

CLASSICS TO GO



THE MAHABHARATA
UNKNOWN

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Unknown

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

The object of a translator should ever be to hold the mirror up to his author. That being so, his chief duty is to represent so far as practicable the manner in which his author's ideas have been expressed, retaining if possible at the sacrifice of idiom and taste all the peculiarities of his author's imagery and of language as well. In regard to translations from the Sanskrit, nothing is easier than to dish up Hindu ideas, so as to make them agreeable to English taste. But the endeavour of the present translator has been to give in the following pages as literal a rendering as possible of the great work of Vyasa. To the purely English reader there is much in the following pages that will strike as ridiculous. Those unacquainted with any language but their own are generally very exclusive in matters of taste. Having no knowledge of models other than what they meet with in their own tongue, the standard they have formed of purity and taste in composition must necessarily be a narrow one. The translator, however, would ill-discharge his duty, if for the sake of avoiding ridicule, he sacrificed fidelity to the original. He must represent his author as he is, not as he should be to please the narrow taste of those entirely unacquainted with him. Mr. Pickford, in the preface to his English translation of the Mahavira Charita, ably defends a close adherence to the original even at the sacrifice of idiom and taste against the claims of what has been called 'Free Translation,' which means dressing the author in an outlandish garb to please those to whom he is introduced.

In the preface to his classical translation of Bhartrihari's Niti Satakam and Vairagya Satakam, Mr. C.H. Tawney says, "I am sensible that in the present attempt I have retained much

local colouring. For instance, the ideas of worshipping the feet of a god or great men, though it frequently occurs in Indian literature, will undoubtedly move the laughter of Englishmen unacquainted with Sanskrit, especially if they happen to belong to that class of readers who revel their attention on the accidental and remain blind to the essential. But a certain measure of fidelity to the original even at the risk of making oneself ridiculous, is better than the studied dishonesty which characterises so many translations of oriental poets."

We fully subscribe to the above although, it must be observed, the censure conveyed to the class of translators last indicated is rather undeserved, there being nothing like a 'studied dishonesty' in their efforts which proceed only from a mistaken view of their duties and as such betray only an error of the head but not of the heart. More than twelve years ago when Babu Pratapa Chandra Roy, with Babu Durga Charan Banerjee, went to my retreat at Seebpore, for engaging me to translate the Mahabharata into English, I was amazed with the grandeur of the scheme. My first question to him was,—whence was the money to come, supposing my competence for the task. Pratapa then unfolded to me the details of his plan, the hopes he could legitimately cherish of assistance from different quarters. He was full of enthusiasm. He showed me Dr. Rost's letter, which, he said, had suggested to him the undertaking. I had known Babu Durga Charan for many years and I had the highest opinion of his scholarship and practical good sense. When he warmly took Pratapa's side for convincing me of the practicability of the scheme, I listened to him patiently. The two were for completing all arrangements with me the very day. To this I did not agree. I took a week's time to consider. I consulted some of my literary friends, foremost among whom was the late lamented Dr. Sambhu C. Mookherjee. The latter, I found, had been waited upon by

Pratapa. Dr. Mookherjee spoke to me of Pratapa as a man of indomitable energy and perseverance. The result of my conference with Dr. Mookherjee was that I wrote to Pratapa asking him to see me again. In this second interview estimates were drawn up, and everything was arranged as far as my portion of the work was concerned. My friend left with me a specimen of translation which he had received from Professor Max Muller. This I began to study, carefully comparing it sentence by sentence with the original. About its literal character there could be no doubt, but it had no flow and, therefore, could not be perused with pleasure by the general reader. The translation had been executed thirty years ago by a young German friend of the great Pundit. I had to touch up every sentence. This I did without at all impairing faithfulness to the original. My first 'copy' was set up in type and a dozen sheets were struck off. These were submitted to the judgment of a number of eminent writers, European and native. All of them, I was glad to see, approved of the specimen, and then the task of translating the Mahabharata into English seriously began.

Before, however, the first fasciculus could be issued, the question as to whether the authorship of the translation should be publicly owned, arose. Babu Pratapa Chandra Roy was against anonymity. I was for it. The reasons I adduced were chiefly founded upon the impossibility of one person translating the whole of the gigantic work. Notwithstanding my resolve to discharge to the fullest extent the duty that I took up, I might not live to carry it out. It would take many years before the end could be reached. Other circumstances than death might arise in consequence of which my connection with the work might cease. It could not be desirable to issue successive fasciculus with the names of a succession of translators appearing on the title pages. These and other considerations convinced my friend that, after all, my view was correct. It was, accordingly, resolved

to withhold the name of the translator. As a compromise, however, between the two views, it was resolved to issue the first fasciculus with two prefaces, one over the signature of the publisher and the other headed— 'Translator's Preface.' This, it was supposed, would effectually guard against misconceptions of every kind. No careful reader would then confound the publisher with the author.

Although this plan was adopted, yet before a fourth of the task had been accomplished, an influential Indian journal came down upon poor Pratapa Chandra Roy and accused him openly of being a party to a great literary imposture, viz., of posing before the world as the translator of Vyasa's work when, in fact, he was only the publisher. The charge came upon my friend as a surprise, especially as he had never made a secret of the authorship in his correspondence with Oriental scholars in every part of the world. He promptly wrote to the journal in question, explaining the reasons there were for anonymity, and pointing to the two prefaces with which the first fasciculus had been given to the world. The editor readily admitted his mistake and made a satisfactory apology.

Now that the translation has been completed, there can no longer be any reason for withholding the name of the translator. The entire translation is practically the work of one hand. In portions of the *Adi* and the *Sabha Parvas*, I was assisted by Babu Charu Charan Mookerjee. About four forms of the *Sabha Parva* were done by Professor Krishna Kamal Bhattacharya, and about half a fasciculus during my illness, was done by another hand. I should however state that before passing to the printer the copy received from these gentlemen I carefully compared every sentence with the original, making such alterations as were needed for securing a uniformity of style with the rest of the work.

I should here observe that in rendering the Mahabharata into English I have derived very little aid from the three Bengali versions that are supposed to have been executed with care. Every one of these is full of inaccuracies and blunders of every description. The Santi in particular which is by far the most difficult of the eighteen Parvas, has been made a mess of by the Pundits that attacked it. Hundreds of ridiculous blunders can be pointed out in both the Rajadharma and the Mokshadharma sections. Some of these I have pointed out in footnotes.

I cannot lay claim to infallibility. There are verses in the Mahabharata that are exceedingly difficult to construe. I have derived much aid from the great commentator Nilakantha. I know that Nilakantha's authority is not incapable of being challenged. But when it is remembered that the interpretations given by Nilakantha came down to him from preceptors of olden days, one should think twice before rejecting Nilakantha as a guide.

About the readings I have adopted, I should say that as regards the first half of the work, I have generally adhered to the Bengal texts; as regards the latter half, to the printed Bombay edition. Sometimes individual sections, as occurring in the Bengal editions, differ widely, in respect of the order of the verses, from the corresponding ones in the Bombay edition. In such cases I have adhered to the Bengal texts, convinced that the sequence of ideas has been better preserved in the Bengal editions than the Bombay one.

I should express my particular obligations to Pundit Ram Nath Tarkaratna, the author of 'Vasudeva Vijayam' and other poems, Pundit Shyama Charan Kaviratna, the learned editor of Kavyaprakasha with the commentary of Professor Mahesh Chandra Nayaratna, and Babu Aghore Nath Banerjee, the manager of the Bharata Karyalaya. All these scholars were

my referees on all points of difficulty. Pundit Ram Nath's solid scholarship is known to them that have come in contact with him. I never referred to him a difficulty that he could not clear up. Unfortunately, he was not always at hand to consult. Pundit Shyama Charan Kaviratna, during my residence at Seebpore, assisted me in going over the Mokshadharma sections of the Santi Parva. Unostentatious in the extreme, Kaviratna is truly the type of a learned Brahman of ancient India. Babu Aghore Nath Banerjee also has from time to time, rendered me valuable assistance in clearing my difficulties.

Gigantic as the work is, it would have been exceedingly difficult for me to go on with it if I had not been encouraged by Sir Stuart Bayley, Sir Auckland Colvin, Sir Alfred Croft, and among Oriental scholars, by the late lamented Dr. Reinhold Rost, and Mons. A. Barth of Paris. All these eminent men knew from the beginning that the translation was proceeding from my pen. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm, with which my poor friend, Pratapa Chandra Roy, always endeavoured to fill me. I am sure my energies would have flagged and patience exhausted but for the encouraging words which I always received from these patrons and friends of the enterprise.

Lastly, I should name my literary chief and friend, Dr. Sambhu C. Mookherjee. The kind interest he took in my labours, the repeated exhortations he addressed to me inculcating patience, the care with which he read every fasciculus as it came out, marking all those passages which threw light upon topics of antiquarian interest, and the words of praise he uttered when any expression particularly happy met his eyes, served to stimulate me more than anything else in going on with a task that sometimes seemed to me endless.

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THE MAHABHARATA

ADI PARVA

SECTION I

Om! Having bowed down to Narayana and Nara, the most exalted male being, and also to the goddess Saraswati, must the word Jaya be uttered.

Ugrasrava, the son of Lomaharshana, surnamed Sauti, well-versed in the Puranas, bending with humility, one day approached the great sages of rigid vows, sitting at their ease, who had attended the twelve years' sacrifice of Saunaka, surnamed Kulapati, in the forest of Naimisha. Those ascetics, wishing to hear his wonderful narrations, presently began to address him who had thus arrived at that recluse abode of the inhabitants of the forest of Naimisha. Having been entertained with due respect by those holy men, he saluted those Munis (sages) with joined palms, even all of them, and inquired about the progress of their asceticism. Then all the ascetics being again seated, the son of Lomaharshana humbly occupied the seat that was assigned to him. Seeing that he was comfortably seated, and recovered from fatigue, one of the Rishis beginning the conversation, asked him, "Whence comest thou, O lotus-eyed Sauti, and where hast thou spent the time? Tell me, who ask thee, in detail."

Accomplished in speech, Sauti, thus questioned, gave in the midst of that big assemblage of contemplative Munis a full

and proper answer in words consonant with their mode of life.

Sauti said, "Having heard the diverse sacred and wonderful stories which were composed in his Mahabharata by Krishna-Dwaipayana, and which were recited in full by Vaisampayana at the Snake-sacrifice of the high-souled royal sage Janamejaya and in the presence also of that chief of Princes, the son of Parikshit, and having wandered about, visiting many sacred waters and holy shrines, I journeyed to the country venerated by the Dwijas (twice-born) and called Samantapanchaka where formerly was fought the battle between the children of Kuru and Pandu, and all the chiefs of the land ranged on either side. Thence, anxious to see you, I am come into your presence. Ye reverend sages, all of whom are to me as Brahma; ye greatly blessed who shine in this place of sacrifice with the splendour of the solar fire: ye who have concluded the silent meditations and have fed the holy fire; and yet who are sitting—without care, what, O ye Dwijas (twice-born), shall I repeat, shall I recount the sacred stories collected in the Puranas containing precepts of religious duty and of worldly profit, or the acts of illustrious saints and sovereigns of mankind?"

The Rishi replied, "The Purana, first promulgated by the great Rishi Dwaipayana, and which after having been heard both by the gods and the Brahmarshis was highly esteemed, being the most eminent narrative that exists, diversified both in diction and division, possessing subtile meanings logically combined, and gleaned from the Vedas, is a sacred work. Composed in elegant language, it includeth the subjects of other books. It is elucidated by other Shastras, and comprehendeth the sense of the four Vedas. We are desirous of hearing that history also called Bharata, the holy composition of the wonderful Vyasa, which dispelleth the fear of evil, just as it was cheerfully recited by the Rishi

Vaisampayana, under the direction of Dwaipayana himself, at the snake-sacrifice of Raja Janamejaya."

Sauti then said, "Having bowed down to the primordial being Isana, to whom multitudes make offerings, and who is adored by the multitude; who is the true incorruptible one, Brahma, perceptible, imperceptible, eternal; who is both a non-existing and an existing-non-existing being; who is the universe and also distinct from the existing and non-existing universe; who is the creator of high and low; the ancient, exalted, inexhaustible one; who is Vishnu, beneficent and the beneficence itself, worthy of all preference, pure and immaculate; who is Hari, the ruler of the faculties, the guide of all things moveable and immoveable; I will declare the sacred thoughts of the illustrious sage Vyasa, of marvellous deeds and worshipped here by all. Some bards have already published this history, some are now teaching it, and others, in like manner, will hereafter promulgate it upon the earth. It is a great source of knowledge, established throughout the three regions of the world. It is possessed by the twice-born both in detailed and compendious forms. It is the delight of the learned for being embellished with elegant expressions, conversations human and divine, and a variety of poetical measures.

"In this world, when it was destitute of brightness and light, and enveloped all around in total darkness, there came into being, as the primal cause of creation, a mighty egg, the one inexhaustible seed of all created beings. It is called Mahadivya, and was formed at the beginning of the Yuga, in which we are told, was the true light Brahma, the eternal one, the wonderful and inconceivable being present alike in all places; the invisible and subtile cause, whose nature partaketh of entity and non- entity. From this egg came out the lord Pitamaha Brahma, the one only Prajapati; with Suraguru and Sthanu. Then appeared the twenty-one

Prajapatis, viz., Manu, Vasishta and Parameshthi; ten Prachetas, Daksha, and the seven sons of Daksha. Then appeared the man of inconceivable nature whom all the Rishis know and so the Viswe-devas, the Adityas, the Vasus, and the twin Aswins; the Yakshas, the Sadhyas, the Pisachas, the Guhyakas, and the Pitris. After these were produced the wise and most holy Brahmarshis, and the numerous Rajarshis distinguished by every noble quality. So the water, the heavens, the earth, the air, the sky, the points of the heavens, the years, the seasons, the months, the fortnights, called Pakshas, with day and night in due succession. And thus were produced all things which are known to mankind.

"And what is seen in the universe, whether animate or inanimate, of created things, will at the end of the world, and after the expiration of the Yuga, be again confounded. And, at the commencement of other Yugas, all things will be renovated, and, like the various fruits of the earth, succeed each other in the due order of their seasons. Thus continueth perpetually to revolve in the world, without beginning and without end, this wheel which causeth the destruction of all things.

"The generation of Devas, in brief, was thirty-three thousand, thirty-three hundred and thirty-three. The sons of Div were Brihadbhanu, Chakshus, Atma, Vibhavas, Savita, Richika, Arka, Bhanu, Asavaha, and Ravi. Of these Vivaswans of old, Mahya was the youngest whose son was Deva-vrata. The latter had for his son, Su-vrata who, we learn, had three sons,—Dasa-jyoti, Sata-jyoti, and Sahasra-jyoti, each of them producing numerous offspring. The illustrious Dasa-jyoti had ten thousand, Sata-jyoti ten times that number, and Sahasra-jyoti ten times the number of Sata-jyoti's offspring. From these are descended the family of the Kurus, of the Yadus, and of Bharata; the family of

Yayati and of Ikshwaku; also of all the Rajarshis. Numerous also were the generations produced, and very abundant were the creatures and their places of abode. The mystery which is threefold—the Vedas, Yoga, and Vijnana Dharma, Artha, and Kama—also various books upon the subject of Dharma, Artha, and Kama; also rules for the conduct of mankind; also histories and discourses with various srutis; all of which having been seen by the Rishi Vyasa are here in due order mentioned as a specimen of the book.

"The Rishi Vyasa published this mass of knowledge in both a detailed and an abridged form. It is the wish of the learned in the world to possess the details and the abridgement. Some read the Bharata beginning with the initial mantra (invocation), others with the story of Astika, others with Uparichara, while some Brahmanas study the whole. Men of learning display their various knowledge of the institutes in commenting on the composition. Some are skilful in explaining it, while others, in remembering its contents.

"The son of Satyavati having, by penance and meditation, analysed the eternal Veda, afterwards composed this holy history, when that learned Brahmarshi of strict vows, the noble Dwaipayana Vyasa, offspring of Parasara, had finished this greatest of narrations, he began to consider how he might teach it to his disciples. And the possessor of the six attributes, Brahma, the world's preceptor, knowing of the anxiety of the Rishi Dwaipayana, came in person to the place where the latter was, for gratifying the saint, and benefiting the people. And when Vyasa, surrounded by all the tribes of Munis, saw him, he was surprised; and, standing with joined palms, he bowed and ordered a seat to be brought. And Vyasa having gone round him who is called Hiranyagarbha seated on that distinguished seat stood near it; and being commanded by Brahma Parameshthi, he sat down near the seat, full of affection and smiling in joy. Then

the greatly glorious Vyasa, addressing Brahma Parameshthi, said, 'O divine Brahma, by me a poem hath been composed which is greatly respected. The mystery of the Veda, and what other subjects have been explained by me; the various rituals of the Upanishads with the Angas; the compilation of the Puranas and history formed by me and named after the three divisions of time, past, present, and future; the determination of the nature of decay, fear, disease, existence, and non-existence, a description of creeds and of the various modes of life; rule for the four castes, and the import of all the Puranas; an account of asceticism and of the duties of a religious student; the dimensions of the sun and moon, the planets, constellations, and stars, together with the duration of the four ages; the Rik, Sama and Yajur Vedas; also the Adhyatma; the sciences called Nyaya, Orthoepey and Treatment of diseases; charity and Pasupatadharma; birth celestial and human, for particular purposes; also a description of places of pilgrimage and other holy places of rivers, mountains, forests, the ocean, of heavenly cities and the kalpas; the art of war; the different kinds of nations and languages: the nature of the manners of the people; and the all-pervading spirit;—all these have been represented. But, after all, no writer of this work is to be found on earth.'

"Brahma said, 'I esteem thee for thy knowledge of divine mysteries, before the whole body of celebrated Munis distinguished for the sanctity of their lives. I know thou hast revealed the divine word, even from its first utterance, in the language of truth. Thou hast called thy present work a poem, wherefore it shall be a poem. There shall be no poets whose works may equal the descriptions of this poem, even, as the three other modes called Asrama are ever unequal in merit to the domestic Asrama. Let Ganesa be thought of, O Muni, for the purpose of writing the poem.'"

Sauti said, "Brahma having thus spoken to Vyasa, retired to his own abode. Then Vyasa began to call to mind Ganesa. And Ganesa, obviator of obstacles, ready to fulfil the desires of his votaries, was no sooner thought of, than he repaired to the place where Vyasa was seated. And when he had been saluted, and was seated, Vyasa addressed him thus, 'O guide of the Ganas! be thou the writer of the Bharata which I have formed in my imagination, and which I am about to repeat.'

"Ganesa, upon hearing this address, thus answered, 'I will become the writer of thy work, provided my pen do not for a moment cease writing.' And Vyasa said unto that divinity, 'Wherever there be anything thou dost not comprehend, cease to continue writing.' Ganesa having signified his assent, by repeating the word Om! proceeded to write; and Vyasa began; and by way of diversion, he knit the knots of composition exceeding close; by doing which, he dictated this work according to his engagement.

"I am" (continued Sauti) "acquainted with eight thousand and eight hundred verses, and so is Suka, and perhaps Sanjaya. From the mysteriousness of their meaning, O Muni, no one is able, to this day, to penetrate those closely knit difficult slokas. Even the omniscient Ganesa took a moment to consider; while Vyasa, however, continued to compose other verses in great abundance.

"The wisdom of this work, like unto an instrument of applying collyrium, hath opened the eyes of the inquisitive world blinded by the darkness of ignorance. As the sun dispelleth the darkness, so doth the Bharata by its discourses on religion, profit, pleasure and final release, dispel the ignorance of men. As the full-moon by its mild light expandeth the buds of the water-lily, so this Purana, by exposing the light of the Sruti hath expanded the human

intellect. By the lamp of history, which destroyeth the darkness of ignorance, the whole mansion of nature is properly and completely illuminated.

"This work is a tree, of which the chapter of contents is the seed; the divisions called Pauloma and Astika are the root; the part called Sambhava is the trunk; the books called Sabha and Aranya are the roosting perches; the books called Arani is the knitting knots; the books called Virata and Udyoga the pith; the book named Bhishma, the main branch; the book called Drona, the leaves; the book called Karna, the fair flowers; the book named Salya, their sweet smell; the books entitled Stri and Aishika, the refreshing shade; the book called Santi, the mighty fruit; the book called Aswamedha, the immortal sap; the book denominated Asramavasika, the spot where it groweth; and the book called Mausala, is an epitome of the Vedas and held in great respect by the virtuous Brahmanas. The tree of the Bharata, inexhaustible to mankind as the clouds, shall be as a source of livelihood to all distinguished poets."

Sauti continued, "I will now speak of the undying flowery and fruitful productions of this tree, possessed of pure and pleasant taste, and not to be destroyed even by the immortals. Formerly, the spirited and virtuous Krishna-Dwaipayana, by the injunctions of Bhishma, the wise son of Ganga and of his own mother, became the father of three boys who were like the three fires by the two wives of Vichitra-virya; and having thus raised up Dhritarashtra, Pandu and Vidura, he returned to his recluse abode to prosecute his religious exercise.

"It was not till after these were born, grown up, and departed on the supreme journey, that the great Rishi Vyasa published the Bharata in this region of mankind; when being solicited by Janamejaya and thousands of Brahmanas, he

instructed his disciple Vaisampayana, who was seated near him; and he, sitting together with the Sadasyas, recited the Bharata, during the intervals of the ceremonies of the sacrifice, being repeatedly urged to proceed.

"Vyasa hath fully represented the greatness of the house of Kuru, the virtuous principles of Gandhari, the wisdom of Vidura, and the constancy of Kunti. The noble Rishi hath also described the divinity of Vasudeva, the rectitude of the sons of Pandu, and the evil practices of the sons and partisans of Dhritarashtra.

"Vyasa executed the compilation of the Bharata, exclusive of the episodes originally in twenty-four thousand verses; and so much only is called by the learned as the Bharata. Afterwards, he composed an epitome in one hundred and fifty verses, consisting of the introduction with the chapter of contents. This he first taught to his son Suka; and afterwards he gave it to others of his disciples who were possessed of the same qualifications. After that he executed another compilation, consisting of six hundred thousand verses. Of those, thirty hundred thousand are known in the world of the Devas; fifteen hundred thousand in the world of the Pitris: fourteen hundred thousand among the Gandharvas, and one hundred thousand in the regions of mankind. Narada recited them to the Devas, Devala to the Pitris, and Suka published them to the Gandharvas, Yakshas, and Rakshasas: and in this world they were recited by Vaisampayana, one of the disciples of Vyasa, a man of just principles and the first among all those acquainted with the Vedas. Know that I, Sauti, have also repeated one hundred thousand verses.

"Yudhishtira is a vast tree, formed of religion and virtue; Arjuna is its trunk; Bhimasena, its branches; the two sons of

Madri are its full-grown fruit and flowers; and its roots are Krishna, Brahma, and the Brahmanas.

"Pandu, after having subdued many countries by his wisdom and prowess, took up his abode with the Munis in a certain forest as a sportsman, where he brought upon himself a very severe misfortune for having killed a stag coupling with its mate, which served as a warning for the conduct of the princes of his house as long as they lived. Their mothers, in order that the ordinances of the law might be fulfilled, admitted as substitutes to their embraces the gods Dharma, Vayu, Sakra, and the divinities the twin Aswins. And when their offspring grew up, under the care of their two mothers, in the society of ascetics, in the midst of sacred groves and holy recluse-abodes of religious men, they were conducted by Rishis into the presence of Dhritarashtra and his sons, following as students in the habit of Brahmacharis, having their hair tied in knots on their heads. 'These our pupils', said they, 'are as your sons, your brothers, and your friends; they are Pandavas.' Saying this, the Munis disappeared.

"When the Kauravas saw them introduced as the sons of Pandu, the distinguished class of citizens shouted exceedingly for joy. Some, however, said, they were not the sons of Pandu; others said, they were; while a few asked how they could be his offspring, seeing he had been so long dead. Still on all sides voices were heard crying, 'They are on all accounts welcome! Through divine Providence we behold the family of Pandu! Let their welcome be proclaimed!' As these acclamations ceased, the plaudits of invisible spirits, causing every point of the heavens to resound, were tremendous. There were showers of sweet-scented flowers, and the sound of shells and kettle-drums. Such were the wonders that happened on the arrival of the young princes. The joyful noise of all the citizens, in expression of their satisfaction on the occasion, was so

great that it reached the very heavens in magnifying plaudits.

"Having studied the whole of the Vedas and sundry other shastras, the Pandavas resided there, respected by all and without apprehension from any one.

"The principal men were pleased with the purity of Yudhishtira, the courage of Arjuna, the submissive attention of Kunti to her superiors, and the humility of the twins, Nakula and Sahadeva; and all the people rejoiced in their heroic virtues.

"After a while, Arjuna obtained the virgin Krishna at the swayamvara, in the midst of a concourse of Rajas, by performing a very difficult feat of archery. And from this time he became very much respected in this world among all bowmen; and in fields of battle also, like the sun, he was hard to behold by foe-men. And having vanquished all the neighbouring princes and every considerable tribe, he accomplished all that was necessary for the Raja (his eldest brother) to perform the great sacrifice called Rajasuya.

"Yudhishtira, after having, through the wise counsels of Vasudeva and by the valour of Bhimasena and Arjuna, slain Jarasandha (the king of Magadha) and the proud Chaidya, acquired the right to perform the grand sacrifice of Rajasuya abounding in provisions and offering and fraught with transcendent merits. And Duryodhana came to this sacrifice; and when he beheld the vast wealth of the Pandavas scattered all around, the offerings, the precious stones, gold and jewels; the wealth in cows, elephants, and horses; the curious textures, garments, and mantles; the precious shawls and furs and carpets made of the skin of the Ranku; he was filled with envy and became exceedingly displeased. And when he beheld the hall of assembly

elegantly constructed by Maya (the Asura architect) after the fashion of a celestial court, he was inflamed with rage. And having started in confusion at certain architectural deceptions within this building, he was derided by Bhimasena in the presence of Vasudeva, like one of mean descent.

"And it was represented to Dhritarashtra that his son, while partaking of various objects of enjoyment and diverse precious things, was becoming meagre, wan, and pale. And Dhritarashtra, some time after, out of affection for his son, gave his consent to their playing (with the Pandavas) at dice. And Vasudeva coming to know of this, became exceedingly wroth. And being dissatisfied, he did nothing to prevent the disputes, but overlooked the gaming and sundry other horrid unjustifiable transactions arising therefrom: and in spite of Vidura, Bhishma, Drona, and Kripa, the son of Saradwan, he made the Kshatriyas kill each other in the terrific war that ensued.

"And Dhritarashtra hearing the ill news of the success of the Pandavas and recollecting the resolutions of Duryodhana, Karna, and Sakuni, pondered for a while and addressed to Sanjaya the following speech:—

"Attend, O Sanjaya, to all I am about to say, and it will not become thee to treat me with contempt. Thou art well-versed in the shastras, intelligent and endowed with wisdom. My inclination was never to war, not did I delight in the destruction of my race. I made no distinction between my own children and the children of Pandu. My own sons were prone to wilfulness and despised me because I am old. Blind as I am, because of my miserable plight and through paternal affection, I bore it all. I was foolish after the thoughtless Duryodhana ever growing in folly. Having been a spectator of the riches of the mighty sons of Pandu, my

son was derided for his awkwardness while ascending the hall. Unable to bear it all and unable himself to overcome the sons of Pandu in the field, and though a soldier, unwilling yet to obtain good fortune by his own exertion, with the help of the king of Gandhara he concerted an unfair game at dice.

"Hear, O Sanjaya, all that happened thereupon and came to my knowledge. And when thou hast heard all I say, recollecting everything as it fell out, thou shall then know me for one with a prophetic eye. When I heard that Arjuna, having bent the bow, had pierced the curious mark and brought it down to the ground, and bore away in triumph the maiden Krishna, in the sight of the assembled princes, then, O Sanjaya I had no hope of success. When I heard that Subhadra of the race of Madhu had, after forcible seizure been married by Arjuna in the city of Dwaraka, and that the two heroes of the race of Vrishni (Krishna and Balarama the brothers of Subhadra) without resenting it had entered Indraprastha as friends, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Arjuna, by his celestial arrow preventing the downpour by Indra the king of the gods, had gratified Agni by making over to him the forest of Khandava, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that the five Pandavas with their mother Kunti had escaped from the house of lac, and that Vidura was engaged in the accomplishment of their designs, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Arjuna, after having pierced the mark in the arena had won Draupadi, and that the brave Panchalas had joined the Pandavas, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Jarasandha, the foremost of the royal line of Magadha, and blazing in the midst of the Kshatriyas, had been slain by Bhima with his bare arms alone, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that in their general campaign the sons of Pandu had conquered the chiefs of the

land and performed the grand sacrifice of the Rajasuya, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Draupadi, her voice choked with tears and heart full of agony, in the season of impurity and with but one raiment on, had been dragged into court and though she had protectors, she had been treated as if she had none, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that the wicked wretch Duhsasana, was striving to strip her of that single garment, had only drawn from her person a large heap of cloth without being able to arrive at its end, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Yudhishtira, beaten by Saubala at the game of dice and deprived of his kingdom as a consequence thereof, had still been attended upon by his brothers of incomparable prowess, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that the virtuous Pandavas weeping with affliction had followed their elder brother to the wilderness and exerted themselves variously for the mitigation of his discomforts, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success.

"When I heard that Yudhishtira had been followed into the wilderness by Snatakas and noble-minded Brahmanas who live upon alms, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Arjuna, having, in combat, pleased the god of gods, Tryambaka (the three-eyed) in the disguise of a hunter, obtained the great weapon Pasupata, then O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that the just and renowned Arjuna after having been to the celestial regions, had there obtained celestial weapons from Indra himself then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that afterwards Arjuna had vanquished the Kalakeyas and the Paulomas proud with the boon they had obtained and which had rendered them invulnerable even to the celestials, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Arjuna, the chastiser of enemies, having gone to the regions of Indra for the destruction of the Asuras, had

returned thence successful, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Bhima and the other sons of Pritha (Kunti) accompanied by Vaisravana had arrived at that country which is inaccessible to man then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that my sons, guided by the counsels of Karna, while on their journey of Ghoshayatra, had been taken prisoners by the Gandharvas and were set free by Arjuna, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Dharma (the god of justice) having come under the form of a Yaksha had proposed certain questions to Yudhishtira then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that my sons had failed to discover the Pandavas under their disguise while residing with Draupadi in the dominions of Virata, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that the principal men of my side had all been vanquished by the noble Arjuna with a single chariot while residing in the dominions of Virata, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Vasudeva of the race of Madhu, who covered this whole earth by one foot, was heartily interested in the welfare of the Pandavas, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that the king of Matsya, had offered his virtuous daughter Uttara to Arjuna and that Arjuna had accepted her for his son, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Yudhishtira, beaten at dice, deprived of wealth, exiled and separated from his connections, had assembled yet an army of seven Akshauhinis, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard Narada, declare that Krishna and Arjuna were Nara and Narayana and he (Narada) had seen them together in the regions of Brahma, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Krishna, anxious to bring about peace, for the welfare of mankind had repaired to the Kurus, and went away without having been able to effect his purpose, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Karna and Duryodhana resolved upon

imprisoning Krishna displayed in himself the whole universe, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. Then I heard that at the time of his departure, Pritha (Kunti) standing, full of sorrow, near his chariot received consolation from Krishna, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Vasudeva and Bhishma the son of Santanu were the counsellors of the Pandavas and Drona the son of Bharadwaja pronounced blessings on them, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When Karna said unto Bhishma—I will not fight when thou art fighting—and, quitting the army, went away, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Vasudeva and Arjuna and the bow Gandiva of immeasurable prowess, these three of dreadful energy had come together, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that upon Arjuna having been seized with compunction on his chariot and ready to sink, Krishna showed him all the worlds within his body, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Bhishma, the desolator of foes, killing ten thousand charioteers every day in the field of battle, had not slain any amongst the Pandavas then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Bhishma, the righteous son of Ganga, had himself indicated the means of his defeat in the field of battle and that the same were accomplished by the Pandavas with joyfulness, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Arjuna, having placed Sikhandin before himself in his chariot, had wounded Bhishma of infinite courage and invincible in battle, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that the aged hero Bhishma, having reduced the numbers of the race of shomaka to a few, overcome with various wounds was lying on a bed of arrows, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that upon Bhishma's lying on the ground with thirst for water, Arjuna, being requested, had pierced the ground and allayed his thirst, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success.

When Vayu together with Indra and Suryya united as allies for the success of the sons of Kunti, and the beasts of prey (by their inauspicious presence) were putting us in fear, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When the wonderful warrior Drona, displaying various modes of fight in the field, did not slay any of the superior Pandavas, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that the Maharatha Sansaptakas of our army appointed for the overthrow of Arjuna were all slain by Arjuna himself, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that our disposition of forces, impenetrable by others, and defended by Bharadwaja himself well-armed, had been singly forced and entered by the brave son of Subhadra, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that our Maharathas, unable to overcome Arjuna, with jubilant faces after having jointly surrounded and slain the boy Abhimanyu, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that the blind Kauravas were shouting for joy after having slain Abhimanyu and that thereupon Arjuna in anger made his celebrated speech referring to Saindhava, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Arjuna had vowed the death of Saindhava and fulfilled his vow in the presence of his enemies, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that upon the horses of Arjuna being fatigued, Vasudeva releasing them made them drink water and bringing them back and reharnessing them continued to guide them as before, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that while his horses were fatigued, Arjuna staying in his chariot checked all his assailants, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Yuyudhana of the race of Vrishni, after having thrown into confusion the army of Drona rendered unbearable in prowess owing to the presence of elephants, retired to where Krishna and Arjuna were, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Karna even though he had got Bhima within his power allowed him to

escape after only addressing him in contemptuous terms and dragging him with the end of his bow, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Drona, Kritavarma, Kripa, Karna, the son of Drona, and the valiant king of Madra (Salya) suffered Saindhava to be slain, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that the celestial Sakti given by Indra (to Karna) was by Madhava's machinations caused to be hurled upon Rakshasa Ghatotkacha of frightful countenance, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that in the encounter between Karna and Ghatotkacha, that Sakti was hurled against Ghatotkacha by Karna, the same which was certainly to have slain Arjuna in battle, then, O Sanjaya. I had no hope of success. When I heard that Dhristadyumna, transgressing the laws of battle, slew Drona while alone in his chariot and resolved on death, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Nakula, the son of Madri, having in the presence of the whole army engaged in single combat with the son of Drona and showing himself equal to him drove his chariot in circles around, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When upon the death of Drona, his son misused the weapon called Narayana but failed to achieve the destruction of the Pandavas, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Bhimasena drank the blood of his brother Duhsasana in the field of battle without anybody being able to prevent him, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that the infinitely brave Karna, invincible in battle, was slain by Arjuna in that war of brothers mysterious even to the gods, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Yudhishtira, the Just, overcame the heroic son of Drona, Duhsasana, and the fierce Kritavarman, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that the brave king of Madra who ever dared Krishna in battle was slain by Yudhishtira, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that the wicked Suvala of magic

power, the root of the gaming and the feud, was slain in battle by Sahadeva, the son of Pandu, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Duryodhana, spent with fatigue, having gone to a lake and made a refuge for himself within its waters, was lying there alone, his strength gone and without a chariot, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that the Pandavas having gone to that lake accompanied by Vasudeva and standing on its beach began to address contemptuously my son who was incapable of putting up with affronts, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that while, displaying in circles a variety of curious modes (of attack and defence) in an encounter with clubs, he was unfairly slain according to the counsels of Krishna, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard the son of Drona and others by slaying the Panchalas and the sons of Draupadi in their sleep, perpetrated a horrible and infamous deed, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that Aswatthaman while being pursued by Bhimasena had discharged the first of weapons called Aishika, by which the embryo in the womb (of Uttara) was wounded, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that the weapon Brahmashira (discharged by Aswatthaman) was repelled by Arjuna with another weapon over which he had pronounced the word "Sasti" and that Aswatthaman had to give up the jewel-like excrescence on his head, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success. When I heard that upon the embryo in the womb of Virata's daughter being wounded by Aswatthaman with a mighty weapon, Dwaipayana and Krishna pronounced curses on him, then, O Sanjaya, I had no hope of success.

"Alas! Gandhari, destitute of children, grand-children, parents, brothers, and kindred, is to be pitied. Difficult is the task that hath been performed by the Pandavas: by them hath a kingdom been recovered without a rival.

"Alas! I have heard that the war hath left only ten alive: three of our side, and the Pandavas, seven, in that dreadful conflict eighteen Akshauhinis of Kshatriyas have been slain! All around me is utter darkness, and a fit of swoon assaileth me: consciousness leaves me, O Suta, and my mind is distracted."

Sauti said, "Dhritarashtra, bewailing his fate in these words, was overcome with extreme anguish and for a time deprived of sense; but being revived, he addressed Sanjaya in the following words.

"After what hath come to pass, O Sanjaya, I wish to put an end to my life without delay; I do not find the least advantage in cherishing it any longer."

Sauti said, "The wise son of Gausalgana (Sanjaya) then addressed the distressed lord of Earth while thus talking and bewailing, sighing like a serpent and repeatedly fainting, in words of deep import.

"Thou hast heard, O Raja, of the greatly powerful men of vast exertions, spoken of by Vyasa and the wise Narada; men born of great royal families, resplendent with worthy qualities, versed in the science of celestial arms, and in glory emblems of Indra; men who having conquered the world by justice and performed sacrifices with fit offerings (to the Brahmanas), obtained renown in this world and at last succumbed to the sway of time. Such were Saivya; the valiant Maharatha; Srinjaya, great amongst conquerors; Suhotra; Rantideva, and Kakshivanta, great in glory; Valhika, Damana, Saryati, Ajita, and Nala; Viswamitra the destroyer of foes; Amvarisha, great in strength; Marutta, Manu, Ikshaku, Gaya, and Bharata; Rama the son of Dasaratha; Sasavindu, and Bhagiratha; Kritavirya, the greatly fortunate, and Janamejaya too; and Yayati of good deeds who

performed sacrifices, being assisted therein by the celestials themselves, and by whose sacrificial altars and stakes this earth with her habited and uninhabited regions hath been marked all over. These twenty-four Rajas were formerly spoken of by the celestial Rishi Narada unto Saivya when much afflicted for the loss of his children. Besides these, other Rajas had gone before, still more powerful than they, mighty charioteers noble in mind, and resplendent with every worthy quality. These were Puru, Kuru, Yadu, Sura and Viswasrawa of great glory; Anuha, Yuvanaswu, Kakutstha, Vikrami, and Raghu; Vijava, Virihorta, Anga, Bhava, Sweta, and Vripadguru; Usinara, Sata-ratha, Kanka, Duliduha, and Druma; Dambhodbhava, Para, Vena, Sagara, Sankriti, and Nimi; Ajeya, Parasu, Pundra, Sambhu, and holy Deva-Vridha; Devahuya, Supratika, and Vrihad-ratha; Mahatsaha, Vinitatma, Sukratu, and Nala, the king of the Nishadas; Satyavrata, Santabhaya, Sumitra, and the chief Subala; Janujangha, Anaranya, Arka, Priyabhritya, Chuchi-vrata, Balabandhu, Nirmardda, Ketusinga, and Brhidbala; Dhristaketu, Brihatketu, Driptaketu, and Niramaya; Abikshit, Chapala, Dhurta, Kritbandhu, and Dridhe-shudhi; Mahapurana-sambhavya, Pratyanga, Paraha and Sruti. These, O chief, and other Rajas, we hear enumerated by hundreds and by thousands, and still others by millions, princes of great power and wisdom, quitting very abundant enjoyments met death as thy sons have done! Their heavenly deeds, valour, and generosity, their magnanimity, faith, truth, purity, simplicity and mercy, are published to the world in the records of former times by sacred bards of great learning. Though endued with every noble virtue, these have yielded up their lives. Thy sons were malevolent, inflamed with passion, avaricious, and of very evil disposition. Thou art versed in the Sastras, O Bharata, and art intelligent and wise; they never sink under misfortunes whose understandings are guided by the Sastras. Thou art acquainted, O prince, with the lenity and severity of fate;