WHERE THE BUDDHA TROD

Delhi

Ganges R.

Mathura

Agra

Sankisa

Farukhabad

Kanauj

Jumna R.

Gwalior

Lucknow

Kānpur

Ganges R.

Gagra R.

SAHETH-MA

Balrampur

Gonda

Fyzabad

Betwa R.

Banda.

Jumna R.

Allahabad

Kosam

Betwa R.

Bhilsa

SĀNCHI

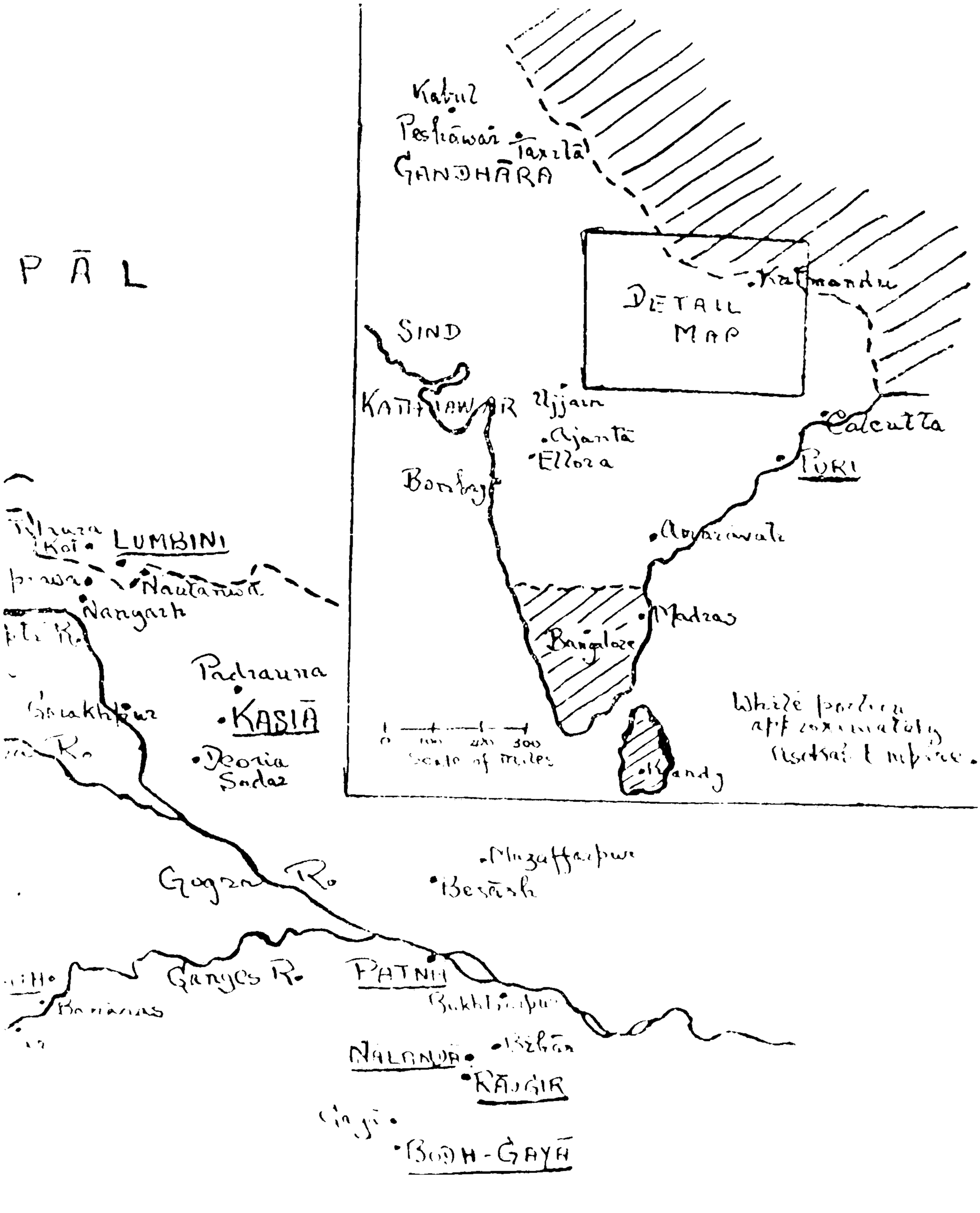
Bhopāl

50 40 30 20 10 0 50 100

Scale of Miles

N

PĀL


Kabul
Peshawar
Taxila
GANDHĀRA
Kathmandu
DETAIL MAP
SIND
KATHIAWAR
Ujjain
Ajanta
Ellora
Bombay
Calcutta
PURI
Aurangabad
Madras
Bangalore
Tilaura Kot
LUMBINI
Nautanwa
Nagarh
Padrauna
KASIĀ
Deoria Sadar
Gorakhpur
Gogra R.
Muzaffarpur
Besārh
Ganges R.
PATNA
Bukhtiarpur
Varanasi
NALANDA
Rājgir
Gaya
BODH-GAYĀ
Scale of miles
Kandy
White portion
approximately
Mauryan Empire.

WHERE THE BUDDHA TROD

Other books by the same author include:

"Canoe Errant" (Murray, London)

"Canoe Errant on the Nile" (Murray, London)

"Canoe Errant on the Mississippi" (Methuen, London: in the United States as "Down the Mississippi", Houghton Mifflin)

"Canoe to Mandalay" (Muller, London)

"Je fais du Canoe" (Editions Radio, Paris). Translated by the author as "Modern Canoeing" (Folbot, London)

"Canoeing in Ireland" (Folbot, London)

"Canoe in Australia" (Georgian House, Melbourne)

"The Happy Isles" (Georgian House, Melbourne)

"R.A.F.'ing It", over the pseudonym "L.A.C. Errant" (Muller London)

And as translator-editor:

"Heydt's Ceylon" (Government Press, Colombo)

"Germans in Dutch Ceylon" (Colombo National Museum)

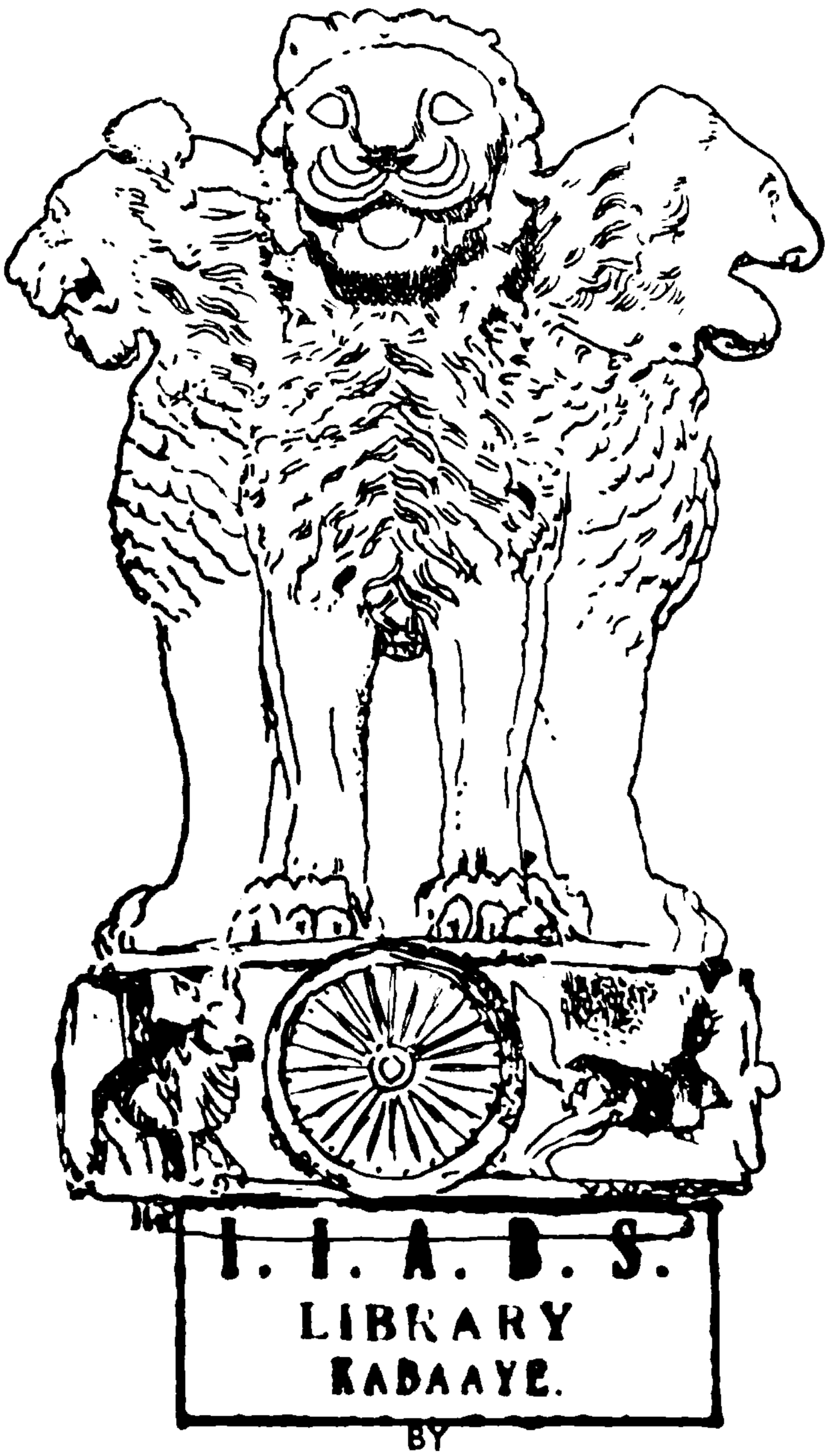
FRONTISPIECE. The First Preaching. The Buddha in the attitude associated with "Turning the Wheel of the Dharma" (page 42). On the base, at the centre the Wheel seen sideways, with the five ascetics (page 41) and probably the woman donor and her child. The deer, much effaced, indicate the locality, the "Deer Park" (page 41). Gupta period, in the Sārnāth Museum. (*Copyright reserved by the Archaeological Department, Government of India*).

SARNATH

The First Preaching

WHERE THE BUDDHA TROD

A BUDDHIST PILGRIMAGE



BY

MAJOR R. RAVEN-HART

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PREFACE

This book is just what the sub-title calls it: a pilgrimage to the Holy Places of Buddhism, performed in a reverent if not a devout spirit.

It is not a life of the Buddha, although enough of the Texts has been included to make comprehensible why the sites are Holy: nor is it a history of Buddhism, though enough of its story is given to show how it rose, and, in India, decayed.

Above all, it is not a book on Buddhist philosophy.

A few practical points (others are in the Appendix): The Text quotations are simplified and shortened by the omission of the frequent repetitions: you can get the full versions in Brewster or Warren as a rule (for whom see the Index-Bibliography). In order not to pepper the pages with references I have keyed all the quotations on pages 111 to 116.

The modern names of places have been used—Sahet-Mahet for Srāvasti, Kasiā for Kusinārā, etc.; and the post-Independence spellings such as Banāras, Kānpur.

Vowels in names are to be pronounced as in Italian or Spanish, except that, while the ā is the Italian long a, the unaccented one is "er", the "neutral vowel": thus the Hindi verb "banāna" is almost exactly the English fruit. Dh, Ph, Th are aspirated consonants, approximately the sounds in "mud-hook", "loophole", "boathouse". The accent is usually on the first syllable, especially if long: thus NAUtanwa, ANanda (and not "AnANda" in spite of Kipling), NAlandā.

Buddhist readers will need no introduction to the Ven. Nyanatiloka, who has been good enough to write the Foreword. For others, it may be mentioned that he is one of the outstanding Buddhist scholars of today, author of "The Word of the Buddha" which has appeared in German, English, French, Czech, Finnish, Japanese, and Hindi editions; of "The Buddhist Dictionary"; "Fundamentals of Buddhism"; "Guide through the Abhidamma Pitaka"; "Pali Anthologie and Woerterbuch"; etc.; and translator into German of much of the Texts and of the "Questions of King Milinda". I must also acknowledge the great help given by his pupils, Ven. Nyanaponika and Nyanasatta.

My sincere thanks are due to the Archaeological Department of India and to the Museums at Calcutta, Madras, Patna, and Lucknow for information and the use of photographs; to the officials and local Curators of those Institutions for unwearying help; to the Mahābodhi Society; and above all to Sinhalese monks everywhere.

And, a final point: a Buddhist Pilgrimage is not an occasion for long faces or solemn writing. On the contrary, it is light-hearted, with moments of deep reverence but in the main gay, even playful; and I have tried to keep here something of that spirit.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FOREWORD

VENERABLE NYANATILOKA MAHATHERA

It has given me much real pleasure to read the manuscript of this book by a talented author, scholar, and friend of Buddhism, Major R. Raven-Hart. This book reflects the personality of the writer as artist, aristocrat, scholar, and above all as an inveterate pilgrim and world-wanderer.

After having gone through the whole manuscript, I came to the conclusion that this is a book unique in its kind. To the research student in Buddhism it will serve as the kind of material that makes the Life of the Blessed One as a historical personage a reality; to the lover of art it gives an insight into the creative abilities of the early Buddhists; to the enquirer into Buddhism in Buddhist and non-Buddhist lands it will make real and vivid the times in which the Buddha lived. The reader of it will realize that the author has not in vain associated with many Oriental and Western Buddhist scholars during years spent in India, Ceylon, and Burma.

In the whole book I have found not a single passage containing anything contrary to Buddhist teachings: it reflects the pure orthodox Pali Theravada tradition, and I have much real pleasure in giving wholeheartedly my recommendation to it as an excellent book.

May the merit of the author's pilgrimage to "Where the Buddha trod" become a source of much happiness, bliss and the Enlightenment of final Spiritual Liberation for both the author and the reader.

NYANATILOKA.

Forest Hermitage
Kandy (Ceylon)
November 1954

CHAPTER I

THE PILGRIMAGE

"There are four places, Ananda, which the believer should visit with feelings of reverence: the places where he can say 'Here the Tathāgata was born', 'Here the Tathāgata attained to the supreme and perfect insight', 'Here the kingdom of righteousness was set on foot by the Tathāgata', 'Here the Tathāgata finally passed away in the utter passing-away which leaves nothing whatever to remain behind.' And there will come, Ananda, to these places, believers, brethren and sisters of the Order, and devout men and women."

Lumbini, Bodh-Gayā, Sārnāth, Kasiā: the Lord Buddha himself is speaking to his most constant companion.

And, before we go further, note with relief that I do not propose to pepper these pages with unknown and untranslated Sanskrit or Pāli words: in fact, there will be two such only. One is this "Tathāgata", the term which the Buddha always used of himself: it means, approximately, "He who has thus come and thus gone", or "He who has attained", and commentators quarrel learnedly and acrimoniously about its full significance.

Lumbini, Bodh-Gayā, Sārnāth, Kasiā—these are then the four Holy Places above all; but others were soon added. Asoka, the Buddhist ruler who dominates Chapter VIII, visited the four, of course; but by his time, some two centuries after the Buddha's death, two other places associated with him had become almost equally sacred—Sahet-Mahet and Rājgir, where he spent many rainy seasons, in one or the other of his two most favoured monasteries, preaching and organising.

These are the six which to-day remain pre-eminent, the six to which my own pilgrimage took me. There are many others: Sankisa, where the Lord is legended to have returned from one of the heavens, escorted by gods, down "three ladders, one of gold, one of silver, and one of jewels", after preaching to his mother, dead only a week after his birth; Besārh, through which he passed on his last journey; Ajodhya, where he preached; Kosam, where the Texts put the pleasant story of the monkey which brought honey to refresh him; Kapilavastu, still dubiously located, the scene of his childhood and marriage and from where he made the "Great Renunciation" of his worldly pomp. Fa Hian and Hiuen Tsiang visited all these and many more, those indefatigable Chinese pilgrims of the fifth and seventh centuries A.D. respectively, to whose writings we owe nearly all our knowledge of the later history of Buddhism in India. To-day there is little or nothing to see at any of them, and some are very difficult of access: I left them unvisited, though I have collected notes on them into an Appendix, for more indomitable pilgrims.

On the other hand, my own journey extended to Patna, for the sake of Asoka whose capital it was; to Sānchi, to-day the only place in India where one can realise something of what the great centres of Buddhist worship must have been; to Nālandā and Bihār, among the last strongholds of Buddhism when this was a dying force in India; and to Madras and Lucknow and Calcutta for the Buddhist art there preserved and exhibited.

CHAPTER II

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD: LUMBINI AND KAPILAVASTU

"And the future Buddha in the form of a white elephant approached her, holding in his trunk a white lotus flower. And walking three times round her couch he gently struck her right side and seemed to enter her womb."

Māyā, the Lord's mother, was dreaming in her palace at Kapilavastu: and Christian readers should note that it was a *dream* only. There is no suggestion in the Texts of any Virgin Birth, or that the Buddha was anything other than a man, though an exceptional one: he was in the full sense the son of his father, Ruler at that city over the Sākya clan.

His mother was not only a Ruler's wife: she was also the child of a near-by Ruler. In accordance with what is still an Indian custom, it was decided that her child should be born at her native capital.

On her way there, she rested with her attendants at Lumbini, and here the birth-pains overtook her.

"There is a pleasure-grove of sāl trees called the Lumbini grove. At that time it was full of flowers from the ground to the highest branches, and among the blossoms were many bees and sweet-singing birds. And when Māyā came to the greatest of those trees, a branch bent down to her hand: standing and holding that branch she was delivered."

You have her dream down at the bottom of Plate I, to the left of the scene, with the elephant up in the air, and spirits looking on; and to the right of that same carving you have the Birth, in the grove of sāl trees at Lumbini.

* * * * *

Lumbini is definitely located, not far inside the frontier of Nepāl; and, by a special concession from that then adamant-curtained country, the pilgrim could cross that frontier and travel the twelve miles or so to Lumbini without permission or passport or visa.

But—he had to get there. The nearest railway-station, Nautanwā, is in India, on a branch of a loop-line where trains are few.

It was a hot and dusty journey; but I was very fortunate in my travelling-companions. There was a local lawyer, and a doctor (I think the Railway Doctor), and the Sub-Divisional Officer, travelling second-class with us for the sake of company. They were all very interested in my plans; and they were also very helpful, especially

when I admitted to Ireland as my birth-place. There is an enormous interest in Ireland to-day among Indians, as another country which "wrested her freedom" from the British, and Irish birth is an immediate pass-key to increased friendliness. Here, for example, the doctor offered to borrow an elephant for me, but added (advice which I had already received from other sources) that I should do better to relinquish the romance and take a pony: "unless you are a good sailor. When you watch an elephant walking, it looks so smoo-ooth, like floating on soap. But when you are up on it, all the legs are walking as if they hated each other, and you may think there are sixteen legs".

The countryside was disappointingly flat. I had hoped to get into hillocks at least, heralding the Hills, and to see these in the distance; but the Indian plains continue well into Nepāl before the foothills rise suddenly from them; and clouds curtain the snows except in the mornings or rarer evenings. Sugar was the main dull crop of those dull plains, but relieved by patches of forest and by fine groves at the stations: mango, rose-apple, mahua, neem chiefly, although there were august, black-browed tamarinds at Peppeganj. (No, not an Indian word: it is a European name with an Indian ending, like Bowringpet and Abbotābād and, best of all, McCluskieganj.)

Their helpfulness continued at Nautanwā: the S.D.O. took me along to the Dāk Bungalow, where I might otherwise not have received harbourage since I had ignorantly omitted to get permission from the District Board at Gorakhpur; and when we found it full said that I could have his reserved room since he was going back by the midnight train; and took me to lunch with the local Health Officer; and wanted to take me in the evening to yet another meal in his honour—but two Indian meals in one day is one more than my digestion will tolerate. In fact, thanks to his insistence that I eat far more than I needed (and my gluttony in complying), even that one meal upset me; and this in spite of the fact that it ended with what they called "papas", supposed to be highly digestive, a sort of crisp chapatties but made from a pulse and not from wheat, and with bits of peppercorn in them.

By the way, there are lots of chapatties in this book, so if you don't know them, you had better be introduced. They are flapjacks of coarsely-ground (often home-ground) wheat, say a foot across and an eighth of an inch thick, cooked on a circular hot-plate over charcoal. Fresh, they are vastly preferable to almost any bread I know, and a million times better than the insipid white bread of "civilisation".

The Indian lunch was followed by an English tea, with the Medical Missionaries stationed at Nautanwā, ladies who had been most helpful in giving me advice for my trip, and who now found me a pony whose owner could guide me to Lumbini. And their cook, a delightful flat-faced, smiling, motherly Nepalese woman, cooked me half a dozen chapatties to take with me, and bought me a sample-sized packet of tea, and the ladies added a dozen tiny, sweet tomatoes, first of the year.

Nautanwā is an incoherent little place, with what I took for a bandstand as its centre (it turned out to be a Hindu temple), and lots of tiny shed-shops, and a couple of lines of one-roomed dwellings all occupied by Nepalese. In fact, Nepalese types were commoner than Indian, the women often showing attractive bars of bare brown midriff between dark rich red blouses and many-pleated skirts, not infrequently flaunting silver or even gold earrings pendant six inches and more, and almost always adding gay necklaces of brilliant red wooden beads. (The cook brought me one as a souvenir). Heavy silver wristlets and anklets were common: even lads of fifteen wore such bracelets, though of lighter make than those of the women.

When the pony-man arrived at the Dāk Bungalow next morning I nearly abandoned the trip. He had demanded an irreducible seven rupees a day for himself and the pony, and now tried to insist on a coolie in addition, at another four, to carry my baggage. As it was no more than a slim bedding-roll I didn't see it, and refused to start: finally, after going back to the Missionaries and being firmly told off by them, he conceded the coolie. I hate being had.

I don't think it involved cruelty to the pony, small and unimpressive as it was: my canvas roll contained only a raw silk sleeping-bag and a sheet and pillow-case and mosquito-net, with the scantiest of toilet-gear and my food; and the rest of the load was only food for the pony, and for the owner (dried grain which he ate uncooked at Lumbini, refusing my proffered spare chapatties); and a rug for padding; and myself, well under ten stone after weeks of scanty food —since, as will be obvious from the map, to have visited the Holy Places in their chronological order would have cost much additional time and money, so that I had already been more than a month on my pilgrimage.

Even so, I walked about half the way, going and returning, having borrowed a stick from the keeper of the Bungalow: not a mere walking-stick but a real pilgrim's staff, five feet of heavy bamboo, in India a "lathi". They are more like quarterstaves than walking-sticks, and when shod and knobbed with iron are real weapons: the police are issued with them, and use them against unruly crowds, making what are always referred to as "mild lathi charges". (I like "mild").

It was a complicated route, largely on the narrow earthen banks which divide up the rice-fields, "rows and ridges and cross-ridges" as the Buddha saw them and took them as model for the patchings of a monk's robe. It would have been quite unfindable without my guide, and even he frequently had to ask the way, not (I noticed) to "Lumbini" but to "Rummindei", the local name. I got so used to hearing his replies to passers-by or to men working in the rice-fields, "Rummindei", "Nautanwā", "Belaiti", in obvious answer to "Where are you going?", "Where did you come from?", "Where does *he* come from?" that I first flabbergasted and then vastly amused my guide by starting to give the answers myself. ("Belaiti" is vaguely "Britain", and of course the origin of the soldiers' "Blighty").

PLATE I

LUMBINI. Top. The Birth, symbolic representation. As it was not yet permissible to show the Buddha-to-be in bodily form, the spirits (elephants instead of the usual snakes) are pouring water over his mother, symbolising his first bath. She and they stand on full-blown lotus-flowers, and at the sides are lotus "Trees of Fortune" with birds among their leaves and flowers. Front of the top architrave, South gateway at Sānchi. Andhra period. *(Copyright reserved by the Archaeological Department, Government of India).*

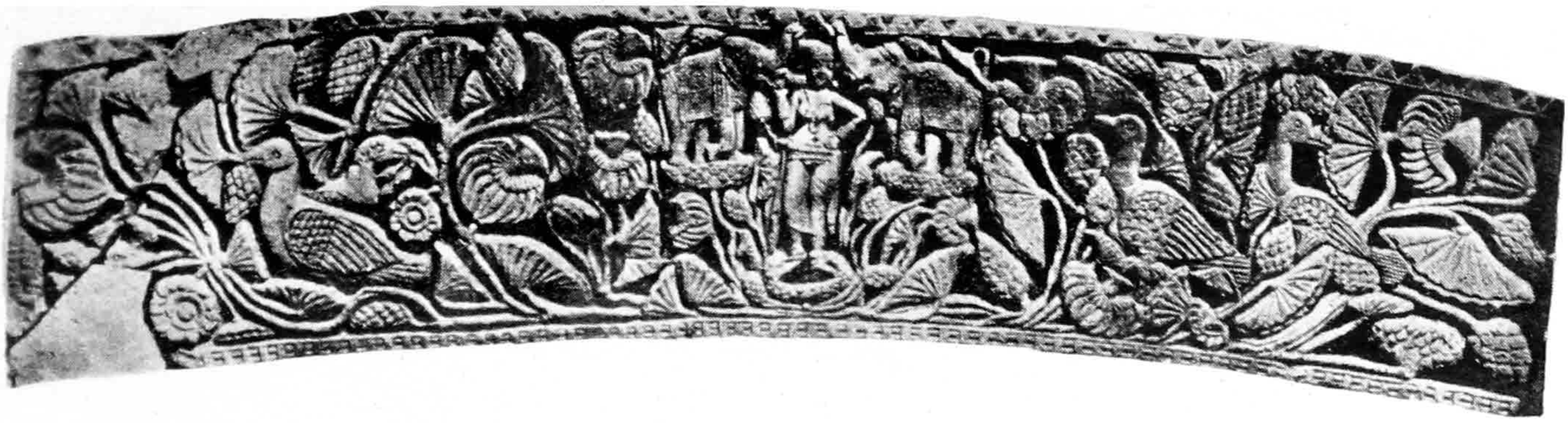
Left side. Sword-dancer under a Kadamba tree. Her left hand holds a sheathed sword: the elaborate ear-rings, necklace, girdle, bracelets and anklets are of interest. Pillar from a Buddhist or Jain railing, Mathurā, Kushān period. *(Copyright Provincial Museum, Lucknow).*

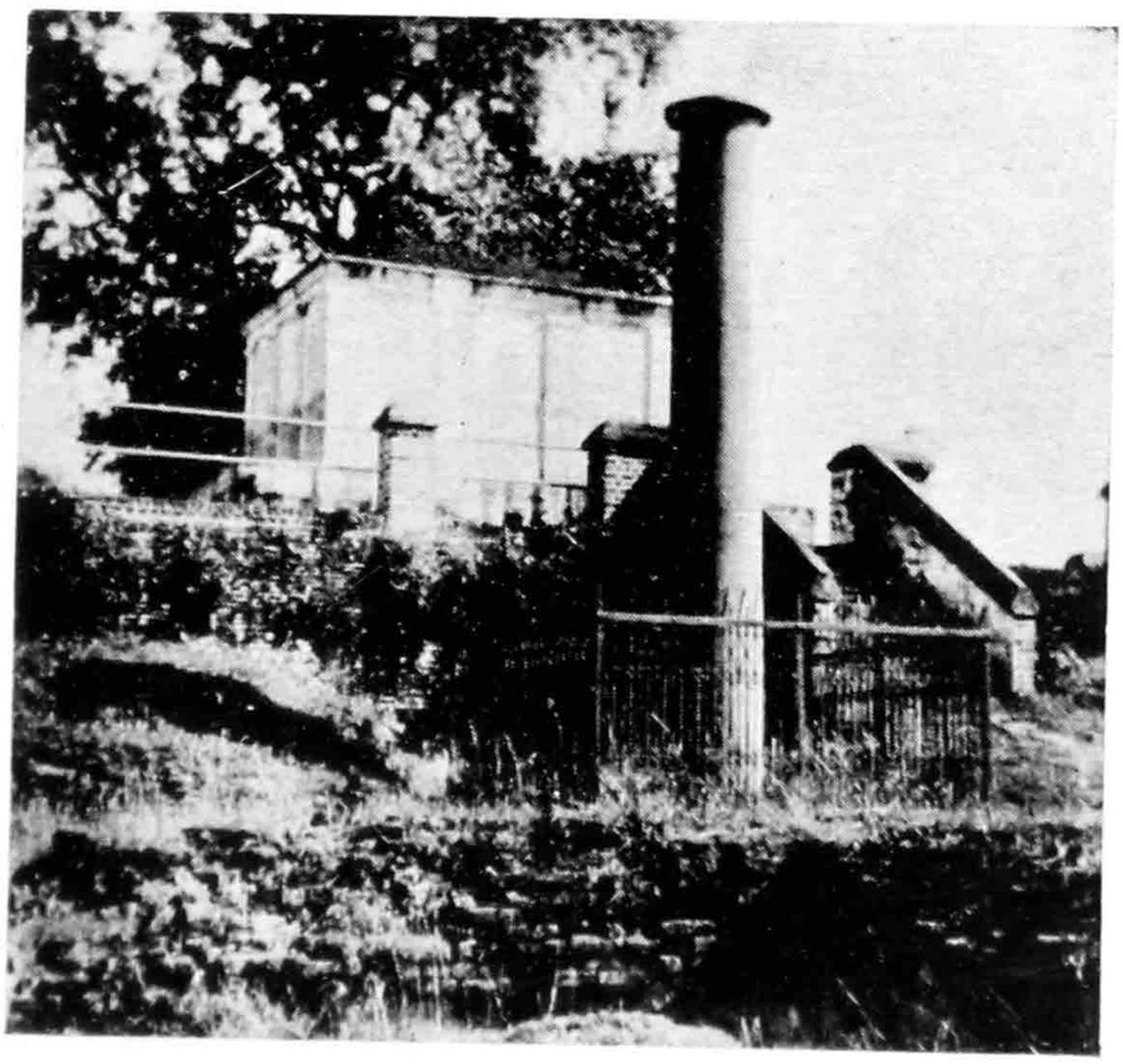
Right side. Woman under an Asoka tree, adding a lotus-garland to her head-dress. Here again the ornaments are worth studying, especially the girdle. A similar pillar to the last. *(Copyright Provincial Museum, Lucknow).*

Centre. The Asoka pillar at Lumbini, with the Hindu temple in the background (page 21). The cap is modern, to protect the lightning-broken pillar (page 22). In the foreground a fragment of brickwork, probably part of a monastery-wall.

Bottom Left. The Birth of the Buddha. At the left is his mother's dream (page 13), with the elephant descending above her, and her women: one is massaging her feet (page 68), the other three carry a fan and two fly-whisks. Above them and to the right of them are four spirits looking on in reverence. To the right is the Birth, with the mother holding to a sāl-tree branch (page 13), and the infant being received by a god: on the extreme right and holding a water-pot is the Lord's aunt, who became his foster-mother on his mother's death (page 11) and later the first nun (page 23). In the centre is the infant standing on a full-blown lotus for his first bath, cobra-hooded snake-spirits pouring hot and cold water over him. This is the lower part of a Gupta stele from Sārnāth. *(Copyright reserved by the Archaeological Department, Government of India).*

Bottom Right. Part of a pillar from the West Gate, Sānchi: an excellent example of the somewhat florid later Andhra work. *(Copyright reserved by the Archaeological Department, Government of India).*





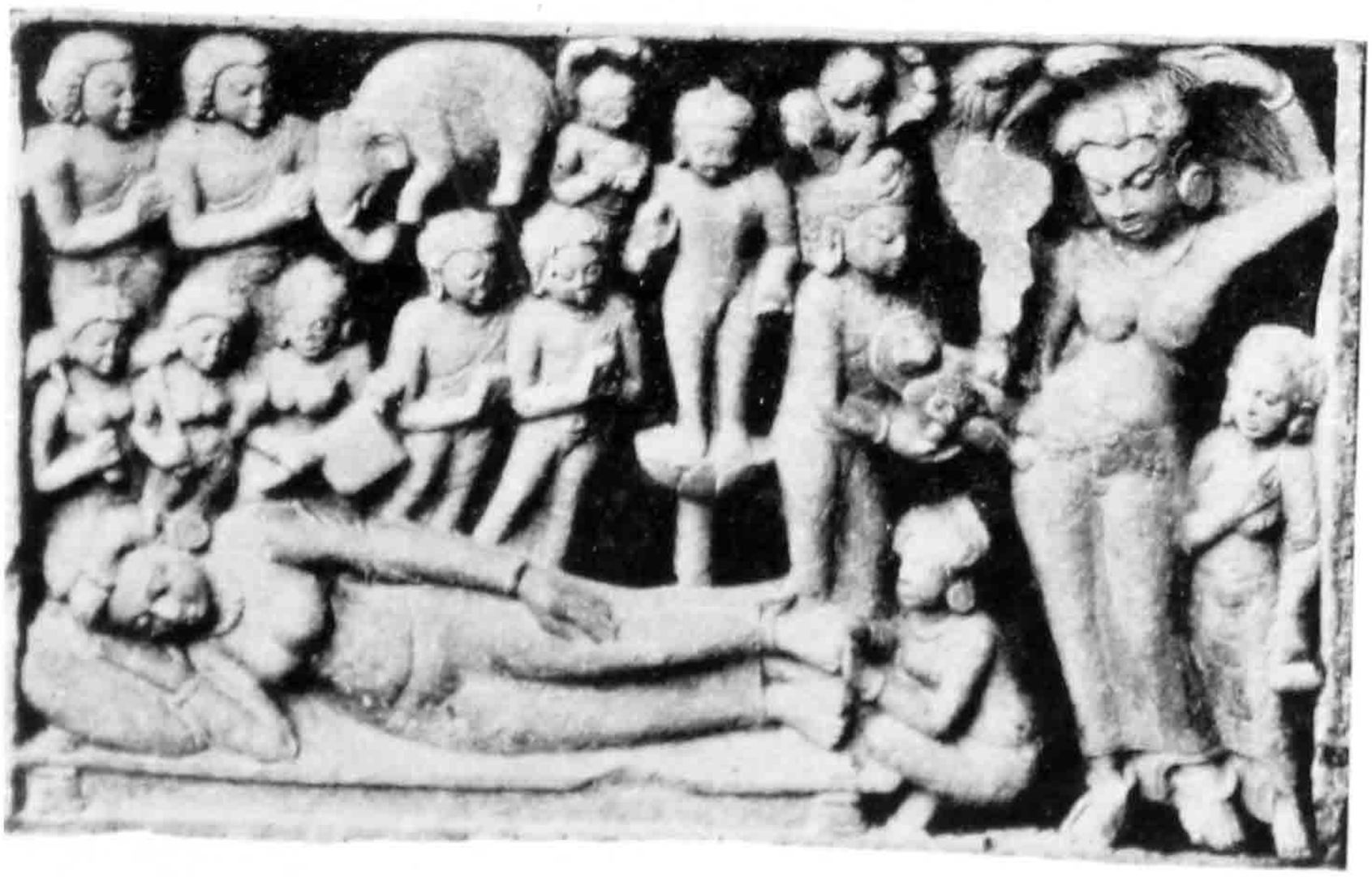


PLATE I

LUMBINI

The Birth

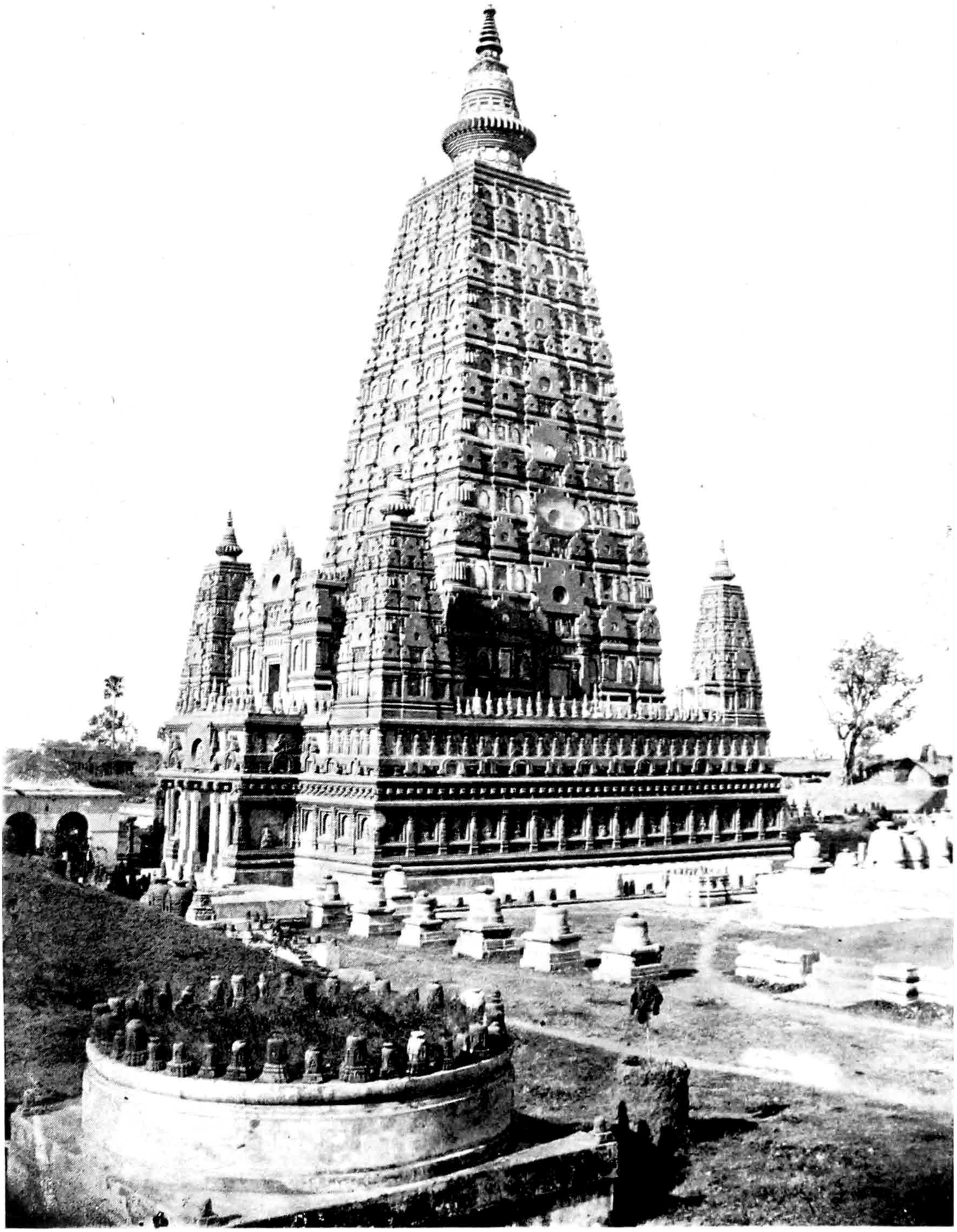


PLATE II

BODH-GAYĀ

The Temple

PLATE II.

BODH-GAYA. The Temple, from the North-East, surrounded by votive stupas. The Tree is to the West of the Temple, and therefore not visible. The long white platform parallel and close to the north front of the Temple is the platform-slab where the Buddha walked in meditation (page 36).

Except for the Himālayas to the north it was not a picturesque route. Except for them; but, oh Lord ! the glory of those pearl-polished eternal snows, rising to twenty-six thousand feet behind their wine-purple foothills a mere twenty-five miles away, and backed by a shrill blue sky which seemed nearer than the peaks. We had them for a few morning hours only, after the sun had licked up their level garlands of mist: then billows of white cloud swamped them. One must live in flatlands for years, as I had done, to realise at the sight of the Hills how one has missed them; and to add to my joy in them was the thought that here, at least, was a sight that the Buddha must also have loved as a boy.

Perhaps, too, something of the keen crystal of those peaks has entered into Buddhism: as the endless, implacable desert into Islam, or the labyrinthine magnificence of the forests into Hinduism.

Blue, white, and in the foreground the green fire of the knee-high new crop: though not all the rice-fields were green. An oddity in rice-cultivation is that all the seasons mix amicably. Here we had that new crop, its roots in still-wet mud or shallow water; but beside it other handkerchief-fields were still unplowed, so that we could cut across them; and in others men and bullocks were plowing, with the primitive wooden coulterless plough which is still India's stand-by; and in others again the clods were being broken by a flat board pulled by bullocks, the driver standing on the board, often with a small son as make-weight beside him. (And should you need to encourage Nepalese bullocks, do so by a noise like a make-believe machine-gun, Tatatatatatatat.)

Birds abounded, ridiculously unafraid. Mynahs are always impudent, the yellow patch near the eye adding to their Disneyish effrontery; but I had to wave arms and stick at the frequent brown paddy-birds to make them fly and show their white-banded wings, and at the kingfishers to persuade them to change from dull browns and dirty whites to what must be the most lovely blue in bird-dom. If you know the Whitebreasted Kingfishers of these parts you will agree: if you do not, I can give you only the drabbest of ideas by saying that their wings suggest not so much a mere earthly colour as accidental openings in the walls of our universe, through which a blue is shining from some other world, a world in which the sun itself is blue.

We had many rivers to cross. I kept no log, but would estimate that there were four big ones, although the last of them, the nearest to Lumbini, was almost dry; and another four smaller streams; and a dozen or more of irrigation-watercourses, often only a couple of yards across but surprisingly deep—I crossed most of them on pony-back, and often had to hoist my long legs up onto his neck to keep my sandals dry. One or two had remnants of bridges, over which I teetered in trepidation: the guide would not trust his pony to them but forded the channels.

One river only had a ford worth calling a ford: one only was too deep for fording and had a seasonally-running ferry. The summer

rains had been exceptionally late-lasting that year: normally by October most of the rivers would have been dry, I was told, and all fordable even in September, whereas another pilgrim had been forced in that month, only three weeks before me, to give it up as a bad job, the rivers then running too fast for even ferries to be safe.

We were lucky at that ford. Most of them, including that by which we crossed the frontier-river into Nepāl, were mere shallows over sand or gravel, a foot deep at most; but this one went down to a good thirty inches, and the gravel-bank offering the passage had an odd shape, narrow and with a kink in it, with water of swimming depth at either side and a fast current. Fortunately, we arrived just after a villager on foot, and were able to follow in his wake, the guide very insistent that I persuade the pony to do so as exactly as possible.

"Persuade" is the word, since I had no real control over the animal. There were reins: to be exact, there were seven of them, three cords on one side and four on the other, but as they all went to the same place on the bit I thought it unnecessary to drape them canonically between my fingers. But the beast had a mouth like armour-plate, and knee-pressure could not help: there was of course no saddle, and I was perched up on my rug, spread too thinly over the metal pin holding together the two packs, my upper legs horizontal over those packs, and my lower legs dangling vertically beside the pony's neck. It was not riding, not "sitting a horse": it was sitting *on* a horse. I could not help wondering whether, had there been anyone of literary tastes to observe me, he would not have been reminded of Don Quixote; and the pony was white, at that (though not skinny), and my five-foot lathi might well have been my spear; and there was a shallow wicker basket slung at one side of the pack, from which the pony was to eat, which might have been my buckler. But Sancho was not fat.

The ferry, at the one river that was too deep to ford, was a proud and ancient craft, some twenty-five feet long, poled to and fro, with a raised decking at the stern. Most of the planks of this decking were loose, and some were missing: after distributing the baggage so as to block the larger holes, the pony was persuaded aboard, to my surprise and somewhat to the alarm of two country-women who crossed with us. I had expected him to swim behind: if, like Yeats-Brown, I had come by elephant, it would have swum, I learned, but ponies were passengers.

The ferryman was a helpful, friendly chap, with the jolly flat Gurkha face which is so immediately genial: he asked four annas, fivepence for the two of us and the pony, and I gave him eight. It was stupid: on the return journey his younger brother *demanded* eight before he would start, spurning the four-anna piece I offered, and there was a long delay while he got change for a rupee, my only other coin. It was also stupid on my part thus to run short of small change: after all, up here a rupee is Big Money, and probably I was lucky that anyone could change it.

This ferry was at a village. Our course lay, in fact, from village to village, the cool-shady mango-grove of the next-to-come always visible as we left each. It is traditional for the Indian village to have a grove, though in the days of the Buddha they were more probably of sāl up here, clumps deliberately left when clearing the virgin forest. Such a grove was (and is) also traditionally the meeting-place, the "Mote Hall", where the Buddha so often preached to villagers: even to-day in many places it serves for the public discussions of the Panchāyat, the village "council of five" who have considerable local powers.

We made a couple of short halts in those mango-groves, for shade and elimination. The fruit was of course not in season, to my regret; but even apart from the fruit mango-groves are soul-satisfying things. They give a solid shade, but the leathery, dead-green leaves are crowded at the ends of the branches, so that one looks up into bare boughs of an interwoven complexity like the ribs of a futuristic umbrella, as hypnotic as a Cretan labyrinth-ornament. Often, when my eyes had been enmeshed there, a slant of sunlight below was the Lord's yellow robe, as he passed through the shade on the way to his daily Alms-round for his one daily meal.

Apart from the mango-groves, there was no temptation to linger in the villages. Nepalese villages are rarely attractive. The standard "eligible residence" is a windowless, smoke-filled hovel, the once-whitewashed mud walls ornamented with cow-dung cakes, drying there for use as fuel, further impoverishing the land. Pumpkin vines did their best here to cover walls and roofs, their yellow flares welcome patches of brightness. There was of course no sanitation, and the neighbourhood of watercourses and ponds stank to Beelzebub, who provided the serried cohorts of flies that they demanded.

And I suppose the villages must have been much like that in the days of the Buddha; but the villagers certainly happier, unexploited by landlords and moneylenders. Then there were poor but no paupers; land-users but no land-owners except the village as a community: "the people dwelt with open doors, pleased with each other and happy, dandling their children on their hands".

The books said that the distance from Nautanwā to Lumbini is ten miles. Just possibly if all the rice-fields are dry and one can cut across them diagonally it may be something approaching that, but I doubt it. The pony did not hurry, admittedly, though constantly encouraged by an interrogative "Hm?" on a rising tone, the sort of noise that a school-master makes when a pupil delays his reply; and occasionally by noisy thwacks of a wayside-broken stick on the saddle-packs. Still, we were going at a fair walking pace, say at least three miles an hour, and we took over five hours: it must have been a good twelve miles.

Incidentally, as mentioned in the Appendix, there is another route from Nautanwā to Lumbini, coming from the north and reported to me as motorable "for a small car". We met it about two miles from

our goal, and that part of it was not even jeepable, whole bridges having been carried away and the road itself reduced to the sort of vestiges that are such amusing clues when trying to trace where a Roman road once ran. One culvert was a death-trap: it looked perfectly all right until we were a couple of yards from it, and then presented a smiling gap of a foot or so, right across the road.

I was glad to reach Lumbini and to eat: breakfast had been scanty, at the Dāk Bungalow, on tea and parātas, which are chapatties soaked in ghee, which is boiled butter of sorts. I had hoped for eggs: they were available, but the Hindu guardian could not cook them, for religious reasons. Now, however, the friendly Rest House attendants heated up my tin of spaghetti and my chapatties (cold ones are unconquerably leathery) and got milk from their village to go with the tea I had brought. Lumbini is a very isolated spot, and that village a very tiny one: I had been warned to bring my own food.

Late that evening I was visited by the "Manager" of the Rest House, a local landowner supervising (I think in an honorary capacity) the attendants there: he sat and chatted with me, and showed me the Visitors' Book, pointing out especially the very rare British and American entries, some ten in as many years; and left me as his gift a tin of biscuits, so unobtrusively that I did not discover it until he had gone, and then regretted my omission of expressed thanks. It is a small Rest House, provided (free of charge, incidentally) by the Nepalese Government, and accomodating four people or maybe six at a pinch: there is a large annex, but unfurnished, should an overflow be necessary. The Rest House itself had "cots" ("charpoys" to use the amusing Indian word which means just exactly "quadrupeds"), with lattices of fabric straps stretched on wooden frames as the only mattress; but with rods to take my little Service mosquito-net. All this "Tarāi" country, the flat ground at the foot of the Himālayas is notorious as one of the worst fever-belts of India and Nepāl, and I was taking paludrine regularly: it was noticeable how many of the residents were a pale malaria-yellow, often with betel-reddened mouths that were the more startling by contrast.

The Holy Site at Lumbini does not offer very much to the pilgrim to-day: the photograph opposite page 16 shows practically all of it. It has to-day a grove of jack-fruit trees, not of sāl, which seems a pity in view of the traditional associations of sāl with Lumbini; but unfortunately sāl wood can be used for everything from cabinetmaking to railway-sleepers, and is too valuable for trees to be left uncut. I saw one or two stately isolated sāl trees here and there, gay with blushing new leaves, but never a good branch-roofed grove, to my regret: in the Buddha's days all this plain was sāl forest except where areas had been cleared for villages, and for the rice-fields around them. (By the way, there is no English name for sāl; and if you want the Latin names of trees and things you will find them in the Index).

The principal sight at Lumbini is of course the stone pillar set up by Asoka some 2,300 years ago; and on it his inscription recording

his visit "in person" to this, the first Station of his pilgrimage. It is a satisfying piece of work, as crisp as the day when it was cut, and perfectly aligned and spaced, in strong contrast to the very careless workmanship of some Asokan inscriptions elsewhere.

The pillar is of Chunār stone, from quarries on the Ganges not far above Banāras: as the crow flies they are some 150 miles from here, and the pillar must have weighed fifty tons and more, but its transport was not so difficult as it sounds. The Ganges would take it down on a raft to the Gogra, near Patna, and then it could be poled up this to the Rāpti, and up this again to the river I crossed within sight of Lumbini. It might have taken two or three years, waiting for the Rains to make those rivers raftable; but what is three years in the East?

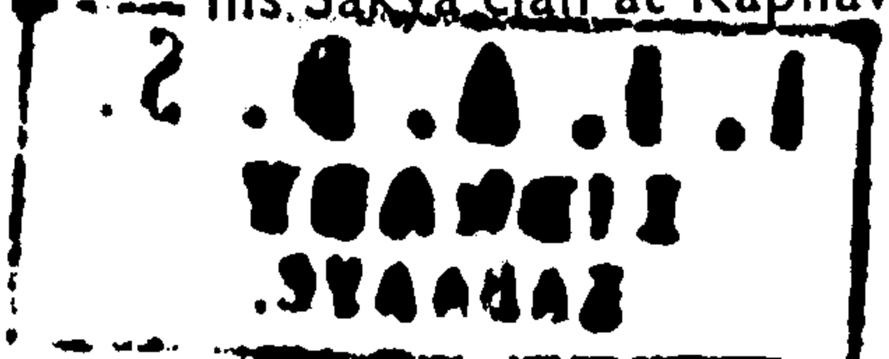
Chunār is a very attractive sandstone, especially when given the characteristic "Mauryan polish", the secret of which has been lost: only the work of Asoka's dynasty, the Mauryas, shows this polish to perfection, the stone "shining like jade" as Hiuen Tsiang wrote. Unfortunately this pillar was struck by lightning; or, to quote Hiuen Tsiang again, "the stone pillar set up by King Asoka with the figure of a horse on the top was afterwards broken by a thunderbolt hurled by a malicious dragon". Part of the capital was found: the horse still remains to be hoped for, when the Nepalese Government gets its dormant Archaeological Department to work. For the moment it is capped with metal, giving it the look of a sewer-vent, and is enclosed in a hideous iron fence. The whole site is neglected, with waist-high "Love-grass" everywhere: I spent an hour or more in the train later, removing spiky-irritant seeds from socks and trousers, having had to wade into that grass to get my photograph. ("Louse-grass" would be a better name, I decided.)

Near the pillar—behind it in that photograph—is a modern Hindu temple up on a raised enclosure, and containing a sculptured representation of the Birth, with the mother holding to the sāl-tree branch. It looks poor, but is so bedaubed with red paint that it would look poor even if it were excellent: that thick, gooey red Hindu paint is a curse for artist or archaeologist.

Hiuen Tsiang mentions at Lumbini a beautiful bathing-pool, "the water of which is as bright as a mirror, and the surface covered with all sorts of flowers", as well as eight stupas. The hillock on which the Hindu temple stands may be the remains of one of them, and on either side are two low mounds in the typical hemispherical shape of the Indian stupa, crowned with small pepper-shaker towers, stupa-oids (to coin a word as ugly as they are) erected a few years ago by the Nepāl Government with bricks recovered during excavations. And there is a pool, but an unlovely one. And that is all.

* * * * *

After his birth, the Buddha-to-be was taken back to the capital of his Sākya clan at Kapilavastu, where his father ruled, and lived there



for twenty-nine years. Here the child, "the excellent pearl, the incomparable, like the shining gold, radiant with glory" was visited by Asita, the Buddhist Simeon; here, as he himself tells the monks, "I was tenderly cared for. Lotus pools were made for me, blossoming for my sake. I used only unguents from Banāras: of Banāras fabric were my robes"; here "he became the darling of the people, as a lotus is beloved by all".

Here, when he was seventeen, he showed his strength in manly exercises, outshooting all his companions "with a twelve-fold skill such as none of the others could equal": Fa Hian was told that his arrow flew for six miles, and that where it fell a fountain sprang up, the "River" for which Kim's Lama was seeking. Here, at nineteen years of age, he was married to his cousin, who after ten years gave him his first-born son.

But meanwhile the "Four Signs" had caused him to doubt whether his life of enjoyment were anything but vanity: "an aged man as bent as a roof-gable, decrepit, leaning on a staff and tottering as he walked; a sick man, suffering and very ill, fallen and weltering in his own water; a great concourse of people constructing a funeral pyre". ("But am I also subject to death?" he asks himself. "Have I not got beyond the reach of death?") And finally, as the ideal, "a shaven-headed man, a recluse, wearing the yellow robe".

From here, on the day of his son's birth, he made the "Great Renunciation", abandoning his wife and child by night and riding away with his groom only, sending him back with horse and jewels and princely ornaments.

Here also he returned at the age of 37, in the second year after his Enlightenment, at the entreaties of his father, the people "with fragrant flowers in their hands going out to meet him, sending in front the baby boys and girls, and then the children, and then the young men and maidens". Here he inaugurated the new Mote Hall by preaching in it "far into the night". Here he accepted his son into the Order of Monks, to the desolation of his own father who obtained a promise from him that in future no one should be admitted without his parents' consent, a promise still kept to this day. Here his aunt and foster-mother entreated him to make her the first nun: he refused at first, consenting only after she had followed him to Besārh and got Ananda to plead for her, and then accepting also his wife. But it was with misgiving: "Under whatever doctrine and discipline women are allowed to go out from household life into the homeless state", he warned, "that religion will not last long"; and Ananda was later blamed by a Council for having persuaded him.

Obviously Kapilavastu is a place to be visited: but where is it? Not far from Lumbini, that is known; but our two Chinese pilgrims complicate things by giving two different directions and two different distances from there. Much printer's ink has been spent in the discussion: one of the best solutions seems to be that they were respectively shown two different lots of ruins as those of Kapilavastu, Fa Hian near Piprāwā, nine miles west-by-south of Lumbini,

on the frontier, and Hiuen Tsiang at Tilaura Kot, fifteen miles north-west and in Nepāl; and that both had in fact been the Sākya capital, the latter when it was a free Republic in the Buddha's boyhood, the former after its conquest by Sahet-Mahet (page 51) and the destruction of the earlier townlet. The attitude of local people to pilgrims seems little changed through the centuries: to misquote the slogan of a London Theatre-ticket Agency, "You want the best sites—we have them". Both pilgrims report desolation: "neither king nor people in the city", "the country a great desert and the roads unfrequented for fear of the elephants and lions", "overthrown and in ruins", "long deserted".

In any case, there is to-day nothing but vague ruins to be seen at either of the possible sites: there is no reason why more should be expected, since to think of the Sākya capital as a stone-built city, or of the Buddha's father as a Mahārājā is to falsify the whole atmosphere. He was more like the elected chief of his clan, owing a vague allegiance to the Kosala King at Sahet-Mahet. In the Buddha's day there were very few such Kings or Kingdoms: the vast majority in that area lived as clans, "Republics", with semi-elective heads; and their capitals were vague muddles of mud huts, with at most a sun-dried brick and wooden "Palace", and wooden palisadings and wooden gateway-towers for defence, of all of which the ever-hungry jungle would make a speedy meal.

CHAPTER III

THE ENLIGHTENMENT: BODH-GAYA

The Buddha speaks: "My mind was set free from the delusion of sensual desire, from the delusion of desire for existence, from the delusion born of ignorance. And in this freedom from desire this knowledge arose 'Rebirth has been destroyed, done is what was to be done.' "

Six years passed before that Enlightenment was reached. From Kapilavastu the Buddha-to-be went to Rajgir (where we also go in Chapter VI), and was the pupil of sages there or thereabouts. "And", he says, "I did not find that Dharma sufficient, unsatisfied I went from there".

Here is the second (and last) of the untranslated and untranslatable words. It has been rendered as "Law", but that is too peremptory a term; and "Doctrine", which is just what it is not, at any rate in the usual sense of " Dogma"; and "Code", but rather the code of a gentleman than the Indian Penal Code. If it were not for the trivial associations, "Good Form" might be acceptable; or "What is done" as opposed to what is not done. "Duty" is possible; but the Mahā-bodhi Society, the central organisation of Buddhists in India, leave it untranslated, and I am content to follow their example.

From Rājgir he went "from place to place, and came to the village of Uruvelā", finding there "a well-placed plot of ground, a serene dense grove of trees, a clear-flowing stream". Five wandering ascetics joined him, and there they gave themselves up to penance and self-torment for six years, "like time spent trying to tie the air into knots".

Again let him tell the story: "Like dried reeds now became my arms and legs, like the footprint of a camel the mark of my seat, like a string of beads my backbone. As the beams of an old house stick out, so did my ribs stick out. But not by this severe mortification did I win to knowledge.

"Then I thought: 'I remember once that as a child I sat under the shade of a rose-apple tree, without desire, without thought of evil, and attained there the first trance of joy and happiness. Perhaps this is the way to Enlightenment.'

"And I thought: 'Should I fear that happy state, without desire, without thought of evil?' And I thought: 'No, I do not fear it.'

"Then I thought: 'But it is not easy to attain that happiness with so weak a body'; and I took food, rice and sour milk. But when they saw this the five ascetics left me, saying: 'The ascetic Gotama has abandoned striving and has fallen into luxury.' "

At last the day of Enlightenment came, and he ate for the last time for four weeks (or some Texts say seven), of milk-rice brought him

by Sujātā, the daughter of the village headman, eating it on the bank of the river after he had bathed in it. And so he went across the river to the Bodhi-Tree at Bodh-Gayā at the close of the day, and sat under it facing to the East in the posture of meditation.

Māra, the Tempter, had already tried to turn him from his course, at Kapilavastu when he was renouncing all: now he came again, with his demon-army. Their threats were powerless to break his meditation: as a supreme thrust Māra accused the Lord of lack of charity, the Buddha-to-be retorting with the seven hundred great gifts which he had made in a previous birth. "And drawing forth his right hand he stretched it towards the earth, and said 'Are you my witness to that seven-hundred-fold alms-giving?' And the earth thundered 'I am your witness !' so that the followers of Māra fled away".

And at daybreak the Buddha attained Enlightenment.

From now on, the Teacher is no longer the "Boddhisattva", "Buddha-to-be", but "the Buddha" (not "Buddha", since it is a title, "the Awakened One", and not a name). Strictly speaking, it should be "a Buddha", since not only there were Buddhas before him, and there will be Buddhas after him, but also we ourselves may all aspire to become Buddhas, Enlightened and Teachers. The Buddha-germ is latent in everyone: we are all capable of the supreme perfection by our own efforts—and only by our own efforts, since there is no God to pray to, no Saviour to rely on, above all no priests to obtain for us our Liberation by sacrifices and sacraments.

(I apologise to Buddhist readers for repeating facts that they know: this book will also, I hope, be read by non-Buddhists and I write also for them.)

For them also (and again with apologies to Buddhists) something must be said of what is meant by "rebirth" and "liberation".

"Rebirth" is the term, not "reincarnation": there is no entity, ego, personality, soul to be reincarnated. And yet something persists: you can call it a "life-flux", an aggregate of the effects caused by the actions in earlier births, though it is easier to say what it is not than what it is.

The Buddha brought out the inability of our vocabulary to express the inexpressible by asking to which point of the compass a fire goes when it goes out; and he also said the last word on the discussion of such subjects, "that the solution of them in no way helps towards liberation".

The working out of the chain of cause-and-effect, "Karma", is not "reward" nor "punishment" (unless you would say that a sore finger is a "punishment" for having touched a hot iron): it is merely a result. Karma is a law of nature; but, like the law of gravitation, it does not imply the existence of a law-giver—there is definitely no Supreme Being in pure Buddhism, nor place for any.

And it is not a law to be of necessity passively accepted: Newton could have tied his apple in a cotton bag to make it ripen on the tree.

(And you can put butter on your burnt finger.) Still less may you accept it for others, and refuse for example to help a cripple because his earlier actions have earned his disability. (If it is someone-else's burnt finger, you can and should provide the butter.)

So much for rebirth; and "Liberation" is liberation from this rebirth, the Liberation which the Buddha knew that he had attained. Obviously, the way to attain it is by causing the chain of cause-and-effect to die out, so that past actions have their effects without new causes arising. How the Buddha taught that this could be done will be seen in the next chapter.

A final point: there is no need to become a monk in order to achieve Liberation. Admittedly, it is easier for a monk, whose wants are reduced to his needs; but, to take an example from the Texts, the Buddha's father attained it without ceasing to be a householder, and, what must have been far more difficult, without ceasing to be a Ruler.

* * * * *

Bodh-Gayā has always been a holy place: there was never any doubt as to its location, nor room for those inspired guesses which make Cunningham's earliest Archaeological Survey Reports such perfect detective-story reading. Pilgrims have gone there, Buddhists and Hindus alike, for over two thousand years.

Which made it seem the odder that there was no way of getting there from Gayā, the nearest railway-station, a good seven miles, except by hiring a car, or some horse-drawn vehicle, or a cycle-rickshaw, a sort of bath-chair pulled by a cycle; or under your own steam by foot or bicycle.

Gayā is itself a place of pilgrimage, to the shrine of "Vishnu's Footprint": it has wide, clean, and dull streets in the new town, and very picturesque and dirty ones in the old city, once enclosed by wall and gates. A young student collected me there, and gave up his morning to piloting me around, regretting that I would not then feed with him and refusing any gift other than my name and address. I met him near one of the old gates, walking with moving lips and a finger holding his place in a book: he was reading Tagore in English, verse by verse, savouring each on his tongue after reading it with his eyes. "So should all poetry be read", he said, "or better if you sing it, but I have not any tune. And why should my eye alone only get pleasure, and not also my tongue and my ear?"

Most of the shops there sold pilgrim-souvenirs: books, pictures, copper and silver miniatures of the footprint. There was also some pleasing ware, bowls and vases, made locally of a local black stone; "but they are very frail", my friend said, so I did not buy. "Only this morning my smallest brother broke one in our home, and he must make 'Tauba' three times. What? Oh, that is for children:

they must hold each ear with the hand of the other arm, criss-crossed, and sit down on the floor and stand up again so often as the mother says, and not let the hands go loose."

Certainly I could never have found the Temple but for this lad: I was of course not allowed inside, and refused to climb a rooftop to peer inquisitively into it. The contrast between North and South India in this respect is very striking, due to Moslem persecutions up here in the past: Northern temples hide themselves in narrow mazes of lanes, the unafraid Southern ones dominate their towns from miles away, and many are hospitable. (Madurai, for instance: even Christians may enter that Temple, one of the most sacred in India.)

Gayā, as the boy proudly pointed out to me, had gone all patriotic, erasing English street-names and replacing them by Hindi ones; but, as I pointed out to him, these were mere transliterations, "Road" becoming (in script, of course) merely "Rod", as if no Hindi word for "road" existed. Most ridiculous of all, the English inscription "Town Hall" on that building had been replaced—by the script of "Taun Hāl": I was inevitably reminded of similar idiocies in Ireland just after her Independence.

I could find no hotel, nor could my young friend tell me of any. The only possible accommodation seemed to be at the Dāk Bungalow, and the dear old-old butler there only "did" morning tea. For other meals I had to go to the station refreshment-room, a good mile away; and it was exceptionally poor, even among Indian railway refreshment-rooms. But the Bungalow is a good one, with electric lights and fans, and I met there interesting people, including the Chairman of the District Board. A bus-service to Bodh-Gayā was one of his pet projects, he said; "but we have so many things to do, and so little money".

I met there also a disgruntled newspaperman. As a matter of fact, I had not intended to mention him, because his complaint was that the Press in Independent India had less freedom than under British rule; and this seemed impossible to anyone who knew what things were like in those days—the forfeitable deposits demanded from publishers, the pre-publication censorship even in peacetime, the punishments ranging up to confiscation of the machinery and imprisonment of the editor. However, while I was working on this manuscript, the President of the Congress admitted that in Free India the liberty of the Press was "somewhat less" than under the British.

It must be amusing to British ex-Administrators to see that the restrictions imposed by their "satanic Government" (to quote Gandhi), and denounced orotundously by Indian politicians of this same Congress Party, have been retained and stiffened by them, not only as regards the Press but also (and above all) as concerns the personal freedom and civic rights of the subjects: it is presumably less amusing to those subjects.

He suggested that as a pilgrim I ought to have gone to the Rest House of the Mahābodhi Society, and I had a look at it, but found merely a large hall with wooden benches for the pilgrim to sleep on. Two Sinhalese monks had come in that day from Bodh-Gayā, and I enquired uneasily from them as to the accommodation there. "I am afraid that our Rest House at Bodh-Gayā has also only wooden tables to sleep", one of them said. "But—"

The other interrupted him: "Oh, he can have my bed, of course!"

"That is what I was about to say—*my* bed, I mean: it is only of strings on a wooden frame, but softer than these. And our cook can provide for you also, but only as far as vegetables of course, not any meat or fish or eggs because they have lived."

I was very grateful: those string-beds are very comfortable, especially in hot weather, and have the added charm that they date from the days of the Buddha—though I should have been loath to evict either of the monks !

It did not prove necessary: I mention the offer because it was my first contact with Sinhalese monks, and typical of their immediate helpfulness.

The road to Bodh-Gayā varied from fair to bad. One bridge had gone in recent floods, and the temporary deviation dipped down into a stream bed, deep in most friendly mud: I skidded in it on my return journey, and it took days to get it off my clothes. It drove a hotel-boy to fury: "I have for half an hour hit it with a brush", he said, translating the vivid Hindi idiom, "and it always is more there".

But it is a picturesque road, tree-shaded for much of its length, with village after village along it: I had feared trouble from village dogs but had none, here or elsewhere by cycle in India. All the last part of the road was beside a river, the river in which the Buddha bathed, to-day the Phalgu: across it was a sharp-cut ridge of hills, a petulant wall of rock rising almost directly from the plain.

The tall tower of the Temple showed up well for the last mile or so. As I neared it, an enormous white building appeared on the left of the road, a three-storied palace with airy balconies above, and a twenty-foot wall enclosing gardens and parks: it proved to be the residence of the Chief Priest of that Temple, His Holiness the Mahant to give him his official title.

Here enters an incongruity, a supremely vexing one to Buddhists: this Temple, at the most holy place of Buddhism, is in the hands of Hindus.

For Hindus, Buddha is one of the incarnations of Vishnu: hence their claim to the Temple, for which they got an official grant in the 1700's from a Moslem ruler; and there they still were, complete with dabs of Hinduising red on the foreheads of the Buddha-statues; and complete also with a Visitors' Book and pesterings for tips. (To be fair, the Buddhists can be almost as bad as regards disfigurements: see page 70.)

And, to judge by that Palace, here the Mahant will stay, fighting with tooth and nail for the large income which the Temple brings in. "Drowning in money, just merely drowning!" an informant insisted to me at the Gayā Bungalow. "He owns more land than anyone in the Province, that Holiness does": though another of the party qualified this by making him only the second-largest landowner. Recently, as the result of international Buddhist protests, the Government set up a Committee of Management for the Temple; but a Committee so constituted as to have a permanent Hindu majority. Even this Hindu-weighted Committee is not acceptable to the Mahant: he has an action pending against Government to annul it. The position is as vexatious to Buddhists as was to Christians the occupancy of the Holy Sepulchre by the Turks; and without even the practical usefulness of their presence there in keeping order among the quarrelling Christian sects.

One must, I suppose, be thankful that entry to the Temple (shoeless, of course) is permitted to non-Hindus: there is not much to see, except a good view from the terrace on the first-floor level, and lots of votive stupas there, some of them (especially on the east) very pleasantly carved.

It is the satisfyingly solid structure shown opposite page 17, starting with a base fifty feet square and thirty-five feet high, with a projecting porch; and on this a square tower tapering evenly from twenty-five feet to fifteen, a hundred feet of it. (I do not guarantee the dimensions: writers disagree.) Lower corner-towers of the same shape flank it, and it is crowned by a circular bulging pinnacle, the weakest part of the design, to a total height of 170 feet. The surfaces are flat, damascened with low-relief niches: the effect is of courteous strength, neither brutal nor finicky.

There is little doubt that this is the temple which Hiuen Tsiang described, though much rebuilt (and not well) by Burmese Buddhists: they were probably responsible for that clumsy spire, since a plaque at Patna shows the tower surmounted by a small stupa and an "umbrella". Fa Hian saw no temple here, which makes it certain that the present one was erected about A.D. 500, though on the site of an earlier one, "built by King Asoka" according to Hiuen Tsiang. "About 160 or 170 feet high", he says, "of blue tiles" (red bricks with a strong bluish tinge). "All the niches hold golden figures", and many still have them, of plastered brick to-day, in his days no doubt gilded. But of his "wonderful gold and silver work set with pearls and gems" there is, not surprisingly, no trace.

He does not mention the railing, artistically the best thing at Bodh-Gayā, although he ought to have seen it since it is only a century or so later than Asoka: it is of the type found at many Buddhist shrines, three rails supported by pillars ornamented with carved medallions, of which you have two opposite page 80. All the medallions are charming, with stupas and pipal-trees and wheels, symbolical respectively of the Passing-Away and Enlightenment and First Preaching; and worshippers, and delightful animals, real and

imaginary; but also with some unexpected amorous couples, "erotic but not licentious" as Chanda meticulously puts it. A number of the members were rescued from the Palace of His Holiness: it took Lord Curzon to do it, just as it took his cold forcefulness to boot the Indian Army out of various historical buildings which they were occupying and spoiling.

The holiest place is not within the Temple: it is the "Diamond Throne", the carved stone seat between the wall of the temple and the Bodhi Tree, marking just where the Lord sat under the pipal. It is of course not the original Tree: even in the legends it was repeatedly cut down by assorted heretics and miraculously re-grew in a moment; and once by Asoka's Queen who became jealous of the amount of time he spent under it. He "swooned away with sorrow" when he saw the stump, but persuaded it to grow again thanks to libations of milk. The present Tree was planted, a sapling from the one existent in the eighteen-seventies, by Cunningham when he saw that the Burmese "restorers" had hopelessly damaged it.

Here, at that Diamond Throne, lies in Buddhist thought "the very centre of the Universe", a spot which must be holy to every one who admires the utterly sensible teachings of the Buddha; but there is no second Temple there, only the Tree, and the carved seat, and a little statue of the meditating Lord under a simple shrine. I thought of the tinsel flowers and ostrich-eggs and much-disputed lamps of the Holy Sepulchre, and of its rose-water sprinklings (and tips) and candle-purveyings (and tips); and rejoiced with reverence.

That statue at first sight looks entirely congruous, the Lord in the posture of meditation under the Tree; but of course it is in reality entirely misplaced, since the Texts definitely say that he sat facing East, and this statue faces West. You have therefore to imagine him seated, not there but on the Diamond Throne on the other side of the Tree, and facing entirely unsuitably towards the dead brick-work of the temple-wall. The original Temple was built *around* the Bodhi-Tree and the Throne, as you may see opposite page 32, and was open to the sky ("hypaethral", a nice learned-looking word): it is an enormous pity that this design was not retained.

I met my friendly monks again, of course, but did not need to ask their help: there is a Dāk Bungalow.

In case you do not know India, I should add that Dāk Bungalows, and similar things with names like Forest Bungalows, Inspection Houses, District Bungalows, are a great institution there. The name dates from the old days, "Dāk" being "Post", when they were dotted along the main roads at post-horse intervals, succeeding caravanserais similarly placed. These last go a long way back: Asoka built many, he says, over two thousand years ago, and so did kings before and after him.

They are very redolent of past glories, when "no one" travelled without bedding and crockery and a cook and servants: few provide any mattress or bedding or mosquito-net, merely a "cot" of webbing

PLATE III

BODH-GAYA. The Bodhi Tree, surrounded by a Temple (page 31). Below is the "Diamond Throne" surmounted by two "Tridents" beside the Tree-trunk, and attended by worshippers: the standing figure on the right may possibly be intended for Asoka (page 74) and the Temple may be a representation of the one which he built. To his right is an Asokan pillar with an elephant, not part of the structure of the Temple. Above is the Tree itself, with garlands and an "umbrella" in the branches: the shape of the leaves is noticeably correct. Above it are spirits bringing more garlands. To right and left are two gods, waving their upper garments in the air, and, according to Majumdar "whistling with joy": this street-arab gesture is doubtful, since to place the thumb and fingers to the mouth is an Indian gesture of astonishment. The architecture of the Temple is of great interest, with the horseshoe arches which occur also in cave-halls (perhaps derived from the shape taken by two bamboos when lashed together at the apex), and the very visible ends of the wooden beams which were faithfully imitated in the stone of such cave-halls (e.g. at Ajantā). Within the arches are garlanded "umbrellas". The inscription reads "Enlightenment of the Lord Sākyamuni", ("the Sage of the Sākyas") of which the whole scene is a symbolic representation. This is the top two-fifths of a railing-pillar from Bharhut, Sunga period, at Calcutta. (*Copyright, Indian Museum, Calcutta*).

PLATE III

BODH-GAYĀ

The Tree of Enlightenment

PLATE IV

SĀRNĀTH

The First Preaching

PLATE IV

SARNATH. Top. Procession to a sacred place. The first rider is using stirrups: according to Marshall (writing of earlier work at Sānchi) this must be some seven or eight centuries before they were known in Europe, and three before the Chinese are known to have used them. The *double* reins of the other riders are interesting, although even on the original I could not make out whether the bits were also double or not: the riders seem to be carrying looped thongs as whips. Note the goad of the elephant-driver, still in use to-day: so, I often thought on Indian railways, is the shape of the coach-wheels. It is a lintel from Mathurā, probably pre-Kushān. (*Copyright, Provincial Museum, Lucknow*).

Left side. Railing-pillar, with the Wheel of the Dharma above a "Trident", the whole supported by a garlanded pillar. Sārnāth, Andhra period. (*Copyright reserved by the Archaeological Department, Government of India*).

Right side. Another face of the same pillar, with a stupa surmounted by an "umbrella" and surrounded by a railing, lotuses in a vase below. (*Copyright reserved by the Archaeological Department, Government of India*).

Centre. In the foreground the Dhamekh stupa, with the ornamentation just visible (page 42): in the distance the modern Mahābodhi Temple (page 44).

Bottom. The First Sermon, symbolical representation. In the centre the Wheel of the Dharma on a throne, with deer to indicate the locality, and aristocratic worshippers. The black buck to the right are especially well rendered. Sānchi, West gateway, middle architrave, outer face. Andhra period. (*Copyright reserved by the Archaeological Department, Government of India*).

Below Title. Left, homage of gods in a cave at Rajgir; centre, the first preaching to the five ascetics; right, the Temptation, Māra with his horses and daughters around the meditating Buddha. Asoka-tree border above, "Buddhist railing" below. Mathurā, Kushān period, with strong Gandhāran influence. (*Copyright, Provincial Museum, Lucknow*).

on a wooden frame, and there may or may not be table gear: Otherwise they are well furnished, with chairs and tables and wardrobes and dressing-tables; and they often have punkahs, to be pulled to and fro from the verandah—I suppose it would still be possible to hire a small boy to lie there on his back with the cord tied to his toes, to keep you cool at night. They seem somehow romantic to me; and they are much cheaper than hotels.

The man in charge is under no obligation to provide food, or to cook: whether he does so or not depends on himself, and on his hopes of your liberality. Here the "butler" could raise me food, he said: from where I have no idea, since the sole eatables at Bodh-Gayā seemed to be sweetmeats, alive with hornets: "Be careful", a schoolboy warned me, "those bite strongly and then you lump up and pain".

That butler disconcerted me as I smoked after supper: "How long will you sit here?" he asked. I thought he was chasing me off to bed: he meant, I found, how long did I want to stop at his Bungalow, since the Burmese High Commissioner and a large party had just reserved it for the next day but one, so that I was fortunate to arrive when I did. I read sleepily a booklet, "What is Buddhism?", produced in London: its statement that the Buddha "was born at Kapilavastu, on the Northern bank of the Ganges" did not encourage me to trust its facts. (Though, apart from the confusion with Lumbini, I suppose one *could* say that Leeds was on the northern bank of the Thames or Jaffna on the northern bank of the Kelani: the distances are about equal.)

Koels were vocal in the dense trees: they reminded me of the Australian kookaburras, though never managing such uncharitable laughs as these. And there were mynahs, of course; and a dove hooting "VO" in Morse, unpaid advertiser, probably a Spotted Dove; and I saw one tailor-bird nest, though a deserted one, a wide leaf sewn together at the edges to make a deep cup, and sewn with *knotted* cotton. (How on earth do you tie a knot with a beak?) Friendliest of all was a Golden Oriole that played his liquid dulcimer, and then perched on the under-eaves just outside my window to be admired; and he was thoroughly admire-able, the body all an incandescent orange-yellow, the wings and tail a rich velvety black for contrast. And there were palm-squirrels, those entirely attractive beasts: they ran in and out of my open door, alternately impudent and flicker-timorous.

I felt that squirrels ought to come into the Jātakas somewhere, that collection of stories, often humorous (and sometimes very rude) of the past lives of the Buddha as animal or man. They do, a Buddhist friend assured me: I got the story from him verbally, but have never found it in the Texts.

"And the Lord was born as a squirrel, and he lived in a tree beside the river. And the rains came very strongly, and his—cage is it? oh, nest; but isn't that only for birds? Well, it fell into the water

and swam down on the river to the sea. And his babies were in that nest, so he went also, running down along the bank. And when he got to the sea, the nest was on the water, but the water was too deep to go to it, and he didn't be able to swim. So he put his tail into the sea, and soaked up some water, and pulled it out, and sat on it, and squeezed out the water. And so he went on. And the King of the Spirits felt hot where he sat on, and that meant that some affair on earth was not O.K. So he looked, and saw the squirrel, and went down, and said to the squirrel 'You are very foolish: even a man or an elephant could not ever empty that sea'. But the squirrel said 'Perhaps you are right, but I do not know, and at least I do something that I can'. So the King of the Spirits saw the determination of the squirrel, and made himself large, and walked into the sea, and took out those babies."

I am glad they got into the Buddhist stories: they are in the Hindu legends as well, since when the monkeys were building the rock-bridge to Ceylon for the God-Hero Rāma, a squirrel tried to help by rolling in the sand and then shaking it out of its fur among the rocks. The monkeys chased it away: Rāma consoled it, and stroked its back: you have the stripes left by his three fingers to prove it. But butterflies do not seem to get into any of the stories, lovely and various as they were here and everywhere.

Next day I borrowed a lathi and found a boy to act as guide, and forded some four arms of the river to visit Uruvelā: the water was never thigh-deep for me, but the boy had to sacrifice politeness to comfort, with a shy giggle. (The Buddha-to-be crossed it in May, when it was probably nearly dry.) There were lots of birds on one of the further arms, but they dived or flew before I could see them properly. Dabchicks, I think, from their oily dive; and certainly teals also since I saw the brilliant green wing-bars; but others also, with Pochards almost certainly included. Black-and-white wagtails fussed about the sandbanks, and black-collared plovers trippled along, stopping to dab at the sand like mechanical toys.

An elephant was wandering through the lanes of the first village we passed, apparently giving joy-rides to children. It was the typical Indian village, a shambles of hovels with one or two better houses, probably of local landlords or money-lenders: travelling by rail and road in India and halting for the most part in towns and cities one must continually remind oneself that *this* is and has always been the real India, nine out of every ten living to-day in such villages. (Read that again, will you? "Nine out of every ten"; and remember it when politicians claim to speak for "the people of India".)

It was, I think, the same elephant that we saw crossing the river with a load of green forage when we were on our way back, and tried to intercept for a lift across the stream; but elephants appear to dawdle and actually move as fast as most men can walk. Instead, we found a lonely island-sandbank, and had a swim, and lay in the sun to dry: I regretted that I had no camera (for reasons which will

appear later) since the lad was a beautifully-made fourteen or fifteen, with square, flat pectorals, and the abdominal muscles clearly defined right down to the just-growing pubic hair. He wore a waist-cord, even for swimming: in the South, an ivory phallus is usually dependent from this for boys, and a silver heart represents the equivalent for girls, but here the cord seemed to suffice. Indians have claimed to me that its use prevents belly-bulge: this is quite possible, the contact in childhood developing a contraction of the abdominal muscles which becomes a habit.

But before this we had visited Uruvelā, and the site of Sujātā's house, the headman's daughter who offered the milk-rice. It lies on an island of higher ground between arms of the river, a very likely site for a village: to-day there is only a group of small Hindu temples in an enclosure there, with a well "that is never getting dried", they said.

From it we went to what the boy said was the place where the Lord ate that milk-rice, an attractive little whitewashed temple with five spires half-hidden by trees. The Hindu priest confirmed that this was the Buddha's eating-place: according to the monks at Bodh-Gayā it wasn't, not by a mile or more. According to them, this temple marked an entirely different and less-interesting site (though it might also possibly be the place where Sujātā *offered* the milk-rice); and that meal was eaten (as is in fact confirmed by the Texts) not there but on the bank of the river, where to-day stands a little tomb, a pyramid on a cube. So that makes two eating-sites; and Hiuen Tsiang was shown a third, quite different one, on the Bodh-Gayā side of the river.

Now, that is interesting in connection with Kapilavastu: "If you want the best sites . . . ."

The happenings at Bodh-Gayā did not end with the Enlightenment, nor the Buddha's seven days "at the foot of the Bodhi-Tree, enjoying the bliss of Liberation". After that, there are two versions, the later one giving a total of seven weeks, all on Sujātā's milk-rice, by intercalating three here: a week "gazing at the Bodhi-Tree" (and one of the monks showed me the site, marked by a little stupa-shrine, "the shrine of unwinking", claimed by some to have been built by Asoka); a week walking up and down on a path, on which, Hiuen Tsiang says, "miraculous flowers sprang up under his footsteps"; a week sitting in a jewelled house which sprang up miraculously. The path is there, a long and narrow platform sixty by four feet and three feet high, on the top surface of which the flowers are represented by conventional stone lotus-roundels like those opposite page 65. The house has gone, but my monk showed me its site, marked by a square mass of masonry looking vaguely "classical", to the north of the Temple among the dozens of rather dull votive stupas which surround it.

After that, old and later Texts agree: a week under a banyan tree; a week under a tree belonging to a snake-spirit who shielded the

Buddha from the rain with his hood and from the cold with his coils; and a week under a third tree. According to the monk, who answered indefatigably my myriad questions, the place which had been falsely represented as the eating-place was perhaps the first of these sites; the second was a mile away and I left it unvisited; and no one has any idea where the third was, although of course any guide will show you.

And there is somewhere the pool where the Buddha washed the rags he had gathered from a cemetery for clothing: in his days only notables were cremated, other bodies merely dumped—not even buried but left to be eaten or rot, which explains how rags were available. I forgot to ask for it, but I saw four pools, and it was presumably one of them.

* * * * *

Meditation ended, the Mission began, the Lord's first hearers being two merchants who offered him "rice-cake and honey-comb, that it may long be for us a good and a blessing".

He accepted them as lay-disciples; but it was after this that he "became inclined to remain in quietude and not to preach the Dharma". It took the intervention of Brahma to decide him ; "and he looked full of compassion over the world, and said 'Wide opened is the door of the Deathless to all who are hearers. Let them send forth faith to meet it.' "

If the intervention of a Hindu god puzzle the Christian reader, let him remember that Buddhists can admit the existence of such gods, and for that matter of nature-spirits, dryads and nereids and Pan and all Olympus; only, although they may not know it, those beings also are subject to rebirth, to the inexorable chain of cause-and-effect, unless and until they may be born as men and attain liberation. At the same time, the Buddhist need not believe in them: he can consider them as poetical figures, this Brahma for example as here representing a new consideration arising in the Lord's mind. And Māra need not be thought of as a personal devil, but can be a symbol of the thoughts and doubts that enter the human mind: a belief or a disbelief in him has nothing whatever to do with the Dharma.

There was much more to see at Bodh-Gayā, though regrettably it had no Museum, the amount of antiquities recovered justifying a shed only. It seemed odd: a possible, and I fear a probable explanation is that Mahants of the past put many of the fragments discovered into the walls of their buildings (where a few are in fact visible) or let visitors take them away, for a consideration. There being no Museum there was no Curator, only a watchman employed by the Department: I so greatly enjoyed meeting these helpful, cultured enthusiasts that I missed one here. But there were instead my Sinhalese friends, in charge of one of the pilgrim Rest Houses: it

is fitting that Sinhalese should be here, since the first foreign pilgrim Rest House in India was, according to Hiuen Tsiang, founded "in the old days" (about A.D. 330) by a King of Ceylon, here at Bodh-Gayā.

And there is a Tibetan Monastery, whither I followed a Tibetan monk who had been circumambulating the Temple with a prayer-wheel, a chased silver drum pivoted on a vertical handle, with a weighted cord attached so that an economical flick of the wrist kept it rotating. Their temple is a gay group of buildings, especially within, all lively colours on crude but very attractive mouldings. Pendants hang from the ceiling, like baseless round pillars composed of superimposed brightly-coloured petticoats for little girls, hung so as partly to overlap each other vertically. Lots and lots of images line one wall, with lamps and flowers and candles before them, many of them elaborately robed in real fabrics which looked priceless and covetable. Above the ranks of images are rows of pigeon-holes, each with something unseen under a coloured silk cover and each labelled. One of the Sinhalese frankly confessed to ignorance: "We do not understand their religion, and of them only one speaks a little Indian". He was quite prepared to accept my wild guess that they were the ashes of deceased clerics. The other monk gave me the true answer: they are the manuscripts of the Tibetan Texts, here chanted day and night by relays of monks.

There is also a Chinese Temple. A small Buddha-image is throned on the altar: behind this and facing the other way is a lovely Kwan Yin, Goddess of Pity for Chinese Buddhists, in some polished black wood. She is not beautiful, with a rather flat-squashed face, but she is Pity, maternal pity, in perfection. Even the quite hideous coloured wall-pictures (from Ceylon) could not spoil my pleasure.

It was on my way back from there, by cycle, that a policeman ran after me, to say that his Officer "gave his salutations". Luckily I remembered enough Hindustani to know that this is the polite phrase for "Please come", though I did rather wonder what by-law I had broken. He merely wanted to be friendly, and regretted that (on indigestive grounds) I had to refuse his invitation to a meal. A dear old chap, not pleased at the idea of soon leaving Bodh-Gayā: three years is the limit at one post, and as a rule they are moved far oftener, he said; "and it is calm here, and I may sleep well without fears of riots. Always it is calm here".

That is exactly the feeling one takes away from Bodh-Gayā: perhaps something of those weeks of silent meditation still pervades the place . . . . .

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST PREACHING: SARNATH

"Then the Blessed One thought 'To whom shall I first preach the Dharma? The five ascetics have done me many services: they attended on me during the time of my ascetic discipline.' And he came to Banāras, to the Deer-Park where they were living": Sārnāth to-day, a hundred and fifty miles or so on foot.

Like Bodh-Gayā, Sārnāth has always been a place of pilgrimage, for Buddhists and Jains; and yet, oddly enough again, there was no public conveyance available for the five miles from Banāras, the nearest town. Car, or horse-carriage, or cycle-rickshaw, or cycle, or on foot ("going by walk", to use a nice Indianism); or there is a wayside railway-station at Sārnāth itself, but it is a mile or more from the site and I should probably have had to carry my own baggage from it.

Most Europeans dislike Banāras on first meeting; and yet I know Europeans who live there all the year round, from choice. There is no need to visit it: the main station, "Banāras Cantonment", is well away to the north of the city, and Sārnāth is to the north of this again.

"Cantonment" may be a new word to the foreign reader, pronounced traditionally "Can-TOON-ment" with the accent on the TOON. In India it is the area where Army and Civil officers lived, where as a rule are the Banks and Hotels and Clubs and Churches and Courts. Cantonments are almost invariably spacious, with bungalows set in enormous gardens and by well-kept roads, in startling and accusatory contrast to the Indian cities to which they are annexed.

I visited Banāras City, looking for a good camera-shop, by cycle in the main streets, with frequent halts to ask the way: Indians are as ready to help the stranger as are civilised people everywhere, and as incapable (in my experience) of giving really clear directions. (When anyone, in any country, says "You can't miss it" I always expect to.) But I have never met with unfriendliness from Indians, even during that period of tension just before Independence, other than what you might call "ritual unfriendliness", "Quit India" slogans and the like; and any Englishman in India will confirm that with Independence the spirit of amity has been increased a hundredfold.

I did not find that camera-shop, nor in fact any good shops other than for textiles, in spite of the size of the city, a quarter million or so; and in spite of the fact that there was obviously plenty of money about, clumsy modern American cars careering to and fro like benzedrined cockroaches. In no other civilised country that I know is the repulsive contrast between rich and poor so naked and

unashamed as in India to-day; and the rich are not the Rājās but the profiteers. I window- and counter-shopped at some of those luxury silk-sellers (Banāras textiles were already famous in the Buddha's days); and to stand beside the owner of such a car and see him peel off hundred-rupee notes from a chunky wad, and notice with loathing that he is wearing a gold wristwatch on a wide bracelet of gold mesh, each link set with a diamond—and then to remember the millions of his countrymen to whom one link would be a family income for life—one does not forget it readily.

Next day I visited the "real" Banāras, the ancient city of narrow lanes between the main streets and the river, lanes that dive under the upper stories of houses and tie themselves in tangles: you need a guide, and you must go on foot. Beggars are innumerable, but apparently police-controlled, and offer to passers-by only chanted or mute appeals: near the temple at Gayā they clung to my legs, and smarmed diseased hands down my trousers. Ascetics abound, as they did when Hiuen Tsiang was there: "some cut off their hair, some tie it in a knot and go naked: they cover their bodies with ashes and practice all sorts of austerities". Even Indians were turning to look at one of them here, who was caressing the vulva of a cow: on the other hand, it was in a main street in Lucknow and not here that I saw a completely naked ascetic (and standing on his head, at that, which emphasized his nudity); and it was in Calcutta, again in a main street, that I saw another with a two-foot skewer thrust through and dependent from his foreskin.

Christians are of course not allowed within the temples, but may look in through doorways—at the three-eyed Ganesha, for example, whose special job here is to take note that pilgrims have performed their duties ("Elephants never forget"); and I got as near the Golden Temple as did George V, peering in from a balcony across the lane.

As a matter of fact, I think one misses little. Thanks to Moslem devastations there is only one really old temple, and even this is architecturally mediocre. Far more interesting is the porch of the Durgā Temple (the "Monkey Temple" as the guides call it—and the Nepalese Temple with the erotic carvings is for them the "Temple of Love"); and this because it is quite modern, dating from about 1865, and quite excellent, showing what Indian craftsmen could do when not forced into pseudo-Palladian or bureaucratic-Byzantine by the Government Public Works Department. Unfortunately it has been daubed with the typical thick magenta-red paint: when bare stone it must have been really magnificent (and built when England was admiring the Albert Hall).

I did not take the boat-ride down in front of the bathing-steps, and so missed the "Temple of Love", readily accessible from the river only. My hotel-guide was most concerned about it: "*All* sahibs go to see those carvings", he protested. But one should do the trip early in the day, when, to quote a delightful guide-book, Sen's "Holy City", "the soft reddish glow on the murky east is diffusing itself into the dark blue above, following the track as it were

of the pioneering Twilight, that like a gleesome virgin had started in advance, warbling in the voice of the early cuckoo".

* * * * *

The road to Sārnāth is a good road, as Indian roads go, heavily tree-shaded and running nearly all the way through villages. At one a potter was busy at his wheel. I stopped to watch him: he was interested at my interest, and wanted me to try my hand, but I was scared of that wheel—it was a heavy stone disc, with a central projection below which sat in a socket in the ground, but nothing whatever to keep it level other than its top-like momentum. If you should let it slow up, it would enthusiastically flop sideways, probably onto your feet or legs.

Birds were few, apart from the ubiquitous crows and mynahs: above the potter a coppersmith-bird was indefatigably hammering, and on my way back he was still there, still busy, but (as almost always) still invisible. A spear-armed sentry at the Reserve Police Barracks struck an attractively medieval note: I wondered how he would have saluted with a spear, and wished myself in uniform.

Unlike Bodh-Gayā, Sārnāth has no high spire to greet the pilgrim. Instead, the first landmark is an octagonal brick tower on a ruined stupa-mound, probably the one which Hiuen Tsiang said was built on the spot where the Buddha met his five ex-companions when he came to Sārnāth.

"And the five ascetics saw the Tathāgata coming, and took counsel together, saying 'There comes the ascetic Gotama, who has abandoned striving and fallen into luxury. Let us not salute him, nor rise when he comes, but let him sit down if he will.' But when the Lord approached, they did not keep their agreement: they went to meet him, and took his alms-bowl and outer robe, and prepared a seat for him, and water for the washing of his feet."

(The tower on top has nothing to do with the Buddha: it was put up by one of Akbar's courtiers to commemorate the stupendous fact that Humāyun, Akbar's father, once sat there.)

The "Deer Park" is only half a mile or so from that stupa. It is so called (as also Sārnāth from "Sāranganātha", "Lord of the Deer") because of a Jātaka story, of the Buddha in a previous birth as King of the Deer here, offering himself for the table of the King of Banāras in place of a pregnant roe: hence the deer on the pedestal of my frontispiece, almost effaced. The Buddha and the five ascetics went there together, and the Lord preached there for the first time the Middle Path, neither of luxury nor of asceticism; and the Four Noble Truths, "of Suffering, of the Origin of Suffering, of the Cessation of Suffering; and of the Way leading to the Cessation of Suffering". Suffering, omnipresent, not to be explained away as "false claims" nor as something to be endured "here" and compensated for "hereafter"; the Origin of Suffering, cravings based on ignorance of the

real nature of the things for which we crave; the Cessation of Suffering, the extinction of those cravings; the Way leading to it, true knowledge, Enlightenment.

It is exactly the attitude of a doctor: symptoms, diagnosis, means of cure, regimen leading to that cure. Some writers call Buddhism pessimistic: would you call a doctor pessimistic who recognised your ailment and promised its cure if his regimen were followed?

And that regimen, that Middle Way is the Eightfold Path: right understanding of those four truths; right thoughts, of good will to all, of the avoidance of harm to any living creature, of the renunciation of sensual pleasures; right speech, free from falsehood, backbiting, harsh language, idle chatter; right behaviour, as in the Precepts (page 47); right livelihood, not gained by improper means such as traffic in armaments, slaves, intoxicants; right effort, that evil qualities may be eradicated and good ones preserved and strengthened; right mindfulness, the proper choice of subjects for contemplation; and right concentration, the yoking of the unquiet mind to this contemplation.

In Buddhist phrase, here at Sārnāth the Lord for the first time "turned the Wheel of the Dharma": the frontispiece shows him in the posture associated with this; and the wheel, seen sideways, is in the centre of the pedestal, with the five ascetics (and to the left probably the woman donor of the statue and her child).

That Wheel is the fundamental Buddhist symbol, as is the cross for Christianity, standing for the Dharma, or for Sārnāth, or, in early sculpture when it was not permissible to show the figure of the Buddha, for the Lord preaching at Sārnāth. You have it opposite pages 33 and 65 and 80 ; it once crowned Asoka's pillars; and to-day it figures in the centre of the National Flag of India, by an extremely felicitous modification of the old Congress Party flag. This was horizontally striped in orange, white, and green, as is the present Indian flag, with the white standing for peace between Moslem green and Hindu orange just as in the Irish flag it separates Eire green and Ulster orange; and on the white stripe was the spinning-wheel associated with Gāndhi and home-spun, home-woven cotton. This however was a party flag, unsuitable therefore to represent the Nation. The Sārnāth wheel, the "chakra", replaced the spinning-wheel: less for the sake of Buddhism than for its associations with Asoka, greatest of Indian rulers of India.

Only one stupa stands to-day at Sārnāth, the Dhamekh, a solid, stolid cylinder nearly a hundred feet in diameter and half as much again in height, brick above and stone below: you have it opposite page 33. It is quite plain except for lovely floral arabesques framed by geometrical patterns: it is Gupta work, around the 400's A.D. that is. There used to be another, now generally known as Jagat Singh's stupa because he destroyed it in 1794, to build houses in Banāras with its bricks: this is the one which Hiuen Tsiang saw and

described as built by Asoka. Relics, probably of the Buddha himself, were in it, but were religiously cast into Holy Ganges, and the casket stolen: the outer stone box is in the Museum at Calcutta.

(And before you curse the Indian vandals for this destruction, and for the loss of the relics, please note that it was a British Engineer who removed from Sārnāth not mere bricks, but sculptures and carvings excavated by Cunningham in 1835 and left on the site, and threw them into one of the tributaries of the Ganges at Banāras to form a breakwater for the piers of the Duncan Bridge.)

Hiuen Tsiang described also the "Main Shrine", a richly-decorated temple about 200 feet high, "with niches in all four sides in a hundred successive rows, and in each a golden figure of the Buddha"; and the remains of this still stand, though only to a tenth of this height. But what has happened to his three lakes?—"in each of which dwells a dragon. When men of bad character bathe there the crocodiles come forth and kill them, but the reverential need fear nothing". I could find one only, down towards the Burmese monastery, with boys fishing and swimming in it, which speaks well for the good character of Sārnāth kids; or the mellowing influence of time on the crocodiles. I wonder if Hiuen Tsiang risked a swim: I did, borrowing a wet loincloth from an amused lad, and escorted by naked urchins. The water was pleasantly lukewarm, but rarely deep enough for swimming, and the bottom was mud. I saw no crocodiles.

There is of course an Asoka pillar, once crowned by the renowned Lion-capital which is now in the Museum: this capital is perhaps the finest existing piece of early Indian sculpture (though probably by an imported artist) and has to perfection that incredible "Mauryan polish" which makes the stone seem to glow with an inner light rather than reflect the sun. You have a line-drawing of it on my title-page: it is to-day the official crest of Independent India, and replaces the crown on Air Force badges and field-officers' shoulder-straps. The lions are magnificent beasts, with muscle-modelling that is perfect simplification, and stylised manes: when their eyes were jewelled, and the axle-caps of the wheels on the base, they must have been really too good to put up on the top of a fifty-foot pillar. That pillar itself stands near the Main Shrine, with one of Asoka's Inscriptions carved on it, a warning against schism within the Order of monks: it is ominous that such Royal warning should have been already necessary.

There is one other Asokan thing in the open at Sārnāth, a broken railing, carved all in one piece from a block of sandstone. It may once have been (experts think) on the top of the "Jagat Singh" stupa: if so, we are very lucky that it was taken down from there and so preserved for us.

The Museum at Sārnāth is excellent, in a modern building on the lines of a Buddhist monastery. Asoka's lions somewhat dominate it; but there are plenty of good later things, since Sārnāth continued to flourish. The next great dynasty to emerge after the collapse of

his, the Sungas, do not seem to have liked Sārnāth; but the Andhras, spreading up from the South about the time of Christ, gave it a beautiful railing, of which you have two views of a pillar opposite page 33. And then came the Guptās, last of the great Indian dynasties, ruling most of India north of the latitude of Calcutta from their capital at Ajodhya.

Theirs was the Golden Age of Indian culture, with mathematics and astronomy and the poetic drama flourishing, and sculpture and metal-working; and be so good as to remember that this was in the fourth-fifth centuries, when in England what little remained of Roman civilisation was collapsing under the inroads of Saxon and Pict and Irish barbarians, and things were in such a mess that most history-books ignore the period altogether. Though Hindus, the Guptas favoured Buddhism and Sārnāth: they gave it not only the delicate ornamental work on the Dhamekh stupa but also what is perhaps the finest piece of Indian Buddhist art, the "First Preaching" in stone which I have made my frontispiece. I cannot better Majumdar's description of it as "Peace incarnate: not the transient earthly peace but peace eternal".

Sārnāth has of course also monasteries galore, that is to say the brick remnants of them: they are of course interesting to the archaeologist, but for most people bases of brick walls are just bases of brick walls, whether two thousand years old or the results of Coventration.

Sārnāth does not by any means live only in its past. It is one of the principal centres of the work of the Mahābodhi Society, who maintain here a Library, and a High School, and an Elementary School (with most of the classes out-of-doors, most sensibly), and a Dispensary, and an Orphanage, and a pipal Tree within an enclosure, grown from a sapling of the Tree in Ceylon which in turn was grown from a sapling of the original Bodhi-Tree at Bodh-Gayā, sent by Asoka in the care of his daughter. And, most important, they maintain a Temple.

It is a finely-proportioned building, with a tower deriving vaguely from that of the Bodh-Gayā Temple—you have it opposite page 33; spotless within, not improved by a pastiche of the Gupta Buddha of my frontispiece. The walls are decorated with frescoes from the Lord's life, done in a vaguely Ajantan style by Japanese artists: it is noticeable how much more successful they have been with horrific characters (Māra's army, a brigand at Sahet-Mahet who wore the fingers of his victims as a necklace, and the like) than with the nice people. The altar enshrines relics of the Buddha, from excavations at Taxilā, Guntur (Madras), and Sindh, very properly handed over by the Archaeological Department for reverent keeping: "altar" is perhaps an unfortunate word, with its suggestion of sacrifice, but the shape is definitely that of a Christian altar.

I attended "evensong" there repeatedly, a very simple service: like all Buddhist services in principle it was a service of praise, not

of prayer, and directed not to the Buddha "up there" (as we think of Heaven), nor—and far less—to the Buddha-statue on the altar, but to the Buddha-germ (if one may use the phrase) within the worshipper.

It began with a recitation, intoned and not sung, kneeling on little mats provided to temper the marble floor, but sitting-kneeling and not upright, the legs either below the trunk or beside it, the feet to the rear. This part is unvarying, a salutation to the "Three Gems", the Buddha, the Dharma, the Order.

You may like to have a very free translation of it. It begins with a thrice-repeated "Salutation to the Blessed One, the Worthy One, the Supremely-Englightened One". Then follows: "Thus indeed is that Lord, the Pure One, the Supremely-Enlightened, full of wisdom and goodness; the Blissful One, knower of the world; the most enlightened Charioteer of beings to be restrained; Guide of gods and men, the Enlightened One, the Lord.

"The Dharma well preached by the Lord, visible, immediate, which invites 'Come, and behold!', which leads to Liberation: thus it is to be understood through experience by the wise.

"The Disciples of the Lord, following the Path of happiness, the straight Path, the Path of Truth, the Path of correct living: those who follow and attain are worthy of offerings brought from afar, worthy of hospitality, worthy of gifts, worthy of reverence: the highest field of merit in the world."

That last phrase demands explanation. Generosity is one of the great virtues of a layman, by which a good chain of Karma can be started, "merit acquired" to use the common and rather misleading term; and generosity to the Order is particularly efficacious (or so says the Order). Generosity is also "meritorious" in that sense for monks, of course: having no worldly goods they practice it by meditating love to all living beings, "pervading the whole world everywhere with love, far-reaching and measureless", in Pāli "mettā", a word you may come across at the end of letters from Buddhists.

At the risk of making you forget that we are half-way through a service, I must add a word on "merit". A "work of merit" means merely a good action, a cause which will in due course produce a good effect. As generally used, "to acquire merit by giving alms", "by building a stupa", etc., it sounds selfish: it definitely is not, since *sharing* your merit with others not only does not decrease your own share but increases it, and so does pleasure in the acquisition of merit by someone else. That is why a bell or gong is often rung before an act of reverence: so that others may hear, rejoice with you in your good action, and share in it.

After the invocation, there was a shift to a sitting position, the legs crossed, and another long chant. This part varies: as a rule it is taken from the shorter discourses of the Lord—when there was an epidemic at Besārh, for instance, or when a monk was bitten by a snake, an expression of love and good-will to all living things, the

"mettā" just mentioned. Everything is from memory: there was of course no accompaniment to the chant, no organ or instrument, and the only "harmony" came when one of the seven monks present got momentarily out of phase with the rest: there was a huge drum in one corner, but I never heard it, and forgot to ask when, if ever, it was used. A big bell hung in the porch, with a slung bamboo as striker, but had no part in the service: it was sounded by visitors on entering and leaving, Hindus and Moslems as well as Buddhists, since no Buddhist temple has any restriction on shoeless entry. The reason for the bell has just been given: I doubt if one out of twenty of those who rang it had any idea why they did so, except that it made a nice noise.

And after the chants came a long silence: the two minutes of Armistice Day seem long, but this was interminable. It seems to me a pity that there are not more ritual silences in Christian worship.

That was all; but I shall not easily forget those services, with the few candles throwing an almost theatrical light up onto the face of the image, and a broad river of moonlight streaming right across the temple-floor between the line of monks and myself.

I was there for the Full Moon of October, the day when travel was again allowed after the Rains: now is held the yearly ceremony when all monks meet who have spent the Rains together, and each in turn begs the rest to tell him of any faults they have noticed in him: at least, such was the primitive usage, but in very early days it was laid down that any such faults must be brought up in advance, privately, so that the still-surviving ceremony became merely symbolical. In whatever form, it is an excellent idea: after living with anyone for months, you are likely to feel annoyed with something in his behaviour; and the obligation to disclose it makes you realise in most cases that there is nothing to disclose, that you have been fretted by incessant contact, as are explorers. And the contact has been close: during the Rains, by prescript of the Buddha himself, no monk may be away from his residence, monastery or other, for more than seven days.

"Monk", "monastery": the words may convey a false idea. The difficulty is to find a word to replace "monk": Esperanto shows its flexibility in Yoxon's excellent translation of the Digha Nikaya, by allowing him to use "Sanghano", "Member of the Order", but in one word instead of the English four. Buddhist "monks" take no vows, and if they find themselves unsuited to the life can, and are in fact encouraged to go back to the world at any moment, without ceasing to be good Buddhists and without prejudice to their having another attempt at the monastic life again later. But at any rate "monk" is a better word than "priest": there is no trace of a priesthood in pure Buddhism, since there are no sacrifices, bloody or symbolical, nor any sacraments, nor any sanctuaries where laymen may not also enter. Monks may teach—they usually do teach—but this is in no sense an obligation, nor is "parish visiting", nor "taking services".

The moon is very important in the Buddhist year. All feasts go by it: the great one is "Wesak", the Full Moon of May/June, when the Buddha was born, attained Enlightenment, and died: on the Full Moon of July he first preached, here at Sārnāth. And it is on the Moon Quarter-days, and especially on New and Full Moon days, that all Buddhist layfolk should observe eight of the Ten Precepts, three in addition to the five which are normally binding on them; and preferably also for one whole lunar month each year.

Those Precepts give a good idea of the Buddhist way of life, and are therefore worth quoting, together with the "Refuge" Invocation which with them makes up what one might call the Buddhist "Creed"; but note well that it must be based on reason, and not a mere passive "belief" in what some "Authority" or other lays down. Farrer puts it excellently: "The Buddha *wants* you to doubt, to enquire and to be honestly convinced before you follow his Way". The Texts stress it even more emphatically, the Buddha even saying "Do not believe anything merely because your teachers say it"—and this, as including himself, is surely a startling proposition from the founder of a religion, especially as compared with other founders. The Texts give also the definite "You yourselves must make the effort: the Tathāgatas are only teachers".

First then: "I take refuge in the Buddha, I take refuge in the Dharma, I take refuge in the Order". This is repeated twice again, with the addition of "For the second time" and "For the third time". Then follows: "I undertake to abstain from injuring any living thing; from taking that which is not given; from unlawful sensual enjoyment; from false speech; from things which intoxicate". They are not "Commandments" imposed from without, but promises made from within; and made not to a god or to an organisation, but to onself. Further, the negative implies the affirmative—abstention from injuring living beings includes loving-kindness to them, for example. And although "abstain" is the usual translation it is not really strong enough: "loathe" comes almost closer to the Pāli.

So far the laity, then, with the optional and occasional three others of abstention from eating after noon, from worldly amusements (which include military reviews and cockfights), and from perfumes and jewels and luxurious seats and beds. Novices observe these and add the abstention from the possession of money; and monks have another 227 piled on their shoulders by themselves.

* * * * *

Birla, a Parsee business-magnate who built one of the Rest Houses at Bodh-Gayā, built also one at Sārnāth, a huge place: I had one of the best rooms in it, with four windows and a real bed with a real mattress: not *the* best, because the Burmese High Commissioner and party caught up with me here. But my room scored over his in a nest just outside one window: it was the usual messy sparrow-nest, but the bird had a yellow bib and a forked tail, and was no

house-sparrow—the Yellow-throated one, I think, though not as a rule a house-dweller, nor was this its usual nesting season.

There were few other guests: one or two one-nighters, a Burmese monk with an entirely charming boy-servant who said he was thirteen (but seemed older to me). He became very friendly, at first exchanging shy smiles only but later haunting my room, and nuzzling his hard little shoulder into my side to look in my camera viewfinder, and peering round his comic little nose to see how he looked in my spectacles (looking-glasses are forbidden to monks, and there was none in my room, but a dark window-pane does as well), and pinching his fingers in the unduly strong spring of their case, and I fear saying something quite unmonkly through them as he sucked away the pain.

And there was a friendly young Sinhalese student who made a point of coming to chat with me in the evenings, "in case you are too alone". He was a student at the Hindu University at Banāras and spending his vacation here, almost as a lay-brother, eating and bathing with the monks. Incidentally, he put to me one of the most disconcerting questions I have met: "Is Christianity making much progress in England, would you say?" (Well, *would* you?)

My food was something of a difficulty, and I fear something of a nuisance to my hosts. I could have had curries galore, vegetable ones of course, but my digestion at that moment refused to tolerate curries. I had to make do with plain boiled rice and vegetables, and tinned New Zealand pseudo-cheese, and chapatties: even eggs were taboo, though the Secretary-in-charge said that I could cook them for myself, and they would provide a stove for me to do so, if I wished. Fruit was chiefly bananas and custard-apples. Do you know custard-apples? They look rather like anti-personnel hand-grenades, with a dark grey-green surface corrugated in hexagons to break up readily on explosion: inside there is a pale cream pulp, cluttered with small shiny black seeds. The taste is like no other fruit; or some say like a combination of *all* other fruit, with a trace of eau-de-cologne in addition: one appreciates it thoroughly because each seed has to be anatomized out by tongue and teeth. An excellent novelty was singāra, water-chestnuts, the fruit of a water-plant just then in season, little triangular things with a delicate nutty flavour: it covered part of the "lake" and its leaves gave support to jacanas. And do you know that bird? If not, try to imagine a compact little brown body like that of a moorhen but with white wings; add the tail of a pheasant, twice the length of that body, and the long neck and small head of a goose; mount it on spindly legs three times the proper length; and add enormous feet with spidery toes fully as long as the bird's body. It sounds improbable: it looks impossible, especially when you see it apparently strolling on the surface of the water.

On one occasion I was served, at my entreaty, with the modern equivalent of the "milk-rice" which Sujātā gave to the Buddha-to-be. To make it, you boil milk until it is reduced to about one quarter of

its original volume, and add rice and sugar and raisins and nuts "and many other things also; and of them some are very costly", they said. It is eaten normally at festivals only, being both expensive and a nuisance to prepare: it was well worth the cost to me, and I hope my enjoyment made up for the nuisance to them. My little servant was very keen to know how I liked it: he was a ugly child of about thirteen, from the village near by, hired to bring up my meals and see that the water-pot in the primitive bathroom was kept full. ("Primitive" is not written superciliously: I vastly prefer the Indian style of bathing, by pouring water over one's soaped body, to the Western idea of sitting in a solution of one's own dirt.)

I was very happy at Sārnāth. All the monks showed me true Buddhist hospitality, from the very busy Secretary-in-charge downwards. The Librarian was especially helpful, searching out passages in the Texts for me, and translating them into English as I wrote. They are a very busy crowd, what with that Library and the Schools and Orphanage and Office: I could not counsel anyone wanting a lazy life to join them. So diversified were their duties that I rarely saw them all together, except at services or at the one bath of the day, taken communally at an open-air well just before the midday meal, the last solid food permitted.

Theirs was not the only Community: there was also a Burmese monastery; and a Chinese one, with a Temple so disconcertingly clean that I felt I ought to remove my feet as well as my shoes, and standing in a dainty Botticelli garden. Both this and the Mahābodhi Temple conformed, I was glad to see, to the tradition I had so admired in Burma, that the image of the Lord must be visible from the doorway, with no ikon-screen or temple-veil. And there was a Jain Temple also, which I would have visited had I ever found it open.

The whole place is charming, full of birds and bird-songs: the area for a mile around is a sanctuary for birds and beasts. Swallows abounded, dipping in their broken flight; and their cousins with the ridiculously long and thin tails, especially down by the pool; and lots of the bright green Bee-eaters, unable to go to bed without fuss enough for a flock of eagles. And once I saw King Solomon's bird, the hoopoe, a strutting pair of them: once only, though the call which gives them their name was not uncommon. I spent much of my time in the open, lying on the grass under trees, watching with sleepy superiority the unquiet little white cloud-wisps hurrying across the shallow sky. As so often in Indian Autumns that sky seemed very close at hand, so close that it surprised when the bough-nets did not catch those cloudlets as they passed. I could imagine myself in a well-kept park with smooth grass-sward now at its best just after the Rains, and distant clumps of trees to close the spacious view.

I know how easy it is to read mental conceptions into landscapes; but I could not help contrasting Sārnāth with Bodh-Gayā. There the temple is in a hollow, closely set about with crowded votive

stupas, densely walled with trees whose leaves rustle peace: here everything is open to the four winds and the world. There it was contemplation, withdrawal into self-knowledge: here the sending-forth of the new message, the revelation to mankind.

"Go ye now, monks, and wander for the gain of the many, for the welfare of the many, out of compassion for the world. Preach, monks, the Dharma which is lovely in the beginning, in the middle, in the ending, in the spirit and in the letter." Thus the Lord, here in Sārnāth; and "the welfare of the many" is, I think, the message of Sārnāth itself.

CHAPTER V

THE ORGANISER: SAHET-MAHET

As he had ordained for his monks, so did the Lord also, travelling over the country and preaching for the next forty-five years. As he ordained for his monks, so he himself also abstained from travel during the Rains: Sahet-Mahet was his most favoured halting-place, twenty-six rainy seasons being spent there.

It was there that a certain rich man "saw that the garden of Jeta the Prince was well-suited for a residence for the Tathāgata, and sought to buy it. 'It is not for sale, Sir, even if you cover it with gold pieces laid side by side.' 'I take it, Sir, at that price.' And the judges maintained" (somewhat unfairly, to judge from the text) "that a sale had been made. And he brought gold in carts, and covered the garden, the Jetavana."

This purchase is opposite page 64, with the carts on the right, bullock-carts exactly as still used in India, and on the left the donor waiting to make the formal gift to the Buddha, with a servant behind him holding a water-pot for the pouring over the hands that formed a ritual part of such a giving.

One point should be made here, I think: such millionaires are extremely rare in the Texts. In those times the vast majority of Indians cultivated their own lands, paying small dues in kind to the local Ruler. Only the worst of misfortune could drive anyone to the degradation of hired labour; and without labour to exploit it is hard to grow rich. I should surmise that the average incomes of "rich" and "poor", excluding the few exceptional cases such as this, were in the proportion of something like ten to one, instead of the ten thousand to one of India to-day.

Such exceptional cases appeared, of course, in the capital cities of the few kingdoms which existed; and Sahet-Mahet was the capital of the Kosala rule, to which the Buddha's own clan was tributary—and which later, probably soon after the Buddha's death, attacked and almost wiped out that clan. This donor was not the Buddha's only benefactor at the capital. The King himself was intellectual enough to appreciate the new teaching: he had been educated at Taxilā, then the greatest seat of learning in India, and special mention is made of his zeal as a ruler and of his tolerance of all religions.

At such a cultured capital trade flourished, and business-men: the donor of the Jetavana was a banker, and probably a gold- and silver-merchant as well, as are so many money-lenders in India to-day, hence his ability to produce gold by the cartload.

His foundation must have been quite a place: according to Fa Hian it was seven-storied until a hungry rat burnt it down by trying to eat a lighted lamp-wick. He writes of "the pools of clear and pure

water, the groves of ever-luxuriant trees, the flowers of all colours", and adds that the Lord spent a longer time here than in any other place; but only a couple of centuries later our other Chinese pilgrim found it "wholly deserted, the foundations only remaining" except for "one brick building, alone in the midst of the ruins", with a statue of the Buddha and two seventy-foot pillars "erected by King Asoka", which may turn up some day.

Many discourses were made at Sahet-Mahet, many of the Jātaka tales told here. Here the Buddha tended the sick monk, neglected by his companions, and reproached them: "Whoever, monks, would wait upon me, let him wait upon the sick". Here Devadatta (who comes into the next chapter) met his end, swallowed up by the earth. Here the same fate befel the woman who brought a false accusation, saying that she was with child by the Buddha and tying a wooden bowl over her belly to pretext it: "and the wind blew up her cloak, and the bowl fell to the ground, and the earth opened and flames shot up, and she was swallowed up as if in a scarlet blanket".

And here the bereaved woman came to the Buddha, begging healing for her dead son, and was told to get a grain of mustard-seed from 'a house where no son or daughter had yet died. "And they brought grains of white mustard-seed and gave them to her. Then she asked 'Friends, in this house has any son or daughter died?' 'What ask you, woman? As for the living, they are few: only the dead are many.'" And so it was in house after house, and she learnt the lesson. It may seem cold treatment of a mourner, especially as contrasted with Christ's raising of the widow's son; but—did that son not die again later? Is it perhaps not better to teach the lesson of submission to the law of Nature than merely to postpone the learning of that lesson?

Here also Ananda became the Buddha's personal attendant, constantly with him for the last twenty-five years of his life: he was from Kapilavastu, a kinsman of the Lord. He was one of a group of noble converts made when the Buddha first visited Kapilavastu after his Enlightenment: six of them went to him, with their barber Upāli, in full finery so as not to arouse suspicion, and sent the barber back with all their fine gear in a bundle. And the barber didn't see why he should be left out, and hung the bundle on a tree for anyone who found it, and was at the request of the young nobles received into the Order before them so that he might be their senior, "and the Sākyan pride thus humbled in us Sākyans": even to-day seniority in the Order depends strictly on the moment of admission, not on age or knowledge or anything else.

And a barber was a very low-caste man, at that, about as low as anyone could be: he became one of the greatest Buddhist teachers (page 111), one example among many of the way that Buddhism ignored caste. (It is worth adding two other points, for those whose ideas on caste in India come from Brahmin-inspired literature: that in the days of early Buddhism caste-distinctions were nothing like

so exaggerated as the Brahmins made them later; and that Brahmins were then "low-caste" people compared with the Kshattriyas, kings and nobles and warriors.)

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Balrāmpur is the station for Sahet-Mahet. It is a place one would wish to forget as soon as possible: I searched in vain there for anywhere to eat breakfast before riding the dozen miles or so to Sahet-Mahet—and I mean "anywhere". At far smaller places I managed to get eggs and chapatties and tea at "HO-tels", but here I found nothing but roadside stalls, sprinkled with dung-dust by every passing cart and thick with flies. I finally had to make do, for breakfast now and lunch later, with penny buns (from a glass jar) and cloyingly sweet tea from such a stall.

I hope you noticed that accent: a HO-tel, thus pronounced, is not a Hotel, but a tea-shop, eating-house. One Indian author completely falsifies the atmosphere for foreign readers, by making his students, in an excellent novel, go to "a hotel" for a cup of tea. One sees them in a carpeted lounge, served under potted palms by white-coated waiters, and paying 2/6d. or so, whereas their tea probably cost them a penny a cup.

The road to Sahet-Mahet is dull to unsufferableness, nearly always straight, and with trees set so far back that their shade is usable only when it is useless, with the long shadows of morning or evening. At one place a group of itinerant entertainers were sitting in their shade, all in brown-yellow stuffs and with stringed instruments in their laps or slung to their shoulders. I stopped to investigate, but my Hindi rang no bells with them, and between themselves they were talking some language unguessed at by me. I think they were gypsies, but whence and whither bound? There were no women with them, but at least one of the boys was a dancer, a slim, limber child of about fourteen: he sketched a couple of dance-poses at me with an inviting, impudent grin that made me wish I could see their whole performance.

And at another place there were monkeys, the common brown ones; and once a tank loomed up in the distance and became an elephant as it neared me. Once and once only was there a patch of thick jungle-scrub, full of Babblers scuttling about on the ground more like beasts than birds, and Grey Tits on the twigs above them more often upside-down than right way up. And I just caught a glimpse of a Tree-Pie, or rather of its black-tipped tail, though its "Bobolink" call was annoyingly clear and persistent.

That was all that the road had to offer, except for the dust; but it was good dust, blinding and suffocating when a rare car passed. The only reasonable thing to do was to dismount and wait, with muffled eyes and nose: one could no more ride through that turbid swirl than through pitch darkness. The surface was fair, under

repair in stretches which compelled detours over deep ruts: it was a boy from one of the road-gangs who took time out to show me where the site lay.

Because it is not easy to find. You start out from Balrāmpur happily, encouraged by milestones that show "Sahet-Mahet" with decreasing numbers; but then, when you cross the border between Balrāmpur and Gonda districts, the milestones desert you. Take courage, however, should you do the ride: continue over several short iron bridges across streamlets (probably dry) and look out for a small verandahed house on your right. It is a Burmese Buddhist Rest-house, where (my roadmender said) a caretaker lives; and just behind it is Sahet-Mahet.

There is very little to see when you get there, although there are two sites: this one near the road, where the coin-carpeted Jetavana monastery stood; and another further off, larger, over three miles in circuit, where the old city stood beside the old river-bed. As far as I was concerned, my guide could have shown me any old shapeless ruin and said it was any old famous site: perhaps he did, though he was very confident about it. Like so many Indians, he was a born mime, and reduced me to weak tears of laughter by his dramatisation of the falsely-accusing woman. His English was sketchy, though he insisted on using it: he had it from the soldiery, I think, to judge by the way that he used the short and rude words rather than their polite equivalents. But his story really needed no words: he waddled up to an imaginary crowd with a plucked-off branch under his shirt, and accused an invisible Buddha with a virago-torrent of words and gestures, and crouched in shame as the branch fell down, and ran with arms shielding his head from pelted stones; and finally vanished with such suddenness into a clump of grass that I thought he had really fallen into some cleft of the earth. And then he came and sat by me, and grinned up into my face: most children seem to demand physical praise, a pat on the shoulder or something, but with Indians this persists attractively even into adolescence—he was about fifteen.

One thing I missed through ignorance was a pipal-tree, claimed to be a sapling from the original Tree at Bodh-Gayā. It is in the Texts: the people here asked the Buddha what they could use as a symbol of him during his frequent absences, and thus do him reverence even when he was elsewhere. He told them to plant a Bodhi-Tree, a pipal; and went on to say that actual representations of him were not desirable. This was the feeling in all early work: it was not until Northern influence became important that bodily representations of the Lord were tolerated, say from A.D. 150 onwards. I regret having missed the tree, since if its history were better established it would be far older than the one at Anuradhapura in Ceylon, claimed there as the oldest tree in the world with an unbroken record; but I cannot blame the child—he showed me all that he could.

But in truth there could be little for him to show: even Fa Hian, the first of our Chinese friends, found only a couple of hundred families in the city in the four-hundreds. The very name Sahet-Mahet (replacing the older Srāvasti) probably means "upside-down", "topsy-turvy": it is one of the rhyming-pairs that Hindi delights in, the second half meaningless, like "Kapre-wapre" for "clothes and such".

There was little to see; but it was cool and shady there after that road, and I lingered, trying to picture what the city must have been like when the Buddha knew it. A fortified nucleus, of course, defended with walls and moat and the river. Outside that nucleus a huddle of thatched mud huts, separated by narrow lanes: inside it, more huts and lanes, but with a few wider streets on which stood lines of windowless shops, shuttered by night, and the houses of the richer citizens. *On* the streets, not in gardens or compounds, though within those houses there were at least flower-beds and perhaps fountains, in patio style. Two-storeyed, probably, wood or brick over brick or stone; and very probably a third storey in the form of a wall-less pavilion which was the real living-room. A gateway to the street, a pompous one with huge doors; and in this gate-house the store-rooms and treasury, since it was the safest and best-built part. Within this a courtyard with rooms opening off it, especially for servants and dependants. Indoors but little furniture, no tables or chairs. No pictures, but plenty of gay decorations, frescoes on plaster over skin linings to the brick or wood walls: decorative foliage-patterns, geometrical designs, but also paintings of people, scenes from everyday life and legend. No ceilings, but ceiling-cloths, still useful in many Dāk Bungalows to keep snakes and scorpions out of your soup. No sewers, I fear: drains for bath- and rain-water but otherwise lots of "sweepers" as in India to-day.

One amenity which I should have welcomed in cities of that date was the "Turkish", hot-air bath, with warm room and hot room and plunge-pool: it is curious that they are practically inexistent in India to-day, regrettably, though in those days even monasteries often had them. I should have been an immediate and enthusiastic customer here at Sahet-Mahet after that ride: that evening I found dust caked on areas of me where I had thought no dust could reach, and it took two buckets of water and one amused room-boy to evict it.

CHAPTER VI

JUDAS: RAJGIR

"At that time there arose in Devadatta's mind the thought 'It is I who should lead the Order'. And he said to the Blessed One: 'The Blessed One, Lord, is grown old and stricken in years, he has accomplished a long journey and his term of years is nearly run. Let him dwell at ease: let him give over the Order to me, that I may lead it.' "

Devadatta was a cousin of the Buddha, received in that group of young nobles with Ananda when the Lord first revisited Kapilavastu. His request was refused, and hatred of the Lord entered his heart.

This happened at Rājgir, capital city of the Magadha Kingdom, and a frequent resort of the Buddha. It was here that, after his Renunciation, he first made an alms-round for food according to the usual custom of wandering ascetics, and had to force himself to eat the jumble of foods which were given him. The folk were struck by his dignity and noble bearing, and reported it to their King Bimbisāra: he investigated; and his Queen must have been especially surprised to find that this mendicant was the son of the Sākya ruler who was tributary to her royal father of Sahet-Mahet. Bimbisāra felt sure that the Lord would attain Enlightenment, and made him promise to return to Rājgir when he had done so: he gave the promise, and went on to his first and unsatisfying studies not far away.

In accordance with that promise, Rājgir was almost the first place he went to after the First Preaching at Sārnāth, converting here the people and that King. "And the King thought 'Where may I find a place for the Lord to dwell in, not too far from the city and not too near, a peaceful and quiet place? What if I make offering of my pleasure-garden at the Bamboo Grove?' " It was accepted, and the Buddha spent here six rainy seasons.

Many things happened here. One episode I retell, because it emphasizes the Buddha's contempt for caste. It was at Rājgir that he met, on his alms-round, Sunita the scavenger who "filled with joy and awe stood as if stuck to the wall, saluting with clasped hands"; and, seeing the virtue in his heart "shining like a lamp in an earthern vessel", admitted him into the Order.

And another, because it demonstrates the Buddha's views on miracles and magic in general, which may be summarised as an acceptance of their practicability together with a condemnation of their practice. It is that of the sceptical rich man who had made a begging-bowl of the very costly sandal-wood, and put it on the top of a pole, to be taken by anyone who could fly up to it. A Hindu ascetic claimed to be about to do this, but in secret warned his disciples to

"grasp me by the hands and feet and pull me down", so that his failure might be attributed to their solicitude. One of the Buddha's monks then "swam himself up in the air with his hands" as a boy put it to me when I first met with Buddhism in Burma years ago; and took the bowl, and was very prideful about it. The Buddha reproved him: "Like a woman who displays her body for a miserable piece of money, so you for a miserable wooden pot have displayed your powers"; and had the bowl broken up and ground down into sandalwood paste (for the skin); and prohibited the working of such miracles.

The difference between the Buddhist and the Christian points of view is noticeable here. Many Christian Churches would insist that you believe all the miracles of the Bible, Joshua's sun and Jonah's whale included; most would at least insist on those of the New Testament; and all would, I think, deny you the right to call yourself a Christian unless you accept at least the Virgin Birth. For a Buddhist, this and other miracles in the Texts are completely unimportant: he can believe them; or put them down to mass-hallucinations; or dismiss them as mere later interpolations. It makes not the least difference: if he accepts (by reason and not by blind belief) the teachings of the Buddha and follows the Eightfold Path, he is a Buddhist.

A by-product of this incident at Rājgir was that the Buddha forbade the use of wooden alms-bowls, and to-day they are usually of metal, in shape like a soup-tureen with a foot, but without handles, "Begging"-bowl is a misnomer: monks do not beg, they accept, merely passing from house to house with a momentary halt at each to give the opportunity for alms of food, but not asking for them. (And the severest punishment that the Order can inflict on a Buddhist layman is to pass by his house without halting.) To-day such alms-rounds are comparatively rare, especially in towns: even in the Buddha's day it was permissible for them to be replaced by a householder's invitation to one or more monks to eat the midday meal at his house. The not uncommon modern practice of having food bought and cooked by a servant is on the other hand not warranted by primitive custom, and excusable only by the great variety of tasks undertaken by many monks to-day.

* * * * *

You reach Rājgir by a comic little railway, a branch from the main line at Bakhtiārpur.

Maybe you have felt that, as pilgrimages go, this one is too easy. Pony or elephant to Lumbini, yes, but after that railways and then short distances by road. Surely a true pilgrimage should offer hardships?

Be reassured: Indian railways will give you all the tribulations and discomforts you can ask for. They are slow, the carriages are full of bed-bugs, they are filthy from coal-grits and dust and betel-spits and

fruit-skins, accidents are not infrequent, and thievery is rife and most efficient. Windows have catches and doors have bolts: leaving Calcutta on this journey I myself saw to one side of the compartment, and watched a just-married Indian couple (she still with the bridal forehead-ornament and bridal shyness of her new husband) as they fixed the other side. Two cases were nevertheless stolen from me in the night, with passport and letter of credit and all my notes for the journey, and two cameras, a Leica that had been my constant companion for twenty years in all the Continents, and a just-bought Rolleiflex. (That is of course why there are so few of my own photographs in this book, and they taken with a cheap £3 camera, all I could find in Banāras.) I reported the loss to the Railway Police at Patna, but regained nothing: "But what do you expect?" explained an Indian. "Our police were never trained to detect crime, only to put down what the British called sedition."

But, to be rudely honest, it is your fellow-passengers who will most chasten your pilgrim spirit, unless you can afford to travel First. I go Second, rarely more than fifty per cent. overloaded: I should be perfectly ready to travel Third, as did Gāndhi, could I do as he did and have a whole carriage reserved for myself.

Well, well . . . . we are on a pilgrimage.

Let me add that the run on the little railway to Rājgir wasn't too bad, except that windows would not open nor close, nor fans work. It is a friendly line, sharing an embankment between the moire-silk of young rice-fields with the road, on which busses repeatedly overtook us. In some villages the rails went off on their own: in others they continued to share the road, so that houses on one side of this had trains within a foot of their doors. Most of the stations were each one single-roomed brick office with one galvanised-iron shed beside it: in one of these sheds a Durga-image was being modelled for her feast—I don't think I had ever seen a Goddess in a railway-station before, one of these yearly images that are modelled from unbaked clay and gaily painted: when the feast is over they are dropped into water, river or pond, there to disintegrate. Sweets were sold on the train by small Sikh boys, many of them as delectable as their wares were not: sweet-making is a Sikh speciality throughout North India, but these were refugees from Pakistan, one child told me, and the railway winked at them travelling free and hawking their wares along the train. It sounds dangerous, but it wasn't: they did not clamber along the footboards from carriage to carriage, they just dropped off and ran forward beside the crawling train to the carriage ahead.

We arrived late at Rājgir, the terminus, and I had a three-quarter mile walk to the Dāk Bungalow in the dark, stumbling after a sure-footed boy who had piled the two remaining items of my luggage on his head. Something "went bump in the night", a hollow "booomp" that raised my hair and made even the boy jump: a Fish-Owl, experts told me later, "just an ordinary brown Fish-Owl". Not a nice beast.

In compensation for our lateness I had enjoyed from the train a wonderful hour when the landscape draped itself in low, horizontal smoke-wreaths, and the Rājgir hills leapt up to greet us; and after sunset I had been granted something which I had seen only once before in my life, a "pseudo-sun" in the East, the rays from the real sun below the horizon seen on their way past the earth to infinity, and therefore seeming to converge to a point which rose slowly as the real sun sank.

There can be few towns in such a tactically strong position as was old Rājgir, completely enclosed by hills, on the crests of which were walls and watchtowers. It was the capital of that King who gave the Bamboo Grove to the Buddha, but had been founded long before him: in fact, he apparently did not like it, and that Grove was to the North of the hill-enclosure, and he moved his city up there also, some time during the Buddha's lifetime. Its walls still stand, close to the Dāk Bungalow, probably the walls he built when expecting a war with the King of Ujjain: they are pleasant clean stonework, but nothing like so interesting as the older walls along the hill-crests.

The date of these is unknown, but they must be among the very oldest surviving masonry in India. What labour was needed for them one hates to guess: the blocks are as large as five feet by four by four, massive undressed stones scrupulously fitted together without mortar or cement, and enclosing a core of rougher stones and chips. The walls run up to eleven and twelve feet high, but are often a mere four or five only; and this is their original height, so that obviously they had a wooden or sun-dried brick rampart above them. Unexpectedly Vaubanic features are the square bastions which jut forward from the walls, obviously intended to give enfilading fire against attackers.

The best place to see the walls is at the southern "gate" of the old city, Banganga as it is called, where they descend to your level instead of making you climb to theirs: there is a track down to (and through) it, about three miles from the Dāk Bungalow but impassable except on foot or by pony. I walked it, resting in mango-shade by the way and chatting with villagers: "chatting", as so often in India, meant "answering questions". One needs little Hindi since the queries are so stereotyped: where from, how old, what family, what religion, and the like. Many visitors think it rude curiosity: on the contrary, it is politely intended to show their interest in you.

Even in Fa Hian's time this old city was "desolate and without inhabitants": to-day all its area is thick leopard-jungle, and the official guidebook suggests that you get clear of it before dark. I could not identify one tree in ten: mango, mahua, pipal, wild jack-fruit, neem, siris were among them. Dragonflies were in swarms so dense that I had to flap a handkerchief in front of my face to clear my way; and there were dozens of butterflies, coloured like Hollywood ties and more. Birds abounded, more heard than seen: doves

that showed delicate white tail-hems as they flew, Ringdoves probably; Pied Bushchats with large white blotches on their wings and a general look of surprise about them; glossy little Black Drongos, so black that they look blue, with rococo mermaid-tails; one Coucal sneaking along as near the ground as he could get, more like a rabbit than a bird. A villager threw a stone at it but missed: "My brother has a cough", he explained, "and that eaten without cooking will cure it". And a "tac-tactactac-tac" like a defective Sten-gun called my attention to a flame against a tree-trunk, the crimson head and crest of a Golden-backed Woodpecker.

The "Vulture's Peak" is a rocky mountain-top rising over a rocky shelf to the east of that track, the shelf reachable by a road made in part by that same King Bimbisāra, a causeway of undressed stone slabs: Hiuen Tsiang says he made it in order to visit the Buddha up there, but it is more probably part of the fortifications. From below it looks an awful climb: be reassured, pilgrim, it is not as bad as it looks—it is far worse, so you will be duly chastened. I could be carried up in a palanquin for two rupees, I was told: there is a regular local guild of carriers, because Rājgir is a great Jain pilgrim-goal, and they must visit not only this but all the five peaks—and Jains tend to prosper and wax fat. There is little to see when you get up there, except for the glorious view over the thick jungle-sea within its hills, and beyond these to the green rice-fields dotted with village-groves. Two brick ruins on the way up kindly suggested halts: they are said to mark respectively the point where the King used to dismount, and that where he used to leave his courtiers and go up alone to the Buddha. The top had more ruins, and some caves and rock-clefts, once hermit-haunted; and dozens of Crag-Martins hawking within inches of my face with a soft, almost apologetic "*chit*-chit" as they passed; and kites hovering at my level, coldly gazing at me eye to eye, with desolate keenings, voices of aloof despair.

The shelf was a favourite meditation-walk of the Buddha, and the scene of Devadatta's second attempt to murder him. The first was down on the flat, by an assassin, who was overcome by the gentleness of the Lord, and repented, and became a disciple: it is a very minor point, but everyone I have read seems to think that Devadatta employed thirty-one assassins against the Buddha, this one, a pair, then four, eight, sixteen in groups all along one path. By the Texts, he didn't: the first man was to do the killing "and come back by that path", and the other were to kill "whatever man you see coming alone along that path", an efficient way of getting rid of an inconvenient accomplice. The Lord sent the first man home by another route, and then himself took "that path" and converted the other thirty as he came to them.

After that attempt failed, Devadatta waited until "the Blessed One was walking up and down in the shade below the Vulture's Peak. And Devadatta climbed up that Peak and hurled down a mighty rock, but two mountain-tops came together and stopped that rock,

and only a splinter falling from it made the foot of the Blessed One to bleed".

Devadatta was a persistent enemy: he had a third try, this time in the city itself. It is a fine story: there was a mad elephant, a man-slayer, and Devadatta bribed the keeper to loose him when the Buddha came down the main street with other monks on their daily alms-round.

"And the elephant rushed towards the Blessed One with trunk and ears and tail erect, and the people climbed up into the upper stories of the houses, and onto the balconies and the roofs. But the Blessed One caused the sense of his love to pervade the elephant, and he came to the Lord and stood still before him, and the Lord stroked his forehead. And he took up with his trunk the dust of the feet of the Blessed One and sprinkled it on his forehead",. that Indian act of supreme homage.

You have the story opposite page 65: the elephant comes in twice, first mad and then in submission. The Lord is not shown, but you are to imagine him just at the right edge, near his monks.

After that, Devadatta seems to have become discouraged, and fell sick, here at Rājgir. The Buddha was then at Sahet-Mahet, and he had himself carried there: "and those who brought him set down the litter at the edge of the lotus-tank, and went down into the tank to bathe. And Devadatta rose from the litter, and rested both feet on the ground, and the ground opened, and he sank into the earth by degrees, first to the ankles, then to the knees, the hips, the breast, the neck", and went down into the worst of the Hells.

Yes, Buddhists can accept the existence of Hells as well as of Heavens; but neither as eternal. The idea of eternal punishment, or eternal reward, for sin or virtue of limited duration seems to the Buddhist not only repulsive in its injustice but somewhat ridiculous: as one put it to me, "Doesn't it seem rather cheek for anyone to think he has jammed so much evil-doing into so few years that he has to have Hell and devils laid on for him for ever?" A rebirth in a Heaven may be the effect of good deeds, a good Karma: in a Hell, of bad ones: good and bad do not cancel out. And everyone, including even Devadatta, can eventually attain Liberation, Nirvāna: this is of course an over-simple way of putting it, and an incorrect one, since there is no every-"one", no "Devadatta". It would be better (but clumsier) to write that every chain of cause-and-effect may eventually lead to the extinction of desire, and therefore to Liberation.

Our Chinese pilgrims visited Rājgir, of course, and Hiuen Tsiang makes special mention of the hot springs, with "water very sweet and pure, in which people of every nation come to bathe". The springs still flow, but apparently people were more tolerant in his days: to-day the Hindus hold most of them, and refuse by large notice-boards to admit any but those of their own faith.

Luckily the Moslems have one spring, the most interesting for the pilgrim, with a stone seen by Hiuen Tsiang on which the monk Sona

walked to and fro in meditation so concentrated that he never noticed how the rough surface had fretted away the soles of his feet, "until the place where he walked became covered with blood". The Buddha saw him, and used him as the text for the parable of the well-tuned lute, with strings neither too tense nor too slack: "Thus does too strenuous effort cause overstrain, and too weak effort lead to apathy".

The Buddha saw Sona when on his way from the Vulture's Peak to his beloved Grove: "How pleasant is Rājgir, how pleasant the Squirrels' Feeding-ground in the Bamboo Grove!" he says, and I like to think that the squirrels were part of the attraction it had for him. It lies to-day just south of the Dāk Bungalow, and the Moslem spring with the stone is to the south-east of it, behind the Japanese Temple: the Moslems claim it for the residence of an ascetic, and the "blood-marks" on the stone, a red-spotted sandstone, for the blood that flowed when he was attacked there by a tiger. There are three small pools, each about four feet square, fed one through the other from one spring: the water is pleasantly warm, and tasteless, but said, like all the springs, to be laxative. I asked if I might bathe in underpants: the Moslem lad in charge was very bitter about it—"For all the people who come nowadays here, you may bathe naked", he said, and did in fact do so himself to keep me company. It used to be well-frequented; but Moslems were now afraid to venture into this predominantly Hindu area, he said.

I did not visit the Japanese Temple: it seemed to be bolted and barred. The Burmese one was very Burmese, complete with one of those amusing "battle-axe" gongs that spin when struck and give a unique pulsating tone; and with one of those jolly, round-faced, smiling Burmese fourteen-year olds that one would like to pack up and take along as a souvenir.

And from Rājgir I visited Nālandā; but that is another chapter.

CHAPTER VII

THE PASSING-AWAY: KASIA

Then followed many active years, with continual journeyings in the dry season, and Rains spent at Rājgir and Sahet-Mahet for the most part.

The Buddha's last rainy season was spent near Besārh, where a Grove was presented to the Order by a courtezan: to keep a promise made to her the Lord refused the invitation of the local nobles. He came there from the South, through Nālandā (where we go in Chapter X) and Patna (in Chapter VIII), miraculously crossing there the flooded Ganges.

He was nearing eighty years: "as an old cart that keeps together only by the thongs that fasten it, even so is the body of the Tathāgata", he said; and added that exhortation which contains the essence of Buddhism as opposed to almost all other faiths: "Therefore, Ananda, be you lamps to yourselves, a refuge to yourselves. Hold fast to the Dharma as a lamp and as a refuge. Look for no refuge to any but yourselves".

No "Kismet" or "Providence" on which to throw the responsibility for the foolishnesses of yourself: no "Divine Compassion" to which to pray for release from the fetters forged by yourself: no "Redeemer" to atone for the evil actions done by yourself.

It was one of his last utterances: he knew that this was his last journey. The route from Besārh northwards is lost, the names of halts not locatable on our maps.

At Pāvā the village goldsmith prepared a meal which included "dried boar's flesh": only the Buddha ate of it, warning his host not to serve it to his companions, and to bury what remained over.

Boar's flesh may read oddly: are not Buddhist monks vegetarians? They are, nearly all of them; but the actual rule laid down is that they must not eat the flesh of any being that has lived "if they have seen or heard or suspected" that it was killed for their especial use, since it is not the eating of flesh or fish that matters, but the taking of life. Rather than take advantage of the concession most Buddhist monks (but by no means all) avoid eating anything that has lived: otherwise, with the modern central butcheries and tinned meats, the rule would almost disappear. But, to go to the Texts again, from another passage it is quite clear that there is no general prohibition of meat-eating, since in it monks are specifically forbidden to eat the flesh "of elephants, horses, dogs, snakes, lions, leopards, bears, and hyenas". And, far more importantly, in the Texts not once but half a dozen times it is stressed that evil habits, wicked deeds, impure thoughts defile a man, "and not the eating of flesh".

PLATE V

SAHET-MAHET. Top and Bottom. Terracotta figures found at Sahet-Mahet, probably of Gupta period. (*Copyright, Provincial Museum, Lucknow*).

Centre. The Purchase of the Jetavana Garden. To the right workmen laying out the square gold coins which have been brought by the bullock-cart: the bullock is resting in the foreground. (Havell writes that they are laying a floor of "bricks", a startling bit of ignorance which makes one doubt whether he is quite so authoritative as his rather dogmatic style would indicate). The donor is just behind the bullock, waiting for the Lord: behind him is a servant with a water-pot, for the ceremonial washing of hands which forms part of the act of donation. To the left are onlookers, one making that gesture of fingers-to-lips again: compare Plate III. Medallion from the inner face of a railing-pillar from Bharhut, Sunga period, at Calcutta. (*Copyright, Indian Museum, Calcutta*).

PLATE V

SAHET-MAHET

The Organiser

PLATE VI

RĀJGIR

Judas

PLATE VI

RAJGIR. Top. Two coping-fragments, outer face, from Amarāvati. On both the Wheel of the Dharma is being reverenced. Andhra period, at Madras. (*Copyright, Government Museum, Madras*).

Bottom. Lotus roundels, medallions on outer faces of railing-pillars, Amarāvati. The outer ring of the left one is especially noteworthy. Andhra period, at Madras Museum. (*Copyright, Government Museum, Madras*).

Centre. The Taming of the Elephant. It is shown on the left as mad, gripping by the leg a victim in its trunk while its rider falls off backwards; and then on the right in submission to the Buddha. The alarmed lady who in her panic has lost her garment is delightful, and so is her rather pleased companion. The architecture of the balconies is of interest, with the spectators well out of danger and looking it. To the right three monks, calmly trusting in the Lord: he was shown as a pillar of flame crowned by a "trident", at the extreme edge of the circle, but this has now flaked away. Medallion from the inner face of a railing-pillar, Amarāvati, at Madras. Andhra period. (*Copyright, Government Museum, Madras*).

However, it should be added that there is some doubt as to exactly what that dish was: "all we know" (to quote Thomas) "is that the oldest commentators held it to be pig's flesh". Other suggestions—a special rice-dish, a sort of medicine, etc.—were made later: that it was a dish of truffles, *found* by a boar, seems to be a relatively modern idea.

"Now when the Blessed One had eaten, there fell on him the sickness of dysentery, and sharp pain. But he, mindful and self-controlled, bore it without complaint. And he said to Ananda: 'Come, let us go to Kusinārā; and when he had come to the sāl grove beyond the river he said 'Spread for me, I pray you, a couch with its head to the north, between the two sāl trees. I am weary, Ananda, and would lie down.' "

I think the first reaction of many European readers might be that, somehow, dysentery was such an undignified ailment for the Lord to suffer. They probably forget that crucifixion was not only a very painful and degrading death, but also, in the feeling of the period, a quite comic one, matter for buffoonery and dirty stories. They might also, perhaps, feel a bit sorry for that goldsmith, reproaching himself for the death of the Master: were it not that the Lord took pains to send a message by Ananda, to be given "as from the very mouth of the Blessed One", to say that this offering of food ranked with the milk-rice given him before his Enlightenment.

"And at that time the sāl trees were full of bloom, with flowers out of season; and all over the body of the Tathāgata these fell and scattered themselves in reverence."

It was already May, officially May of B.C. 543, from which the Buddhist era dates, and the last sāl-blossoms fall normally in April. They are lovely to see, a green-white filmy plumage contrasting with the pale green older leaves and the deep red new ones, as if Spring willows and Autumn maples had got mixed with almond-blossom; and to smell, a soft sub-acid perfume that floats in swathes on the hot air.

"But it is not by this", he told Ananda, "that the Tathāgata is honoured. But the brother or the sister, or the lay-disciple who fulfils all the duties and walks in the Precepts, by him is the Tathāgata honoured with the best of offerings."

"Now the Exalted One addressed the venerable Ananda and said 'It may be, Ananda, that in some of you the thought may arise 'The word of the Master is ended, we now have no teacher'. But this is not true, Ananda: the Dharma, and the rules of the Order, let them be your teachers.'

"And addressing the brethren he said 'Behold now, I exhort you saying: All composite things also fall apart. Work out therefore your Liberation with diligence.' And these were the last words of the Tathāgata."

As his last words, they are of special interest; and I cannot find two authors who agree on their translation. Rhys Davids gives the

first sentence as "Decay is inherent in all things component", using the last word in the unusual (and therefore undesirable) sense of "composed", "composite"; Eliot makes it "The elements of being are transitory", with, as an alternative, "All compound things must decompose"; Coomaraswamy has "Corruptible are all things composite"; Narada gives "Whatever has arisen, all that must inevitably perisn".

The trouble, here and elsewhere, is partly the extreme conciseness of the Pāli—each sentence is of two words only!—and partly that very often the word one wants to use has already different religious associations: for this second reason, I find "Liberation" in the second sentence better than Rhys Davids' "Salvation", with its suggestion of a Saviour, non-existent in primitive Buddhism: though Brewster's crisp "Accomplish earnestly!" is perhaps better than either, *if* you know what it is that is to be accomplished.

The technical term for this "Utter Passing-Away" is "Mahāparinirvāna", and as a result one is liable to the error that it was at his death that the Buddha attained Nirvāna. This is completely incorrect: he attained it at his Enlightenment, and lived thereafter in the enjoyment of it.

Nirvāna is another of those things which can readily be defined negatively but not positively: in fact, is it not generally true that the more fundamental a thing is, the more it must be defined by what it is not? (Even Euclid: "a point is that which has *no* dimensions".) It is not annihilation, not the sort of formless grey void that many Western writers seem to imagine, but on the other hand not eternal bliss in some sort of heaven, not in fact eternal anything since time has ceased to exist. But can words ever describe something not appreciable by any of the five senses? Can a blind man describe colour?

"The dewdrop slips into the shining sea." Yes, but it may be forgotten that not only does the sea absorb the dewdrop: the dewdrop also "absorbs" the sea, becoming a part of the smooth swells of the Pacific and of the mid-Atlantic wind-slashed wet mountains, of the comber breaking in grey smoke against black basalt walls and of the small, shy wave stroking yellow island-sands.

Once, when I was a boy, I lay naked on a sand-dune after a warm swim, my body slowly sinking into the fine sand that moved to receive it; and for a moment I *was* that sand, and the coarse grass on which my head rested, and the hot sun, and the cool wind that chased shivers over my skin, and the hawk floating high above me, and the clumsy green beetle that bumbled angrily through the sparse forest of my new-grown belly-hair . . . . .

If Nirvāna is such union, and far more, union not only with all material things but with all intellect and all spirit—if it is this, you can keep harps and houris.

* * * * *

Kusinārā is to-day Kasiā, and the site is near that village; and Gorakhpur was my base for it.

I never saw Gorakhpur City, but that vade mecum the Imperial Gazetteer dismisses it as "of mean appearance". Its cantonment lies between it and the station, and the busses to Kasiā do not traverse it. In fact, you need not go even to the cantonment, since these busses pass the station to pick you up, and you can sleep there should you stay overnight.

This is one of the few advantages of Indian travel: that at most stations and all junctions there are "Upper Class" waiting-rooms, with at worst wide wooden benches on which you can spread your bedding-roll, and often with cane-mattressed cots. (Bed-bugs however abound, even more than on the trains.) They always have an attendant, who will keep an eye on your gear, and there are dressing-rooms and bath-rooms and lavatories of sorts attached. A barber will probably hover around, and a boot-black, and maybe a massage-lad carrying a cruet of assorted oils. Head and body massage is a great institution in India, and excellent some of those young rubbers are: look back at the lower sculpture opposite page 16, and you will note that one of the women is massaging the Queen's feet. You should try it: if you are shy of doing so in public, the room-"boy" at any hotel will get a lad to come there, which will incidentally allow him to work more efficiently, in privacy and unhampered by your clothes.

Lower-class passengers also "camp" (to use an Australianism) at stations, staking claims to family areas with mats and boxes, and sleeping enshrouded: Kim's Lama would have to-day just the same shock as he did at Lahore station, "a gigantic hall, paved, it seemed, with the sheeted dead". And the men bathe there, under stand-pipes, and clean their teeth with chewed twigs of neem or babul (as did the Buddha's monks)—and resplendent teeth it gives them!—and eat, and smoke, and play cards, and talk interminably; and the women suckle their naked cherubs, and births and deaths on railway platforms are by no means rare.

But although I need not have left the junction, I am glad that I went up to the bus-station in the cantonment, because I made sure of a seat, and, as a special favour and thanks to the friendly manager, of the seat next to the driver, with the best view, usually reserved for the conductor. These busses are Government-run, and well run: only the strict capacity of passengers is allowed—but for that very reason you would do well to ask the driver of your outwards-going bus through Kasiā to reserve a seat for you on the returning one.

It was a pleasant run, just under thirty-five miles. The driver made a palm-to-palm salutation to the empty air and its spirits before we started, and I felt reassured.

Almost all the road was shaded, with pipal, banyan, shisham chiefly; and parts of it ran through heavy jungle, populous with unafraid black-faced monkeys (not the common brown ones that had

tried to steal my hair-brushes at Gorakhpur). Birds were few, owing to the motor-noise (an advantage of a cycle): finest was a large kite, monastic in his greys and browns, probably a Brahminy Kite. Deer, a doe with two fawns, crossed the road with deceptive casualness in front of us, and stood in the thicket to watch us pass.

Several villages had really attractive groups, I think in terracotta, of the miniature elephants and horses which every village should provide for the village godling and his attendants: they themselves are very rarely shown, only their steeds. I regretted again that I was not on my cycle, able to stop and photograph; but 35 miles would have been rather too long a run for my untrained calves.

The site is about half a mile down a side-road, turning off to the right a couple of miles before Kasiā village. There is no village at the site, only a couple of Rest Houses (one built by that Birla again), and a school run by the Buddhists.

The temple is a quite hideous low white-washed shed over the recumbent twenty-foot statue of the Buddha, with oil-lamps of the railway-station type around it to make it more unattractive. It is far too small for that statue, leaving hardly any room to pass around it; and such sunwise circumambulation is the Buddhist sign of respect. It is quite modern, built by the discoverer, Carlleyle—and largely out of his own pocket, which must excuse his economy of size. (There is talk of rebuilding as I write.)

Behind it rises the stupa, restored eleven years ago by pious Burmese. As you can see from the photograph opposite page 80 it is a hemisphere on a drum, not the older and more beautiful plain hemisphere (as at Sānchi): one can see how, by the elaboration of the cylindrical base, the Sinhalese and Burmese pagodas will develop. There was an Asokan stupa here, but even this was not the first, since the Texts say that the local clan made "a mound" over part of the relics of the Buddha. Asoka's presumably replaced this, and was in turn replaced by another, and this by another again, already ruined when Hiuen Tsiang saw it in the A.D. 600's and remaining in that state for 1,300 years. There are no relics in the stupa to-day, but only commemorative tablets: the Archaeological Department looked with care before allowing the restoration to be started, but found nothing.

And this is inexplicable, because of all stupas this should have retained relics of the Buddha himself. One of his last exhortations to his monks, unfortunately little observed to-day, was "Hinder not yourselves by honouring the remains of the Tathāgata"; but he added that the clans would do this, and how they should do it. The local people took possession of what remained after the cremation; but seven other "kingdoms" put in demands for a share, and turned up in force to besiege Kasiā when these were refused. (You have them opposite page 80.) A Brahmin mediated, and divided the relics into eight equal parts, keeping for himself as arbitrator's fee the vessel in which he had done the measuring; and Hiuen Tsiang

says that he had previously smeared the inside of it with honey. So that made eight relic-stupas plus one for the vessel, plus one again for the ashes of the cremation-fire, given to people who arrived late; and this at Kasiā was of course one of the eight.

As for the statue, the Burmese Buddhists have draped it from neck to ankles in yellow silk, and have plastered the face with gold-leaf to a sort of humanoid pudding. It was heavily restored by Carll-eyle, and a later report calls it "excessively stiff and the mannerism of the [sculptured] drapery unpleasing", and talks of "the thorough deficiency of artistic merit", so that perhaps we have lost little from the pious draperies and dauberies. Still, the principle of allowing them is an indefensible one, and takes away from the Buddhist argu-ment to have charge of Bodh-Gayā, or any other place of artistic or even historical importance.

Carlleyle found the doors of the ruined temple burnt, and human bones near them, as if Buddhism here had been wiped out with fire and sword. According to him the image is probably of Chunār stone, though attributed by an inscription to a Mathurā sculptor, whom one would have expected to use his local material as was the custom of those artists. It shows the Buddha "lying on his right side after the manner of a lion, with one foot resting on the other" as in the Texts, a lotus-flower between the heels and wheel-marks on the soles, the right palm under his cheek as in the top part of the plate opposite page 80.

There is little else: a few sculptures on the base of the statue, some vague brickwork, another poor statue of the Buddha in the "earth-touching" posture of page 26, also heavily gilded; and, a mile or so away, the ruins of a stupa, probably at the site where the Lord was cremated. And a thing I forgot to look for: an arboreal hermitage, of a Chinese monk who lived in a treetop.

I had time to spare, and spent it drowsily after a night in the train, under the shade of a tree. Monkeys chatted above me: the babies especially had quite a vocabulary, of birdlike squeaks, crows, wobbly trills, grunts, shrill whistles. As I listened, it became clearer, and after a while I found myself almost hearing words—no, definitely hearing words, and in Hindi at that. I opened my eyes with a start, to find myself surrounded at about two feet range by a hedge of school-children. They scattered like monkeys, with the exception of a couple of the older boys: "We came", one explained in slow, careful English, "because we had fear that the monkeys would eat you. Oh yes, if you sleep they come down and eat your ear". ("Bite", I think he meant.) The others returned, to the bait of my camera view-finder, and soon I had a spilikin-heap of arms and legs all over me.

(Spilikins, by the way: did you know that this game is so old that it, with chess and tossing coins and hop-scotch and dice and trap-ball and marbles, is among the things forbidden to monks by the Buddha? I didn't.)

"You have already seen everything?" the boy asked. "And from where you come? And your age, how many is it?" and he translated my replies for the others with such obvious pride that I had not the heart to short-circuit him. "But you saw where they burnt him? There? No, it is not far, and the path is easy. Wait, I will ask permission." Whether he actually got it, or merely ran into the school and out again I could not tell: when a bell called the others he stayed with me, and piloted me across fields and over shallow water-courses. The complications of my sandal- and sock-removals fretted him: "Next time you come", he said, "I shall be strong, big man, and carry you over". He of course had no such delays, wearing only shirt and knee-short cloth over sturdy young legs and rather skinny arms.

One dusty patch made me sneeze, and he said something which I did not catch, adding "That means 'A long life' ". It was the first time I had come across the custom in India: it is very old there, the Buddha having forbidden his monks to use the exclamation, but instructed them to acknowledge it with thanks when used to them by laymen. That seems to me typical of his sensible outlook, not prohibiting all superstitious customs for everyone as did our Puritans, but setting a higher standard for those who were ready to live up to it.

There was little to see when we arrived, except a ruined stupa in a dense, bird-echoing grove, but it was dark, and cool, and somehow solemn, and I could sense there something of that sorrowful rejoicing at the ending of the Master's mission which must be the feeling, not only of every Buddhist but of everyone who reverences the message which the Buddha left to the world.

Even the urchin was subdued, and we sat quietly in the deep shade and listened to and watched the birds: gaudy pittas hopping around and whistling back and forth to their mates, with upward head-jerks as if each note had stuck in their throats; and fussy Babblers running from bush to bush; and one grey Hornbill clearly seen in flight, huge black bill balanced by long grey tail. And on our way back something was soaring effortlessly, far too high to be identified as eagle or falcon, and unknown to the boy: at least, he replied solemnly "That is a bird" to my query.

Even after this I had time in hand before the bus, and since foolishly I had brought no lunch I walked into the village; but it had only food-stalls, and they too filthy. I made do with half a dozen bananas, finding myself a raree-show as I ate them: it is a jungly place, and that day some sort of a Court was sitting, and people had come in from even more jungly villages. Even in the Buddha's day Kasiā seems to have been a backwoods place: Ananda protested at the Lord's dying in "this wattle and daub hamlet". But the people then seem to have been rather a jolly crowd, even if primitive: I like the way they "paid homage to the remains of the Blessed One with dancing and songs and music" and made "canopies of their garments and a lattice-work of their spears and a rampart of their bows".

An interesting discussion developed in the bus going back, between others of the passengers, on Hindi. Gorakhpur is in a genuinely Hindi-speaking area, but one of them, a Government clerk, produced and waved furiously a booklet of office terms, coined from Sanskrit to replace English ones like "file" and "minute" and "invoice" and "receipt", now taboo. "And I talked Hindi before I learned English, and I have talked Hindi all my life, and I have never *heard* of these words. And they are all so long like snakes, and now I must use them, and no one knows what they mean".

CHAPTER VIII

BUDDHIST RULER: PATNA

It is difficult to guess what would have happened to Buddhism if it had not been for Asoka. To judge from the fact that a General Council had to be held at Besārh a century after the Buddha's death, to clear up the teaching and get some sort of agreement on it, which it only partly succeeded in doing—to judge from this, it looks as if Buddhism would have split into a multiplicity of quarrelling sects, and been gently absorbed by Hinduism. This is the strength of Hinduism, that it like an amoeba wraps itself round all sorts of conflicting ideas, and eventually absorbs what it wants of them, from nature-spirits and phallic worship to the most refined mysticism. To try and define "Hinduism" is like picking up quicksilver with chopsticks: this is just why Hinduism has proved unkillable.

Fortunately for the world Asoka intervened, third of the Maurya dynasty which was founded by a man who had actually met Alexander the Great during his invasion of India, and who on Alexander's death grabbed a bit of his conquests for himself. With this as base he conquered the Magadha (Patna) Kingdom, and finished by ruling most of the northern half of India, plus most of Afghanistan and part of Nepāl: his son pushed further south, roughly to an east-west line a hundred miles north of Madras; and Asoka added some of the eastern seaboard. (His Empire is shown approximately on my map.)

It was the first time that "India" became anything more than a geographical expression: it was also the last time under an Indian ruler, since on Asoka's death his empire fell to pieces.

He became converted to Buddhism in about the eighth year of his reign, say B.C. 264, some three centuries after the Buddha's death, and as a result of the horrors and miseries he had seen during his one and only campaign: he was probably originally a Hindu, though this is disputed. Certainly he did not shove Buddhism down his people's throats: his pillar- and rock-edicts never explicitly mention the Three Gems (the Buddha, the Dharma, the Order), nor the Four Noble Truths, nor in fact any definitely Buddhist teaching.

What they do enjoin are just those good things which are common to all religions: mercy, liberality, truthfulness, purity, gentleness, respect for parents and teachers, kindness to animals, compassion towards inferiors.

Stupa-building was his speciality; and to get relics of the Buddha for his new stupas he broke open seven of the eight original ones (dragon-spirits defended the eighth impregnably). This was probably part of his policy of popularising Buddhism, by multiplying its centres of worship. He made, in fact, the stupa into a symbol of Buddhism (although in the form of a grave-mound it was of course

pre-Buddhist): after him you get votive stupas of all sizes from a few inches upwards, merely memorials and enshrining no relics.

As for his pillars, I have already mentioned the ones at Sārnāth and Lumbini: there are others at Sānchi (in the next chapter), Allāhābād (though moved there from Kosam and with a restored capital, "a stuffed poodle sitting on an inverted flower-pot"—I forget who wrote it, but it is a perfect description), two at Delhi (also moved), etc. There may be more than the ten known ones, though certainly not the "innumerable" of Humphreys' book, since Hiuen Tsiang mentions sixteen: on the other hand, it is quite possible that some of those he cites as "erected by Asoka-Rājā" were not his at all, just as to-day there are very dubious "Asoka-pillars" all over the place—at Gayā, for instance, doing duty as a cross-roads marker, and in a pool at Bodh-Gayā.

Asoka is a fascinating person, but as a matter of fact we know precious little about him, though there are lots of legends. He was probably his father's Viceroy at Ujjain, west of Sāṇchi, and married a local woman in those early days; he had at least four sons, who were his Viceroys in outlying parts of his Empire; he sent one of them and a daughter (both by that first marriage) as missionaries to Ceylon; he did much through other missionaries, sent as far perhaps as Egypt and Albania, to give Buddhism the position which it holds to-day, claiming (in one form or another) one-third of the inhabitants of the world as its adherents. He was at any rate a sort of lay-brother of the Order for over a year: he almost certainly called a Council of that Order in another not-entirely-successful attempt to avoid schism. There is probably very little truth in the stories that he had to fight his way to the throne, that he killed off most of his brothers, or that he was a cruel ruler before his conversion.

And we have of course not the faintest idea what he looked like: the various sculptures purporting to represent him (at Sānchi, for example) were done a hundred years and more after his death. The standing figure to the right of the plate opposite page 32 is perhaps one of these; and the temple shown in that plate is probably based on the one which he built.

On the other hand, we do know a tremendous amount about what he thought and felt (or at any rate what he wanted us to think he thought and felt); and this thanks to his Edicts, found on rocks all over India from the North-West Frontier to Mysore, and from Patna to Kathiāwār. Tolerance was one of his watch-words: "The King wishes that all sects may dwell in all places, since they all desire self-restraint and purification of heart", "There ought not to be any glorification of one's own sect nor condemnation of that of another man", "Intercourse is commendable, that all may hear one another's teachings". In this he was of course following his Master, who sat by the sacred fire of a Brahmin and discussed religion, who converted a Jain but insisted that he continue to give alms to the Jain ascetics who frequented his house.

Good deeds was another, and he records his own—wells and trees on the roads, mango-groves, rest-houses—not for his own glorification but that others might follow his example. His ideas of Kingship were elevated to a degree rarely attained elsewhere and I think never publicly proclaimed: to feel oneself at the service of one's people at all times and in all places, and to realise the need for patience with offenders is one thing: it is quite another to announce this openly, to inscribe that "if anyone does him wrong, the King must bear all that can be borne".

And we know that he never waged another war, convinced both of its cruelty and of its uselessness.

Patna was his capital, his predecessors having moved from Rājgir first perhaps to Besārh and then here: after him it was also the capital of the Sungas, the next important dynasty, and later again that of the Guptas. The Buddha was at Patna while it was being built, on his last northward journey, and prophesied its future greatness: "As far, Ananda, as merchants travel, this will be the chief town".

There is little to see there. The excavations have laid bare only wooden palisades and columns, and the teakwood "rafts" which served as the foundations for the palace-portal, "jointed with a precision that could not possibly be excelled", says Spooner. It is a pity that so little is left: Fa Hian raved over the city. Much of the royal palace still stood, "the walls, doorways, elegant carving and inlaid sculptured designs such as no human hand could accomplish", although parts of it were in ruins even then. He adds the pleasing legend that Asoka, in a previous birth, as a little boy met the Buddha on his alms-round; and having nothing to give, offered a handful of earth. The Lord received it (he would, rather than hurt a child's heart) and took it back to where he was staying, and strewed it on the ground where he walked in meditation.

I was disappointed as to the excavations, unvisitable under four feet of flood-water; but the Museum is excellent, without as well as within—is, in fact, the only good building in Patna with the exception of what looks like a stupa but turns out to be a granary, built as famine-relief work and for famine-prevention, in the days of Warren Hastings. There is one other thing which I forgot to look for, my notes having been stolen: the artificial "mountain", now crowned with a palace, which Asoka built for his hermit-brother in order to persuade him to abandon a Rājgir hill and stay close at hand.

Like most, perhaps all, city Museums in India this one is free, and it was very pleasant to see it frequented by Indians, and not only of the intelligentsia—workmen, villagers visiting town, schoolchildren not in conducted parties (and it wasn't even raining when I was there).

The best item in that Museum, a superb fly-whisk carrier, Mauryan work in Chunār sandstone, was not there for my visit: it had been lent for an Exhibition in London, and now Delhi had refused to return it, stealing with it from Museums all over India the pieces

which had been willingly lent for London, in order to start a "National Museum" at the capital. It is all part of the wish to glorify the Central Government at the expense of the rest of India, just as is the imposition of Hindi: some curators in the South believe that the real idea of the London show was to enable Delhi to get its hands on these finest pieces. The whole thing is ridiculous: in many cases the objects lent formed part of series at the local Museums; and, in any case, why Delhi? It was never a centre of Indian art or culture: Mogul, yes, but never Indian.

That was Patna's best piece; but there are lots of other good things: an unexpectedly modern conventionalised lion's head, and a much-mutilated bull-capital, both Mauryan; and Sunga and Kushān and Andhra and Gandhāran work; and especially a very fine Gupta collection, though more of Hindu subjects than Buddhist.

Best of all are the astonishing terra-cottas from the Patna excavations, of which you have four opposite page 81. They are Mauryan, so that the delightful little lady with the pannier skirt and a headdress that might become fashionable at any moment may well be a lady of Asoka's court; and I like to think that the jolly laughing heads are those of the Royal children who alone were allowed to catch the fish in the pools of the royal park, and who learnt to swim there: so Megasthenes says, the Greek who came as ambassador to Asoka's grandfather in the three-hundreds B.C.

CHAPTER IX

FULL FLOWER: SANCHI

There is only one place in all India where you can recapture something of what early Buddhism meant in art and sculpture; and that is Sānchi, near Bhopāl.

Asoka founded the great stupa there, and of course had one of his pillars erected. It was then already a flourishing Buddhist centre, thanks to its nearness to the capital of the region; but it is tempting to think that his devotion to it, raising it to one of the greatest of the Buddhist centres of his era, was due to his happy married life with a banker's daughter from that capital.

When he died (about B.C. 232 if dates help you: Archimedes if you prefer people) his Empire soon crumbled. Within another fifty years the Sungas had taken over what remained of it: they may have been minor rulers near Sānchi under him. The founder of this Sunga dynasty is reputed to have been anti-Buddhist: his successors must have been more tolerant, since under them Sānchi flourished, and so did Bharhut, another great Buddhist centre, and Bodh-Gayā. Asoka's stupa here was then encased in stone and doubled in size, to about 120 feet in diameter, considerably larger than Stonehenge; and two other stupas were built, and some of the railings. After the Sungas came the Andhra dynasty, extending their rule from their capital at Amarāvati in the South, about the time of Christ; and Sānchi continued to be favoured, the glorious gateways being then built.

From the end of their period, say A.D. 150, the story is better told at Nālandā than at Sānchi. There is relatively little of the Gupta and Harsha epochs here; and though there is plenty of the later Medieval work, say from 650 to the Moslem Conquest (here pretty close to 1066 to aid your memory) it is mostly rather dull except for the archaeologist. Opportunely, there are just three striking things, one for each period: a charming, compact, perfectly-proportioned little Gupta shrine, hardly more than twenty by fifteen feet, verandah and all; a dignified set of pillars holding up nothing but the sky, for Harsha; and a shrine with the only ithyphallic carvings at Sānchi, to represent the times when Hinduism was becoming more and more dominant within Buddhism, and Buddhist art also was losing its purity.

The Great Stupa, as you can see opposite page 96, is an almost perfect hemisphere, like all at Sānchi, a shape far more dignified than any later one. The top is flattened to take a railing and an umbrella: Asoka's original stupa was probably of that same shape, and certainly had an umbrella, since bits of it were excavated. There must have been relics up there, and probably relics of the Buddha himself, which makes it the more regrettable that only the empty stone box

was found. The hemisphere was once coated with cement, and this with plaster on which garlands were probably moulded in relief and gilded: it comes as a shock to realise that the sculptures were also coloured, but with a translucent wash, not the present day thick magenta paste of so many temples, hiding all the details. And there were metal festoons and bells and things hanging from the gateway-bars, and the elephants had ivory tusks with gold bands, Brown thinks: jolly !

As you can see from that photograph, a terrace is built outwards from the hemisphere, about fifteen feet from the ground and offering a path all the way around the stupa, some four feet wide, with a railing: there is a double stairway up to it on the south, not visible on that photograph. At ground-level there is another path—remember that the Buddhist form of respect is to circumambulate a place or a person sunwise—again with a railing; and the gateways to that railing are the chief glories of Sānchi. One of them is in that photograph, and some of the "architraves" as the books call them, the horizontal members of the gates, are there and opposite pages 33 and 80. It took me days, and much bitter repining, to decide which to omit: I should have liked to show another ten at least. If my choice incites you, purchase the little "Guide to Sānchi", an incredible production for 4/9d.: commercially it would cost to-day fifteen shillings at least, and its big brother, the "Monuments of Sānchi", would cost more like fifty guineas than fifteen.

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Well, I did get to Sānchi, but after so many mistakes that I record them, in warning to other pilgrims.

First, I relied upon an unofficial compilation, a so-called "Indian Bradshaw", instead of getting the official timetables. It proved consistently unreliable: here it said that "trains" could be stopped at Sānchi on request, whereas actually there were only two a day that would thus oblige.

So I broke my journey from Gonda at Lucknow (where the Union Jack no longer flies by day and night over the ruined Residency), and Kānpur (once Cawnpore, where the Well-Monument to Mutiny victims is now most used, to judge by the newspapers, by illegal gambling-schools); and got to Bhopāl late one evening, planning to take an early train to Sānchi next morning; and then discovered that this train was unstoppable. And, to pile it on, I discovered this just after the departure of an evening slow train which had a scheduled stop at Sānchi.

It meant a wait of eighteen hours before there was a train I *could* stop. I regretted it the less because Bhopāl (really Bhupāl and thus pronounced) is a city for which I have an unreasoning liking, as for Lucknow. Neither is particularly beautiful or particularly clean: neither has any "good" architecture, though at both there are lots

of amusing buildings. (At Lucknow especially, things designed by slightly-inebriated pastry-cooks, florid mouldings framing nothing at all, towers surmounted by quadruple stairways, air-supported like the arches of a crown, all four stairs leading to a central platform with no purpose and nowhere to go but down another stair. And the old walled city there is one of the few places where something of the old India survives, with a narrow street in which two cabs could not pass, lined with two-storey houses on the balconies of which the ladies of the town sit at dusk, and drop a flower when they see an attractive client.)

I slept in the waiting-room at Bhopāl, on a slatted wooden bench, not so badly as I had expected, and ate in the refreshment-room, no worse than I had feared. And then in the afternoon I took that stoppable train; and forgot to tell the guard to stop it, arriving at Bhilsa, the station beyond Sānchi, infuriated at my idiocy.

A tonga took me back the five miles or so, at a cost of seven shillings: I could of course have done just this by the morning train, or brought my cycle from Bhopāl and arrived eight hours earlier. Still, I had in recompense for my stupidity a jade-enamel sky, its polish immaculate but for thumb-smears of cardinal-red left by some careless archangel, with the black silhouette of the stupa-hill growing against it as we neared Sānchi.

"Tonga" may be a blank to you: a tonga is built like a dog-cart, the passenger sitting at the back where he slides off continually and can see the view ahead only by twisting his neck. It is "not done" to sit beside the driver: I did, of course.

It was not a good road: for some reason its surface is in what a canoer would call "short waves", not bumps but ups and downs which gave the vehicle a rhythmic pitching motion. We passed Customs Houses at the Gwalior and Bhopāl State frontiers, but passed unexamined: India was full of such idiocies, and of municipal Customs-posts (Octroi), but the new Government has got rid of dozens already. There was one patch of real jungle, twenty feet high and more, of all trees mixed: a patch only, but by cycle I should have passed in trepidation in the quick-rising, smoke-scented dusk.

It was of course too late to do more than eat and sleep. The Rest House is excellent, lavishly furnished, and very pleasingly built of local stone (as are the monuments themselves): the Bhopāl State Government were then running it, and maintaining the monuments, and the little Museum. Unexpectedly, it was this Government, though Moslem and therefore more alien to Buddhism than are the Hindu administrations, which was the first in India to decree a holiday for the Buddhist feast-day, the Full Moon of May. And the butler was a gem. Ovbiously he had seen service with an aristocratic household: in spite of not having received my telegram he managed to raise milk and eggs, and a chicken, and served chapatties cut into little crisp triangles, and in a toast-rack. (But imagine it, a toast-rack in a Government bungalow!) He scrambled the eggs,

PLATE VII

KASIA. Top. The Passing-Away. The Lord is shown in the traditional pose (page 70) with attendant spirits and sāl trees. Top of a stele from Sārnāth, at Calcutta. Gupta period. (*Copyright, Indian Museum, Calcutta*).

Sides. Two railing-pillars from Bodh-Gayā. On the left the worship of the Bodhi Tree, an amorous couple, and a lotus half-medallion. On the right another lotus half-medallion, the Bodhi-Tree in its railed enclosure, with garlands and "umbrellas", and a centaur. Sungan period. (*Copyright reserved by the Archaeological Department, Government of India*).

Centre. The stupa and temple at Kasiā, both heavily restored.

Bottom. The War of the Relics. In the centre the city of Kasiā, besieged by archers and pikemen: some of them are in the moat, the water indicated by lotuses. Note the curious rope-like "corsets", especially of the soldiers battering at the gate, and the shape and "heraldic" decoration of the shields. The defenders are chiefly bowmen, but stones are also in use and clubs in readiness. The architecture is of great interest, the walls appearing to be of large stones (like the walls at Rājgir), the gateways and towers stuccoed. Loopholes are provided, some of them with dripstones. (Brown gives a conjectural reconstruction based chiefly on this sculpture.) To left and right the people moving towards the city are parts of the attacking armies, so that all the "Four Arms" of Indian warfare are represented, horse, foot, chariots and elephants; but behind them and moving away from the city are the claimants going off in triumph on elephants, carrying each his share of the relics in a casket. Sānchi, South gateway, inner face of lowest architrave; Andhra period (*Copyright reserved by the Archaeological Department, Government of India*).

Below Title. Worship of a stupa by harpies and centaurs. Reverse of top figure, Plate IV, Mathurā. (*Copyright, Provincial Museum, Lucknow*).

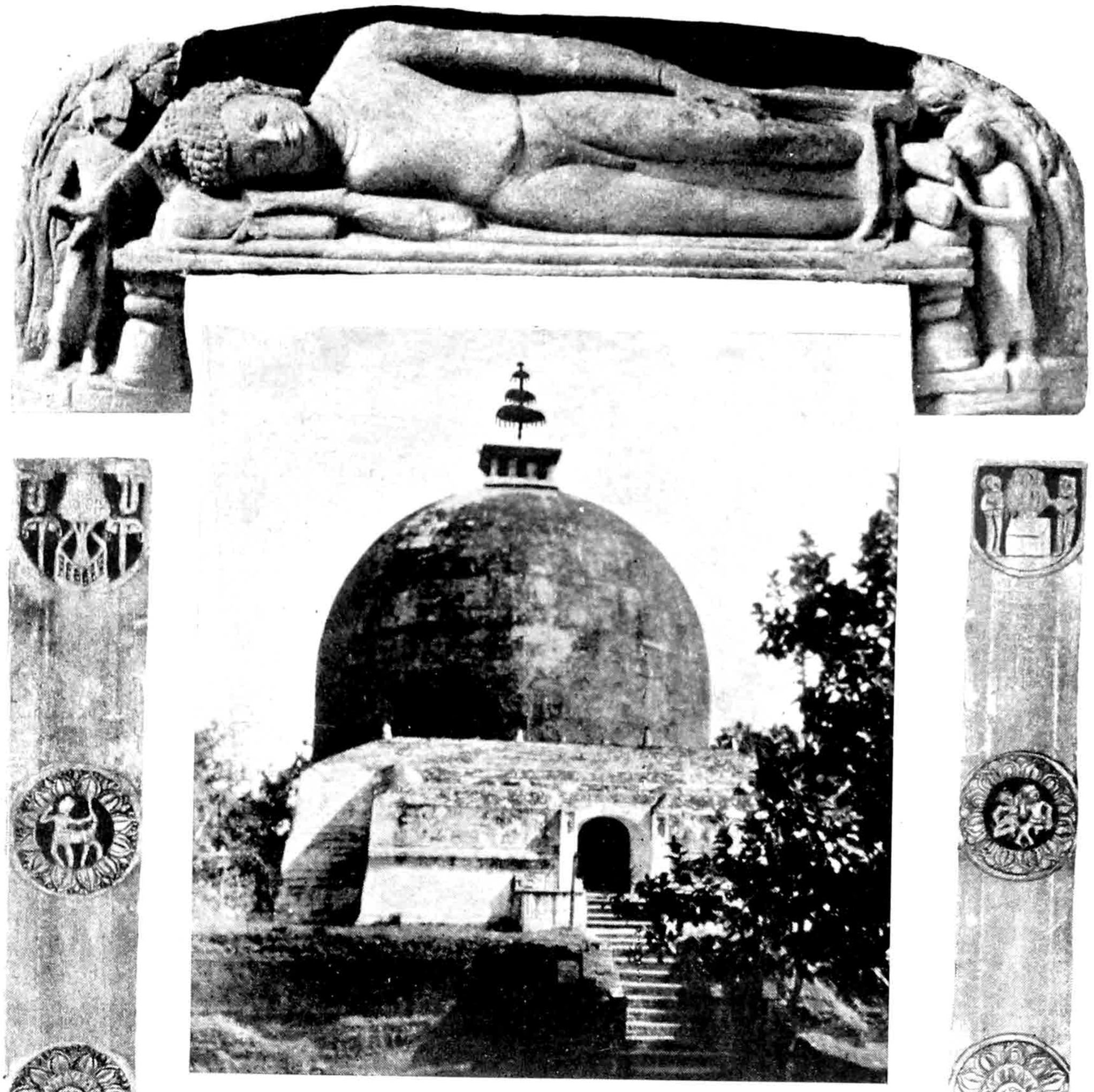


PLATE VII

KASIA

The Passing-Away

PLATE VIII

PATNA

Mauryan Terracottas

PLATE VIII

PATNA. Four terra-cottas from the excavations at Asoka's capital. If they are Mauryan as is believed, then the usual statement that Indian sculptors of this and later periods could not handle the human form naturalistically is absurd: see page 104.

after enquiry, using the delicious word from "kitchen Hindustani", the baby-language spoken by British wives to their Indian servants, "rumble-tumble eggs"—it beats our "scrambled eggs" hollow.

I must add with sincere regret that since my last visit the Moslem administration of Bhopāl has been destroyed by Delhi, of course without any pretence of consulting the wishes of the people. The new administration may maintain Sānchi as well as did the old one: they cannot do so better.

Jackals howled in the night, pricked to emulation by every train-whistle. No, there were no tigers, the butler said, in spite of the dense growth which covers the side of the hill on which the stupas stand: mostly khirni trees and wild custard-apples and "Flame of the Forest". It must be startling just before the hot weather, a hillside on fire with bloom.

It is quite a climb to the top of the hill, in part by the original, slab-paved road, between the snaky, glistening bare black flame-trees. It passes close to the hillside stupa (Stupa 2 officially) and I was glad to rest there. Swarms of jolly langurs, black-faced, white-ruffed monkeys were playing tag around and over it: suitably, since one of them, to judge by his looks in the sculptures, was the monkey that gave the Buddha honey at Kosam (if it was Kosam: the Texts say so, but Hiuen Tsiang puts the episode both at Besārh and Mathura, alias Muttra—maybe there were three monkeys). They had also an even better claim to be here: the Buddha himself was previously born as just such a monkey, in one of the Jātaka stories, again to judge from the sculptures. Perhaps I was also: I wish I had retained the monkey ability to jump. To see one here clear the balustrade, four times his own height, was to be bitterly envious.

When I had sufficiently admired them and recovered my breath, I circumambulated the stupa. It is a modest little structure—you have it opposite page 96 as seen from the hill-top—now with no crowning railing or umbrella: it never had gates, but its ground railing is quite exceptionally interesting, as showing how the early Indian sculptors were already masters of floral design even when their handling of human figures was crude in the extreme. The contrast is almost incredible: look up this railing in the little guide-book, and see my page 105 if the question interests you.

There were relics here, but I don't know what became of them: the ones in the smaller stupa on the hill-top ("Stupa 3") went to South Kensington, but have now, most properly, made their way back to India, there received formally by Nehru as Prime Minister and handed over the Mahābodhi Society, for enshrinement in a new temple here at Sānchi, built since my last visit. (And a pilgrim Rest House is in hand.)

They are relics of Sāriputta and Moggallāna, two of the greatest of the Buddha's disciples. They were both converted at Rājgir, where they were ascetics: Sāriputta met one of the Lord's followers

and asked after his doctrine, with the true Indian interest in all religions. He got it in four lines of verse: "Of all objects that proceed from a cause, the Tathāgata has explained the cause, and he has explained also the cessation of those things". "And Sāriputta having heard this obtained the pure Dharma, 'That whatsoever has a beginning, that also has an end.' " (This is of course yet another form of the Buddha's last words, "All composite things also fall apart".) He went on and met Moggallāna, passing on the same verse with the same result, and they were received by the Buddha at the Bamboo Grove. They were for many years preachers of the Dharma, and often companions of the Lord during rainy seasons: both died before him, Sāriputta of dysentery at Nālandā, Moggallanā killed by brigands at Rājgir, hired for the job by "heretics".

The stupa is not particularly interesting, except for one relief which appears to show it as it then was; and the one gateway is definitely poorer than those of the Great Stupa, although probably only fifty years later. Its ground-railing has gone, much of it used in building that Hindu-Buddhist temple with the erotic carvings.

The whole hillside has been made a park, and you can roam there at will, and rest your eyes from art with nature, turning from sculptures meant for close examination to the wide views over the plains in every direction, with other hills hopping up here and there in the inconsequential (and Biblical) way that Indian hills delight in. There were large clumps of allamanda: one had half a dozen things hovering over the blossoms, things which I thought were huge butterflies but found to be birds, Purple Sunbirds with wings moving too fast to be seen, sucking the nectar with telescopic tongues as long as their bodies. Blue Jays were conspicuous, their brilliant Oxford- and Cambridge-blue wings as noisy as their voices: a pair of Fantail Flycatchers were doing aerobatics with fairy castanet-clicks, each the death-knell of an insect: Robins waved their cheeky tails at me, and one came within inches—inches, not feet. (Our robins wear red chest-protectors: the Indian ones wear red right aft, as rear-lamps, and seem to cock their tails to display it.)

But one always comes back to the Great Stupa, and above all to its gates. Small herd-boys saw me admiring them. "What does he look at?" asked the younger. "That is the picture of some gods", explained the older boy, of about twelve. "Oh", said the infant, and saluted the sculptures with clasped hands, to be on the safe side, by true Indian custom. Almost anything, or anyone, may readily become a god in India: an oddly-shaped stone, a fragment of sculpture, the stump of a pillar—one such is legended to contain the soul of Mohammed, and worshipped locally by Hindus, not Moslems. John Nicholson was worshipped even before his death (he used to flog anyone he caught doing it, which merely added to his divinity); at least two missionaries are now Hindu godlets; and one of the few times when Gāndhi is said to have lost his temper is when he heard that a temple had been dedicated to him. One old resident

told me of his meteorological instruments in their louvred 'house', in his garden; "and to read them I had to stoop or kneel down. And before I knew it, there were marigolds on the ground in front of them; and I was lucky that some wandering fakir didn't set up shop there and say it was *his* shrine".

I did almost worship those gateways myself. From the point of view of stone construction they are hopelessly impractical: it is a miracle that they have lasted so long. Almost inescapably one decides that they must have replaced wooden ones; and the whole of the balustradings, here and elsewhere, are also quite obviously copies of wooden originals—it is tempting to think that they *had* to follow those originals because they replaced them piecemeal as donors came forward to make it possible. (You can see their names on some of the members.)

The North Gateway, of which you have the inner face in the large photograph opposite page 96, is the best-preserved, although earlier than the East one, seen in one of the smaller photographs. It is crowned by Buddhist "tridents", symbolising the Three Gems, the Buddha, the Dharma, the Order; and there was originally in the centre the Wheel of the Dharma, attended (as is Royalty) by fly-whisk bearers of whom one remains. My photograph shows him, and what is left of the Wheel, but only the upper two of the three architraves; and I could not get in more than parts of the projecting ends of these. Architraves and ends and pillars are all carved back and front; and between architrave and architrave are vertical struts, also carved on both sides, and elephants and horses and riders (two-faced, so that they look both inwards towards the stupa and outwards away from it); and between the projecting ends are girls and trees. That by no means finishes it: four-faced elephant-heads act as capitals below the third architrave, and most attractive damsels as brackets outwards to its projecting ends, as you can just see in the lower photograph; and the pillars below these capitals and brackets are carved on three of their four sides and a bit of the fourth.

It is a riot of carving; but one gets none of the sense of overloading, of eye-indigestion which Hindu temples often give. Many of the subjects are from the former lives of the Buddha, and from his last life (the Lord never being shown in these latter, his presence indicated by symbols only). Others show events in the history of Buddhism such as the quarrel over the Buddha's relics and Asoka's visit to Bodh-Gayā. Others again show entirely delightful animals, from goats and elephants to winged lions and hippogriffs. Birds are rarer, except peacocks: they are probably shown in honour of Asoka's Mauryan dynasty, since peacocks are "Mora" in Pāli—you have a pair of them in my photograph.

Best of all, as so often in early Indian art, are the stylised flower-arrangements, of which also you have several in that photograph: there are even better ones elsewhere, on the gateway pillars for example, but I had no room to include them.

And remember that there are four gates; and another at Stupa 3; and carvings on railings especially at Stupa 2; and more carvings in the Museum, mostly fragments too small to be replaced where they originally belonged . . . . You need a month at Sānchi, except that after a week you would be eye-dead, unable to see anything however much you looked at it.

Oh, and I had almost forgotten the Asoka pillar, near the South gateway, very like the one at Sārnāth but with lions more defaced and (I think) not so good, though still excellent especially as compared with the purely Indian ones on that South gateway. Marshall estimates the weight of the pillar at almost forty tons, and it comes from Chunār like all the Asoka pillars, some 400 crow-line miles from here, a nice job for the Royal Engineer i/c transportation. I think he took it up Ganges and Jumna and Betwa, the last of these flowing—when it does flow—within sight of Sānchi; but it must have been a tough haul up the hill to finish with. The pillar is broken, they say by a local landowner who thought a slice of it would make a good roller for his sugar-mill. It has the typical Mauryan polish; but, surprisingly, the edict (against schism again) is sloppily carved, the lines uneven and running every which way. I feel sure there was a row when Asoka saw it.

I left after three days; and I did have a train stopped for just me, with pride unworthy of a pilgrim.

It gave me, on the short run to Bhopāl, an interesting companion, a medical missionary but of a Hindu mission, the Rāmkrishna. When he saw me board at Sānchi he assumed that I was a Buddhist, and started off with the "Refuge" invocation which you had on page 47, in sonorous Pāli. He claimed to follow the good in all religions: some Sikh "Junior Commissioned Officers", two Jemadārs and a Subedār, were also in the carriage, and I appealed to them, that this was also the essence of Sikhism, that a man (according to that faith) can be both a Christian and a Sikh, for example. They agreed, I think pleased that I knew even that little of their Creed, and the half-hour run proved too short. I find it difficult to imagine a discussion on religion in a British or American train; but Indians, most oddly, regard religion as a matter of daily importance, not as something to be kept in mothballs and brought out on Sundays.

CHAPTER X

DECAY AND DESTRUCTION: NALANDA AND BIHAR

Nālandā was of little importance in the early days of Buddhism, except as a rather distant suburb of Rājgir. Sāriputta was probably born there, and there uttered his "Lion's Roar" of trust in the Buddha (like St. Peter's "Thou art the Christ"), and the Lord must have been there repeatedly, one would imagine, as it was so near his favourite Bamboo Grove. He was certainly there on his last journey, "and stayed in the Mango Grove", giving there a discourse on "the nature of upright conduct, and of earnest contemplation, and of intelligence".

As a great Buddhist centre, Nālandā begins with the Guptas in the four hundreds A.D.: Fa Hian was there in the early part of that century and reports nothing but a stupa. Even under the Guptas it was not yet outstanding: you have to go on, through the ruin of the invading Huns, to the next dynasty—or rather to the next great ruler, since he founded no dynasty. This was Harsha, whose Empire in the six hundreds covered just about the same area as that of the Guptas: his capital was at Kanauj, between Agra and Lucknow.

Nālandā was his pet, and flourished in his royal sunshine. Hiuen Tsiang stayed there for several months: there were several thousand students, he says, of many nationalities, and the reputation so high that "some persons usurp the name of Nālandā students, and receive honour in consequence". (Compare some pseudo-Oxford accents.) The entrance-examination was severe: "the keeper of the gate proposes some hard questions; many are unable to answer, and retire. Those who fail are as seven or eight out of ten".

It hardly sounds like the "decay" of the chapter-heading; but Buddhism was now well on the decline in India, concentrated in a few places only. Even in those it lived chiefly by powerful patronage: here that of Harsha, and after him from about the eighth to the eleventh centuries that of the Pāla rulers of Bengal. Dissentions flourished: as Hiuen Tsiang puts it "the different schools are continually at variance, and their contending utterances rise like the angry waves of the sea": though they seemed to have disagreed amicably, living in the same group of monasteries and, to quote Hiuen Tsiang again, "walking by different roads to the same goal". Buddhism was no longer a fervid religion: it was a philosophy of hair-splitters. The Great Schism was firmly established: Hiuen Tsiang himself was a follower of the Northern School, the self-styled "Mahāyāna", the "Great Vehicle", and claims to have converted Harsha to it: the Southern School, the more primitive, simpler Theravāda, the "Word of the Elders", was now less favoured in India, although the majority of monks there still held to it, as in Burma and Ceylon and Siam to-day.

This is no place to discuss the differences between the Northern and Southern Schools, nor am I competent to do so. From the artist's point of view the chief difference is that with the Mahāyāna School came in a host of Buddhas celestial and terrestrial, and Bodhisattvas ("Buddhas-to-be") and saints and angels, all little less than gods; and that the idea of pious gifts and works of merit tended to displace the earlier ideal of spiritual self-knowledge. Both novelties had great advantages for the sculptor, as giving him a vast increase both in the subjects available and in the cash to pay for them. He seized on the new themes with too great enthusiasm perhaps: in fifth-century and later work scenes from the life of the Buddha are almost entirely neglected in their favour.

But Nālandā, even in the days of Hiuen Tsiang, had begun to complicate even the complicated Mahāyāna teaching: it was being infected with Tantricism, the sort of thing which to-day flourishes in Tibet, and makes many people shy away from all Buddhism. Charms and spells and "vain repetitions" abounded, with "secret practices and rituals, many of which are revolting to the modern sense of propriety" as Ghosh primly puts it.

This is perhaps the place to beg of you, if your knowledge of Buddhism is as scanty as was mine before I started preparing for this pilgrimage, to go to the Texts for your study, and avoid popular booklets published in Europe. Only too often they tend to reflect the writers' pet ideas: one, for example, says that the Buddha did not attack the caste system; another that rebirth as an animal does not occur—both are statements which are contradicted repeatedly in the Texts.

Above all, I would beg you to avoid "esoteric" divagations such as those of Humphreys until you know what the firm basis of early teaching contains. It is an idea which has allured many (in Christianity as well as Buddhism) that the known teaching was only a part, that secret doctrines were taught to an inner circle and are known to "adepts" to-day: for Buddhism it is definitely contradicted by the Buddha himself—although the knowledge that he taught was to his own knowledge "as a handful of leaves to the leaves of the forest", yet nothing helpful to Liberation was omitted. "In respect of the Truths, Ananda, the Tathāgata has not the closed fist of the teacher who keeps some things back."

The two passages are in no way contradictory. By his Liberation, the Buddha attained universal knowledge: should he therefore have taught his disciples Einstein's General Theorem, and how to make nylon, and the rules of baseball?

The association of Theosophy with Buddhism was of incalculable value to Buddhism in Ceylon: today the association is positively disadvantageous in the West, where those attracted by the cold logic of Buddhism are liable to be repelled by the woolly thinking of many Theosophists, and the suspicion of charlatanism attaching to materialized letters and sugartongs.

* * * * *

You can reach Nālandā from the station of that name, on the little branch railway to Rājgir, by a walk of a couple of miles: I cycled there from Rājgir itself, some fifteen miles—but then I would rather cycle fifteen than walk two, any day.

The road, like most Indian roads was "good in parts", mostly of steam-rollered stones but with sections of loose metal and even short bits of macadam. Through the villages it was a narrow quag-mire, more than ankle-deep in mud and quite uncyclable: I picked a precarious way along house-fronts, often carrying the machine. But one village, Silao, makes an entirely delectable sweetmeat, "khaja": the legend is that the greatest of the Gupta Kings, Vikrama-ditya, who is a sort of Indian King Arthur, a mixture of a historical monarch and lots of legends—that he was so fond of it that he brought experts in its preparation here from Ujjain, on the other side of his dominions. It is like "millefeuilles" (I don't know the English name), a multitudinousness of paper-thin layers of pastry, soaked in syrup. I bought six-pennyworth, in a dry leaf as bag, and ate what I could: children were too scared of me to accept the rest until I set it down on a stone and retired. I quenched its extreme sweetness with tea: one is pretty sure to get good tea in India even from wayside booths, far better on the average than the average English tea and of course immeasurably superior to what is called tea in the United States.

There were few trees along the road, and most of those were toddy-palms, giving little shade but haunted by dozens of Palm Swifts, delicate little slim beauties hawking lower than my handle-bars. Where other trees (neem, tamarind, siris chiefly) did occur, their pools of shade were generally pre-empted by groups of villagers, smoking and chatting and breaking off to turn slow, cow-like stares at me as I passed. Once only was there a small patch of open jungle ("bush" seems a better word, dry, low scrub and not the towering, dank, liana-scrawled leech-paradise of the wet tropics): it must have been nearly all such jungle in the Buddha's days.

I suppose that he saw also the toddy-palms, since toddy is men-tioned (with disapproval) in the Texts. The palms are curiously formal, the sort of stylised "palms" that one would use in a moder-nistic ballet-setting: often they are so neatly symmetrical that one suspects they have been gardener-manicured, like the palms at Nice.

Waterways were everywhere; and thanks to them kingfishers, not the incredible ones of the Tarāi but the "Common" sort, and with them their curious smaller imitators, the Blue Jays. And there were stove-polished Black Drongos; and lanky Cattle Egrets, throwing their heads so far at insects as to make it improbable that they would be able to get them back; and of course Mynahs, though more of the black-capped Brahminy ones than the common sort. And there was one small mynah with its eye-patch red instead of yellow (a Bank Mynah, experts said later) which was clinging to the *ear* of a cow and refusing to be flapped off. I was so puzzled that I left the road to investigate, and got within feet of it before it flew.

The cow gave me no thanks. And on branches over the water were Weaver-bird nests, looking like brown-stained laboratory-retorts, but of the birds themselves no sign.

There was quite a lot of traffic on the road. It included a surprising number of funerals, the uncoffined corpse carried shoulder-high and without cortege; and once I passed three red-turbaned policemen with a handcuffed malefactor at the end of a tow-rope. Bullock-carts abounded, always of course obstinately holding the crown of the road; and there were horse-drawn vehicles, chiefly of the two-wheeled type which have at the back what looks like the carved head-piece of a wooden bedstead and at the sides turned balustrades; but also a few box-shaped four-wheelers, the sides completely enclosed by shutters—for unlookable-at ladies, I assumed, as was also one four-man palanquin, completely shrouded as I passed, though a hand moved a curtain, and I thought I saw a puzzled eye.

Best of all were the villagers on foot, going to and fro on what errands one might vaguely guess: dignified and smiling age, many of the men spinning jute as they walked, with distaffs humming below their hands; superb young manhood naked above the waist; boys with the irreducible minimum of clothing; smaller brothers and sisters with less. India is a sculptor's paradise, especially the country-side, and the bronze glow of the skin, lustrous in the clear sun, adds much to the beauty. Treves, in that amusing book "The Other Side of the Lantern" has a phrase which I read and re-read with stupefaction: "But for the brown skins many would be beautiful". I scoffed; until someone pointed out that similar conditioning had allowed me to write, in "Canoe to Mandalay", that Ma Tu "was not good-looking until he smiled", and then give myself the lie by including an unsmiling photograph of him.

The branch road from the railway to the site was far better surfaced than the main road. It would have been even more pleasant to ride on had it not been in use as a drying-floor for grain-crops. I tried to avoid cycling over them: at one place in doing so I had to scatter a group of children, and too late saw that I was running over their toy kitchen. The naked baby was furious: she pommelled my front wheel and tried to bite the tyre. Her older sister wept silently, large round tears sliding slowly down over her plump cheeks, while her eyes fixed mine in uncomprehending reproach. I felt a heartless Juggernaut, and feared that my couple of annas did not heal their sorrow: after all, what was there to spend them on? The stove and the pots were only hand-modelled, unbaked clay from a near-by watercourse, I tried to console myself; but those eyes still hurt me as I write.

The "Main Stupa" at Nālandā is an unexpected structure, entirely unlike any other stupa I have seen. In the first place, it is square in plan, not circular; in the second, it has no circumambulatory path but instead a wide processional stairway straight up to the top of it. It suggests something Aztec or Babylonian, star-worship rather than Buddhism.

Like many stupas, it has "growed", by six layers added to the quite small original one, barely twelve feet square; and it is additionally odd that all these editions were also of this square plan, and that at any rate the last three had stairways.

Apart from this pile there are ruined monasteries galore, and some temples, one with pleasing sixth-century sculptured panels; but the Museum is the chief attraction. It has mostly Pāla (8th to 12th century) things, in bronze especially, though one of the finest pieces found there (and stolen by Delhi after the London exhibition) is in stone, the stele of the Buddha's life which is shown opposite page 97. But as regards quantity the bronzes predominate, local products: one of the casting-furnaces was excavated, complete with slugs and scraps. Many of them are Buddhas: more are Bodhisattvas and Tantric gods and goddesses, with, rather unexpectedly, not a few Hindu gods as well. (One is tempted to suspect that these may have been "in stock" here for sale, just as a devout Hindu ivory-carver to-day is quite ready to stock Buddhas and crucifixes.)

There was a Curator, a very kindly host: I sat in his garden, and drank water from his well, and his gardener found me two eggs, and the Curator's own household added tea and chapatties; and then I passed the heat of the day in a deck-chair under the trees, listening to sleepy doves (Spotted Doves, I think, to judge by the call), with visits to the Museum from time to time when I wanted to refresh my memory. (That is the way to see a Museum: not in one gulp but in sips.) Some unseen bird—a hawk, they said—whistled oddly, the sound breaking into the sort of supersonic hiss that a locomotive makes when it can't clear its throat, and then resuming the clear note again.

Those Curators have a pretty thin time, cut off from intellectual contacts and unable to consult libraries for their work. Domestic conditions at Nālandā were exceptionally difficult, I gathered, because there had been a lot of inter-sect "communal" trouble there, and the Moslems were either killed or had left, or concentrated themselves into a few villages for mutual protection; and as they did most of the dairy-farming there is now no milk or butter. The Hindus grow rice, and rice, and rice, and possibly potatoes may be available in the winter: they could grow almost any vegetables, with vast improvement in their well-being, but India does to-day what it did yester-century, unless jerked out of it by the scruff of the neck, as the new Government is trying to do—more power to its fist.

I rode back in the cool of the evening, rewarded by an ornately "composed" sunset sky: at the base the grey-indigo Rājgir hills, above them a battlemented, pinnacled cloud in ash-blue, and behind and above it another cloud, orange-red, exactly echoing its shape, notch for notch and embrasure for embrasure, backed by the wine-dark sky. Woodsmoke from evening cooking-fires mingled oddly with the heavy scent of night-opening blossoms, quinine and turkish-delight. The Nālandā Curator came down by the late train that evening, to stay at the Dāk Bungalow over the holidays of the Durgā

feast: I was overjoyed, and pestered him with questions, sitting on the verandah in dusk and dark while bats slid silently within inches of our faces and screech-owls hissed and snored and tore lunatic babies limb from limb.

* * * * *

The Moslems do not seem to have troubled these parts before the thirteen-hundreds (Edward I, Wallace, Bruce). One of their historians tells how they destroyed "a place of study", "full of shaven-headed Brahmins" who were of course Buddhist monks. It may have been Nālandā, and some of the monasteries there were certainly destroyed by fire, though not necessarily at that date (and in some cases at *several* dates); but that writer calls it "Bihār", and the name of that town comes from "vihāra", the word for a Buddhist monastery.

Bihār, to-day officially "Bihār Sharif", Holy Bihār—and the "Holy" is a Moslem word, the word used for the Holy Koran—has a station on that same branch line to Rājgir. I visited it between trains, an unpretentious and somehow pleasing place, once the capital of the Province of Bihār. To-day it is down-at-heels, the streets deep mud, but many of the houses retain traces of past glories in the form of attractive pillared halls opening to the street.

There were no doubt many monasteries at Bihār: the three most probable sites, none yet excavated, are a mound near the Courts, another alongside the railway, and a hill some two miles away, a sudden short ridge with Moslem tombs on it. The base of the hill was being quarried, for a silica-rich stone to be shipped away and made into fire-bricks: the quarrying was done by making a series of small hollows along the line of desired cleavage, filling them with water, and building little fires over them; and this is exactly how Marshall says the stone of Sānchi hill was quarried for the buildings there.

There is really nothing to see, and I visited Bihār only because it was on my route; but I got a good lunch there, at a little Hindu "HO-tel" opposite the station, of eggs and chapatties and tea. The small waiter, about thirteen and with a wide grin but little other clothing, fanned me as I ate, with a palm-leaf, P-shaped fan. I protested that I was no Rājā, but he fanned.

CHAPTER XI

STRANGE SURVIVALS : JOSAPHAT AND JUGGERNAUT

Fire and Moslem sword exterminated most of the monks of India, and among the laity Buddhism was already dead as a separate religion: there was as little difference between Hinduism and the now-debased Mahāyāna Buddhism as between one Hindu sect and another, and "Buddhists" became "Hindus" almost unknowingly.

This is of course not to say that nothing was left, even in India. Isolated areas remained Buddhist, and still are Buddhist, and the revival of Buddhism in India, thanks very largely to the Mahābodhi Society, is full of life; and the influence of Buddhism on modern Hinduism, especially in its more philosophical forms, can hardly be overrated.

But apart from these, there are two oddities worth mentioning, even if merely as oddities.

Saint Josaphat

He was an Indian Prince, and became a hermit and a Christian Saint; and of what turned him from wordly things let Jacobus de Voragine tell us, in his "Golden Legend" as printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

"And on a tyme thus as the Kynges sone wente he mette a mesell" (a leper) "and a blynde man, and whan he saw them he was abasshed and enquyred what them eyled. And his seruauntes sayd: These ben passions that comen to men. And he began to be moche anguysshous for ye incustomable thynge hereof.

"And another tyme he found a man moche aged, whiche was all croked for age. And than he demaunded what sholde be ye ende. And they sayd deth. And this yonge man remembered ofte in his herte these thynges, and was in grete dysconforte."

Look back at page 23 for the Four Signs that turned the Prince, Buddha-to-be, from his worldly glory: there is little doubt that the Buddha was taken in as a Christian Saint, celebrated on November 27th: and even the name is suspiciously like "Bodhisattva". (This has nothing to do with the other Saint Josaphat, Bishop and Martyr of November 16th, of medieval Poland.)

Curiously enough, Marco Polo might have had a premonition of it. He calls the Buddha "Sagamoni" ("Sākyamuni", the Sage of the Sākyas, another title of the Lord) and puts his life and death in Ceylon; but adds "Verily, had he been a Christian, he would have become a great Saint in the company of our Lord".

He was first accepted as a Saint in the Greek Church, and has figured in the Martyrologium Romanum ever since 1583, together with his companion Saint Barlaam, and a Commemmoration of them is therefore read on their feast-day in seminaries and Religious Houses: "Apud Indos, Persis finitimos, sanctorum Barlaam et Iosaphat, quorum actos mirandos sanctus Ioannes Damascenus conscripsit"—de Voragine of course got his story from that Greek. Whether any diocese celebrates the Buddha except for that short phrase, I have been unable to find out, though Yule, writing in about 1875, says that there was then a church in Palermo with the dedication "Divo Iosaphat".

Anyway, he definitely has the entree into the Christian Heaven, and it is attractive to wonder with whom he would have made friends there. One thinks first of Saint Francis, of course, because of the love of both of them for all living things (and Ananda, if he could be smuggled in, would find much in common with Brother Juniper, I feel sure): but I think that his closest associate there would be Saint Benedict. They both had that very rare combination of other-worldliness and common-sense, they both founded monastic Orders, and they would have many stories to exchange of the way that their respective monks made dogmas out of instructions meant for one occasion only.

Juggernaut: Puri

The temple of Jagannāth, "Lord of the World", at Puri is of course famous, though most of its fame rests on the quite false idea that people threw themselves in hundreds to be crushed by the car of the god: some may thus have committed suicide, some may have slipped while pulling the car, but of anything organised, anything like the Moslem "Trampling" when an Elder rides over a causeway of human bodies, there has never been any trace.

Now, as mentioned on page 29, among the ten incarnations of Vishnu the Hindus reckon the Buddha as the last, except for Kalki who is yet to come. But at Puri the Buddha is replaced in this incarnation by Jagannāth; and it is significant that the only truly Hindu shrine at Bodh-Gayā, quite near the main temple, is to this deity.

Puri is a quaint place, half pilgrimage-centre and half fashionable seaside-resort, as if there were a Lido at Lourdes. The old town is not an attractive place: it was left for a Russian Prince, one Soltykoff, to make the bad pun that the "sale ville hindoue" lives up to its name, "car la puanteur en est atroce". The Temple dominates it, at the end of a wide street running for a mile from its gate, on which the cars are hauled: except at these Feasts it is packed with stalls, selling wooden models of the idol, boiled and sun-dried rice which has been offered to it, gay lithographs for pilgrims—and slickly-done soapstone statuettes of the twelve positions of sexual intercourse which are said to be sculptured within the Temple. It came as something of a shock to be offered these, quite openly, by boys of eleven and twelve who obviously had no inhibitions on the subject.

I think it was that exemplary liar Maundevile who started the "Juggernaut" yarn in the 1300's, although he does not mention that name, nor Puri itself: "And sume of hem falle doun undre the Wheles of the Chare, and lat the Chare gon over hem, so that thei ben dede anon". Bruton in the 1600's follows suit with "many that will .... lye downe on the ground, that the Chariot wheeles may run over them"; and Bowrey (who calls the god "Jno. Gernaet") with "they voluntarily and with great Couradge castynge themselves Under the wheels therof .... are there crushed to death"; and Bernier; and Hamilton in the 1700's. Tavernier, though he correctly cites the three idols as Jagannāth, his brother and his sister, makes no mention of the car-festival: he was particularly struck by the sacred rice, then given away and not sold, and the miraculous way that when dropped it divided itself into as many parts as there were recipients, "which is a thing very strange and worthy observation". On the other hand, as soon as foreigners really saw the festival properly, the story of mass-suicides collapses: Stirling about 1818 saw it four times, with a total of three casualties, one probably accidental: Ferguson in 1838 and Hunter in 1870 confirm, as quoted by O'Malley.

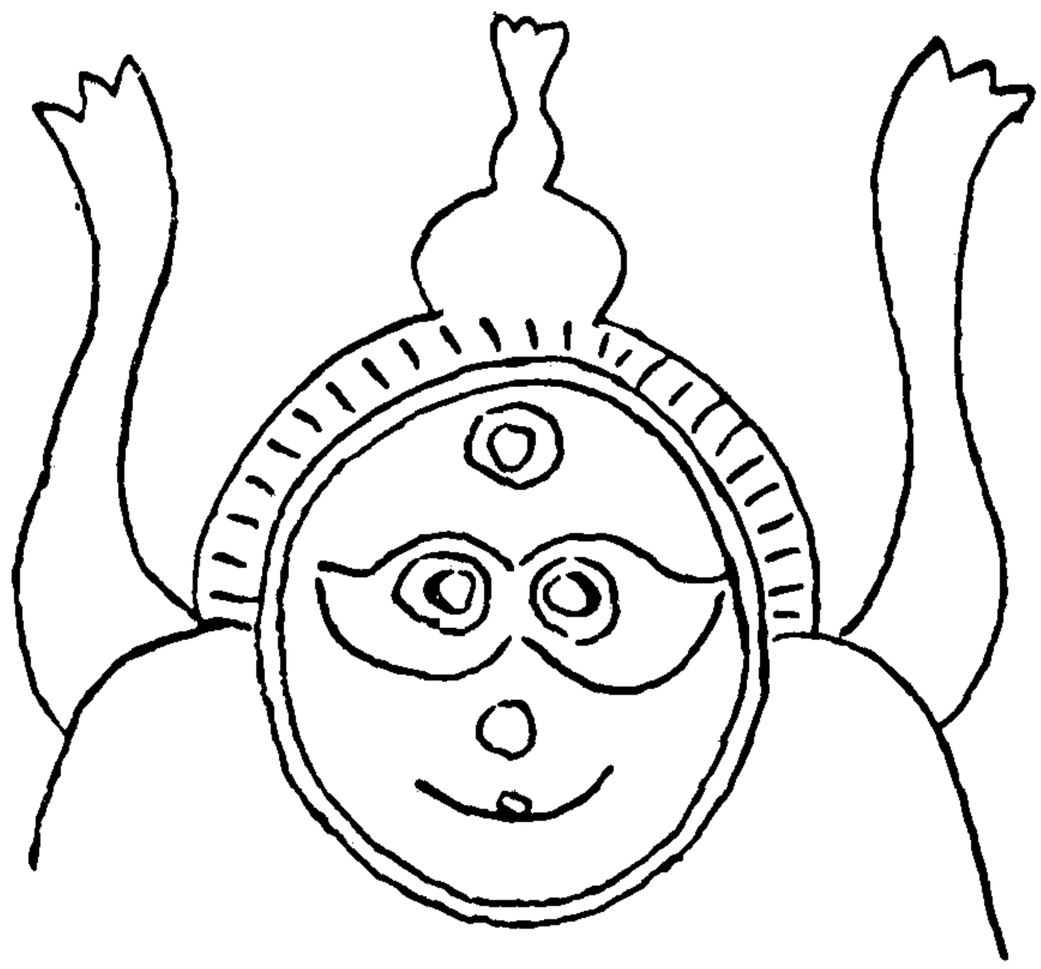
A young student collected and piloted me, expecting a couple of rupees for his pains. I could not enter the temple, of course, but peered in at a replica of the idol just within the main door; "and that is so far as the lower castes may go. But the Harijans—the Untouchables, you know—they may not even go so far: for them is that red face on the tree, altogether outside". Other informants later insisted that "Temple Entry" existed, that all Hindus had the right to enter, outcastes included: possibly both stories are correct —that they have the right but prudently do not exercise it.

On the other hand, certain of the caste-restrictions do definitely disappear at Puri: there a Brahmin may eat of the sacred rice from the dish of a sweeper and lose no caste thereby. It is again very suggestive of Buddhism, since in its primitive form it took no account of caste, at which the Buddha mocked, accepting into the Order even a scavenger, as we saw at Rājgir.

It was my guide who first called my attention to the erotic statuettes; "but some of them are, I think, unpracticable. And they say also that at Konārak are many others such, some say more than four hundred. No, I myself have not gone there, but I shall go some day—besides, they say it is very beautiful". I liked his frank "besides": it is, of course, extremely beautiful—Havell thought it the best sculpture in India.

We climbed a housetop to look down into the temple. Yes, he had seen the idol, many times; "and also his brother and his sister. They have faces like this" and he sketched a shield in the air "and no hands or legs, but for the Car Feasts they put on them golden hands and feet—no, the brother only of silver and the sister not—and for the Lord and his brother they make the faces round. No.

I don't know how they do that: maybe they take away the other faces? And they put things like wings on their shoulders".



My line-drawing is traced from a pilgrim-picture of the idol dressed for his ride, showing the "wings"; and if you compare it with the Buddhist "trident", opposite page 96 for instance, you will I think see the resemblance at once. And the Lord of the World, his brother, and his sister (other Hindu gods have consorts associated with them, but never sisters) may well in origin be the Three Gems which that trident symbolises. Car-festivals of course occur throughout Hindudom, but they are also Buddhist: Fa Hian describes one in Khotan and another at Patna, and Hiuen Tsiang one at some unknown place in the North. although they mention only images of the Buddha and say nothing about the motive-power of the cars.

There is one odd point more. The main idol is of wood, very roughly made, "of Sandal-wood" according to Tavernier, "of just some wood" according to my student; "and every so seldom—I think perhaps it may be twenty years—they are getting a new one made, and the old one is dropped into a well—or perhaps they are burying it, no one can know. But first the priest takes out something from inside it, and puts it into the new one: and no one knows what that is, and he is blindfolded—not one fold but many folds—and his hands are wrapped so that he cannot be feeling the shape. And some people are telling that he must die afterwards, but I do not think that is true."

Now, one of the teeth of the Buddha is believed to have been a treasured relic in these parts for 800 years. It went to Ceylon about A.D. 311, and is to-day in Kandy; but did something remain at Puri, some other relic associated with it?

Anyway, Vishnu's last incarnation was as the Buddha, say the Hindus, and Jagganāth is that incarnation under another name, so that, of all utterly incongruous things, the lovable, benignant Lord has survived as what for most Europeans is the symbol of ruthlessness and cruelty.

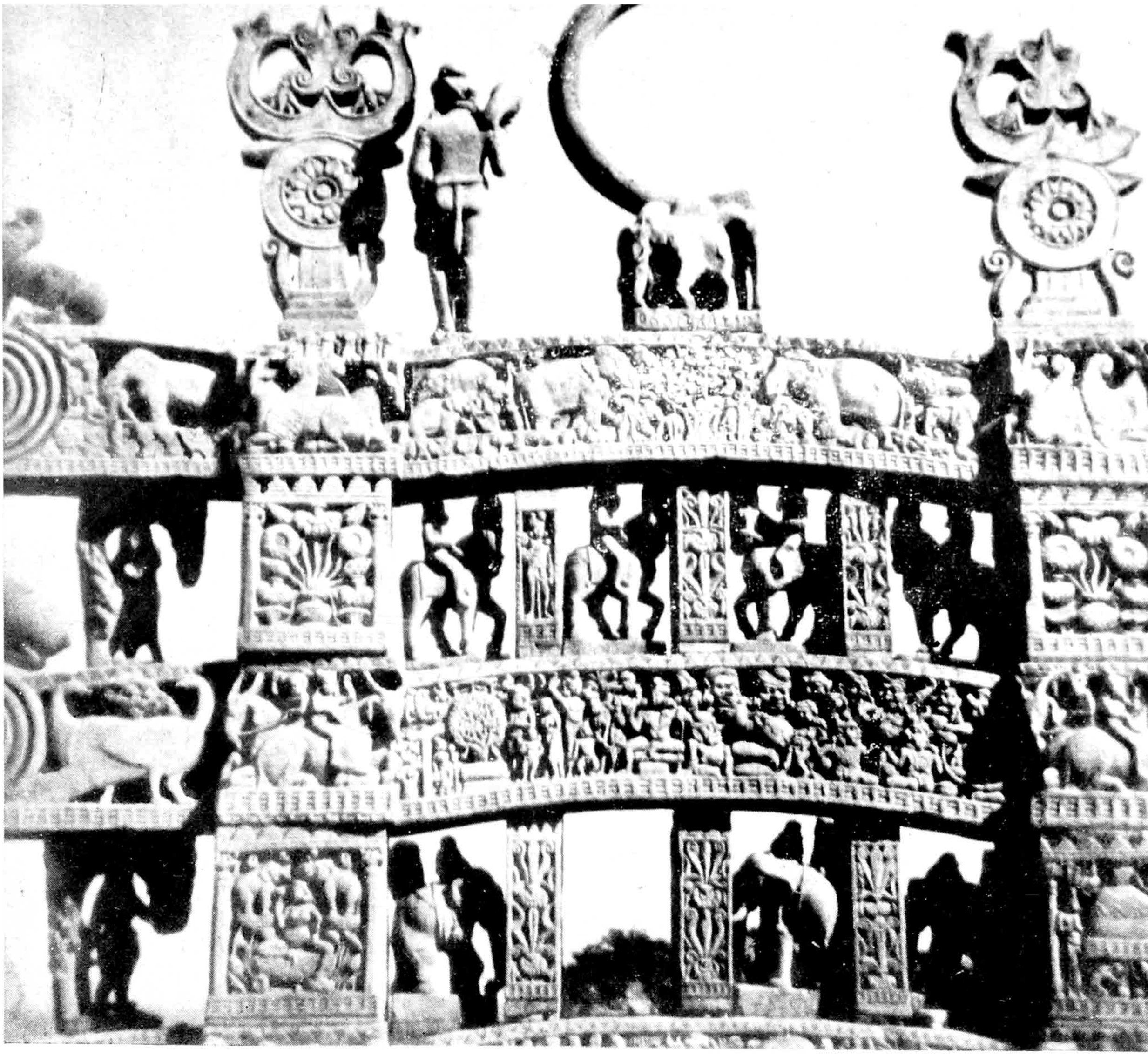
PLATE IX

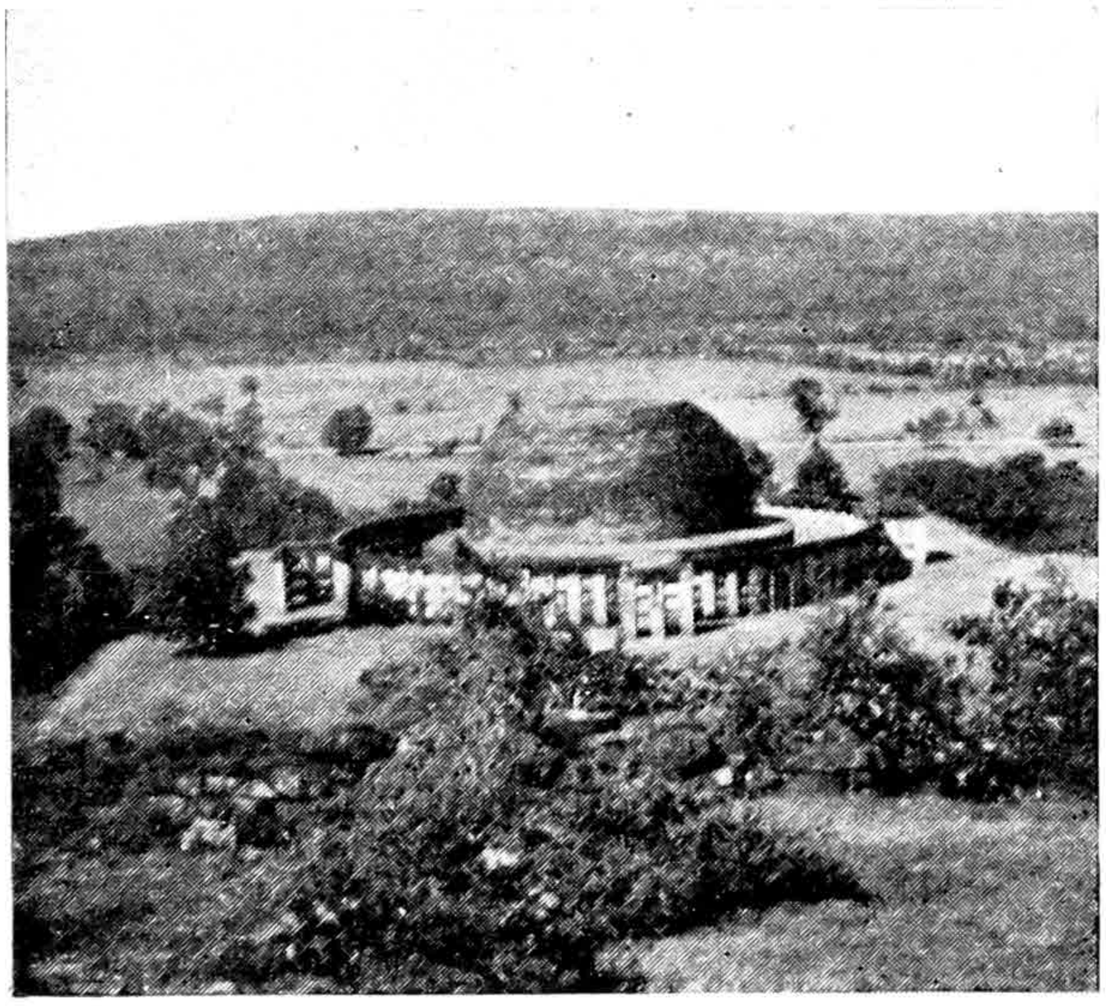
SANCHI. Top. The North Gateway as seen from the terrace. Only the two upper of the three architraves are shown, and part of the projecting ends. Above all stands the mutilated Wheel of the Dharma, originally flanked by two flywhisk-bearers. Beyond them, two Buddhist "Tridents"; and on the projecting ends two winged lions. The upper architrave shows the Jātaka of the Six-tusked Elephant: to right and left of the central tree is the Buddha as this Elephant-King, with his herd. The elephant on the left turning away from the others is his jealous wife who betrayed him to the King's hunter. The pillars at this level ("false capitals") show winged deer, and beyond them the elephant-herd is continued on the projecting ends. Below the false capitals (on the "dies") are lotus-blooms in vases, and between architrave and architrave on the uprights are palmettes issuing from lotuses, except on one where a genie figures in error, this upright having been set up front to back by the original builders. Between the uprights are riders, both they and their horses being double-headed so as to look both inwards towards the terrace and outwards away from it. Between the projecting ends are girls under trees.

The middle architrave shows the Temptation at Bodh-Gayā. The Bodhi-tree and throne to the left symbolise the Buddha, with Sujāta to the extreme left. The seated figure near the centre is Māra, with his daughters to the left; and to the right his army of demons personifying the vices, passions and fears of mankind, which are perhaps the most striking conceptions at Sānchi or in fact in all early Indian art. The false capitals at this level show riders on rams, and on the projecting ends are the Mauryan peacocks (page 84). Below are again girls under trees, and the same palmette-lotus uprights, but the riders here are on elephants. The dies here show, to the left a symbolic Birth, the mother seated on a lotus being bathed by elephant-spirits as at the top of the Lumbini plate (opposite page 16); and to the right the Passing-Away, symbolised by the worship of a stupa.

Lower, left. The Great Stupa from the East, showing the East gateway, the three railings (ground, terrace, and summit), and the umbrella.

Lower right. Stupa II as seen from the hill-top, with one railing only and no gateways or umbrella.





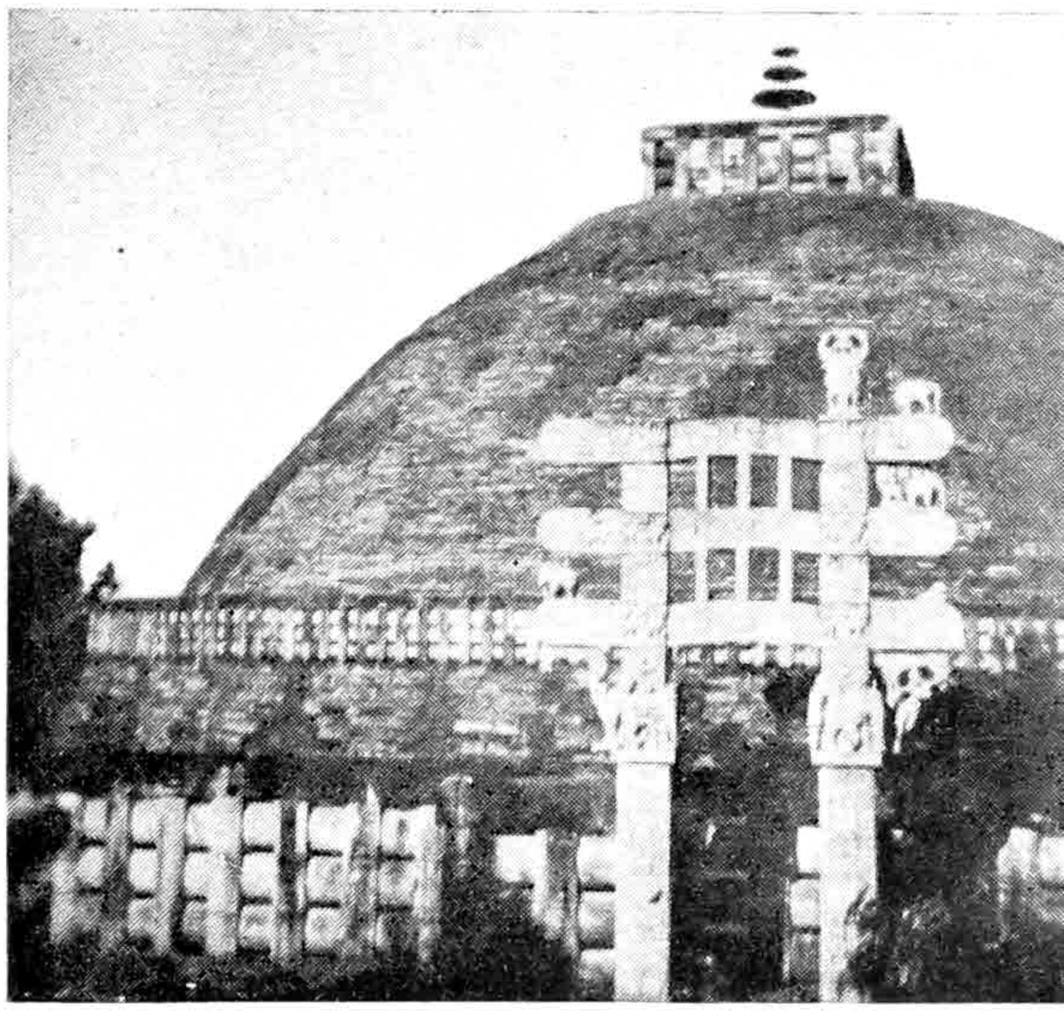


PLATE IX

SĀNCHI

PLATE X

NĀLANDĀ

Life of the Buddha

PLATE X

NALANDA. Life of the Buddha. Pāla period. At the top, the Passing-Away. To the right and left of this respectively the descent from heaven at Sankisa (page 11) the small figure being one of the escorting gods; and the taming of the Rājgir elephant (page 61), shown about the size of a nice kitten to the left of the Buddha. Below these to left and right respectively are the First Preaching (page 42); and the "Great Miracle" at Sahet-Mahet, when the Lord appeared simultaneously at various points in the air: at least this is the official nomenclature, though the two panels appear to me to be identical. Incidentally they show the Buddha seated in the European manner, a very unusual feature in Buddhist art. The central figure is in the "Earth-Witness" posture (page 26); and below are Māra's daughters and handmaidens attempting to distract the Lord; and in the lower right-hand corner the Lord has just accepted the honey from the helpful monkey (page 11), just visible in the original to the left of his head.

APPENDIX OF PRACTICAL DETAILS

This contains some notes on kit, alternative routes to the places I visited, and routes (untested) to other places which might desirably be included in a pilgrimage. The book to get for these latter is "Buddhist Shrines in India", by Valisinha, published at five rupees by the Mahābodhi Society of Colombo. I have tried to bring the information up to date, though hampered by the typical attitude of Indian officials towards giving information: so long as no answer is sent, the Post Office can be blamed, but when one is too lazy to check facts, it is dangerous to state them. (The Tourist Officers are shining exceptions to this.)

Cycle. This is definitely worth taking, not only for the longer runs but for use in the sprawling towns themselves, and in spite of the high cost by rail. Hiring cycles is in theory possible, in practice not recommended, since with the usual Indian "make do" practice your front fork would probably collapse or something similar occur. A bell is quite useless: a destroyer's syren might help, but the voice is the best road-clearer. Indians, including even many townsfolk, do not cross roads—they drift over them. A chain with padlock is indispensable, even if you park for five minutes; and see that the padlock is not openable by any casual key or a bent nail.

Language. A smattering of Hindi is desirable, though English will get you a long way. But it will not get you all the way everywhere: at one Dāk Bungalow I enquired for potatoes and was told that none were available. The butler offered "ālu", among other unknown things which I thought safer to refuse: it was not until the next day that I remembered that ālu *is* potato.

Kit. You need surprisingly little. Bedding: I had several quite cold nights, and a sleeping-bag was welcome; and I recommend in addition a *sewn-up* sheet (like the inner sleeping-bag compulsory at Youth Hostels) which really does discourage bugs. Pillow-case: a folded coat in a pillow-case makes an excellent pillow—without a cover it decomposes and lets your head down. A mosquito-net is essential, and Paludrine. All the above in a bed-roll, indispensable for Indian travel; and get if you can a good one, with straps made of leather and not paper, and canvas that does not disintegrate when the first porter looks nastily at it. Preferably not both khaki shirt and shorts, because too imitative of uniform: at most hotels and many Dāk Bungalows you can get laundry done within a couple of days, or even (one of the advantages of Indian travel) the same day if you pay an extra fee for hustle. DDT powder is worth carrying, preferably in the small tins which also serve as "bellows": it keeps off at least the younger, less resolute bugs, I think. Electric torch, preferably of the cycle type in case you get benighted, though a more powerful one is needed for the Bharhut sculptures at Calcutta, and

for the Ellora and Ajanta caves; but do not leave it on your cycle when not in use, even for five minutes. Knife, fork, and spoon perhaps, though all Bungalows are supposed to and most do have cutlery. Sunglasses perhaps: mine were stolen and I wore none, without ill effects. Topi if you think fit: I wore at most a flimsy Australian "beach hat" and usually not even that. Sandals are to be recommended, in view of temple-visiting: not ladylike fancy ones but the strong Punjabi type which is official parade-wear in many Indian regiments.

Photography. You can get standard size films, especially 120, at Gayā, Patna, Banāras, Lucknow, Bhopāl to my knowledge, and probably at Gorakhpur. The only one of these places where I could recommend you to have developing done is Lucknow: the name is Mull. See also the remarks under "Nālandā" below.

Route. The actual route I took was Madras—Puri—Calcutta—Patna—Bihār—Rājgir and Nālandā—Patna—Gayā and Bodh-Gayā (but note that there are now Government bus-services from Rājgir and Bihār to Gayā)—Banāras and Sārnāth—Gorakhpur—Nautanwā and Lumbini—Gorakhpur and Kasiā—Balrāmpur and Sahet-Mahet—Gonda—Lucknow—Kānpur—Bhopāl and Sānchi—Madras.

Lumbini. Two other routes were quoted to me as possible. One was by bus from Nautanwā to a village in Nepāl three or four miles from Lumbini, and then by foot or pony, but the busses run (if at all) only when the bridges have been repaired, almost yearly after the rains. I was told that I could motor by this road from Nautanwā to Lumbini: this was definitely incorrect (see page 21). The other route is by car from Gorakhpur via Naugarh, if you can get a car: this road was said to be good for the first 60 miles to the frontier, and then "usually passable" except during the Rains. Alternatively, you could presumably cycle on that road, some 25 miles from Naugarh railway-station, but at Naugarh there is no accommodation other than a waiting-room, and little chance of food, nor anything on your way to Lumbini; and the out-of-date map shows no road beyond the frontier. It is however stated that the Indian Goverment proposes to build a motorable road from Nautanwā, as well as another Rest House and a garden at Lumbini, presumably in cooperation with the Government of Nepāl. When I was there no formal permission to enter Nepāl was necessary, though I was recommended to get into touch with the Bara Hakim (a title) of Behtari, through his Agent at Nautanwā, so that a pony could be arranged for. Permission to occupy a room at the very small Dāk Bungalow (strictly a "District Board Inspection House") at Nautanwā should be obtained in advance from the Secretary of this Board at Gorakhpur. There is nothing else at Nautanwā except a Buddhist Rest House which is likely to be open during the pilgrim season, and a waiting-room at the station; and no chance of food. If short of tinned stuff, this can be bought, though from a poor supply, at Gorakhpur station where you will have to change for Nautanwā.

As regards the excavation work at the site, Dr Piper of Syracuse, N.Y. informs me that this was in hand when he was there in 1933, and that minor finds had been made, including carved bricks; but I have no information where these are now, except that they are not at Lumbini.

Bodh-Gaya. At Gayā the Bungalow is run by the District Board, but it is fairly large so that reservation is probably not essential. The Mahābodhi Rest House is somewhat nearer the station, say three-quarters instead of one mile. There are waiting-rooms at the station, and refreshment-rooms, your best bet for food, bad as it is likely to be. At Bodh-Gayā the Dāk Bungalow has two rooms only, so that reservation is essential. Failing that, you could at least get a roof over your head at one of the Buddhist Rest Houses, but food would be a problem: tinned food can be bought, of sorts, at Gayā station. If motoring, there is another road, longer (11 miles) but better: there is now a Government bus-service on this. The Committee is still more than half non-Buddhist, and friction continues, added to by the slackness of some members in turning up for meetings.

Sarnath. There are hotels in the Cantonment at Banāras. At Sārnāth the Birla Rest House is delightful, and so large that reservation should not be necessary, except for the Full Moons of May and (especially) November, the anniversary of the opening of the Temple there. Food, other than vegetarian Indian food, is almost impossible: a man goes in every day to Banāras and could buy for you, but it is not permissible to take flesh or fish into the Rest House. There is now a Government bus-service from Banāras.

Sahet-Mahet. There are said to be two Burmese Rest Houses there, and another at Balrāmpur. The nearest village is Ikauna, four miles from Sahet-Mahet, where there is said to be "a small Inspection Bungalow". A bus ran from Balrāmpur past the site, but, from what I saw of it as it drowned me in dust, it was of the usual unorganised, privately-run Indian type (unlike those from Gorakhpur which are run by the Government) with people sitting in each other's laps and standing on each other's feet, and hanging on to the foot-boards like swarming bees; but I hear that this has now been taken over by Government. Your best bet would probably be to come on the night train from Gorakhpur, bringing food (!), and catch the evening train to Gonda, after checking the timings. There is talk of the Provincial Government improving the site and the amenities there.

Rajgir. The Dāk Bungalow keeper managed quite good food, though it would pay you to bring some stores with you, probably from Patna: not from Bakhtiārpur which is a complete dump. (But stock up with apples there, if in season, when you change trains, as they are the best I have eaten in India.) Reservation at the Rājgir Bungalow should be made with the District Board at Patna while there. Rājgir has also two Buddhist Rest Houses, and in addition one of the Jain ones would probably house you at a pinch: Jains and Buddhists are usually on very good terms to-day.

Kasia. Government busses also run there from Deoria Sadar (Tahsil Deoria on older maps), only 21 miles instead of 35, but there is nothing except a waiting-room at that station, and you would probably have to start away breakfastless. This is the direction from which Hiuen Tsiang arrived; but you would not find it his "dangerous and difficult road, with wild oxen and elephants and robbers". The nearest station to Kasiā is Padrauna, 12 miles to the north, but I was told that the road was poor even for a cycle, though busses run over it. The Rest Houses at the site could offer at least a roof, and very improbably food could be got from Kasiā village; or there is a P.W.D. Bungalow there. But I think that a few hours would suffice you there, taking lunch from Gorakhpur or Gonda. Here again the Provincial Government proposes to improve the site.

Gorakhpur. This is a railway headquarters, and an important junction: the waiting-rooms are good, and when I was there the refreshment room was far above average (but this was due to a competent manager who may be moved, so that the recommendation has no permanent value). There is I believe some sort of hotel in the Cantonment. The refreshment room has a stock of tinned foods: I saw no shops worthy of the name, though there may be some in the city.

Patna. Here again the station refreshment room was at the moment above the (very low) average: the station is Patna Junction, not Patna City, which seems to be out in the wilds. It has of course waiting-rooms: there is also a Dāk Bungalow near by, usually full up so that reservation should be made from the District Board. But the curse of reservations is that they tie you to a fixed time-table, and the essence of successful touring is to *have* a fixed time-table, but unfix it frequently. Three or four hotels exist, near the Dāk Bungalow; and on the opposite side of the road from it, at a corner, there is a decent general shop: I particularise, because it was very secretive, showing only a small open door between steel-shuttered windows. For what they are worth, the excavations are right alongside the railway and to the south of it, between the two stations mentioned. I am glad to say that the fly-whisk carrier is now back in Patna Museum where it belongs: you should allow yourself at least four hours at that Museum.

Sanchi. Profit by my errors and make sure what trains can be stopped. It would pay to take a few stores, from Lucknow rather than Bhopāl. The obvious thing is to cycle from Bhopāl or Bhilsa: I fear I wanted the glory of a specially-stopped train. The new temple has now been open for some two years: a pilgrim Rest House is being built, in addition to the two Dāk Bungalows which are said now to exist. In addition, it is proposed to build a Government-run hotel, to lay on water and electricity at the site, to remodel the little wayside station, and to build a road from there to the hill-top (without, I hope, damaging the old road still existing).

Nalanda. There is no accommodation whatever for the casual visitor, but (unless you are an archaeologist, in which case the Department would not doubt let you use a small room at the Museum) a visit between trains will probably suffice, even if you walk from the station: I saw no signs of any hirable transport there. Make sure of the times of those trains: do not enquire at Patna as I did, and got completely false information glibly proferred; do not even trust the main-line station-master at Bakhtiārpur junction—go across to the little branch-line station and ask there. You should take lunch from Patna (or Rājgir Bungalow) and not impose on the hospitality of the Curator as I did. There is now an International Postgraduate Pāli Research Institute at Nālandā, with over fifty students from abroad. The Ghosh official "Guide" states that "Taking photographs of the antiquities in the Museum, or of the sites under excavation, is strictly prohibited"; as far as the sites go, this applies only where excavations are actually in progress, the Department assured me; and I hear that the prohibition of photography in the Museums of the Department has also been removed. In any case the Department's own Museum photographs are so good that you are unlikely to wish to take your own, unless you are in a hurry for them—the Department thinks nothing of taking two months to answer a letter. The stone stele is still in the totally unjustified possession of the pseudo-"National" Museum at New Delhi.

Bihar. There is no accommodation whatever here, and only that one eating-house mentioned; but you would certainly not need longer here than between trains, if that.

Puri. The Railway runs a good hotel here. Konārak is reachable only at the expense of a plane, or a car, or of an all-night bullock-cart journey, and in any case only in the fully-dry season.

Sankisa. This is close to Sarai Aghat village, reachable by a twelve-mile road from Bhongāon, a station on the Agra-Farrukhābād line: other stations of this line are nearer, but the roads doubtful. According to Fa Hian the three original ladders from heaven sank down into the earth after use, leaving only a few steps visible: Asoka set a digging-party to finding the bottom, but they went down and down "to the yellow spring" (the Psalmist's "springs of water .... and the foundations of the round world") without reaching it. Asoka built a temple-monastery on what was left, and put up a pillar: Fa Hian says it was crowned with a lion which once roared miraculously—in reality a much-mutilated elephant, which makes it even more miraculous. Hiuen Tsiang found none of the original steps, but instead a replica in "brick and chased stones ornamented with jewels, on the ancient foundations" and about seventy feet high. He saw also the Asoka pillar, "shining as with moisture, the surface hard and finely grained", again with "a lion" on top; and monasteries galore, and stupas, and a raised path where the Buddha had walked. To-day the pillar still stands, and there are ruin-mounds as yet little explored: there is of course no accommodation there, and in fact nothing nearer than Farrukhābād which has hotels of sorts.

Ajodhya. This has a railway-station, but it would probably be better to make Fyzābād Junction your base, four miles away, where there are waiting- and refreshment rooms. Fa Hian and Hiuen Tsiang both mention here the tree which grew from the Buddha's toothbrush-twig, always seven feet high year after year; and Hiuen Tsiang adds an Asokan stupa "where the Buddha preached during six years". To-day there are two large mounds of rubble, one of which may be that stupa: Ajodhya's chief interest is from the Hindu angle, as being the home of one of the heroes of the Rāmāyana.

Kosam (Kaushambi). About 12 miles from Bargarh station on the Bānda-Allahābād line, or 33 miles from Allahābād: both roads are said to be poor. Few maps show it: the nearest village is Mau, but Allahābād is the only possible base. As already mentioned, the Texts place here the helpful honey-monkey: they tell also of the only case where the loving persuasion of the Buddha was defeated, and he left without being able to heal the discord among the local monks. It is odd that Fa Hian and Hiuen Tsiang mention *neither* of these incidents, only that the Lord preached here "for several years", and the existence of monasteries and stupas and of a well used by him. It was then the capital of a Kingdom: there are remains of a vast fortress, with walls over four miles in circuit and from thirty to fifty feet high, now being excavated by Allahābād University. A pillar here may be Asokan: the Asokan pillar in Allahābād fort is probably from here, and there are Kosam finds in the Museum there.

Besarh. The nearest station is Muzaffarpur Junction, twenty miles by a passable road: by car it is most easily reached from Banāras though nearer to Patna. It was completely destroyed some years after the Buddha's death, by the King of Rājgir: Hiuen Tsiang found it "to a great extent in ruins", and mentions a stupa which was opened by Asoka to remove most of the Buddha-relics for his new foundations; and an Asokan pillar with a lion. He places here the honey-monkey, with a stupa to mark the spot, as well as many other stupas. To-day there is an extensive ruin-mound, and the pillar.

Allahabad. Hiuen Tsiang mentions here an Asokan stupa "in a grove of champak trees", and the "false custom" of suicide at a Hindu temple with an undying banyan: this tree still exists, but has of course nothing whatever to do with Buddhism. The Museum has some Amarāvati work.

Kapilavastu. There is a 25-mile road from Naugarh to Piprāwā said to be good all the way. At Birdpur it forks, to the north-east for Lumbini, to the north for Piprāwā. Tilaura Kot lies another nine miles north from Piprāwā, near the hamlet of Tawlihwā, but I have no information as to the road, if any. Another route would be from Shohratgarh station on the Gonda-Gorakhpur loop, by a road said to be good as far as the frontier and then "passable". And yet another is cross-country from Lumbini, about ten miles. At Piprāwā one stupa-mound was rather amateurishly excavated, and relics were found, almost certainly of the Buddha himself: they

went to the King of Siam, the casket to the Calcutta Museum. At Tilaura Kot nothing has been done as yet. There is nothing to be seen at either, and no accommodation nearer than Gorakhpur.

Amaravati. This lies on the Kistna River, 21 miles by road from Guntur, the nearest railway-station. There is nothing to see there: the sculptures are mostly at Madras; also at Allahābād, Calcutta, and the British Museum.

Bharhut. Nor would you want to visit this place, near Lagargawān station on the railway from Allahābād to Jabalpur: the sculptures are at Calcutta.

Ajantā. There is a Bungalow at Fardapur, 4 miles away: you can get there from Jalgāon (37 miles) or Aurungābād (66 miles), by Government bus. The nearest station is Pahur, on a branch line, 13 miles away, but transport from there would be very doubtful. All the caves are Buddhist, dating from A.D. 200 to 650 approximately, both Theravāda and "Mahāyāna" being represented. The architecture is at least as interesting as the painting, though few books seem to think so; and, by the way, there are lots of other Buddhist cave-halls almost equally worth visiting in that part of India—at Bhajā, Kondāne, Nāsik, Pitalkhora, etc. Kārle is one of the best, a cave-hall like a cathedral, and is only 3 miles from Malavli station, near Bombay, although transport is easier from Lonavla (6 miles). It is also near the Bombay-Poona Government bus-route. Bhajā is a mile from Malavli: a century earlier (say B.C. 150), and much simpler in style. The book for them is Brown, "Indian Architecture (Buddhist and Hindu)". Permission to photograph or sketch at Ajantā is now no longer necessary.

Ellora. The same applies here also. The nearest station is Daulatābād, 10 miles by a good road; but a better base would be Aurungābād (18 miles), where there are hotels and from where there is a Government bus-service. There is no Theravāda work here, and many caves are Jain or Hindu and not Buddhist.

For both Ajantā and Ellorā you need a powerful torch, and binoculars; and read (in addition to the standard works) two books by a writer who describes himself as "Shrimant Bhawanrao Shriniwasrao *alias* Balasaheb Pant Pratinadhi B.A., Ruler of Aundh". They are delightful, in a formalised English which adds to their charm, and many of the illustrations are excellent.

Pakistan. For Buddhist remains in Pakistan there is an excellent little book, "Buddhism in Pakistan", by "A Pakistani Buddhist". The outstanding site is of course Taxilā, where extensive excavations have been carried out, and where there is a Museum : this, and the Museum at Lahore are the two best collections of Gandhāra art. Both are of course very readily accessible by rail.

A NOTE ON BUDDHIST SCULPTURE

(with special reference to the illustrations)

The illustrations, in the order in which they are bound, tell the story of Buddhism in India from the Birth of the Buddha to the full-flowering of Sānchi and the decay of Nālandā. These notes deal with the sculptures illustrated in the chronological order of their production. Much of what I write is of course second-hand, from Marshall, Coomaraswamy, Smith, Havell, etc.; but not all, since I have dared to rush in among those angels.

The earliest Buddhist sculpture is Asokan, "Mauryan" from his dynasty, say 250 to 180 B.C. (Archimedes, Hannibal), all done in the smooth Chunār sandstone: apart from the terra-cotta figures of Plate VIII the only Asokan example in this book is the line-drawing on the title-page. There is a startling difference in artistic merit between things like this and the fly-whisk bearer at Patna on the one hand; and on the other hand early basreliefs even a hundred years or more later, such as those at Bharhut or Stupa 2 at Sānchi. It is usually explained by saying that Asoka imported sculptors to work for him from Perso-Greek Bactria, and that the good pieces were due to these. Marshall writes, for example, in the "Guide to Sānchi", that "the portrayal of the human form was never a strong point in the early Indian school, and it was not until he had come in contact with Hellenistic art, that the Indian sculptor became proficient in modelling it either in bas-relief or in the round".

Now, IF the terracottas called "Mauryan" by the Shere "Guide" to the Patna Museum are really of that date or even of a hundred years later (and I have seen no contradiction of this) then the last four words of the Marshall quotation become quite startlingly inapplicable, and the whole explanation ceases to hold water. The delightful people of Plate VIII are only four among many, all well observed and excellently rendered, some of them on a level with Tanagra figurines; and it seems quite incredible that expensive imported sculptors should turn out this inexpensive and popular work.

Some other explanation is needed: I will venture the suggestion (repeating that IF, however) that, just as the stone-workers at Sānchi who built the railings deliberately imitated the earlier wooden ones (cutting the joints on the slant, for instance, like wood and not vertically like stone) so also the sculptors who carved on those railings and at Bharhut the primitive, "frontal", "memory-image" bas-reliefs did so in deliberate imitation of earlier wood-carvings; and a point in support of this suggestion is that such deliberate archaisation does occur here and there even in the far later gateways at Sānchi. (As a sub-suggestion, this may have been for religious reasons, like those explaining the ritual falsifications of anatomy in early Egyptian bas-reliefs, which one British Egyptologist astonishingly attributes to "faulty observation"; or like the early Greek stone deities which followed the form of the original tree-trunk figures). As to why the floral work is so infinitely better

than the figures of the same date, at Stupa 2 of Sānchi for instance, three theories seem possible: either that those earlier wood-carvers were better at floral arrangements than human figures; or quite probably that some of the pillars had suffered so much from weather as to be uncopiable, and were replaced by floral designs (and it is suggestive that *all* the S. W. pillars have such designs) or just possibly that the ritual compulsion to copy exactly applied only to human figures (as in Egypt only the figures of gods and kings were thus falsified, and not minor characters). And notice that my second suggestion pushes things a long way back, since, IF those terracottas are Mauryan, the sculptors at Stupa 2 were not merely copying Asokan work of a century before them (since the terra-cottas are there to prove how mature this work already was) but were imitating earlier work still, in wood and therefore lost to us.

The Sunga period is from about 180 to 70 B.C., or Judas Maccabeus and Julius Caesar. Of this you have the Bodhi-tree stele (Plate III) and the purchase of the Jetavana monastery (Plate V), both from Bharhut. One thing, if you go to see those sculptures at Calcutta, remember that they were cut to be seen by the intense top-lighting of an Indian sun, and take with you a really powerful electric torch. At present they are housed in a gloomy dungeon, and the Jetavana purchase (for example) is not only almost unstudiable but almost unfindable.

As compared with Stupa 2 at Sānchi, also Sunga work though probably fifteen years or so earlier, the Bharhut figures are some-what less stiff, freer from "frontality" and "memory-image" (show-ing the feet always in profile, for instance): you can attribute this to an artistic improvement, better observation, or to the slackening of the ritual compulsion to archaise. The subjects are also far more ambitious than at Sānchi, but Marshall finds the Bharhut work more artificial than that of Sānchi before or after it, and writes of "restrained mannerism, pleasing affectation, dignified stylishness". The railings are heavily carved (unlike those at Sānchi), the outer faces of the coping-stones with bold designs, mainly of lotuses and elephants, while the inner faces have far more delicate designs in small compartments formed by a creeper-garland. The corner pillars show as a rule detached large figures, though on some there are elaborate scenes like that of the Bodhi-tree (Plate III) which is the upper two-thirds of such a pillar. Further, the intermediate pillars and the rails have medallions and half-medallions, on the outer faces usually merely ornamental (something like the roundels of Plate VI) but showing elaborate scenes on the inner faces, especially on the upper rail—the Jetavana purchase (Plate V) is such a medallion.

All this Bharhut work is in local sandstone, from the hills among which the site lies; and it should be noted that both this and the Chunār stone carve very smoothly (I have tried them) and therefore make the imitation of wood-carving an easy matter.

The Bodh-Gayā railings (Plate VII) are also Sungan, though they are somewhat later than Bharhut in the main, and seem to show more foreign influence.

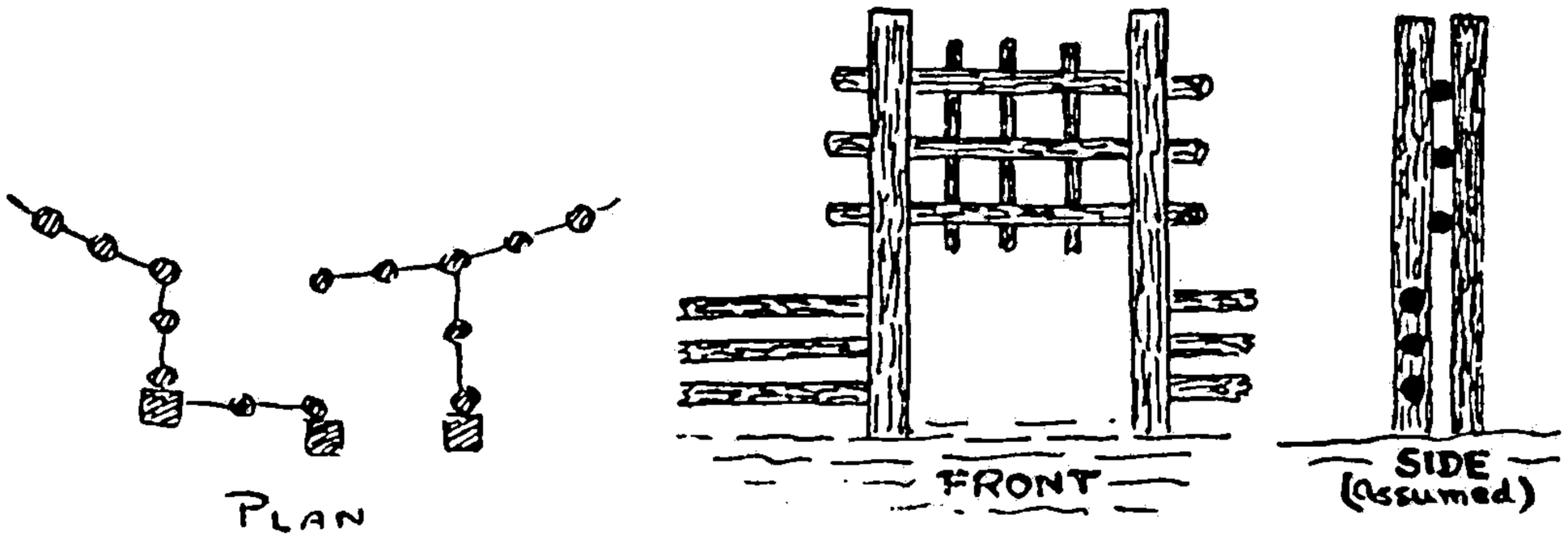
Still Sungan, and later again than Bodh-Gayā, are the railings of the Great Stupa at Sānchi (but not the gates, which are later still). They are almost plain, in striking contrast to earlier and later carved ones.

Mauryas and Sungas ruled in the North: in the South were the Andhras, a stable dynasty from Asoka's times right into the third century of our era. They were probably converted to Buddhism by Asoka's missionaries: they repaid the North, just before the Christian era, by giving Sānchi its most elaborate work, the gateways, and Sārnāth some of its most interesting, the railing-pillars which you have on Plate IV. (And they had more to give later).

You have examples of the Sānchi gateway-sculptures on Plates I and IV and VII and IX. The work shows a great advance in technique, with no falling-off in imagination or vigour in the earlier (South and North) gateways: the later ones are somewhat more conventional and considerably more florid (foot of Plate I). There is a marked decrease in the imitation of wood-carving: although the construction of the gateways is clearly imitated from wood, many of the panels show that stone is now being treated as stone, or at any rate as some similar material—one of the panels is inscribed as the gift of a guild of ivory-carvers, and others suggest this.

One marked difference between these gateways and the Bharhut work is that here most of the scenes are from the last life of the Buddha, whereas at Bharhut they are more often taken from his previous births as told in the Jātakas. The advantage to the sculptor in these latter was that the then-existing prohibition of showing the Lord in bodily form did not extend to them: he could be shown as a deer or a monkey or an elephant or even as a man in them, though not as the man of his last life. One might have expected that, once the mode of these scenes had established itself at Bharhut, the later Sānchi gateway-sculptors would also have taken it up: possibly the Sānchi authorities insisted on canonical scenes.

A point of curious interest about the Sānchi gateways is that the gate is not opposite the gap in the railing as one would expect, so that to enter the circumambulatory path one has to make two right-angled turns.



One thinks of the spirit-stopping walls of Chinese entrances; but the explanation is, I think, more prosaic. Brown nearly gives it

when he says that the form of the railings is derived from the wooden palisade round the primitive Indian village, which had this double turn at the entrance: I think he could have gone a step further and suggested that this odd construction was to prevent cattle from rushing in or out, and probably jamming the gateway—the double turn slowed them up and made them easy to handle. He also suggests the explanation of the odd triple cross-bars projecting beyond the pillars when he writes "resembling a primitive portcullis": you then have to assume that these pillars of the village palisades were double so that the projecting ends slid down between them, as in my drawing, though Brown draws them as immoveable, in contradiction of his text.

Marshall traces Hellenistic influence in all this Sunga work, oozing down from the area up north of Peshāwar and Taxilā, vaguely "Gandhāra": other writers flatly disagree. In any case, in the products of Mathurā (Muttra as was) this influence now definitely appears. This was a monastic centre and a sculpture factory: if you want to name the work for a dynasty you can call it Kushān, from a people that came in from Central Asia. Their greatest ruler became a Buddhist about 150 A.D., and this speeded up the entry into Indian Buddhist art of styles and motifs from Gandhāran art, which is not Indian but Greco-Roman, Hellenistic, and poor Hellenistic at that.

There is no Gandhāran work in this book, though its influence is evident at the foot of plate IV. Statues from Mathurā occur all over the place, at Bodh-Gayā, Sārnāth, Sahet-Mahet for instance, usually in an unmistakable local sandstone (which later provided the Moguls with building material) and often "trademarked". The attractive ladies at the sides of plate I are from here: they may be Jain and not Buddhist, although such somewhat incongruous subjects are not infrequent in Buddhist art, on the pillars at Bharhut and the brackets at Sānchi, for example. Another Mathurā piece is the lintel of Plates IV and VII: it is considerably earlier than most Mathurā work, and may even be Sungan, or transitional from Sungan to Kushān. This piece, again, may be Jain and not Buddhist, since although one side shows a stupa, this is not exclusively a Buddhist symbol.

The most important effect of this northern influence on Indian art was that it introduced the bodily representation of the Lord in his last life. In earlier work he never appears bodily, being shown only by rather clumsy symbols (Havell says that at Sānchi he is shown in person in his last life, before he attained Enlightenment, but I think this is an error). The rule must have cramped the sculptors' style horribly, and one would have expected them to welcome the innovation with open arms, but as a matter of fact it took a very considerable time for it to be accepted.

Meanwhile the Andhras were still ruling in the South, and about 100 A.D. (Tacitus), having seen Sānchi and Bharhut, they went them several better, at any rate in their own estimation. Their great stupa at Amarāvati not only had carved gateways and carved railings:

they added carved slabs all along the inner side of the circumambulatory path, so that there was plenty for the pilgrim to see during his devotional walk. The copings of the railings carry on their outer faces bold garlands with bearers, like the two fragments of Plate VI: the inner faces have more elaborate scenes. In the same way, the outer faces of the railing-pillars have ornamental medallions like those at the bottom of that same plate: the medallions on the inner faces, to be seen from the ritual path, have such elaborate scenes as that in the centre of the plate; and similar and even more elaborate scenes are shown on the slabs within that path. Marshall finds this sculpture "worried and restless" as compared with the calm dignity of Sānchi, but he has a natural bias towards the place for which he did so much: Vogel on the other other hand considers that Amarāvati shows "imagination and plastic skill such as, even in India, have never been excelled." There is the usual dispute about Gandhāran influence at Amarāvati, Havell (as ever) continuing to minimise it.

But Havell errs badly when he criticises Amarāvati work as "cold and lifeless" except when seen close to. This is like criticising chamber-music as not effective at half a mile in the open air. All the more elaborate part of that sculpture was located on the circumambulatory path, and visible only from it; and this path was fifteen feet wide at most. The sculptures were *meant* to be seen from close at hand, peered into like the illustrated Texts that they are: those on the outer faces are without exception, I think, far bolder in execution and design.

And the same is true at Bharhut, for which, oddly enough, Majumdar has made a similar error in his "Guide" to the Calcutta Museum, writing that "the artists are evidently more concerned with . . . the minute details . . . than with the composition as a whole", and adding that "it seems as if the carvings were meant for a microscopic study at close quarters, and not for being viewed from a distance". Omit "it seems as if" and the hyperbolic "microscopic" and you have a bald statement of obvious fact: it is an odd error for an archaeologist-artist to make.

To return to Amarāvati: the examples chosen here are all from the so-called "Third Period", about 150 to 200 of our era, when Marcus Aurelius meditatively flourished: this is the most interesting period artistically although Amarāvati has earlier work, some of it as early as much at Sānchi, and later work also, even as late as 250 A.D. You will notice that in the scene of the mad elephant of Plate VI the Buddha himself is not shown in bodily form: in the original there was a sort of pillar of flame at the extreme edge of the circle, resting on a lotus. Even in the latest Amarāvati work you may still find such symbolic representations, although sometimes with bodily ones on the same panel. All the work is in a hard limestone: there is far less of the wood-carver technique, perhaps because the material was entirely unsuited to it, but enough still occurs to show how persistent that tradition was.

In the North the Kushān "empire" faded out about 230 A.D., and the Guptas emerged about a century later (Constantine the Great; and you will please remember that England was still in a barbaric mess), and lasted for about a century and a half. You have Gupta work in the Frontispiece and on Plates I and VII: it is in the opinion of many critics Indian work at its best, the Hellenistic influence now excreted with retention of what artistic nourishment lay in it. There is not the deliciously naif charm of the earlier work: there is instead an intellectual appeal which has seldom been excelled.

The accursed Huns destroyed that Golden Age in the middle four-hundreds (Attila was doing the same sort of thing in Europe), and destroyed also Heaven knows what glories of art. There was chaos for two centuries, though much of the Gupta spirit survived in odd corners: with the rise of Harsha of Kanauj there was a re-flowering, though the sculpture is on a lower level, which continued under the Pāla dynasty. Plate X represents this period: it, and many of the pieces preserved at the Nālandā Museum serve to show what art India was producing even at the weakened ending of her greatest days, before Indian art and culture were submerged in all the North for centuries under the Moslem flood.

KEY TO THE REFERENCES TO THE BUDDHIST TEXTS

The Buddhist Scriptures consist of three "Pitakas" ("Baskets"). According to tradition, they were recited and memorised at the Council held at Rājgir just after the Buddha's death, Upāli the barber reciting the first, the Vinaya Pitaka, and Ananda the second, the Sutta Pitaka. The third, the Abhidhamma, is almost certainly of a far later date. They were not written down at that Council, although writing was by no means unknown, nor restricted to the upper classes only: Rhys Davids gives in "Buddhist India" a long list of Text references to writing, and suggests that the Pitakas were not so recorded because it was not yet known how to prepare materials suitable for permanent and yet portable records, such as the talipot-leaves used later in Ceylon, so that at the time only very perishable leaves and bark were available; and also that in any case the traditional handing-down from memory to memory was preferred. It is probable that the Texts were first written in Ceylon: a very doubtful Ceylonese tradition adds that this was at the Alu Vihāra monastery, in about 80 B.C. The language of the Texts is Pāli: the highly literary Sanskrit of the Texts of the "Mahāyāna" School is a much later development.

The first "Basket" has five books, of which two are on points of discipline. Two of the others figure repeatedly below.

The second has also five books, all of which are used below: the last of these five has fifteen parts of which four are used. In addition, two later works are included, linked to two of these four, the Commentary to the Dhammapada and the Introduction to the Jātakas.

The third "Basket" is philosophical, and has not been quoted.

The total length of the Texts, without the Commentaries, is said to be about twice the length of the Bible; but this excludes repetitions, which are very frequent, either of the same phrase with the change of one word, or of entire chapters in different books. If these are included, the total length must be at least ten times that of the Bible.

There are dozens of later works, commentaries and poems chiefly: Arnold's "Light of Asia" was unfortunately based on two of these, neither of them earlier than our era.

Where, as is often the case, the same passage occurs in various books, I have as a rule given one reference only. Full English translations will in many cases be found in Brewster, Warren (see the Index); or as follows—

Vinaya Pitaka. Mahāvagga (M) Rhys Davids and Oldenberg. Sacred Books of the East, Vols. 13, 17.

Chullavagga (Ch), also spelt Kullavagga and Cullavagga in other systems of transliteration. Rhys Davids and Oldenberg, Sacred Books of the East, Vol. 20.

Sutta Pitaka. Digha Nikāya (DN), as "Dialogues of the Buddha", Rhys Davids, Sacred Books of the Buddhists, Vols. 2 to 4; and in it the Mahāparinirvāna Suttanta (MHPN), or separately in "Buddhist Suttas", Rhys Davids, Sacred Books of the East, Vol. 11.

Majjhima Nikāya (MN), as "Further Dialogues", Chalmers, Sacred Books of the Buddhists, Vols. 5, 6.

Samyutta Nikāya (Sam. Nik.) as "Kindred Sayings", Rhys Davids and Woodward.

Anguttara Nikāya (AN), as "Gradual Sayings", Woodward and Hare.

Khuddaka Nikāya, containing i.a. the Dhammapada (Dh), translated as "Minor Anthologies", Rhys Davids; its Commentary (DhCom) being "Buddhist Legends", Burlingame, Harvard Oriental Series; Theragāthā (Therag) as "Psalms of the Brethren", Pāli Text Society; Sutta Nipāta (SN), Fausboell, Sacred Books of the East, Vol. 10; and the Jātakas (J), Cowell. The Introduction to the Jātakas (IJ) is translated as "Buddhist Birth Stories", Rhys Davids.

References are to sections, verses, etc. of the original Texts, except for the last-quoted where they are to pages of the translation used.

Page

11 Four Places. MHPN 5/8
Sankisa. DhCom story 2, also J 483
Mother's Death. IJ 152
Besārh. MHPN 2/14-20, 3/1-51
Ajodhya. AN (Fours) 3/4, (Fives) 15/3
Kosam Monkey. M 10/2
Kapilavastu. IJ 162, etc.

13 Dream. IJ 150
Birth. IJ 153-155

15 Ricefields. M 8/12(1)

20 Open Doors. DN 5/11

23 Asita. SN 3/11
Life as Prince. AN (Threes) 4/38
Darling of the People. DN 14
Twelve-fold Skill. IJ 165
Four Signs. IJ 162, 163, 166-168
Renunciation. IJ 172-176
Return. IJ 216-220
Mote Hall. MN 53, Sam. Nik. XXXV/5/202

KEY TO THE QUOTATIONS FROM THE TEXTS

Page

23 Son to Order. M 1/54(1-3)
Parents' Consent. ditto
Aunt as Nun. Ch 10/1(6)
Ananda blamed. Ch 11/1(8)

25 My mind was set free. MN 36
Unsatisfied. MN 26
Uruvelā. ditto
Tie the Air. IJ in Warren's translation.
Dried Reeds. MN 26
First Trance. MN 36, and IJ 163, 164

26 Sujātā. IJ 184-187
Māra at Kapilavastu. IJ 175
Māra's Army. IJ 190, 191
Earth-witness. IJ 195, 196
Seven hundred gifts. J 547
Earlier Buddhas. IJ 1-144
Fire when out. MN 72
Not helping towards Liberation. MN 1(53), DN 9/28, etc.

27 Layman to Enlightenment. J 447

29 String-beds. Ch 5/2(6)
River. IJ 187

31 Facing East. IJ 189

34,35 Squirrels. I am told that this is in the Commentary to the DN, but have been unable to see a translation.

36 Eaten on bank. IJ 187
First Week. M 1/1(1) and IJ 200
Four Weeks. M 1/1-5
Seven Weeks. IJ 200-204
Unwinking. IJ 200, 201
Walking. IJ 201
Jewelled House. IJ 202
Banyan. M 1/2(1) and IJ 201
Snake Spirit. M 1/3 and IJ 204

37 Last Week. M 1/4(1) and IJ 204
Rags and Pool. M 1/20(1)
Merchants. M 1/4(2-5)
Brahma. M 1/5(4-13)
May not know it. MN 37, 49; SN 1/4; and see AN (Threes) 37 or DN 11

39 To whom. M 1/6(1-9)

40 Textiles. AN (Threes) 4/38

41 Five Ascetics. M 1/6(10, 11)
Deer Jātaka. J 12
First Sermon. M 1/6(19-22) and elsewhere in M, MHPN, AN.

42 Eightfold Path. DN 22
Aniconic sculpture. J 479

Page

44 Māra's Army. IJ 190, 191
Brigand. DhCom 137 story 6; and MN 2/97 etc.

45 Not sung. Ch 5/3(2)
Salutation. AN (Fives) 18/9, MN 7
Donations to Order. MN 142
Sending-out Love. SN 1/8, DN 12/3(1), MN 7
Sharing Merit. AN (Sevens) 5/10, MN 6
Epidemic-verses. SN 2/1
Snake-verse. Ch 5/6(1)

46 No travel in Rains. M 3/1, M 3/5(4)
Yearly ceremony. M 4/1(13, 14), M 6/16

47 Eight Precepts on Full-moon days. AN (Threes) 37
Precepts. M 1/56
Do not believe. AN (Threes) 7/5, (Fours) 20/3
You yourselves. Dh 276

48 Looking-glasses. C 5/2(4)
Milk-rice. IJ 184-187

49 Last meal before noon. M 1/56

50 Sending-out. M 1/11

51 No travel during Rains. M 3/1, M 3/5(4)
Jetavana Purchase. Ch 6/4(9)
Water-pouring. IJ 230
Educated at Taxilā. DhCom 4 story 3

52 Sick monk. M 8/26
Devadatta's End. DhCom 1 story 12, J 466
False Accusation. DhCom 13 story 9, J 472
Grain of mustard-seed. DhCom 8 story 13
Ananda's appointment. Therag 260
Conversion of the Sākyas. Ch 8/1(1-4)
Seniority. Ch 6/6(5)

53 Brahmins low-caste. J 529, DN 5/11

54 Tree. J 479

55 Buildings. Ch 5/11(6), /14(2), 6/2
Baths. Ch 5/14(3)

56 Devadatta's demand. Ch 8/2(2) and /3(1)
First Alms-round. SN 3/1(4-20), IJ 179
Queen of Rājgir. J 283, 492
Promise to King. IJ 181
Bamboo Grove. M 1/22(16-18)
Sunita. Therag 620-631
Magic and Charms. DN 1/213

57 Bowl. Ch 5/8
Refusal to accept alms. Ch 5/20(3-7)
Alms-round or invitation. Ch 6/21(1)

59 New walls. MN 108

KEY TO THE QUOTATIONS FROM THE TEXTS

Page

60 Assassins. Ch 7/3(6)
Thrown rock. Ch 7/3(9)

61 Mad elephant. Ch 7/3(11, 12)
Devadatta's End. DHCom I story 12

62 Sona. M 5/1(13-17)
How pleasant. MHPN 3/43

63 Courtezan. MHPN 2/14-20, M 6/30(2-4). Some writers put the last Rains at Rājgir, and this visit therefore during the last journey.
Ganges. M 6/28(12, 13), MHPN 1/33
Old Cart. MHPN 2/25
Refuge to Yourselves. MPHN 2/26, etc. (Many translators read "island" for "lamp")
Boar's flesh. MHPN 4/14-19
Seen or heard or suspected. MN 55
Elephants, horses, etc. M 6/23
And not the eating of flesh. SN 2/2, and cf. M 6/23(9)

66 Sickness. MHPN 4/20, 21
Message to goldsmith. MHPN 5/42
Sāl-Trees. MHPN 5/2
Not by this. MHPN 5/3
Last words and Death. MHPN 6/7

68 Toothbrush-twig. Ch 5/31, IJ 205, AN (Fives) 21/8

69 Mound. MHPN 6
Relics. MHPN 5/10-12
Relic-war. MHPN 6/24-26

70 Posture. MHPN 5
Spilikins. DN 1/12(2)

71 Sneezing. Ch 5/33
Wattle and daub. MHPN 5/17
Paid homage. MHPN 6/23

73 Council at Besārh. Ch 12

74 Sacred fire. MN 75
Jain ascetics. M 6/31(1)

75 Patna prophecy. M 6/28(8), MHPN 1/19-32

82 Kosam monkey. M 10/2
Monkey Jātaka. J 407

83 Sāriputta and Moggallāna. M 1/23
Death of Mogallāna. DhCom 10/7

86 Lion's Roar. MHPN 1/15-17
Buddha at Nālandā. MHPN 1/15-18

87 Caste. SN 1/7; MN 90, 93; etc.
Rebirth as animal. AN (Twos) 3/7, 8; (Tens) 21/6; J *passim;* etc.
Handful of Leaves. Sam. Nik. V/12/4(1)

Page

87 Closed fist. MHPN 2/25

88 Toddy. C 12/1(10)

94 Caste see above, page 87
Scavenger. Therag 620-631

95 Tooth-relic. DN 19/36, and cf. MHPN 6/28

103 Toothbrush. IJ 205, Ch 5/31, AN (Fives) 21/8
Dissention and monkey at Kosam. M 10/2
Destruction of Besārh. MHPN 1/1, 2, Sam. Nik. XX/8

ILLUSTRATIONS

Frontispiece.—First Preaching. M 1/6(19-22)
Deer Park. J 12

I Dream. IJ 150
Birth. IJ 153-155
Aunt. M 10/2, Ch 10/1(6)
First bath. IJ 154

III Tree. IJ 188, 189

IV First Preaching. M 1/6(19-22)
Deer Park. J 12

V Purchase. C 6/4(9)
Water-pouring. IJ 230

VI Mad elephant. C 7/3(11, 12)

VII Passing-away. MHPN 5, 6
War of Relics. MHPN 6

IX Elephant-Jātaka. J 514
Māra's Daughters. IJ 202-204
Māra's Army. IJ 190, 191

X Sankisa. DhCom story 2, also J 483
Elephant. Ch 7/3 (11,12)
First Preaching. M 1/6 (19-22)
Great Miracle. DN 3/2 (27, 28), DhCom 14/2
Earth-witness. IJ 195, 196
Monkey. M 10/2

INDEX

Where a book is included without page-reference it has been consulted but is not directly quoted. A few names have been included in parentheses where the person or place concerned is referred to in the text but not by name, for the convenience of those already knowing the histories.

Delhi

Ganges R.

Gogra R.

N

Mathura

Farukhābād

Sankisa

SAHET

Agra

Kanauj

Jumna R.

Lucknow

Fyzābād

Gwalior

Kānpur

Ganges R.

Betwa R.

Banda.

Jumna R.

Kosam

Betwa R.

Bhilsa

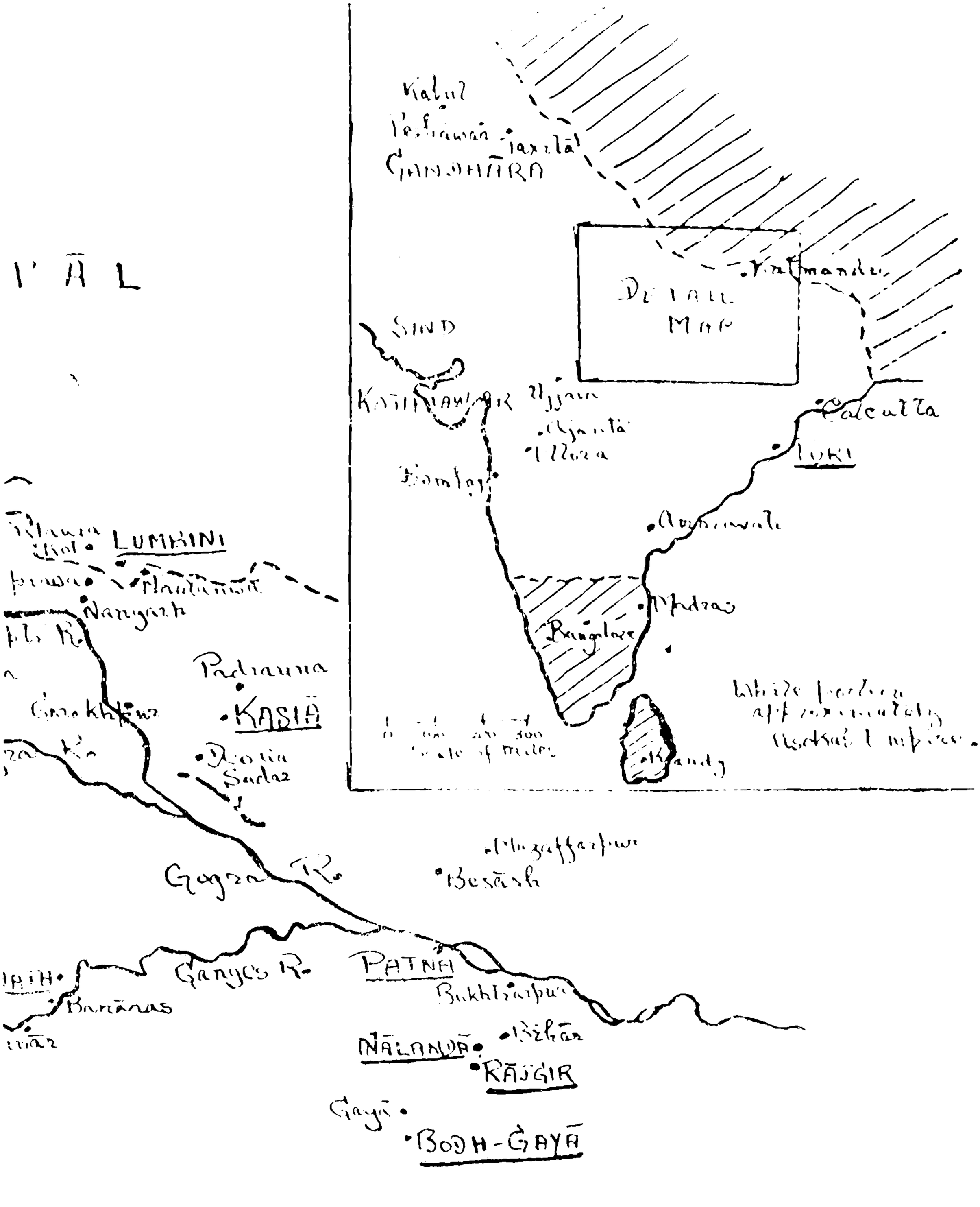
SĀNCHI

Bhopāl

50 40 30 20 10 0 50 100

Scale of Miles

I N D I A


Kabul
Peshawar
Taxila
GANDHARA
New Delhi
DETAIL MAP
SIND
Kathiawar
Ujjain
Ajanta
Ellora
Bombay
Calcutta
LUMBINI
Nagarjuna Kon
Nagpur
Padrauna
KASIA
Gorakhpur
Deoria Sadar
Muzaffarpur
Gogra R.
Besarh
Ganges R.
PATNA
Bakhtiarpur
Banaras
NALANDA
Sasaram
RAJGIR
Gaya
BODH-GAYA
Bangalore
Madras
Cochin
Kandy

2