy. With the thunderbolt born of Brahma energy, and inspired with mantras, O Bharata, Indra made a loud noise when he hurled it, and slew nine and ninety heroes among the Daityas. After a long and dreadful time had elapsed since then, a drought, O king, occurred that extended for twelve years. During that drought extending for twelve years, the great Rishis, for the sake of sustenance, fled away, O monarch, on all sides. Beholding them scattered in all directions, the sage Saraswat also set his heart on flight. The river Saraswati then said unto him, ‘Thou needst not, O son, depart hence, for I will always supply thee with food even here by giving thee large fishes! Stay thou, therefore, even here!’ Thus addressed (by the river), the sage continued to live there and offer oblations of food unto

the Rishis and the gods. He got also his daily food and thus continued to support both himself and the gods. After that twelve year's drought had passed away, the great Rishis solicited one another for lectures on the Vedas. While wandering with famished stomachs, the Rishis had lost the knowledge of the Vedas. There was, indeed, not one amongst them that could understand the scriptures. It chanced that some one amongst them encountered Saraswat, that foremost of Rishis, while the latter was reading the Vedas with concentrated attention. Coming back to the conclave of Rishis, he spoke to them of Saraswat of unrivalled splendour and god-like mien engaged in reading the Vedas in a solitary forest. Then all the great Rishis came to that spot, and jointly spoke unto Saraswat, that best of ascetics, these words, 'Teach us, O sage!' Unto them the ascetic replied, saying, 'Become ye my disciples duly!' The conclave of ascetics answered, 'O son, thou art too young in years!' Thereupon he answered the ascetics, 'I must act in such a way that my religious merit may not suffer a diminution! He that teaches improperly, and he that learns improperly, are both lost in no time and come to hate each other! It is not upon years, or decrepitude, or wealth, or the number of kinsmen, that Rishis found their claim to merit! He amongst us is great who is capable of reading and understanding the Vedas!' Hearing these words of his, those Munis duly became his disciples and obtaining from him their Vedas, once more began to praise their rites. Sixty thousand Munis became disciples of the regenerate Rishi Saraswat for the sake of acquiring their Vedas from him. Owning obedience to that agreeable Rishi, though a boy, the Munis each brought a handful of grass and offered it to him for his seat. The mighty son of Rohini, and elder brother of Kesava, having given away wealth in that tirtha, then joyfully proceeded to another where lived (in days of yore) an old lady without having passed through the ceremony of marriage."

Section LII

Janamejaya said, "Why, O regenerate one, did that maiden betake herself to ascetic penances, in days of old? For what reason did she practise penances, and what was her vow? Unrivalled and fraught with mystery is the discourse that I have already heard from thee! Tell me (now) all the particulars in detail regarding how that maid engaged herself in penances."

Vaisampayana said, "There was a Rishi of abundant energy and great fame, named Kuni-Garga. That foremost of ascetics, having practised the austerest of penances, O king, created a fair-browed daughter by a fiat of his will. Beholding her, the celebrated ascetic Kuni-Garga became filled with joy. He abandoned his body, O king, and then went to heaven. That faultless and amiable and fair-browed maiden, meanwhile, of eyes like lotus petals continued to practise severe and very rigid penances. She worshipped the Pitris and the gods with fasts. In the practice of such severe penances a long period elapsed. Though her sire had been for giving her away to a husband, she yet did not wish for marriage, for she did not see a husband that could be worthy of her. Continuing to emaciate her body with austere penances, she devoted herself to the worship of the Pitris and the gods in that solitary forest. Although engaged in such toil, O monarch, and although she emaciated herself by age and austerities, yet she regarded herself happy. At last when she (became very old so that she) could no longer move even a single step without being aided by somebody, she set her heart upon departing for the other world. Beholding her about to cast off her body, Narada said unto her, 'O sinless one, thou hast no regions of blessedness to obtain in consequence of thy not having cleansed thyself by rite of marriage! O thou of great

vows, we have heard this in heaven! Great hath been thy ascetic austerities, but thou hast no claim to regions of blessedness!’ Hearing these words of Narada, the old lady went to a concourse of Rishis and said, ‘I shall give him half my penances who will accept my hand in marriage!’ After she had said those words, Galava’s son, a Rishi, known by the name of Sringavat, accepted her hand, having proposed this compact to her, ‘With this compact, O beautiful lady, I shall accept thy hand, that thou shalt live with me for only one night!’ Having agreed to that compact, she gave him her hand. Indeed, Galava’s son, according to the ordinances laid down and having duly poured libations on the fire, accepted her hand and married her. On that night, she became a young lady of the fairest complexion, robed in celestial attire and decked in celestial ornaments and garlands and smeared with celestial unguents and perfumes. Beholding her blazing with beauty, Galava’s son became very happy and passed one night in her company. At morn she said unto him, ‘The compact, O Brahmana, I had made with thee, hath been fulfilled, O foremost of ascetics! Blessed be thou, I shall now leave thee!’ After obtaining his permission, she once more said, ‘He that will, with rapt attention, pass one night in this tirtha after having gratified the denizens of heaven with oblations of water, shall obtain that merit which is his who observes the vow of Brahmacharya for eight and fifty years!’ Having said these words, that chaste lady departed for heaven. The Rishi, her lord, became very cheerless, by dwelling upon the memory of her beauty. In consequence of the compact he had made, he accepted with difficulty half her penances. Casting off his body he soon followed her, moved by sorrow, O chief of Bharata’s race, and forced to it by her beauty. Even this is the glorious history of the old maid that I have told thee! Even this is the account of her Brahmacharya and her auspicious departure for heaven. While there Baladeva heard of the slaughter of Salya. Having made presents unto the Brahmanas there, he gave way to grief, O scorcher of his foes, for Salya who had been slain by the Pandavas in battle. Then he of Madhu’s race, having come out of the environs of Samantapanchaka, enquired of the Rishis about the results of the battle at Kurukshetra. Asked by that lion of Yadu’s race about the results of the battle at Kurukshetra, those high-souled ones told him everything as it had happened.”

Section LIII

“The Rishis said, ‘O Rama, this Samantapanchaka is said to be the eternal northern altar of Brahman, the Lord of all creatures. There the denizens of heaven, those givers of great boons, performed in days of yore a great sacrifice. That foremost of royal sages, the high-souled Kuru, of great intelligence and immeasurable energy, had cultivated this field for many years. Hence it came to be Kurukshetra (the field of Kuru)!’

“Rama said, ‘For what reason did the high-souled Kuru cultivate this field? I desire to have this narrated by you, ye Rishis possessed of wealth of penances!’

“The Rishis said, ‘In days of yore, O Rama, Kuru was engaged in perseveringly tilling the soil of this field. Sakra, coming down from heaven, asked him the reason, saying, “Why O king, art thou employed (in this task) with such perseverance? What is thy purpose, O royal sage, for the accomplishment of which thou art tilling the soil?” Kuru thereupon replied, saying, “O thou of a hundred sacrifices, they that will die upon this plain shall proceed to regions of blessedness after being cleansed of their sins!” The lord Sakra, ridiculing this, went back to heaven. The royal sage Kuru, however, without being at all depressed, continued to till the soil.

Sakra repeatedly came to him and repeatedly receiving the same reply went away ridiculing him. Kuru, however, did not, on that account, feel depressed. Seeing the king till the soil with unflagging perseverance. Sakra summoned the celestials and informed them of the monarch's occupation. Hearing Indra's words, the celestials said unto their chief of a thousand eyes, "Stop the royal sage, O Sakra by granting him a boon, if thou canst! If men, by only dying there were to come to heaven, without having performed sacrifices to us, our very existence will be endangered!" Thus exhorted, Sakra then came back to that royal sage and said, "Do not toil any more! Act according to my words! Those men that will die here, having abstained from food with all their senses awake, and those that will perish here in battle, shall, O king, come to heaven! They, O thou of great soul, shall enjoy the blessings of heaven, O monarch!" Thus addressed, king Kuru answered Sakra, saying, "So be it!" Taking Kuru's leave, the slayer of Vala, Sakra, then, with a joyful heart, quickly went back to heaven. Even thus, O foremost one of Yadu's race, that royal sage had, in days of yore, tilled this plain and Sakra had promised great merit unto those that would cast off their bodies here. Indeed, it was sanctioned by all the foremost ones, headed by Brahman, among the gods, and by the sacred Rishis, that on earth there should be no more sacred spot than this! Those men that perform austere penances here would all after casting off their bodies go to Brahman's abode. Those meritorious men, again, that would give away their wealth here would soon have their wealth doubled. They, again, that will, in expectation of good, reside constantly here, will never have to visit the region of Yama. Those kings that will perform great sacrifices here will reside as long in heaven as Earth herself will last. The chief of the celestials, Sakra, himself composed a verse here and sang it. Listen to it, O Baladeva! "The very dust of Kurukshetra, borne away by the wind, shall cleanse persons of wicked acts and bear them to heaven!" The foremost ones amongst the gods, as also those amongst the Brahmanas, and many foremost ones among the kings of the Earth such as Nriga and others, having performed costly sacrifices here, after abandoning their bodies, proceeded to heaven. The space between the Tarantuka and the Arantuka and the lakes of Rama and Shamachakra, is known as Kurukshetra. Samantapanchaka is called the northern (sacrificial) altar of Brahman, the Lord of all creatures. Auspicious and highly sacred and much regarded by the denizens of heaven is this spot that possesses all attributes. It is for this that Kshatriyas slain in battle here obtain sacred regions of eternal blessedness. Even this was said by Sakra himself about the high blessedness of Kurukshetra. All that Sakra said was again approved and sanctioned by Brahman, by Vishnu, and by Maheswara."

Section LIV

Vaisampayana said, "Having visited Kurukshetra and given away wealth there, he of the Satwata race then proceeded, O Janamejaya, to a large and exceedingly beautiful hermitage. That hermitage was overgrown with Madhuka and mango trees, and abounded with Plakshas and Nyagrodhas. And it contained many Vilwas and many excellent jack and Arjuna trees. Beholding that goodly asylum with many marks of sacredness, Baladeva asked the Rishis as to whose it was. Those high-souled ones, O king, said unto Baladeva, 'Listen in detail, O Rama, as to whose asylum this was in days of yore! Here the god Vishnu in days of yore performed austere penances. Here he performed duly all the eternal sacrifices. Here a Brahmani maiden, leading from youth the vow of Brahmacharya, became crowned with ascetic success. Ultimately,

in the possession of Yoga powers, that lady of ascetic penances proceeded to heaven. The high-souled Sandilya, O king, got a beautiful daughter who was chaste, wedded to severe vows, self-restrained, and observant of Brahmacharya. Having performed the severest of penances such as are incapable of being performed by women, the blessed lady at last went to heaven, worshipped by the gods and Brahmanas!’ Having heard these words of the Rishis, Baladeva entered that asylum. Bidding farewell to the Rishis, Baladeva of unfading glory went through the performance of all the rites and ceremonies of the evening twilight on the side of Himavat and then began his ascent of the mountain. The mighty Balarama having the device of the palmyra on his banner had not proceeded far in his ascent when he beheld a sacred and goodly tirtha and wondered at the sight. Beholding the glory of the Saraswati, as also the tirtha called Plakshaprasravana, Vala next reached another excellent and foremost of tirthas called Karavapana. The hero of the plough, of great strength, having made many presents there, bathed in the cool, clear, sacred, and sin-cleansing water (of that tirtha). Passing one night there with the ascetics and the Brahmanas, Rama then proceeded to the sacred asylum of the Mitra-Varunas. From Karavapana he proceeded to that spot on the Yamuna where in days of yore Indra and Agni and Aryaman had obtained great happiness. Bathing there, that bull of Yadu’s race, of righteous soul, obtained great happiness. The hero then sat himself down with the Rishis and the Siddhas there for listening to their excellent talk. There where Rama sat in the midst of that conclave, the adorable Rishi Narada came (in course of his wandering). Covered with matted locks and attired in golden rays, he bore in his hands, O king, a staff made of gold and a water-pot made of the same precious metal. Accomplished in song and dance and adored by gods and Brahmanas, he had with him a beautiful Vina of melodious notes, made of the tortoise-shell. A provoker of quarrels and ever fond of quarrels, the celestial Rishi came to that spot where the handsome Rama was resting. Standing up and sufficiently honouring the celestial Rishi of regulated vows, Rama asked him about all that had happened to the Kurus. Conversant with every duty and usage, Narada then, O king, told him everything, as it had happened, about the awful extermination of the Kurus. The son of Rohini then, in sorrowful words, enquired of the Rishi, saying, ‘What is the state of the field? How are those kings now that had assembled there? I have heard everything before, O thou that art possessed of the wealth of penances, but my curiosity is great for hearing it in detail!’

“Narada said, ‘Already Bhishma and Drona and the lord of the Sindhus have fallen! Vikartana’s son Karna also hath fallen, with his sons, those great car-warriors! Bhurisravas too, O son of Rohini, and the valiant chief of the Madras have fallen! Those and many other mighty heroes that had assembled there, ready to lay down their lives for the victory of Duryodhana, those kings and princes unreturning from battle, have all fallen! Listen now to me, O Madhava, about those that are yet alive! In the army of Dhritarashtra’s son, only three grinders of hosts are yet alive! They are Kripa and Kritavarman and the valiant son of Drona! These also, O Rama, have from fear fled away to the ten points of the compass! After Salya’s fall and the flight of Kripa and the others, Duryodhana, in great grief, had entered the depths of the Dwaipayana lake. While lying stretched for rest at the bottom of the lake after stupefying its waters, Duryodhana was approached by the Pandavas with Krishna and pierced by them with their cruel words. Pierced with wordy darts, O Rama, from every side, the mighty and heroic Duryodhana hath risen from the lake armed with his heavy mace. He hath come forward for fighting Bhima for the present. Their terrible encounter, O Rama, will take place today! If thou feelest any curiosity,

then hasten, O Madhava, without tarrying here! Go, if thou wishest, and witness that terrible battle between thy two disciples!”

Vaisampayana continued, “Hearing these words of Narada, Rama bade a respectful farewell to those foremost of Brahmanas and dismissed all those that had accompanied him (in his pilgrimage). Indeed, he ordered his attendants, saying, ‘Return ye to Dwaraka!’ He then descended from that prince of mountains and that fair hermitage called Plakshaprasavana. Having listened to the discourse of the sages about the great merits of tirthas, Rama of unfading glory sang this verse in the midst of the Brahmanas, ‘Where else is such happiness as that in a residence by the Saraswati? Where also such merits as those in a residence by the Saraswati? Men have departed for heaven, having approached the Saraswati! All should ever remember the Saraswati! Saraswati is the most sacred of rivers! Saraswati always bestows the greatest happiness on men! Men, after approaching the Saraswati, will not have to grieve for their sins either here or hereafter!’ Repeatedly casting his eyes with joy on the Saraswati, that scorcher of foes then ascended an excellent car unto which were yoked goodly steeds. Journeying then on that car of great fleetness, Baladeva, that bull of Yadu’s race, desirous of beholding the approaching encounter of his two disciples arrived on the field.”

Section LV

Vaisampayana said, “Even thus, O Janamejaya, did that terrible battle take place. King Dhritarashtra, in great sorrow, said these words with reference to it:

“Dhritarashtra said, ‘Beholding Rama approach that spot when the mace-fight was about to happen, how, O Sanjaya, did my son fight Bhima?’

“Sanjaya said, ‘Beholding the presence of Rama, thy valiant son, Duryodhana of mighty arms, desirous of battle, became full of joy. Seeing the hero of the plough, king Yudhishtira, O Bharata, stood up and duly honoured him, feeling great joy the while. He gave him a seat and enquired about his welfare. Rama then answered Yudhishtira in these sweet and righteous words that were highly beneficial to heroes, “I have heard it said by the Rishis, O best of kings, that Kurukshetra is a highly sacred and sin-cleansing spot, equal to heaven itself, adored by gods and Rishis and high-souled Brahmanas! Those men that cast off their bodies while engaged in battle on this field, are sure to reside, O sire, in heaven with Sakra himself! I shall, for this, O king, speedily proceed to Samantapanchaka. In the world of gods that spot is known as the northern (sacrificial) altar of Brahman, the Lord of all creatures! He that dies in battle on that eternal and most sacred of spots in the three worlds, is sure to obtain heaven!” Saying, “So be it,” O monarch, Kunti’s brave son, the lord Yudhishtira, proceeded towards Samantapanchaka. King Duryodhana also, taking up his gigantic mace, wrathfully proceeded on foot with the Pandavas. While proceeding thus, armed with mace and clad in armour, the celestials in the welkin applauded him, saying, “Excellent, Excellent!” The Charanas fleet as air, seeing the Kuru king, became filled with delight. Surrounded by the Pandavas, thy son, the Kuru king, proceeded, assuming the tread of an infuriated elephant. All the points of the compass were filled with the blare of conchs and the loud peals of drums and the leonine roars of heroes. Proceeding with face westwards to the appointed spot, with thy son (in their midst), they scattered themselves on every side when they reached it. That was an excellent tirtha on the southern side of the Saraswati. The ground there was not sandy and was, therefore, selected for the encounter. Clad in armour, and

armed with his mace of gigantic thickness, Bhima, O monarch, assumed the form of the mighty Garuda. With head-gear fastened on his head, and wearing an armour made of gold, licking the corners of his mouth, O monarch, with eyes red in wrath, and breathing hard, thy son, on that field, O king, looked resplendent like the golden Sumeru. Taking up his mace, king Duryodhana of great energy, casting his glances on Bhimasena, challenged him to the encounter like an elephant challenging a rival elephant. Similarly, the valiant Bhima, taking up his adamantine mace, challenged the king like a lion challenging a lion. Duryodhana and Bhima, with uplifted maces, looked in that bottle like two mountains with tall summits. Both of them were exceedingly angry; both were possessed of awful prowess; in encounters with the mace both were disciples of Rohini's intelligent son, both resembled each other in their feats and looked like Maya and Vasava. Both were endued with great strength, both resembled Varuna in achievements. Each resembling Vasudeva, or Rama, or Visravana's son (Ravana), they looked, O monarch, like Madhu and Kaitabha. Each like the other in feats, they looked like Sunda and Upasunda, or Rama and Ravana, or Vali and Sugriva. Those two scorchers of foes looked like Kala and Mrityu. They then ran towards each other like two infuriated elephants, swelling with pride and mad with passion in the season of autumn and longing for the companionship of a she-elephant in her time. Each seemed to vomit upon the other the poison of his wrath like two fiery snakes. Those two chastisers of foes cast the angriest of glances upon each other. Both were tigers of Bharata's race, and each was possessed of great prowess. In encounters with the mace, those two scorchers of foes were invincible like lions. Indeed, O bull of Bharata's race, inspired with desire of victory, they looked like two infuriated elephants. Those heroes were unbearable, like two tigers accoutred with teeth and claws. They were like two uncrossable oceans lashed into fury and bent upon the destruction of creatures, or like two angry Suns risen for consuming everything. Those two mighty car-warriors looked like an Eastern and a Western cloud agitated by the wind, roaring awfully and pouring torrents of rain in the rainy season. Those two high-souled and mighty heroes, both possessed of great splendour and effulgence, looked like two Suns risen at the hour of the universal dissolution. Looking like two enraged tigers or like two roaring masses of clouds, they became as glad as two maned lions. Like two angry elephants or two blazing fires, those two high-souled ones appeared like two mountains with tall summits. With lips swelling with rage and casting keen glances upon each other, those two high-souled and best of men, armed with maces, encountered each other. Both were filled with joy, and each regarded the other as a worthy opponent, and Vrikodara then resembled two goodly steeds neighing at each other, or two elephants trumpeting at each other. Those two foremost of men then looked resplendent like a couple of Daityas swelling with might. Then Duryodhana, O monarch, said these proud words unto Yudhishtira in the midst of his brothers and of the high-souled Krishna and Rama of immeasurable energy, 'Protected by the Kaikeyas and the Srinjayas and the high-souled Panchalas, behold ye with all those foremost of kings, seated together, this battle that is about to take place between me and Bhima!' Hearing these words of Duryodhana, they did as requested. Then that large concourse of kings sat down and was seen to look resplendent like a conclave of celestials in heaven. In the midst of that concourse the mighty-armed and handsome elder brother of Kesava, O monarch, as he sat down, was worshipped by all around him. In the midst of those kings, Valadeva clad in blue robes and possessed of a fair complexion, looked beautiful like the moon at full surrounded in the night by thousands of stars. Meanwhile those two heroes, O monarch, both armed with maces and both unbearable by foes,

stood there, goading each other with fierce speeches. Having addressed each other in disagreeable and bitter words, those two foremost of heroes of Kuru's race stood, casting angry glances upon each other, like Sakra and Vritra in fight."

Section LVI

Vaisampayana said, "At the outset, O Janamejaya a fierce wordy encounter took place between the two heroes. With respect to that, king Dhritarashtra, filled with grief, said this, 'Oh, fie on man, who hath such an end! My son, O sinless one, had been the lord of eleven chamus of troops He had all the kings under his command and had enjoyed the sovereignty of the whole earth! Alas, he that had been so, now a warrior proceeding to battle, on foot, shouldering his mace! My poor son, who had before been the protector of the universe, was now himself without protection! Alas, he had, on that occasion, to proceed on foot, shouldering his mace! What can it be but Destiny? Alas, O Sanjaya, great was the grief that was felt by my son now!' Having uttered these words, that ruler of men, afflicted with great woe, became silent.

"Sanjaya said, 'Deep-voiced like a cloud, Duryodhana then roared from joy like a bull. Possessed of great energy, he challenged the son of Pritha to battle. When the high-souled king of the Kurus thus summoned Bhima to the encounter, diverse portents of an awful kind became noticeable. Fierce winds began to blow with loud noises at intervals, and a shower of dust fell. All the points of the compass became enveloped in a thick gloom. Thunderbolts of loud peal fell on all sides, causing a great confusion and making the very hair to stand on end. Hundreds of meteors fell, bursting with a loud noise from the welkin. Rahu swallowed the Sun most untimely, O monarch! The Earth with her forests and trees shook greatly. Hot winds blew, bearing showers of hard pebbles along the ground. The summits of mountains fell down on the earth's surface. Animals of diverse forms were seen to run in all directions. Terrible and fierce jackals, with blazing mouths, howled everywhere. Loud and terrific reports were heard on every side, making the hair stand on end. The four quarters seemed to be ablaze and many were the animals of ill omen that became visible. The water in the wells on every side swelled up of their own accord. Loud sounds came from every side, without, O king, visible creatures to utter them. Beholding these and other portents, Vrikodara said unto his eldest brother, king Yudhishtira the just, "This Suyodhana of wicked soul is not competent to vanquish me in battle! I shall today vomit that wrath which I have been cherishing for a long while in the secret recesses of my heart, upon this ruler of the Kurus like Arjuna throwing fire upon the forest of Khandava! Today, O son of Pandu, I shall extract the dart that lies sticking to thy heart! Slaying with my mace this sinful wretch of Kuru's race, I shall today place around thy neck the garland of Fame! Slaying this wight of sinful deeds with my mace on the field of battle, I shall today, with this very mace of mine, break his body into a hundred fragments! He shall not have again to enter the city called after the elephant. The setting of snakes at us while we were asleep, the giving of poison to us while we ate, the casting of our body into the water at Pramanakoti, the attempt to burn us at the house of lac, the insult offered us at the assembly, the robbing us of all our possessions, the whole year of our living in concealment, our exile into the woods, O sinless one, of all these woes, O best of Bharata's race, I shall today reach the end, O bull of Bharata's line! Slaying this wretch, I shall, in one single day, pay off all the debts I owe him! Today, the period of life of this wicked son of Dhritarashtra, of uncleansed soul, hath reached its close, O chief of the Bharatas!

After this day he shall not again look at his father and mother! Today, O monarch, the happiness of this wicked king of the Kurus hath come to an end! After this day, O monarch, he shall not again cast his eyes on female beauty! Today this disgrace of Santanu's line shall sleep on the bare Earth, abandoning his life-breath, his prosperity, and his kingdom! Today king Dhritarashtra also, hearing of the fall of his son, shall recollect all those evil acts that were born of Sakuni's brain!" With these words, O tiger among kings, Vrikodara of great energy, armed with mace, stood for fight, like Sakra challenging the asura Vritra. Beholding Duryodhana also standing with uplifted mace like mount Kailasa graced with its summit, Bhimasena, filled with wrath, once more addressed him, saying, "Recall to thy mind that evil act of thyself and king Dhritarashtra that occurred at Varanavata! Remember Draupadi who was ill-treated, while in her season, in the midst of the assembly! Remember the deprivation of the king through dice by thyself and Suvala's son! Remember that great woe suffered by us, in consequence of thee, in the forest, as also in Virata's city as if we had once more entered the womb! I shall avenge myself of them all today! By good luck, O thou of wicked soul, I see thee today! It is for thy sake that that foremost of car-warriors, the son of Ganga, of great prowess, struck down by Yajnasena's son, sleepeth on a bed of arrows! Drona also hath been slain, and Karna, and Salya of great prowess! Suvala's son Sakuni, too, that root of these hostilities, hath been slain! The wretched Pratikamin, who had seized Draupadi's tresses, hath been slain! All thy brave brothers also, who fought with great valour, have been slain! These and many other kings have been slain through thy fault! Thee too I shall slay today with my mace! There is not the slightest doubt in this." While Vrikodara, O monarch, was uttering these words in a loud voice, thy fearless son of true prowess answered him, saying, "What use of such elaborate bragging? Fight me, O Vrikodara! O wretch of thy race, today I shall destroy thy desire of battle! Mean vermin as thou art, know that Duryodhana is not capable, like an ordinary person, of being terrified by a person like thee! For a long time have I cherished this desire! For a long time hath this wish been in my heart! By good luck the gods have at last brought it about, a mace encounter with thee! What use of long speeches and empty bragging, O wicked-souled one! Accomplish these words of thine in acts. Do not tarry at all!" Hearing these words of his, the Somakas and the other kings that were present there all applauded them highly. Applauded by all, Duryodhana's hair stood erect with joy and he firmly set his heart on battle. The kings present once again cheered thy wrathful son with clapping, like persons exciting an infuriated elephant to an encounter. The high-souled Vrikodara, the son of Pandu, then, uplifting his mace, rushed furiously at thy high-souled son. The elephants present there trumpeted aloud and the steeds neighed repeatedly. The weapons of the Pandavas who longed for victory blazed forth of their own accord."

Section LVII

"Sanjaya said, 'Duryodhana, with heart undepressed, beholding Bhimasena in that state, rushed furiously against him, uttering a loud roar. They encountered each other like two bulls encountering each other with their horns. The strokes of their maces produced loud sounds like those of thunder bolts. Each longing for victory, the battle that took place between them was terrible, making the very hair stand on end, like that between Indra and Prahlada. All their limbs bathed in blood, the two high-souled warriors of great energy, both armed with maces, looked like two Kinsukas decked with flowers. During the progress of that great and awful encounter,

the welkin looked beautiful as if it swarmed with fire-flies. After that fierce and terrible battle had lasted for some time, both those chastisers of foes became fatigued. Having rested for a little while, those two scorchers of foes, taking up their handsome maces, once again began to ward off each others' attacks. Indeed, when those two warriors of great energy, those two foremost of men, both possessed of great might, encountered each other after having taken a little rest, they looked like two elephants infuriated with passion and attacking each other for obtaining the companionship of a cow elephant in season. Beholding those two heroes, both armed with maces and each equal to the other in energy, the gods and Gandharvas and men became filled with wonder. Beholding Duryodhana and Vrikodara both armed with maces, all creatures became doubtful as to who amongst them would be victorious. Those two cousins, those two foremost of mighty men, once again rushing at each other and desiring to take advantage of each other's lapses, waited each watching the other. The spectators, O king, beheld each armed with his uplifted mace, that was heavy, fierce, and murderous, and that resembled the bludgeon of Yama or the thunder-bolt of Indra. While Bhimasena whirled his weapon, loud and awful was the sound that it produced. Beholding his foe, the son of Pandu, thus whirling his mace endued with unrivalled impetuosity, Duryodhana became filled with amazement. Indeed, the heroic Vrikodara, O Bharata, as he careered in diverse courses, presented a highly beautiful spectacle. Both bent upon carefully protecting themselves, as they approached, they repeatedly mangled each other like two cats fighting for a piece of meat. Bhimasena performed diverse kinds of evolutions. He coursed in beautiful circles, advanced, and receded. He dealt blows and warded off those of his adversary, with wonderful activity. He took up various kinds of position (for attack and defence). He delivered attacks and avoided those of his antagonist. He ran at his foe, now turning to the right and now to the left. He advanced straight against the enemy. He made ruses for drawing his foe. He stood immovable, prepared for attacking his foe as soon as the latter would expose himself to attack. He circumambulated his foe, and prevented his foe from circumambulating him. He avoided the blows of his foe by moving away in bent postures or jumping aloft. He struck, coming up to his foe face to face, or dealt back thrusts while moving away from him. Both accomplished in encounters with the mace, Bhima and Duryodhana thus careered and fought, and struck each other. Those two foremost ones of Kuru's race careered thus, each avoiding the other's blows. Indeed, those two mighty warriors thus coursed in circles and seemed to sport with each other. Displaying in that encounter their skill in battle, those two chastisers of foes sometimes suddenly attacked each other with their weapons, like two elephants approaching and attacking each other with their tusks. Covered with blood, they looked very beautiful, O monarch, on the field. Even thus occurred that battle, awfully and before the gaze of a large multitude, towards the close of the day, like the battle between Vritra and Vasava. Armed with maces, both began to career in circles. Duryodhana, O monarch, adopted the right mandala, while Bhimasena adopted the left mandala. While Bhima was thus careering in circles on the field of battle, Duryodhana, O monarch, suddenly struck him a fierce blow on one of his flanks. Struck by thy son, O sire, Bhima began to whirl his heavy mace for returning that blow. The spectators, O monarch, beheld that mace of Bhimasena look as terrible as Indra's thunder-bolt or Yama's uplifted bludgeon. Seeing Bhima whirl his mace, thy son, uplifting his own terrible weapon, struck him again. Loud was the sound, O Bharata, produced by the descent of thy son's mace. So quick was that descent that it generated a flame of fire in the welkin. Coursing in diverse kinds of circles, adopting each motion at the proper time, Suyodhana, possessed of great

energy, once more seemed to prevail over Bhima. The massive mace of Bhimasena meanwhile, whirled with his whole force, produced a loud sound as also smoke and sparks and flames of fire. Beholding Bhimasena whirling his mace, Suyodhana also whirled his heavy and adamant weapon and presented a highly beautiful aspect. Marking the violence of the wind produced by the whirl of Duryodhana's mace, a great fear entered the hearts of all the Pandus and the Somakas. Meanwhile those two chastisers of foes, displaying on every side their skill in battle, continued to strike each other with their maces, like two elephants approaching and striking each other with their tusks. Both of them, O monarch, covered with blood, looked highly beautiful. Even thus progressed that awful combat before the gaze of thousands of spectators at the close of day, like the fierce battle that took place between Vritra and Vasava. Beholding Bhima firmly stationed on the field, thy mighty son, careering in more beautiful motions, rushed towards that son of Kunti. Filled with wrath, Bhima struck the mace, endued with great impetuosity and adorned with gold, of the angry Duryodhana. A loud sound with sparks of fire was produced by that clash of the two maces which resembled the clash of two thunder-bolts from opposite directions. Hurling by Bhimasena, his impetuous mace, as it fell down, caused the very earth to tremble. The Kuru prince could not brook to see his own mace thus baffled in that attack. Indeed, he became filled with rage like an infuriated elephant at the sight of a rival elephant. Adopting the left mandala, O monarch, and whirling his mace, Suyodhana then, firmly resolved, struck the son of Kunti on the head with his weapon of terrible force. Thus struck by thy son, Bhima, the son of Pandu, trembled not, O monarch, at which all the spectators wondered exceedingly. That amazing patience, O king, of Bhimasena, who stirred not an inch though struck so violently, was applauded by all the warriors present there. Then Bhima of terrible prowess hurled at Duryodhana his own heavy and blazing mace adorned with gold. That blow the mighty and fearless Duryodhana warded off by his agility. Beholding this, great was the wonder that the spectators felt. That mace, hurled by Bhima, O king, as it fell baffled of effect, produced a loud sound like that of the thunderbolt and caused the very earth to tremble. Adopting the manoeuvre called Kausika, and repeatedly jumping up, Duryodhana, properly marking the descent of Bhima's mace, baffled the latter. Baffling Bhimasena thus, the Kuru king, endued with great strength, at last in rage struck the former on the chest. Struck very forcibly by thy son in that dreadful battle, Bhimasena became stupefied and for a time knew not what to do. At that time, O king, the Somakas and the Pandavas became greatly disappointed and very cheerless. Filled with rage at that blow, Bhima then rushed at thy son like an elephant rushing against an elephant. Indeed, with uplifted mace, Bhima rushed furiously at Duryodhana like a lion rushing against a wild elephant. Approaching the Kuru king, the son of Pandu, O monarch, accomplished in the use of the mace, began to whirl his weapon, taking aim at thy son. Bhimasena then struck Duryodhana on one of his flanks. Stupefied at that blow, the latter fell down on the earth, supporting himself on his knees. When that foremost one of Kuru's race fell upon his knees, a loud cry arose from among the Srinjayas, O ruler of the world! Hearing that loud uproar of the Srinjayas, O bull among men, thy son became filled with rage. The mighty-armed hero, rising up, began to breathe like a mighty snake, and seemed to burn Bhimasena by casting his glances upon him. That foremost one of Bharata's race then rushed at Bhimasena, as if he would that time crush the head of his antagonist in that battle. The high-souled Duryodhana of terrible prowess then struck the high-souled Bhimasena on the forehead. The latter, however, moved not an inch but stood immovable like a mountain. Thus struck in that battle, the son of Pritha, O

monarch, looked beautiful, as he bled profusely, like an elephant of rent temples with juicy secretions trickling adown. The elder brother of Dhananjaya, then, that crusher of foes, taking up his hero-slaying mace made of iron and producing a sound loud as that of the thunder-bolt, struck his adversary with great force. Struck by Bhimasena, thy son fell down, his frame trembling all over, like a gigantic Sala in the forest, decked with flowers, uprooted by the violence of the tempest. Beholding thy son prostrated on the earth, the Pandavas became exceedingly glad and uttered loud cries. Recovering his consciousness, thy son then rose, like an elephant from a lake. That ever wrathful monarch and great car-warrior then careering with great skill, struck Bhimasena who was standing before him. At this, the son of Pandu, with weakened limbs, fell down on the earth.

“Having by his energy prostrated Bhimasena on the ground, the Kuru prince uttered a leonine roar. By the descent of his mace, whose violence resembled that of the thunder, he had fractured Bhima’s coat of mail. A loud uproar was then heard in the welkin, made by the denizens of heaven and the Apsaras. A floral shower, emitting great fragrance, fell, rained by the celestials. Beholding Bhima prostrated on the earth and weakened in strength, and seeing his coat of mail laid open, a great fear entered the hearts of our foes. Recovering his senses in a moment, and wiping his face which had been dyed with blood, and mustering great patience, Vrikodara stood up, with rolling eyes steadying himself with great effort.”

Section LVIII

“Sanjaya said, ‘Beholding that fight thus raging between those two foremost heroes of Kuru’s race, Arjuna said unto Vasudeva, “Between these two, who, in thy opinion, is superior? Who amongst them hath what merit? Tell me this, O Janardana.”’

“Vasudeva said, “The instruction received by them hath been equal. Bhima, however, is possessed of greater might, while the son of Dhritarashtra is possessed of greater skill and hath laboured more. If he were to fight fairly, Bhimasena will never succeed in winning the victory. If, however, he fights unfairly he will be surely able to slay Duryodhana. The Asuras were vanquished by the gods with the aid of deception. We have heard this. Virochana was vanquished by Sakra with the aid of deception. The slayer of Vala deprived Vritra of his energy by an act of deception. Therefore, let Bhimasena put forth his prowess, aided by deception! At the time of the gambling, O Dhananjaya, Bhima vowed to break the thighs of Suyodhana with his mace in battle. Let this crusher of foes, therefore, accomplish that vow of his. Let him with deception, slay the Kuru king who is full of deception. If Bhima, depending upon his might alone, were to fight fairly, king Yudhishtira will have to incur great danger. I tell thee again, O son of Pandu, listen to me. It is through the fault of king Yudhishtira alone that danger hath once more overtaken us! Having achieved great feats by the slaughter of Bhishma and the other Kurus, the king had won victory and fame and had almost attained the end of the hostilities. Having thus obtained the victory, he placed himself once more in a situation of doubt and peril. This has been an act of great folly on the part of Yudhishtira, O Pandava, since he hath made the result of the battle depend upon the victory or the defeat of only one warrior! Suyodhana is accomplished, he is a hero; he is again firmly resolved. This old verse uttered by Usanas hath been heard by us. Listen to me as I recite it to thee with its true sense and meaning! ‘Those amongst the remnant of a hostile force broken flying away for life, that rally and come back to

the fight, should always be feared, for they are firmly resolved and have but one purpose!’ Sakra himself, O Dhananjaya, cannot stand before them that rush in fury, having abandoned all hope of life. This Suyodhana had broken and fled. All his troops had been killed. He had entered the depths of a lake. He had been defeated and, therefore, he had desired to retire into the woods, having become hopeless of retaining his kingdom. What man is there, possessed of any wisdom, that would challenge such a person to a single combat? I do not know whether Duryodhana may not succeed in snatching the kingdom that had already become ours! For full thirteen years he practised with the mace with great resolution. Even now, for slaying Bhimasena, he jumpeth up and leapeth transversely! If the mighty-armed Bhima does not slay him unfairly, the son of Dhritarashtra will surely remain king!” Having heard those words of the high-souled Kesava, Dhananjaya struck his own left thigh before the eyes of Bhimasena. Understanding that sign, Bhima began to career with his uplifted mace, making many a beautiful circle and many a Yomaka and other kinds of manoeuvres. Sometimes adopting the right mandala, sometimes the left mandala, and sometimes the motion called Gomutraka, the son of Pandu began to career, O king, stupefying his foe. Similarly, thy son, O monarch, who was well conversant with encounters with the mace, careered beautifully and with great activity, for slaying Bhimasena. Whirling their terrible maces which were smeared with sandal paste and other perfumed unguents, the two heroes, desirous of reaching the end of their hostilities, careered in that battle like two angry Yamas. Desirous of slaying each other, those two foremost of men, possessed of great heroism, fought like two Garudas desirous of catching the same snake. While the king and Bhima careered in beautiful circles, their maces clashed, and sparks of fire were generated by those repeated clashes. Those two heroic and mighty warriors struck each other equally in that battle. They then resembled, O monarch, two oceans agitated by the tempest. Striking each other equally like two infuriated elephants, their clashing maces produced peals of thunder. During the progress of that dreadful and fierce battle at close quarters, both those chastisers of foes, while battling, became fatigued. Having rested for a while, those two scorchers of foes, filled with rage and uplifting their maces, once more began to battle with each other. When by the repeated descents of their maces, O monarch, they mangled each other, the battle they fought became exceedingly dreadful and perfectly unrestrained. Rushing at each other in that encounter, those two heroes, possessed of eyes like those of bulls and endued with great activity, struck each other fiercely like two buffaloes in the mire. All their limbs mangled and bruised, and covered with blood from head to foot, they looked like a couple of Kinsukas on the breast of Himavat. During the progress of the encounter, when, Vrikodara (as a ruse) seemed to give Duryodhana an opportunity, the latter, smiling a little, advanced forward. Well-skilled in battle, the mighty Vrikodara, beholding his adversary come up, suddenly hurled his mace at him. Seeing the mace hurled at him, thy son, O monarch, moved away from that spot at which the weapon fell down baffled on the earth. Having warded off that blow, thy son, that foremost one of Kuru’s race, quickly struck Bhimasena with his weapon. In consequence of the large quantity of blood drawn by that blow, as also owing to the violence itself of the blow, Bhimasena of immeasurable energy seemed to be stupefied. Duryodhana, however, knew not that the son of Pandu was so afflicted at that moment. Though deeply afflicted, Bhima sustained himself, summoning all his patience. Duryodhana, therefore, regarded him to be unmoved and ready to return the blow. It was for this that thy son did not then strike him again. Having rested for a little while, the valiant Bhimasena rushed furiously, O king, at Duryodhana who was standing near. Beholding Bhimasena of

immeasurable energy filled with rage and rushing towards him, thy high-souled son, O bull of Bharata's race, desiring to baffle his blow, set his heart on the manoeuvre called Avasthana. He, therefore, desired to jump upwards, O monarch, for beguiling Vrikodara. Bhimasena fully understood the intentions of his adversary. Rushing, therefore, at him, with a loud leonine roar, he fiercely hurled his mace at the thighs of the Kuru king as the latter had jumped up for baffling the first aim. That mace, endued with the force of the thunder and hurled by Bhima of terrible feats, fractured the two handsome thighs of Duryodhana. That tiger among men, thy son, after his thighs had been broken by Bhimasena, fell down, causing the earth to echo with his fall. Fierce winds began to blow, with loud sounds at repeated intervals. Showers of dust fell. The earth, with her trees and plants and mountains, began to tremble. Upon the fall of that hero who was the head of all monarchs on earth, fierce and fiery winds blew with a loud noise and with thunder falling frequently. Indeed, when that lord of earth fell, large meteors were seen to flash down from the sky. Bloody showers, as also showers of dust, fell, O Bharata! These were poured by Maghavat, upon the fall of thy son! A loud noise was heard, O bull of Bharata's race, in the welkin, made by the Yakshas, and the Rakshasas and the Pisachas. At that terrible sound, animals and birds, numbering in thousands, began to utter more frightful noise on every side. Those steeds and elephants and human beings that formed the (unslain) remnant of the (Pandava) host uttered loud cries when thy son fell. Loud also became the blare of conchs and the peal of drums and cymbals. A terrific noise seemed to come from within the bowels of the earth. Upon the fall of thy son, O monarch, headless beings of frightful forms, possessed of many legs and many arms, and inspiring all creatures with dread, began to dance and cover the earth on all sides. Warriors, O king, that stood with standards or weapons in their arms, began to tremble, O king, when thy son fell. Lakes and wells, O best of kings, vomited forth blood. Rivers of rapid currents flowed in opposite directions. Women seemed to look like men, and men to look like women at that hour, O king, when thy son Duryodhana fell! Beholding those wonderful portents, the Panchalas and the Pandavas, O bull of Bharata's race, became filled with anxiety. The gods and the Gandharvas went away to the regions they desired, talking, as they proceeded, of that wonderful battle between thy sons. Similarly the Siddhas, and the Charanas of the fleetest course, went to those places from which they had come, applauding those two lions among men."

Section LIX

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding Duryodhana felled upon the earth like a gigantic Sala uprooted (by the tempest) the Pandavas became filled with joy. The Somakas also beheld, with hair standing on end, the Kuru king felled upon the earth like an infuriated elephant felled by a lion. Having struck Duryodhana down, the valiant Bhimasena, approaching the Kuru chief, addressed him, saying, "O wretch, formerly laughing at the disrobed Draupadi in the midst of the assembly, thou hadst, O fool, addressed us as 'Cow, Cow!' Bear now the fruit of that insult!" Having said these words, he touched the head of his fallen foe with his left foot. Indeed, he struck the head of that lion among kings with his foot. With eyes red in wrath, Bhimasena, that grinder of hostile armies, once more said these words. Listen to them, O monarch! "They that danced at us insultingly, saying, 'Cow, Cow!' we shall now dance at them, uttering the same words, 'Cow, Cow!' We have no guile, no fire, no match, at dice, no deception! Depending upon the might of

our own arms we resist and check our foes!” Having attained to the other shores of those fierce hostilities, Vrikodara once more laughingly said these words slowly unto Yudhishtira and Kesava and Srinjaya and Dhananjaya and the two sons of Madri, “They that had dragged Draupadi, while ill, into the assembly and had disrobed her there, behold those Dhartarashtras slain in battle by the Pandavas through the ascetic penances of Yajnasena’s daughter! Those wicked-hearted sons of king Dhritarashtra who had called us ‘Sesame seeds without kernel,’ have all been slain by us with their relatives and followers! It matters little whether (as a consequence of those deeds) we go to heaven or fall into hell!” Once more, uplifting the mace that lay on his shoulders, he struck with his left foot the head of the monarch who was prostrate on the earth, and addressing the deceitful Duryodhana, said these words. Many of the foremost warriors among the Somakas, who were all of righteous souls, beholding the foot of the rejoicing Bhimasena of narrow heart placed upon the head of that foremost one of Kuru’s race, did not at all approve of it. While Vrikodara, after having struck down thy son, was thus bragging and dancing madly, king Yudhishtira addressed him, saying, “Thou hast paid off thy hostility (towards Duryodhana) and accomplished thy vow by a fair or an unfair act! Cease now, O Bhima! Do not crush his head with thy foot! Do not act sinfully! Duryodhana is a king! He is, again, thy kinsman! He is fallen! This conduct of thine, O sinless one, is not proper. Duryodhana was the lord of eleven Akshauhinis of troops. He was the king of the Kurus. Do not, O Bhima, touch a king and a kinsman with thy foot. His kinsmen are slain. His friends and counsellors are gone. His troops have been exterminated. He has been struck down in battle. He is to be pitied in every respect. He deserves not to be insulted, for remember that he is a king. He is ruined. His friends and kinsmen have been slain. His brothers have been killed. His sons too have been slain. His funeral cake hath been taken away. He is our brother. This that thou doest unto him is not proper. ‘Bhimasena is a man of righteous behaviour’: people used to say this before of thee! Why then, O Bhimasena, dost thou insult the king in this way?” Having said these words unto Bhimasena, Yudhishtira, with voice choked in tears, and afflicted with grief, approached Duryodhana, that chastiser of foes, and said unto him, “O sire, thou shouldst not give way to anger nor grieve for thyself. Without doubt thou bearest the dreadful consequences of thy own former acts. Without doubt this sad and woeful result had been ordained by the Creator himself, that we should injure thee and thou shouldst injure us, O foremost one of Kuru’s race! Through thy own fault this great calamity has come upon thee, due to avarice and pride and folly, O Bharata! Having caused thy companions and brothers and sires and sons and grandsons and others to be all slain, thou comest now by thy own death. In consequence of thy fault, thy brothers, mighty car-warriors all, and thy kinsmen have been slain by us. I think all this to be the work of irresistible Destiny. Thou art not to be pitied. On the other hand, thy death, O sinless one, is enviable. It is we that deserve to be pitied in every respect, O Kaurava! We shall have to drag on a miserable existence, reft of all our dear friends and kinsmen. Alas, how shall I behold the widows, overwhelmed with grief and deprived of their senses by sorrow, of my brothers and sons and grandsons! Thou, O king, departest from this world! Thou art sure to have thy residence in heaven! We, on the other hand, shall be reckoned as creatures of hell, and shall continue to suffer the most poignant grief! The grief-afflicted wives of Dhritarashtra’s sons and grandsons, those widows crushed with sorrow, will without doubt, curse us all!” Having said these words, Dharma’s royal son, Yudhishtira, deeply afflicted with grief, began to breathe hard and indulge in lamentations.”

Section LX

“Dhritarashtra said, ‘Beholding the (Kuru) king struck down unfairly, what O Suta, did the mighty Baladeva, that foremost one of Yadu’s race, say? Tell me, O Sanjaya, what Rohini’s son, well-skilled in encounters with the mace and well acquainted with all its rules, did on that occasion!’

“Sanjaya said, ‘Beholding thy son struck at the thighs, the mighty Rama, that foremost of smiters, became exceedingly angry. Raising his arms aloft the hero having the plough for his weapon, in a voice of deep sorrow, said in the midst of those kings, “Oh, fie on Bhima, fie on Bhima! Oh, fie, that in such a fair fight a blow hath been struck below the navel! Never before hath such an act as Vrikodara hath done been witnessed in an encounter with the mace! No limb below the navel should be struck. This is the precept laid down in treatises! This Bhima, however, is an ignorant wretch, unacquainted with the truths of treatises! He, therefore, acteth as he likes!” While uttering these words, Rama gave way to great wrath. The mighty Baladeva then, uplifting his plough, rushed towards Bhimasena! The form of that high-souled warrior of uplifted arms then became like that of the gigantic mountains of Kailasa variegated with diverse kinds of metals. The mighty Kesava, however, ever bending with humanity, seized the rushing Rama encircling him with his massive and well-rounded arms. Those two foremost heroes of Yadu’s race, the one dark in complexion and the other fair, looked exceedingly beautiful at that moment, like the Sun and the Moon, O king, on the evening sky! For pacifying the angry Rama, Kesava addressed him, saying, “There are six kinds of advancement that a person may have: one’s own advancement, the advancement of one’s friends, the advancement of one’s friends’, the decay of one’s enemy, the decay of one’s enemy’s friends, and the decay of one’s enemy’s friends’ friends. When reverses happen to one’s own self or to one’s friends, one should then understand that one’s fall is at hand and, therefore, one should at such times look for the means of applying a remedy. The Pandavas of unsullied prowess are our natural friends. They are the children of our own sire’s sister! They had been greatly afflicted by their foes! The accomplishment of one’s vow is one’s duty. Formerly Bhima had vowed in the midst of the assembly that he would in great battle break with his mace the thighs of Duryodhana. The great Rishi Maitreya also, O scorcher of foes, had formerly cursed Duryodhana, saying, ‘Bhima will, with his mace, break thy thighs!’ In consequence of all this, I do not see any fault in Bhima! Do not give way to wrath, O slayer of Pralamva! Our relationship with the Pandavas is founded upon birth and blood, as also upon an attraction of hearts. In their growth is our growth. Do not, therefore, give way to wrath, O bull among men!” Hearing these words of Vasudeva the wielder of the plough, who was conversant with rules of morality, said, “Morality is well practised by the good. Morality, however, is always afflicted by two things, the desire of Profit entertained by those that covet it, and the desire for Pleasure cherished by those that are wedded to it. Whoever without afflicting Morality and Profit, or Morality and Pleasure, or Pleasure and Profit, followeth all three—Morality, Profit and Pleasure—always succeeds in obtaining great happiness. In consequence, however, of morality being afflicted by Bhimasena, this harmony of which I have spoken hath been disturbed, whatever, O Govinda, thou mayst tell me!” Krishna replied, saying, “Thou art always described as bereft of wrath, and righteous-souled and devoted to righteousness! Calm thyself, therefore, and do not give way to wrath! Know that the Kali age is

at hand. Remember also the vow made by the son of Pandu! Let, therefore, the son of Pandu be regarded to have paid off the debt he owed to his hostility and to have fulfilled his vow!”

“Sanjaya continued, ‘Hearing this fallacious discourse from Kesava, O king, Rama failed to dispel his wrath and became cheerful. He then said in that assembly, “Having unfairly slain king Suyodhana of righteous soul, the son of Pandu shall be reputed in the world as a crooked warrior! The righteous-souled Duryodhana, on the other hand, shall obtain eternal blessedness! Dhritarashtra’s royal son, that ruler of men, who hath been struck down, is a fair warrior. Having made every arrangement for the Sacrifice of battle and having undergone the initiatory ceremonies on the field, and, lastly, having poured his life as a libation upon the fire represented by his foes, Duryodhana has fairly completed his sacrifice by the final ablutions represented by the attainment of glory!” Having said these words, the valiant son of Rohini, looking like the crest of a white cloud, ascended his car and proceeded towards Dwaraka. The Panchalas with the Vrishnis, as also the Pandavas, O monarch, became rather cheerless after Rama had set out for Dwaravati. Then Vasudeva, approaching Yudhishtira who was exceedingly melancholy and filled with anxiety, and who hung down his head and knew not what to do in consequence of his deep affliction, said unto him these words:

“Vasudeva said, “O Yudhishtira the just, why dost thou sanction this unrighteous act, since thou permittest the head of the insensible and fallen Duryodhana whose kinsmen and friends have all been slain to be thus struck by Bhima with his foot. Conversant with the ways of morality, why dost thou, O king, witness this act with indifference?”

“Yudhishtira answered, “This act, O Krishna, done from wrath, of Vrikodara’s touching the head of the king with his foot, is not agreeable to me, nor am I glad at this extermination of my race! By guile were we always deceived by the sons of Dhritarashtra! Many were the cruel words they spoke to us. We were again exiled into the woods by them. Great is the grief on account of all those acts that is in Bhimasena’s heart! Reflecting on all this, O thou of Vrishni’s race, I looked on with indifference! Having slain the covetous Duryodhana bereft of wisdom and enslaved by his passions, let the son of Pandu gratify his desire, be it righteousness or unrighteousness!”

“Sanjaya continued, ‘After Yudhishtira had said this, Vasudeva, that perpetuator of Yadu’s race, said with difficulty, “Let it be so!” Indeed, after Vasudeva had been addressed in those words by Yudhishtira, the former, who, always wished what was agreeable to and beneficial for Bhima, approved all those acts that Bhima had done in battle. Having struck down thy son in battle, the wrathful Bhimasena, his heart filled with joy, stood with joined hands before Yudhishtira and saluted him in proper form. With eyes expanded in delight and proud of the victory he had won, Vrikodara of great energy, O king, addressed his eldest brother, saying, “The Earth is today thine, O king, without brawls to disturb her and with all her thorns removed! Rule over her, O monarch, and observe the duties of thy order! He who was the cause of these hostilities and who fomented them by means of his guile, that wretched wight fond of deception, lieth, struck down, on the bare ground, O lord of earth! All these wretches headed by Dussasana, who used to utter cruel words, as also those other foes of thine, the son of Radha, and Sakuni, have been slain! Teeming with all kinds of gems, the Earth, with her forests and mountains, O monarch, once more cometh to thee that hast no foes alive!”

“Yudhishtira said, “Hostilities have come to an end! King Suyodhana hath been struck down! The earth hath been conquered (by us), ourselves having acted according to the counsels

of Krishna! By good luck, thou hast paid off thy debt to thy mother and to thy wrath! By good luck, thou hast been victorious, O invincible hero, and by good luck, thy foe hath been slain!””

Section LXI

“Dhritarashtra said, ‘Beholding Duryodhana struck down in battle by Bhimasena, what, O Sanjaya, did the Pandavas and the Srinjayas do?’

“Sanjaya said, ‘Beholding Duryodhana slain by Bhimasena in battle, O king, like a wild elephant slain by a lion, the Pandavas with Krishna became filled with delight. The Panchalas and the Srinjayas also, upon the fall of the Kuru king, waved their upper garments (in the air) and uttered leonine roars. The very Earth seemed to be unable to bear those rejoicing warriors. Some stretched their bows; others drew their bowstrings. Some blew their huge conchs; others beat their drums. Some sported and jumped about, while some amongst thy foes laughed aloud. Many heroes repeatedly said these words unto Bhimasena, “Exceedingly difficult and great hath been the fears that thou hast achieved today in battle, by having struck down the Kuru king, himself a great warrior, with thy mace! All these men regard this slaughter of the foe by thee to be like that of Vritra by Indra himself! Who else, save thyself, O Vrikodara, could slay the heroic Duryodhana while careering in diverse kinds of motion and performing all the wheeling manoeuvres (characteristic of such encounters)? Thou hast now reached the other shore of these hostilities, that other shore which none else could reach. This feat that thou hast achieved is incapable of being achieved by any other warriors. By good luck, thou hast, O hero, like an infuriated elephant, crushed with thy foot the head of Duryodhana on the field of battle! Having fought a wonderful battle, by good luck, O sinless one, thou hast quaffed the blood of Dussasana, like a lion quaffing the blood of a buffalo! By good luck, thou hast, by thy own energy, placed thy foot on the head of all those that had injured the righteous-souled king Yudhishtira! In consequence of having vanquished thy foes and of thy having slain Duryodhana, by good luck, O Bhima, thy fame hath spread over the whole world! Bards and eulogists applauded Sakra after the fall of Vritra, even as we are now applauding thee, O Bharata, after the fall of thy foes! Know, O Bharata, that the joy we felt upon the fall of Duryodhana hath not yet abated in the least!” Even these were the words addressed to Bhimasena by the assembled eulogists on that occasion! Whilst those tigers among men, the Panchalas and the Pandavas, all filled with delight were indulging in such language, the slayer of Madhu addressed them, saying, “You rulers of men, it is not proper to slay a slain foe with such cruel speeches repeatedly uttered. This wight of wicked understanding hath already been slain. This sinful, shameless, and covetous wretch, surrounded by sinful counsellors and ever regardless of the advice of wise friends, met with his death even when he refused, though repeatedly urged to contrary by Vidura and Drona and Kripa and Sanjaya, to give unto the sons of Pandu their paternal share in the kingdom which they had solicited at his hands! This wretch is not now fit to be regarded either as a friend or a foe! What use in spending bitter breath upon one who hath now become a piece of wood! Mount your cars quickly, ye kings, for we should leave this place! By good luck, this sinful wretch hath been slain with his counsellors and kinsmen and friends!” Hearing these rebukes from Krishna, king Duryodhana, O monarch, gave way to wrath and endeavoured to rise. Sitting on his haunches and supporting himself on his two arms, he contracted his eyebrows and cast angry glances at Vasudeva. The form then of Duryodhana whose body was half raised looked like that of a

poisonous snake, O Bharata, shorn of its tail. Disregarding his poignant and unbearable pains, Duryodhana began to afflict Vasudeva with keen and bitter words, “O son of Kansa’s slave, thou hast, it seems, no shame, for hast thou forgotten that I have been struck down most unfairly, judged by the rules that prevail in encounters with the mace? It was thou who unfairly caused this act by reminding Bhima with a hint about the breaking of my thighs! Dost thou think I did not mark it when Arjuna (acting under thy advice) hinted it to Bhima? Having caused thousands of kings, who always fought fairly, to be slain through diverse kinds of unfair means, feelest thou no shame or no abhorrence for those acts? Day after day having caused a great carnage of heroic warriors, thou causedst the grandsire to be slain by placing Sikhandin to the fore! Having again caused an elephant of the name of Aswatthaman to be slain, O thou of wicked understanding, thou causedst the preceptor to lay aside his weapons. Thinkest thou that this is not known to me! While again that valiant hero was about to be slain this cruel Dhrishtadyumna, thou didst not dissuade the latter! The dart that had been begged (of Sakra as a boon) by Karna for the slaughter of Arjuna was baffled by thee through Ghatotkacha! Who is there that is more sinful than thou? Similarly, the mighty Bhurisravas, with one of his arms lopped off and while observant of the Praya vow, was caused to be slain by thee through the agency of the high-souled Satyaki. Karna had done a great feat for vanquishing Partha. Thou, however, causedst Aswasena, the son of that prince of snakes (Takshaka), to be baffled in achieving his purpose! When again the wheel of Karna’s car sank in mire and Karna was afflicted with calamity and almost vanquished on that account, when, indeed, that foremost of men became anxious to liberate his wheel, thou causedst that Karna to be then slain! If ye had fought me and Karna and Bhishma and Drona by fair means, victory then, without doubt, would never have been yours. By adopting the most crooked and unrighteous of means thou hast caused many kings observant of the duties of their order and ourselves also to be slain!’

“Vasudeva said, “Thou, O son of Gandhari, hast been slain with thy brothers, sons, kinsmen, friends, and followers, only in consequence of the sinful path in which thou hast trod! Through thy evil acts those two heroes, Bhishma and Drona, have been slain! Karna too hath been slain for having imitated thy behaviour! Solicited by me, O fool, thou didst not, from avarice, give the Pandavas their paternal share, acting according to the counsels of Sakuni! Thou gavest poison to Bhimasena! Thou hadst, also, O thou of wicked understanding, endeavoured to burn all the Pandavas with their mother at the palace of lac! On the occasion also of the gambling, thou hadst persecuted the daughter of Yajnasena, while in her season, in the midst of the assembly! Shameless as thou art, even then thou becomest worthy of being slain! Thou hadst, through Suvala’s son well-versed in dice, unfairly vanquished the virtuous Yudhishtira who was unskilled in gambling! For that art thou slain! Through the sinful Jayadratha again, Krishnâ was on another occasion persecuted when the Pandavas, her lords, had gone out hunting towards the hermitage of Trinavindu! Causing Abhimanyu, who was a child and alone, to be surrounded by many, thou didst slay that hero. It is in consequence of that fault, O sinful wretch, that thou art slain! All those unrighteous acts that thou sayest have been perpetrated by us, have in reality been perpetrated by thee in consequence of thy sinful nature! Thou didst never listen to the counsels of Vrihaspati and Usanas! Thou didst never wait upon the old! Thou didst never hear beneficial words! Enslaved by ungovernable covetousness and thirst of gain, thou didst perpetrate many unrighteous acts! Bear now the consequences of those acts of thine!”

“Duryodhana said, “I have studied, made presents according to the ordinance, governed the wide Earth with her seas, and stood over the heads of my foes! Who is there so fortunate as myself! That end again which is courted by Kshatriyas observant of the duties of their own order, death in battle, hath become mine. Who, therefore, is so fortunate as myself? Human enjoyments such as were worthy of the very gods and such as could with difficulty be obtained by other kings, had been mine. Prosperity of the very highest kind had been attained by me! Who then is so fortunate as myself? With all my well-wishers, and my younger brothers, I am going to heaven, O thou of unfading glory! As regards yourselves, with your purposes unachieved and torn by grief, live ye in this unhappy world!””

“Sanjaya continued, ‘Upon the conclusion of these words of the intelligent king of the Kurus, a thick shower of fragrant flowers fell from the sky. The Gandharvas played upon many charming musical instruments. The Apsaras in a chorus sang the glory of king Duryodhana. The Siddhas uttered loud sound to the effect, “Praise be to king Duryodhana!” Fragrant and delicious breezes mildly blew on every side. All the quarters became clear and the firmament looked blue as the lapis lazuli. Beholding these exceedingly wonderful things and this worship offered to Duryodhana, the Pandavas headed by Vasudeva became ashamed. Hearing (invisible beings cry out) that Bhishma and Drona and Karna and Bhurisravas were slain unrighteously, they became afflicted with grief and wept in sorrow. Beholding the Pandavas filled with anxiety and grief, Krishna addressed them in a voice deep as that of the clouds or the drum, saying, “All of them were great car-warriors and exceedingly quick in the use of weapons! If ye had put forth all your prowess, even then ye could never have slain them in battle by fighting fairly! King Duryodhana also could never be slain in a fair encounter! The same is the case with all those mighty car-warriors headed by Bhishma! From desire of doing good to you, I repeatedly applied my powers of illusion and caused them to be slain by diverse means in battle. If I had not adopted such deceitful ways in battle, victory would never have been yours, nor kingdom, nor wealth! Those four were very high-souled warriors and regarded as Atirathas in the world, The very Regents of the Earth could not slay them in fair fight! Similarly, the son of Dhritarashtra, though fatigued when armed with the mace, could not be slain in fair fight by Yama himself armed with his bludgeon! You should not take it to heart that this foe of yours hath been slain deceitfully. When the number of one’s foes becomes great, then destruction should be effected by contrivances and means. The gods themselves, in slaying the Asuras, have trod the same way. That way, therefore, that hath been trod by the gods, may be trod by all. We have been crowned with success. It is evening. We had better depart to our tents. Let us all, ye kings, take rest with our steeds and elephants and cars.” Hearing these words of Vasudeva, the Pandavas and the Panchalas, filled with delight, roared like a multitude of lions. All of them blew their conchs and Jadava himself blew Panchajanya, filled with joy, O bull among men, at the sight of Duryodhana struck down in battle.””

Section LXII

“Sanjaya said, ‘All those kings, possessed of arms that resembled spiked bludgeons, then proceeded towards their tents, filled with joy and blowing their conchs on their way. The Pandavas also, O monarch, proceeded towards our encampment. The great Bowman Yuyutsu followed them, as also Satyaki, and Dhrishtadyumna, and Sikhandin, and the five sons of

Draupadi. The other great bowmen also proceeded towards our tents. The Parthas then entered the tent of Duryodhana, shorn of its splendours and reft of its lord and looking like an arena of amusement after it has been deserted by spectators. Indeed, that pavilion looked like a city reft of festivities, or a lake without its elephant. It then swarmed with women and eunuchs and certain aged counsellors. Duryodhana and other heroes, attired in robes dyed in yellow, formerly used, O king, to wait reverentially, with joined hands, on those old counsellors. Arrived at the pavilion of the Kuru king, the Pandavas, those foremost of car-warriors, O monarch, dismounted from their cars. At that time, always engaged, O bull of Bharata's race, in the good of his friend, Kesava, addressed the wielder of Gandiva, saying, "Take down thy Gandiva as also the two inexhaustible quivers. I shall dismount after thee, O best of the Bharatas! Get thee down, for this is for thy good, O sinless one!" Pandu's brave son Dhananjaya did as he was directed. The intelligent Krishna, abandoning the reins of the steeds, then dismounted from the car of Dhananjaya. After the high-souled Lord of all creatures had dismounted from that car, the celestial Ape that topped the mantle of Arjuna's vehicle, disappeared there and then. The top of the vehicle, which had before been burned by Drona and Karna with their celestial weapons, quickly blazed forth to ashes, O king, without any visible fire having been in sight. Indeed, the car of Dhananjaya, with its quick pairs of steeds, yoke, and shaft, fell down, reduced to ashes. Beholding the vehicle thus reduced to ashes, O lord, the sons of Pandu became filled with wonder, and Arjuna, O king, having saluted Krishna and bowed unto him, said these words, with joined hands and in an affectionate voice, "O Govinda, O divine one, for what reason hath this car been consumed by fire? What is this highly wonderful incident that has happened before our eyes! O thou of mighty arms, if thou thinkest that I can listen to it without harm, then tell me everything."

"Vasudeva said, "That car, O Arjuna, had before been consumed by diverse kinds of weapons. It was because I had sat upon it during battle that it did not fall into pieces, O scorcher of foes! Previously consumed by the energy of Brahma weapons, it has been reduced to ashes upon my abandoning it after attainment by thee of thy objects!" Then, with a little pride, that slayer of foes, the divine Kesava, embracing king Yudhishtira, said unto him, "By good luck, thou hast won the victory, O son of Kunti! By good luck, thy foes have been vanquished! By good luck, the wielder of Gandiva, Bhimasena the son of Pandu, thyself, O king, and the two sons of Madri have escaped with life from this battle so destructive of heroes, and have escaped after having slain all your foes! Quickly do that, O Bharata, which should now be done by thee! After I had arrived at Upaplavya, thyself, approaching me, with the wielder of Gandiva in thy company, gavest me honey and the customary ingredients, and saidst these words, O Lord: 'This Dhananjaya, O Krishna, is thy brother and friend! He should, therefore, be protected by thee in all dangers!' After thou didst say these words, I answered thee, saying, 'So be it!' That Savyasachin hath been protected by me. Victory also hath been thine, O king! With his brothers, O king of kings, that hero of true prowess hath come out of this dreadful battle, so destructive of heroes, with life!" Thus addressed by Krishna, King Yudhishtira the just, with hair standing on end, O monarch, said these words unto Janardana:

"Yudhishtira said, "Who else save thee, O grinder of foes, not excepting the thunder-wielding Purandara himself, could have withstood the Brahma weapons hurled by Drona and Karna! It was through thy grace that the Samsaptakas were vanquished! It was through thy grace that Partha had never to turn back from even the fiercest of encounters! Similarly, it was through thy grace, O mighty-armed one, that I myself, with my posterity, have, by accomplishing diverse

acts one after another, obtained the auspicious end of prowess and energy! At Upalavya, the great Rishi Krishna-Dwaipayana told me that thither is Krishna where righteousness is, and thither is victory where Krishna is!”

“Sanjaya continued, ‘After this conversation, those heroes entered thy encampment and obtained the military chest, many jewels, and much wealth. And they also obtained silver and gold and gems and pearls and many costly ornaments and blankets and skins, and innumerable slaves male and female, and many other things necessary for sovereignty. Having obtained that inexhaustible wealth belonging to thee, O bull of Bharata’s race, those highly blessed ones, whose foe had been slain, uttered loud cries of exultation. Having unyoked their animals, the Pandavas and Satyaki remained there awhile for resting themselves. Then Vasudeva of great renown said, “We should, as an initiatory act of blessedness, remain out of the camp for this night.” Answering, “So be it!” the Pandavas and Satyaki, accompanied by Vasudeva, went out of the camp for the sake of doing that which was regarded as an auspicious act. Arrived on the banks of the sacred stream Oghavati, O king, the Pandavas, reft of foes, took up their quarters there for that night! They despatched Kesava of Yadu’s race to Hastinapura. Vasudeva of great prowess, causing Daruka to get upon his car, proceeded very quickly to that place where the royal son of Amvika was. While about to start on his car having Saivya and Sugriva (and the others) yoked unto it, (the Pandavas) said unto him, “Comfort the helpless Gandhari who hath lost all her sons!” Thus addressed by the Pandavas, that chief of the Satwatas then proceeded towards Hastinapura and arrived at the presence of Gandhari who had lost all her sons in the war.’”

Section LXIII

Janamejaya said, “For what reason did that tiger among kings, Yudhishtira the just, despatch that scorcher of foes, Vasudeva, unto Gandhari? Krishna had at first gone to the Kauravas for the sake of bringing about peace. He did not obtain the fruition of his wishes. In consequence of this the battle took place. When all the warriors were slain and Duryodhana was struck down, when in consequence of the battle the empire of Pandu’s son became perfectly foeless, when all the (Kuru) camp became empty, all its inmates having fled, when great renown was won by the son of Pandu, what, O regenerate one, was the cause for which Krishna had once again to go to Hastinapura? It seems to me, O Brahmana, that the cause could not be a light one, for it was Janardana of immeasurable soul who had himself to make the journey! O foremost of all Adhyaryus, tell me in detail what the cause was for undertaking such a mission!”

Vaisampayana said, “The question thou askest me, O king, is, indeed, worthy of thee! I will tell thee everything truly as it occurred, O bull of Bharata’s race! Beholding Duryodhana, the mighty son of Dhritarashtra, struck down by Bhimasena in contravention of the rules of fair fight, in fact, beholding the Kuru king slain unfairly, O Bharata, Yudhishtira, O monarch, became filled with great fear, at the thought of the highly blessed Gandhari possessed of ascetic merit. “She hath undergone severe ascetic austerities and can, therefore, consume the three worlds,” even thus thought the son of Pandu. By sending Krishna, Gandhari, blazing with wrath, would be comforted before Yudhishtira’s own arrival. “Hearing of the death of her son brought to such a plight by ourselves, she will, in wrath, with the fire of her mind, reduce us to ashes! How will Gandhari endure such poignant grief, after she hears her son, who always fought fairly,

slain unfairly by us?” Having reflected in this strain for a long while, king Yudhishtira the just, filled with fear and grief, said these words unto Vasudeva: “Through thy grace, O Govinda, my kingdom hath been reft of thorns! That which we could not in imagination even aspire to obtain hath now become ours, O thou of unfading glory! Before my eyes, O mighty-armed one, making the very hair stand on end, violent were the blows that thou hadst to bear, O delighter of the Yadavas! In the battle between the gods and the Asuras, thou hadst, in days of old, lent thy aid for the destruction of the foes of the gods and those foes were slain! In the same way, O mighty-armed one, thou hast given us aid, O thou of unfading glory! By agreeing to act as our charioteer, O thou of Vrishni’s race, thou hast all along protected us! If thou hadst not been the protector of Phalguna in dreadful battle, how could then this sea of troops have been capable of being vanquished? Many were the blows of the mace, and many were the strokes of spiked bludgeons and darts and sharp arrows and lances and battle axes, that have been endured by thee! For our sake, O Krishna, thou hadst also to hear many harsh words and endure the fall, violent as the thunder, of weapons in battle! In consequence of Duryodhana’s slaughter, all this has not been fruitless, O thou of unfading glory! Act thou again in such a way that the fruit of all those acts may not be destroyed! Although victory hath been ours, O Krishna, our heart, however, is yet trembling in doubt! Know, O Madhava, that Gandhari’s wrath, O mighty-armed one, hath been provoked! That highly-blessed lady is always emaciating herself with the austerest of penances! Hearing of the slaughter of her sons and grandsons, she will, without doubt, consume us to ashes! It is time, O hero, I think, for pacifying her! Except thee, O foremost of men, what other person is there that is able to even behold that lady of eyes red like copper in wrath and exceedingly afflicted with the ills that have befallen her children? That thou shouldst go there, O Madhava, is what I think to be proper, for pacifying Gandhari, O chastiser of foes, who is blazing with wrath! Thou art the Creator and the Destroyer. Thou art the first cause of all the worlds thyself being eternal! By words fraught with reasons, visible and invisible that are all the result of time, thou wilt quickly, O thou of great wisdom, be able to pacify Gandhari! Our grandsire, thy holy Krishna-Dwaipayana, will be there. O mighty-armed one, it is thy duty to dispel, by all means in thy power, the wrath of Gandhari!” Hearing these words of king Yudhishtira the just, the perpetuator of Yadu’s race, summoning Daruka, said, “Let my car be equipped!” Having received Kesava’s command, Daruka in great haste, returned and represented unto his high-souled master that the car was ready. That scorcher of foes and chief of Yadu’s race, the lord Kesava, having mounted the car, proceeded with great haste to the city of the Kurus. The adorable Madhava then, riding on his vehicle, proceeded, and arriving at the city called after the elephant entered it. Causing the city to resound with the rattle of his car-wheels as he entered it, he sent word to Dhritarashtra and then alighted from his vehicle and entered the palace of the old king. He there beheld that best of Rishis, (Dwaipayana) arrived before him. Janardana, embracing the feet of both Vyasa and Dhritarashtra, quietly saluted Gandhari also. Then the foremost of the Yadavas, Vyasa, seizing Dhritarashtra by the hand, O monarch, began to weep melodiously. Having shed tears for a while from sorrow, he washed his eyes and his face with water according to rules. That chastiser of foes then said these softly flowing words unto Dhritarashtra, “Nothing is unknown to thee, O Bharata, about the past and the future! Thou art well-acquainted, O lord, with the course of time! From a regard for thee, the Pandavas had endeavoured to prevent the destruction of their race and the extermination of Kshatriyas, O Bharata! Having made an understanding with his brothers, the virtuous Yudhishtira had lived

peacefully. He even went to exile after defeat at unfair dice! With his brothers he led a life of concealment, attired in various disguises. They also every day got into diverse other woes as if they were quite helpless! On the eve of battle I myself came and in the presence of all men begged of thee only five villages. Afflicted by Time, and moved by covetousness, thou didst not grant my request. Through thy fault, O king, all the Kshatriya race hath been exterminated! Bhishma, and Somadatta, and Valhika, and Kripa, and Drona and his son, and the wise Vidura, always solicited thee for peace. Thou didst not, however, follow their counsels! Everyone, it seems, when afflicted by Time, is stupefied, O Bharata, since even thou, O king, as regards this matter, did act so foolishly! What else can it be but the effect of Time? Indeed, Destiny is supreme! Do not, O thou of great wisdom, impute any fault to the Pandavas! The smallest transgression is not discernible in the high-souled Pandavas, judged by the rules of morality or reason or affection, O scorcher of foes! Knowing all this to be the fruit of thy own fault, it behoveth thee not to cherish any ill-feeling towards the Pandavas! Race, line, funeral cake, and what else depends upon offspring, now depend on the Pandavas as regards both thyself and Gandhari! Thyself, O tiger among the Kurus, and the renowned Gandhari also, should not harbour malice towards the Pandavas. Reflecting upon all this, and thinking also of thy own transgressions, cherish good feeling towards the Pandavas, I bow to thee, O bull of Bharata's race! Thou knowest, O mighty-armed one, what the devotion is of king Yudhishtira and what his affection is towards thee, O tiger among kings! Having caused this slaughter of even foes that wronged him so, he is burning day and night, and hath not succeeded in obtaining peace of mind! That tiger among men, grieving for thee and for Gandhari, faileth to obtain any happiness. Overwhelmed with shame he cometh not before thee that art burning with grief on account of thy children and whose understanding and senses have been agitated by that grief!" Having said these words unto Dhritarashtra, that foremost one of Yadu's race, O monarch, addressed the grief-stricken Gandhari in these words of high import: "O daughter of Suvala, thou of excellent vows, listen to what I say! O auspicious dame, there is now no lady like thee in the world! Thou rememberest, O queen, those words that thou spokest in the assembly in my presence, those words fraught with righteousness and that were beneficial to both parties, which thy sons, O auspicious lady, did not obey! Duryodhana who coveted victory was addressed by thee in bitter words! Thou toldst him then. 'Listen, O fool, to these words of mine: "thither is victory where righteousness is."' Those words of thine, O princess, have now been accomplished! Knowing all this, O auspicious lady, do not set thy heart on sorrow. Let not thy heart incline towards the destruction of the Pandavas! In consequence of the strength of thy penances, thou art able, O highly blessed one, to burn, with thy eyes kindled with rage, the whole Earth with her mobile and immobile creatures!" Hearing these words of Vasudeva, Gandhari said, "It is even so, O Kesava, as thou sayest! My heart, burning in grief, has been unsteadied! After hearing thy words, however, that heart, O Janardana, hath again become steady. As regards the blind old king, now become child, thou, O foremost of men, with those heroes, the sons of Pandu, hast become his refuge!" Having said so much, Gandhari, burning in grief on account of the death of her sons, covered her face with her cloth and began to weep aloud. The mighty-armed lord Kesava then comforted the grief-stricken princess with words that were fraught with reasons drawn from visible instances. Having comforted Gandhari and Dhritarashtra, Kesava of Madhu's race came to know (by intuition) the evil that was meditated by Drona's son. Rising up in haste after worshipping the feet of Vyasa bending his head, Kesava, O monarch, addressed Dhritarashtra,

saying, “I take my leave, O foremost one of Kuru’s race! Do not set thy heart on grief! The son of Drona bears an evil purpose. It is for this that I rise so suddenly! It seems that he has formed a plan of destroying the Pandavas during the night!” Hearing these words, both Gandhari and Dhritarashtra said unto Kesava that slayer of Kesin, these words: “Go, quickly, O mighty-armed one, protect the Pandavas! Let me soon meet thee again, O Janardana!” Then Kesava of unfading glory proceeded with Daruka. After Vasudeva had departed, O king, Vyasa, that adored of the whole world, of inconceivable soul, began to comfort king Dhritarashtra. The righteous-souled Vasudeva departed, having achieved his mission successfully, from Hastinapura, for seeing the camp and the Pandavas. Arrived at the camp, he proceeded to the presence of the Pandavas. Telling them everything (about his mission to the city), he took his seat with them.”

Section LXIV

“Dhritarashtra said, ‘Kicked at the head, his thighs broken, prostrated on the ground, exceedingly proud, what, O Sanjaya, did my son then say? King Duryodhana was exceedingly wrathful and his hostility to the sons of Pandu was deep-rooted. When therefore this great calamity overtook him, what did he next say on the field?’

“Sanjaya said, ‘Listen to me, O monarch, as I describe to thee what happened. Listen, O king, to what Duryodhana said when overtaken by calamity. With his thighs broken, the king, O monarch, covered with dust, gathered his flowing locks, casting his eyes on all sides. Having with difficulty gathered his locks, he began to sigh like a snake. Filled with rage and with tears flowing fast from his eyes, he looked at me. He struck his arms against the Earth for a while like an infuriated elephant. Shaking his loose locks, and gnashing his teeth, he began to censure the eldest son of Pandu. Breathing heavily, he then addressed me, saying, “Alas, I who had Santanu’s son Bhishma for my protector, and Karna, that foremost of all wielders of weapons and Gotama’s son, Sakuni, and Drona, that first of all wielders of arms, and Aswatthaman, and the heroic Salya, and Kritavarman, alas, even I have come to this plight! It seems that Time is irresistible! I was the lord of eleven Chamus of troops and yet I have come to this plight! O mighty-armed one, no one can rise superior to Time! Those of my side that have escaped with life from this battle should be informed, how I have been struck down by Bhimasena in contravention of the rules of fair fight! Many have been the very unfair and sinful acts that have been perpetrated towards Bhurisravas, and Bhishma, and Drona of great prosperity! This is another very infamous act that the cruel Pandavas have perpetrated, for which, I am certain, they will incur the condemnation of all righteous men! What pleasure can a righteously disposed person enjoy at having gained a victory by unfair acts? What wise man, again, is there that would accord his approbation to a person contravening the rules of fairness? What learned man is there that would rejoice after having won victory by unrighteousness as that sinful wretch, Vrikodara the son of Pandu, rejoices? What can be more amazing than this, that Bhimasena in wrath should with his foot touch the head of one like me while lying with my thighs broken? Is that person, O Sanjaya, worthy of honour who behaveth thus towards a man possessed of glory endued with prosperity, living in the midst of friends? My parents are not ignorant of the duties of battle. Instructed by me, O Sanjaya, tell them that are afflicted with grief these words: I have performed sacrifices, supported a large number of servants properly, governed the whole earth with her seas! I stayed on the heads of my living foes! I gave wealth to my kinsmen to the extent of my

abilities, and I did what was agreeable to friends. I withstood all my foes. Who is there that is more fortunate than myself? I have made progresses through hostile kingdoms and commanded kings as slaves. I have acted handsomely towards all I loved and liked. Who is there more fortunate than myself? I honoured all my kinsmen and attended to the welfare of all my dependants. I have attended to the three ends of human existence, Religion, Profit, and Pleasure! Who is there more fortunate than myself? I laid my commands on great kings, and honour, unattainable by others, was mine, I always made my journeys on the very best of steeds. Who is there more fortunate than myself? I studied the Vedas and made gifts according to the ordinance. My life has passed in happiness. By observance of the duties of my own order, I have earned many regions of blessedness hereafter. Who is there more fortunate than myself? By good luck, I have not been vanquished in battle and subjected to the necessity of serving my foes as masters. By good luck, O lord, it is only after my death that my swelling prosperity abandons me for waiting upon another! That which is desired by good Kshatriyas observant of the duties of their order, that death, is obtained by me! Who is there so fortunate as myself? By good luck, I did not suffer myself to be turned away from the path of hostility and to be vanquished like an ordinary person! By good luck, I have not been vanquished after I had done some base act! Like the slaughter of a person that is asleep or that is heedless, like the slaughter of one by the administration of poison, my slaughter hath taken place, for I have been slain as unrighteously, in contravention of the rules of fair fight! The highly blessed Aswatthaman, and Kritavarman of the Satwata race, and Saradwat's son Kripa, should be told these words of mine, 'You should never repose any confidence upon the Pandavas, those violators of rules, who have perpetrated many unrighteous acts!' After this, thy royal son of true prowess addressed our message-bearers in these words, "I have, in battle, been slain by Bhimasena most unrighteously! I am now like a moneyless wayfarer and shall follow in the wake of Drona who has already gone to heaven, of Karna and Salya, of Vrishasena of great energy, of Sakuni the son of Suvala, of Jalasandha of great valour, of king Bhagadatta, of Somadatta's son, that mighty bowman, of Jayadratha, the king of the Sindhus, of all my brothers headed by Dussasana and equal unto myself, of Dussasana's son of great prowess, and of Lakshmana, my son, and thousands of others that fought for me. Alas how shall my sister, stricken with woe, live sorrowfully, after hearing of the slaughter of her brothers and her husband! Alas, what shall be the plight of the old king, my sire, with Gandhari, and his daughters-in-law and grand-daughters-in-law! Without doubt, the beautiful and large-eyed mother of Lakshmana, made sonless and husbandless, will soon meet with her death! If Charvaka, the mendicant devotee who is a master of speech, learns everything, that blessed man will certainly avenge himself of my death! By dying upon the sacred field of Samantapanchaka, celebrated over the three worlds, I shall certainly obtain many eternal regions!" Then, O sire, thousands of men, with eyes full of tears, fled away in all directions, having heard these lamentations of the king. The whole Earth, with her forests and seas, with all her mobile and immobile creatures, began to tremble violently, and produce a loud noise. All the points of the compass became murky. The messengers, repairing to Drona's son, represented to him all that had happened regarding the conduct of the mace-encounter and the fall of the king. Having represented everything unto Drona's son, O Bharata, all of them remained in a thoughtful mood for a long while and then went away, grief-stricken, to the place they came from."

Section LXV

“Sanjaya said, ‘Having heard of Duryodhana’s fall from the messengers, those mighty car-warriors, the unslain remnant of the Kaurava army, exceedingly wounded with keen shafts, and maces and lances and darts, those three, Aswatthaman and Kripa and Kritavarman of the Satwata race, came quickly on their fleet steeds to the field of battle. They beheld there the high-souled son of Dhritarashtra prostrate on the ground like a gigantic Sala tree laid low in the forest by a tempest. They beheld him writhing on the bare ground and covered with blood even like a mighty elephant in the forest laid low by a hunter. They saw him weltering in agony and bathed in profuse streams of blood. Indeed, they saw him lying on the ground like the sun dropped on the earth or like the ocean dried by a mighty wind, or like the full Moon in the firmament with his disc shrouded by a fog. Equal to an elephant in prowess and possessed of long arms, the king lay on the earth, covered with dust. Around him were many terrible creatures and carnivorous animals like wealth-coveting dependants around a monarch in state. His forehead was contracted into furrows of rage and his eyes were rolling in wrath. They beheld the king, that tiger among men, full of rage, like a tiger struck down (by hunters). Those great archers Kripa and others, beholding the monarch laid low on the Earth, became stupefied. Alighting from their cars, they ran towards the king. Seeing Duryodhana, all of them sat on the earth around him. Then Drona’s son, O monarch, with tearful eyes and breathing like a snake, said these words unto that chief of Bharata’s race, that foremost of all the kings on earth, “Truly, there is nothing stable in the world of men, since thou, O tiger among men, liest on the bare earth, stained with dust! Thou wert a king who had laid thy commands on the whole Earth! Why then, O foremost of monarchs, dost thou lie alone on the bare ground in such a lonely wilderness? I do not see Dussasana beside thee, nor the great car-warrior Karna, nor those friends of thine numbering in hundreds! What is this, O bull among men? Without doubt, it is difficult to learn the ways of Yama, since thou, O lord of all the worlds, thus liest on the bare ground, stained with dust! Alas, this scorcher of foes used to walk at the head of all Kshatriyas that had their locks sprinkled with holy water at ceremonies of coronation! Alas, he now eateth the dust! Behold the reverses that Time bringeth on its course! Where is that pure white umbrella of thine? Where is that fanning yak-tail also, O king? Where hath that vast army of thine now gone, O best of monarchs? The course of events is certainly a mystery when causes other than those relied upon are at book, since even thou that wert the master of the world hast been reduced to this plight! Without doubt, the prosperity of all mortals is very unstable, since thou that wert equal unto Sakra himself hast now been reduced to such a sorry plight!” Hearing these words of the sorrowing Aswatthaman, thy son answered him in these words that were suited to the occasion. He wiped his eyes with his hands and shed tears of grief anew. The king then addressed all those heroes headed by Kripa and said, “This liability to death (of all living creatures) is said to have been ordained by the Creator himself. Death comes to all beings in course of time. That death hath now come to me, before the eyes of you all! I who reigned over the whole earth have now been reduced to this plight! By good luck, I never turned back from battle whatever calamities overtook me. By good luck, I have been slain by those sinful men, by the aid particularly of deception. By good luck, while engaged in hostilities, I always displayed courage and perseverance. By good luck, I am slain in battle, along with all my kinsmen and friends. By good luck, I behold you escaped with life from this great slaughter, and safe and sound. This is highly agreeable to me. Do not, from affection, grieve for

my death. If the Vedas are any authority, I have certainly acquired many eternal regions! I am not ignorant of the glory of Krishna of immeasurable energy. He hath not caused me to fall off from the proper observance of Kshatriya duties. I have obtained him. On no account should anybody grieve from me. Ye have done what persons like ye should do. Ye have always striven for my success. Destiny, however, is incapable of being frustrated.” Having said this much, the king, with eyes laved with tears, became silent, O monarch, agitated as he was with agony. Beholding the king in tears and grief, Drona’s son flamed up in anger like the fire that is seen at the universal destruction. Overwhelmed with rage, he squeezed his hand and addressing the king in a voice hoarse with tears, he said these words, “My sire was slain by those wretches with a cruel contrivance. That act, however, doth not burn me so keenly as this plight to which thou hast been reduced, O king! Listen to these words of mine that I utter, swearing by Truth itself, O lord, and by all my acts of piety, all my gifts, my religion, and the religious merits I have won. I shall today, in the very presence of Vasudeva, despatch all the Panchalas, by all means in my power, to the abode of Yama? It behoveth thee, O monarch, to grant me permission!” Hearing these words of Drona’s son, that were highly agreeable to his heart, the Kuru king addressing Kripa, said, “O preceptor, bring me without delay a pot full of water!” At these words of the king, that foremost of Brahmanas soon brought a vessel full of water and approached the king. Thy son then, O monarch, said unto Kripa, “Let the son of Drona, O foremost of Brahmanas, (blessed be thou), be at my command installed as generalissimo, if thou wishest to do me the good! At the command of the king, even a Brahmana may fight, specially one that has adopted Kshatriya practices! Those learned in the scriptures say this!” Hearing these words of the king, Kripa, the son of Saradwat, installed Drona’s son as generalissimo, at the king’s command! The installation over, O monarch, Aswatthaman embraced that best of kings and left the spot, having caused the ten points to resound with his leonine roars. That foremost of kings, Duryodhana, profusely covered with blood, began to pass there that night so frightful to all creatures. Wending away quickly from the field of battle, O king, those heroes, with hearts agitated by grief, began to reflect anxiously and earnestly.”

The End of Salya Parva